The Smith Family
from Maryland

AN ILLUSTRATED & NARRATIVE GENEALOGY, 1600s–1900s

with separate chapters for the
Spamer Family from Maryland
Sevil Family from Delaware
Potts Family from Pennsylvania
Martel Family from Québec and New England

by
Earle E. Spamer
2010

“Upper Heathworth” • Queen Anne’s County
The Smith Family from Maryland
An Illustrated & Narrative Genealogy, 1600s–1900s

with separate chapters for the
Spamer Family from Maryland  Sevil Family from Delaware
Potts Family from Pennsylvania  Martel Family from Québec and New England

and accompanied by
Family Trees on Digital Disk

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Based on the 2008–2010 edition of
Genealogy and Historical Notes of the Spamer and Smith Families of Maryland

2010
NOTES AND PRECISE CREDITS for facts and quotations will be found in the far more comprehensive Genealogy and Historical Notes of Spamer and Smith Families of Maryland upon which this narrative is based. The narrative is designed for more casual reading. Like the Genealogy, it is an unpublished work that documents our common heritage. Please correct it and add to it.

This is a background history leading up to about the early- to mid-20th century. A few later individuals are noted if they have interesting stories that should be related to readers. All known individuals of the family and numerous collateral (marriage) families are accounted for in the complete Genealogy.

The Foreword and the Introduction here provide further explanations about the scope and content of this narrative.

THIS NARRATIVE is supplemented by family trees drawn out for the Smith, Spamer, Sevil, Potts, and Martel families. These will be found in PDF format on the digital disk that accompanies this text. (The narrative also is on the disk.)

Because the narrative is distributed on digital disk, no index has been prepared. The digital copy is fully searchable.

Many illustrations in the narrative are in color in the digital version, but most printed copies will have been printed in black-and-white.

The digital disk also includes a complete copy of the more exhaustive Genealogy and Historical Notes of the Spamer and Smith Families of Maryland, referred to herein as the Spamer–Smith Genealogy.
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THIS IS A GENEALOGICAL EXCURSION through the main stems of the Smith family who were established on the Eastern Shore of Maryland certainly by the late 1700s, perhaps earlier than 1683. Later generations established themselves in Baltimore, Maryland, and in other states. Numerous collateral genealogies (who married into the Smith family) are noted, too; four of them as special chapters herein.

This narrative is based on my far larger Genealogy and Historical Notes of the Spamer and Smith Families of Maryland, which I completed in 2008 and to which I continue to accrue “Additions and Corrections”. I refer to that larger work as the “Spamer–Smith Genealogy”, which also incorporates the research done by several earlier family historians. Two of the earlier historians produced written genealogies about us, too: Edward Seville Smith (1880–1963) wrote Smith Genealogy and Some Reminiscences, finished in 1963; and Adolph Milton “Andy” Spamer (1914–1986) wrote Genealogy of the Spamer Families of Baltimore, finished in 1984. At the end of the narrative here I add a summary of their work and their contributors, as well as my own.

In keeping with the overall coverage of the larger Spamer–Smith Genealogy, I assign four important lineages to their own chapters; they are collateral lines to the Smith genealogy. The first is the Sevil family from Delaware, which is the ancestry of Ella Seville (1854–1931), wife of Rev. John Edward Smith (1848–1930). Two chapters cover the marriages of children of J. E. and Ella Smith—Lora Rebecca Smith (1874–1952) who married John Ward Spamer (1869–1960), and Gilbert Haven Smith who married Nora Mary Potts (1881–1861). The fourth chapter is the marriage of one of J. W. Spamer’s children, Edward Lawrence Spamer (1909–1955) to Jeannette Leda Blouin (1920–1987), whose maternal lineage is the Martel family from Québec and New England. All of them express widely different heritages and lifestyles; our heritage.

Many of these stories will be familiar to some readers, from recollections told in their own families or particularly from Edward S. Smith’s Smith Genealogy and Some Reminiscences (which, since he finished it in 1963, has been widely reproduced in some branches of the family). To be sure, his was a marvelous production for which we are exceedingly grateful, but sometimes he wrote about the same people in several different places. With no index, one has had to read along and be surprised where they turn up. I re-collate Uncle Ed’s stories in this narrative, teasing them apart so as to place pieces about particular individuals all together in the narrative about that person. The Genealogy of the Spamer Families of Baltimore by Andy Spamer, unfortunately, has no stories; it is a traditional, names-and-dates kind of genealogy and has been little reproduced. So in my Spamer–Smith Genealogy, and in this narrative, I add quite a number of stories to go with this branch; as I do also the Potts family, who have no consolidated history or genealogy other than the one I have made. I hope all the stories I collate here are new, factual, responsible, and repeatable.

We often are stopped in our tracks by hearsay, and stymied by the loss of collective family memory that comes with the passage of generations. Indeed, how often have we been told (or ourselves said), “There was some story . . .”, “My grandmother used to say . . .”, or, “ . . . but I don’t know the
details”, “… your uncle never talked about it much”. In the Spamer–Smith Genealogy I tried to put as much as possible in one place, to collate the stories and the myriad bits and pieces of precise information that do not lend themselves well to casual reading. So this more selective narrative is meant to be a reader-friendly version of the full Genealogy. Thus, if one compares the large Genealogy to this narrative, the most noticeable thing will be the number of people, and the number of facts, that are omitted here.

I wanted to make this something that someone can sit and read. But I know too little about most family branches to be informative and up to date. Because of that, this narrative stops short of most people in the last two or three generations and is spotty even for the generation or two before that. In other words, to all those who are alive with me today: For the most part I do not know much about you, your siblings, parents, and even your grandparents. But rest assured that everyone is nevertheless represented at least by name in the far more comprehensive Spamer–Smith Genealogy and on the family trees that have been created from it. Here, I want to focus on the history that is common to all of us. I stop near the point where our several families shred the family tree into a profusion of twigs. I also wish to avoid boring the reader with a roll call, providing instead a more solid background for future family historians who may follow up with more comprehensive histories of their own branches, which by then may be as sizeable as all of our previous history combined. This, then, is our history about to the first half of the 20th century. I have strived to consolidate the history that has led up to us. And I hope I have added enough information to fill in a few of the annoying gaps in our oral traditions.

In this narrative I also choose to avoid cumbersome and distracting notes and credits for facts. All of that kind of information is already properly organized in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy. I have also avoided the rattle of precise dates (months and days) and the routine recitation of places of birth, marriage, death and burial. All this information (if it is known) is in the Genealogy. I have resisted the temptation to cross-reference things to the Genealogy, too, because I think that the references would be too distracting in a text meant to be read.

In the manner of a disclaimer, omissions or scant information for particular individuals or family groups are due to my not knowing about the information. But of course errors here must be attributed to me, even if I have repeated them from another source. Mistakes that may exist were due to my being inattentive, careless, or unknowledgable of facts. The Genealogy is meant to be edited, corrected, and expanded. In the meantime, this narrative serves those readers who want facts in a delivery that is a bit more personable, more readable, than the extensive series of notes and lists of names and dates that comprise the Spamer–Smith Genealogy.

So, this is one version of a story of families who emigrated from the Old World to Maryland. Their descendants fanned out across the country and back around the world again. All have their own interesting stories to tell and I therefore hope the reader will not too quickly separate a few, chosen family lines of this narrative as being “all there is” of the worth while. Everyone is family to us. I hope that you will welcome those whom you never knew. We are all of us joined not just to our parents and their families, but we share 16 great-great-grandparents from eight families, and so on through all of God’s creation. What follows here is part of the story of a few of them.
Quotation Styles

I quote from family letters and memoirs, and from newspapers and books. So as to better distinguish between the two, when I quote family writings and correspondence,

they appear in slightly smaller type, indented from both sides of the page, and delineated by a light line in the left margin so as not to confuse it with my own text.

(Occasionally I interject comments into quotations; they will be noticed by an interruption in the border, and my comment inserted parenthetically.)

Short interjections of a few words will be inserted into the quotation [inside square brackets, with text in italics]. The quotation then continues as it had earlier.

When I quote from published works not written by anyone of the family,

they appear in smaller type and indented from both sides of the page, but enclosed by dashed boundaries to indicate that the passage is from a newspaper clipping or from a book.
Introduction

In 2008, I distributed a documentary overview of the genealogy of two families originally from Maryland, which I titled, “Genealogy and Historical Notes of Spamer and Smith Families of Maryland”. Throughout this narrative I refer to it as the “Spamer–Smith Genealogy” or sometimes just as “the Genealogy”.

The Spamers (my paternal ancestry, of course) came to Baltimore from Germany in 1832. The Smiths (my father’s mother’s line) had been present on the Eastern Shore of the Delmarva Peninsula since at least the mid- or late 1700s; they may have come from Ireland. There is conflicting evidence of earlier Smith generations being already in Maryland in 1683. One James Smith, supposedly an ancestor, received a grant of land from England’s royal agent in Maryland for King Charles II, but more about this supposition later. The Spamer and Smith families joined in the 1901 marriage of my grandparents, John Ward Spamer (1869–1960) and Lora Rebecca Smith (1874–1952). I may take note of families (plural) in my discussions, but in reality the whole is one large, extended family; the heritage preserved in the Genealogy applies to everyone in our family.

I have been adding “Additions and Corrections” to the very large Genealogy, and I will continue to do so. It is, nonetheless, hardly fireside reading. It comprises a couple of thousand pages filled mostly by dry facts of “who”, “when”, and “where” generated from a genealogical database and then edited and greatly expanded with copious notes. I also added some informative passages from earlier family genealogies, and hundreds of illustrations, which ameliorate the overwhelming ramble of text and notes. But there still is not enough to go around to make it an easy read throughout, and the volume of material is daunting. The entire product stacks more than a foot high; my own hardcopy is placed in two durably hefty loose-leaf binders each five inches thick, and then some. Most people are likely to see a perplexing pile of paper without much of a traditional text. I, naturally, see years of work and as much meticulous detail as I could muster, though I am the first to admit that it is flawed in its lop-sided presentation—many pages about one person, and barely more than a name and a date for another. I did prepare an extensive index for the Spamer–Smith Genealogy, too, itself nearly 300 pages, which helps quite a lot in locating specific people and places. But the Genealogy is, as I explained in introductory notes therein, a reference work, not for fireside reading; and it is a beginning, not absolute authority.

I also distributed the Spamer–Smith Genealogy in a digital format, on disk; and that is easily reproduced. The original texts are on the disk, of course, but a second version of the texts incorporates hyperlinks that allow users to go immediately, with a click, to pertinent additions and corrections and then back to the place in the text from where they had started. The disk also includes all of the illustrations and many original documents in PDF format. This not only makes them accessible to the family at large but it
also establishes a broader conservational network. The more disks that are distributed to family improves the odds that information about the family’s heritage will not disappear.

The main purpose of the Genealogy was to establish a baseline of the rich heritage of the family; to preserve what could be found lest even more information be lost along with much that I know is unrecoverable now. Historically speaking, nothing is more important to a family than its heritage. The lives and livelihoods of thousands of individuals are thrown together in the Genealogy as a compilation of facts and notes; only a relative few of them have interesting tales and anecdotes to go with them. Still, it is the first time that such a broad view was made available to the family.

The Spamer–Smith Genealogy is a mine of statistical information for family historians and curious individuals. I compiled it in such a way that every small branch of the family can focus on that which it sees to be the most important parts, while retaining the far greater whole as a “big picture” of our history and the people in it. Components of the Genealogy can be removed and expanded and revised, each for a specific branch of the family. It is not me who will do this, but interested family historians, flung far by geography and time. Furthermore, the whole work can serve as a starting point for some future family historian who wishes to revise or renew the project.

Still, a more readable narrative was absent. What I have I done here is condense the incessant rattle of facts in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy, creating from it a partly chronological, partly thematic narration. This narrative is not anywhere near as genealogically comprehensive as the Spamer–Smith Genealogy overall; it will also omit the minutiae that provide substance to the detailed Genealogy at the expense of reliability and convenience of use. On the other hand, the narrative is something that I hope can be sat with and read at leisure. I also want it to serve as a guide to the principal players in our family, and the families into which they married, and so it will not ramble through endless names and lists of children and children’s children without purpose; nor will I take the lengthy excursions that I do in the Genealogy that register hundreds of individuals in the families that married into our main branches. I hope it will be useful to the next generation or two, to introduce them to their history; at least some of it.

In this narrative I focus on the Smiths because they have been long present in America (at least as compared to other branches of the family) and they have many more reminiscences and stories about them. It seems only fitting that the narrative’s title take their name. And further, because of the devotion of one branch of the Smith family in particular—those who are descended from Rev. John Edward Smith (1848–1930)—this narrative is thanks for their dedication and enthusiasm.

It is due mostly to the generation of children of Rev. J. E. Smith that we have so much family history to rely upon. His children, Edward S. Smith and Roberta Smith Mack (1877–1945), Roberta’s husband J. Lathrop Mack (1877–1952) and their daughter, Elizabeth Mack Munger (1906–1990), were the diligent Smith family historians without whose work this one would have been impossible. For the Spamers there was Adolph Milton “Andy” Spamer (1914–1986) and his sister, Frances Delena Spamer (1913–2002), who worked for a smaller and more reserved family group. And now it seems that I have been tapped to follow in everyone’s work; a daunting challenge if only because I am having to rediscover and re-live the lives of many people whom I never knew.

All the meticulous itemizations of facts (as precise as I knew them to be) will be found in the Genealogy. This narrative is a more streamlined accounting of the more interesting—or at least the most
prolific—of our ancestors. I restrict it more to the substantive main branches rather than the multitude of flimsy twigs of the whole family tree. I will include some illustrations, as I think fit to make some points clearer or to illustrate some of our family members, but there are far more illustrations on hundreds of additional pages that accompany the Genealogy as separate illustration pages. On the other hand, for some individuals or even whole branches of the family I have no photos, which is apparent both in this narrative and in the Genealogy.

In this narrative I repeat many quotes from Edward S. Smith’s “Smith Genealogy and Some Reminiscences”, and from other family sources. In some cases these are our only bits of information about people and their lives, the collective memory of family having passed from among us. The much larger Spamer–Smith Genealogy adds copious footnotes, some of which provide detailed explanations of facts and comments that have been made, while many others meticulously document my sources. But I will not presume to expose the reader of this narrative to the weariness of a couple of thousand footnotes.

In any case, the larger Genealogy, which is available in both digital (disk) and paper formats, is also accompanied by a very comprehensive index for those who wish to find specific people and things, especially those that do not show up in this narrative. But if it does not show up in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy, I did not know about it.

We will see, too, that throughout the narrative are recurring references to the Church of the New Jerusalem, or New Church, also called the Swedenborgians. Although it is not the main focus of our family’s faiths, nor even the center stage of the Spamer–Smith Genealogy, the New Church was central to at least several key generations of Smiths, Spamers, and Pottses alike, as well as to many of their descendants. The New Church formulated many of the recollections that are recorded here, thus it is an integral part of our heritage even though many of the family understand different faiths, responsible to but One.

Some overlaps in the timelines of generations will be noticed in this narrative. This is as like life itself; there is no such thing, really, as neat, orderly generations. Multiple generations are alive at one time because large families are spread out over time. Because of the timing of marriages and births in large families whose descendants also have large families, an elderly person in one family branch may be technically of the same generation as a newborn in another branch, sharing, for example, the same great-great grandparents. Sometimes it would be awkward to force the narrative to digress to additional members of a generation, hop-scotching around just to satisfy an enumeration of offspring; and instead I defer comments on some of them for later in the narrative. So, while this narrative steps through the centuries and decades mostly as they rolled around, it takes divergent notice of specific people as it seems to make the most sense. We will zoom through the generations as a matter of judicious editing. We will visit all of the earliest family members, but by later generations we will have to focus only on those who have detailed reminiscences or special historical notes of interest. After all, the purpose of this narrative is to summarize, not to reiterate, the Spamer–Smith Genealogy, which fills a few thousand pages. Turning to the larger Spamer–Smith Genealogy is not mandatory, if the reader chooses not to or does not have access to it. This narrative can stand by itself. Hopefully, it is readable and informative.

Even though the narrative comprises the main parts of the basic history, some of my digressions may be distracting or too focused on one person or another. They are the main players or are those who are attended by the very kinds of stories that either have been told in the family with apologies for not
knowing more, or are new stories, hitherto unknown to our generations, recovered from records that are much more easily gotten to these days. And by omitting from this narrative most of our present-day generations I avoid the uncomfortable position of me simply not knowing details about these people and their families. Still, I do include occasional “modern-day” individuals if it seems to make sense or if they have a specially interesting anecdote that I think is worth retelling.

I hope that this narrative can inspire others in the family to try their hand at filling in the gaps. I tried to “do it all” in the overall Genealogy, but with this narrative I can only focus on the bits that either document some of our family’s oral traditions or tell some interesting stories from the time of our ancestors. It does not seem possible that even most of the 20th century is now the time of our “ancestors”. Our own present will soon enough join them, when new readers will look back on us and wonder where are our own stories. There are many branches of the family who must hold stories, traditions, and tales that should be preserved as part of our broad family’s heritage, stories that the rest of us do not know. Setting down the facts about our family is, for the moment, far more important than crafting the great American memoir about us. If several people will be eager enough to write down their parts for those who are yet to come—in as few or as many pages as it takes—your (our) future generations, I guarantee, will be all ears!
“. . . as the traveller stays but a short time in each place, his descriptions must generally consist of mere sketches, instead of detailed observations.”

—Charles Darwin

*The Voyage of the Beagle* (1845)
The Early Smiths
(late 1600s to early 1800s)

Edward Seville Smith’s typewritten “Smith Genealogy and Some Reminiscences” is our primary source about the earliest known members of the Smith family. He credited another family member, Emerson Bryan Roberts (1890–after 1951), with discovering the “progenitor” of our Smiths—one James Smith of old Talbot County. Emerson was a published genealogist and historian of Maryland families, though he never published on the Smith family. However, there now is some uncertainty about the accuracy of this report, which naturally places doubt on this oldest part of our collective ancestry. But first, the story.

According to Emerson Roberts’ findings, and through Ed Smith’s further research in old legal records, James Smith had received a land grant that he called “Smith’s Beginning”. This was in that northern part of old Talbot County, Maryland, that in 1706 became Queen Anne’s County. In those days everything was owned by the Crown (that is, the king or queen of England). Grants were received in the name of the monarch through the royal agent in the colony, and the land owners paid a yearly rent (or property tax) back to the Crown, in coin or in a combination of coin and marketable crop (usually tobacco in those days).

Just when James Smith received “Smith’s Beginning” is not known, but he was its owner in 1683 when he received another grant through the subdivision of 4,000 acres that in 1682 had been given to one Richard Peacock. Smith’s new property of 300 acres was adjacent to “Smith’s Beginning”; he called it “Smith’s Delight”. The acreage was assigned to him in a patent from King Charles II (that is, from the king’s royal agent in Maryland) dated 16 November 1693. The actual document begins with a flourish, “Charles R To all persons to whome these presents shall come Greeting in our Lord God Everlasting.”

The king, in England, did not sign documents except the most crucial ones; most, including those in the colonies, were signed by an agent in the name of the king. In any case, the patent to James Smith mentions the subdivision of Peacock’s lands, which this portion was given over to Smith; for a price, of course. James Smith paid an annual rent of “twelve Shillings Sterling in Silver or Gold”, which would
have been in addition to whatever he was paying for “Smith’s Beginning”, his original property to the southeast of “Smith’s Delight”. The tract is still farmland today, south of Crumpton in Queen Anne’s County, at the head of one of the branches of “Double Creek”, what now is called Pearl Creek.

Edward S. Smith, using the information contained in the original land patent of 1683, was able to draw out the boundaries of the 300 acres of “Smith’s Delight” (below). It is a roughly diamond-shaped, five-sided polygon, with the top (north) end more narrow than its bottom end; widest below the middle. Unfortunately, the precision of the day was based on temporary landmarks, and so the description of the boundary began “at a marked Oak standing by a Brook”. We do know that the brook is one of the branches of today’s Pearl Creek, but failing a meticulous survey of Maryland land records—or even if the required precision is possible with surviving records—we cannot be sure of the property’s precise location now, given that it was subdivided further in later years. But there is in the area a remarkable alignment of modern roadways—which could preserve old boundary lines—that seem to perfectly delineate the southern boundaries, and precisely demark the southern tip, of the polygonal parcel (see illustration on next page). This is described and illustrated more fully in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy, but this southern tip is the intersection of Pondtown Road and Burchard Sawmill Road, southwest of
Pondtown and south of Crumpton. The angle between these two roads perfectly subtends the angle formed at the southern tip of the “Smith’s Delight” polygon. The adjacent traces of these two roads, extending respectively northeastward and northwestward away from the intersection, follow precisely the traces of the two southern boundary lines that, further, seem to deflect the roads where the widest points of the property occurred (at the wide point of the diamond); the roads when laid out seem to have followed property lines. Even further, the point of beginning of the original survey (where the “marked oak” had stood near the northern end of the property), and a short measured distance to the northeast along a brook leading away from the site of the oak, seem to coincide with the course of a branch of Pearl Creek. If the modern alignments only coincidentally trace those of 1683, it is a remarkable coincidence.

We do not know whether James Smith was born in Maryland or overseas (in England or Ireland), nor do we know when he was born. He married Margaret, but where or when is not known. He seems to have died before 27 July 1709, inasmuch as the will of their son, Matthew, signed on that date, does not mention his father but does provide for his mother, Margaret Smith.
Ed Smith’s “Smith Genealogy” takes note of numerous James Smiths, to whom Ed assigned Roman numerals in the fashion of descendants (I, II, etc.). However, not all of the Jameses were direct descendants as one would expect by such enumeration; Ed Smith’s numbers were meant just to distinguish which of several James Smiths was in discussion even though Ed did not enumerate all of them. In my Genealogy, on the other hand, every descendant is assigned a unique number, which was calculated and assigned by the computer-based genealogical database that I used. In a few instances in this narrative I use these numbers (No. 1, No. 24, and so on) so as to distinguish individuals of the same name (particularly the early Jameses). Following is an itemization of the James Smiths, comparing Ed Smith’s Roman-numeral Jameses against the list from my Genealogy (in **bold**):

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**Roman numerals are the designations used by Edward Seville Smith, but note that they are not a direct descendancy.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Years</th>
<th>Relationship to James Smith I</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>James Smith I</td>
<td>(? – before 27 July 1709)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>James Smith II</td>
<td>(1693–1727/28)</td>
<td>son of James Smith, No. 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>James Smith</td>
<td>(? – after 13 September 1709)</td>
<td>son of Matthew Smith (? – 1709, No. 3)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>James Smith III</td>
<td>(? – 1799)</td>
<td>son of James Smith, No. 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>James Smith IV</td>
<td>(? –?)</td>
<td>son of James Smith, No. 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>James Smith V</td>
<td>(? –1838)</td>
<td>attributed as son of Joseph Smith (? – after 1761, No. 14)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>James Smith VI</td>
<td>(1768–1839)</td>
<td>son of James Smith, No. 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>James Smith</td>
<td>(1811–1844)</td>
<td>son of Joseph Moore Smith (1782–1863, No. 34)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89</td>
<td>James Smith*</td>
<td>(1840–1929)</td>
<td>son of John Smith (1795–1857), No. 46</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*In our family traditions this James Smith is also known as Capt. James Smith, the son of Capt. John Smith.*

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(In the manner of a brief explanation of how the genealogical database automatically assigns numbers: Beginning with the earliest person in the database, that person is assigned No. 1 [of course]. Each child of No. 1 then is assigned numbers beginning with 2, in birth order (if there are six children, they are Nos. 2–7). Then, of the children who themselves had children, those grandchildren of No. 1 are assigned numbers in the order of their births; for example, children of No. 2 may be Nos. 8–11, children of No. 3 may be Nos. 12–14, and so on. And the great-grandchildren of No. 1 are similarly assigned consecutive numbers, beginning with the last-used number, in all of their birth orders through the entire generation. In this way, the earliest-born children of one generation will have their own children listed first in the next generation; the latest-born children of a generation will have their own children listed last in the next generation. Note, too, that the spouses of individuals are not assigned numbers; this is because they are not direct descendants of No. 1.)
JAMES SMITH (No. 1) and his wife, Margaret, the supposed progenitors of our Smith family, had four children that we know of: Mary, Matthew, William, and James (No. 5). It is through James (No. 5) that supposedly our Smith family is descended, as by the accounting of Emerson Bryan Roberts and as further reported in Edward S. Smith’s “Smith Genealogy”. The putative descendancy is as follows (with individuals’ unique enumerations as given in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Dates</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>James Smith</td>
<td>(? – before 27 July 1709)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>James Smith</td>
<td>(1693–1727/28)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Joseph Smith</td>
<td>(? – after 1761)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>James Smith</td>
<td>(? –1838)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>James Smith</td>
<td>(1768–1839)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

There are problems, however, which have hounded family historians for decades; problems that as yet have no satisfactory resolution. James Smith (No. 24) died in 1838, said to be aged 80 years. This yields a calculated birth year (not known from records) of 1758. But his first-born child, Mary, was born in 1762—at least so far as was reported first by Emerson Bryan Roberts. Other children were born soon thereafter, including supposedly James Smith (1768–1839, No. 29, who is otherwise well documented in our Smith family history). Clearly, something is amiss because these early children’s birth dates are far too close to their father’s calculated birth date. It is possible that his reported age at death is wrong; but we do not know. But more conclusively, it also seems that James Smith (No. 24) was an alien immigrant to Maryland; and if so, he cannot be the James Smith that is the son of Joseph Smith (No. 14). It still is not as clear cut of a problem as that; but first, a note about what led up to this.

A letter from Elizabeth Mack Munger to a Mrs. W. Marvin Barton, dated 31 August 1980, records that Elizabeth had found “the Bible Record of James Smith and his wife, Susannah Moore” at the Maryland Hall of Records; this was the Bible of James Smith (No. 24) and his first wife, Susannah (or Susanna) Moore. That record had been submitted by Margaret Slaughter Smith Spaulding, a granddaughter of Joseph Moore Smith (1782–1863, a son of James Smith, No. 24). Unfortunately, the Bible record did not include birth dates. Elizabeth continued,

The Bible record says “James Smith with a brother or two came to America from Ireland. He married Susannah Moore who is thought to have been born in Delaware or in Maryland near the Delaware line.”

However, we do not know whether the statement is in his writing or is that of a descendant who added the information. In further but subjective substantiation of the Irish ancestry of our Smiths, Wilbur Edward “Ed” Smith (1921–), a great-great-great grandson of James Smith (No. 24), indicated that his father used to say that the family was of “Scotch-Irish” descent. Stories and family reminiscences can surely change with time, but that is one of the few older ones to which we can refer.

So, even disregarding the problem of the birth date of James Smith (No. 24), if he did come from Ireland with “a brother or two”, as now seems possible by the statement in his Bible, clearly the
attribution of ancestry as a son of Joseph Smith and the great-grandson of James Smith (No. 1) of “Smith’s Delight” is wrong. But this may not be the end of the story.

We are certain, of course, of the ancestry of our Smiths dating back to James Smith (No. 29), who died in 1839, and his father, James Smith (No. 24), who died in 1838 said to be aged 80; this much is unambiguous (except for the age or birth date of the elder James). Yet I am struck by the coincidence, assuming James Smith (No. 24) did come from Ireland, that he settled precisely in the area as in which James Smith (No. 1) had settled and in which descendants were then living; that being in northern Queen Anne’s County, Maryland.

James Smith (No. 24) may also have been in, or at one time moved to, neighboring Delaware, but this is not so significant because the boundary line is just a few miles away. This is not an area that is really “on the way” to anywhere, too. It is, except by water, isolated from the through-lines of commerce and communication between colonies to the north and south (or states, depending upon whether the time is before or after 1776). I suppose that knowing where James Smith (No. 24) immigrated into this country could help discern his movements after arrival, and the date might help us ascertain why he came at that time, but determining these things now is probably a hopeless cause. In any case, he would have come during a time in Irish history that saw the first great emigration from Ireland to the New World, when some quarter-million people in fifty years left their native land (this was long before the Irish exodus during the so-called “potato famine” of the 1800s). Was this James Smith (and brother or two) coming to America to join family? Was he a descendant of James Smith (No. 1) through a child or grandchild of James No. 1 who had returned to Ireland or England for one reason or another? Was he a grandnephew of one of the American Smiths?

Why, indeed, would James Smith (No. 24) settle in the area northeast of Centreville in Queen Anne’s County, or just across the boundary with Delaware, in the very neighborhood of descendants of James (No. 1)? Was James (No. 24) actually 80 years of age when he died, or older? We may never know the answers. But it seems reasonable that these uncertainties surrounding our earliest Smith ancestors will have to be kept in mind by all future family historians as they proceed through new ways of looking at old records.

In the second and third generations of the putative Smith ancestors (those descended from James Smith No. 1) there is not much that is known, and for the purposes of this narrative, given the uncertain nature of their relationship to us now, they will not all be specifically itemized.

Of the children of James Smith (No. 1) we know that MATTHEW SMITH (?–?) married Mary (?–?), and they had at least six children.

JAMES SMITH (1693–1727/28) (No. 5) married Mabel (?–?), and they had at least four children, including James (No. 13) and the aforementioned Joseph (No. 14) from whom supposedly (by Emerson Roberts’ original accounting) our Smiths are descended.
JAMES SMITH (?–1799) (No. 13) had at least seven children; his wife’s name is not known. It is through him, however, that the residue of “Smith’s Delight” left this family, when he sold his acreage to a James McCoy of Queen Anne’s County in 1762.

● ●

JOSEPH SMITH (?–after 1761) (No. 14) married Mary, and they had at least three children, one of whom, a son James, is supposed to be James Smith (No. 24) according to the older family histories, but whose parentage (Joseph and Mary Smith) is now in doubt (as discussed above).

It is with James Smith (No. 24), now thought to be an Irish immigrant (and possibly a relative of descendants of James Smith No. 1), that we do begin our Smith family genealogy with certainty. He has been given the number 24 the same as the James who is the recorded son of James No. 13 (mentioned in the preceding paragraph). Although they are very probably not the same person, as we now know, the enumeration is retained a matter strictly of convenience so as to continue the enumeration scheme of the Genealogy as a whole, and because it is not certainly clear that James Smith (No. 1) is not an earlier relation after all. This information is kept at hand in the event that it is someday determined that these earliest Smiths (the first three, questioned generations) are in fact “our” Smiths.

For the time being, it might be best when looking backward through the generations to stop at James Smith (No. 24) rather than with James Smith (No. 1).
The First Smiths of Spaniard Neck and Baltimore, and the Problem of “Lentley”
(late 1700s to early 1800s)

The fourth and fifth generations of the Smith family (at least as counted from the putative progenitors, James [No. 1] and Margaret Smith) see the establishment of Smiths in the area around Centreville, the seat of Queen Anne’s County. We have been led to believe that these generations migrated from their supposed original homes in northernmost Queen Anne’s County and adjacent areas of Kent County and in nearby Delaware, having migrated to those places as descendants of James Smith (No. 1).

As we have seen, there is some reason to doubt this scenario since James Smith (No. 24) is probably from Ireland as stated in his own Bible (though we are unsure as to just who wrote that statement). And as we have seen further, it is possible that the Irish immigrant Smith may yet be a descendant from James Smith (No. 1) or was from common Irish relations. The establishment of Centreville as the county seat of Queen Anne’s nevertheless was a commercial and cultural incentive for families to move closer to it, some perhaps departing their farming lives, or may have encouraged others to move to farms closer by, away from their older relatives. The rich farmlands of Spaniard Neck to the west of Centreville were no doubt attractive and easily accessible to the Chester River, the principal stream that divides Queen Anne’s from Kent County; and similarly the smaller Corsica River that flowed directly from Centreville provided considerable convenience for commerce. Easy access to the Chesapeake Bay, at the confluence of these two rivers, also would have benefited the businessmen who established themselves in Centreville.

A few Smiths of these next generations also resided for the first time on the west side of Chesapeake Bay, in the city of Baltimore. It was George Smith (1774–1826), a son of James Smith (No. 24) who first established our family there, although his son, George Moore Smith (1812–1891), quit Baltimore in favor of his home county, Queen Anne’s, at the start of the Civil War.
Various Queen Anne's County sites mentioned in this narrative

SM Possible area of “Smith's Mistake”
B Possible sites of “brick house” (based on conflicting information)
L Possible sites of “Lentley” (based on conflicting information)

1 “Upper Heathworth”
2 “Readbourne”
3 “Poplar Grove” (Emory estate)
4 Site of J. W. W. Watson Home and one possible site of the “brick house”
5 Site of George Moore Smith farm
6 Site of Covington farm
JAMES SMITH (1768–1839) is, as we have seen, supposed to have immigrated from Ireland with “one or two brothers”, probably sometime in the mid- to late 1700s. He died, we are told, at the age of 80. We know that he married twice; first to Susannah Moore (?–?) of Maryland or Delaware, with whom he had nine children: Mary (1762–?), Rachel (1763–?), James (1768–1839, No. 29), Samuel (1771–?), George (1774–1826), Robert (1776–?), Sarah (1780–1856), Joseph Moore (1782–1863), and John (?–?), whose chronological placement among these children is unknown but he was not the first born. James Smith married, second, in 1783 Nancy Richardson (?–?), with whom he had two children: Saul John (?–?) and William (?–before 1863).

There is sketchy evidence that the family lived at least part of the time in Delaware. One of the children, James (No. 29), is the individual who established our Smiths in Spaniard Neck, the tract of land west of the Queen Anne’s county seat of Centreville bounded on the south by the Corsica River and on the northwest by the Chester River; more will be learned of James (No. 29) farther below.

Susannah Moore (?–?), first wife of James Smith (No. 24), was one of eight children of Samuel (?–1773) and Margaret Moore, who were of Irish heritage. Samuel Moore was from Murderkill Hundred, Kent County, Delaware. They homesteaded “Brown’s Addition”, 100 acres purchased from a William Brown in 1737. The property was “situated on the north side of the most southerly Main Branch of the head of Dover River.”

The Moore family ties us into a bit of local history during the American Revolution. One of Susannah’s brothers, Joseph (?–1782), was a major in the militia for Kent County, Delaware. He was in a posse sent out on 6 November 1782 to arrest Cheney Clow (pronounced “cluff” and sometimes spelled “Clough”) who was a Tory, a loyalist to the British Crown. They staked out Clow’s rural home in Duck Creek Hundred, Delaware, just east of the Maryland border; the homesite came to be known as “Fort Clow”. During the attempt to seize Clow, Joseph Moore was killed by gunfire. Clow believed he had fired at a Captain Griffin, who was in charge of the attacking company, although other evidence may indicate that Moore was killed by the posse’s own gunfire.

Clow was arrested and in December 1782 he was tried for treason in Dover, Delaware. He was acquitted but sentenced to pay £10,000 for wartime damages. He then was charged in the death of James Moore. On 5 May 1783 Clow was convicted and sentenced to death. Nicholas Van Dyke, then President (that is, governor) of Delaware, seems to have been convinced by others that Clow was innocent of the charge, and although he could not pardon Clow he postponed the sentence indefinitely. However, five years later, after Van Dyke left the Delaware presidency, Clow demanded liberty or death and the sentence was carried out. His wife had him buried in an unmarked grave, the location of which is not now known.

Although some remains of “Fort Clow” were described as late as 1839, no surface trace remains today. The site is near the confluence of the two branches of Gravelly Run, north of Delaware Route 300.
near the community of Everett’s Corner, just east of the Maryland boundary. However, George Washington Smith (1833–1908), a grandson of Joseph Moore’s sister, Susanna, is said to have “pointed out to his second wife . . . the Clow homestead ‘a Plain building not far from Sudlersville, Md. as the place where the murder was committed’” (this according to Edward S. Smith’s “Smith Genealogy”). In 2002, new interest arose about the site of “Chenet Clow’s Rebellion”, at that time on the farmstead of Joseph G. Ford, whose grandmother had bought the land in 1929. Ford was interested in continuing archaeological investigations of the area, which had started with informal investigations that led to more serious attempts by Clow descendants. Today there is a roadside historical marker that notes the rebellion; it is located on the north side of Route 300 between the bridge over Gravelly Run and the intersection of County Road 143.

In the “Smith Genealogy”, Edward S. Smith, 2nd great-grandnephew of Joseph Moore, recalled from his younger years:

“There was deep resentment against the Clows or Cloughs amongst the Moores and Smiths for generations. Cousin Julia Ann Baynard Martin gave us the tradition of the killing of Joseph Moore, and Anna Cacy Smith said her father, George Washington Smith, would not permit her to buy ribbons from the store of Miss Clough, in Church Hill, Maryland, but would give no reason.”

Regarding some of the children of James Smith (No. 24) and Susannah Moore:

JOHN SMITH (?–?) moved to the Carolinas, and no other information is known about him.

ROBERT SMITH (1776–?), moved west to Ohio with his family. His niece, Nancy (a daughter of his brother, George Smith), accompanied them. No further record is had of them.

MARY SMITH (1762–?) married Samuel Ratcliffe (?–?) (there are variant spellings of the surname). They had three children that are known to our genealogy now; the two daughters, Susannah (1792–1872) and Eliza (1790s–1867) did not marry and were among the relatives who would for a while take care of their young cousins, children of Capt. John Smith (1795–1857). Capt. John Smith figures very prominently in our family genealogy, and much more will be written in another chapter.

RACHEL SMITH (1763–?) married George Smith Tarbutton (1765–before November 1816); it is possible that the birth years of Rachel and George are reversed, but this has not been resolved. George’s grandfather, William Tarbotin (1688–?), emigrated from Yorkshire, England, and settled in Queen Anne’s County, Maryland. The Tarbutton surname also appears as Turburton and Tarbutt. Rachel
Smith was George’s first wife, with whom he had at least five children. He later married Susan or Susannah Rodgers (1781–1848), with whom he had at least three children between 1812 and 1816. George was a veteran of the War of 1812, having served as a Private in the 35th Regiment (Brown’s Regiment) of the Maryland Militia. After George’s death, Susan married George Bramble in January 1818, and sometime thereafter they removed to Ohio, but nothing more is known of them.

JAMES SMITH (1768–1839, No. 29) married Nancy Young (?–?), about whom we know nothing. They had at least three children: Henrietta Young (?–1821), John (1795–1857), and Katherine W. (ca. 1801–1881). He and Nancy may have gone for a while to Virginia or North Carolina, but all we know certainly is that they were back in Centreville in Queen Anne’s County by 1804. With James Smith we also find the certain establishment of our Smiths in the Spaniard Neck area, if not in Spaniard Neck itself. The uncertainty comes from where exactly was the property he acquired called “Lentley”, and where exactly was the brick house that he built either there or on another property.

Spaniard Neck is a stub of land west of Centreville, the seat of Queen Anne’s County. Situated at the confluence of the Chester River on its northwest side and the Corsica River on its south, the “neck” continues northeastward along the Chester River until it arbitrarily grades into Wilmer Neck. Spaniard Neck at the confluence is a peninsula; on its landward side it is demarcated by Island Creek and its tributary, Granny Finley Branch, northeast of Burrisville. Island Creek, continuing northward to the Chester River, then delineates the landward edge of Wilmer Neck. The derivation of “Spaniard Neck” dates at least to the late 18th century when the name, “Spaniards Pt.”, appears on a map printed in Paris in 1786 (the map was prepared at the direction of Thomas Jefferson to accompany his Notes on Virginia, which he first privately published and distributed while he was in France). The area is known, too, as once having been the site of some American Indian villages.

It is not clear when our Smith family moved into the Spaniard Neck area; some of them had earlier resided to the northeast, in the vicinity of Crumpton. For a couple of centuries most of the properties in Spaniard Neck had been in the hands of the Hollyday and Emory families among others, and it is they who subdivided some of their lands either as bequests to later generations or, through sale, as a means to assure income from time to time. In any case, it is James Smith (No. 24) and his family (notably son James, No. 29) who moved into this area. It is James (No. 29), as we shall see, who in 1820 acquired the property called “Lentley” from an owner who resided in New York State, but whether or not the property was in Spaniard Neck is unclear; it may have been elsewhere in the environs of Centreville. He also built a brick house five years later, which people in our family have likewise called “Lentley”, but the location of that house likewise is unclear, either at “Lentley” or a different locale in or near Spaniard Neck.

The identities of both the property and the location of the house are now very confused and uncertain. Although we have some photographs of the house, they do not help in locating it. And a few land records that have been passed along to us do not conclusively indicate that they pertain to James Smith’s “Lentley”; there may be other properties so named. This I discussed in detail in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy, and below I more briefly summarize it. But it was, assuredly, James Smith’s (No. 29) son, John, who without question established a foothold in Spaniard Neck when he purchased “Upper
Narrative of the Smith Family from Maryland and Others

Heathworth” from the Hollyday family (about which will be the subject of a separate chapter in this narrative).

A review of U.S. censuses for the 1810–1820 period in Queen Anne’s County (the 1830 census for this county has been lost) does not certainly reveal whether either, or neither, of the James Smiths of our family appear in that census. These earlier censuses were restricted by election district and do not locate precisely where people lived, so we cannot identify whether any of the James Smiths therein are those of our family (though they probably are), nor can we be sure whether they are then living in Spaniard Neck or were elsewhere in the election district. These early censuses list only land owners by name; all household members (relations or not) were simply counted and tallied up in columns under age-groups. In any case, if James Smith (No. 24) is not accounted for in these early censuses, surely James (No. 29) is listed because we do know that James Smith (No. 29) owned property in Centreville prior to the 1810 census.

In 1820, James Smith (No. 29) purchased from John C. Tilletson of Ulster County, New York, a Queen Anne’s County property called “Lentley”. Note that his was not an inheritance, and the purchase was made when he was in his middle years. Although we understand that James Smith (No. 29) was the son of James (No. 24) of Queen Anne’s County. We know nothing about his younger adulthood, but Edward S. Smith noted in the “Smith Genealogy”:

Those of the family who realized that James Smith was 52 years of age when he purchased “Lentley” and that he and Nancy and their family went there to live, have wondered where he had been before then. We assume he spent his boyhood with his parents in Delaware, and there as a young man acquired his education.

There is a family tradition that he and his wife, Nancy Young Smith, lived in Virginia or North Carolina and in 1804 we find them in Centreville, Maryland, when they purchased a town-lot. In 1806 they sold a one-eighth part of this lot for $716.00 to one John McFeely. On their remaining portion of this town-lot they built a small hotel, which they operated for a number of years.

The “Smith Genealogy” also provides the following anecdote about James Smith:

Cousin Susie Ratcliffe told Julia Ann Baynard Martin, in March 1931, that her uncle James Smith of “Lentley”, a member of the Centreville M.E. Church, as was customary held daily services in his home and, as part of these devotions, his wife Nancy would sing hymns. Upon her death he felt her loss so deeply that he discontinued these family services and as a result he was “read out” of the Church. It has been said that it was because of this action that his son, Captain John Smith, did not wish his sons to be ministers.

(Nevertheless, Capt. Smith’s son, John Edward, did become a minister, first for Methodist Episcopal congregations in Maryland and Delaware, then for the Church of the New Jerusalem in many places in the East.)

Although the Methodist Episcopal Church was customarily a circuit-based ministry in rural areas, the particular note above about James Smith is an interesting one given that there was a Methodist Episcopal church building in Centreville at least since the late 1700s. The Smith convocations surely were daily devotions rather than formal services, probably led by themselves. Also, the history of this church and the circuit of which it was a part is well documented. Frederic Emory’s history of Queen Anne’s
The “Smith Genealogy” indicates that James Smith (No. 29) died in 1838, which may be confused with the date of death for his father, James Smith (No. 24). The Bible of George Smith, James’ (No. 29) brother, reads, “James Smith departed this life on the 4th of April 1839”. James’ (No. 29) will was dated and probated both in 1839.

In the matter of “Lentley”, as just noticed this was the name of a property purchased in 1820 by James Smith (No. 29). The identity of Lentley has posed problems due to ambiguous and conflicting information in family traditions and notations. It is made further ambiguous by an unsatisfactory consensus by other area historians and authorities who responded with different identifications for the placement of this property.

The information presented here is divergent and is still without resolution, but it is the first attempt to summarize what is known about what I call “the problem of Lentley”. I bring so much attention to it because it has received a lot of attention in the family over the years, entirely as oral tradition, as being an “ancestral seat” of sorts for the Centreville Smiths. Unfortunately, different recollections now exist about where it was. The property did exist, the brick house did exist, and even one individual of our generations (Nadia Smith, as a young child) appears in a photograph taken outside the house about 1938. But where the property and the house were seem to be points now hopelessly confused. What I have done in the Spamer-Smith Genealogy is to collate the stories and to present all of them; eventually—hopefully—the problem will one day be resolved. I have not been able to do so. A summary follows here.

Lentley has been referred to as both a property and a specific house; this may be partly due to mistakes made in the family, by different people over a long period of time. In turn, certain local historians and cultural resource authorities in Maryland have confused the name it with other properties still extant near Centreville. These other properties carry the names “Lentley” and “Lently”. (Since all family information refers to the property as “Lentley”, this spelling is preferred here, except where specific records are quoted that use the spelling “Lently”. So far as is known at this time, the two spellings are interchangeable.)

This much is certain: Lentley of our Smith family was the name of a property purchased in 1820 by James Smith (No. 29). The property remained in the family for about a century, owned by different individuals not necessarily linearly descended; at times, several individuals owned shares of the property. Ownership eventually coalesced with Ann Watson Baynard (1820–1903), the last of the family owners. Around 1825, a brick house was built by James Smith, presumably but not certainly on the “Lentley” property. We have a few photographs of the brick house, taken in 1924 and 1938.

The house is said to have been built at Lentley, and it seems to have taken on the same name. This may be accurate, but it is also possible that the identity of “Lentley”, as recalled by family members,
Part of the family tradition about the brick house (shown above in 1924 in a photograph made by Gilbert H. Smith) notes that it was built from bricks brought from England. The use of English bricks is not far-fetched because, at least in Baltimore, a law had been passed to prohibit shipmasters from indiscriminately discarding stone ballast in the harbor channel or other place convenient for the purpose but creating hazards to navigation. This resulted in the shipmasters’ reliance on a marketable but durable commodity as ballast; bricks were a good choice. However, in the “Smith Genealogy” Edward S. Smith specifically stated that the bricks were made on site: “The brick house was built about 1825 from brick made on the farm. Somewhere in its wall is a brick with the imprint of the bare foot of Ann Baynard, made when she was a child.” Ann Watson (later Baynard) was born in 1820; if her footprint was preserved in a brick the bricks must have been fired (and thus manufactured) at the site. Inasmuch as the area is good farmland and adjacent to tributaries to Chesapeake Bay, which are tidal extensions of the bay, soil is not especially sandy. Inferentially by understanding geology, deposits of clay for brickmaking are likely to have accumulated in the area. While such deposits may not have been commercially viable due to limited extent, specific brick-making projects might have been well accommodated by smaller deposits, which presumably were exhausted long ago.

The house and its property have been variously identified. The following list of descriptors appears in different sources; correspondence, miscellaneous lists, and identifications on the backs of photographs:
“Smith’s Mistake”
“Old Baynard Place”
“Smith Homestead”
“Smith home on Chester River”
“Watson House . . . about a mile from Upper Heathworth”
“brick house at Lently”
“Perhaps . . . the place called Lentley”

These variant names all lend to the confusion relating to the true identity, and location, of Lentley.

“Smith’s Mistake” is in fact a known property name that has been ascribed to our Smith family by those who cited it. The name is also specifically mentioned in the will of landed Richard Bennett of Queen Anne's County, 25 September 1749: “To cousin Wm. Tilghman, Smiths Mistake, made over to me by Wm. Bishop for 400 [acres], in Spaniard Neck on Corsica Crk”. This same will also mentions our family’s Richard Smith. Some family notes have related that Lentley was near “Smith’s Mistake”, and note that this latter property is along Corsica Creek (Corsica River today). On the other hand, other accounts recall that Lentley is near “Upper Heathworth”, the home acquired by Capt. John Smith a decade or two after Lentley was bought. (See the chapter that focuses on Capt. John Smith for information about “Upper Heathworth”).

I contend that there has been some confusion, years later, as to which Smith is the “home” referred to for the “Smith homestead”. Some may refer (probably correctly) to Lentley, near “Smith’s Mistake”; others to “Upper Heathworth” in Spaniard Neck that has occasionally also been called the Smith homestead, although a generation separate the two. However, the fact that the brick house by itself seems to have been called “Lentley” and “Smith’s Mistake” lends further ambiguity to the whole story. Various misinformed statements applied to either or both the house and the property confound our modern understanding of which is the topic of discussion.

The “Old Baynard Place” apparently refers to the name of some owners of the property during the time in which various family members had whole or partial title. The identifications as being along the Chester River (which includes the property noticed above called “Upper Heathworth”) are ambiguous, as it seems to contradict evidence that the property was closer to Centreville, as it would likely have been if it were the daily meeting place for the Methodist faithful.

Driving searches for the house in 2004, 2006, and 2007, without knowing its precise location, failed to locate it. It may no longer survive, or it is not visible from roadways. The latest person in the family who saw the brick house was Nadia “Nadine” Smith Synnestvedt (1925–2009), who accompanied me on the 2004 trip. She was about 11 years of age when she visited the place about 1938 and appears in a photograph taken during that visit. In 2007, I revisited the area near Centreville purposely to unobtrusively re-examine the former property of Joseph William Wesley Watson (also known as William Watson), on the north side of the Corsica River, just west of Centreville, which I suspect is the (probably former) location of the brick house. This is the area that Edward S. Smith marked in a rough sketch map as “Lentley”, and which coincides with the William Watson property denoted on an 1866 property map of Queen Anne’s County. It is, though, not in Spaniard Neck, which contradicts other recollections.

According to Edward S. Smith in the “Smith Genealogy”, Lentley was “on Spaniards Neck Road, between Centreville and the farm now known as Upper Heathworth, over the Corsica River from
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Centreville”. Of course, “between” could have meant anything, and we should not infer anything like being about equidistant. (“Upper Heathworth” is in Spaniard Neck along Lands End Road and fronting on the Chester River several miles from Centreville. This is discussed at more length with Capt. John Smith.) Nadine Synnestvedt recalled that the brick house was “near” Upper Heathworth, or “just down the road” from there, again placing the site well out in Spaniard Neck, not near Centreville.

According to mixed information from John McKenney, a distant family member and Queen Anne’s County historian who coincidentally owned “Upper Heathworth” in the mid-20th century, Lentley is either south of Centreville, along the road to Starr, or north of Centreville (and across the Corsica River, but not toward Spaniard Neck). Information received by Nadine Synnestvedt from the Queen Anne’s County Historical Society place Lentley elsewhere, to the northeast of town. Again, confusion may exist over the placement of the house versus the location of the property named “Lentley”.

So, there is conflicting information from members of our own family, with little help coming from the historical sources who have been contacted for assistance. Nadine Synnestvedt placed the brick house out in Spaniard Neck; she was there (albeit as a young girl). It was her father, Gilbert Haven Smith (1882–1958), who in 1924 took photographs of the house, and he certainly knew where to go, but he did not leave us directions. (The 1938 photographer is unknown but was a family member, perhaps Gilbert again.) On the other hand, family historian Edward Smith, Gilbert’s brother, placed the brick house much nearer to Centreville although he also did not precisely locate it for us, either in words or in his sketch map. (This is not likely a matter of forgetfulness, but probably one of familiarity. One of the great pitfalls of family history is the kind of information that is relayed with the confidence that others, too, will know what precisely what is meant; but unfortunately, those of us several generations farther along do not.)

My own research, taking into account the known, but ambiguous, information suggests that Lentley, the property, was northeastward from Centreville; in fact, somewhere on the north side of the north branch of the Corsica River (where it is a small stream), north of Three Bridges Branch. It does seem that the name of the property has been mistakenly applied to the brick house, lending to a century or so of family tradition. Inasmuch as the brick house was where James (No. 29) and Nancy Smith held daily devotions for members of the local Methodist Episcopal church, pragmatically it must have been closer in to Centreville, such as where Edward S. Smith recalled it, “between Centreville and Upper Heathworth”, rather than miles out in Spaniard Neck where it has been said by Nadine Synnestvedt to be “just down the road” from “Upper Heathworth”. Closer to Centreville, the house could well have been on one of two properties owned by J. W. W. Watson (William Watson) on the north side of Corsica River just outside Centreville; it is the area recalled in several contexts in Edward S. Smith’s “Smith Genealogy”. Today the Watson property closer to Centreville, on the north bank of the Corsica River itself, has been partly developed into a residential community. We have a contemporary, 19th century engraving (left) that depicts this property and its riverside front. It shows a
very nice wooden house. (The engraving is from An Illustrated Atlas of Kent and Queen Anne Counties, Md., published in 1877 by Lake, Griffing and Stevenson in Philadelphia.) The stocky, utilitarian brick house, which, if it was on this property, could by then have been relegated as an outbuilding for farm tenants. The nice Watson house was likely put up later in the 19th century, but it no longer stands. When it was razed is not known at this time.

It seems that the brick house does not stand today. It was a bit “worn out” as we see in the photographs taken of it in 1924 and about 1938, when it was more than a century old. It is entirely feasible that it was razed during the 20th century. Less likely, it was remodeled in such a way that it is unrecognizable now.

There are relatively few houses even today in the Spaniard Neck area along Spaniard Neck and Lands End Roads. The entire outlying area there has long been farms, some of them held in the same families for centuries. It is an area well documented historically; and in fact it is largely unchanged since colonial times except for a small residential community far out on Spaniard Neck Road and a public camp on the banks of the Chester River. Nothing like the brick house can be seen from the roads today, although this does not preclude something existing out of sight. I examined aerial photographs, too, but nothing promising was noted, either in Spaniard Neck or close into Centreville, our two areas of focus in our search for the house.

Nadine Synnestvedt and I, at different times, had contacted the Queen Anne’s County Historical Society with regard to Lentley, sending them copies of our photographs. Nadine received interesting but conflicting information pertaining to land transfers prior to the time when James Smith bought the property in 1820, which is detailed in depth in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy. But the bottom line is: no one was able to identify the property to our satisfaction. On our 2004 visit to Centreville together Nadine and I spoke with a Centreville realtor in this matter, who also offered to show photos to her older family members, but no one came forward with further information.

Since future workers are bound to revisit Edward S. Smith’s information about Lentley and may also recognize the name in other places near Centreville, I reviewed in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy all the known details, at least so far as they are now known. Regrettfully, I could not resolve the “problem” of Lentley and/or the brick house, but at least I present there all of the information with which later researchers can pick up the chase. I do not think that the problem is intractable. A time-consuming, laborious search of original land records may likely, finally, locate James Smith’s “Lentley”. These records (perhaps even serendipitously found correspondence in the papers of someone else now in a historical society or other archive) may reveal the location of the brick house, particularly since it was a meeting place of some of the Methodist congregation of Centreville, one of whom may have mentioned it.

In any case, the Smith family was established in the vicinity of Spaniard Neck (if not actually there) by the 1820s. We were certainly in Spaniard Neck itself by the 1830s when Capt. John Smith acquired “Upper Heathworth” from the wealthy, long-established Hollyday neighbors who resided at the historic colonial manor, “Readbourne”. Both properties front along the Chester River midway along Spaniard Neck where it arbitrarily becomes Wilmer Neck. More will be said about these places in the next chapter.
GEORGE SMITH (1774–1826) figures additionally into our family’s direct Smith ancestry through a daughter, Mary (1808–1848), who married John Smith (1795–1857), a son of James Smith (No. 29). The marriage of cousins was not unusual in this time and place and carried rather less of the social stigma that it does today. In any case, George was the first of our Eastern Shore relatives known to have removed to the west side of the Chesapeake Bay, establishing himself in Baltimore. Unfortunately, we do not know when he went there or what he did occupationally, but presumably he was in some kind of business. A son, George Moore Smith, would return to Queen Anne’s County just before the start of the Civil War.

George Smith had two marriages, to women who were either sisters or cousins to each other, Rachel Price (?–?) and Rebecca Price (1777–1819). Although the order of those marriages is not known at this time, we do know he married Rebecca in 1808. He had six children, which in the “Smith Genealogy” of Edward S. Smith all are attributed to Rebecca: Nancy (?–?), Mary (1808–1848, later the wife of Capt. John Smith), Rachel (1810–after 1860), Sarah Rebecca (1812–after 1860), George Moore (1812–1891), and Susan Catherine (1818–1853). It was Rebecca’s second marriage; she was the widow of Thomas Pratt (1743–1806) of Baltimore, whom she had married in 1799 and with whom she had three children: Bennett (1800–?), Thomas Price (1802–1859), and Ann (1805–1835).

The Price and Pratt families both were originally from Queen Anne’s County on the Eastern Shore, where they had sizeable land holdings. The Pratts of Baltimore were prominent in that city, lending their name to Pratt Street, a major thoroughfare alongside today’s Inner Harbor. The Prices are said to have been descendants of Thomas Price who arrived aboard the ships The Ark and Dove, which figure prominently in Maryland’s earliest settlement history. Some Price descendants of Queen Anne’s County figured in the Revolutionary War, too.

Our family historians, most notably Elizabeth Mack Munger, had done extensive research into the Price lineage, but failed to identify the genealogical link between generations of the 18th century that can connect Rebecca Price to the Thomas Price descendency. No substantial research has been conducted since then. The Spamer-Smith Genealogy presents as much information as which is now available. As a general background regarding the problematical generations, Elizabeth Munger prepared a note in 1977, which reads in part:

One Basil Price, and his brothers, served in the Revolutionary War, and we are informed by his descendants were paid in land that is now within the City limits of Baltimore, Md. We are told that one of Basil Price’s brothers was the father of Rebecca (Price) Smith who had a sister Sallie Price, and possibly other brothers and sisters.

Rebecca (Price) Smith was born a Price of the Queen Annes County, Md. Prices, and had cousins William S., John S., Robert, and Mordecai Price who were children of Basil and Elizabeth (Skinner) Price. Mordecai Price, born 1817, was the youngest of a large family, lived at, or near Centreville, Md., was a farmer and merchant, and interested in public affairs. He had at least two children—Harry L Price, and Mrs. Mollie Price Tucker.

It is Mordecai Price who further figures into the Smith family as one of the legal guardians of the children orphaned upon the death of Capt. John Smith, as will be noticed in the discussions about Capt. Smith herein.
The Bible of George Smith was, in 2009, in the possession of Nadia “Nadine” Smith Synnestvedt (1925–2009). It records many dates of family events that relate to the Smith, Tarbutton, and Pratt families. These entries are quoted in their entirety in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy.

Regarding two daughters of George Smith: **NANCY SMITH** (?–?), as has already been noted, moved west to Ohio with her uncle, Robert Smith, and nothing more is known of them. And **RACHEL SMITH** (1810–after 1860) never married. She made her home with John Covington, in Church Hill, Queen Anne’s County, Maryland; he was the second husband of her cousin, Katherine Smith Covington. The Covingtons will figure into the family history later.

**SARAH SMITH** (1780–1856) never married, and at the time of the 1850 U.S. census she is residing with her nephew, Capt. John Smith. She was known as “Sally”, and it was she who would for a while take care of her grand-nephews and -nieces after the death of Capt. John Smith’s wife, and later, the Captain’s death.

**JOSEPH MOORE SMITH** (1782–1863), the last child of James Smith (No. 24), was married five times (outliving all of his wives): first, in 1804 to **Rachel Spry** (ca. 1786–?) with whom he had three children; second, in 1816 to **Elizabeth Lavine** (?–?) with whom he had two children; third, in 1826 to **Frances Rollingson** (?–1829) with whom there are no known children; fourth, in 1829 to **Elizabeth T. Wilkinson** (ca. 1810–1836) with whom he had two children; and fifth, in 1838 to **Jane Sparks** (1816–1848) with whom he had five children. All but one of the children survived until at least young adulthood.


Joseph Moore Smith resided, as did the other Smiths, in northern Queen Anne’s County and was a farmer. He also was a slave holder, and in 1846 he was a member of a committee that passed resolutions concerning the value of slaves as property.

The family of Joseph Smith’s fourth wife, **Elizabeth T. Wilkinson**, was descended from Rev. Christopher Wilkinson (1663–1729), a Church of England minister who emigrated from Yorkshire, England, after 1710. His wife was Frances Hutchinson (1671–after 1715), a minister’s daughter; whether she died before the emigration is not known at this time. Elizabeth’s father, Christopher Wilkinson
(1776–?) was a great-grandson of Rev. Wilkinson. Her mother’s family was descended from Joseph DeRochbrune (before 1695–1752/53), whose family was by the time of his birth already established in Kent Island Plantation, Maryland.
The Generation of Capt. John Smith and the Legacy of “Upper Heathworth” of Spaniard Neck (late 1700s to mid-1800s)

While it may seem imprudent to select one individual as representing a whole generation, standing out more than any of the others, our Smith family does seem to focus upon Capt. John Smith (1795–1857) of Spaniard Neck. True, he and his wife, cousin Mary Smith (1808–1848), are the progenitors of all of the Smith generations for whom this narrative is written, but there is lore that has come down to us as well as the oldest known physical portrait from among all our Smiths. Even his name, with the title, Captain, lends mystique; it comes from his occupation as a merchant mariner on Chesapeake Bay, work at which he was reasonably well off. (The name has occasionally led to a little family confusion between “our” Capt. John Smith and Capt. John Smith, 1580–1631, the English colonialist leader from Jamestown, Virginia, who first explored the Chesapeake Bay in 1608. There is no relationship between “the” Capt. John Smith and our family.)

The home that Capt. John Smith acquired and greatly enlarged at “Upper Heathworth” was in itself a remarkable structure. It has achieved somewhat of an iconic status in our Smith family. Even though it was owned by Capt. Smith only for a quarter century, and the property left the family before the Civil War, it still is where “we” came from. It resembled a typical manor house, its “best face” customarily to the Chester River, though with this house its landward side was nearly identical. It was a historic structure even within the gentrified community around Centreville, although it was still more modest than some neighboring manors and their plantations. It represented perhaps the finest home of the nouveau riche in Spaniard Neck, which had been a bastion of historical, well-established families since early colonial times.

We shall attend to the Capt. John Smith’s generation in order, some of whose names will also recur later in this narrative.

Mary Elizabeth Tarbutton (?–1840) was one of the children of Rachel Smith (1763–?) and George Smith Tarbutton (1765–before November 1816). She married first, James Graham (?–?),
with whom she had four children: Anne Maria (?–?), John T. (?–?), Mary T. (?–?), and James Tarbutton (1813–1883); and second, in 1831 **Charles Sculley (ca. 1816–1847)**, with whom she had three children: Emily (?–?), Sarah Jane (1832–1904), and Rachel Emily (1837–1913). The Graham relatives of our family are genealogically widespread; various branches seem to be involved but whose precise relationships to the Smiths, beyond the direct descendants of James and Mary, have not yet been clearly ascertained. In 1934, family historian Lathrop Mack had distributed a worksheet that took note, “The Smiths, Tarbuttons, Grahams and Sprys intermarried; the Smiths, Watsons, Baynards and Tarbuttons were distant relatives of Grahams; and the Sprys were also related by other ways than by the marriage of Rachel Spry to ‘Uncle Joey’ Joseph Moore Smith”. It is not the purpose to follow these lineages here, but to introduce some family names that will reappear farther on in this narrative.

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**ANNA MARIA TARBUTTON (1799–?)**, another daughter of Rachel and George Tarbutton, married George Spry (ca. 1800–?), with whom she had eight children between 1819 and 1833. After Anna’s death, her husband married his brother’s widow. At this time the names of neither the brother nor the widow are known, but she died between 1843 and 1850 and had had one child with George Tarbutton, Mary (1843–?).

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**HENRIETTA YOUNG SMITH (?–1821)** married **Joseph Taylor Watson (1794–ca. 1826)** sometime during 1818–1819. Shortly after moving to the property called “Lentley”, which her father had purchased in 1820, she died there. Her sister, Katherine (ca. 1801–1881), later married the widower Joseph, who in turn died shortly later. (More about the Watsons will be said later.) Katherine would then marry John H. Covington (1798–ca. 1864) in 1826, and they figure into the family’s care of the orphaned children of her brother, Capt. John Smith, as we shall also see farther below.

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**Capt. JOHN SMITH (1795–1857)** is noted in some renditions of the family history as having been born at his father’s home, “Lentley”, but these are in error because “Lentley” was not bought by James Smith (No. 29) until 1820.

Nothing seems to be known now of John Smith for the first several decades of his life. Presumably it was an ordinary one, with rudimentary public or home schooling, and he probably was learning the occupations of farming from an early age, as did most everyone else in the family. He may have seen examples of trade work or business occupations in some other members of the family, and the attractions of the big city of Baltimore across the bay from his Queen Anne’s County home. He entered into the business of a merchant mariner, but by the time we are aware of this he is established in his own affairs. We do not know if he had been apprenticed under another mariner, or how he came to learn the ways of boats and the bay.
Attempts to locate John Smith in the 1820 U.S. census have been fruitless. He may not have been a landowner at that time (only the property owners were listed by name in the early censuses), or he may still have resided with his father at “Lentley”. The 1830 census for Queen Anne’s County has been lost. John Smith would not marry until 1838, when he was about 43.

By 1832 John Smith was established well enough in his bay merchant business to contract with George Steuart Hollyday in the purchase of a property that would be known as “Upper Heathworth”. It was first called “Readborne Rectified”, apportioned from the 2,000-acre Hollyday property along the southeastern side of the Chester River. The Hollyday manor home, “Readbourne”, was one of the earliest, and finest, homes in Maryland, a stately brick structure that still stands three centuries later, privately owned and on the National Register of Historic Places. The contract for “Upper Heathworth” was an unusual one in that John Smith did not pay a lump sum for the property. As we know from the affairs relating to the dispensation of his estate after his death in 1857, there still was a small balance ($16.50) to be paid to the Hollydays before title was transferred to the estate, 25 years after the contract was taken out. Edward S. Smith deduced that the purchase contract “must have allowed payment to be made over a period of time, or by a credit from time to time, for freight services by John Smith to George S. Hollyday, who had a large adjoining plantation. We will never know.” Surely the Hollydays could have sold the property outright to a wealthier buyer. Alas, we are not likely to ever know how the Smiths (John as well as his father, James, of “Lentley”) came to know the Hollydays well enough to engage in such a contract.

“Upper Heathworth” was a long, narrow property perpendicular to the Chester River, comprising 215 acres with about 2,000 feet of waterfront (at the time it was called Lime Kiln Cove), plentiful field areas for crops, and poked into a timbered area farthest from the river. Today, the property is entered from Lands End Road by way of the drive next southwestward from the entrance to “Readbourne”. During ownership changes between the Civil War and today, it lost its “Upper Heathworth” name, regained it in the mid-20th century by historically minded owners John and Maria McKenney (siblings), and lost it again when the property was resold. Today (as of 2009 at least) the owners call their property...
The House at “Upper Heathworth”  (Date[s] and photographer[s] are unknown.)

(Top) Façade that faced the Chester River. (This image is digitally reversed from the original print, which probably was made from a negative placed backwards.) The original “little white house” is the wing on the left side of this view; built by 1733 and said to have been occupied by one of the Hollydays while neighboring “Readbourne” was under construction, 1733–1740. The main block and southwesterly wing are supposed to have been built during time when Capt. John Smith owned the property, thus during 1832–1857. An upstairs mantelpiece had an 1857 date and names inscribed in it, thus probably at least some addition was built in that year, the same year as Capt. Smith’s death. The chimney positions in the central block and asymmetry of window placements in the wings help distinguish the landward and riverfront façades. Also note the doorway at the left end of the “little white house” wing at left, presumably original but subsequently removed since it does not appear in the Maryland Historic Sites Survey floor plan in 1987.

(Bottom) Landward façade. The original “little white house” is the wing on the right side of this view. Figure at far right is unknown.
“Tranquility Farm”. There is more tranquility than farming there now, in stark contrast to what must have been a bustling farm community during the 19th century. There are records of Spaniard Neck being a large peach-growing area in the later part of the 1800s but today there are no vast orchards.

On the “Upper Heathworth” property there was what was called a “little white house”, a small two-story frame structure containing but two rooms on the ground floor. Some scant historical evidence indicates that this “little white house” was used by one of the Hollydays during the construction of the brick manor, “Readbourne”, which was between 1733 and 1740; the occupant was Sarah Covington Lloyd Hollyday (1683–1755), the widow first of Edward Lloyd (1670/71–1718/19) of the Lloyds of Wye House in Talbot County, then the widow of James Hollyday (1696–1747). (She died in England.)

It was here that in 1838 Capt. John Smith brought his bride, cousin MARY SMITH (1808–1848). On 31 May in Baltimore he married Mary, the daughter of his uncle and aunt, George and Rebecca Price Smith. John and Mary were married by the Rev. Dr. Jennings, according to a two-line notice in the Baltimore Sun. A family tradition, as retold by Edward S. Smith, holds that Capt. Smith “brought his bride home in one of his sailing ships, as his wharf had not yet been constructed, [where] they had to back his ox-cart to the ship, so she could come ashore.” Another family tradition holds that Mary’s surname was “Smyth”, which seems to have been contrived by individuals who were not comfortable with the idea
of cousins marrying, even though this was not too unusual in these older times. In every instance seen in public records, as well as in birth, marriage, and death records in her father’s own Bible, the family’s name was spelled “Smith”.

John and Mary Smith had five children at “Upper Heathworth”, all of whom lived to adulthood: Mary (1839–after 1908), James (1840–1912), Anna Virginia (1843–1924), Sarah Rebecca Price (1846–1932/33), and John Edward (1848–1930). And it was here that both parents died, Mary in 1848 and John in 1857. For all we know, they were buried on the farm as was often the custom in the day, but truth be known we do not know their final resting places.

Capt. Smith had a flourishing business; he owned at least three boats that we know of, Flying Marie, Clipper, and William Stevens, but how many he ever owned or how many at once we do not know. He seems to be responsible also for greatly enlarging the “little white house”. With five children and some of his hired sailors living at “Upper Heathworth” they surely needed the room. The “little white house” was used to anchor a substantial addition to the house: a main, central block of three stories, and a balancing two-story wing on the southwestern side. The finished structure was nearly symmetrical, with a simple interior plan where each ground floor room opened to both front and back of the house; only a careful study of photographs reveals which side of the house is seen and which wing was the old “little white house”. The result was an impressive home; but indeed, unlike its substantial brick neighbor, “Readbourne”, it seems to have been a house built more for functionality than for entertaining.

Capt. John Smith was also a slave owner. Although an architectural survey was done on the house shortly before it was razed in 1978 (about which more will be said later), and although there is note of other original outbuildings that were left on the property, there is no indication of former quarters for slaves. In contrast, “Poplar Grove”, the historic Emory property in Spaniard Neck a few miles from “Upper Heathworth”, has former slave quarters that are the subject of archaeological study now. In the 1840 U.S. census, John Smith is listed as holding eleven slaves; in the 1850 census twelve slaves.

This was for all intents and purposes the family homestead of our modern Smith family, even though just two generations lived there, for only about 25 years. And unfortunately, very little is really known about John and Mary Smith. Edward S. Smith reported from family tradition that Capt. Smith “had no enemies, trusted all, and is said to carry his money in the band of his high silk hat”, and “In the river opposite his place he maintained a fine oyster bed.” Mary

was said to be a high spirited lady and liked the best of things. There is a family tale of a bolt of fine cloth he brought to her on one of his voyages. The price he told her caused her to feel it could not be of fine quality, so she had him return it. He took it aboard ship and did not exchange it, but gave a different price when he brought the same bolt of cloth back. She wanted to know why he had not done it in the first place. She was pleased with it. “Well, that’s more like it.” He kept her well supplied with goods by the bolt so she could exchange it with neighbors and give variety of dress for herself, the girls, and neighbors.

All in all, it seems a pretty sad state of affairs if this is the sum recollection of two of our more prominent ancestors. But we are fortunate in also having what are probably the oldest photographic portraits in our family collections, which show Capt. Smith as a hale middle-aged man, and then again perhaps ten years later, seemingly still robust but more weather-worn. One may assume that the latter portrait was taken sometime closer to his death in 1857 (the cause is not known to us), and thus the earlier
photograph may have been from the 1840s. If so, then that older photograph must have been a daguerreotype, the earliest kind of photographic technique. And if Capt. Smith had sat for a daguerreotype (probably in Baltimore), it is some further indication of his affluence.

It is the earlier photograph that is of particular interest here; the same view as which appears in a portrait in oil that remains in the family. That photograph is, however, a copy, made in the 1870s by Robert H. Blair, a photographer in Smyrna, Delaware. The original (the presumed daguerreotype) is lost. A study of U.S. census records shows that the photographer, Blair, resided in Smyrna only during the 1870s; before and afterward he and his family are in Massachusetts. So if the photograph of Capt. Smith was printed by Blair in Smyrna, it had to have been during this decade and thus nearly 20 years after Capt. Smith’s death.

John Edward Smith, one of Capt. John Smith’s sons, sat for a photographic portrait by Blair in Smyrna. One may thus assume that John also had Blair copy the daguerreotype at that time, for redistribution to the family. Reproducing daguerreotypes may do so imperfectly because of the nature of the daguerreotype itself, which is housed under glass in a small holder generally called a “union box”, behind which is a reflective surface. Rocking the image side to side will display its true nature as a negative, mounted on the reflective background so that, at the right angle, the image is a positive one. Some daguerreotypes can be a bit murky, too, and perhaps this was the case with the image of Capt. Smith. Blair’s copy shows some retouching in Capt. Smith’s hairline and in his coat and vest; the result is a little bit cartoonish (see particularly his tie), and a little gaudy.
I bring this up in such detail because it is this copied photograph that was used as a model to create a portrait in oil of Capt. Smith. At best guess, this painting was made about 1875. It was (as of 2009) in the custody of one of Capt. Smith’s great-granddaughters, Nadia “Nadine” Smith Synnestvedt (1925–2009). Originally it had belonged to Capt. Smith’s son, James, and it passed through several hands since, traveling back and forth across the country. It is a handsome portrait, in a somewhat primitive style that resembles that of many American portraits of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. This could indicate that the portraitist was either self-schooled or learned from older teachers; it is a style long out of favor by the time it was painted. The painter also improved upon the gaudy touch-ups that appeared in the Blair copy of the old photo, dressing Capt. Smith in a dressy, dark-colored jacket and without his checkered vest (surely one that Capt. Smith thought among his best) like that shown in the photo.

We know from family tradition that the portraitist was a “Mrs. Prettyman”, but otherwise her identity was unrecalled by family now alive. However, I am confident that I have discovered who was Mrs. Prettyman. The connection is, once again, John Edward Smith, who was educated in the Methodist divinity school at Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

In 1870, when the U.S. census was taken, John Edward Smith was a listed as a student at Dickinson College. Notably, another student in the school at that time was Cornelius Prettyman. Other records show that Smith was in the class of 1871; Prettyman was in the class of 1872. The Easton Gazette (Maryland) for 2 March 1872 reported the assignment of Methodist Episcopal ministers in Maryland and Delaware; the information was taken from the proceedings of the fifth annual Wilmington Conference of the M.E. Church. The report noticed that Rev. J. E. Smith had been assigned to the Smyrna (Delaware) Circuit as an assistant to Rev. Elijah Miller; and the church’s Dover (Delaware) District had appointed one “C. W. Prettyman” to the Leipsic and Raymond’s Circuit. Later, the 1880 census for Lewes and Rehoboth, Delaware, lists Rev. Prettyman, an “M.E. Minister”, with his wife and three young children (the youngest of whom was aged 7). Mrs. Prettyman was identified there as Emma E., aged 30, born in Maryland. Further research has identified Rev. Prettyman as Cornelius Wiltbank Prettyman, who was from a family of whom eight of its men were graduates of Dickinson College. Rev. Prettyman remained in the Delaware–Maryland circuits of the M.E. church throughout his career.

The striking circumstances of Rev. Smith and Rev. Prettyman having been adjacent classmates in divinity school, and that in 1872 they both were assigned to nearby church circuits in Delaware, surely confirms that that “Mrs. Prettyman”, portraitist of Capt. John Smith, was Emma, wife of Rev. Prettyman. And of course Rev. John E. Smith’s children knew the Prettymans, but following proper etiquette they must have known Mrs. Prettyman only by that name, hence the family record of the artist only by her polite name.

Capt. John Smith left five orphaned children upon his death in 1857. John’s brother-in-law, George Moore Smith, and his cousins, John Price and Mordicae Price, all of Baltimore, signed guardian bonds for Sarah, John, and James. The “Smith Genealogy” notes that after the mother of the children died in 1848, they had been cared for by their elderly maiden great-aunt, Sallie Smith, an aunt to Capt. Smith. When Sallie became too feeble to care for the children, Capt. Smith turned their care over to a housekeeper, Miss Botay (who has otherwise not been identified in census or other records). After Capt.
Smith’s death, Susannah and Eliza Ratcliffe briefly took care of the children. Soon thereafter, the children were separated; the next-known events in their lives are as follows:

- **Mary (b. 1839)**: 1858 — married Samuel Townsend
- **James (b. 1840)**: 1860 census — he may be the James Smith working as a farm hand in the Joseph B. Hackett household, Sudlersville, Queen Anne’s County
- **Anna Virginia (b. 1843)**: 1860 census — she is residing in the household of her cousin, “William Watson” (Joseph William Wesley Watson) and his wife, Susannah, near Centreville, Queen Anne’s County
- **Sarah Rebecca Price (b. 1846)**: 1860 census — she is residing in the household of her uncle, George Moore Smith, in Baltimore
- **John Edward (b. 1848)**: 1860 census — he is residing in the household of his aunt and uncle, John H. and Catharine (Smith) Covington just south of Church Hill, Queen Anne’s County (Catharine was Capt. John Smith’s sister, and in the household also lived another aunt, Rachel Smith, the unmarried sister of George Moore Smith)

As part of the estate of Capt. John Smith, the slaves that he had owned were, at least for the next few years, transferred as well. The 1860 census slave schedule for District 3, Queen Anne’s County, lists “John Smith’s heirs” (that is, John Smith’s estate) owning six slaves (three males, aged 60, 32, and 2; and three females, aged 27, 6, and 3 months). Except for one, just who actually held them is not clear. Separately, Anna Smith (John Smith’s daughter), then still a minor, is listed on the 1860 census slave schedule on the line adjacent to the entry for William Watson, the cousin with whom she resided at the time. There, one slave is assigned to her (a male, aged 17). Quite ironically, John Edward Smith, who was in 1860 residing with his aunt and uncle and not quite of majority age, and who surely sided with abolitionist feelings, was, at least legally, a slave owner at this time. His older brother, James, being of age and at work it seems, did not participate in that inheritance and was, ironically, not a slave holder; but he would in a few years fight for the Southern cause in the Civil War.

Shortly after Capt. John Smith’s death in October 1857, his merchant schooner, *William Stevens*, was sold at auction by order of the Orphans’ Court of Queen Anne’s County. This was noticed by a series of advertisements in the Baltimore *Sun* later that month. The announcement is additionally interesting because it provides the only description—albeit a cursory one—thus far known of any of Capt. John Smith’s vessels:
SCHOONER "WILLIAM STEVENS" AT AUCTION.—ORPHANS’ COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Hon. Orphans’ Court of Queen Anne’s county, we shall sell by public auction at the wharf of Messrs. Smith & Burnett, south side of the basin, at the hour of 4 o’clock on TUESDAY AFTERNOON, Nov. 3d, the SCHOONER WILLIAM STEVENS, with all her Tackle, & c. She is built of the best materials, copper-fastened and locust upper works.—Can be seen at the wharf.

Terms made known at sale.

GEORGE M. SMITH,
JOSEPH W. WATSON
Administrators of Capt. John Smith, dec’d.

F. W. BENNETT & CO.,
Auctioneers.

In October 1860, a public notice of farm sales appeared in the Baltimore Sun, reporting that “the farm of the late Capt. John Smith, on Chester river, has been sold to Mr. George M. Smith at $53.75 per acre”, but the original deed, for a bit more than 215 acres, was not delivered to G. M. Smith until 5 February 1863. He had bought the farm from Capt. Smith’s heirs for about $11,556. Soon thereafter, in a deed dated 11 February 1865, the farm was sold by George M. Smith and Eliza A. Smith, his wife, to Montreville Bowen for $18,000, a profit of more than $6,000 over what Smith had paid for the property in 1860.

In J. G. Strong’s Map of Queen Anne’s County, Md., published in 1866, “Capt. M. Bowen” is shown as the landholder of “Upper Heathworth”, although whether he was a captain of the military or a mariner is unknown. Edward S. Smith noted about Montreville Bowen,

In September, 1961, Mr. John McKenney, present owner of “Upper Heathworth” wrote that a Mrs. Cochran, who was Laura Emory of Poplar Grove, told him it was always a treat to come to his place when she was a young girl because there were so many children to play with at the Bowen farm. Montreville Bowen came here from the Carolinas and married a Miss Warren, an ancestress of Herbert Warren, who married Antoinette Emory. After her death, he married her sister. With five children by his first wife and eight by his second, thirteen children must have been a merry place.

An 1877 atlas of Kent and Queen Anne’s Counties shows the farm as still the “Est. of Capt. Bowen” and as the “Residence of W. H. Waner”. “W.H. Waner” is surely W. H. Warren, whose family likely included the Misses Warren noticed in John McKenney’s recollection, above. A larger number of the Warren family seem to have resided at Upper Heathworth, too. In 1875 a tragic event was reported in the Centreville Record, which was picked up in the Denton Journal (3 July 1875) as follows:

SAD CASE OF DROWNING.—A little girl, about 2½ years of age, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Warren, residing on the estate known as the Bowen farm, situate on Chester river, below Booker’s wharf, met with a sad and distressing death by drowning, on Tuesday, the 22d inst. Two elder sisters—nearly grown—went down to the beach to bathe, and permitted their little sister to accompany them. The two young ladies first bathed their little sister, dressed her, placed her in a boat hauled ashore on the beach, but not otherwise made fast, and then went to enjoy a bath themselves. While thus engaged, the rising tide floated the boat from its insecure moorings, some distance from shore before discovered by the young ladies. Upon discovery, they attempted to wade out after the boat and bring it ashore, but the water proving too deep, they gave up in hopeless despair. The boat drifted out as far as the middle of the river—which at this point is a
mile wide—when the little child clambered over the side of the boat into the river and was drowned. Up to this writing all efforts to find the body of the child have proven unsuccessful. Mr. and Mrs. Warren were visiting Centreville at the time of the sad occurrence.—Centreville Record.

Since the above was put in type, we learn that one of the sisters on the shore who witnessed the child crawl out of the boat into the river, went into convulsions, and at present but little hopes of her recovery are entertained. She has not spoken since. Diligent search for the recovery of the body of the child has been made for miles up and down the river, but all efforts have failed. The little girl is represented as being particularly bright and interesting and a great favorite with all who knew her.

Regretfully, the name of the little girl is not known now, who was born after the 1870 U.S. census was taken.

In 1887, the property, now somewhat reduced in acreage, was sold to J. Hersey Hall, who was a merchant in Centreville, for $13,400:

SALE OF A QUEEN ANNE’S COUNTY FARM.—the Centreville Record announces the sale by John B. Brown, trustee, to J. Hersey Hall, of the handsome farm in Spaniard’s Neck, Queen Anne’s county, formerly belonging to Capt. Bowen. The farm contains 183 acres, and was sold for $50 an acre. It is situated on Chester river, and was at one time among the most productive fruit farms in the county.

Those of the family who have had a chance to read Edward S. Smith’s “Smith Genealogy” will have noted that he had frequently corresponded with and met John McKenney, a life-long resident of Queen Anne’s County who around 1960 was, with his unmarried sister, Maria, the owner of the old Smith farm. It was they who restored the name “Upper Heathworth” to the property during their residence there. Edward Smith had indicated that Mr. McKenney was a relation to “General McKenney”, but offered no further information. We also know from the Genealogy that the McKenney family was distantly related to our Smiths, when Frances May Watson (1877–?) married a man named Deever sometime after 1920.

During research on the Spamer–Smith Genealogy I discovered a bit more about the McKenneys, although still we do not have a clear understanding of the genealogical connection between the McKenneys and the Smiths except through the Watson–Deever marriage. The Deevers have not been located yet in public records, perhaps due to a misspelling of Deever, but that is conjecture. In any case, General McKenney was William McKenney, who died 23 July 1897 in Centreville, Maryland. He was the grandfather of John McKenney, the mid-20th century owner of “Upper Heathworth”. The brief obituary notice for Gen. McKenney in the Denton Journal on 24 July indicated, “He leaves a widow and several grown children. General McKenney was the owner of about sixty farms, many of them among the best in Queen Anne’s county.” He also had been an unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Maryland in 1883. His son, William McKenney, died suddenly in June 1921 in Centreville, at the age of 49; he had been the president of the Centreville National Bank. The son, William, left a widow and three children, William Jr., Maria, and John G. McKenney. Both John and Maria, both of whom never married, later owned “Upper Heathworth”. At this time it is not known whether the McKenney family had had ownership of the property all during the 20th century, or whether John and Maria had purchased it on their own accord.
John McKenney graduated from Princeton University in 1923 and, except for a brief affiliation with the Baltimore investment bankers Alex Brown and Sons, for the rest of his life remained on the Eastern Shore. He was the author of a collection of stories and verses, *Tackroom Tattles*, illustrated by Paul Brown (C. Scribner’s Sons, New York and London, 1934). During World War II he authored a U.S. Army text for air raid wardens, and he was himself the chief air raid warden for Queen Anne’s County.

When John McKenney (1900–1968) and his sister, Maria (1902–1975), owned “Upper Heathworth”, the property was occasionally a part of tours of Queen Anne’s County historical homes, at least up to the time of Mr. McKenney’s death. John and Maria McKenney also owned “Chesterfield”, a historic property in Centreville. They gave that land to the Queen Anne’s County Historical Society when the society acquired the historic plantation house at “Wright’s Chance”, which they then had moved to “Chesterfield” in the 1960s. Additional moneys from the McKenney estate allowed the society to restore the house, which serves as the society’s museum today.

In the late 1960s, presumably at the time when “Upper Heathworth” was sold by Maria McKenney after her brother’s death, a realtor’s prospectus was prepared, which included a brief description of the property and an aerial view as well. It indicated that annual taxes were $787, and the property was offered at $300,000.

There is a family oral tradition that the former “Upper Heathworth” property was then used by the Du Pont corporation as a hunting lodge. While the Du Pont association has not been confirmed, I note that Jean Gottman, in his book, *Megalopolis* (published in 1961 by The Twentieth Century Fund, New York), mentioned in passing that one example of the modern trend of urbanizing farmland was “Upper Heathworth . . . a farm on the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay in Queen Anne County, Maryland. It has been developed as a gun club.” The date of the book lends a bit of confusion, though, in that this was the time when Edward S. Smith was corresponding with and meeting the McKenneys at “Upper Heathworth”, and yet Smith did not mention the property’s use for anything other than as the McKenneys’ residence. Such use would be in keeping with John McKenney’s advocacy of hunting, though, as he was a master of a local fox-hunting club during his lifetime. How long the property may have thus been used is unclear; nor do we know specifically what happened with the property after Maria McKenney sold it.

The end of the stately house at “Upper Heathworth” came in late summer 1978. There has been another oral tradition in the family that the house was destroyed intentionally by fire (but not an arson fire). This news had come from one of our family historians, Helen Montgomery McCarraher, when she learned of the house’s demise during a visit to the area in 1978. She had gone to Quaker Landing on the north side of the Chester River, in Kent County, to view the house from across the river. Not seeing it, she inquired and was told by a local man that it had recently been burned; that the act was intentional. This fragment of information was the foundation for a later inference of the fate of the house, retold in the family, that the destruction was due to unspecified vindictiveness on the part of the owners.
In fact, the house was indeed razed on purpose, but due to deterioration. Part of it was dismantled, probably to salvage historic and useful architectural elements for resale. Although the fire has not been verified, it is feasible that the most expedient way to handle the remaining part was to burn it rather than to wreck it, thereby realizing savings in demolition and haulage. Sadly, the nearly 250-year-old “little white house” is gone.

We are very fortunate, though, that just before the house was torn down, the Maryland Historic Sites Survey had undertaken a survey of the house by a professional historic architect. He described in technical detail the exterior and interior of the house and two of its original outbuildings, a dairy building and a meat house. One photograph included in the report shows the wing of the house that was the “little white house” open to the elements, braced by large timbers, as parts of it was being dismantled. The outbuildings were not destroyed and so far as is known they still stand. A brief selection from the survey report’s section on the significance of the house summarizes:

Upper Heathworth is one of the largest and most imposing 19th century houses surviving in the county. The main block combines a side hall, double parlour plan with three story height and shallow hip roof, a composition that was widely used on the Eastern Shore in the mid-19th century. Although only one of the two-story wings is original, the other was added at an early date, and together they transform a relatively simple three story house into a massive if somewhat awkward composition. An original dentil-block cornice and later Victorian porches serve to relieve the heaviness of the building somewhat, but the overall feeling of simplicity and size remains dominant on the exterior. The interior of the main house is almost equally plain, with a Victorian stair and a simple mantel the only surviving evidence of 19th century trim.

Later property owners built a new, somewhat smaller, house on the site of Capt. Smith’s original, which was (unbeknownst to the owners!) visited by a caravan of Smith family relatives during a reunion in Chestertown in 1994. As noted earlier, the property today is called “Tranquility Farm” by whomever are its owners; and it is posted, “No Trespassing”.
KATHERINE W. SMITH (ca. 1801–1881) is the next child of James Smith (No. 29). She married, first, in 1821 Joseph Taylor Watson (1794–ca. 1826), who had earlier been married to her sister, Henrietta Young Smith (?–1821). Katherine and Joseph had two children: Ann (?–?) and Joseph William Wesley (ca. 1823–after August 1860). She married, second, in 1826 John H. Covington (1798–ca. 1864) of Church Hill, Queen Anne’s County; they had three children: Catherine S. (1833–1868), Sarah Augusta (1840–after June 1880), and John S. (1845–1864).

It was John and Katherine Covington with whom John Edward Smith, orphaned son of Capt. John Smith, resided until he went off to college. Unfortunately, we do not know anything about the family during the decade that John Edward lived with his aunt and uncle, although surely he learned about farming. And as like with his father, he resided amongst slaves; John H. Covington is listed in the 1850 U.S. census as holding seven slaves; in 1860 fourteen slaves. The Covington farm was just southwest of Church Hill; today the location is approximately at the southeastern corner of the junction of Maryland Rt. 213 and Main St. (Main St. is the former main road through town, but the modern highway bypasses Church Hill). The site is still farmland today, with woodland, though there seem to be some more recently divided off properties along Main St. now.

The Covington ancestors can be traced back to the early 1600s in England. It was Nehemiah Covington (1628–1681) who emigrated from Huntingdonshire to Somerset County, Maryland, where he married Anne Ingram (1628–1678). A son, Thomas Covington (1670–?) married Rachel Ingram (1672–?) of Kent County, Maryland, and they seem to have then removed to that county on the Eastern Shore. Their son, Henry (1693–1744) removed to Queen Anne’s County, where many of the Covington descendants later resided.

Here we will take note of JOSEPH WILLIAM WESLEY WATSON (ca. 1853–1896/1900), son of Joseph Taylor Watson and Katherine W. Smith, and grandson of James Smith (No. 29). He married in 1848 Susannah H. Fosbenner (ca. 1828–ca. 1918), whose sister, Eliza, married George Moore Smith. Joseph and Susannah had two children: Joseph F. (1849–1850) and William Fosbenner (1851–1924). Although his signature was written as “Joseph W. W. Watson”, he was more generally known as William Watson.

He seems to have owned two farms at least, both just northwest of Centreville in Queen Anne’s County. One of them was along the road leading from Centreville on the north bank of the Corsica River, which was illustrated in an 1877 atlas (see illustration on next page). The other farm was north of this property, just northwest of the present-day intersection of Spaniard Neck Rd. and Burrisville Rd., northwest of Centreville. Frederick Emory’s history of Queen Anne’s Co., written in 1886–1887, takes
brief note that a former almshouse, which had burned on 5 February 1835, was “on or near the farm now owned by Mr. J. W. Watson on the north side of Corsica Creek, near Centreville.”

Edward S. Smith, in the “Smith Genealogy”, wrote of J. W. W. Watson and his home:

Leaving Centreville by Spaniard’s Neck Road, just over the Corsica River on the left is the old Joseph W. Watson farm with its fine house. One of Gilbert’s trips to Eastern Shore with Nora he was given a picture, a wood-cut probably from the local newspapers [see caption with illustration, below], which shows the place I have visited twice, once as a small boy, when the family stopped there before moving to Florida, and again when with Aunt Sallie Taylor [Sarah Rebecca Price Smith Taylor] and Ed Hart, of Townsend, Delaware, we attended the funeral of Cousin William Watson.

The picture [right] is from the Corsica River which it faces, as was customary in the days when water was the principal means to travel. It is tide-water country and the Corsica flows strongly at times. Along the road is shown shade trees between the road and the house, 2½ stor[i]es, with two floor levels. The section nearer the road is set lower on its foundation, while the other and larger portion sets higher, with a spacious porch. All is well fenced with picket fencing enclosing the lower portion which extends to the road. The farm buildings at the back of the house extend along the road.

The cut shows a shelter and boat house on the river, with a well defined path or walk from the river, through the gate, to the lovely porch. A row boat is being moored at the landing and people are going toward the house; the men have the black broad-brimmed hats with round crowns, such as Quakers use, and the ladies have the skirts with bustles. Perhaps the Watsons, or the earlier generations, were of the Society of Friends. The farm is excellent for dairy farming. Several years ago when we stopped at “Upper Heathworth”, further out Spaniard’s Neck Road, Miss McKenney told us it had recently been sold and that the new owners were dressing up the place.

A news clipping of March, 1939, told of Sam Johnson, once a slave on the Watson place, later a circus actor with Barnum Circus, a side-show attraction as a well-known ventriloquist and a strong man act of bending a 5/8 inch bar of steel by slapping it across his forearm. He was well known by the people of Starr, where he often entertained on Saturday nights. He could tap dance
some and, for extra attraction, pick up a chimney glass and eat it. He had traveled around the world several times, usually as a cook or sailor, and had a smattering of several languages and a deep knowledge of human nature. He was about 90 years of age. He was held in awe by the people of his race.

J. W. W. Watson was a slave holder. In the 1860 census slave schedule, he is listed as holding 20 slaves (ten males, aged 1 to 36; ten females, aged 6 months to 37 years).

A newspaper account has been located that relates to Sam Johnson, the entertainer and former slave who had been held by William Watson. We may assume that since Sam Johnson was about 90 years of age in 1939, he was born about 1850 and was 55-60 years old at the time of the newspaper articles quoted below. The account is told in derogatory terms, so the reader should bear in mind the tone is typical of the day; today it is a quotation. It nonetheless provides a picture of Sam Johnson and an anecdote about his abilities (and mischievousness).

(From the Denton Journal, 18 Feb 1905)

The Queenstown News has the following story:

“One of our reporters, whose veracity has never been questioned, called Tuesday, the first time since the big snow; and in the course of human events which he had observed since being able to get around one was that one Sam Johnson, a negro who hails from Centreville, and is known by the ‘coons’ of that burg as a hoodoo, got into all sorts of trouble while on a visit in Caroline county a few weeks since.

“The account of Sam’s troubles as furnished by our reporter, started when Sam was invited to attend a funeral of a popular colored individual, as he was thought to be some sort of a ‘locust’ preacher, for he sports a stove-pipe hat and a Prince Albert coat. Sam accepted the invitation and everything was running along as smooth as a new pack of cards, while the parson had started to read a special psalm prepared for the occasion, and the pall-bearers had started to lower the body into its final resting place, whilst the mourners with heads bent low, were listening attentively to the minister’s words and, no doubt, thinking of the time when they would join their departed comrade; when Sam—who is noted as a ventriloquist—without warning, said: “Let me down easy, boys!” In less time than it took Sam to get out the words the cemetery was minus mourners and preachers, and the way they hit the pike furnished plenty of fun for Sam.”


There had been some confusion in family records regarding the two wives. According to some records, he married Rebecca “Dolly” Glenville, who is indicated to have died in 1889 and with whom he was the father to Susannah and Frances May; then with his second wife, Annie, with whom the remainder of the children were attributed. Cemetery markers are present on the graves of several children of W. F. and A. R. Watson, born between 1876 and 1889, which now, in retrospect, may be mistaken by
whomever had the markers made. The 1900 U.S. census indicates that he had been married to his then-current wife, Annie, for nine years, or from about 1891, with no young children, thus all of the children must have been born to Rebecca.

Of the children of William Fosbenner Watson and Rebecca Glenville:

FRANCES MAY WATSON (1877–after 1920), who was known as “Fannie May”, has already been mentioned in this narrative as having married a Deever who was an uncle of John McKenney, a mid-20th century owner of “Upper Heathworth” that had once been the home of Fannie’s great-granduncle, Capt. John Smith.

SUSANNAH WATSON (1883–after 1929) was also known as Susan. She married about 1907 Edward Bourke Emory (1883–1950). Thus, Susannah Watson provides an important genealogical connection in our family.

The grand-uncle of Edward Bourke Emory was William Hemsley Emory (1811–1877) who married Matilda Bache (1819–1900), a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790). (William Hemsley Emory’s brother was John Register Emory, II (1818–1880), Edward Bourke Emory’s grandfather.)

Edward Bourke Emory, a coal and chemicals merchant in the Centreville area, was a descendant of the renowned Emorys of the Eastern Shore. The Emorys’ seat at “Poplar Grove”, on the southern side of the point of Spaniard Neck, overlooked the Corsica River. The main house is an 18th-century two-story brick structure with two flanking wings; it has been added to perhaps eight times. The property has additional historical and architectural significance in also preserving its 18th century slave quarters, one of two such small frame dwellings known in the county. Even with some modern renovations, the slave quarters preserve sufficient evidence to provide historical insights into slave housing. The site has been used as a field school in archaeology from Washington College.

Through the Emorys the family is genealogically, though remotely, connected to many notable American families. But with confusing intermarriages over many generations, I found it impractical in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy to insert many of these collateral genealogies where they belonged; not without repeating numerous long lineages each with only minor modifications. Instead, I generally organized the many intermarried lines as a separate appendix to the large Genealogy.

Of the children of John and Katherine Smith Covington we may take note of SARAH AUGUSTA COVINGTON (1840–after June 1880). She married William Massey (ca. 1845–?), a farmer. They had no children. They resided in the area around Church Hill. After Sarah’s death, William sold the farm and moved to Baltimore, where we lose touch of him.
Of the children of George Smith and his wife, Rebecca Price, there is Mary, about whom we have seen as the wife of Capt. John Smith, and the following:

**SARAH REBECCA SMITH** (1812–after 1860) married **William Fisher** (1810–1874), with whom she had nine children between 1834 and 1859. Their first-born, George Thomas Fisher (1834–1934), has been said in some family stories to have been a Treasurer of the state of Delaware. However, he seems to be confused with one George Purnell Fisher (1817–1899), First Auditor of the Delaware Treasury Department, 1889–1893. The auditor Fisher seems not to be a family relation.

●     ●

**GEORGE MOORE SMITH** (1812–1891), twin brother of Sarah, had been for a while a bit enigmatic in the family genealogy; only generalities were known about him; not even his death date. He married in 1835 **Eliza Fosbenner** (ca. 1817–after 9 February 1891). (Eliza’s sister, Susannah, married three years later to Joseph William Wesley Watson, 1823–1860.) The Fosbenner surname has also been misspelled as “Fasbenner”. George and Eliza Smith had two children: Mary Elizabeth (ca. 1836–?), who died young, apparently before 1860, and George (ca. 1838–after 9 February 1891). On Edward S. Smith’s genealogical scroll of the Smith family the younger George was noted to have died young. However, George was still alive at the age of about 51 when his father died in 1891, although he has not been located in later records.

After the death in 1857 of his widower brother, Capt. John Smith of Queen Anne’s County, George Moore Smith and his cousins, John Price and Mordicai Price, of Baltimore, signed Guardian Bond for three of John’s five children, Sarah R., John E., and James S. Smith. The elder children, Mary and James, were about 18 years of age; Mary was soon married, and James seems to have gone to work outside of the family. The genealogical scroll that Edward S. Smith prepared included a couple of notations about George Moore Smith, that upon George’s decease had been an actuary for George Washington College in Chestertown, and that he was a “highly esteemed and a fastidious dresser”. I have not yet been able to corroborate G. M. Smith’s affiliation with Washington College. And although Ed Smith mentioned what G. M. Smith had been doing at the time of his decease, Ed did not take note of the date of death. And that was pretty much as much as we knew about the man.
I had difficulty tracking George Moore Smith in public records, but finally pieced together an interesting, but generalized, picture of a successful businessman in Baltimore and in Queen Anne’s County. He was involved in politics and in his Methodist church. But it was not until 2007 even that I learned his date of death (9 February 1891) when I found his obituary in the Baltimore Sun:

A Leading Business Man’s Death.
[Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.]

CENTREVILLE, MD., Feb. 9.—Mr. George M. Smith, a prominent and active business man of this place, died at his residence, in Centreville, at 2.20 P. M. today, of Bright’s disease. He had been complaining for some months, but was confined to his bed for only about four or five weeks. Mr. Smith was a native of Queen Anne’s county. In early manhood he went to Baltimore, where he worked at carpentering, and after saving some money he, with a friend, formed the copartnership of Smith & Burnet [sic] and conducted the lumber business for many years. He was an active politician and became market-master, and was a member of the Legislature from Baltimore and a life-long friend of Gov. Thomas Swann. In 1835 he married Miss Eliza A. Isbenner [sic] of Baltimore, who survives him. In 1863 Mr. Smith bought the Bowen farm, a beautiful estate on the Chester river, and returned to his native county. In 1864 he bought property in Centreville, and soon after went into the coal and lumber business and continued to prosper. During his residence here he was town commissioner for many years and was the foreman of more grand juries than any man who ever lived in the county. For nearly fifty years he was an active Methodist; was trustee, steward, superintendent of the Sunday-school, and always a trusted leader in religious matters. His loss will be deeply felt. He died in his seventy-eighth year, and leaves a widow and one son. The funeral will take place at his late residence in Centreville on Wednesday, at 3 P. M. Interment in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Baltimore.

We do not have more information about Smith’s friendship with Gov. Thomas Swann (1809–1883), one-time mayor of Baltimore and later a U.S. Representative. The obituary’s information about the Bowen farm, “Upper Heathworth”, is a bit confused. George Moore Smith purchased the farm in 1860 from the estate of his brother-in-law and cousin, Capt. John Smith, and in 1863 it was sold to Capt. Montreville Bowen. Smith, with his brother-in-law Joseph William Wesley Watson, also was an executor of Capt. John Smith’s estate and oversaw the auction of Capt. Smith’s boat, William Stevens, as we have seen earlier in this narrative. And the Mt. Olivet Cemetery, incidentally, is a historic site in which are also buried Francis Scott Key and several bishops of the Methodist church.

My own research has learned a bit more about George Moore Smith and his family. Although he was a native of Queen Anne’s County, he went to Baltimore as a young man where he established himself as a lumber merchant specializing in maritime work. He also entered politics in Baltimore. In 1860, he moved back to Queen Anne’s County, where he became a farmer near Centreville and continued in the lumber business there, where was a prominent member of the community.

In Baltimore, Smith established the business of Smith, Burnett and Co. on Barre St. west of Light St., which is immediately west of the Inner Basin of Baltimore harbor. By 1857, the firm relocated to the south side of the Inner Basin, at Great Hughes (today East Hughes St.) and Johnson (or Johnston) Sts., where they had a wharf. The firm dissolved in early 1860 when Smith sold his share of the partnership to Burnett and moved back to Queen Anne’s County.

George M. Smith is listed in several real estate cases filed in the Baltimore County Court (1837 and 1848 at least) and in the Baltimore City Superior Court (1852 and 1859 at least). In all but one of
these cases both George M. Smith and Samuel Burnett are listed together on case documents, thus these cases were business ventures and not personal real estate. He seems to have been active in real estate ventures throughout his life. He was elected in 1858 to a two-year term in the Maryland Assembly, House of Delegates, representing Baltimore City. Other political activities are not known at this time, although his obituary in the Baltimore Sun indicates that he was active in politics.

Family records already had indicated for us that George Moore Smith had moved back to his native Queen Anne’s County, but just when he had done so was not clear. Through a fortuitous, and rather unusual, double-counting in the 1860 U.S. census, we are reasonably assured that the move took place in that year. At the time of the census in his ward in Baltimore, 16 July, he and his family were counted there; then, on 23 August in the 3rd election district of Queen Anne’s County, which includes the Centreville area, he was counted again. The only difference between the two censuses is that his niece, Sarah (an orphaned daughter of Capt. John Smith) is not present in the Moore household during the Q.A. County census in August. As I have suggested earlier in this narrative, the 15-year-old could have been left in Baltimore to work as a domestic servant.

George M. Smith left Baltimore at a time of rising unrest preceding the outbreak of the Civil War, and at a time of seething and literally bloody politics in Baltimore that affected the elections there. Perhaps he moved also because of pro-slavery sentiments, which his ancestral county more favorably embraced. The 1860 census slave schedule for District 3 of Queen Anne’s County lists George M. Smith as holding two teen-aged slaves, boys who resided in one slave house. The regular censuses in Baltimore and in Queen Anne’s county also listed “free blacks” in the George M. Smith household; in Baltimore, Susan and Emily Jones, aged 12 and 18 respectively, and in Q.A. County William McDaniel, aged 28. They probably were domestic servants and cooks; the slaves surely were field workers.

In Queen Anne’s County during and after the Civil War, George M. Smith had a farm of 303 acres about one mile south of Centreville, north of the road to Taylor’s Hill. The site today is just north of Taylors Mill Rd., just north of the interchange with Route 301. A large housing development was built there not long before 2006. In Centreville there was the G. M. Smith Lumber Yard on the north side of Broadway, a block west from the Queen Anne’s County Court House. Today the site houses the Centreville Fire Department. An 1866 property map of Queen Anne’s County also depicted across the street from Smith’s lumber yard the R. G. Price Lumber yard. This was Robert G. Price, and whether or not he was a Price family relation has not been determined.

The next we are aware of George M. Smith in Queen Anne’s County after the Civil War is notice on 20 February 1866, when he was appointed to a committee to draft articles of association for a bank that would ultimately be formed in 1874 as the Bank of Centreville. It seems that he served only in an advisory capacity, and not as an officer of the bank.

George M. Smith also was apparently also in the building contract business. In 1867 he was awarded a contract with one John H. Evans to rebuild and strengthen the county jail.

By 1877, the Smith lumber yard in Centreville had been split into two lots, one marked “George M. Smith”, with a building on the property, and, on the east, a lot marked “Lumber Yard”. The R. G. Price Lumber Yard was then still across the street.
In 1883, a “G. M. Smith” and a “James Smith”, who presumably were George M. Smith and his nephew, Capt. James Smith (1840–1912, about whom much more will be said later), were among the Trustees elected on 15 January to oversee the Wye Camp Ground of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Wye Camp in Talbot County was a part of the Centreville Charge, Easton District of the Wilmington Conference of the M.E. Church. The first church-camp meeting at “Head of Wye” was in 1807, which since 1810 was known as Wye Camp. The land was eventually given to the Centreville M.E. church in 1879.

SUSAN CATHERINE SMITH (1818–1853), the youngest child of George Moore Smith and Rebecca Price, married, first, William Watson (1793–?), and second, in 1841 Samuel Smith Tarbutton (1816–1903). Both husbands were farmers. With Samuel she had six children between 1841 and 1852. She was more usually known as Catherine, or “Kitty”.

The children of Joseph Moore Smith and his fourth wife, Elizabeth Wilkinson, are Joseph Edmund Smith and George Washington Smith:

GEORGE WASHINGTON SMITH (1833–1908) first because much less is known about him. A farmer in northern Queen Anne’s County, he later became a farm supply merchant in Chestertown, Kent County. He married, first, in 1865, Elizabeth or Eliza Ann Cacy (ca. 1838–?), with whom he had five children: Howard (1866–?, died in infancy), George Mifflin (1868–?), Harry Lee (1871–1872), Eliza Anna (1874–?), and Isabelle Margaret (1888–1896). Isabelle had previously been thought to be a daughter of George’s second wife, who at the time was mistakenly listed as his first wife. It was Eliza Cacy Smith who related that her father forbade her to buy ribbons in the Church Hill store of Miss Clough, continuing a family grudge over the murder of her great-granduncle, Joseph Moore, by Cheney Clow, a loyalist during the Revolutionary War. (This was noted in more detail earlier, in discussions about James Smith [No. 24].) George Washington Smith married, second, about 1897, Margaret E. Slaughter (?–?), with whom he had one child, Margaret Slaughter (1897–after 1942).

GEORGE MIFFLIN SMITH (1868–?), son of George Washington Smith, married in 1892 Minnie E. Cline (1874–?), with whom he had a son, Clarence Herbert (1892–?). George’s occupations have been curiously itemized in U.S. censuses as a foreman (1900), a paper manager and manager (1910), and a junk clerk (1920).

About JOSEPH EDMUND SMITH (1830–1910), George Washington Smith’s brother, we know considerably more. And since three of his four children did not marry they will be mentioned with him, too.

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He married in 1852 Carolene M. Edmondson (1833–ca. 1876) with whom he had four children: Carolene Frances (1855–1950), William Fred (ca. 1863–?), Wilbur Fisk (ca. 1866–?), and Herbert Scott (ca. 1868–1953). Only Wilbur married.

Although Joseph Edmund Smith was a native of Kent County, Maryland, nothing really is known about his young adulthood until the 1860 U.S. census, when he is listed in Mispillion Hundred, Kent County, Delaware. He was a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, having served widely in pastorates of several states. His obituaries note that he had served in Baltimore, Maryland; Wilmington, Delaware; Philadelphia, Lancaster, Wilkes-Barre, and Scranton, Pennsylvania; Wheeling, West Virginia; Buffalo, New York; St. Paul, Minnesota; and Trenton, New Jersey. He received his divinity degree from the Methodist school in Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and later an honorary degree from West Virginia University. He was offered the presidency of that university, but declined. He also had been secretary of the American Society of Education.

We know relatively little of Rev. Smith’s work until he receives the charge of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, in Baltimore, his last pastorate before retiring. He was called there from Trenton, New Jersey, in 1896. The Mount Vernon Church sits in the center of the most exclusive area of Baltimore, an impressive, soaring edifice. About its history we will note the following, which includes a tenuous family connection.

The Mount Vernon Methodist Church (left) was constructed during 1870–1871 at 2–6 East Mount Vernon Place, northeast of the Washington Monument in Baltimore. It was built on the homesite of Dr. Charles Howard (1802–1869) and family, a Greek Revival style mansion that had originally been part of “Belvedere”, the estate of Charles Howard’s father, John Eager Howard (1752–1827). J. E. Howard gave a part of his land, at the highest point in Baltimore, to erect the 178-foot-high Washington Monument. Dr. Charles Howard subdivided the estate, establishing Mount Vernon Place as an upscale urban development, which today is part of the Mount Vernon Historic District, embracing grand residential, commercial, and institutional buildings. Francis Scott Key (1779–1843), author of The Star-Spangled Banner, died at the Howard home while visiting his daughter, Elizabeth, Mrs. William Howard. (In 1802, Key had married Mary Tayloe “Polly” Lloyd, daughter of Edward Lloyd (1744–1796) and Elizabeth Tayloe Lloyd (1749/50–1825) of Wye House, Talbot County, Maryland. The Keys had 11 children, including Elizabeth, who married William Howard.) The house at Mount Vernon left the Howard family by 1853, when it was rented by (and eventually sold to) Francis B. Hays, who in turn sold the garden portion of the property (today this is 8–10 East Mount Vernon Place). In 1863, Mr. and Mrs. Hays sold the home to Charles A. Gambrill (1806–1869), a wealthy miller who died while the house was being enlarged. The property then was then bought by the Charles Street Methodist Church, which sought a new, larger location away from the commercial district in which the church had been (northeast corner of Charles and Fayette Sts.). The Howard mansion was razed, and
the cornerstone for the new church on Mount Vernon Place laid on 26 September 1870. The church was
designed in the Neo-Gothic style by architects Thomas Dixon and Charles L. Carson and built by
Benjamin F. Bennett. Its serpentine and sandstone façade weathered in oddly colored patterns, which
required the replacement of some 5,000 pieces of stone. The church remains in use by the same
congregation that built it.

Rev. Joseph Edmund Smith retired to Washington, D.C., where he acquired a home at 1829
Mintwood Place, N.W., not far from St. Margaret’s Episcopal Church where his son, Rev. Herbert Scott
Smith, was pastor. His son and his daughter, Carolene, lived with him. When the elder Rev. Smith died he
was buried in Mount Moriah Cemetery, in Philadelphia, but regretfully it has long been a vandalized
property in great disrepair and in unsafe surroundings. His children, Carolene and Herbert, are buried in
fashionable Rock Creek Cemetery, in Washington, D.C.

\[\text{CAROLENE FRANCES SMITH (1855–1950) lived all her life with her father, and after his
decease she lived with her brother, Herbert.} \]

\[\text{WILLIAM FRED SMITH (ca. 1863–?) may have been named Frederick William. The only}
thing that is known about him now is that he was a minister in Providence, Rhode Island.} \]

\[\text{WILBUR FISK SMITH (ca. 1866–?) will be mentioned here briefly but he has through his wife}
an extended genealogy that is outlined more fully in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy. He married in 1905
\text{Catharine Hooper Felgner (ca. 1880–?), who is listed by the National Society of the Daughters of the}
American Revolution as a descendant of William Bell, Jr. (1744–1798), who in 1778 took the Oath of
Allegiance in the State of Maryland. Catharine Felgner on her father’s side was descended from Frederick
William Felgner (1810–1879), an immigrant from Saxony who was occupied as a tailor and clothing
manufacturer until the Civil War, when he entered into the tobacco business. He became very prosperous
in this venture, building one of the finest homes in Baltimore. One of his daughters, Maria Sophia Felgner
(Mary Felgner, 1837–1891) married George Wilhelm Gail (George William Gail) (1828–1905), another
very successful tobacco merchant in Baltimore who likewise had one of Baltimore’s finest homes.

A granddaughter of Frederick William Felgner was Catherine Hooper Felgner (1880–?), daughter
of Edward Louis Felgner (1847–1908), who continued in his father’s tobacco business; her mother was
Grace Hooper (1851–1893). Her brother, Alceus Hooper (1859–1938) was mayor of Baltimore, 1895–
1897, elected on a Republican reform ticket, having earlier served as an alderman. His term in office was
tempestuous, but also saw modernization of the Health Department and improvements in public schools
and electrical distribution in the city. He did not run for a second term. He was appointed to the School
Board by his successor, Mayor Hayes, and resigned that position in 1910.
HERBERT SCOTT SMITH (ca. 1868–1953) was a prominent Episcopalian minister in Washington, D.C. He was the second rector (1899–1940) of St. Margaret’s Episcopal Church (below) at 1830 Connecticut Ave., N.W., situated on the northwest corner of Connecticut Ave. and Bancroft Place. The edifice had been completed in 1896. His starting salary was an astounding $100 per month. When he moved to Washington, in 1900 he was living in a policeman’s home at 1723 H. St., N.W., which no longer stands. He later moved to 1859 Mintwood Place, the retirement residence of his father, Rev. Joseph Edmund Smith, where also his sister, Carolene, resided; and after the elder Smith’s decease Herbert and Carolene continued to live there until their deaths. That house still stands, in a fashionable neighborhood several blocks north of St. Margaret’s.

Of course, wedding services are always a joyful part of a minister’s work. Rev. Smith’s ministry at St. Margaret’s included an auspicious one; the marriage of President Woodrow Wilson (1856–1924) and Wilson’s second wife, the widow Edith Bolling Galt (1872–1961). The wedding took place on the evening of 18 December 1915 at the Galt home at 1308 20th Street N.W. (no longer standing). She had just a few months earlier become a member of St. Margaret’s Episcopal Church, formerly having been in St. Thomas’s at 19th and Church Sts., N.W. President Wilson was a Presbyterian and an elder in his church. The Wilson–Galt wedding was sensational news, covered by the press across the nation. The wedding service itself was a private family affair, but it was widely publicized after the event. The vows and the minister’s benediction were traditional. In many papers, Rev. Smith’s portrait was reprinted but there are no special comments or personal reflections from Rev. Smith about the wedding.

The Rev. Herbert Scott Smith, Rector of St. Margaret’s Church, Officiates at Wilson-Galt Wedding—Full Text of Marriage Rite, With Vows Taken by Contracting Parties, Prayer and Benediction.
Spreading Out and Multiplying
(early 1800s to mid-1900s)

By this time in our genealogical march through the generations of the Smith family, we reach a point where a single generation spans a century or more because of the spreading out of birth and death dates in ever-larger families. And at this point we will deviate from some of the strict chronologies in order to focus on individual families who played the most prominent roles in the history of our family. Were we to faithfully adhere to trying to mention most people at least in passing, the chatter of names would needlessly obscure the more interesting stories that are to be told. This is not to detract from the many families who thus are omitted in this narrative; only that we have so much rich information about just a few. They are, in any case, some of the intermediate or “mid-stream” progenitors of large parts of our present-day Smiths. I specifically bring attention to Capt. James Smith and Rev. John Edward Smith. Both were sons of Capt. John Smith of “Upper Heathworth”, who through their migrations established two separate branches of our Smiths in Denver and Philadelphia; and many of their descendants have their own interesting stories. But J. E. Smith is accorded his own chapter since much is known about him.

In the various lineages mentioned in this chapter we will have to move ahead and backward to accommodate some of the oral traditions that have been passed around. Many of these will continue the family names that we met in the previous chapters. And as such, this will have to be the “last hurrah” in this narrative, before winding down into modern generations who are far-flung and largely anonymous.

My main purpose in being selective—although the number of pages that follow may not seem so—is to preserve the most interesting stories, set straight some, and to place others in context with historical events. Hearsay is an awfully interesting thing sometimes, when it is retold in the family; but it is an awful task to provide factual details if all one has to go on is hearsay. How often, indeed, have we all repeated, “so and so did this but I don’t know anything else”, or “I think it was the so-and-so’s who were involved in such and such but that was told to me a long time ago”. And how often during the course of working on the Spamer–Smith Genealogy I had been told interesting stray bits of information with no further details, which set me on hunts through records to learn more. Yet before we even get to these people and their stories, we must pass through the Civil War, which, as we will see shortly, has its own tale in a family divided.
The Smith line that married into the Tarbutton and Graham families of Maryland—the descendants of Rachel Smith (1763–?) and George Smith Tarbutton (1765–before November 1816)—mostly remained in their home counties and states. One lineage, however, bears an interesting note; that being the Sculleys and Bradleys. An academically successful descendant in this lineage is **EDWARD SCULLEY BRADLEY (1897–1987)**, a great-great grandson of Rachel Smith and grandson of Sarah Jane Sculley Bradley (1832–1904). He was known to family and friends as Sculley. A scholar of American literary criticism, he was a professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and, for a while anyway, chairman of the American Criticism department and Vice Provost of Undergraduate Education. He was a widely recognized authority on the writings of poet Walt Whitman, and in one publication he asked why, if Henry David Thoreau’s Walden Pond in Massachusetts should be revered and visited for that great nature writer’s *On Walden Pond*, why not also Whitman’s Timber Creek in New Jersey where the poet had written his most celebrated work, *Leaves of Grass*? Sculley Bradley was also a member of the Society of Friends (Quakers) and was a founding member of the Chestnut Hill Monthly Meeting. He also served on the boards of the Germantown Friends School and the Friends Hospital.

Here, too, the Graham family figures chronologically into our narrative, whose genealogical connections to us are still rather enigmatic. We have names and dates of some definite relations, while in other instances we find relations buried with Grahams whose relationship to us has not been very well determined. We shall revisit this at a later time herein.

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**ANN WATSON (1820–1903)**, one of the grandchildren of James Smith (No. 29), will be remembered here for having been the child whose footprint was impressed into a brick used in the building of her grandfather’s house that has sometimes been called “Lentley”. She was the last of the family who had ownership of the property named “Lentley”, having bought out the shares of other relatives. She married in 1843 **Robert St. John Hardcastle Baynard (1818–1899)**, with whom she had ten children: Julie Ann (1844–1931), Henrietta (1846–1849), Sarah Virginia (1848–1923), Margaret Joanna (1850–1864), Mary (1851–1853), James Watson (1853–1926), Caroline Adelaïde (1854–1924), Susan (1856–1856), Joseph Cookman (1859–1876), and Thomas Henry (1861–1870).

Robert Baynard was a farmer and a wheelwright. Notably, an 1866 property map of Queen Anne’s County shows a wheelwright’s shop on the southeastern side of what now is Lands End Road, in Spaniard Neck, just a short distance from the “Upper Heathworth” property of Capt. John Smith that by then belonged to Capt. Montreville Bowen. One may wonder whether this is Baynard’s shop, and, if so, whether *this* is the former location of the brick house sometimes called “Lentley”; but as we have seen in an earlier chapter, there are far too many conflicting facts to discern the true location of the brick house, a task hopefully more successfully pursued by another generation using new tools and better access to records.

In the Hardcastle family, the maternal lineage of Robert St. John Hardcastle Baynard, there is a long line of Queen Anne’s County farmers with very large families. His great-grandfather, Thomas H. Hardcastle (?–1808), built stately Castle Hall just north of Goldsboro, Caroline County, on 1,268 acres that he had purchased between 1778 and 1783. He had previously been a significant landowner through
MARY SMITH (1839–after 1908), the first-born child of Capt. John and Mary Smith, a year after her father’s death married in 1858 Samuel Townsend (1836–1904). She was known as “Molly”, and regretfully we do not know her death date at this time. She appears in a photograph with her brother, Rev. John Edward Smith, in Philadelphia in 1909, which is the last we know of her. The Townsend family was well off in crop businesses.

Samuel Townsend (1836–1904) was a farmer and, in his later years, a day laborer. He was from a well-known family in Delaware, among whom was his father, Samuel (1812–1881), the founder of the town of Townsend, Delaware.

Of Samuel Townsend, husband of Mary Smith, Edward S. Smith wrote in the “Smith Genealogy”:

Samuel Townsend attended public schools of the district and completed his education at Middletown Military Academy [in Connecticut]. He worked at home with his father until his majority, when he began farming for himself on the Davis place in 1863. He moved to Kent County, Delaware, and took charge of a farm of 800 acres in East Murderkill Hundred and spent 17 years on the place. Here he harvested large crops of grain and paid particular attention to raising fine cattle. He planted large peach orchards and cultivated and shipped peaches. It was after his father died in 1881 that he went to the Davis farm, Townsend. Like his father, he was popular and respected in the community. He cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln and identified himself with the Republican Party.

Of Samuel Townsend’s father, Samuel, Edward S. Smith wrote:

Samuel Townsend, founder of the town of Townsend, was born on Vance’s Neck and, in company with his brother John, opened and operated a ship or boat building yard. He soon proved his efficiency and became a captain of a coasting vessel. How owned the vessel he commanded. He gave up the Sea and returned to New Castle County, and bought 400 acres of marl land which
was covered with heavy timber near Blackbird, Ap[po]quinimink Hundred, Delaware. He and his brother, John, cut and processed the timber which they shipped to Philadelphia and New York and laid the foundation for their success. The well-known emigrant ships, “Tonawanda” and “George” of Philadelphia were built with lumber from them.

(The packet ship Tonawanda was built for preeminent Philadelphia merchant Thomas Cope, who had begun a business of transatlantic service in 1821 between Liverpool and Philadelphia.)

The brothers were successful and kept fifty men constantly employed. After clearing the land, part of it was sold and a general store was opened by them at Ginn’s Cove, Appoquinimink Hundred, although they continued to deal in lumber. Mr. Townsend afterward removed to the farm on which his son Samuel resides, and bought 300 acres of land on a part of which the town of Townsend now stands. He built the first house there. He purchased also the Davis property, now the home of his son Samuel, a farm of 250 acres in Townsend. He owned 300 acres in Kent County, Delaware, and 300 acres in Somerset County, Maryland.

He was one of the first as well as one of the most progressive fruit growers and shippers in Delaware. He frequently shipped in one season 40,000 baskets of peaches alone. He was known as a Union Democrat, was intelligent, well read, and a forceful and eloquent speaker. He was a member of most of the State Conventions and was one of the organizers of the White Man’s Party in the State. He served in the Delaware State Legislature and was a good debater.

(The “White Man’s Party” comprised Democrats from the state of Delaware who, following the Civil War, were intent on the political and economic subjugation of the black population.)

Samuel Townsend married Anna Marie Hart in Philadelphia, who was an aunt of George Hart, M.D., of Townsend. She was born near Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland, in 1816. He died in his home in New Castle County in 1881 and was buried in Odessa, and his wife, Anna Marie Hart, member of the M.E. Church, died in 1894 and is buried in the cemetery of the M.E. Church, Townsend.

Aunt Sallie Smith Taylor, my father’s sister, lived with an Ed. Hart in Townsend for along time after the death of her husband. She and her husband had a dwelling there and owned some acres of wooded land which Ed. Hart managed for Aunt Sallie. My recollection is she left her estate to the Harts.

An 1870 newspaper took note of Samuel Townsend’s political position, regarding the White Man’s Party:

“Mr. Samuel Townsend, of Delaware, a Democrat of the strictest sect, has resigned his position on the National Committee of the defunct Democratic party, saying that he thinks the white people in the late slave States have had enough of Northern pretended Democracy, high tariffs, and other sectional measures, and that an attempt having been made to thrust Salmon P. Chase, the originator of the negro franchise and the Fifteenth Amendment, on to the Democratic party as its candidate for President, their cup of disgrace has, by the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, been filled to the brim. He insists that the Democratic party, being dead, ought to be buried, and another party, to be called ‘The White Man’s Party,’ organized, and made sectional, directly to subserve the interests of white men in the late slave States, and the States bordering on and contiguous to the Pacific, where, he says, the Republicans are seeking power through the aid of Chinamen and Indian votes.”

During a frigid winter in the East early in 1881, a newspaper quoted a letter from Samuel Townsend, which draws on his experience in peach growing. First reported by The New York Times, it was noticed in a newspaper in Macon, Georgia, to encourage the southern planters to capitalize on events:
The telegrams raise a fair promise of a boom for Southern peach growers this year in consequence of the reported loss of the trees from cold in all the region of the United States north of Maryland. The New York Times quotes a letter from Samuel Townsend, an old peach grower in Delaware, in which he says:

“Zero is too cold for peaches, and four degrees or five degrees below for twenty-four hours will kill the fruit-bearing buds and the limbs they are on.” And further on: “There is no remedy for peach trees where the thermometer falls to from eight to fifteen degrees below zero.” Mr. Townsend’s opinion is pretty generally entertained by growers, and so firmly are some of the Baltimore peach-canners convinced of its correctness that they have already advanced the prices of the stock now on hand and profess to believe that it will prove a profitable investment to carry their stock over for the next season, as the thermometer has been below zero several times all over the peninsula, and on one night fell as low as fifteen degrees below. Should this theory prove correct it will undoubtedly cause peaches to be very scarce next season, because if the peach crop is destroyed by extremely cold weather, it will be destroyed throughout New York State and along the Ohio river, in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, and the temperature on the peninsula during the extremely cold season has always been higher than in the above mentioned States.

If, therefore, the Northern peach crop is substantially cut off, the South may be able to square accounts for the damage of the orange crop from the same cause. This, by turn, is the year for an abundant crop of Southern peaches, and if the Northern supply fails every one we can ship there will find a ready market.

With further regard to the Townsends, handwritten notes from Edward S. Smith mention the journalist, “Gath”, pseudonym of George Alfred Townsend (1841–1914), who may be a relation to the family. George Alfred Townsend was born to Rev. and Mrs. Stephen Townsend; his father served numerous parishes in Delaware and Maryland. He first worked for the Philadelphia Inquirer in 1860, becoming city editor for the Philadelphia Press the following year. During the Civil War he was a war correspondent for the New York Herald and the New York World; he also was a ghost writer for the New York Times. He was the sole correspondent at the decisive battle of 31 March 1865 that precipitated the Confederate withdrawal from Petersburg and Richmond, Virginia. He also covered the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, about which he also wrote a book about the assassin, Life, Crime and Capture of John Wilkes Booth in 1865. Later, Townsend was a columnist whose material appeared in newspapers throughout the U.S. under a variety of pen names, most notably and popularly, “Gath”. He wrote books about the Delmarva Peninsula, too. In 1884, he purchased land near Burkettsville, Maryland, where he built an estate he called Gapland, and where in 1896 he built the only memorial to Civil War correspondents, which is near the Antietam Battlefield. The estate today is Gathland State Park.

Ed Smith’s notes state only, “Liston A. Townsend says he thinks Gath was a second cousin of his grandfather, Samuel Townsend.” However, there is no indication as to which Samuel Townsend he refers. Liston A. Townsend might be Arthur Liston Townsend (1881–?), who has not yet been linked to our family genealogy. Thus also the link to “Gath”, George Alfred Townsend, is not proved. Arthur Liston Townsend resided in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and was alive in 1952 at least, when he is listed in New York immigration records, having returned from Bermuda; and a 1963 letter from Alfred C. Bryan to Edward S. Smith notes that Liston Townsend resided in Haddonfield, New Jersey. Bryan also noted, regarding “Gath” (note too the difference in attributed parentage):

I think that George A. Townsend, the author, was a son of George A. Townsend who played quite an important part in the civic and political life of Delaware. As far as I know, he was not
connect with the Townsend family of Townsend, Del., tho’ Liston’s suggestion about them is more apt to be correct than mine.

Obviously, more research needs to be done with regard to the Townsend relations to the Smiths.

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SAMUEL ALBERT TOWNSEND (1860–1938?), first-born of Samuel and Mary Smith Townsend, moved to Philadelphia and became a successful wholesale produce merchant. He married Mary Ellen Goebel (1866–after 1929), with whom he had two children: Elizabeth (ca. 1898–?) and Gladys (ca. 1900–?).

There is a discrepancy regarding Samuel A. Townsend’s date of death, which is listed in family information as having occurred in 1938, but in the 1930 U.S. census his wife is listed as a widow. However, we cannot always rely on the censuses, inasmuch as separated partners sometimes avoided the stigma by declaring themselves widowed, or, as in the case of my own family, probably a misunderstanding on the part of the census taker. (In that case, my grandfather was a traveling salesman; his wife was listed as a widow, but she could have said something like, “He’s not with us now.”) The Philadelphia city directory for 1930 (prepared 1929) gives a home address for Samuel A. Townsend that differs from the address given for Mrs. Townsend in the 1930 census. There is no indication that they may have separated, but at this time we know nothing.

About Samuel A. Townsend, Edward S. Smith wrote that he was interested in banking, was active in the Philadelphia Society of the Sons of Delaware (and once its president), and that Samuel had told Ed he was a millionaire. Ed added, “This may have been affected by the Depression.” An examination of a list of residences for Samuel A. Townsend does not reveal whether the Depression did have a severe adverse effect on the merchant. In the 1929–1930 Philadelphia city directory, his address is an upscale apartment building overlooking exclusive Rittenhouse Square, on the northwest corner of 19th and Walnut Sts. (still today an exclusive address). The 1930 census address for Mrs. Townsend was a respectable, although not exclusive, address (since then obliterated by part of the University of Pennsylvania campus).

Samuel A. Townsend’s produce business was originally the firm, Townsend and Mills, first at Front and Dock Streets and later at the northwest corner of 2nd and Dock Streets. Around 1910 it became Samuel A. Townsend, Produce. Today, he would not recognize anything in the neighborhood save the trace of Dock Street. Second Street no longer passes through south of Dock Street, filled in by the hillock surmounted by the Society Hill Towers, designed by renowned architect I. M. Pei. On the northwest corner is a restaurant; on adjacent corners are a hotel and a memorial to Korean War veterans. The entirety of the intensely commercial Dock Street area, which adjoined Front Street, Water Street, and Delaware Avenue, and the docks along the Delaware River, is now devoted largely to public park space, though woefully underused. The docks were razed in the creation of Penn’s Landing, the riverside public space that is also home to the Spanish-American War cruiser U.S.S. **Olympia** and the WWII submarine U.S.S. **Becuna**. Interstate 95 blasts through here, sunken in a trench covered over intermittently by the little-used park space. The highway destroyed a wide swath of maritime–mercantile real estate,
obliterated historic Water Street and others, and culturally isolated the Delaware River from the historic Old City and Society Hill sections of town.

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**Capt. JAMES SMITH (1840–1912)** signals our first major excursion into the family’s genealogy after that of his father, Capt. John Smith. He is still best known in the family as Capt. James Smith, although it is not exactly clear how he acquired the title. In any case, it became almost as if it were a first name; even his death certificate spells out, “Captain James Smith”. In the family he was Uncle Jimmy or Uncle Jimmie. In 1865 or shortly afterward he married Emily Jane Reynolds (1842–1929), with whom he had five children: Frank Reynolds (?–?), James Robert Lee (1870–1950), Mary Lulu (1873–1940), Edward Watson (1875–1948), and Harry Webster (1877–?).

Up until now all we really knew about Capt. James Smith was Edward S. Smith recollections of his uncle:

He was fond of ships and the water and sailed, as a young man, with his father “Capt.” John Smith on Chester River and Chesapeake Bay. He and his family had a nice home in Centreville, with convenient shop and buildings for his business of contractor and builder. It is said that he built bridges and, as there is plenty of water and streams in the area, it is natural that bridges would be included within the scope of his business. Aunt Sallie Taylor spoke of a big dinner at his home after completion of one of the bridges, but did not say where that bridge had been constructed.

He joined the Confederate Army and served with those forces in Company B, 1st Maryland Cavalry, C.S.A. under J.E.B. Stuart, and was an Honorary Member of Robert E. Lee Chapter, U.D.C. of Denver, Colorado, and received the Cross of Honor. He was in a number of battles, including Antietam. Taken a prisoner of war, he was held in Fort McHenry near Baltimore. (The Southern Cross of Honor was created by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. James Smith was twice a prisoner, but was not held at Fort McHenry, as I will elaborate shortly.)

It was while we were living in Jacksonville, Florida, 1892-1896 (or shortly before) that he and his family moved to Denver where he continued the building business and specialized in construction of stairways. He patented a brick-laying machine.
(They moved in 1890. And I will note more about the invention below.)

James Smith was religious and he and his family attended the Methodist Church at Centreville. He enjoyed music and had a good singing voice. It is said that while a prisoner of war he had with him a tuning fork, and he and his fellow prisoners improved their time and voices by joining in singing. He was an architect, and good at mathematics.

He and his family were active members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Centreville, Maryland, and he was choir leader for many years. He was personally acquainted with General Robert E. Lee. (photos of him and his wife).

(None of these photos have been found in the family.)

Regarding the patent (right), this was U.S. Patent No. 402,360, dated 30 April 1889, for a “brick layer’s plumb level, etc.” James Smith’s specifications described the invention as “certain new and useful Improvements in Brick-Layers’ Combined Plumb-Level and Guide-Line Holder”:

“The objects had in view in this invention are to provide a convenient and accurate instrument for brick-layers’ use to preserve a true corner joint, and consequently the laying of the bricks in level courses, while it combines great facility and expedition in handling, resulting in more durable and permanent work, every brick being left in a good mortar-bed and not in a shattered and loose condition . . . .”

We do not know whether it was a successful device, but considering his well-known workmanship, which as we shall see included additions to the Queen Anne’s County Court House, and that he likely used the device himself, it surely was a practical invention.

James Smith was orphaned by the death of his father in 1857. At the time of the 1860 U.S. census, he may be the James Smith who resided in the Joseph B. Hackett household, in Sudlersville, Queen Anne’s County, working as a farm hand. A couple of years later, he went to Charlottesville, Virginia, where on 10 September 1862 he enlisted in the army of the Confederate States of America. He served as a Private throughout the war. The title, “Captain”, which he used throughout his adult life, is said to have come from work as a Chesapeake Bay merchant sailor.

We have only the family tradition that he was a bay mariner like his father, Capt. John Smith. It seems doubtful that he held a full-time occupation sailing as his father had, given that he was a successful building contractor from the time he left the army. He probably did operate one or more sailing vessels for the use of his contracting business; this would be practical especially for obtaining supplies from Baltimore and elsewhere around the bay and delivering them to maritime locales near where he was
working as well as to his own shared warehouse on the Corsica River. No doubt he did sail, but more routinely he probably contracted this work, at least so far as his building business was concerned.

One family anecdote does indicate, circumstantially, that James Smith had at least one sailing vessel. Wilbur Edward “Ed” Smith (1921–, also known as W. Ed Smith) reported an incident that happened to his father (James Robert Lee Smith, son of Capt. James Smith):

One of Dad’s stories was that he asked to go with him [Capt. James] on a trip, he was asked if he could swim, answering in the affirmative, they took him and a mile off shore they threw him overboard, he made it. He never asked again.

During the Civil War, Pvt. James Smith served in the Confederate States’ 1st Maryland Battalion Cavalry. The C.S.A. 1st Maryland was originally organized in 1860 in Howard County, Maryland. It saw its first combat in the First Battle of Manassas, in July 1861. By the time that James Smith joined, the unit had grown to four companies under Maj. Ridgely Brown. During the winter of 1862–1863 the unit had picket duty, scouted, and participated in some skirmishes on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in the Virginia Valley. In early 1863 the ranged through West Virginia and the western part of Maryland, participating in a number of battles.

In July 1863, James Smith served at the Battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The 1st Maryland Battalion Cavalry was positioned behind a stand of trees that is today in the East Cavalry Battlefield section of Gettysburg National Military Historic Park (left). A detailed, unpublished map in the Library of Congress delineates the positions precisely; the line of trees still stands today to the northeast of where Cavalry Field Road turns to the south to become Confederate Cavalry Avenue, northeast of Rummel Barn. A monument to Fitzhugh Lee’s Brigade is at the turn in the road. (In photo at left, the C.S.A. 1st Md. occupied the field, shielded by the line of trees at right.)

At Gettysburg, the C.S.A. 1st Maryland Battalion Cavalry was part of Brig. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee’s Brigade under Maj. Gen. J.E.B. Stuart (Stuart’s Division). In hindsight, they were fortunate, being spared the slaughter that took place in the main battlefield south of the town of Gettysburg. On the last day of the battle, 3 July 1863, Stuart’s original plan was to circle behind the Union lines in the main battlefield from the north and east, but, stopped by the presence of Union artillery to the south of the Rummel Farm, the relative safety of the wooded line gave welcome protection for continued, sporadic action. Dismounted troopers were sent to the Rummel Farm (behind and to the right of the view in the photo above) to engage Union skirmishers while artillery fired on nearby Union positions. The Union artillery proceeded to knock out the Confederate guns, and cavalrymen from both sides dueled in the farm fields without any gains. A Confederate mounted charge was suppressed by a Union countercharge. A final charge was mounted by
the 1st Maryland in front of Rummel Woods, which was first met in return by heavy artillery fire. At this point, Union’s Michigan Brigade (2nd Cavalry Brigade) under Brig. Gen. George Armstrong Custer (the same who would die 13 years later at the Battle of the Little Big Horn in Montana Territory) rode out toward the head of the advancing 1st Maryland with a shout to his men, “Come on, you Wolverines!” Close-range, hand-to-hand fighting ensued, when the Union army’s 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry charged from under cover into the southern rear, at which Gen. Stuart ordered the 1st Maryland to leave the field.

During the Civil War, after the Battle of Gettysburg, James Smith was twice captured and imprisoned. He was seized at Raccoon Ford, Virginia, 10 October 1863, and sent to the Old Capitol prison (left) in Washington, D.C. The Old Capitol was a building that had been built in 1800 as a tavern or a boarding house. After the British Army burned the U.S. Capitol in 1814 and the Government returned to Washington, the building at 1st and A Sts., N.W., was leased in December 1815 to serve as a temporary Capitol for the legislative branch of government. After the U.S. Capitol was rebuilt and occupied in 1825, the Old Capitol served as an exclusive boarding house and, later, a school. By the Civil War it was in disrepair and was refitted to serve as a prison. (Today the Supreme Court of the United States is on the site.)

From the Old Capitol Prison, James Smith was transferred to Point Lookout, Maryland. He was part of a prisoner exchange on 6 March 1864 and paroled on 1 April. He was captured (again) in Moorefield, West Virginia, on 7 August 1864 and was imprisoned in Wheeling, West Virginia. Then he was transferred to Camp Chase, Ohio, and once again to Point Lookout. And again he was exchanged, on 27 March 1865, after which there is no further official record about him. According to family history, James Smith had been a prisoner of war in Fort McHenry, Maryland, but National Archives records indicate that he was not. In fact, Fort McHenry was not used as a prison, but as a processing station for prisoners of war before being sent to prison camps. In any case, the records do not show James Smith passing through there. Regrettfully, we have no surviving personal accounts of his wartime experiences.

When James Smith was captured at Raccoon Ford, it must have been during a skirmish or an inopportune encounter with a Union force; no significant battle took place there at that time. The encounter at Moorefield was a loss for the Confederates, with five men killed and 69 captured. One of those men captured later wrote, “We were marched on foot to New Creek station, and next day sent to Wheeling, where we were quartered in the penitentiary for three days and then sent to Camp Chase, Ohio.”

In April 1865, the First Maryland Cavalry made the final charge at Appomattox, where finally the Confederate Army surrendered. Although records show that James Smith had been exchanged the month
before, it is not known whether he rejoined his unit in the field, and no record has thus far been found that he was at Appomattox. In any case, the First Maryland was disbanded on 28 April, although one chronicler said that they never surrendered; rather, they dispersed a few men at a time to return to their Maryland homes.

Years later, in Denver, Colorado, James Smith was an honorary member of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and, as noted in Edward S. Smith’s recollections, he was awarded the Southern Cross of Honor by that organization. W. Ed Smith noted, “I understand that when grandfather James Smith and grandfather Arnold got together, the North and South [were] loudly discussed.”

After the Civil War we know that Capt. James Smith was a building contractor; a very successful one. One does have to ask whether he did not capitalize on his bay experience and his father’s mariner rank as Captain. And even an inferential military rank on the return from the war might have had advantage in establishing James in business. That may be unfair to suggest, given that we do not know, but it would be a practical tack for an assured person like James, intent on success. He held his captaincy even after he moved to landlocked Colorado, using the title for the rest of his life.

It seems that Capt. James Smith married soon after returning from the war, perhaps in 1865. His wife, Emily Jane Reynolds (1842–1929) has also been referred to as Christine. In the 1850 U.S. census she is listed as Emily Jane Reynolds, and her death certificate gives her name as Emily J. Smith. To some members of the family she was known as “Aunt Teen”, suggesting that this was a contraction of Christine. One or other of these names might have been a baptismal name, or perhaps a third given name such as sometimes was used in the Smith family. In any case, her name of record is Emily, and she was known affectionately as “Teen”.

Her father was Saulsbury B. Reynolds (ca. 1806–?); her mother was Catherine (ca. 1816–?).

Edward S. Smith recalled the home of Capt. James Smith in Centreville:

My father’s brother, Captain James Smith (Uncle Jimmy) was planning to move with his family from Centreville to Denver, Colorado. They went shortly before or after our Smith family moved to Jacksonville, Florida. We all went to see them in Centreville in their nice home and buildings used in his construction business—it was right in town on one of the main streets. Uncle Jim and Aunt Teed [Teen] were there, the sons and the daughter, Lulu, were there of course. While there we visited our cousins, the Watsons, who lived on their good farm just across the Corsica River.

James Smith owned a three-acre lot on the west side of Liberty St., just north of Broadway, in the center of Centreville.

Once he established himself as a builder, James Smith secured important construction contracts in the county. In September 1876, the “female school board” (that is, the administrative board established for a girls’ school) awarded Smith the contract to build a two-story brick schoolhouse in the southwestern part of Centreville. Most notably, in 1877 Smith won the contract to build the second story and additions
to the Queen Anne’s County Court House, in Centreville. He also worked on the interior details of the court room.

The Queen Anne’s County Court House (above) is among the significant historic structures of Maryland, serving as the Queen Anne’s County seat of government. The building was constructed between 1792 and 1794, after the county seat had been moved in 1782 from Queenstown to Centreville by Act of the Maryland Assembly. The town of Centreville was laid out and building began at this time. It was located centrally in the county, hence its original name, Centre Ville, which also reflected the adulation of everything French following the Revolutionary War. (Prior to this, the small town had been called Chester Mill.) Although the first cases were heard in the courthouse in 1794, the Court did not accept the building until 1 June 1796. It is the only courthouse in Maryland in continuous use since its construction.

Some seven decades later the courthouse required remodeling. Again, nine years after that it needed further rebuilding to “a scale which will change it from one of the most inconvenient to the one of the most desirable of our county buildings”. A second story was added, the main building was widened by 30 feet, and the northern wing was doubled in size. The architect for this job was J. Crawford Neilson of Baltimore; James Smith was the builder. Although Smith’s bid was second-least expensive of those received—by four dollars!—the contract was awarded to him because it also promised that the work would be conducted locally, not entirely by outside contractors of the Baltimore firm whose bid was the lowest.

In 1981, the Maryland Historical Trust’s State Historic Sites Survey of course included the Queen Anne’s County Court House. The site survey includes strong focuses that relate to the 1877 addition, and from this architectural description it is evident that James Smith was a very skilled craftsman, directing local workmen in executing the directions of the architect with aplomb. One can visit the court house.
today and see the boundary lines between the bricks of the original and newer parts of the building, where James Smith and his workmen laid them (below).

In 1877, James Smith’s construction business included a wharf on the Corsica River, co-owned by him with R. G. Price and William McKenney. A newspaper reported significant damage from a storm that arrived on an ebbing tide, flooding numerous wharves and granaries in Centreville. Piles of lumber belonging to Smith, Price and McKenney were floated away but most of it was later recovered. Surely, Price was Robert Price, the same man who owned a lumber yard across the street from the lumber yard of George Moore Smith. William McKenney has likewise been shown in earlier discussions to be a distant relation to the family.

By 1890, one James Barcus enticed James Smith with contract work in Denver, Colorado. Although there is evidence that the Barcus family of Queen Anne’s County, who were millers, was related to the Barcus family of Colorado, who were brick masons, they appear to be separate genealogical branches of that family. James Barcus was of the Colorado branch. His incentive to the building contractor James Smith must have been a great one because James moved his family to Denver permanently. An Eastern Shore newspaper clipping, dated 25 February 1890, comprised the following succinct note:

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Captain James Smith and his oldest son, James, will leave Centreville tomorrow (Wednesday) for Denver, Col. Captain Smith has secured contracts for the erection of two buildings in Denver, for Mr. James Barcus and will probably locate permanently in that city.
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This indicates that James Smith and his eldest son traveled to Denver first, and brought the rest of the family at a later time; but just when the rest of the family left Centreville is not known.

James Smith’s grandson, W. Ed Smith, has noted to me in correspondence that his grandfather built homes in Denver and in Englewood, Colorado. James Smith was foremost a carpenter, and it stands to reason that joining with a family of brick manufacturers and masons would be lucrative in the building
contractor business in western communities that were rapidly growing. W. Ed Smith also informed me that he believes that his grandfather never again returned to Maryland.

However, business might not have been all that good at times. W. Ed Smith related that Capt. James Smith, with his son, James, and James Lugg (who became Capt. James’ son-in-law when Lugg married Lulu Smith) were involved in a land rush in Oklahoma, although Ed Smith did not know when this was. Many of the family members must have had adventurous spirits, as another family story recalls that George W. Arnold (related to W. Ed Smith’s mother) looked for gold in the Rockies west of Denver, where he had a claim in Russell Gulch near Rolinsville, Gilpin County, near Central City; but this was more of a hopeful matter, as it was during the early part of the Depression era. Capt. James’ son, James Robert Lee Smith, had been instructed by his father and grandfather Arnold where to jump from a train, stakes in hand to mark a claim.

ANNA VIRGINIA SMITH (1843–1924) was the next child of Capt. John Smith. After her father died she was sent to live with her cousin, Joseph William Wesley Watson, whose wife was also the sister-in-law of Anna’s uncle, George Moore Smith.

She married in 1862 Rev. James Edmund Bryan (1831–1895), a Methodist Episcopal minister from Kent County, Maryland, with whom they had six children (see below). Several of the children and grandchildren went on to fulfill rewarding careers in education and in the ministry; two of them earning doctorate degrees in the process. Rev. James Edmund Bryan twice served as pastor to the Whatcoat United Methodist Church in Camden, Delaware, during 1857–1858 and 1871–1873. He also served the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rising Sun, Maryland, 1891–1895. Other pastorates are not known at this time.

Their children:


MARY SMITH BRYAN (1865–1951) married Rev. Emerson Pierce Roberts (1854 –?). They had two children: Emerson Bryan Roberts (1890–after 1951) and Mary Elma Roberts (1892–1981).

JAMES EDMUND BRYAN, JR. (1869–1951) married about 1892 Mary Barratt Martindale (1867–1934). They had no children. He was first employed as a principal and school superintendent in Houghton, Michigan and in Danville and Litchfield, Illinois. In 1899 he was hired as a teacher in the Camden, New Jersey, city public schools, with which he remained affiliated for the rest of his career. By 1910 he was a high school principal, and by 1920 he was Superintendent of Schools. He retired in
September 1931. From 1895 to 1944 he owned an interest in a grain and dairy farm in Kent County, Maryland.

A brief biographical sketch of James Edmund Bryan, Jr., was published in 1924 in *South Jersey: a History, 1664–1924*:

James Edmund Bryan, Jr., A.B., Ph.D., is superintendent of the public schools in the city of Camden, which office he has held since 1899. Prior to coming to Camden, he held the position of superintendent in the schools of Danville, Illinois, for three years, and in Litchfield, Illinois, for a similar period. He began his educational work as principal of the high school in Houghton, Michigan, from 1891 to 1893. During the period of Dr. Bryan’s superintendency of the Camden Schools, there has been rapid development and growth. The enrollment has increased from less than twelve thousand to more than twenty-two thousand; the number of teachers from less than three hundred to seven hundred and fifty; and seventeen new school buildings have been erected, including the new Senior High School in Forest Hill Park and two junior high schools. The organization of the school system has been completely modernized and developed along the lines of the most advanced educational thought and experience.

He attended the public schools of Maryland and Delaware until fifteen years of age, when he entered the Wilmington Conference Academy, now known as Wesley Collegiate Institute. Upon graduation from the Institute, he matriculated in Johns Hopkins University, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1890. The year 1890-91 was spent in graduate work in Johns Hopkins upon a University Scholarship awarded for high scholastic standing in undergraduate work. After teaching nine years, he entered upon a course of graduate work in the University of Pennsylvania and was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1908.

Dr. Bryan was born September 9, 1869, in Cecil County, Maryland. He is the son of Rev. James Edmund Bryan, of the Wilmington Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Anna Virginia Bryan, both of old Maryland families, and both now deceased. He was united in marriage with May Barratt Martindale, also a native of Maryland, on December 28, 1893, at Newcastle, Delaware.

Dr. Bryan was president of the New Jersey Teachers’ Association in 1908 and of the New Jersey Council of Education in 1908 and 1909. For ten years he was a trustee of the Teachers’ Pension System of New Jersey. He is a life member of the National Education Association, and a charter member of the New Jersey Schoolmaster’s Club. He affiliates with Trimble Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, and is a member of Centenary-Tabernacle Methodist Episcopal Church of Camden, of which church he has been a trustee since 1902. He is also a Rotarian.

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ALFRED COOKMAN BRYAN (1871–1964), known as “Cook”, married Edna Alice Birch (1873–after 1960). They had no children. In 1930 he resided at 292 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, New York. In 1951, when his brother, James, died, he resided in Wayne, Pennsylvania. In 1963 his address there was 224 South Wayne Ave., Wayne, Pennsylvania; and an undated letterhead gives his address as 224 Audubon Ave., Wayne, Pennsylvania.
Historical information provided by Alfred Cookman Bryan to Edward S. Smith, narrator of the “Smith Genealogy”, provides a little historical insight into the early relationships of the family in Kent Island, Maryland. Shipping Creek, in the lower portion of Kent Island, was where a landing was made for a trading post established by Capt. John Smith of Virginia Colony, where William Claiborne, agent of Clobberly and Company, London, became its agent under Royal Grant. Edward S. Smith wrote in the “Smith Genealogy”:

Our cousin, Alfred Cookman Bryan of Wayne, Pennsylvania, son of one of father’s sisters, Anna Virginia Bryan, wife of Rev. James Edmund Bryan, wrote that the Claiborne Trading Post was on Shipping Creek, which was on the farm of his uncle Louis Bryan, and after his death the farm was sold by his daughter, Lynda.

Kent Island Point farm on which Claiborne’s Fort was built, was at one time owned by his cousins, the Ringgold’s. Cookman and his cousin Roland Ringgold roomed together in Baltimore when attending school in 1895-6.

In 1963, Alfred C. Bryan wrote more specifically, though briefly, about the trading post:

The Claiborne trading post on Kent Island was Shipping Creek, Uncle Louis Bryan’s farm until he died. His daughter, Cousin Lynda, sold it, maybe 15 or 20 years ago [thus ca. 1945]. She died two or three years ago. Claiborne’s Fort on Kent Point Farm was owned by my Cousin, Roland Ringgold, when we were rooming together in Balto. [Baltimore]. At school in 1895-6.

ANNA WATSON BRYAN (1874–after 1964) married Samuel Taylor Wilson (1868–?).


Among the grandchildren of James and Anna Bryan:

EMERSON BRYAN ROBERTS (1890–after 1951). It is particularly ironic that we do not know his death date at this time, since he was a published genealogist, and it is he who provided our earlier family historians considerable research about the early Smith relations although he himself never published on the Smiths. He did provide a sketch about the Bryan family, which will be repeated below. Professionally, he was a professor in electrical engineering at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, and during World War II he was employed by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, also in Pittsburgh. He married in 1919 Helen McCain Cooley (1894–1955), with whom he had one child, Mary Elizabeth (1920–?). The Roberts retired to Chestertown, Maryland.
MARY ELMA ROBERTS (1892–1981) never married. She received her bachelor’s and master’s degrees from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania; and she was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. As a school teacher she taught English in Chestertown, Maryland, and in Leesburg and Woodstown, New Jersey. She went to Moorestown, New Jersey, in 1916, hired there by George Baker to teach English grammar and literature. She lived on Main Street in Moorestown with two roommates until the death of her father in 1918, after which she bought a home in Merchantville, New Jersey, where she lived with her mother. Mary Roberts was appointed principal of the Moorestown high school in 1920, receiving a raise in salary of $1,000, which she divided amongst ten teachers. She earned her Ph.D. degree in 1930 from the University of Pennsylvania. She was a member of the Secondary Principals Organization (New Jersey), Burlington County Teachers Association, National Secondary School Organization, New Jersey State Teacher’s Association, National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and the Burlington County Supervisors Association. She retired in June, 1953, when also the Mary E. Roberts scholarship was established in her name, which is awarded to an “outstanding senior girl”. In 1957, Moorestown built a new elementary school and named it the Mary E. Roberts School; it is at 290 Crescent Ave.

Edward S. Smith’s “Smith Genealogy” contains a separate section on the Bryan family that was compiled by Emerson Bryan Roberts, grandson of Anna Virginia (Smith) Bryan. It is clear that this text, originally done in 1930, is an abstract of Roberts’ text, edited by Edward S. Smith, to which Smith included an introductory paragraph. Although some of the information in the text will replicate parts of the present narrative, I append it here as the only authentic history in the words of one the Bryan family’s own members, which also shows the historical focus that Emerson Roberts placed in his work; but I will omit the lists of children since this is already covered by this narrative.

Dr. Emerson Bryan Roberts in 1930 prepared a report on the ancestors of his Bryan family, from which this account has been abstracted. Dr. Albert Coopman Bryan of Wayne, Pennsylvania, his uncle, loaned us the report. Emerson Bryan Roberts was the grandson of Rev. James Edmund Bryan who married Anna Virginia Smith, sister of our father, John Edward Smith. Their daughter, Mary Smith Bryan, married Rev. Emerson Roberts, who were Emerson’s parents. His sister is Miss Elma Roberts of Moorestown, New Jersey.

While the Isle of Kent was yet completely under the sway of the Commanders of the Isle of Kent and belong to the family of Brent, Lords of Kent Manor, the Bryans were in Anne Arundel County, then Talbot, and later in Queen Anne’s County, Maryland. They were Scotch-Irish. There were fourteen Bryans in Maryland, 1657-1678, eleven of whom were men.
The earliest Bryan Will in Maryland was that of a Daniel Bryan, dated June 10, 1693, who lived in Anne Arundel County, recorded Will Book H.6-folio 76, Annapolis. His sons were Matthew and William, and daughters Margaret and Mary.

The Will of Matthew Bryan, recorded in Will Book 36 folio 4, 1767, describes the testator as “Matthew Bryan of Christ Church Parish, Queen Anne’s County.” Christ Church Parish is on Kent Island. He left the bulk of his property to his oldest son, Arthur Bryan, and other property to his sons John and William; also property to his daughters, Ann and Susannah, wife of Richard Grasson, and Frances, wife of John Clayland. No further evidence of record has come to hand to show clearly that Matthew Bryan was related to Matthew and William Bryan, sons of the above-mentioned Daniel Bryan, deceased, but such may be the case, as no further public record appears as to them in Anne Arundel County.

This Arthur Bryan, one of the sons of Matthew Bryan, built up a large estate on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. He was a citizen of influence in Talbot, Queen Anne’s and Caroline Counties, and was one of the first to subscribe to the Oath of Fidelity taken in 1776 [1777] in Talbot County. This oath was against the Crown and to defend the State of Maryland, and to support, maintain, and defend her freedom and independence. Other signers were: James Lowe, Henry Lowe, William Lambdin, and Joshua Wrightson. James Lowe and William Lambdin are also lineal ancestors of the Bryans in this sketch.

Arthur Bryan married Rachel Brookson on May 2, 1757, in St. Lukes Parish, Queen Anne’s County, Maryland. He died, intestate, and at the time of his death in 1792 owned twenty-five slaves and 1500 acres of land in Queen Anne’s County; also land in Caroline County and in Kent County, Delaware. As he died intestate, proceedings in Partition, in the High Court of Chancery, were necessary, so that division could be decreed to his heirs-at-law. There also was pending at [the] time of his death an uncompleted contract for the exchange of land, to be adjudicated. His heirs-at-law were: his sister, Susannah Tate, wife of Robert Tate; his brother, William Bryan; and the following nephew[s] and nieces: Richard Grasson, Thomas Grasson, John Grasson, and Amelia Hobbs.

Chancellor Hanson appointed William Richmond, James A. Blont, Gideon Emory, and Robert Dawson, commissioners to schedule the estate and recommend a division into three equal parts. Included in the estate was 1,002 acres, the lower moiety of Fort Manor, which came to Arthur Bryan on May 7, 1798, by deed from Philip Barton Key. It was on this land that had stood Claibourne’s Fort.

The decree of the High Court of Chancery was handed down in February Term 1803, and decreed division of the land as follows:

Part I to William Bryan, Wye Manor—1519 acres and a large part of “Sayer’s Forest”.

Part II to Susannah Tate—the lower moiety of Kent Fort Manor, 1002½ acres, part of Bayer’s Forest, “Plain Dealing”; “Bluff Point” and [“]Homestead”.

Part III to the Grasson heirs,—“Ar-Bry” Manor. Each of the three parts was valued at pounds—10,186.

William Bryan, brother of said Arthur Bryan, lived at “Sayer’s Forest”. His first wife was Catherine Lowe and was the mother of all of his children. His second wife was Elizabeth Bryan (nee Carville).

William Bryan was on the Rolls—Talbot Select Militia in 1776, Archives of Maryland, Vol. 18. Others on the Muster Roll were Lowe, Wrightson, Lambdin and Auld, all in the ancestry of Catherine Lowe. William Bryan died and his will was probated in March 1831. His wife Catherine
Lowe was the daughter of James Lowe of Grafton Manor. They had ten children. In his will William Bryan directed that his slaves be freed, the males at 30 years of age and the females at 28 years of age. His widow, Elizabeth Bryan (nee Carville) renounced the will and took her dower. She died in 1841. Edmund Carville, Sr., was administrator of her estate.

The parentage of this Elizabeth Carville (who was born Elizabeth Dixon, a Quakeress) is of interest, as she is an ancestress of my Bryans, because her oldest daughter, Sarah Carville, married James Lowe Bryan and was the mother of his children.

William Bryan and Catherine Lowe, his wife, had ten children and Emerson gave the names of each, with pertinent information as to each. The first of their children was James Lowe Bryan, born October 10, 1785 and died April 9, 1861. He married Sarah Carville, daughter of Edmund and Elizabeth Carville, nee Dixon, and had 14 children. Emerson in his notes gave the names of each of these children and pertinent family information as to each.

James Lowe Bryan lived on “Beach Farm” on the northern end of Kent Island, opposite the mouth of Chester River. All of their children were born there. He was active in civic affairs, secretary of the School District, was a Lieutenant in the War of 1812, and served in the Battle of Slipper Hill, near Queenstown, when the British captured Centreville and the Court House there. He and his wife are buried on Carville lands on the Western Shore of Kent Island on Coppage’s Ridge. For the purposes of this abstract, we mention three children of that family.

(The only pertinent record thus far found of a James L. Bryan serving in the War of 1812 is a man who served as a Sergeant in the 38th Regiment (Wright’s Regiment) of the Maryland Militia. Whether or not this is the same person has not been determined.)

The family of Rev. James Edmund Bryan was one of the first to settle on Kent Island, and a member of his family owned the farm on Kent Island on which was “Shipping Creek” and on which Creek was the “Trading Post” for the Indians and early settlers.

The Knowles family is an old Delaware family. The churchyard at Barrett’s [Barratt’s] Chapel, Delaware, shows grave stones as follows: Sarah Knowles, born September 17, 1825, died March 8, 1878, and William E. Knowles, died March 8, 1878, age 60 years.

Emerson Bryan Roberts, was the son of Rev. Emerson F. Roberts and Mary Smith Bryan Roberts, and was born October 10, 1890. He married Helen McCain Cooley of Wilkinsberg, Pennsylvania. They lived in or near Pittsburgh where he was in business and later became a Professor at Carnegie Institute of Technology. When he retired, he and wife bought a farm in Broad Neck of Kent County, Maryland, the Price Farm, not far from Chestertown, where they raised cattle. This location is about two miles from Quaker Neck Wharf, from which they could look across the Chester River to “Capt.” John Smith’s place [“Upper Heathworth”]. Their daughter, Mary Elizabeth Roberts, was born October 2, 1920. She married William Brown and they have several children, and live in the Pittsburgh area.

In 1950 Emerson B. Roberts wrote to Lathrop Mack that Lynda Bryan, a cousin, had died. She lived on Kent Island was the last of the Bryans on Kent Island. She died at the age of 88 years and was unmarried. Before she was buried, Jennie Owens, a niece with whom she had lived all the life of the niece, also died. Jennie Owens was of Morman [Mormon] breeding and lived on the Morman farm, just below Stevensville, Kent Island.
SARAH REBECCA PRICE SMITH (1846–1932/33), Capt. John Smith’s youngest daughter, after having been orphaned by her father’s death in 1857, was at the time of the 1860 U.S. census residing in the Baltimore household of her uncle, George Moore Smith. As is noted with information pertaining to him, his household appears to have been counted twice in the 1860 census, both in Baltimore (on 16 July) and in Queen Anne’s County near Centreville (on 23 August). From that fortuitous double-counting we may conclude that he departed Baltimore after mid-July 1860, or at least he was going back and forth between Baltimore and Centreville during that summer. He remained a resident of the Centreville area the rest of his life. Sarah Smith is recorded with him in the Baltimore census, but she does not appear with his family in Queen Anne’s County some five weeks later. The 15-year-old girl might have remained in Baltimore, sent to work as a domestic. While she has not been certainly located in the 1870 census, there is in Baltimore a Sarah Smith, aged 25, working as a domestic servant in the George Kepler household.

By the time of the 1880 census, Sarah Smith was the wife of James T. Taylor (1832–1900), residing in Appoquinimink Hundred, New Castle County, Delaware. In the 1900 census, she was a widowed boarder (as “Sallie R. Taylor”) in the household of Edward Hart, farmer, in Townsend, Appoquinimink Hundred; there she is listed as “Land Lady”, thus she may have been leasing the Taylor farm to Hart. In the 1910 census she was residing alone (as “Sarah Taylor”) in Townsend, next door to George M. J. Hart, who worked for a grain merchant. In the 1920 census she was (as “Sarah Taylor”) a “Companion” residing in the household of Edward Hart, lumber dealer, on Gray St., Townsend. In the 1930 census (as “Sallie Taylor”) she was in the Hart household as a “Boarder”. Conflicting dates of death have been noticed for her, in 1932 and 1933.

Sarah and James Taylor had no children.

In his “Smith Genealogy” Edward S. Smith (a son of Rev. John Edward Smith) recalled his “Aunt Sallie”:

She attended the Young Ladies Seminary in Baltimore, Maryland. She and her husband lived on the outskirts of Townsend on a farm with considerable timber. After he died, she was invited by Ed and his wife to come live with them in Townsend, and she lived with them until her death. I understand she willed her estate to the Harts. The Harts had several daughters.

Aunt Sallie was a bright and cheerful person with a good sense of humor. She was a Methodist and an active temperance advocate, a White ribboner [white ribbons were a symbol of the temperance movement]. She told the story of her experience one stormy, winter night. The wind had blown her hat off. She rushed home and told Ed Hart to get a lantern and go find her hat, because all Townsend knew her hat and if they saw it in the gutter she would never hear the end of it.

Often at Thanksgiving or New Years’ she would visit my parents and sometimes with Aunt Anna Bryan and Aunt Mollie Townsend. It was always a jolly occasion and my wonderful Mother enjoyed the position of Master of Ceremonies.

At one of these occasions it was related by Aunt Sallie that a business man from Preston, Maryland, was riding on the train coming to Philadelphia. He had his luggage on the seat beside him. When the train reached Marydel, a colored man got on the train and proceeded to remove from the seat the baggage of the man from Preston and said to him “We are in Delaware now”. “Yes” said he “You will be in Hell in five minutes if you do not put that back where you found it”. He did just that. I asked Aunt Sallie how far it was from Marydel to Hell. Aunt Sallie: “Ed Smith,
what are you up to now?” I said I was wondering how fast the man would have to travel to make it in five minutes.

On one such occasion when Aunt Annie and Aunt Sallie were retiring, Aunt Annie, a quiet and pious lady, said “Sister, you know we should get on our knees in sack cloth and ashes”, to which Aunt Sallie said “Sack cloth and ashes nothing. We should shout and jump and click our heels”.

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**JOHN EDWARD SMITH (1848–1930)**, Capt. John Smith’s youngest child, is of such significant importance in this narrative that he is accorded his own chapter, which follows herewith.
Rev. John Edward Smith and Ella Seville

JOHN EDWARD SMITH (1848–1930), youngest child of Capt. John Smith, fortunately has so much interesting information known about him that I must accord him his own, lengthy chapter. And he is, after all, for many of our present-day Smith and some Spamer family members alike, a common great-grandfather of one number or another.

His mother died the year he was born at “Upper Heathworth” in Spaniard Neck, near Centreville, Maryland; and nine years later he was orphaned by the death of his father. His uncle, George Moore Smith, was one of his legal guardians, together with two of George’s cousins; but John and the younger siblings were looked after by sisters and aunts. By 1860, all the children had been separated into the care of others, as we have seen. John Edward, aged 13, was sent to the household of his father’s sister and her husband, John H. and Catherine Smith Covington, near Church Hill. Also in the household was another of John Edward’s aunts, Rachel Smith (never married), then aged 39, whose brother was George Moore Smith. The Covington farm was east and southeast of today’s junction of Maryland Rt. 213 and Main St. coming south out of Church Hill. There John remained until he went away to college.

John Edward Smith attended the Spaniard Neck School and Washington College, Chestertown, Maryland. He then studied in the Methodist Episcopal theological school at Dickinson College (left) in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. In the 1870 U.S. census, J. E. Smith is enumerated as a student at Dickinson. The head entry for all of the students in that census was Shadrock Bowman, a professor at Dickinson who also served as a dormitory housemaster. The dormitory domestic staff is included, too, one of them being a Sarah Smith (no relation), who at the age of 10 was a “Domestic Servant”! During this time as
a student, in 1870 J. E. Smith was licensed as a “local preacher”, probably in Cantebury, Delaware, where he resided when he was not at school. This was not a practicing ministry but rather like an internship (but with whom we do not know). Cantebury is today situated at the intersection of U.S. Routes 13 and 40. The Cantebury Methodist church was built in 1856, although a society had existed there for years before that; it closed and was torn down in the 1950s. The records of the Cantebury church, now held at the Barratt’s Chapel and Museum in Frederica, Delaware, unfortunately begin only in 1873.

After graduating from Dickinson College in 1871, at age 23, Rev. Smith received his ministerial charge in the Wilmington Conference of the M.E. Church in Kenton, Delaware. His first assignment was as a junior preacher on the Smyrna Circuit where he assisted Rev. Elijah Miller. This began a life of service, almost all of it as a travelling minister, whether riding a circuit or serving as a missionary or visiting minister on the eastern seaboard. In another decade, though, he would find a new spiritual calling and leave the Methodist fold. His son, Gilbert, said that his father was “the preacher who ‘preached with his coat-tails.’”

Rev. Smith continued in the Smyrna Circuit during 1871–1872. Thereafter, he served in numerous other circuits: Lincoln, Delaware (1873–1874), Milton, Delaware (1875–1876), Denton, Maryland (1877–1879), and Goldsborough, Maryland (1880–1882). We will return again to Rev. Smith’s ecclesiastical life after first visiting where he brought his family during his career.

In 1873, soon after being received into the ministry of the Methodist Church, John Edward Smith married Ella Seville (1854–1931). They wed at Barratt’s Chapel (left), the founding seat of American Methodism, north of Frederica, Kent County, Delaware. Barratt’s Chapel is a historic structure now; services are no longer held there, and adjacent to it is an small but informative museum. As remarked in an informational brochure from the Barratt’s Chapel and Museum:

Barratt’s Chapel . . . was built in 1780 on land donated by Philip Barratt. It is known as the “Independence Hall of American Methodism” because it was at a Quarterly Conference held here on November 14, 1784, that American Methodists first officially celebrated the sacraments of communion and baptism, a symbolic declaration that they intended to have their own church independent of the Church of England. At this same Conference Dr. Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury formulated plans to organize the Methodist Episcopal Church, the forerunner of The United Methodist Church and of a number of other modern American denominations which trace their heritage to the Wesleyan movement.

The Chapel is a Heritage Landmark of The United Methodist Church, and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. It is the oldest house of worship still in use in the U.S. built solely by and for a Methodist Society. Although there is no longer an active congregation at
Barratt’s, since 1956 it has been maintained as a museum by the Commission on Archives and History of the Peninsula-Delaware Conference.

Barratt’s Chapel is still as it was at the time of the Smiths’ wedding (left). In 2007, my wife, sister, and I stopped at the chapel during a genealogy tour of the Eastern Shore (for my sister’s benefit, who had never seen these places, having lived in Arizona then for nearly 30 years). The chapel and museum were closed that day, but Mr. Philip Lawton came out of the museum and personally conducted us through both. He also shared a good deal of his time by looking up Rev. Smith’s ministerial appointments during the time that he was a Methodist preacher, from which new information was obtained for the family history.

The Sevil family (Ella instituted the spelling “Seville” but still pronounced it like “civil”), into which John Smith married, resided in the vicinity of Hare’s Corner, which is just a mile to the northeast of Cantebury in Newcastle County, Delaware. However, many of the Sevils were of the Baptist faith, who attended the former Bethel Church a mile west of Hare’s Corner. Accordingly, we may presume that John Smith had not lived with a Baptist family when he was a Local Preacher in Cantebury several years earlier; but with whom he did live is not known at this time as there is no family record of his residence in the Cantebury area. And just how he had met Ella is not known now. They would have nine children, each of whom will be discussed later. (The Sevils are addressed in their own chapter herein.)

Ella Seville was born on her parents’ farm between Smyrna and Kenton, Delaware. Her paternal lineage is in the

(Right) Rev. John Edward Smith and Ella Seville Smith with their first-born child, Lora Rebecca, and a household servant or nurse. Tintype photograph made in a rudimentary studio about 1876. Note the locking mechanism on the carriage wheels, and that Ella holds the baby’s head still for the exposure.
Sevil line; she used “Seville” as the spelling of her surname, which also was used in the given names of her children. Her maternal lineage is in the Wells line, about which more will be said in the separate chapter on the Sevil family of Delaware and Maryland.

At the time of the 1870 U.S. census, Ella Seville was an art student in the Pennsylvania State Normal School at Millersville, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; this school later became Millersville University. A 16-year-old “Ella Sevil” listed in that census is our Ella. (There is a second young woman in the Millersville census also indexed as “Ella Sevil”, aged 25, which is an error; upon examination of the census sheet the name is actually “Ella Smith”, a coincidental name only, not related to family.) In the Normal School census, the students’ head of household is indexed as “Hattie McPherson”, but on examination of the census sheet the name is seen to be, correctly, Hattie E. McPherran; her occupation is given there as “painting teacher”. Hattie McPherran was an art instructor who taught waxwork and painting at the State Normal School, 1868–1885.

Edward S. Smith included notes about his mother in his “Smith Genealogy”:

Our mother graduated from Millersville Normal School of Pennsylvania and taught school in or near Kenton, Delaware. While still at normal school, the story goes, her friends at home wrote her about a young minister in town and she wrote, “They should have him until she came home”. Later she married the young minister, John Edward Smith.

Mother’s farm was in Queen Anne’s County, between Centreville and Church Hill, but was not one of the main highways, and as a shipping station Papa usually used Price’s Station. I never heard definitely, but believe that when Grandfather Sevil [Nathan Thomas Sevil (1817–1867)] died, Mother and her brother, Uncle Abel Sevil, each received some inheritance with which this farm was purchased and Uncle Abel purchased his farm near Clayton, Delaware. We never lived on the place and there was usually a tenant farmer.

Ella Seville, with her brother, Abel Sevil (1850–1926), inherited a share in the farm of about 250 acres between Centreville and Church Hill, Maryland, referred to as “Poverty Hill”. On the property were graves belonging to people with the name Carter who probably were earlier owners.

John and Ella Smith seem always to have lived in rented properties, at least 15 different ones, until they finally settled down in their last, and one and only fully owned, home in Philadelphia. Thus far the following chronology has been determined: Clayton, Delaware (ca. 1871–ca. 1874); Lincoln, Delaware (ca. 1874); Milton, Delaware (ca. 1875); Denton, Maryland (ca. 1877–1880); Greensborough, Maryland (1880–ca. 1882); 1701 Mt. Salem Lane, Wilmington, Delaware (this was when Rev. Smith was with the Mount Salem M.E. Church, his only fixed pulpit); after leaving the Methodist ministry to enter that of the Church of the New Jerusalem, short-term residences in Wilmington at 1609 Lincoln St. and on Rodney St. (ca. 1884–1885); 520 Goldsborough St., Easton, Maryland (ca. 1885–1892); 743 Oak St., Jacksonville, Florida (1892–1895); moved permanently to Philadelphia ca. 1896, where they lived at 614 N. 43rd St. (1898–1900), 3218 Baring St. (1901–1904), 508 S. 47th St. (1905–1909), and, last, 820 South St. Bernard Street (1909–1931). Thereafter, various family members resided at 820 South St. Bernard Street, at least until ca. 1940.

In 1876, the Smiths visited the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, the world’s fair that attracted huge crowds. A beautiful glass pitcher from the fair was last with their granddaughter, Katharine Spamer, when it was destroyed in an accident about 1980.
Regarding the home in Clayton, Delaware (left), Helen Montgomery McCarraher recalls from her grandfather and grandmother that they used to have frequent guests for dinner when Rev. Smith would return home from various trips. Ella would never know in advance how many to expect, until she saw them step down from the train, the Clayton station being directly across the street.

In 1976, the Smith home in Easton, Maryland, was architecturally described as part of the Maryland Historical Trust’s Historic Sites Survey. As noted, from about 1885 to 1892, the Smith family lived at 520 Goldsborough St., in the left side of a duplex home (photo below), and it was here on 3 May 1891 John and Ella’s last child, Elouise, was born. The property is historically called the Parris House; the 1976 survey report in part includes the following information:

A duplex, the Parris House makes a unique contribution to the wide range of nineteenth century architecture remaining in Easton. It is the oldest of the Italianate buildings in the town and a minor statement of one of the signal ideas of the Italianate period—volumetric expression. The overstated brackets are also characteristic of this period. Although bracketed cornices are not uncommon in the town, in this building their potential is best realized.

This property also was a part of Easton’s first “development”, Caldwell’s Addition. Samuel Sherman bought the lot in 1883 and it remained in his family until it was sold in 1932 by Laura E. Tull, one of his heirs, to George M. and Letitia Parris for $5000.00.

This double house stands on the south side of Goldsborough Street, east of the railroad tracks, in a neighborhood of small two-story frame dwelling[s] of the nineteenth century.

This fascinating structure resembles a three-dimensional puzzle of interlocking parts, designed with disciplined use of volumetric elements, Italianate influences [are] seen in its verticality, its plasticity and bracketed cornices.
When the site was visited in March 2004 (*photo on previous page*), it seemed to be in reasonable repair and occupied. When revisited in June 2007, some homes in the neighborhood were undergoing revitalization and the duplex at 520 Goldsborough Street was vacant and seemingly under repair.

The home at 3218 Baring St. (on the southeast corner with 33rd St.; *photos below*) in Philadelphia is noted in the inventory of houses on the National Register of Historic Places, in the Powelton Historic District of Philadelphia. The description is brief:

Circa 1870, stucco over brick Italianate house, paired and triple arcuated windows, mansard roof on east tower wing, ogee dormers, first floor polygonal bay on main section, first and second floor window alts, enclosed porch to the west.

The home at 820 South St. Bernard Street (*photos below*), acquired probably in 1909, has attained an almost iconic status in the family. It was always referred to as “820”—said “eight-twenty”—and was at one time or another home to many of the members of the extended family, both Smiths and Spamers, including Rev. Smith’s children, grandchildren, cousins, and spouses. The home remained in the family until around 1940 at least, and it never seemed to have been at a loss for activity. Today the neighborhood is a bit “worn”, and many of the large porches that adorned the homes of this street have been enclosed in a variety of styles, most of them not very aesthetically pleasing.
Rev. Smith died at “820”. His funeral was held from the New Jerusalem Church at 22nd and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, with Rev. Charles W. Harvey officiating. Rev. Smith was never a pastor in this church, but he was at times a guest preacher. Here also his daughter, Lora, was wedded by him to John Ward Spamer on 23 January 1901. Other family members, both immediate and more distant, had ties to this church as well, which saw baptisms, marriages and funerals. The church, built in 1883 and on the National Register of Historic Places, and its adjacent church house, was sold in 1986 and converted to business offices.

Ella Seville Smith died just three weeks later, following a brief illness after she had gone to her daughter’s home in Michigan City, Indiana. Her son, Rev. Gilbert Smith, accompanied her remains home where she was buried in the same lot with her husband in West Laurel Hill Cemetery in Bala Cynwyd [“Bal” rhymes with “pal”, “kin-wood”], Montgomery County, Pennsylvania (River Section, lot 715).

The Denton circuit of the Methodist Episcopal church was large enough to require an assistant. In the 1877 appointments, Rev. J. E. Smith’s assistant was J. M. Collins. In 1878, an assistant had not yet been chosen when the annual report was published. In 1879, Smith’s assistant was L. C. Andrew. Nothing is known about Collins or Andrew.

In 1883, Rev. Smith was appointed to the only fixed pulpit that he would ever occupy: the Mount Salem M. E. Church in Wilmington, Delaware. But later in 1884, he received a new calling, to the Church of the New Jerusalem, which is also known as the New Church, its congregants called Swedenborgians. (More about his conversion will be said shortly.) New Church adherents follow the Bible as do other Christian faiths but are further guided and instructed through the writings and biblical interpretations of Emanuel Swedenborg (1688–1772) of Sweden. Although Swedenborg published prolifically during his lifetime, the Swedenborgian tenets did not even become a matter of public assembly until 15 years after his death, when the New Church movement was founded in England. Swedenborg had written that he was given insight into the true, spiritual meaning of the Word, and through it revealed that the Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are in fact one. From these revelations, Swedenborg interpreted that a new church, Jerusalem, had been proclaimed by the Lord, the message of which was delivered to mortals through the writings published by Swedenborg.

Rev. Smith, in his new calling, served as a missionary, or visiting pastor, to a circuit of congregations in Maryland and Delaware; and in fact, for the rest of his life he was a missionary. He served mostly in the Maryland–Delaware–Pennsylvania–New Jersey area, although for a few years he served also in the Southeast. He came to be known informally as “Missionary Smith”, although he was affectionately known as “Jack”. The tag of “Mrs. Missionary Smith” was given to Ella. On the Eastern Shore, he attracted some of his former Methodist Episcopal congregants to the New Church, but not without some controversy, as we shall see. When some of the small societies later disbanded, some individuals stayed with their new faith in other societies while others retired to their former faith.

John Edward Smith was ordained into the General Convention of the New Church on 30 May 1886. Although his ministerial seat and personal residence moved from town to town, and later state to state, he usually ministered concurrently to many congregations, or “societies”. At first based at the Preston, Maryland, society, he also ministered to congregations in Williston, Easton, and elsewhere as
occasion required. He may have lived for a while in Preston, but his known residence during this early part of his New Church ministries was in Easton, at 520 Goldsborough St. He seems to have arrived in Easton, Caroline County, in mid-1885, as will be noted again in further detail, which is prior to his formal ordination in the New Church.

Rev. Smith was always involved in missionary activities and served officially within the church in such a capacity. From 1892 to about 1895, Rev. Smith undertook missionary work in Jacksonville, Florida, and Savannah, Georgia, during which time he also made annual visits to Chattanooga, Tennessee. (A portrait he had sat for in Savannah is shown at left.) In 1891, a New Church convention at the church at 22nd and Chestnut Sts., in Philadelphia, included reports by various church missionaries. Rev. Smith made the report for the South, which is an indication that he was already involved in work there, prior to his move South. And on the final day at this same meeting, the Jacksonville (Florida) Society of the New Church was admitted to the convention. No doubt this was the time when Rev. Smith was given to the new society to serve its spiritual needs. When he did move to the South, the family lived in Jacksonville. More is said about the Smiths’ time in Jacksonville in some of the narratives that follow. After just a few years, though, the family removed permanently to Philadelphia.

In the Northeast again, John Smith was a missionary of the Pennsylvania Association of the New Jerusalem, serving at Preston and Williston, Maryland; Montgomery’s Ferry, Allentown, and Lancaster, Pennsylvania; and Vineland, New Jersey. In 1900, at the centennial celebration of the New Jerusalem church on Calvert Street in Baltimore, Maryland, Rev. Smith spoke on “New Church Missionary Work,” in which he dwelt upon the importance of earnestness and activity in this work.”

At around this time it seems that Rev. Smith was closely involved with a variety of church affairs in Maryland. In 1900, Maryland considered changes to the Sunday “blue laws”, which met with resistance in some pulpits. At the Night Session of the Maryland House of Delegates for 19 February 1900, petitions and protests against the changes in Sunday laws were read and heard, one of them specifically being “The petition of Rev. J. E. Smith and 80 others against any change in Sunday laws.” The petitions were referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

In his elder years, although he resided in Philadelphia, Rev. Smith continued as a missionary for the church on the Eastern Shore in Maryland. He probably lodged with congregants during his travels from Philadelphia. The Easton Society of the New Church dissolved in 1923, and Rev. Smith’s ministry to the Eastern Shore officially ended with his retirement on Sunday, 21 September 1924.

Rev. Smith was a member of the “General Convention” of the Church of the New Jerusalem. He did not align himself with the New Church ecclesiastical organization known as the “General Church”, which in the 1890s had separated itself from the Convention and established its seat in Bryn Athyn,
Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. However, Rev. Smith’s son, Gilbert, married Nora Potts, the daughter of Rev. John Faulkner Potts of the General Church, a prominent member of the Bryn Athyn sect. Their intentions must have been astonishing news to the parents and the families, not to mention church members. Rev. Smith did attend the marriage ceremony, but returned immediately to Philadelphia; his wife, Ella, may not have attended (according to anecdotal information). Noticeably, none of the parents of Gilbert and Nora appear in the wedding photograph taken on the front steps of “Stancot”, the Potts home in Bryn Athyn. (Much more about this will be met when we discuss Gilbert Haven Smith.)

(The first Swedenborgian society in America was a short-lived organization in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1791. In the United States a society first formed in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1792 and reorganized in 1798. Other independent churches were founded at first in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Boston, and New York, and the General Convention formed in Philadelphia in 1817. Separate conferences also have been established elsewhere in the world, in England, South Africa, and Australia for example. In America, the General Convention suffered a schism in the 1890s, out of which a new “General Church” established a seat in Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania. [The Borough of Bryn Athyn was later formed from what then was Moreland Township, in 1916. The borough is two square miles and today still includes a large proportion of open space and woodlands. The Academy of the New Church, the Bryn Athyn Church School, and the New Church college occupy more of the Bryn Athyn real estate than do its residents.] Whereas the church government of the General Convention is congregational, without an episcopal seat, the General Church institutes an episcopal system of governance. The General Convention holds that the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg were “inspired” but that they reflect personal and cultural biases of the 18th century; the General Church holds that the writings were written by Swedenborg by divine authority alone. Educationally, the General Convention instructs youth through Sunday schools and church camps; the General Church institutes a traditional, structured school system from elementary school to college. In this narrative, one will see these differences reflected in the recollections of family members; those of the General Convention, like Rev. John Edward Smith and some of the Spamer relations from Baltimore, note Sunday schools, church camps, and similar religious congregations, whereas recollections by and about family members of the General Church, like Rev. Gilbert Smith and his father-in-law Rev. John Faulkner Potts, frequently note the Academy of the New Church in Bryn Athyn, both its traditional school and its theological school. The positions and practices of the General Convention and the General Church now extend into modern concerns, taking divergent stands on such matters as the ordination of women, social and political activism, and open preferences of sexuality in its members and clergy, among other issues.)

The reasons for Rev. Smith’s conversion from Methodism to Swedenborgianism are one of the enduring personal mysteries of the family, which apparently were never explained to his children, nor to anyone from whom we might have had a written record. It is clear, nevertheless, that Rev. Smith had believed that the doctrines as written by Emanuel Swedenborg provided greater clarity as to the nature of the Trinity, the heavenly host, and the work that we have here on earth. We must assume that Rev. Smith also gained great personal insight from the Swedenborg writings. An 1872 book by Philadelphia minister E. R. Keyes of the (Swedenborgian) First New Church Society, himself formerly a Methodist minister, might have been instrumental in Rev. Smith’s decisions, as well as was the personal intervention of Rev. J. B. Parmelee, of Wilmington, and others who were influential in Rev. Smith’s conversion. Whether or not the book actually was seen by Rev. Smith is unknown, but it seems highly unlikely that it would not
have been brought to his attention. That book by Keyes is *Wesley and Swedenborg. A Fraternal Appeal to Methodist Ministers, Inviting Them To Consider the Relations of Methodism to the New Church*, published by J. B. Lippincott and Co. in Philadelphia, 1872.

Edward S. Smith’s comments in the “Smith Genealogy” offer his personal reflections on the matter of his father’s conversion, which was neither sudden nor rash, as we see, but that such a remarkable change in one’s faith and ministerial charge must have been for profoundly felt reasons. The change would affect not only his occupation, but his whole family; his return to a missionary ministry, after briefly serving from a fixed pulpit in Wilmington, Delaware, would take them once again amongst a far-flung flock. Edward Smith wrote:

In the writing of this branch of the Smith family, we should write particularly now of Rev. John Edward (Jack) Smith and what was probably the most important decision of his personal life and of his service in the Church. He had been preaching in the Methodist Conference for years on the Eastern Shore and had advanced in respect, affection, and esteem and was now the minister at Mt. Salem M.E. Church, Wilmington, Delaware.

He came to the realization that he was preaching doctrine in which he did not believe. He was a forceful speaker, a lover of logic and debate, logician and theologian, and lived according to his belief. In fairness to the Conference he should preach according to the doctrines of the Church he had served so long. In fairness to himself and his religious convictions, he could not preach doctrines which he did not believe. The Church, his friends, and family were patient and tolerant and heard him fully as to his position, but he felt there was no choice for himself but to resign his pastorate, which he did about 1886.

That there was this variance between the Church doctrines and his own convictions he had realized for some time, and he had talked with friends concerning it, and to J. B. Parmelee of Wilmington, Delaware, and a lawyer there by the name of Hinckley *sic; this was Edward Otis Hinkley (1824–1896), who was also known to the Spamer family of Baltimore*. They told him of and interested him in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, on which are based the doctrines of the Church of the New Jerusalem, which name has relation to the vision of John, “He saw the Holy City New Jerusalem descending out of the Heavens,” etc. By Certificate dated May 30, 1886, John Edward Smith was ordained into the ministry of the New Church in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the United States of America.

I have never heard particularly wherein he differed, or as to what or which doctrines of Methodism he did not subscribe. Before decision was made, he discussed the subject with Rev. James Edmund Bryan, his brother-in-law, and the ministers and members of the Conference, and with his wife, Ella, upon whom the result of the change by him would eventually bear heavily. She encouraged him and concurred in his decision.

This is not a preachment, but the differences may have arisen from interpretations of the doctrine of vicarious atonement. One interpretation, and it is proclaimed even today, is that the Lord sent his beloved son, Jesus, into the World to died *sic* on the cross for the sins of the World, and thereby atone for the sins of others, of the World.

Another interpretation is that He sent his beloved son to redeem the World. He redeemed the World. This He did by overcoming the power of evil and the Hells, during His long sojourn in the Wilderness, and thereby restoring to mankind the power to choose between good and evil; to choose between a life of love of the Lord and his neighbor according to the Ten Commandments
and the two Great Commandments, or to live a life of the love of evil and lust and hatred, removed from the light of love, good, and truth according to Divine precepts.

Rev. John E. Smith’s conversion to the New Church was seemingly one not without ecclesiastical turmoil; not so much for him as it was for others in his former faith, the Methodists. The Methodists were surely within their rights to disallow Rev. Smith’s request to retain his credentials of ordainment, as he had asked in his resignation, but the following June an insinuation was made either falsely or through mistaken hearsay that he had gone to a Swedenborgian pastorate in Maine but quit on account of a dislike for the congregation, which resounds a lingering distaste for his having resigned from the M.E. church. That Rev. Smith continued his ministrations in the same communities surely was no further help in the attempt to separate him from his past congregations, many of whom, as we see documented in the family history, were won over to the New Church, too. Surely this was an alarming circumstance for some the Methodist congregations.

Less than a year after Rev. Smith’s withdrawal from the M.E. church, when he was a circuit pastor with the New Church in the same areas as which he had been a circuit pastor with the M.E. church, Rev. Alfred Smith, minister of the Greensborough, Maryland, M.E. church, personally took up the war against Swedenborgian tenets, with a particular bead on Rev. J. E. Smith. (Rev. Alfred Smith was not related to our Smiths. He was a young preacher, seven years the junior of Rev. J. E. Smith, born July 1852 in Delaware and in 1885 recently married. He remained in the Maryland–Delaware ministries of the Methodist Episcopal Church throughout his career.)

Fortunately, the local newspaper reported in depth on this brewing feud. And just as fortunately, Rev. J. E. Smith wrote a lengthy rejoinder to one attack by Rev. A. Smith. Take note, too, that Rev. J. E. Smith had earlier been the minister to the Greensborough M.E. circuit, which he had left after serving for three years, a limit established by the M.E. church.

Shortly below is a lengthy quotation of both Rev. Alfred Smith’s remarks against Swedenborgianism, and Rev. J. E. Smith’s reply. They are quoted in their entireties, as published in the Denton Journal, because the dialogue illuminates both the inherent distrust of the Swedenborgians by the Methodist Episcopalians, and is a rare surviving example of the concise style of Rev. J. E. Smith’s oratory. The quotations speak for themselves with regard to the M.E. perspectives of Swedenborgians, and how Rev. J. E. Smith methodically countered the points raised by Rev. A. Smith.

On 28 December 1885 Rev. Alfred Smith gave a lecture in his Greensborough church. This lecture was printed in the Greensborough Free Press, inasmuch as Rev. J. E. Smith’s rejoinder was directed to the editor of that newspaper, but which, as noted below, was refused. So instead, J. E. Smith redirected his rejoinder to the Denton Journal, which published it. The prosecution began with Rev. A. Smith’s lecture. The text in the Denton Journal that summarizes Rev. Alfred Smith’s unflattering lecture is reproduced below. Rev. J. E. Smith’s response, published shortly later, is reproduced in the clipping that follows it. Nothing is left out or otherwise reedited. However, the reader will conclude that the Denton Journal’s summary of Rev. A. Smith’s lecture is written rather differently from that which was printed in the Greensborough Free Press (but I have not yet seen that one)—many points raised by Rev. J.E. Smith’s response are not noted in the Denton Journal version of Rev. A. Smith’s lecture. And in fact, the Free Press’s report was contributed by Rev. A. Smith himself and not by a newspaper reported; hardly an impartial observer. Still, this is at this time our sole opportunity to see into the apparent distrust
of the Swedenborgian ministry amidst a broader-based Methodist Episcopal ministry in Maryland and Delaware. It also gives us the opportunity to witness the kind of logic and delivery used by Rev. J. E. Smith, about which much is recalled and inferred in family sources quoted throughout this genealogy.

From the *Denton Journal* (2 January 1886):

**“VAGARIES OF SWEDENBORGIANISM.”**

Extracts from a Lecture Delivered by Rev. Alfred Smith.

Rev. Alfred Smith, pastor of the Greensborough M. E. church, delivered a lecture in the church on the “Vagaries of Swedenborgianism” on Monday evening last. “I have no desire,” began the speaker, “to drag before you the vagaries of this strange man, but since Swedenborg’s ‘ghost’ has been called up, and that, too, by one of his friends, it is only natural that we should stop to see what manner of thing it is. This is a new and strange ‘ism’ to the people of this community and hence the question, What is Swedenborgianism? Is heard upon the lips of everybody.”

What are the doctrines of the system? “A few have heard from the mouth of one of its most ardent and zealous new followers somewhat of his teachings,” said the pastor (referring to Rev. J.E. Smith), “but still the question comes, How does it look when we put side by side with the old orthodox teaching of the bible? Vagaries literally means freaks and hence by the vagaries of Swedenborgianism we mean the freaks of the ‘ism.’ The speaker explained there could be no unfairness in discussing the question from this standpoint unless there were tenets in it superior to those of the old faiths. He had found nothing whatever in Swedenborgianism superior in any sense to orthodoxy, but more things inferior and something pernicious. To the latter he addressed himself. Before doing so he said he did not wish to detract from the character of Swedenborg. Any one might be delighted to make a pilgrimage to the place that enshrines the dust of that great scientist, philosopher, linguist, theologian and—dreamer. He was not an impostor. But if any man were to make the claims to-day that he made, no matter how learned, he would be set down as a man of unsound mind.

“In making statements concerning this ‘ism,’” said Mr. [Alfred] Smith, “I shall in every case refer you to the writings of Swedenborg or some of his recognized followers, in proof of it: First—that the books of the Word are those which have the internal sense, as follows: the five books of Moses, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings II, Psalms, and all the Prophets; and in the four Gospels and the Revelations.” Here he referred to Swedenborg’s “Arcana Celestia.”[sic] “Thus you will see that they throw out ten of the books from the Old Testament and twenty-two from the New, as no part of the Word of God. By internal sense and external sense they mean soul and body. Romans has a body without a soul. But there is no ground whatever for the distinction. Why allow inspiration to Luke in his Gospel, and deny it in his Acts of the Apostles? Why attribute inspiration to the writings of John and deny it to the writings of Paul? Paul says, ‘Am I not also an apostle? Have I not seen the Lord?’ Again, ‘But I certify to you, brethren, that the gospel which I preached is not the gospel of men, neither was I taught it, but by revelation of Jesus Christ.’ Joshua was taken up into a ‘great and high mountain;’ Paul was taken up into ‘the thrice heaven.’ And yet John inspired and Paul not! Supreme absurdity!” The speaker characterized this as a fiction with no basis in reason or truth. The genuineness and authenticity of the Sacred Canon, as we now have it, 39 books in the Old Testament and 20 in the New—in all 59—have been settled questions for fourteen centuries. Not that it has had no critics in that time, but it has had none to unsettle the faith of the masses. There has never been a time in the history of the bible when it had so many scholars to defend it in its entirety as to-day.
Second—That there is in the world a spiritual sense hitherto unknown and that it is to be interpreted by the science of correspondences. Here the speaker referred to the “true Christian Religion,” by Swedenborg. This means that this internal sense was not known till Swedenborg revealed it. “Supreme egotism,” said the speaker, “all the great and good men who preceded him were poor deluded creatures, feeling their way along the dark! What is this law of correspondencies? Simply that there is something spiritual to which every word of God’s mind corresponds. It is positively false that orthodox Christianity has no science or interpretation. Hermeneutics is such a science, and we do not need a dreamer, nor a crank, nor a prophet to interpret it. The best interpreter is one who possesses brains, knowledge and piety.” Mr. Smith then quoted from Brown’s Encyclopedia: “The Swedenborgian mode of interpreting Scripture is totally at variance with every principle of sound philology and exegeses, and necessarily tends to unsettle the mind and leave it a prey to the wildest whimseys that it is possible for the imagination to create.”

Third—“That the Divine Trinity consists of essential divinity, divine humanity, and divine proceedings, and that these three are only different conditions of one God.” This means that when God was in the flesh there was no God out of the flesh. In refutation of this Mr. Smith cited: “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;” “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Did Christ cry to himself and commit his soul to himself? Absurd!

Fourth—“There is no devil and no hell except that which is within us.” Mr. Smith cited: “For if God spared not the angels that sinned but cast them down into hell and delivered them into the fire and chains;” “Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.”

Fifth—“That all angels were men and that a regenerated man is in communication with angels and spirits.” Also that “all the other planets are inhabited by men.” They base their claim upon the fact that Abraham and others saw angels, and that Swedenborg was in communication with angels for twenty-seven years.

Sixth—“That the second coming of Christ and the last Judgment ware even now accomplished facts.” Swedenborg claimed that the last judgment took place in 1657, at the time the revelations were made to him.

Seventh—“That at death we put off the material body never to take it up again, and that we pass into the spiritual world with a spiritual body, which possesses the very form and every organ of the natural body.” “From this,” said the speaker, “you will see that they do not believe in the resurrection of the dead. A body within a body! We need only to turn to Christ to see the error of this. He arose from the dead in his natural body. Afterward He said to the disciples:’Handle me and see that it is I myself.’ He is to us a pledge of the resurrection.”

Eighth—“That there is a state beyond the grave which is reformatory in its character.” This is somewhat the same as the Catholic’s purgatory, and there is no Scripture to prove it.

Ninth—“That the world’s redemption was not affected by the death of Christ; that Christ simply came to subjugate evil and that he did not die in our stead.” With Swedenborgians the tragedy of the cross is a farce, and the blood of Christ no more than the blood of a bull.

In concluding, Mr. Smith asked the question, What has the world thought of Swedenborgianism? The best authorities conclude that the whole system is the product of a diseased mind.

We do not know the exact reason why the Denton Journal was favorable to printing Rev. J. E. Smith’s reply to the summary article of Rev. Alfred Smith’s lecture. One may safely assume that the editors agreed because the reply occasionally puts down the Greensborough Free Press reporter, who was after all not impartial because it was Rev. Alfred Smith himself. (As we glean from Rev. J. E. Smith’s
note, “Mr. [Alfred] Smith was either incompetent as a reporter or designedly perverted and misstated my utterances of that evening.”) And of course it is best to sell one’s own paper rather than to demote it. The letter was strongly unfavorable to the Free Press’s coverage, not to mention that Rev. Alfred Smith was at the time one of Greensborough’s own. Whatever the slants, we are fortunate to have the rendition preserved for us. At least, in every case cited by Rev. J. E. Smith in his rejoinder, his points of clarification all are in strict keeping with the tenets of Swedenborg’s writings; none are contortions for the purpose of “saving face.”

From the Denton Journal (9 January 1886):

Rev. J. E. Smith Replies.

(Rev. J. E. Smith requests us to publish the following letter, which was written by him to the Greensborough Free Press, and was refused by that paper.—Eds.)

To the Editor of Greensboro’ Free Press:

Please allow me space in your valuable paper to say a few things in reference to the report of my lecture made by Rev. Alfred Smith.

I recognize in it some things I said and many things I did not say. The things I did say are garbled extracts taken from collateral remarks without stating the premises made or showing the arguments. Of the many Scriptural quotations and references made, barely one is mentioned. Your reporter seems to have studiously avoided giving to the public anything of the lecture that would be of probable force, and taken such things as would possibly prejudice the popular mind against the system of truth which I represented. By such manipulation he has certainly succeeded in making it appear a “disjointed collection” of not “well-rounded periods,” but the disjunctions and their collection are his, not mine; this will be apparent to all who heard the lecture and read the report thereof.

Of the things which I did not say the following is a partial enumeration. I did not say that to “call our belief Swedenborgianism was a misnomer,” though it might truthfully have been said. I said to call the New Church the Swedenborgian Church was a misnomer, for the reason that Swedenborg never founded a church nor preached a sermon.

I did not say “we repeat the assertion that the New Church teaches that men live beyond as they do here.” I denied the representation made that we teach that men keep on doing in the other world what they do here. In the natural sense we neither live nor do in the other world as we do here, but as to our spirits we are the same. If we misrepresent here, we would there.

I did not say that Bishop Foster pronounced Swedenborg one of the greatest men of his age (though he might justly have done so); I said that Bishop Foster said that “Emanuel Swedenborg would live in the souls of men long after his shallow traducers have passed into oblivion.” Let the brother be careful lest he be one of the number.

I did not say that the method of determining latitude and longitude at sea by lunar observation, given in the North American Review, “was an elaboration of a point given by Swedenborg.” I said it was identical, both in diagram and description, with that given in Swedenborg’s Principia.

I did not say that John Wesley called him “a scholarly crank, and that he had to take it back.” I said that he called him a learned lunatic and did take it back.

I did not say that “everything in the Bible is not true in the literal sense.” Parts of it are true in the literal sense. Yet its deepest and truest meaning is the spiritual. Alas for the Lord’s words if they receive such fearful misrepresentation when your reporter is preaching as have mine!
I did not say that the high priest was an “onery villian [sic].” I said his words which the preacher had for a text in God’s Word were the words of a “malignant and scornful high priest.” Was this an effort to disgrace the lecturer by putting such inelegance into his mouth, or was it the native inelegance of your reporter?

I did not say “if there is no hell in you there is none anywhere.” I said “you are in hell to the extent that hell is in you, both here and hereafter.”

I did not define the Godhead at all, but defined the trinity in God as love, wisdom and power, the latter proceeding from the two former.

I did not say that “death was no break to heaven.” I said that it was an orderly step in life; not the most orderly, as your reporter declares.

I did not say “Lucifer meant Nebuchadnezzar,” but that Lucifer was the name of a morning star, and the fall was as the falling of a morning star; that the falling from heaven was not a fall out of heaven of an angel whose name was Lucifer, who is supposed to have become the personal devil.

I did not say devil means the aggregate of evil, but that it was from do evil combined into one word, devil, and was aggregated of evil.

I did not say that angels were departed humanity, but men who were once upon the earth.

I did not say that Swedenborg taught that God was the God of heaven and hell, but that the Bible taught it.

I did not say that “the doctrine that God refuses to forgive is more hellish than hell.” I did say that the doctrine that God, from vengeance or wrath punishes his enemies with burnings in fire was more hellish than hell, because it makes God do what only devils are capable of doing.

When the word “ghosts” passed my lips, I immediately asked your reporter to change it, as I did not intentionally use it, but it did not suit his purpose, and so he put it in. Thanks for his kindness.

I did not say “there will be no judgment.” I said there is now and will be after death, judgment, but the popular dramatic judgment, performed by a physical Christ in the air, would not be, and proved it by Christ’s own words: “I judge no man; the words that I speak unto you they shall judge you at the last day.” Judgment is performed here and hereafter by the truth in separating evil from good in man.

I did not challenge my audience to controvert me. I invited any questions that might be asked arising out of the subjects presented. Mr. [Alfred] Smith did not “spring a discussion.” He would not and did not discuss at all, although I invited him to do so, then or at any future time, when I would pay the expense of the hall.

If the lecture was so “flat,” so “destitute of proof,” so “improbable,” why doesn’t he demolish me?

He asked for a text of Scripture proving an intermediate state. I offered such Scriptural evidence as I thought would be satisfactory, which he refused to accept. He did not discuss but rejected them. I gave him some texts the next day, and have plenty more for him at the next opportunity. But the doctrine of an intermediate state is not peculiar to the New Church, as nearly all churches teach it more or less.

Now, by way of comment, I have this to say: Mr. Smith was either incompetent as a reporter or designedly perverted and misstated my utterances of that evening. If he was incompetent of course he is excusable, but please never subject me to the mortification of being thus falsely represented again. I do not blame you, for doubtless you, as well as myself, thought him fully
capable and willing to give an accurate and fair report of what was said. If it was intentional, all I can say is—Well, it may be he could not help it under the circumstances.

Now as to the “flatness” of the lecture, its want of “proof,” its “disjointedness”—if it was all this, why throw it away; but as color blindness is the result of individual constitution and not change of things, so perhaps this apparent “flatness” resulted from the flatness of the brother’s eye pupil, so that it seemed according to the shape of his cornea; a sound eye is necessary to sound objects. Some did not see it flat as did your reporter; a number said to me, “You have said what I think is the truth upon these subjects.” Several gentlemen said they would contribute liberally to the building of a New Church house; voluntarily, too. Others said they would not have missed the lecture for ten dollars; that it was something to think about. In fact, I heard of no one’s dislike or displeasure except our ministerial brethren whose creed was infringed. Now there were a good many eyes that looked at that “flat, disjointed” lecture; they were of the best intellectual lookers in the county. So you see it is not safe for one man to try to see for everybody else; a ditch might be near; and besides the days of proxy seeing in religious matters, as it was in the era of ecclesiastical viceregency, are gone by; so let others look and think a little for themselves, and don’t assume to see and say it all for them, my genial brother Smith. If you succeed in your proposed lecture on the “Vagaries of Swedenborg” in making him appear as awkward as you did me, then I vote you skilled in the art of misrepresentation. Either weakness in yourself or your cause lies at the bottom of this.

J. E. SMITH.

This was not the end of it, either. Rev. Alfred Smith seems to have preached rather continuously on the matter of the singular topic, “Vagaries of Swedenborgianism”, and continued to refute Rev. J. E. Smith’s preachings generally. The following items are noted from the Denton Journal nearly three years after the original dialogues:

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<tr>
<th>Denton Journal (1 September 1888)</th>
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<td>Some time since the Rev. Alfred Smith, of Cambridge, lectured in Preston, Md., in opposition to Swedenborgianism, Rev. John E. Smith, formerly of the Wilmington Conference has been preaching this doctrine for the past few years in Caroline and Talbot [counties], and on Wednesday last gave a free lecture in Independence Hall [in Cambridge], in reply to Rev. A. Smith’s Preston lecture.</td>
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<th>Denton Journal (8 September 1888)</th>
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<td>Ministers at Loggerheads.</td>
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<td>The Cambridge papers publish long accounts of the disagreeable controversy between Rev. Alfred Smith, pastor of the Zion M. E. Church, of Cambridge, and Rev. J. E. Smith, of Easton. Both ministers are well known in Caroline county, and have held the pastorates of churches here. Rev. Alfred Smith recently delivered a lecture in the Preston M. E. church, on the “Vagaries of Swedenborgianism,” and on Wednesday of last week Rev. J.E. Smith lectured in Independence Hall, Cambridge, replying to the attack on the faith of New Churchmen. He also spoke of an attack which the Rev. Alfred made in the Cambridge church on the 25th ult. The pastor had assailed the character of his former colleague in the Wilmington Conference and produced a letter to support the charge. In his reply the Easton minister said the accusation was a “base slander, and the last resort of a defeated man.” He also said that if the pastor were responsible to the amount of $500 he would bring suit for damage before leaving the town.</td>
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I have not yet seen any of the other newspapers that are mentioned.
One of the oral traditions of our family is how able a speaker was Rev. John E. Smith. It is one thing to hear it through family memory, and quite another to eavesdrop, as it were, in the public record. Several items in the Denton Journal have been found, which amply document these statements; these clippings are itemized below. Surely there are other such statements, in this and other newspapers and perhaps in other sources; but note, too, that they come from Rev. Smith’s times both as a Methodist Episcopal minister and as a New Church minister:

Large and attentive congregations are attracted to the M. E. Church of this place by the eloquent ministrations of the pastor Rev. J. E. Smith. The audience room of the church is scarcely large enough to I [sic] the congregations. (1 May 1880)

As Mr. Smith is very popular in this community [Williston, Maryland], he will doubtless be greeted with a large audience on each on [sic] occasion. (2 December 1882)

Rev. J. E. Smith delivered his new lecture “Wanted a Man,” in the Potters’ Landing [Williston] M.E. Church on Thursday evening to a good house for such cold and stormy weather. It was a rich literary and intellectual treat. Some of his highlights of eloquence were perfectly grand. (9 December 1882)

Last Sunday evening was the occasion of the Rev. J. E. Smith’s farewell sermon to his congregation in Greensborough. Mr. Smith had served on the charge three years, the limit in the M. E. Conference. The reverend gentlemen [sic] gave touching expression to his feelings and regard for his flock. There was always the warmest sympathy between the pastor and his congregation. (10 March 1883)

Rev. John E. Smith lectured at Preston on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights of this week to large and appreciative audiences. His reasoning was logical, and his remarks were very favorably received. (20 February 1886)

Rev. J. E. Smith continues to preach semi-monthly in the academy on Sunday afternoons. His sermons are able, well delivered, and attract much attention. (3 July 1886)

Rev. Smith’s expertise in debate as well as church affairs is further noted in passing in a newspaper item from his time as a Methodist Episcopal minister (from the Denton Journal, 25 February 1882). In Marydel, the town that straddles the Maryland–Delaware border, “a gentleman of unblemished character . . . was seen to go into a wood and a loose woman was seen on the other side of the same wood.” After being reported by an unidentified person, the man was prosecuted by the church on moral grounds, and “Rev. J. E. Smith, of Greensborough, was given charge of the defence.” The newspaper record does not mention the man’s name—in fact the item itself was written under the pseudonym “Antiochus”—nor did it reveal details of the “trial”, but the man was cleared of the charges.

When the family lived in Jacksonville, Florida, during Rev. Smith’s missionary work there and in Savannah, Georgia, Edward Smith recounted:

In 1894, Papa learned that Robert G. Ingersoll, the New York lawyer who claimed to be an infidel, was planning a trip south. He challenged him to debate in Savannah or Jacksonville on the subject of “Divinity of Christ”. However, under date of “New York, Sept. 27, 1894” he received the following letter from Mr. Ingersoll:
“Rev’d J. E. Smith, My Dear Sir: During my southern tour, I have appointments for every evening, and consequently could not stop at Jacksonville or Savannah to debate anybody. Yours truly, R. G. Ingersoll”.

Robert Green Ingersoll (1833–1899) was a well-known agnostic, a prominent attorney who had served as Attorney General for Illinois after the Civil War. He was a popular public speaker who held radical views of religion and other significant social subjects. From what we know of Rev. Smith, a debate between them would have been spirited.

Parenthetically, it should be noted that none of Rev. Smith’s sermons survive. Having been an adept public speaker, he probably worked only from notes. My aunt, Katharine S. Spamer, recalling her grandfather, said that he would work on his sermons at his desk, surrounded by an “impenetrable” cloud of cigar smoke. The same picture is drawn by other family members, too. This would have been at the 820 South St. Bernard Street address, in Philadelphia, when she knew him best. Rev. Smith’s desk is today in my possession. The entire Spamer–Smith Genealogy, and this narrative, were crafted at this desk. It has been in my family all of my life, and for the past twenty years or so it has seen good use as my computer desk. I often wonder what he would have thought of computers in the home.

Of course, as a travelling minister Rev. John Edward Smith preached widely, in churches, rented halls, and other places where a crowd (or a few) could assemble. We do know a few churches that still stand, and a little bit will be said about them.

**Ewell’s St. Paul Methodist Church, Clayton, Delaware.** When Rev. Smith began his ministering for the Methodist Episcopal Church after graduating from the theological school at Dickinson College, he was assigned to the Smyrna circuit in Delaware in 1871–1873. Family information indicates that he preached at the Ewell’s St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church in Clayton, Delaware, which then was on the north side of Main Street east of the railroad and nearly across the street from the house that he and Ella occupied on Main St. immediately across the tracks from the Clayton train station. The church building was later moved to Clayton Ave. at West St., at which location it has since been added to. Today it is known as Ewell’s St. Paul United Methodist Church, although it is not clear what name it had at the time that Rev. Smith was a preacher on the Smyrna circuit.
Mt. Salem Methodist Episcopal Church, Wilmington, Delaware. The Mount Salem Methodist Episcopal Church (left) is in the Mt. Salem section of Wilmington, Delaware. Here Rev. Smith had his only fixed seat as a pastor. He was the 20th minister at this church, which originally opened in 1850. The edifice that stands today is the third church on the site; it is the same edifice in which Rev. Smith ministered to his congregation. The church is situated on a property against the southwest side of Rockford Park. The picturesque stone Rockford Tower (a water tower still in use) oversees the park above Brandywine Creek. Today the church is known as the Mt. Salem United Methodist Church. At the time, Rev. John Edward Smith and his family resided in a large house at 1701 Mt. Salem Lane (right), within sight of the church two blocks away on the other side of the Mt. Salem Cemetery. Here in February 1885 was born John and Ella’s son, Earle Covington Smith.

Peachblossom Meeting House, Easton, Maryland. The Peachblossom Meeting House in Easton, Talbot County, Maryland (left), is a historic structure with architectural merit for its six-sided shape. It is the only 19th century hexagonal building now existing in Maryland; a single room, it may seat only a couple of dozen parishioners. It is located on the east side of U.S. Route 50 south of Easton, just south of Schwaninger Rd. and north of Peachblossom Creek. It was built in 1881 to serve as a multi-denominational chapel for Swedenborgian, Lutheran, Methodist, and Brethren use, sharing the building on alternate fourth Sundays. In more recent years it was moved a few yards during a road widening project. The interior of the Peachblossom Meeting House (right) is a clear demonstration of functionality, with nothing more than room for a few parishioners and the pastor, austere furnishings, and bare lighting for those times that natural light may not have been enough.
Williston Church, Williston, Maryland. The Williston church is a little Gothic Revival chapel at 8270 Maryland Route 16, on the west side north of the turn-off to Williston, Caroline County, Maryland (below). It was built in 1874 as the “Independent Congregational Church of Williston” and was acquired by the Methodist Episcopal church in 1891. The pews and hymnals are original. The church is set back from and aligned parallel to the road; its entrance faces southward. When Earle Spamer and Jane Anderson visited the church in 2003, some roofing work was being done, which was completed by the time they visited again in the company of Helen Montgomery McCarraher in 2004. A two-compartment outhouse still remained near the woods beyond the side of the church farthest from the road, in ruinous condition surrounded by thickets of thorns and impressive spider webs.

Rev. Smith’s affiliation with the Williston Church was episodic, and not without controversy. He was certainly familiar with the church from his time as a Methodist Episcopal circuit preacher, at least in 1882 when the Denton Journal reported on his lectures at the Potter’s Landing M.E. church (Williston had also once been known as Potter’s Landing). In 1906 as a New Church minister, it seems that he had been invited by a lay member of the local New Church congregation to use the Williston church, resulting in a conflict between a new M.E. minister of the church and Rev. Smith. An article in the Baltimore American on 23 November 1906 reported that an injunction had been served upon Rev. Smith to cease his preaching at the Williston Church—that is, he was “thrown out of church” – for preaching! This article also records for us just when Rev. Smith is first known to have preached at the Williston Church as a New Church pastor—March 1906. [The following was read from a partly illegible microfilm.]

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<th>CHURCH DISPUTE IN THE COURTS</th>
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<td>An Injunction Served on Rev. John E. Smith.</td>
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Philadelphia Divine Prohibited From Holding Religious Services in Williston M. E. Church, In Caroline County—The Minister Was Formerly a Member of the Wilmington Conference, but is Now a Swedenborgian—a Fight Likely.

(Special to the American)

Denton, Md., November 22. The sheriff of Caroline county has served an injunction on Rev. John E. Smith, of Philadelphia, prohibiting him from holding religious services in Williston Methodist Episcopal Church, about four miles from Denton.

Rev. Mr. Smith, who is now a minister of the new church (Swedenborg), was formerly a member of the Wilmington Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and was stationed in Caroline county. The church in dispute was built in 1868 and was originally the property of the
Congregational Church, it having been built on land deeded by the late Arthur John Willis and wife, of Caroline county, to Hillman Smith [no relation] and others, trustees, “for the use of the Congregational Church.”

After some years the trustees, except [Hillman] Smith, who removed to Maine, died and the small membership, in reason of death and removals, having disbanded, the Wilmington Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on request of prominent citizens of the neighborhood, supplied the church with a pastor, and in 1891 the property was formally transferred to the Methodist Episcopal Church by joint deed from Hillman Smith, surviving trustee of the Congregational Church, and Mary V. Stevens (wife of B. [illegible] Stevens and Caroline S. Messick (wife of Robert M. Messick), heirs at law of the former grantors (Arthur John Willis and wife) “to E. Madison Towers, Elias W. Williamson, Albert Anderson, [illegible] M. Hignutt, B. [illegible] Stevens, William B. Nuttle, Dr. John W. Hignutt, George Lacey Stevens and their successors in [illegible] for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church.”

All went well till last March, when, at the session of the Wilmington Annual Conference, the lines of Williston circuit were changed and the Williston church was added to Burrsville circuit. Rev. A. S. Bichelle, the new pastor of the Burrsville circuit, on his first preaching day at the Williston church, it is said, found no congregation and was informed by a gentleman of the neighborhood that his service was not desired by the church and that he would find empty benches should he continue to come. Soon thereafter Rev. John E. Smith, upon invitation of a number of the congregation, began to conduct services in the church.

It is said that Dr. Stephen M. Morgan, of Dover, presiding elder of the district, addressed a letter to Mr. Smith asking that he desist from holding service in the church and that no attention was given to the letter. Afterward the pastor, Rev. Albert S. Bichelle, through his counsel, Henry R. Lewis, of Denton, filed a bill in the Circuit Court of Caroline County in equity, restraining the trustees “from entering into any agreement or arrangement with any person to hold religious services in Williston Methodist Episcopal Church without consent of the preacher in charge, Rev. A. S. Bichelle, and also restraining and prohibiting John E. Smith from holding religious or semireligious services in said Methodist Episcopal Church or on the ground.”

The defendants are prominent citizens of the county, and it is thought that they will file a motion for a dissolution of the injunction and that the validity of the deed under the laws of Maryland and the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be attacked. The defendants have retained Attorney Albert G. Towers, of Denton.

A resolution of the case was not reached for more than a year and a half. The *Baltimore American* reported on 11 July 1908:

METHODISTS WIN

Decision In the Williston Church Property Case.

Denton, Md., July 10.—(Special)—In the matter of the Williston Church property, recently argued before the Caroline County Circuit Court by Henry R. Lewis, counsel for the Methodist Episcopal Church, and by Albert G. Towers, representing the heirs-at-law of the late Arthur John Willis, the court’s decision, just handed down by Judge Adkins, allows the injunction to stand.

The injunction restrains Rev. John E. Smith, of the Swedenborgian Church, from using the church and also the local trustees from granting the use of the church for any purpose not in accord with the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The decision continuing the church in its present relation was based on the demurrer filed by counsel for the Methodist Episcopal Church to the answer of the heirs-at-law of the late Arthur
John Willis, who had petitioned the court to be made parties to the suit and had filed their answer therein.

The validity of the title to property is not passed upon in the court’s decision and it is generally believed that the church will revert to G. G. Stevens, heir-at-law of the late Arthur John Willis.

The *Journal of the Annual Session for the General Convention of the New Jerusalem* for 1910 indicates that at that time Rev. J. E. Smith was a Visiting Minister for both the Preston and Williston societies of the church. The fact that Rev. Smith is further known to have held a New Church circuit pastorate at the Williston Church shortly after the legal proceedings noted above, as well as a decade later, is evidence that a later change of opinions took place. It is apparent that Rev. Smith had had an ongoing, though perhaps intermittent, New Church relationship with the Williston church for some two decades prior to his retirement.

We will take the opportunity here to read what Rev. J. E. Smith’s contemporaries had to say about him. A few bits and pieces will repeat what has already been said, but these are in the words of those who knew Rev. Smith. I will also interject some explanatory notes as needed, which will give some of these places and events a more informative perspective.

**Notes About Rev. John Edward Smith by his brother-in-law, J. Lathrop Mack**

J. Lathrop Mack left brief typewritten notes as part of his genealogical work on the Smith family, parts of which also were included in Edward S. Smith’s “Smith Genealogy”. Mack’s notes about John Edward Smith are a fragment of lengthier notes not located at this time.

His chief relaxation was mental and devoted to invention; a corn-husker model was stolen, altered and patented before he could perfect his claim for a patents; he also invented a Button-hole worker for a sewing-machine which he did not patent. His greatest effort was upon a peculiar type of motor. In his later years he had the oversight of a “fine” farm located near Centreville, Md. Which belonged to his wife, having been purchased with money she received from her mother’s estate. This he called “Poverty Hill”, the chief crops were wheat, tomatoes, peaches, which were shipped from Price’s Station, Md. This farm was later sold but during the World War [World War I]. He had the admiration [as] of a southern Gentleman for fine and fast horses, and in his earlier pastorates needed them. He was always delighted with hard arguments and was an accomplished debater. As a boy he had his own body-servants, but did not approve of the institution of slavery, and expressed his determination to free them when he became of age; being 13 when the Civil War started and 17 when it ended, he was denied the opportunity.

Ironically, John’s brother, James, supported the institution of slavery and went to fight for the Southern cause during the Civil War. After John married and started his family with Ella, they sat for a portrait around 1876 with their first-born, Lora. In the tintype photograph is a black woman who was identified to me by Lora’s daughter, Katharine Spamer, as a nurse or servant; regretfully, her name is not known today. It may not be notable that a black woman is in the photo, but it is clear that by her inclusion in the family portrait she was treated by John and Ella as a member of the family.
As for the patents, Edward S. Smith got them backwards. Information relating to the sewing machine attachment for button holes has not been located, so it may be the one supposedly stolen. The corn-harvester, on the other hand, was awarded U.S. Patent No. 305,975 (below), dated 30 September 1884, when J. E. Smith resided in Wilmington, Delaware. The patent specifications note:

My invention relates to a novel construction of corn-harvester designed to be used for cutting corn, cane, or other analogous products. Its object is to save labor by doing with two men the usual work of fifteen or twenty men, and also to save acreage of ground under the present system of shocking corn by putting the shock-rows farther apart and the shocks closer together in the rows. It will also facilitate wheat-culture by enabling the farmer to quickly prepare his corn land for early seeding, as well as increase the corn-tillage and bring greater profit to the producer by cheapening the cost of harvesting.

It is not known whether the invention was practical, or whether Rev. Smith ever received any monetary gain from it.

The “peculiar type of motor” that Lathrop Mack mentioned is very probably what Edward S. Smith noted in his “Smith Genealogy” as follows:

Later he tried to develop power, the idea being based on the wheel within a wheel of the vision of Ezekiel, referred to in the Bible; but he was not successful in this. I expect lack of funds prevented him from making any of his ideas in this line of endeavor commercially successful and of real benefit to him and the project intended.

The vision of Ezekiel (Ezekiel 1:4–25) has been the inspiration for many attempts to explain the motions of beings and things as well as cyclical events; as such it has deep philosophical symbolism, too, which has been taken up even by metaphysical and magical adherents. Rev. Smith’s granddaughter, Katharine S. Spamer, recalled on several occasions that he worked at his desk and tried to create a “perpetual motion machine” using bits of aluminum. Scientifically, success was impossible of course, but it seems likely that his use of aluminum may have been inspired by newly available aluminum foils and
other aluminum products in the first two decades of the twentieth century, when the product became much more economical to make.

Notes About John Edward Smith’s Youth and Young Adulthood, by his son, Edward

Edward Seville Smith included a number of thoughts and stories about his father’s early life, which he included in the “Smith Genealogy” (spellings are Edward’s):

As a boy and young man, as his father’s place adjoined “Readbourne”, he visited and played with the young folks of the Holliday family and spent some time with his sisters, Mary Townsend and Sallie Taylor.

John E. Smith went to school at the Spaniards Neck School and Washington College, Chestertown, and studied banking at Bryant and Stratton’s Business College in Baltimore, before he entered Dickinson College. He visited the Bryans during vacations.

His guardian and members of the family wanted him to study law, but as a boy he was inclined to the ministry. It is said that as a boy he would stand on the rail fence and preach to the waving corn field. He graduated from Carlysle [sic] Theological School in 1869.

There is a story told of him and one of his fellow students while at Carlysle: One of the Professors was Prof. Peck. He and his wife raised some chickens, and John E. and his friend sometimes referred to the chickens as Prof. Peck and Mrs. Peck and the Peck family. Hearing of this, Prof. Peck invited Jack Smith and his friend to the Peck home for Sunday dinner. Chicken was served and Prof. Peck asked the young men if they would have a piece of Mr. Peck or Mrs. Peck for dinner. They were embarrassed, but the incident was laughed off as a good joke on the boys.

(Probably this was Jesse Truesdell Peck (1811–1883), who was president of Dickinson College 1848–1852. He resigned his presidency and returned to the pastorate, but he may have returned to professorial duties from time to time or otherwise maintained a presence at the school, such as during the time J. E. Smith attended the school.)

Ella Seville and John Edward Smith were married February 23, 1873, at Barrett’s [Barratt’s] Chapel, Delaware, and he received his first ministerial charge in the Wilmington Conference of the Methodist Church at Kenton, Delaware. He served as Regular Pastor at Lincoln, Milton, Delaware, and Greensboro, Maryland, Denton, Maryland, and at Mt. Salem Church, Wilmington, Delaware.

Jack Smith as a boy and young man was husky, strong, and athletic. He was a fast runner, and one of his stunts was the barrel stunt. He would stand on one rail of the railroad track, jump into one barrel, then the next, and out on the far rail of the railroad.

While at Dickenson [sic] College there was some hazing of the students. “If you want to haze someone” said the professor, “why not tackle young Smith. He will be ready for you.”

Papa had an inventive mind and, when still in the Methodist ministry, invented a sewing machine attachment for sewing and making button-holes, which he had patented. Also, he invented a machine for harvesting corn which, from the nature of the work, was large; this he did not patent and I never knew whether it was really practical. [See above for notes about this and about the invention noted in the next paragraph.]
Later he tried to develop power, the idea being based on the wheel within a wheel of the vision of Ezekiel, referred to in the Bible; but he was not successful in this. I expect lack of funds prevented him from making any of his ideas in this line of endeavor commercially successful and of real benefit to him and the project intended.

He liked to play practical jokes on us youngsters. When we lived in Easton, Roberta, all dressed in clean dress, was using the water hose to lay the dust in the street. He suggested she hold the hose to send the water straight up. Before she caught on, she was soaked and a very unhappy little girl.

The Cane made from the wood of the Ship Constitution

“Old Ironsides”

My father, John Edward Smith (Jack Smith) was presented a cane by Captain Reuben Pennewill, as a token of esteem, in the Milton, Delaware, Methodist Episcopal Church, as he was leaving his pastorate there in the spring of the year 1877, he having been transferred as Pastor to the church in Denton, Caroline County, Maryland. He always regarded it highly, and it was in his possession as long as he lived. It is now in my possession, 1962.

(Reuben Pennewill was born about 1841 in Delaware. At the time of the 1870 U.S. census he resided in Broadkill Hundred, Sussex County, Delaware, who gave his occupation as “Sailor”. In the 1970s, I examined the cane when it was in the possession of Edward S. Smith’s sister, Elouise Montgomery, when she lived with her daughter, Helen Mummert (later McCarraher), in New Castle, Delaware.)

Captain Pennewill was one of several ship carpenters from Milton who came to Philadelphia Navy Yard in 1875 and were engaged in the repair of the ship Constitution “Old Ironsides”, and he told my father this cane was made by him from original timbers of that ship as he had been permitted to retain pieces removed in the making of such repairs. The cane is made of “Live Oak”. “Old Ironsides” was in the Philadelphia Navy Yard in 1875, undergoing repairs, preparatory to being on exhibit here at the World Fair, at the centennial of 1876.

(The U.S.S. Constitution is one of six historic frigates commissioned by the 3rd U.S. Congress, in effect creating the U.S. Navy. In 1871, the Constitution had been moved to the Philadelphia Navy Yard for critical repairs. It was intended to have the ship ready for exhibition during the 1876 national centennial, but, as noted in the Navy’s own history website, “work delays prohibited this from happening—and in any event the restoration [was] incomplete and marred by poor workmanship”. The Constitution remains a commissioned ship of the line, berthed proudly in Boston.)

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Conwell were lifelong friends of my parents and, though they lived in Vineland, New Jersey, they often visited Milton, Delaware, and were originally from there. In September, 1927, he wrote mother that they had just visited Milton and while there had called on Mr. Eli Lamb Collins, then in his 92[nd] year, and Mr. Collins told him that he and one or two other Miltonians were employed in the Philadelphia Navy Yard in the year 1875. They worked on the ship “Constitution” putting her in shape for the Centennial held in 1876, and that he and the others were permitted to take some of the wood home, and he made two or three canes out of his piece and showed Mr. Conwell one that he had made. Mr. Collins felt sure that the cane given to Papa was genuine. Mr. Collins was known as “Lamb” Collins and Pennewill’s [sic] wife was Miss Lamb.

(At the time of the 1900 and 1910 U.S. censuses for Vineland, New Jersey, Joseph Conwell’s occupation was listed as a druggist. In the 1920 and 1930 censuses his occupation is listed as “None”; at the age of about 64 in 1920 he may have by then retired. His wife’s name was Lillie. Next, I have identified the Collinses as Eli Landon Collins (1836–1933) and his wife, Comfort Willson (1837–1928); married 1858. His middle name is taken from the 1870 census in Philadelphia, where he is listed as “E. Landon Collins”.)
His nickname may have been “Lan” Collins, and his wife, “Miss Lan”; thus “Lamb” may be a misunderstanding in Edward S. Smith’s narrative. Eli and Comfort Collins resided in Philadelphia at the time of the 1870 census; I have not been able to locate them in the Philadelphia city directories of the time. At the time of the 1880 census, Eli and Comfort Collins resided in Milton, Sussex County, Delaware; his occupation is there listed as “Ship Carpenter”. Both appear in the 1920 census for Broadkiln Hundred, Sussex County, and their death certificates indicate they still resided in Milton, Broadkiln Hundred.

Mr. Conwell, as I remember “Judge Conwell”, wrote also that Rev. Wells W. Wilson had preached the Sunday evening while he was in Milton on his “Fifty Years in the Ministry”, and recalled that while Papa was in the ministry still in Milton, Rev. Wilson had preached but he spoke for about 15 or 20 minutes, and the next day Papa referred to it as a “bob tailed sermon”.

Joseph A. Conwell was a fine gentleman and was often spoken of with esteem and admiration by my parents.

Rev. Wilson had married a wealthy lady and, as the story went, his brothers in the ministry asked whether he would have loved Mrs. Wilson as much had she not been rich, to which he replied, “I never knew Mrs. Wilson when she was not rich.”

(I have not found any information about a Rev. Wells W. Wilson.)

[Father] hated people who mistreated animals, especially horses. At Mt. Salem [1701 Mt. Salem Lane, Wilmington], we were on the front porch when a man driving a horse and wagon drove past. He was beating the horse with a heavy whip and finally the horse stumbled and fell. So outraged was Papa that he ran across the street and gave the driver a good trashing with his fists and got the horse to his feet. The driver finally gathered himself together and, after resting the horse, drove off.

Notes on Growing Up with Rev. John E. Smith, by his son, Gilbert

Gilbert Haven Smith included a few observations about his father’s work in the New Church, which Gilbert included in an incomplete autobiography (the autobiography is quoted in its entirety when Gilbert Smith is discussed in this narrative).

Several wonderful visits I made with Father to Perry Hall, vividly recalled today by pictures of the mansion and its fire-place in Mr. Shepson [Swepton] Earle’s “Chesapeake Bay Country.” This is a brick mansion of Georgian beauty and simplicity in Talbot County, home of Wm. Perry Esq. a man of wealth, brother-in-law to Wm. Hindman, Member of Congress. But in my childhood we visited a wonderful woman, Mrs. Mary Hindman Perry Cox, and her four daughters, all of them accomplished, and in my eyes beautiful.

(Perry Hall, one of the finest colonial manors in the area, is situated on the Miles River. It receives its name from the English immigrant, William Perry, who, after he married Elizabeth Hindman, inherited the estate when it was known as “Kirkham”. Mary H. P. Cox was a descendant. Additional comments about the Mary Cox family are under the genealogical sketch for Lora (Smith) Spamer and in Gilbert Smith’s incomplete autobiography. Furthermore, there is another former manor called Perry Hall, in Baltimore County, where today is the town of Perry Hall. Neither of the Perry Hall manors nor their owners are in any way related.)

The hand-carved mantel, the fire-place beneath, with its brass andirons and fenders, the portraits above the mantel, the high ceiling, the quaint furniture, the woven rugs, all the charm of authentic colonial things, stick vividly in my memory.
Father had a special reason for visiting this place. He was a preacher, and these people, I suppose, were part of his scattered flock. For Mrs. Cox, as I had heard from my parents very often, without knowing what it meant, was a “New Church Woman.” How that made her so different I did not know, except that it meant some spiritual kinship with us, who also were “New Church People.”

I did not know what it meant to be “New Church People,” at that early age. Still I realized that our family was ecclesiastically different from our neighbors, that we had no nice church building to go to on Sundays, but that my father preached sometimes at “Odd Fellows’ Hall” in Easton to a very small group . . . .

When we visited Perry Hall I remember my father had long and animated talks with Mrs. Cox. He was positive and eloquent in conversation, and she seemed a woman of great culture and wit. Apparently they had many problems to straighten out; and without understanding a word, I liked to hover near. There was something here that bordered on majesty. But somehow it seemed that the fate of the New Church hung in the balance.

Notes on Growing Up with Rev. John E. Smith, by his son, Edward

Edward Smith concluded his “Smith Genealogy” with a lengthy recollection of childhood life, mostly as a discussion of his father, which ends with some of his father’s later-life events. Edward also wrote a separate set of experiences, which although they are more autobiographical they are so intimately related to his childhood and growing up with his parents, they will be added after this first set of notes.

Speaking of bricks, brings to mind an incident when we lived in Easton, Maryland. Mr. Sherman, our neighbor who owned the house, wanted to relay a small brick walk in our back yard, so he and Papa hit upon a plan to get the old walk up. They put some pennies under some of the brick and slyly raised some bricks and when the youngsters saw the pennies underneath the walk came up quickly, or at least a good portion of it.

A year or so ago Laura [Edward Smith’s wife] and I spent an afternoon at Wayne [Pennsylvania], visiting our Cousins A. Cookman Bryan and his charming wife, Edna, in their lovely home on Wayne Avenue. It is a large, white house, its wide front facing the street, with hedges and large flower beds, furnished in wonderful taste. Cookman got to talking about Papa, his mother’s brother, when he was a growing boy. Cookman used to play with him and the other boys at Townsend, Delaware. He said Papa was athletic, strong, and a fast runner.

It was at Townsend too that Papa’s sister, Aunt Mollie Townsend, asked him to shoot a guinea-hen for her for dinner. He took the gun and went out to oblige her. When he came in he asked if she could use more than one bird, or maybe five or six. She said “Jack, how many have you shot, take a basket and get them in here quick”. It seems that the birds were perched on a rail-fence and he took a bee-line along the fence and blazed away, killing most of the flock. He didn’t live down that story.

He enjoyed hunting rabbits and partridge and did quite a little [sic] of it when we lived in Easton. When we were living in Philadelphia (512 South 47th Street) [see photo on next page] he brought home a puppy on a trip from Maryland. The puppy was a Gilderslove Setter, with a double barrel or split nose, indicated excellent breeding. He grew to be a full size bird dog and a good hunter. He got too big for a house dog and so he could really be a hunter Papa took him back to the Eastern Shore. His name was “Shot”. His pal, a small dog next door at the Atkinson’s,
“Teddy” and he one day got a whiff of a neighbor’s roast that was set outside, one Sunday. The dogs were puffed and stiff and could hardly move and at first we did not know what was the trouble, but a neighbor said she had seen the dogs with her roast, too late, so did not disturb their feast. Good hearted neighbor! After several days and numerous walks, the dogs recovered, but you could not tempt them with roast beef for some time.

Papa had some stories of his days in the Methodist ministry. This one about a “Sister” Jones. Methodists, you know, are all “brothers” and “sisters”. Sister Jones was ill and one day asked her husband whether he would remarry, were she to die. He said he certainly hoped she would not die, but did not want to promise not to remarry. She said “All right, John, if you will not promise, I will not die”. She didn’t.

While he was in the Methodist ministry one bright day a well dressed couple drove up to the Parsonage in a carriage drawn by a pair of fine horses, a really good looking rig, to arrange for Papa to perform their marriage ceremony. Arrangements were made and the date set; Mother of course would be a witness as it was to be at the Parsonage and, of course, Mother made a cake. After the wedding all were happy and best wishes extended for a happy life for the young couple. The groom took out of his pocket a roll of bills and ruffled through them until he found a $20.00 bill, which he charmingly presented. Thanks for everything. The couple drove away but the bill remained. It was a counterfeit.

At another wedding the groom promised to give Papa a pair of young pigs, which was satisfactory, of course, so in due time Papa had a pig-sty built in anticipation. But the little pigs never came. You can always find all sorts of people, sometimes in the most unexpected places, for that particular variety.

It was while we lived at 33rd and Baring Streets [3218 Baring St., Philadelphia], that Mr. Hollis, a good friend of the family, a carpenter and cabinet maker of Preston, Md., made and sent to us a sturdy, double-seated garden swing. Two seats faced each other and wide enough for two grown people. It was placed in Baring Street side yard. We all enjoyed it, and I wondered why at times it seemed so deeply settled in the earth. The answer came unexpectedly one day when I was talking to a big good-natured Irishman, then a traffic officer at Penn Square and Juniper Streets [at City Hall], but had previously been on the Baring Street beat. He told me that he and one of his buddies, some times at night, sat in the swing. He said they had sometimes helped Gilbert up to the shed roof so he could get in, if he had forgotten his key. We had a good chat and a good laugh.

Speaking of seats and people, they used to say some people were so narrow minded they could sit five in a buggy. Remember the old Buggies.

As to traffic officers, it was Mayor Rudolph Blankenberg, Philadelphia, who first assigned policemen to the duty of regulating traffic in Philadelphia, and it created a strong protest form the force. The force that felt it was to enforce the peace felt it would be going soft with an assignment merely to regulate traffic. Steve Murphy was his director of police and within a short time adjusted to the idea. You know the traffic problems of today.
One Sunday we had an honored and distinguished guest in our home, 820 S. St. Bernard Street, a quiet and very likeable little Englishman, Sir Edwin Markham, author of “The Man with the Hoe” and other literary works. We enjoyed this charming and genial guest. He had attended some event at the Church and we were delighted when he consented to come to our home for dinner and the evening.

(Edwin Markham (1852–1940), born Charles Edwin Anson Markham, was not English; he was born in Oregon City, Oregon Territory. In 1872 he taught in California, and during the 1880s and 1890s established himself as a widely published and insightful poet. As a champion of the American working class, he was inspired by the 1862 illustration, L’homme à houe, by the French artist Jean-François Millet, which portrays a moving harvest scene of a farmer’s fatigue and his broken spirit. Markham’s poem, “The Man with the Hoe”, was first published 15 January 1899 in the San Francisco Examiner. He referred to the man with the hoe as “a brother to the ox”. He asked, pointedly, “Whose was the hand that slanted this brow? / Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?” The poem was reprinted and translated in thousands of newspapers, to instant acclaim and criticism. It was taken up in conversational circles as well as in pulpits and classrooms everywhere. Since then, it has become the subject of scholarly criticism, included in anthologies of poetry and American writing, and it has been the foundation for essays and poems inspired by The Man with the Hoe. Markham’s first book of poems was published in 1899, The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems (Doubleday and McClure Co., New York), the first of several collections he published during his lifetime. Although Edward S. Smith did not indicate just when the poet Edwin Markham visited 820 South St. Bernard Street for dinner, it must have been on Sunday, 6 May 1917, when the newspapers noted that Markham would visit the Church of the New Jerusalem at 22nd and Chestnut Sts. Markham, an adherent of New Church teachings, spoke on “What Swedenborg Brings to the Heart of Men” and recited from his poems.)

Mother’s farm was in Queen Anne’s County, between Centreville and Church Hill, but was not one of the main highways, and as a shipping station Papa usually used Price’s Station. I never heard definitely, but believe that when Grandfather Sevil died, Mother and her brother, Uncle Abel Sevil, each received some inheritance with which this farm was purchased and Uncle Abel purchased his farm near Clayton, Delaware. We never lived on the place and there was usually a tenant farmer. It had a good water well which never “went dry”, a most desirable thing for a farm. Some of the tenant farmers did well on it and, later, were able to own their own farms; others did not fare so well. I never could understand why they called it “Poverty Hill”. I remember being there once with Papa. The farm had about 250 acres.

On this farm was a great many black walnut trees which, as years advanced, probably created quite an asset. In the early days, many families buried on the farm and a family by the name of Carter had their burial lot there. The farm at one time probably belonged to a family of that name.

One winter Papa learned that the tenant was cutting fire wood and selling it in Centreville. Tenants always had the right to cut wood from the Wood Lot, for their own use on the farm, but not for sale. He secured an attorney, had the tenant arrested, and the case came to jury trial. In spite of the evidence against him, a white man, had done has charged, the jury acquitted him. Papa’s witnesses were colored and, in talking to one of the jurors, a cousin, he was told “Jack, you know juries do not listen to their evidence”.

The people from “down home” came to Wilmington or Philadelphia to shop and do some visiting. Plenty of Philadelphia people gave a special meaning to the expression “down home” and you knew what they meant and they knew what they meant. A spot near to their hearts and yearnings. They would say when planning a trip to the city, that they were “going abroad”.

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On the railroad, the conductors were friendly, helpful, and courteous. One fidgety lady told the conductor she wished to get off at Middletown. He said he would let her know when they got there and help her with her bundles. He called her station and went to her assistance. She was most excited and exclaimed “which way shall I go?” The conductor said, “Lady, it don’t make a darn bit of difference, the train stops at both ends”.

With our family growing up, each with friends, there was usually a good number of people there. They all loved Mother and to most she was affectionately “Mother Smith”. Kinfolk and friends from the Eastern Shore often swelled the numbers. While living at 614 N. 43rd Street, 26 people came one summer day. Mother said to Aunt Etta (Marietta, her brother’s wife) “Come on Etta, let’s go kill another chicken”. In the back yard we had chickens in the old piano case. All were welcome and when they asked Mother how she slept so many, she said she put them to sleep on the floor and then stood them in the corners. Gilbert and his family would stop in on their way from Glenview to Bryn Athyn. Nora would say, “Don’t worry, Mother Smith”, as the children came in, “any little thing you have in the refrigerator will be fine”. [There were ten more to feed!]

(The family lived at 614 N. 43rd St. in Philadelphia around 1900. The time when Gilbert Smith would have arrived with a large family would have been about twenty years later, when Rev. Smith lived at 820 South St. Bernard Street.)

Papa had a little jingle that he would chant as we kids came down for breakfast and continued it, even when we were grown, especially if we were late in arriving. Others joined in, of course. The jingle: “Dangling, dangling, the old cow’s tail is dangling, dangling down behind”. Mrs. Miller, our good neighbor on St. Bernard St., would hear it but could not make out the real words. One morning she asked Mother if it was one of our religious rites. (As recounted, in song, by Katharine S. Spamer, the jingle slows its cadence with a well-enunciated emphasis on “be-hind”! Mrs. Catherine Miller was the wife of John Miller; they lived at 822 South St. Bernard Street at least at the time of the 1910 and 1920 censuses. The properties were separated by a narrow yard. John Miller, in 1910, was a cashier for a steamship company; in 1920 at age 72 he was retired.)

The golden anniversary of their wedding came in 1923. Mother and Father were in good health and all helped to make this great event a happy and memorable one. Mabel and I took over the arrangements, some music was secured, and excellent photographs of the happy couple were taken and distributed in the family. No formal invitations were issued, but all were notified through friends, family, and church associates. Rev. Mr. Harvey, Mr. Ezra Hyde Alden and Walter Rodman, Esquire, saw that people were informed and they responded whole-heartedly. The bride and groom were home at 820 South St. Bernard Street, Philadelphia, a caterer, music behind the palms, and Miss Jeannette Westcott poured.

Guests came in good numbers and the bride and groom responded with their happy and generous personalities. A collation was served and the affair ran well into the evening. I wish I had a list of the names of the lovely and loyal friends who graced this occasion. It remained in the memories of all. There were many thoughtful and lovely gifts, including gold coins, appropriate for the occasion. The bride and groom lived to enjoy their 57th wedding anniversary.
Photographic portraits [see below] were taken at one of the thirty New York area studios of prominent and eccentric photographer and artist, Emile Brunel (1874–1944). They are gracious portraits—John relaxed in pastoral retirement, and Ella peacefully in profile—taken in diffused light, printed in soft sepia tones and subtly shaded in pencil by hand. Each print is signed in pencil with the characteristically styled “E. Brunel”.

(Rev. Charles W. Harvey was minister of the Church of the New Jerusalem at 22nd and Chestnut Sts., Ezra Hyde Alden was the vice president of a railroad, and Walter Rodman was a lawyer; all acquaintances of Edward S. Smith, also a lawyer.

(Miss Westcott is otherwise not identified, but she might have been a relation of the Lovell family, related through Edward S. Smith’s first marriage.)

Rev. John Edward and Ella Seville Smith’s 50th wedding anniversary portraits by Emile Brunel, 1923
Edward Seville Smith’s Narratives About People, Places, and Events During His Early Life

As I mentioned, Edward S. Smith included some personal recollections to his “Smith Genealogy” that, while they are about himself mostly, reflect directly on his young life with his parents and in the towns where they lived. A few things already mentioned in this narrative will be edited out, but his personal narrative continues to illuminate the life that his father and mother led. And as before, I will include my own interjections to explain some things that Ed Smith tells.

My grandmother, in addition to her patchwork quilts (and some of them were silk and fancy), made large balls of strips of cloth to be manufactured into carpets. In her magic sewing basket she always had a piece of bee’s wax. In her years on the farm with my grandfather, Thomas Nathan Sevil, she kept honey bees and raised those proud birds, the peacocks. The bee’s wax was of course to strengthen the sewing thread.

When we lived in Easton—1887 to 1892—in addition to the wood stove in the kitchen, a pot-bellied coal stove was in the dining-living room with registers in the ceilings to pass heat to the upper floors.

Then too the good housewives were delighted by the invention by Mr. Hartzhorn of the new spring roller for window shades which relieved them from the venetian blinds. The wicks of the oil lamps had to be trimmed each morning and the chimneys highly polished, with no finger prints. We children took turns.

The owners of carriages, Daytons and buggies took pride in their upkeep and appearance. The makers and wheelwrights took pride and emphasized the decoration of the hubs and spokes. Hair line stripes of color, red, blue, green or yellow, were used to decorate the hubs and spokes and would glisten in the sunlight.

It was then, too, that the “High Wheels” were being displaced by the bicycle. And when a young man had occasion to ride from Easton to Denton or Preston or elsewhere often an item would appear in the paper that he would do so on a certain day. The belles might see him along the way.

In Easton we lived in a nice semi-detached house on Goldsboro Street [right], over the railroad, the fifth house on the right hand side of the street. The girls enrolled in the public school.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman lived in the other portion of the house and the Thomas Cox family, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Milton, Lelia, and William, lived next to the Shermans. On the other side of us was the Godwin family, and the next corner, a family of Roberts.

A lane ran along the rear of the property, and the back of the yard was latticed off to care for the Chick Sales and chicken house. On the back lane...
was the barn to accommodate the Sherman and Smith horses and carriages. Elouise was born there [in the house!], and to outward appearances it is much the same, except it is now [before 1963] apartments. The vacant lots across the street, where we played, are now occupied by nice homes.

(The lane is still present today, used as a driveway servicing the rear of homes. When the property was visited in the early 2000s it was again a single-dwelling home.)

Usually, wherever we lived, the dining room was also the living room. During the school term, the Cook girls, Ethel and Eugie, would come in and they and my sisters did their lessons on the table. Later they became interested in the teachings of one Eugene Debs. Mr. Cook, the father, had a small bottling plant up the street for soft drinks which he sold in Easton and other towns in the County. Sometimes I would make a few pennies washing bottles.

(The “Cook girls” may be Eugenia (ca. 1879–?) and Ethel (1880–?), daughters of Daniel A. and Cleora Cook, who in 1880 resided in Baltimore and in 1900 in Cambridge, Maryland. Eugene V. Debs (1855–1926) was an American labor and political leader. He was a founder of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) and was a candidate for President of the United States five times on the Socialist Party of America ticket. The final time was in 1920, while he was imprisoned in Atlanta, Georgia, for having protested the war (World War I) and was arrested under the Espionage Act of 1917. Although in 1919 he had been sentenced to 20 years in prison, the sentence was commuted on Christmas Day 1921 by President Warren G. Harding. In 1924 Debs was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. Numerous books by and about this “rebel” and “radical” have been published.)

When we moved to Easton the population was about three thousand. There were open fields or lots at the rear of our house, between Goldsboro and Dover Streets, except for a few houses to town, and sometimes a two-ring circus would use the site.

It was in March of 1888 that the Great Blizzard hit the County and it did not miss the Eastern Shore. In Easton it sleeted on top of the snow and then froze into a sheet of ice. There were deep drifts and things were at a standstill. In the drifts on the lots across the street we boys had a wonderful time digging caves and tunnels. Papa couldn’t get home for ten days—he was on a visit to the Richardsons near Denton, Caroline County, but he enjoyed the time with the family of Mr. William Potter Richardson in Tuckahoe Neck. He had a good farm and the house was set in the rear of a grove of several acres of natural forest.

(The Great Blizzard of 1888 struck the northeastern United States from the Chesapeake Bay to Maine on 12–14 March, paralyzing even the major cities for days after several feet of snow fell and swift winds piled drifts.)

The weather cleared after the storm and I had to go for “fresh yeast” for Mother. We always got it from Mrs. Gladding who lived a block or so out Goldsboro Street. With the little tin covered bucket, I was able to ice skate over fences and all, and Mrs. Gladding was glad to see me and to have the yeast for Mother.

Mother used only fresh yeast when she could get it. She was a wonderful cook and, with her large family, she had plenty of it to do. As long as I remember, she had hot bread of some kind at every meal: in cold weather, buckwheat cakes; warm weather, corn slappers or corn pone; hot rolls, buns, rusks, and Maryland biscuits which required pounding with an iron or some tool to cut the dough. Her ingenuity eased this pounding job. She reversed one of the blades in her meat grinder, which worked fine. She had raised doughnuts too, had a fine recipe, and we had them on holidays from Thanksgiving until Papa’s birthday, March 17th.

Often it was my job to look after the horse and carriage—see that the horse was fed, curried and brushed, the best my young hands could do, see that he had clean straw in the stall, and to
keep the carriage axles greased. Papa needed this equipment to keep his appointments and to go to see friends, members of the family, and take care of some errands.

Sometimes one of the children would go with Papa on these visits or rides. We were always glad to go. But driving and the roads then are not what they are today. One did all right if he drove 17 miles a day, with a single team. Some roads were oyster shell or clay or sandy, and while today the highways are fairly level, then there were hills and grades, some steep for a heavy loaded farm wagon and some not too steep.

In those days a small stream might cross the road, or there would be a bridge, not too high above a stream. On these there were turn-outs, so one could leave the road and give the horse an opportunity to drink, and give a good soaking to the wheels and spokes. A young person was always useful if you wanted the horse to drink—his check rein needed to be released and then refastened—and there was the gate at the end of the farmer’s lane—someone got out of the carriage or wagon to open and close that gate. It used to be that at some country houses or manors you would find at the gate a well-mannered, well-dressed, grinning, colored boy, happy to see you and to render the service.

At first we had “Daisy”, a fine chestnut mare. She was a good and fast traveller and had what we called a strong mouth—if she could, she would get the bit in her teeth, then it would be hard to control the speed, especially if she was headed for home. They always know. Then we got “Dexter”, a fine horse and a good traveller.

I always liked animals, and one summer day this young boy had his breath almost taken—coming into Easton on Goldsboro Street appeared the famous Borax 20 Mule Team. They were big, black, handsome animals, their harness showing the greatest care and the brass trimming shining, drawing the big wagon. There was no sound from the drivers—the teams were walking—just the tread of the mules and the low roll of the magnificent wagon. I just gasped. The outfit was evidently on its way into town to stop at Covey’s Livery Stable. Mr. Covey kept a good livery stable. We children enjoyed seeming Mrs. Covey, a fine horsewoman, ride through town. She rode side-saddle and always had a smile for us kids.

Unlike sandy Caroline County, Tablot [Talbot] County has plenty of clay which in wet weather was soft and muddy. There is a story I heard years ago of the man on horseback who, riding into Talbot, saw a fine man’s cap lying in the road. Dismounting to pick it up, he was startled to hear a man’s voice beneath the cap ask whether he would please help him get his mule out of the mud. George Ade, in one of his books, used a variation of this story.

(George Ade (1866–1944) was an American humorist and dramatist. His work was published in newspapers and in volumes of his collected works. In Single Blessedness, and Other Observations (1922) he set the stage for a thousand retellings: “Down in Indiana, where I used to live, we had black prairie mud. At this time of year it would take four horses to pull a two wheeled cart with a man and a sack of flour on it . . . . The roads had been practically impassable for weeks, but they were drying rapidly, especially on top. You have doubtless seen, gentlemen, a muddy road with this dry crust. At intervals along the road there were deep rucks, or ‘mud holes,’ as they were called . . . .” Country lanes and drainage were, in fact, common themes in his writing. George Ade was the uncle of Louis Phillip Ade (1906–1985), second husband of Ida Mae Wood (1915–1986), Edward S. Smith’s step-daughter.)

One summer the George Hughes family from Jacksonville, Florida, came north and spent several weeks with people on the other side of town, and Carrie Marvin, also of Jacksonville, visited with us. They were friends of Papa and interested in the New Church. He met them on one of his southern trips. They all enjoyed Easton. The Hughes family were Mr. and Mrs. Hughes,
George Jr., Florence, and Adalaide. Mr. Hughes was a druggist and they had a nice home in the Riverside section of Jacksonville.

In Easton, one evening our Night Blooming Cereus, or Queen of the Night, bloomed and many of the townspeople walked past the house. It sat on the front porch, and Mother and Papa enjoyed seeing the people admire and enjoy it. They bloom in the evening and blossoms fade before morning. It was planted in a large wooden tub. The fragrance is almost overpowering. The white, or sometimes faintly reddish tinged, magnificent blooms are from 3 to 5 inches in diameter.

(The scientific name for the night-blooming cereus is *Hydrocereus undatus*, a member of the family Cactaceae. It is widespread in the American tropics and blooms in the late spring and early summer. The white, fragrant flowers can grow to 12 inches across and 14 inches long.

One evening there was a wonderful display of the Northern Lights. The sky seemed ablaze with vivid colors—reds, yellows, greens—most of the rainbow colors were flashing, wavelike, across the heavens and it was a display of some duration. Some thought it was the end of the world, or were afraid it might be.

Another night in the fall of the year the sky lit up again—the Hubbard Cannery was on fire. It was a block or so back of the house. It was a wonderful sight, with canned tomatoes exploding in the air. Easton lived on canned tomatoes for some time. The Hubbards were a fine family. It was a great loss for them, I am sure. Some of the same family are probably still interested in Canneries. On a recent visit to Rock Hall I saw the Hubbard Canning and Packing Company, and we enjoyed some of their oysters, fish, and sea-food.

My father’s brother, Captain James Smith (Uncle Jimmy) was planning to move with his family from Centreville to Denver, Colorado. They went shortly before or after our Smith family moved to Jacksonville, Florida. We all went to see them in Centreville in their nice home and buildings used in his construction business—it was right in town on one of the main streets. Uncle Jim and Aunt Teed [Teen] were there, the sons and the daughter, Lulu, were there of course. While there we visited our cousins, the Watsons, who lived on their good farm just across the Corsica River.

One summer Cousin Sarah Augusta Covington Massey, wife of William T. Massey, was ill. Roberta was there visiting and Cousin Julia Baynard Martin was there to help. After Roberta came home, I went to the farm and Mother was there too, for a time.

I was but a boy, but I got my first ride on a water wagon or cart. It was time to thresh the wheat and one day the equipment was in the field and the farm hands ready. The thresher had to have water for the boiler, and the first thing I knew I was boosted on the cart containing the water barrel. A gray horse, which evidently had been there before, was hitched to the cart. I was to drive to a brook, load the barrel, and continue the process until the work was done. I thought “they must think I can do it”; so I would see how it worked out. Thanks to that horse. At the stream he knew just where and how to back the cart so that it was in good position for bailing the water into the barrel. Evidently he had performed the duty before, more than once. All worked out well and the engine had its water to finish its job.

We loved Cousin Gus. It was her last illness that summer. Papa conducted the funeral service. It was a long, dusty ride, with many carriages, from her farm just below Church Hill to the cemetery at Chestertown.
Uncle Massey was a man of large physique—tall, strong, and over 300 pounds. A man driving into Church Hill said he saw the biggest “peach pluck” he ever saw on a farm just out of town. He had mistaken Mr. Massey for a “peach pluck”. He grew lots of peaches. He and Cousin Gus had a fine, well stocked and equipped farm. After her death, he sold the farm and went to Baltimore.

In Easton one day they loaded all the school children, dressed in red and black sashes extending from one shoulder to the waist line, with a black and red rosette at the waist, on a passenger train for a ride to the Shore—reckon the route had just been completed. I do not remember where the terminal of the line was—at the time there were only the shore, water, and trees there. The line may be out of existence by this time.

While Papa was stationed at Easton he lectured and preached at Easton, Preston, Williston, Tuckahoe Neck, Potters Landing [Williston], and Peach Blossom. He had built a small church at Preston. About 1892 he was transferred to Jacksonville, Florida, where he continued his missionary work in that city and in Savannah, Georgia. In Jacksonville we had a nice, detached home, not far from the Hughes, Warriners, and the Challens, and not far from the Riverside School. It was on Oak Street, No. 743, and about two blocks from Riverside Drive [Riverside Ave.; see photo.]

(An enlargement of this photo [below] shows the family posing for the photographer. Left to right: Rev. Smith holding Elouise, Ella, Earle, Gilbert, and Edward. To the right of the porch are Mabel (left), Ralph, and Lora.)
In Jacksonville services were held in Library Hall in the center of the city. The building belonged to a Mr. L'Lengle [sic; spelled differently later] who with his family was interested in the teaching of the Church. It was on a public square or park, on one side of which was the St. James Hotel and on another side the large Windsor Hotel.

The house of 743 Oak Street [photo on previous page] was built three or four feet above the ground, and Elouise and Ralph enjoyed playing under it in the sandy soil.

Next door lived Mr. and Mrs. James Bowden, a very nice couple. Her daughter, Hattie Hunter, and their son, William Bowden, lived with them. Mrs. Bowden, a large and buxsom [sic] lady, was from Georgia. At the rear of their lot was their stable where they kept Judy, a fine little mare. Mr. Bowden was in the building and construction business in the city. In the morning Judy would not go past the kitchen door until she got her batter cakes from Mrs. Bowden. Elsie Simmons, who was with the railroad, also from Georgia, lived with the Bowdenses.

(At the time of the 1900 U.S. census in Jacksonville, J[ames] H. Bowden and his wife, L. C. Bowden, resided at 519 Riverside Ave. In their household at the time also lived Edward Hunter and his wife Hattie Hunter, and boarder E.M. Simmons. James Bowden was born in Virginia; he was occupied as a contractor. L. C. Bowden, Edward and Hattie Hunter, and Elsie Simmons, all were born in Georgia. Edward was at the time a plumber; Elsie Simmons was a railroad cook.)

I attended the Riverside public school of which Prof. Brown was the principal, and the high school in the city. The schools at the time had one session a day, from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. At times I worked in the Hughes Drug Store, including the soda fountain, at Ocean and Bay Streets. Bay Street at the time was the main retail street, and the in the afternoon the street for people to promenade, especially in the late afternoon, after the heat of the day.

Flagler’s daily paper, the “Florida Citizen” was published on Bay Street near the viaduct which crossed the railroad yards into Lavilla and Riverside. Plant’s newspaper, the “Times-Union”, was also on Bay Street, together with the evening paper, “The Metropolis”. I worked in the mailing department of the “Citizen” and would report at about 3 o’clock in the morning. Mr. Hockett, who was in charge of the mailing department, lived across the street from our house, and together we walked to work. After the papers were in the mail, I went home for breakfast and then during the school term, went to school, with the afternoon for study and pleasure, when not employed at the drug store.

(In the 1900 U.S. census for Jacksonville, the family of a D. W. Hockett, occupation “Printer-Compositor”, is listed residing at 315 Riverside Ave. Edward S. Smith’s narrative, shortly earlier, noted that his home was about two blocks from Riverside Ave., and here he indicates that Mr. Hockett lived across the street. Of course, there is ample time during the several years that passed between the Smiths leaving Jacksonville and the 1900 census, but this still does not also explain the Bowdenses, also just mentioned, living next door.)

Many men had handsome sail boats on the St. John’s River, and at Jacksonville is a wide expanse of water. One of the favorite ocean beaches near Jacksonville was then Pablo Beach, now Jacksonville Beach, reached by rail or bicycles. We boys all had bicycles.

On one occasion the “Citizen” had an excursion by train to St. Augustine and, at another time, up the St. Johns to Green Cove Springs, a large sulphur spring. Entertainment was furnished and the excursions were thoroughly enjoyed.

(Green Cove Springs, “the Saratoga of the South” according to promotional literature, takes its name from about a dozen natural sulfurous springs near the St. Johns River, now in Spring Park in the city of Green Cove Springs, Florida. The springs were a popular tourist attraction from the mid-1800s, where bathers
enjoyed the therapeutic values of the 78-degree mineralized waters. Although the spring water was even prescribed orally for a variety of medicinal reasons, most people simply enjoyed the swimming.)

Oranges on trees were certainly a novelty to the Smith boys and girls. At the Warriner house Mr. Warriner gave us a rake and told us to help ourselves from the trees in the yard. We did and enjoyed it. Some of the street shade trees in Riverside and Lavilla were the uncultivated variety of orange. They were not sweet like the cultivated one, but on the sour side, not sour like a lemon. They were good with a little salt, which was the way the natives like them.

There were two institutions in Jacksonville—Fire Chief Haney and his horse and carriage. He was a fearless driver and many time I saw him go around a corner on two wheels. He distinguished himself and his fire fighters at the big Jacksonville fire which took place about 1898, after we had moved north again.

(The Great Fire of Jacksonville, 3 May 1901, starting in the kitchen of a mattress factory filled with Spanish moss, destroyed 146 city blocks including most of the Riverside section of the city where the Smiths and others mentioned here had lived [although the Smiths had moved to Philadelphia about 1895]. The fire chief’s name was T. W. Haney, born in 1862 to Irish parents in Georgia. The Riverside section was rebuilt to host some of the wealthiest homes of the city, but the area went into decline by the mid-20th century. After receiving designation as a National Historic Neighborhood, by the late 1990s the area experienced an architectural rebirth, again attracting residents to the area. In any case, the Smith home site on Oak St. site seems to have been obliterated by Interstate 95; it is now beneath an approach to the Fuller Warren Bridge over the St. Johns River.)

The other [institution of Jacksonville] was the “old rag man”. He with his donkey and cart would drive along the street singing some little jingle. He and the cart and donkey were always highly decorated with rags. He rather frightened Roberta one day. She was wearing a red dress so his jingle ran—“I like the girl with the red dress on, the red dress on,” etc. He meant no harm or disrespect—all knew him. One day he became a hero in helping to capture a law breaker and was shot in the foot. That did it—I think he wore his foot bandage for the rest of his days.

On Saturdays I or the other boys went to Library Hall and swept and dusted. On Sunday there was usually a good attendance, including the Hughes family, Llengles [sic], Challens, the Smiths, and others. Papa conducted services in Savannah, also.

When we lived in Jacksonville, milk was 8 cents a quart—much of the food for cattle had to be shipped from the north. One day Jim Bowden was riding in the country where a man was driving some cattle. Just to be neighborly, Jim said “That’s a fine herd of cattle”. The man replied, “Damn lie, nothing but hoof and hide”.

It was in the days of the big leg-of-mutton [sic] sleeves. Jim was a small man and Mrs. Bowden was a large woman. She looked over her high sleeves as they rode on their buggy and said “Jim, where are you?”

While we lived in Jacksonville, they electrified the trolley line which was of course a great improvement and caused great joy and enthusiasm; Riverside never shined more brightly.

When we moved to Jacksonville we were not used to drinking water from the sulphur springs, so water was drawn off in buckets, set in the airway, and soon the sulphur taste passed off.

When we came to Philadelphia there was no adequate filtration system and we used, in each household, crockery containers with sand stone filter bottoms in the upper section, making water available in the section below with the tap or spigot. When one took a bath the water might be clear or brown or inky, depending on the weather and streams. Senator James P. McNichol (Sunny Jim), contractor and one of the city bosses, did a fine job of building adequate filter beds, which of
course was a boon to the health and comfort of the people of our city. He was a tall, raw boned, good natured Irishman, and he was usually smiling. “Sunny Jim”.

Mention was made earlier of the educational and spiritual outreach methods of the New Church, which included church camps and the like. The Methodists, too, embraced these venues. Church-camp meetings during the summers were an important part of life with the religious faithful when the Smith children were growing up. It was an opportunity to engage families and congregations evangelically while in the cooler recreational climes of the country; and it was at these camps where many people, who could take vacations, took them. Rev. Smith’s family participated in the camps both when he was affiliated with the Methodist Church and with the New Church. When, as a New Church minister returning to the Eastern Shore in 1895 or 1896 after spending several years in Florida and Georgia, he held a summer church camp with Rev. Thomas Allibone King (1856–1927), a New Church minister from Baltimore. (King is, incidentally, related indirectly to the family through the marriage of his sister-in-law to one of the Spamers.) Edward Smith wrote about the camp:

The summer vacation of the Smiths and Kings on the Linchester River, near Preston, and the Choptank River and Wright’s Landing:

The “Minnie Wheeler”, one of the river boats plying the Choptank River between Cambridge and Denton, had as her captain Captain Perry, whom Papa met through his friend, William Potter Richardson of Tuckahoe Neck, Caroline County. Papa asked Captain Perry to recommend a spot for a summer camp, where there would be found good fishing and crabbing. He recommended a site near Wright’s Landing not far from Preston on the Linchester River (sometimes called Hunting Creek). Linchester River is a tributary of the Choptank River and empties into that river near Wright’s Landing.

(The Minnie Wheeler [below] was a steamer launched in Baltimore in 1881; 260 tons, 124 ft long, 24-ft beam, and 8-ft draft. She carried 42 first-class passengers and 54 deck passengers (even in the weather), with separate men’s and women’s cabins fore and aft of the salon, and a separate cabin aft of the main deck for non-white passengers. The cargo hold could carry 5500 bushels of grain. The Wheeler Transportation Line, headquartered in Hillsboro, Maryland, was the only steamboat service then based on the Eastern Shore, serving the lower Choptank and Tuckahoe Rivers and Baltimore. When Capt. Wheeler died intestate in 1901, the Minnie Wheeler and two other vessels were sold to the Baltimore, Chesapeake and Atlantic Railway Co., and thereafter she carried only freight. In 1916 she was sold to the Bethlehem Steel Co., Baltimore, and used as workers’ quarters. She was scrapped soon after World War I. Captain William H. Perry joined the Wheeler Line in 1881; after 1896 he commanded the steamer Easton until the boats were sold; then he worked for the B.C. & A. Railway.)

Through friends in Preston, Papa made arrangements with a farmer whose land was on the Linchester River to use the site selected for a summer cottage. It was a joint project by Papa and Rev. King of Baltimore, as I remember the name was John Otis King; he and his family were also Swedenborgian. The farmer agreed to allow the land to be used for this purpose and to allow access thereto, in return for the lumber used in the construction of the cottage. The cottage was built along the lines of the cottages used for Camp meetings in the area. It had to be good sized because both the Kings and Smiths had growing children. It was rectangular, with side walls about
five feet high. The roof was a peak high enough for a second floor room and the wings extended to
take care of bunks on the first floor off the space for adequate living quarters and the dining table,
made of boards and extending from the front to the back of the cottage. A lean-to was at the back
for cooking, in which was a kerosine [kerosene] stove. At some distance from the back was also a
tripod on which hung an iron kettle. It was comfortable and accommodated all, but it was not
painted and had no special water-proofing on the roof—when it leaked we just rubbed the knots
with soft yellow soap.

(Rev. Dr. Thomas Allibone King (1856–1927) had a son, Otis Hinkley King (1887–1941),
who was named for the Baltimore lawyer, Edward Otis Hinkley. It was Hinkley, among
others, who helped introduce Rev. J. E. Smith to the doctrines of the New Church. Rev.
King was pastor of the New Jerusalem Church in Baltimore. Rev. King’s sister-in-law,
Francis Allethia Thomas, was Mrs. Adolph Spamer (1861–1939) whose cousin, Christian
Augustus Emanuel Spamer, was a partner in the Baltimore law firm of Hinkley, Spamer
and Hisky as well as an officer in the General Convention of the New Church.)

There was a row boat of which we had use. All of the King family came and
the Smith family too, except Grandmother and my sister Lora. The idea did not
appeal to Lora, and Grandmother stayed in Easton with her. All seemed to enjoy
the summer. Quinine was doled out regularly because of the nearness of the water
and marshes across the river. Roberta did not enjoy the quinine.

After a stormy day a single masted sail boat, no sails, drifted past our camp
and we tied her up to our little landing. There was a fence to the edge of the water and extending a
little into the river, so we had a little landing. The sail boat was great fun until the owner recovered
it.

Suitable table scraps were dumped in at the landing, so soon we had a good supply of crabs.
White and yellow perch were caught, and one of the regular fishermen gave me a couple of fine
Pike fish.

Papa and Rev. King carried drinking and cooking water across the field from the farm house
in large buckets. For kerosine [sic] they would row to the wharf on the Choptank. Mr. King and
Gilbert went one day when the Choptank was quite rough, and Gilbert remarked that is “looked as
if they would soon be in the Heavenly Kingdom”. In relating this, Mr. King said it looked as if
they would.

The Preston people, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Whitby, Colonel Ed Douglass and his wife and
daughter, Mattie, and others came down on Saturday or Sunday and would bring friend[s] chicken
and an abundance of food. As summer wore on Mother found along the river bank quantities of
wild plums and grapes, which we picked with the assistance of the boat.

Vacation time was ending and we were planning to return to Easton when word came that a
fire had damaged the basement of the school and that it would not open on time, so we stayed on.
Prof. Murdaugh had discovered the first before it made much headway. I heard that later a Doctor
Lannon has since built his waterfront cottage on the site of the Smith-King summer cottage.

Camp Meetings and Camp Meeting Grounds were quite an institution in those days. They
were usually built in pleasant groves and people built cottages, some quite convenient and
substantial, and when the summer work on the farms slacked off, religious services were held. The
cottages were arranged in orderly rows and streets laid out, and a large tent was raised for the
services and activities. The camps were an important part of the religious and social life of the
community.
Finally, we should take special note of the New Jerusalem Church at 22nd and Chestnut Streets in Philadelphia, which has already been mentioned a number of times and will be mentioned again in this narrative. Rev. John Edward Smith was, as we have seen, never a minister at this church. He did officiate some family functions here, was an occasional guest preacher, and attended services when he was not traveling. The church is central to the lives of many people mentioned throughout the Spamer–Smith Genealogy. Others were among the parishioners who saw its final service, when the church was closed and sold. So it seems reasonable to take note of this church, so widely important to many of the extended family, by attaching these comments to the sketch about Rev. Smith, whose last service was held there.

The church, founded in 1881, survived as a place of worship from 1883 to 1986, when diminished resources and congregation brought its ecclesiastical life to an end. Its use continued in the form of corporate offices, with much of its exterior and interior designs preserved. The program from the church’s final service, 23 November 1986, provides a brief summary of the church’s history, which serves to introduce the current reader to it:

| Early in the morning of August 22, 1881, Mr. William MacGeorge and Mr. Richard A. Lewis met in the old stone yard at 22nd and Chestnut Streets and each turned over seven spades of soil to break ground for the new house of worship of the First New Jerusalem Society of Philadelphia. (The stone yard was that of Atkinson & Myhlhertz, who sold marble, granite, and flagstone. The proprietors were John Atkinson and Frederick F. Myhlhertz.) |
| Work proceeded rapidly and the new church building was dedicated on March 11, 1883, with a sermon delivered by the president of Convention, James Reed, on “The Beauty of Holiness.” |
| An early document describes the buildings: “The church is in outline simple and dignified, belonging to the early English Gothic style of architecture of the 13th century. It is built without any clerestory, the church being spanned by one large truss. The orientation is correct, the chancel end facing east. The south and north sides are broken with windows and gables, which have the appearance of transepts. “At the southwestern corner, a picturesque porch vaulted with tone, gives entrance to the main edifice. This porch in itself is an architectural gem of much beauty, as it is something never done before in this city; in fact it is only seen in the cathedrals and churches abroad. “The Sunday School building [later the parish office] belongs to a later style of Gothic architecture than the church. It is of the same material and two stories in height The windows are peculiarly striking, the mullions being also of stone and filled with glass leaded into the stonework. There are no wooden frames either outside or inside. A stone cloister connects the two buildings near the chancel end of the church. The interior of both church and Sunday School is finished in hard woods, cherry being used in the church and butternut in the Sunday School building.” |
By April 1882, the church was nearly completed, as noticed in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* (spellings thus):

**New Jerusalem Church.**

The new building for the new Jerusalem Church, now in process of construction, is nearly completed. The property will have a frontage of ninety-two feet on Chestnut street and 164 feet on Twenty-second street. The building is on the northern end of the lot, and is 92 by 73 feet, and the Sunday School building in the east is 64 feet by 42 feet. The church can be entered either from Twenty-second street or from Chestnut, and the style of architecture is English Gothic of the thirteenth century. A porch, vaulted with stone, will give entrance to the main building at the southwest corner. The stone arches run up to a Gothic groin, of which there are very few examples in America. The roof will be relieved by pinnacles at the corners and between the windows. The material used in the construction of the church is Trenton and Newark brownstone. The church will have a seating capacity for 900 persons. The Sunday school building will be two stories in height.

The architect of the church, Theophilus Parsons Chandler, Jr. (1845–1928), was a notable Philadelphian whose works often reflected high-style designs and European influences. He strongly influenced the architectural climate of Philadelphia as a founder of the Department of Architecture in the University of Pennsylvania. After spending a year at Harvard University, he studied at Atelier Vaudremer, in Paris, returning to America to work in Boston architectural firms. In 1872 he was persuaded by landscape architect Robert Copeland to come to Philadelphia, and he established an office at 705 Sansom St. He became most well known for his ecclesiastical works, partly from the influence of his grandfather, William Schlatter, who was a founder of the Swedenborgian organization, Church of the New Jerusalem, in Philadelphia. The styles he contributed to the church at 22nd and Chestnut Sts. included Gothic, Renaissance, and Late Gothic Revival. A view of the church as it appeared when new appears in the 1900 publication, *King’s Views of Philadelphia* (above).
At about this time, Gilbert Haven Smith, then a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, painted a impressionistic view of 22nd St., with the church steeple in the background. The painting (left) is in the possession of my sister, Carol, in Tucson, Arizona.

Chandler remodeled the chancel in 1897, and in 1908 added the interesting architectural element that has been called the Angel Staircase, which provides direct access from the church yard to the second story of the parish house. The staircase is in architectural and spiritual keeping with the church and parish house, designed with angels atop two columnar supports, one at the landing and one at the top. The angels are no longer present on the staircase (below); presumably they were removed and sold as architectural elements after the church was sold and converted to business offices.

In 1985, the church congregation faced rising maintenance costs and declining membership and sought a buyer for the property who would not raze the buildings. After a year’s search, involving the Preservation Fund of Pennsylvania and the Preservation Coalition of Greater Philadelphia, the Edward S. Brown Group of developers purchased the property for $850,000 and planned a $3 million conversion into a corporate office complex. The façades of the buildings remain intact; and the carved limestone altar, cherrywood pulpit, and stained glass windows remain. In addition to the structural and aesthetic modifications, updated heating and air conditioning, electrical systems, and emergency equipment were installed.
The final service in the church was conducted 23 November 1986. The congregation of the Church of the New Jerusalem relocated to the “Swedenborgian Church at Temenos” (Temenos Retreat Center) in West Chester, Pennsylvania, which is still an active congregation.
The Sevil Family from Delaware
(through the marriage of Nathan Thomas Sevil and Rebecca Wells Sharp)

The Sevil Family is the paternal ancestry of Ella Seville (1854–1931), wife of Rev. John Edward Smith. The spelling of the family name has varied. It seems to have been spelled “Seville” but was by the time of the second generation (of this accounting, at least) the terminal “le” was dropped. However, Ella Seville independently reintroduced the earlier spelling, which also was used in the names of some of her descendants. The pronunciation of the name as used by the family sounds like the word “civil”, as I was so informed by my aunt, Katharine Seville Spamer, and cousin Helen Montgomery McCarraber.

Also closely related to the Sevil family is the Wells family, about whom will be noted at the appropriate place in this narrative about the Sevil family.

The “Smith Genealogy” by Edward S. Smith includes some general information on the Sevil and Wells families:

“The Sevils, or Sevilles . . . came to Delaware from New Jersey. They were Baptists and many were buried in the Baptist Cemetery of the old Baptist Church which was at Hare’s Corner, New Castle County, Delaware, which is now a business area with stores and a large bus terminal station. There is now an appropriate roadside tablet there, marking the site of the Baptist Church and Cemetery.

The first Sevil of whom we have information was David Seville and his wife Mary (Scotch) who lived in New Jersey, where a son Abel was born September 12, 1790, and died in Smyrna, on April 26, 1847, buried at Hare’s Corner. He had two brothers, Nathan and David. Abel Sevil married Mary Manlove Davis, by whom there was a son, Nathan Thomas Sevil, and he had a full sister, Rebecca. After the death of Mary, Abel married her sister, Elizabeth Davis, and by this marriage there were two daughters, Mary Manlove, and Amanda. These were half-sisters of Nathan Thomas Sevil, my maternal grandfather, and lived with us at Mt. Salem, Wilmington. One of them gave me a very pretty pearl handled knife which my grandmother used in her magical sewing basket. I was much too young for a knife. These half-sisters never married and were buried at Hare’s Corner, New Castle County, Delaware.

Daniel Wells, the father of Rebecca S. Wells, died in Smyrna in 1862, and her mother, Anna Sharp, died in 1836. Daniel Wells and his wife had come to Delaware from Dividing Creek, New Jersey, a small community near Morris River; the land in that area is good farm land and convenient to water, which was the main avenue of travel in the early days.

The Hare’s Corner cemetery, which was associated with the Bethel Church, was destroyed after 1991. The church, first organized in 1780 to serve a Wilmington congregation who preferred to have a
church closer to their homes, built its log meeting house in 1786. The church members even removed some of their burials from Wilmington and reinterred them at Hare’s Corner. The church was disbanded in 1871 with but five members; when the building disappeared has not been ascertained. A historical marker was placed along the highway by the State of Delaware in 1933, but by 1992 it was gone. A later list of New Castle County historical markers notes that the Bethel Church marker, NC-56, 1 mile west of U.S. Route 13 on the north side of the highway between Hares Corner and Christiana, was designated as “inactive/removed”. The area is still known as Hare’s Corner, centered on the intersection of U.S. Route 13 (Dupont Highway) and Delaware Route 273. Although it maintained its crossroads appearance well into the 20th century, today it is a huge, multi-lane, congested intersection surrounded by businesses, and crossed diagonally by runway approach lights for the Greater Wilmington Airport (Newcastle County Airport). This is also the locale of Cantebury, where we will recall that Rev. John Edward Smith served as a “local preacher” when he was training for the Methodist ministry in the early 1870s and about when he seems to have met his future wife, Ella Seville.

The Bethel Church was about a mile west of the Hare’s Corner intersection, on the north side of Delaware Rt. 273; old maps show a Baptist Church at this location. However, all trace of original structures, as well as the cemetery, are gone. Apparently the property was impacted by the Triangle Mall (actually more like a shopping center than a large mall). The grave markers of the cemetery were originally read as a Works Progress Administration project during the 1930s, and in 1991 the cemetery was partly recovered from overgrowth and its surviving stones were read before they were destroyed. Historically, Hare’s Corner was originally known as Clark’s Corner, taking its current name from John Haire (or Hare) who had the earliest lease on the land adjacent to New Castle Commons. Hare’s Corner was the site of a Civil War training camp called Camp Andrews or Camp Hare’s Corner.

DAVID SEVIL (ca. 1764–?) is the earliest known of our Sevils. He married Sarah Mary, with whom he had at least three children: Abel (1790–1847), David (ca. 1805–1877), and Nathan (1808–1882).

Edward Seville Smith, our earlier family historian, in addition to the Smith family scroll bearing an extensive family tree, also prepared a smaller scroll for the Sevil family. The Sevil scroll indicates that David Sevil’s wife was Mary. A website posting from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints indicates that his was Sarah. It is possible that the records refer to Sarah Mary, or that our family information is misleading and that David Seville had more than one wife. The information as given above reflects the current understanding of the family lineage. She was of Scottish descent and may have been from New Jersey.

As of 1977, the Bible of David Sevil was in the possession of the Faries family of Smyrna, Delaware.
Of the children of David and Sarah Mary Sevil:

ABEL SEVIL (1790–1847) married, first, in 1814 Mary Manlove Davis (1790–1834), with whom he had eight children: Emeline P. (?–?), Rebecca (?–?), Elizabeth Ann (1816–1848), William D. (1817–1821), Sarah Manlove (1819–1891), James Henry (1823–1852), Robert Davis (ca. 1825–?), and Nathan Thomas (1827–1867). He married, second, in 1836 Elizabeth Davis (?–?), with whom he had two children: Mary Manlove (1837–1885) and Amanda (1840–1882).

Neither of the children of Abel Sevil and his second wife, Elizabeth, Mary Manlove Sevil and Amanda Sevil married. Near the ends of their lives they lived in the household of Rev. John Edward Smith at Mount Salem in Wilmington, Delaware, where also lived Rebecca Wells Sevil, widow of their half brother, Nathan. The sisters were buried in the Bethel Church cemetery near Hare’s Corner.

There is a family record, compiled by Lathrop and Roberta Smith Mack, about Abel Sevil that states, “His wives were sisters and [were] daughters of William Davis of Milford(?), Del. His Bible was in the possession of Clara Faries, Smyrna, Del. It has the record of his immediate family, but has no record back of himself.”

There is additional, but non-family, record of one Abel Sevil marrying in 1810 Elizabeth McCormick in New Castle County. It is possible that this is an otherwise unknown, first marriage of Abel Sevil. Also note that one of his daughters with Mary Davis was named Elizabeth, who in the family record is listed first and may thus have been the first-born child of Abel and Mary Davis Sevil. There is also another, non-family, record of one Ann Sevil marrying in 1814 Lewis McCormick in New Castle County. She could have been a sister of, or close relation to, Abel Sevil.

There is a record in the Delaware Governor’s Register 1674–1851 of an Abel Sevil commissioned on 2 June 1827 as an Ensign in the 2nd Co., 2nd Regiment of the state militia. It is not known whether this is the Abel Sevil of this family.

Abel Sevil was a farmer. At the time of the 1830 U.S. census he resided in New Castle Hundred, New Castle County. He was of the Baptist faith, a member of the Bethel Church near Hare’s Corner (about which has been noted above). The church’s Record Book also notes that in June 1837 he went to the Bryn Zion Church, which was near Kenton, Kent County, Delaware. The Bryn Zion Church as a Baptist congregation was first established as the Old School Baptist Church. A church was built east of Kenton in 1771 and rebuilt in 1871. Several Sevil and Smith family members are buried in its cemetery. The church building itself was destroyed in a storm in 1942, but the cemetery is still maintained and used at the crossroads of Wheatley’s Pond Road (Delaware Rt. 300) and Bryn Zion Rd., east of Kenton. But Abel Sevil was buried in the Bethel Church cemetery at Hare’s Corner, as also was his father-in-law, William Davis.

Family records also indicate that Abel Sevil was a member of the Delaware Legislature, but he has not been located in lists of legislators. He seems to have been confused with Robert John Reynolds, who married Lovenia Riggs, a great-granddaughter of Abel Sevil. Reynolds served in the legislature and also was Governor of Delaware. More will be noted about Riggs and Reynolds later in this chapter.
As noted, Mary Manlove Davis (1790–1834) and Elizabeth Davis (?–?), the wives of Abel Sevil, were apparently sisters. Of the Manlove and Davis families alike nothing is now known to the family with any certainty. Roberta Smith Mack prepared two typewritten pages of notes, one for each family, which are transcribed from her worksheets as follows, without any further remark here since nothing more is known at this time. This information is now about 80 years old.

MANLOVE.

*Rowland Manlove of Mansfields in the Parish of Rhynston, county of Staffordshire, England, was in the Royal Navy, and, I think, was knighted. I have seen the Manlove crest.

*Sir Roland Manlove died in 1652. (from B.D.)

In Northampton, Virginia, in 1657-64, a certificate was granted to

*Mark Manlove for 500 acres. His wife was Hannah. Their children were:

  Thomas
  Elizabeth
  Hannah
  Mark
  Mary
  Abiah
  John
  Anna

Mark Manlove’s will is in Pocomoke, Somerset county, Md. The wills of son and grandson are in Sussex & Kent Counties, Del.

“The above is a brief outline of the Manlove family to which my husband belongs. Milford is near where all the Manloves, Cumming [sic], Carlises and others came from. A branch of the Carlises live there now. Most of my data comes from Mrs. Matilda Spicer Hart, Wilmington, Del. (from Mrs. Chambers.)

(from E.B.R.) MANLOVE of Delaware & Maryland


George Manlove  b. 9-24-1660  d. 2-16-1695  m.  Anne ______.

See Penna Archives, 2d ser., Vol. IX, p. 660-----. In Assembly from Kent Co. Del. His son,

Jonathan  b.1681  d. 1727  m.  Hannah ______.

His wife was daughter of Henry Moleston, the son of Alexander Moleston.

His daughter,

Ann Manlove  b. 1715  d. m. 12-25-1736 Thomas Nixon,

Thomas Nixon, Jr.  b. d. m.

Their daughter,

Elizabeth Nixon  b. d. m. Nicholas VanDyke,

President of the State of Delaware, 1783-1786. etc. , more of him, a man of great prominence.”

DAVIS.

*Thomas Davis married Nov., 1760, Judith Best. He is supposed to have come to Virginia from Wales. Th[e] first we really know of him is that in 1663 he received a grant of 400 acres from the governor of Virginia for
transporting eight colonists; presumably he was one of the eight. This land
upon a re-survey of boundary was thrown into Maryland. Later we find he
removed to “Sussex in the Territories of the Province of Pennsylvania”.
Among his children were:

Jehu Davis, Judge, Delaware Militia, etc.
*Thomas Davis, b. d. m. 1726, widow of Henry Gabriel. Their son,
*Nehemiah Davis  m. 1791 Mary Manlove, (see Manlove)

Nehimiah Davis Sr. made his will in 1788, probated 1791; his son
William was executor. [I]n 1773 he was commissioned Justice of the Peace by
King George III, and in 1777 he was commissioned Justice of Quarter
Sessions by John McKinley, Commander-in-Chief of Delaware State. (See
“Allied Families of Delaware” by Edwin Jacquet Sellers (Burdella Davis to
Robert [Mack]).

The children of Nehimiah Davis Sr. and Mary Manlove.

Mark
*William  m. Sarah.
Elizabeth  m. Draper
Sarah  m. Draper
Eunice  m. Draper
[Draper brothers]

The Children of William DAVIS and
Mary Manlove  m. Abel Sevil (see Sevil Line.)
Elizabeth  m. same

Davises not placed, but connected.
(Miss Burdella Davis to Ella Sevil Smith, no date) “We knew Mr. Joseph
Draper very well; always called him ‘uncle Joe’. After the death of Mrs.
William P. Davis, her daughter Mary gave up her apartment in Philadelphia
and went with her sister Mrs. Dan Lewis (?) (Lemon?), 725 Columbia Ave.,
Millville, N.J. William P. Davis is an attorney in Philadelphia.
[“]Amanda Davis married a Truax.
[“]I wonder if you would find any stones beari[n]g the names you seek
in the cemeteries of Slaughter’s Neck & Milford, Del. Your line is William,
son of Nehimiah. William named a daughter for his mother and one for his
sister. William’s will is not at Georgetown, Sussex county; try Dover but
it is not likely to be there. My great-grand[fa]ther was [M]ark, son of
Nehimiah. I looked at Georgetown for William’s will. The family was Sus ex
countian. [Sussex Countians]”

NATHAN SEVIL (1808–1882), son of David Sevil, was a farmer. It is not known if he married.
At the time of the 1870 U.S. census he resided in New Castle, New Castle County, Delaware, when he
resided together with his brother, David, in the household of Edith Sevil, whose relationship to them has
not been determined. At the time of the 1880 census a Nathan was in Blackbird Hundred, New Castle
County, listed as a granduncle to Abel and Marietta Sevil, with whom he resided.
Of some of the children of Abel Sevil (1790–1947) and his first wife, Mary Manlove Davis (1790–1834):

EMELINE P. SEVIL (1790–1790) married Joseph Faries (ca. 1834–(?), with whom she had four children: Adelaide, Abel, Clara, and Mary. There is a record of Emeline P. Seville marrying Joseph Faries on 7 February 1744 in Kent County, Delaware; however this date and the putative date of birth for Joseph Faries are incongruous, being ten years apart, and the discrepancy is not resolved here.

The Faries family is the same family of the well known family-run funeral home in Smyrna, Delaware. The business began in 1831 with “Alexander Faries, Cabinetmaker”, who also made burial caskets. The family-run business remains a successful contributor to the Smyrna community; in 1991 it counted its sixth generation family member in charge of the business.

The Faries have been traced back to William Farries (1800–1865) of Delaware and his wife, Theresa (1809–1888), who was a German immigrant. They had eight children, one of whom was Joseph, Emeline Sevil’s husband. At the time of the 1850 U.S. census William was a harness maker residing in Duck Creek Hundred.

ELIZABETH ANN SEVIL (1816–1848) married, first, Lawrence Heritage (?–?). She married, second, in 1838 John Ringgold Rees (1798–1884).

Of her marriage to John Ringgold Rees, she was the second of his four wives. He was one of four known children of Jeremiah Rees (1759–1801) and Rhoda Wallace (?–?). He married, first, in 1824 Mary Jones (1802–1834); second, in 1838 Elizabeth Ann Sevil (1816–1848); third, in 1849 Ann Graham (1804–1865); and fourth, in 1865 Martha E. Numbers (1803–1884). John and all of his wives are buried in the Bryn Zion Cemetery east of Kenton.


ROBERT DAVIS SEVIL (ca. 1825–?) is actually unknown in the family records except by name. However, a U.S. passport application of one “Robert D. Sevil” was filed 16 April 1849 in
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The applicant stated that he was aged 24, born in New Castle County, Delaware, and was at the time residing in Philadelphia. His calculated birth date is thus ca. 1825, which is within the range ca. 1815–ca. 1835 that Robert Davis Sevil would have been born to Abel and Mary Davis Sevil. At that time, the purpose for requesting a passport was not a part of the application. The Robert D. Sevil who applied must have been an imposing figure in his day; he was 6 feet 1½ inches tall.

NATHAN THOMAS SEVL (1827–1867) married in 1850 Rebecca Sharp Wells (1827–1909), with whom he had two children: Abel (1850–1926) and Ella (1854–1931). Ella was the wife of Rev. John Edward Smith.

Nathan T. Sevil is said to have been a member of Barratt’s Chapel in Frederica, Delaware (where John E. Smith and Ella Seville married). At the time of the 1850 and 1860 censuses he was a farmer and commission merchant residing in Duck Creek Hundred, Kent County, Delaware. In the 1860 census he is listed as a slave owner, holding a ten-year-old boy.

Family records assembled apparently by J. Lathrop Mack indicate that Nathan T. Sevil “was killed when leaving a train near New Castle, Del., where he stepped off to visit an aunt, while on his way to sell a carload of potatoes.” Nathan Sevil is buried in the Bryn Zion Cemetery. Although an obituary notice or news item has yet to be found pertaining to his death, the insurance company through which he had a policy used a letter from his widow in an advertisement(!) shortly later (not certainly with her permission). This was on page 1 of The Sun in Baltimore, 11 May 1867:

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Mr. W. B. Lounsbury.
General Agent
for
ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Sir: I have this day received from you, through your agent, Mr. Thomas Story, $5,076.50, in full for a policy on the life of my late husband, Mr. Nathan T. Sevil, by the Ætna Life Insurance Company, it being the full amount insured, with accrued profits.

I have not been subjected to any expense or inconvenience in preparing my claim, Mr. Story, your agent, having attended to it for me, and the Company having paid the amount, through yourself and Mr. Story now, at my own home, although not due until the 15th of July next, and prepayment having been proffered to me unsolicited.

Respectfully, &c.
REBECCA SEVIL.

Kenton, Delaware, May 4, 1867.
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REBECCA SHARP WELLS (1827–1909), the mother of Ella Seville, was known as “Beckie” and, later, as “Little Grandma” and “Little Grandmother” by different groups of the family. Katharine S. Spamer, my aunt, always mentioned her grandmother as “Little Grandma”. On the other hand, members of the Smith family with whom I have talked mention Rebecca as “Little Grandmother”. She was, as one might discern, a diminutive woman. (Regarding the Wells family, a brief narrative will follow the narrative about Rebecca and her husband, Nathan.)
Rebecca Wells’s birthplace was probably in Milltown, Pilesgrove Township, Salem County, New Jersey; other sources have indicated she was born in Dividing Creek, Cumberland County. The family did apparently live in Dividing Creek before removing to Delaware, but the cemetery in that town contains no markers with any of the family surnames. Rebecca was the last child of her family born in New Jersey.

The Milltown birthplace is attributed from a Family Group Work Sheet compiled by Lathrop and Roberta Mack, which credits a letter (not now found) from Ella Seville Smith that gave this information about her mother; the notation also indicated that this was now called Brotmanville. However, a 1962 letter from the Salem County Historical Society to Laura Smith, wife of our family historian Edward Seville Smith, reported the following different information about Milltown:

Milltown was the name given to the locality of the Richman grist-mill near Richmanville. In addition to a grist-mill, there was a saw-mill, fulling mill and foundry there at one time. It is on State Route #15, between Woodstown and Daretown, in Pilesgrove Township, Salem Co.

The discrepancy has not been resolved, but it seems likely that the Pilesgrove Township locale may be correct, not only on the authority of the county historical society, but that Brotmanville, Pittsgrove Township, did not come into its own until later in the century. Brotmanville was one of three towns in the area that was a center for Russian Jewish immigrant farmers in 1882. The other towns are Alliance and Norma. It was after this time that Abraham Brotman, an industrialist from Brooklyn, New York, came to southern New Jersey and established a clothing factory.

Rebecca Wells Sevil attended the Pennsylvania State Normal School at Millersville, Pennsylvania. She was a school teacher in or near Kenton, Delaware.

At the time of the 1870 U.S. census, widowed for three years, she resided in a one-person household in Kenton Hundred, Kent Co., Delaware. Sometime before 1880 she moved to live with her daughter and son-in-law, John and Ella Smith, with whom she lived for the rest of her life, dying in 1909 at 512 S. 47th St. in Philadelphia. Although we had been uncertain whether she had moved to Jacksonville, Florida, when in the early 1890s Rev. Smith went there as a pastor to the Jacksonville Society of the New Church, we do know from circumstantial evidence that she did go with them. A short notice in the *Denton Journal* (Maryland) for 5 November 1892, which in turn had been picked up from the *Clayton Call* (Delaware) a month earlier, indicated briefly: “Mrs. J. E. Smith and family, and Mrs. Rebecca Sevil, who have been spending some time with Mrs. Abel Sevil, left yesterday for Florida.”

Of parenthetical note is the family of Emory and Margaret Temple, who were nearby farmers in the 1860 census when Nathan T. and Rebecca Sevil were farmers. In the 1870 census, that family is nearby Rebecca Sevil in Kenton Hundred, where Emory Temple was then a hotel keeper.
Two four-generation photographs each with great-grandmother Rebecca Wells Sevil

Rebecca Wells Sevil (seated, right) with her daughter, Ella Seville Smith, granddaughter Lora Rebecca Smith, and great-granddaughter Katharine Seville Spamer. Photo in 1902.

Rebecca Wells Sevil (seated, left) with her daughter, Ella Seville Smith, granddaughter Roberta Smith Mack, and great-grandson Joseph Lathrop Mack, Jr. Photo in 1905.
Rebecca Sevil was buried in the Bryn Zion Cemetery east of Kenton, situated on Wheatleys Pond Road (Delaware Rt. 300) and Bryn Zion Rd. Her grave marker was destroyed in a highway accident in 1998, when a car struck a bus forcing it to run into the cemetery, destroying numerous markers. If one visits the cemetery they may see that existing markers come very close to the main road; and in fact those markers that were destroyed were along a strip even more close to the road. There is a large stone monument in the cemetery now (left), which commemorates those whose markers were destroyed in the accident; on it are listed only family names, not individuals. Insurance monies were not enough to replace individual stones. Although among the family photographs we have a photograph of her marker (right), we no longer know the precise location of her grave. She was not buried with her husband, Nathan, who is nearby but several rows farther into the cemetery. Also, her young grandson, Ralph Parmeelee Smith, is buried in a Graham family lot close to both Rebecca and Nathan Sevil.

The Bible of Nathan and Rebecca Wells Sevil was in 2009 in the possession of Rebecca’s great-granddaughter, Nadia Smith Synnestvedt (1925–2009). It includes numerous records of family births, marriages and deaths.
My sister, Carol, owns a sampler made by our great-great grandmother Rebecca Wells at the age of 5, or about 1833.

Edward S. Smith included some reminiscences of his grandparents, Nathan and Rebecca Sevil, which also was accompanied by a recollection by George Buchanan Wells (1854–after January 1936), a nephew of Rebecca’s:

It appears that both the Wells and the Sevil families came to Delaware from New Jersey. Our grandmother, Rebecca Sharp Wells, was the daughter of Daniel Wells and Anna Sharp, his wife, who moved from New Jersey to Delaware about the time Rebecca was born, December 13, 1827. She was the last child of that family, born in New Jersey.

Nathan Thomas Sevil (or Seville) and his wife, Rebecca Wells Sevil, owned a farm near Kenton or Smyrna, Delaware, and later moved into Kenton. He was a successful farmer and commission merchant. Daniel Wells, the father of Rebecca S. Wells, died in Smyrna in 1862, and her mother, Anna Sharp, died in 1836. Daniel Wells and his wife had come to Delaware from Dividing Creek, New Jersey, a small community near Morris [sic] River; the land in that area is good farm land and convenient to water, which was the main avenue of travel in the early days.

(The Maurice River [pronounced “Morris”] passes through both Brotmanville and Dividing Creek on its way to Delaware Bay. However, in Brotmanville, the stream is very small. The recollection that follows below, transcribed by Edward S. Smith, recalls a visit to the Sevil farm by George Buchanan Wells. Ella Seville and George were born just 20 days apart in January 1854, thus they were about eight or nine years of age at the time of this story.)

George Buchanan Wells, the son of Frank (Francis) Wells, the brother of Rebecca Wells Sevil (my grandmother) wrote the following about a visit to the farm of Nathan Thomas Sevil:

An Octogenarian’s Recollection of a childhood trip to Aunt Beckie’s.

It was a warm afternoon in early July, 1862 or 1863, that Uncle Nathan, who had driven into town for a supply of family groceries, dropped in for a short call. After a bit of teasing (Uncle Nathan had a habit of kidding, but always with a twinkle in his eyes that always gave him away, but made a pal of the kiddy), he asked me if I wished to go home with him to spend a few days with Aunt Beckie.

The text of my reply has been obliterated from memory’s record, but I went and was greeted by Aunt Beckie’s kiss of welcome. The next day was spent principally in companionship with my charming Cousin Ella and the family dog. We watched the feeding of the hungry porkers, listened to the cackling of the laying hens, and viewed at a respectful distance the going forth and return to the hives of the myriads of bees. We climbed apple trees (not the dog), were much intrigued by the operation of the threshing machine, making ready for the market the year’s wheat crop, and stood entranced by the beauty and grandure [sic] of the peacocks spreading plumes.

Being almost surfeited by our bucolic entertainment and not unmindful of the direct rays of the July sun, in the late afternoon, we sought the shelter of the homestead for such games as might be hit upon. I have already disclosed the fact that it was threshing time, a period which, as all should know by reason of augmented forces of farm hands, doubles the labor and responsibility of the
farmer’s wife. Think of a hearty boy and girl, to say nothing of the dog, breaking in so, as preparations were toward feeding of a dozen men, who have done the proverbial brown sweating for a long summer day! But did it faze my Aunt Beckie? Bless her memory, not a bit! With her perpetual benign smile, her never failing gentle and sympathetic voice and her characteristic chuckle, which I think she clung to all her days, she proposed to teach us the new game of making butter!

The churn was brought forth, the cream poured in and the lid fastened. George, as guest, was to have the first turn at the dasher and Ella should watch the clock and see that George did not hold on to the dasher a second beyond his allotted time. Reverse, George watches. Continued until Aunt Beckie announces “finis”. When we proudly inspected the result of our game, we were ready for supper and then to bed, the neglected dog having long since withdrawn himself. Now I stoutly maintain that Tom Sawyer with his fence white-washing contract, had nothing on my dear Aunt Beckie.

The paternal ancestry of Rebecca Sharp Wells Sevil is frequently brought up during genealogical discussions in the Smith family, so it will be partly traced here, too.

Rebecca’s parents were Daniel Wells (1786–1862) and his first wife, Anna Sharp (1789–1836), whom he married in 1808. He was from Sunbury, Burlington County, New Jersey; she from Gloucester County, New Jersey. They had nine children: Ann (?–?), Mary (?–?), William (?–?), Daniel (1816–1831), Joseph (1820–1877), Samuel (1825–1860), Rebecca Sharp (1827–1909), Francis (1830–1914), and Catharine (ca. 1832–?). He married, second, after 1836 Rebecca Broadaway (1797–1886), with whom he had two children: Rebecca (ca. 1838–?) and Abel (ca. 1840–?).

Recent research by Roberta Mack Zipperian, conducted in 2009 in the family history library in Salt Lake City, Utah, provided the following information that may relate to the parents and siblings of Daniel Wells:

I found in an index to [New Jersey] wills; not the originals; a Daniel Wells d. intestate 1795. Widow Rebecca. She dies 1800. Three sons show up after that seeking guardianship from the same man (Thomas Clark, Jr. and I’ve found no connection between him and any family members) and their names are Daniel Jr., Samuel and William.

In addition, Roberta Zipperian corroborated the existing family information as previously recorded in the summary notation for Daniel Wells, which follows.

There may have been other children of Daniel Wells that have not been recorded by name. The 1790–1820 U.S. census data for New Jersey do not survive. Family tradition holds that the Wells family was from Dividing Creek, New Jersey, where also it was said, apparently in error, that Rebecca Sharp Wells was born. The 1830 census for the Daniel Wells household in Appoquinimink Hundred, New Castle County, Delaware, tallies seven males and five females between the ages of 5 and 30. The 1840 census there tallies three males and seven females between the ages of 11 and 30.
George Buchanan Wells wrote to Roberta Smith Mack in 1936 that Daniel Wells’ farm in Appoquinimink Hundred was known for two generations as the Wells Homestead. [and] Daniel Wells continued to manage his New Castle county farm until about 1860 when he retired to a modest house in Smyrna and spent the remainder of his days a typical patriarch with flowing, snow-white beard. Daniel Wells remained in Appoquinimink Hundred at the time of the 1850 census, but in 1860 he then was in Smyrna, Duck Creek Hundred.

Anna Sharp (1789–1936), first wife of Daniel Wells and mother of Rebecca Sharp Wells, may be a descendant of Isaac Sharp (1730–1796) who was born in Tetbury, Gloucestershire, England, and emigrated to the United States, dying in Mauricetown, Cumberland County, New Jersey. Isaac Sharp is the so-called progenitor of the Sharps of Cumberland County, according to the 1883 History of the Counties of Gloucester, Salem, and Cumberland, New Jersey by Thomas Cushing and Charles E. Sheppard.

The Sharp family name occurs in the area of Dividing Creek, New Jersey. However, thus far no Wells names have been recovered from this area. An examination of the Dividing Creek cemetery yielded no occurrences of either Sharp or Wells markers there, from any time period.

Of note in the Dividing Creek area are genealogical records of “Bradway”, which is very similar to Broadaway, which is apparently the maiden name of Daniel Wells’ second wife, Rebecca.

The birth date for Rebecca Broadaway (1797–1886) has been calculated from information on her broken grave marker, as seen in a photograph: “Rebecca Wells Wife of Daniel Wells and Daughter of Elder Samuel [broken]oadaway Died Oct. 12, 1886. Aged 89 Years 4 Mos 9 Days”. Note that the spelling of her maiden name ends with “–away” rather than “–way”. Genealogical worksheets prepared by Lathrop and Roberta Mack record Rebecca’s maiden name as “Broadway”. Two children of Samuel Broadaway have been noted: Rebecca and Lucretia.

At the time of the 1800 U.S. census, Samuel Broadaway resided in Cow Marsh Forest, Mispillion Hundred, Kent County, Delaware. (The 1790 census for Delaware does not survive.) In 1810 he was in Mispillion Hundred, and in 1820 in Murderkill Hundred.

J. Thomas Scharf’s History of Delaware, 1609-1888 notes the following in the chapter on North Murderkill Hundred, which relates to the history of the “Baptist Church at Cow Marsh”, which was the fourth Baptist church organized in Delaware, in 1781:

[On 7 September 1793, Job Meredith] conveyed to “Joseph Flood, professor of Theology, a parcel of ground formerly called the Stand (but now called Mount Moriah) containing two acres or thereabout.”
On the 4th of June, 1796, Joseph Flood conveyed to “Samuel Broadaway, John Price, James Frasher, William Price and John Grewell, Trustees” of the “Baptist Church at Mount Moriah,” the aforesaid tract of “two acres of thereabout.”

At the time of the 1870 U.S. census, Rebecca Broadaway Wells resided in Smyrna, Kent County, Delaware. In the same household was Rebecca “Broadway”, aged 48 (relationship undetermined). At the time of the 1880 census, Rebecca B. Wells resided in Smyrna with her niece, Ida Faries (aged 25).

Of some of the children and grandchildren of Daniel Wells (1786–1862) and his first wife, Anna Sharp (1789–1836):

ANN WELLS (?–?) married John Van Pelt (?–before 1865), with whom she had three children: Joseph, Annie, and Samuel. In the early 1860s, Anna Wells Van Pelt was a boarding house keeper in Smyrna, Delaware. In the early to mid-1870s, after she was widowed, she was keeping house for her then-bachelor son, Joseph, on property adjacent to or part of the original Wells Homestead.

WILLIAM WELLS (?–?) married, but his wife’s name is not known now. He had three children: Catharine (?–about 1875), Daniel, and Ann Rebecca. William went West in the Gold Rush, leaving his children behind; and he was never heard from again. This probably was circa 1849, the time of the California Gold Rush—and of course there is no certainty that he reached his destination. His father’s first will, dated 7 June 1856, noted that William “was absent”.

CATHARINE WELLS (?–ca. 1875), daughter of William Wells, was recalled by George Buchanan Wells in a 1936 letter to Roberta Smith Mack:

> My early childhood memories of her . . . present a picture of a vivacious, good-natured, attractive young woman. Later, I lost sight of her, but heard of her as having unfortunately married a man who turned out to be a worthless sort of a fellow.

DANIEL WELLS (?–?), a son of William Wells, was also recalled by George Buchanan Wells in his letter to Roberta Smith Mack:

> I remember [him] as an employe[e] on my father’s [Francis Wells] farm in 1859, and some years thereafter as a railroad employe[e].”

Daniel may have married. His wife may be the Wilhelmina Collins Wells (1858–1889) buried in the St. Peter’s Episcopal Church Cemetery in Smyrna, Delaware.

JOSEPH WELLS (1820–1877), son of Daniel Wells and Anna Sharp, married Susannah Horner (1823–1915), with whom he had three children: Henry H. (1850–1883), Daniel (1852–1923), and Frank (1855–1896). George Buchanan Wells also recalled that after his father retired from farm work, Joseph [took] over the management of the farm on returning from a few years of business career in New York as head of the firm of Wells & Babbitt. I think their line was wholesale groceries . . . .

FRANCIS WELLS (1830–1914), son of Daniel Wells and Anna Sharp, was known as “Frank”. He married in 1853 Mary Elizabeth Buchanan (1834–1910), with whom he had nine children: George Buchanan (1854–after January 1936), Molly (1855–1857), William (1857–1931), Henry Gerher
(1858/59–1860), Mary Frances (1860–after January 1936), Anna Rebecca (1863–1881), Samuel (1865–1932), Joseph (1870–after January 1936), and Francis (1872–1872). About his father, George Buchanan Wells briefly recalled:

My father took his bride to, and commenced farming on his own account, on a farm between Smyrna and Kenton (Kent Co.) directly adjoining (but on opposite sides of the highway) the farm already farmed by my uncle Nathan Sevil.

And since so many notations have been given to us from GEORGE BUCHANAN WELLS (1854–after January 1936), we should at least pay him an acknowledgement in this narrative. He married in 1875 Helen (or Mary) Loller (1856–?). George referred to her in correspondence as both Helen and Mary, noting that she “never lived anywhere else [than Philadelphia]” and “Is of Chester county Quaker Stock.” They had four children: Florence Loller (1876–?), Frank Bruce (1877–1902), Edith May (1879–?), and Annie D. (1882–?). During 1910–1928 Edith May Wells was a missionary in China under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A.; and as of January 1936 she was unmarried.

Of some of the children of Sarah Manlove Sevil (1819–1891) and William Edward Riggs (1817–1899):

LOVENIA L. RIGGS (1840–1897) married in 1861 Robert John Reynolds (1838–1909), with whom she had a son, Byron (1862–1898). They all are buried in Loudon Park Cemetery in Baltimore, Maryland (Section Y, Lot 111).

Some records give Robert John Reynolds’ name as J. Robert Reynolds or John Robert Reynolds. However, Delaware official records and the monument on his family cemetery lot confirm “Robert J. Reynolds”.

He was raised and educated in Fairfield, New York, and first settled in Petersburg, Delaware, where he was a farmer, growing mostly peaches. At the time of the 1870 and 1880 U.S. censuses he resided in South Murderkill Hundred, Kent Co., Delaware. He was of the Methodist faith.

He served in several capacities in the Delaware state government. He was elected to the General Assembly in 1869 for one term and was State Treasurer 1879–1881. He was chairman of the Democratic State Committee 1883–1887 and a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1892. He served as Governor of Delaware January 1889–January 1895. After leaving the governor’s office he retired from public service and returned to farming. He had no children by a second marriage, to Hester Thomas, about whom nothing more is known. (The 1880 U.S. census includes a 20-year-old Hester Thomas, the eldest child of seven in the household of her father, Isaac Thomas, a farmer in West Dover, Kent Co., Delaware. This could be the woman who later married Robert Reynolds.)
MARY R. RIGGS (ca. 1844–?) married Benjamin H. Smith (ca. 1821–?). He was born in Smyrna, Delaware, but is said to have lived in Baltimore. He is not believed to be related to any of the Smiths of our family. They had three children, only two of whose names are known, Lucy and Herbert. Edward S. Smith and other family historians did not know Smith’s given name, which I located in New Castle Co., Delaware marriage records.

About Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Edward S. Smith’s family tree scroll that accompanied his “Smith Genealogy” has a brief annotation:

[Mary] was his second wife. He was much older than she. She was a nurse after he died (he had issue by both marriages)

+ 

About HERBERT SMITH (?–?), son of Mary R. Riggs Smith, Edward S. Smith’s family tree scroll that accompanied his “Smith Genealogy” includes the brief note, “Warden, Eastern Pen. Phila. Pa.”, which signifies that he was the warden of Eastern State Penitentiary, in Philadelphia. An investigation yielded the following information about Herbert Smith.

In the 1920s, Herbert Smith was instrumental in reorganizing the Philadelphia prohibition office. He had been a member of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary (that is, the State Police) before becoming warden of historic Eastern State Penitentiary. Known as “Cap” Smith, he was warden of Eastern State at least by 1928, although a 1929 newspaper article indicates that he was then Chief Warden of Graterford Prison, which was part of the Philadelphia County prison system. We know, however, from newspaper records that he was Warden of Eastern State when crime baron Al Capone was released there on 17 March 1930 after having served ten months of a one-year sentence for carrying a pistol. In 1940, Smith dealt with the discovery of two freshly dug tunnels through which 200 prisoners could have escaped from Eastern State, which was oddly a precursor to 3 April 1945 when, on Smith’s watch as Warden, notorious bank robber Willie Sutton and eleven other inmates of the prison escaped through a tunnel they had dug under the huge prison wall. (Sutton was quickly captured; the others were soon captured or killed.)

(Eastern State Penitentiary in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was opened in 1829 after decades of political effort by prison reformers in Pennsylvania. The design of the prison, and the manner in which it was operated, completely changed the prison system in America. The “Pennsylvania System”, as it came to be known for a while, placed all inmates in solitary confinement, which was intended to promote self-reflection, remorse, and reformation. The controversial but long-lived policy had its critics, too, including the writer Charles Dickens, who visited the prison in 1842; he thought that the system was a “secret punishment” worse than physical torture, with “daily tampering with the mysteries of the brain”. The Pennsylvania System was abandoned in 1913. The antiquated prison was closed in 1971 and fell even more into disrepair. The site was purchased by the City of Philadelphia in 1980, which was followed by failed private reuse and development projects, which was halted in 1988 after petitions by the Eastern State Penitentiary Task Force. In 1994, the prison was partly reopened to tourism under an agreement with the Pennsylvania Prison Society.)
Coincidentally, one of our own Smith family relations, Rev. John Faulkner Potts (1838–1923), who resided in Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, had a townhome in Philadelphia directly across the street from Eastern State Penitentiary, at 707 Corinthian Ave.

ABEL SEVIL (1850–1926), the only sibling of Ella Seville, married in 1872 Marietta E. Husbands (1852–1913), with whom he had seven children: Eugene (1873–1873), Clara Faries (1874–1911), Herman Nathan (1876–1966), Robert Lee (1878–1945), Howell Husbands (1881–1934), Edna Rebecca (1882–ca. 1969), and Abel Jr. (1886–1887). Abel Sevil was at first a farmer but then went into business where he operated a general store in Clayton, Delaware, and later was the president of the local bank.

About Abel Sevil, Edward S. Smith noted in his “Smith Genealogy”:

They lived in Clayton, Delaware. He was a good businessman, quiet and thoughtful of others. He had a general store in Clayton and was the founder of the Clayton Bank. He built homes for each of his children there, and as they became of age, gave them interests in the business.

J. Lathrop Mack included a brief comment about Abel Sevil in his notes on the Sevil family:

Abel Sevil was a quiet kindly man who was devoted to his family. He was born on a farm near Clayton, Del. He was a merchant, having a general store at Clayton. He was active in all civic affairs, served several terms in the state legislature and on the local school Board, and organized the first bank in Clayton serving as its President until his death. After his sons took over his business he usually took a long trip to some part of the country with a companion as his guest.

The following selections from J. Thomas Scharf’s 1888 History of Delaware cite Abel Sevil:

[Regarding Clayton, Delaware:] In 1854, the time of the surveying of the railroad, there was not a house in the town; all the land being owned by Richard Tibbitt. Tibbitt gave ground for a depot and sold land for building-lots, and, in 1859, a hotel and store were built; the store being kept by Thomas B. Lockwood in a building now occupied by Abel Sevil.

In 1887, there were sixty houses in the town, three general stores, kept by Abel Sevil, George Brockson and W. S. Reynolds . . . .

The bank, at the intersection of Main St. and Smyrna Ave. in Clayton is today the Clayton Town Hall; this was pointed out to me by Helen Montgomery McCarraher in 2004. She also pointed out a store
at 308 Main St. that she said had once been owned by one of the Sevils, and another store at 315 Main St. (today a hardware store) that she said had been a drugstore owned by one of the Sevils. Thus far it has not been determined which of the Sevils owned these stores, although the drugstore could have been the one operated by Walter Riggs Keys, widower of Clara Faries Sevil.

In various U.S. censuses Abel Sevil resided in Blackbird Hundred, New Castle County (when he was a farmer in 1880), in the “Alley” west of the Delaware Railroad in Clayton (1900), and on Main St. in Clayton (1910, 1920). He seems to have retired by 1920.

Marietta E. Husbands (1852–1913), wife of Abel Sevil, was known as “Etta” and “Mary”. She was the daughter of Howell B. Husbands (ca. 1823–after June 1900) and Edna Smith (ca. 1831–after June 1900). Howell was first from Appoquinimink Hundred and Duck Creek Hundred in New Castle County, and later from Kenton Hundred in Kent County.

About Howell Husbands, Edward S. Smith’s included a confusing remark on the Seville family tree that he drew up to accompany his “Smith Genealogy”. He noted that Howell was Irish and a descendant of Capt. Thomas Smith, of Revolutionary fame. He had a farm in Mispillion Hundred, Del. now owned by U.S. Senator Willard Saulsbury. However, the only background on the connections of Capt. Thomas Smith and Sen. Saulsbury are the following notes from J. Lathrop Mack, which include a quote from Sen. Saulsbury:

[Marietta Husbands] was the only child of Howell Husbands and [Edna] Smith who was Irish and a descendant of Capt. Thomas Smith of Revolutionary fame, who took up land under Lord Baltimore. She was a relative of U.S. Senator Willard Saulsbury who owned land that was a portion of the grant to Capt. Thomas Smith, at the time of the grant, this land was considered as lying in Maryland, but when the Mason & Dixon line was surveyed, it was shown to lie in Dela[w]are. The elder Saulsburys are buried on the Smith farm.

Senator Willard Saulsbury wrote us: “The information given you by Mr. Abel Sevil of Clayton, that I own Capt. Thomas Smith’s farm in Delaware, may be, and I hope it is, true. But I did not know it was the case. I have a farm of 120 acres in Mispillion Hundred, Del. which was devised to me by my uncle Ely Saulsbury, one time a United States Senator who died in Dover some twenty years ago (from 1925). My uncle Ely bought this farm at an administrator’s sale held by my cousin John F. Saulsbury to pay the debts of the decedent Aaron Burr Smith whom I knew as uncle Burr. He was probably a cousin of my father. This farm may have belonged to Capt. Thomas Saulsbury (sic?) but this I never heard before, in fact, I do not know how it came to Burr Smith. Capt. Thomas Smith of the Revolutionary War was my great-grandfather. His daughter Margaret married my grandfather William Saulsbury who died sometime in the 1830s. Their son Willard was my father. This is all the information I can think of that can be of the slightest service to you. I had another Smith ancestress, however, Sidney Smith daughter of William and Abigail, who was the mother of William Saulsbury my great grandfather. I think William & Abigail died some time about 1750-1760.”
HERMAN NATHAN SEVIL (1876–1966), son of Abel Sevil and Marietta Husbands, followed in the family business of running the general store and a bank in Clayton. His obituary notice indicates that he was formerly the owner-operator of A. Sevil and Son General Store in Clayton. He was cashier of the Clayton Bank & Trust Co. and a member of the board of directors until his retirement six years ago. He was a member of Ewell’s St. Paul’s Methodist Church in Clayton. The only immediate survivor is a sister, Mrs. Edna N. Savin, of Smyrna.

He married in 1903 Fannie Spruance Short (1876–1962), the daughter of John H. Short (1836–?), a farmer in Duck Creek Hundred, and Mary L. (1838–?). A wedding announcement appeared in The Philadelphia Inquirer:

Sevil–Shorts [sic]
Special to The Inquirer.

CLAYTON, Del., April 1.—Herman Nathan Sevil and Miss Fannie Spruance Shorts, both of Clayton, were married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ford, in Clayton, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. E. Smith, of Philadelphia. James Russell, of Wilmington, was best man, and the maid of honor was Miss Edna Sevil [Herman’s sister], of Clayton. After a reception Mr. and Mrs. Sevil left for Atlantic City. They will live in Clayton.

(Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ford are John W. and Lucy R. Ford, cited in the 1900 U.S. census for Clayton, Delaware, who then resided on Rodney St.; he was a carpenter. At the time of the 1910 census J. W. Ford was a signal foreman for the railroad. In the 1910 census, they, with their daughter, Mabel, are listed just before the census entry for Herman N. Sevil.)
The Children of
Rev. John Edward Smith and Ella Seville

As with Rev. John Edward Smith, there is a lot of information to go with his children, too; and so we afford them another, long chapter. Theirs is the generation who truly scattered our family across the country, more so even than Capt. James Smith’s move to Denver. To summarize, the children are: Lora Rebecca (1874–1952), Mary Mabel (1875–1954), Roberta Covington (1877–1945), Edward Seville (1880–1963), Florence Wells (1881–1927), Gilbert Haven (1882–1958), Earle Covington (1885–1965), Ralph Parmelee (1889–1898), and Elouise (1891–1979). Ralph died young, Mabel never married, and all the others but Florence had children, making the family very large.

LORA REBECCA SMITH (1874–1952) was remembered briefly by her brother, Edward S. Smith, in his “Smith Genealogy”. He noted that

Lora had a fine talent for painting in oils and in black-and-white drawings in crayons. She studied and developed this talent in Baltimore and completed the course in Art at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore [and] as a young girl attended Miss Harkness Private School in Wilmington when we moved to Easton, graduated from high school there. She had a fine alto voice.

Several of the daughters of John Edward Smith were noted by Ed Smith to have attended “Miss Harkness Private School” when they were in Wilmington. The 1880 U.S. census for Wilmington notes a husband and wife residing on Washington St., John C. and Laura O. Harkness, who both were teachers. Whether she is the Harkness of “Miss Harkness Private School”, or if “Miss” is a mistaken childhood recollection on Ed Smith’s part, is not determined here. (At the time of the 1900 census, John Harkness was a widower occupied as a journalist.)

In addition to her work in oil and crayon, Lora created works in watercolors and charcoal. Many of her pieces are still in the hands of family members. It seems that she also experimented in photography; a number of cyanotype photographs (blue-tinted pictures on thin paper) of various family individuals were probably taken by her. She stopped her creative activities sometime after marrying in 1901, although she may have continued with the photography for a few years more.
Two small watercolors (this page) that were in the possession of Lora’s daughter, Katharine S. Spamer, provide an interesting sidebar in the Smith family history. These paintings were always said by Katharine to have been “my mother’s”, which I inferred to mean that they had been painted by Lora. It turns out that they are not works by Lora, but by a family friend. These are simplistic paintings but show artistic promise; in black and grey with greenish or bluish wash, on good watercolor paper. One, untitled, shows a two-masted boat and a sailboat, dated “September 24th /85”; the other shows a heron-like bird standing at the edge of a wetland, titled, “Solitude” and dated “Sep 28th ‘85”. The boat scene is signed “C. B. Cox”.

Both paintings are signed on their reverse sides, in pencil, “Clara Bell Cox”. Lora apparently had kept these as mementos, as no others were kept by her or her descendants. I have them in my possession today.

While attempting to identify a Clara Cox who would most likely have been a young acquaintance of Lora in 1885, when the paintings were made, the only reasonable match found was in the 1880 U.S. census for Easton, Maryland. There, I found a 12-year-old Clara Cox in the Mary H. P. Cox household; Clara had three sisters. By an astonishing coincidence, this turned out to be the four Cox girls with whom Lora’s brother, Gilbert, as a young boy was so smitten by their beauty, interests, and intelligence. (In an incomplete autobiography he wrote some 40 years or more later he recalled they were “four remarkable girls whom I adored as most awfully perfect and beautiful. I cherished every little attention they gave me, though I scarcely dared to look at them with direct glance. It was only at a distance I adored them, especially the one that ‘drew’ . . . .” Gilbert was a boy not even three years of age when these paintings were done.) If Clara Cox of Easton is the Clara Bell Cox who painted the pictures in September 1885, it falls into place about perfectly with the time that the Smiths moved from Wilmington to Easton, when Rev. Smith began his new calling in the New Church. And Gilbert also remembered that his father had gone to the fashionable home of the Coxes, where he and Mrs. Cox discussed matters of the New Church with great empathy. Clara would have been about 17 years of age. If my supposition is correct, to whom the
paintings were given is not clear; but whether a gift to Lora or to welcome all of the Smiths to Easton, these paintings may be those very ones.

Lora Smith married in 1901 John Ward Spamer (1869–1960) of Baltimore. She lived with her parents, of course, before her marriage in 1901; this was then at 3218 Baring St. in Philadelphia. After marrying, she and John lived at 1919 N. Fulton Ave. in Baltimore, where also their first child, Katharine Seville Spamer, was born in 1901. By 1907 they had moved to 3930 Pine St. in Philadelphia, where their second-born, John Jr., was born and died. In 1909 they resided at 1234 N. 54th St., Philadelphia, where their third child, Edward Lawrence, was born. Later that year they moved in with Lora’s parents at 512 S. 47th St., and moved with them again shortly later to 820 South St. Bernard Street. In 1912, they lived at 5007 Irving St., but by 1913 John and Lora moved back to Baltimore where they were at 223 Singer Ave. in that city. There they remained until their daughter, Katharine, graduated from Goucher College of Baltimore in 1923. In 1925 the John W. Spamer family was in York, Pennsylvania, where son Edward graduated from high school. At the time of the 1930 U.S. censuses, Lora and her family resided once again in her parents’ Philadelphia household at 820 South St. Bernard St., where she also remained after her parents’ deaths shortly later, where also continued to live her unmarried sister, Mabel, who was caring for the daughter of Lora’s brother, Earle. (About this more will be said later.) Interestingly, in the 1930 census Lora is listed, mistakenly, as a widow, with her surname spelled “Sparmer” (a peculiar Baltimore–German pronunciation of the name that commonly led to the Spamers being listed by that phonetic spelling). John Ward Spamer has not been found in any 1930 census, despite exhaustive searches. He was a traveling salesman, and he often was not home for long periods. The error of Lora as a “widow” might actually be due to the census taker being told ambiguous information, such as “he’s not with us now”. By about 1942, when Lora and John’s son,
Edward, had just begun a family but was then with the Army, John, Lora, and Edward’s wife, Jeannette, resided at 4202 Walnut St. (3rd floor). They also seem to have resided for a while with Jeannette’s mother and stepfather in Vineland, New Jersey, at least at the time of the birth (and death) of Edward and Jeannette’s first child, in January 1943.

Inasmuch as there is an entire Spamer family genealogy to discuss, we will end the notes about Lora Smith Spamer at this point and turn to the remainder of her siblings. The Spamer family will be the subject of a separate chapter in this narrative.

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MARY MABEL SMITH (1875–1954), who always went by “Mabel”, never married. She was educated at Easton High School, Easton, Maryland. In working life she was a public school teacher in Jacksonville, Florida, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The 1935/1936 Philadelphia city directory lists her occupation as a teacher. She always lived with her parents, and after their deaths she remained for a while at 820 South St. Bernard Street, Philadelphia.

Edward Seville Smith’s notes and recollections about his sister, Mabel, appear in the “Smith Genealogy” as follows:

In Wilmington she attended the Miss Harkness Private School and when we moved to Easton, Maryland, she graduated from the Easton High School and was awarded a $10.00 prize for her Essay. At Jacksonville, Florida, she took post-graduate work at Duval County High School. She was interested in kindergarten teaching and took a course of training in this line of education. She taught kindergarten in the public schools in Jacksonville and in Philadelphia, with an interval of settlement work under the Charity Organization of Philadelphia. She taught a year at Urbana University, Urbana, Ohio, and for a while in the Camden County public schools.

(The “Charity Organization Society” was a national group founded in 1876, a volunteer organization in service to the needy; specifically, “to suppress begging, on the one hand, and on the other to help the poor of the city efficiently.” Their motto was, “Not Alms, But a Friend”. They promoted the Americanization of immigrants and the development of self-reliance skills in community environments. The organization divided its work by the wards of the city, with those having proportionately fewer poor people joined together. Each ward had a governing board and a corps of visitors.)

The Whitners, Jacksonville friends, moved to Cuba and she enjoyed a trip and visit with them in Havana. At the time the Court Room in Moro Castle [sic] was being remodeled, and she brought me a cane made from the Bar of the Court Room. Mabel and Miss Margaret Worcester were friends and together they had a trip to England, Scotland, and Ireland where she kissed the “Blarney Stone”. She brought me a handsome pipe made from the Bog Oak.

(El Morro is the Spanish-period fort on one side of Havana harbor. Mabel Smith’s gift to her brother was appropriately considered, Edward S. Smith being an attorney. Margaret Worcester (1901–?) was the only child of Rev. William Loring Worcester (1859–1912) and Ethel Burnham Worcester. Rev. Worcester was
the pastor at the New Jerusalem Church at 22nd and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, the fourth minister in a
direct line in his family. He had been Assistant Pastor of the Philadelphia New Church Society, 1885–1894,
and Pastor, 1894–1911, and was also president of the General Convention of the Church of the New
Jerusalem.)

She enjoyed some summers at Intervale, Massachusetts [sic], with the Worcestors, and
sometimes she and Betty Smith would go to Fryberg [sic] Camp. When Elizabeth [Elisabeth]
Drummond, Earle’s wife, died shortly after Betty was born, Mabel took over the care and raising
of the young girl. Earle was in the service overseas and was glad to have Mabel take this
responsibility. While our parents were living, Mabel lived at home and was always a comfort and
assistance at home—a thoughtful daughter and sister.

It was in Intervale, New Hampshire, where Rev. Worcester died. Fryeburg Camp was a
Swedenborgian retreat in Fryeburg, Maine. A letter from Mabel Smith to Edward L. Spamer, written from
Intervale in 1938, noted in a postscript, “Assembly at Fryeburg has closed”, without further remark. Betty
Smith is Elisabeth Covington Smith (later Dewing). A photo taken in Summer 1951, found in Elisabeth
Smith Dewing’s effects, is a “View from Fryeburg Assembly Grounds”, which was signed by a number
of individuals. There is still a New Church presence in Fryeburg.

From about 1917 Mabel raised her niece, Elisabeth, after the early death of Elisabeth’s mother.
Elisabeth’s father, Earle, was more often away than at home, first while in the Army during World War I,
and then as a surveyor and engineer on numerous projects in the West from the 1920s to 1940s. Mabel
moved to San Antonio, Texas, when her niece was stationed there in the Army between 1946 and 1948. A
photo in an album assembled by Elisabeth Smith for the period 1944–1947 shows her Aunt Mabel
standing outside their home at 119 Lowell St. in San Antonio. When Elisabeth was transferred to a duty
station in Colorado, Mabel returned to Philadelphia where she resided at 1408 S. 51st St. Upon Mabel’s
death her remains were cremated and the ashes were strewn in an allocated area of West Laurel Hill
Cemetery in Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania, where there is also a Smith–Spamer burial lot.

ROBERTA COVINGTON SMITH (1877–1945) was noted briefly in Edward S. Smith’s
“Smith Genealogy”:

Roberta attended Miss Harkness’ Private School in Wilmington, Delaware, the public grade and
high school in Easton, Maryland, and graduated at the Duval County High School, Jacksonville,
Florida. She was talented in music, played the piano, and had a good soprano voice. She studied
music with Dr. William Wallace Gilchrist, who was Director of the Mendelssohn Chorus and
leader of the Church Choir of which she was a member.

(William Wallace Gilchrist (1846–1916), at the age of nine years, studied music in Philadelphia under
Hugh A. Clarke, who later (1865–1868) was Professor of Music at the University of Pennsylvania.
Gilchrist was later a soloist at Holy Trinity Church on Rittenhouse Square and at St. Mark’s Church on
Locust St. In 1874, he was appointed as organist and choirmaster at St. Clement’s Church, 20th and Cherry
Sts., Philadelphia. At this time he organized the original Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia, beginning as
an eight-voice men’s chorus; their first subscription concert was held in December 1879. The Mendelssohn
Club grew and added women’s voices. Gilchrist also became organist and choirmaster at the Church of the
New Jerusalem, 22nd and Chestnut Sts., and probably it was here that Roberta Smith first knew him. He
also founded and conducted the Symphony Society of Philadelphia (1893–1899); in 1900 it became the Philadelphia Orchestra under the German conductor, Fritz Scheel. The Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia is still an active association.)

Roberta Smith married in 1904 **Joseph Lathrop Mack (1877–1952)**, who was known as Lathrop, with whom she had four children: Joseph Jr. (1905–1970, who likewise was known as Lathrop), Elizabeth (1906–1990), Roberta (1909–1995), and Grace Lathrop (1915–1999).

Lathrop and Roberta Smith Mack were the first to research the genealogy of our Smith family. Her brother, Edward Seville Smith, continued the research after their deaths, and in turn, after his death, research was continued by Lathrop and Roberta’s daughter, Elizabeth Mack Munger.

“Lathrop” is a family name. Lathrop Mack Sr.’s mother was Sarah Grace Lathrop (ca. 1853–1935).

Lathrop Mack was educated in Philadelphia’s Central High School, and he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1902 where he majored in chemistry. In 1905 he translated from the French a book on the hydraulic chemistry of cement mortars. He was a chemist for the Portland Cement Co. in Nazareth, Pennsylvania, and later a chemist for the Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Co. in Michigan City, Indiana. He resided at various times in Canaan, Connecticut; Nazareth, Pennsylvania; Rockmart, Georgia; and finally in Michigan City where he also was Secretary of the Public School Board and interested in civic affairs.

He was the great-grandson of David Mack (1778–1854) who during 1836–1854 was a Trustee of Amherst College in Amherst, Massachusetts. David had originally been the proprietor of a general store. In March 1833 he purchased “The Homestead”, the brick family home of Samuel Fowler Dickinson, grandfather of the American poet, Emily Dickinson. The Dickinson family had rented half of the home for seven years when they were under financial difficulties from debts; the Mack family resided in the other half. In 1840, the Dickinsons left to their own home, a clapboard house (no longer standing) on Pleasant St. in Amherst. “The Homestead” was purchased back by Edward Dickinson after the death of David Mack. During this second residency, Emily Dickinson began her writings in earnest. “The Homestead” remained in the Dickinson family until 1916, when it was bought by the Parke family. In 1963, the house was designated a National Historic Landmark, and in 1965 it was sold by the Parke family to the Trustees of Amherst College.
Of separate note here is a nephew of Lathrop Mack, Samuel Ely Mack, Jr. (1915–1944), the only son of Lathrop’s brother and sister-in-law, Samuel Sr. and Rebecca Galvin Mack. Samuel Jr. enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps, 3 June 1941, at Moffet Field, California. Receiving his pilot rating on 9 January 1942 and instrument rating on 29 March 1943, Mack was attached to the Air Transport Command, 6th Ferrying Group, 52nd Ferrying Squadron, originally based in Long Beach, California. He had attained the rank of Captain. On 8 January 1944, Capt. Mack and four crew members departed with four other crews in B-24-J bombers from Long Beach Army Air Field enroute to Lincoln, Nebraska, where they picked up Army passengers. They proceeded to Presque Isle, Maine, and then were enroute to Air Transport Command Terminals in England for the 458th Bomb Group, 8th Air Force, by way of Africa. On the night of 27 January 1944 at Marrakech Air Base in French Morocco, the B-24-J bomber (tail number 42-100283) that Mack was flying crashed from an altitude of 75–100 feet immediately after taking off. Mack, his co-pilot and navigator were killed, as also were five passengers. The engineer and one passenger survived. The aircraft was nearly totally destroyed, and the cause of the accident was never determined, although one notation in the accident report summarized a “spinning or stalling engine”. It was a clear night, and no structural failures were observed during an examination of the wreckage. At the time of his death, Mack had had 464 hours flying time, 185 hours of which were in this model aircraft. In 1948 Capt. Samuel Mack’s remains were reinterred at Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia (Section 12, Site 2482).

EDWARD SEVILLE SMITH (1880–1963) was the author of the “Smith Genealogy and Some Reminiscences”, a draft of which was completed in 1963 shortly before his death. He began his career as a real estate and title lawyer, which experience benefitted him again when, in retirement, he searched title records in his avocation of genealogy. In his “Smith Genealogy” Ed Smith included some autobiographical notes, which will begin this narrative about him.

Papa arranged for me a business course at a local business school, where I graduated in bookkeeping, typing, and stenography which proved useful to me. I used it when I entered the law office of John W. Graham as a typist and stenographer. The law firm was Mershon and Graham. Abner H. Mershon and his brother Charles also had a real estate business.

(The law firm of Mershon and Graham had offices in the Land Title Building at 118 S. Broad St. in Philadelphia, at least in 1908 when Edward S. Smith also worked in the building.)

The Mershon Brothers were the first to build real apartment houses in Philadelphia. A small one at 11th and Winter Streets, the Wylie Apartments, in Francisville, which was destroyed by fire, stood on a part of the Wylie Playgrounds, the Newport and Toraine
Apartments, 16th and Spruce Streets, and the Benjamin Franklin.

I became a Registered Student-at-Law and John W. Graham, Esquire, was my Perceptor [Preceptor]. As I could not take advantage of the lectures at the University, I was an office student. Before each county had its law examiners, but now the Supreme Court took charge and appointed a board of Law Examiners for the state. Taking this examination, I was admitted to the Bar in 1905 and was admitted to state and federal courts. My law practice in the courts was not extensive. As a lawyer I was an examiner of titles to real estate, with a bank and trust company which insured such titles and was engaged in that activity for some years.

There were efforts at political reform in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania and, as a Democrat, I joined with the Independents in this effort. At some elections we were particularly successful and we finally elected Hon. Rudolph Blankenburg and some councilmen known as the Reformers. The voters did not give full and sustained support year after year, so such good as could be done was accomplished—gradually the movement faded.

(Rudolph Blankenberg (1843–1918) was a Keystone-Democrat who in the 1912 mayoral election defeated the Republican candidate George Howard Earle, Jr.)

President Woodrow Wilson came to Philadelphia for the Fourth of July celebration one year in the Blankenburg term, and he appointed me one of the reception committee. A large and enthusiastic crowd greeted President Wilson at the Independence Hall celebration.

(Edward Woodrow Wilson [Democrat] addressed an audience at Independence Hall on 4 July 1914, speaking on “The Meaning of Liberty”. He said, “Liberty does not consist, my fellow citizens, in mere general declarations of the rights of man. It consists in the translation of those declarations into definite action.” The Declaration of Independence, he noted in legal parlance, “contains a bill of particulars, but the bill of particulars of 1776. If we would keep it alive, we must fill it with a bill of particulars for the year 1914.” He concluded—pointedly, this was before the creation and eventual failure of the League of Nations, which he enthusiastically supported—“I do not know that there will ever be a declaration of independence and of grievances for mankind, but I believe that if any such document is ever drawn it will be drawn in the spirit of the American Declaration of Independence, and that America has lifted high the light which will shine unto all generations and guide the feet of mankind to the goal of justice and liberty and peace.”)

There were several morning newspapers in Philadelphia. The Record was much favored by the people down the Delmarvia [Delmarva] Peninsula—they just could not do without it. The Inquirer, too, was here—my sweet grandmother [Rebecca Wells Sevil, 1827–1909] called it the “Philadelphia Lear” [Leer], and then there was the North American, a vital publication that sometimes stirred and delighted the people. Their cartoons of office holders and politicians were wonderful. The Mayor was John Weaver and one day, it happened to be April first, the cartoon in the North American headed the morning paper and pictured the Mayor as a champion of reform and with city councils out to overthrow the Gang. The sensation and uproar of acclaim and approval was terrific. While the cartoon was an April Food [sic] hoax, it was a prediction for its prophecy did come true. The Gang had run into a feud.

These clever, meaningful and sharp cartoons of the North American eventually brought action by the State Legislature. Fred Taylor Pusey, E[s]quire, a representative from Chester County and a friend of Governor Phipps, who was shown at times with his stove-pipe hat and his boots, had a bill passed forbidding the caricature [sic] of people as carrots, cabbages, or other vegetables and as animals and birds, etc. One U.S. Senator was sometimes shown as a wise old owl, with a drooping eye lid.
As a student-at-law and a member of the younger bar, I was interested and active in the Law Academy of Philadelphia, an institution incorporated years ago, and the lectures before the Academy have been said to have been the beginning of the law lectures in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania. Certainly the same people were interested in both institutions years ago.

(The Law Academy of Philadelphia has had a long association with the jurists and counselors of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania since at least 1822. Many of the addresses made before this organization were published. Somewhere in family records there is a notation that Edward Smith was a founder of the Law Academy, but of course this is incorrect.)

The Law Academy, in addition to the officers of President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and still has a faculty of a Provost and a number of Vice Provosts, who were members of the Judiciary—judges of the Orphans’ Court, Common Pleas, Superior or Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, who served out of real interest and presided each week, except in vacation, at the Arguments and Trials in the Academy, conducted by duly assigned members. These arguments and trials were, and still are, heard in the Supreme Court Room in City Hall. The business meetings were conducted by the President after the trial or argument.

(The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the nation’s oldest high appellate court, originally had seated itself in Philadelphia as a circuit court, periodically rotating to other locales in the Commonwealth. In 1877, temporary quarters were made available in the Philadelphia City Hall, then under construction, and became a permanent occupant of the building. Room 454 remains the courtroom of the Supreme Court when it sits in Philadelphia. The room had been called “the handsomest court room in the United States” due to the decorative work of George Herzog, much of which has since been painted over.)

The election of the Provosts and officers of the Academy were held annually, and these were festive occasions and real contests developed for the several offices. The contest was usually between the Blue or the White Tickets. I had the high privilege and honor of being Secretary, Treasurer, and President of the Academy.

The Annual Address Committee of the Academy arranged for and entertained the Speaker each year, and many eminent and illustrious names are on the long list of those who have delivered this annual address before the Law Academy. The Historical Society [Historical Society of Pennsylvania] graciously made its halls available for this occasion [sic].

While President, this incident came to my notice. There had set for years, on the corner uprights of the seven chairs of the Justices, a finely carved owl. The capitol scandal at Harrisburg had been exploded by Mr. Berry, and there was about to be argued before the Court a question in which one or more of the defendants was interested, and a cartoon had appeared in one of the morning papers showing the owls on the chairs, each with one drooping eyelid. What I noticed was that all of the owls had disappeared from their perches.

During the term of President Woodrow Wilson I was appointed Chief Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, by Ephraim Lederer, Collector. Mr. Lederer was a gentleman and an able lawyer, of good family, and an orthodox Hebrew. A fairer or more friendly man I have not known. The former Chief Deputy had resigned, and with the new income tax law added to the work to be done and revenue to be collected and handled, the Collector naturally wished the position filled. The two Democratic factions not being able to agree on an appointee, the Democratic County Chairman, Edgar Lank, Esquire, a fellow member of the Bar and a fellow member of the Society of the Sons of Delaware, introduced me to the Collector and recommended my appointment. Edgar was from Milton, Delaware, where the Lanks were a prominent family. While Papa was Methodist minister there he had performed the marriage
ceremony for his parents. With so fine a man as Mr. Lederer as Collector, and the personnel of the
office and field forces so diligent, industrious, and loyal, the work was done well. Then, when Mr.
Harding [President Warren G. Harding] was elected, Mr. Lederer said, “Well, Smith, on March
4th we will march forth.” [in those days the inauguration of the president was held in March].

(Ephraim Lederer was active in numerous Jewish associations and causes of the day. He was associate
editor of The Jewish Exponent of Philadelphia and Baltimore; secretary of the Dropsie College for Hebrew
and Cognate Learning, chair of the Jewish Educational Board, and a trustee of the Jewish Publication
Society; all of Philadelphia. Lederer retired as Collector of Internal Revenue. On 8 December 1921, civic
leaders feted him at a testimonial dinner at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel on South Broad Street.)

I was married to Dorothy Allen, in Philadelphia; she was the daughter of Alfred Allen and
Mamie Kinzler, his wife. The Kinzler family once owned the Queen’s Hotel in Lancaster. There
was a son, Edward Allen Smith, born in April 1922, but the little fellow lived only a few days.
Dorothy is interred in the Allen lot at Mt. Moriah Cemetery, West Philadelphia.

On January 28, 1925, I married Laura Elizabeth Wood, nee Gonzalez, at 820 South St.
Bernard Street, Philadelphia, with Papa officiating. Laura is the daughter of Joseph M.
Gonzalez and Susan Bollinger, his wife. She was the widow of Russell Gardiner Wood of
Philadelphia, and Laura was born on July 15, 1891. Their children were: Laura Jean born October
20, 1912, and died January 3, 1939, at Philadelphia; Russell Malvern, born April 26, 1914; and Ida
Mae born October 2, 1915.

In 1926 we moved to Ardmore, Pa., where I was in the Trust Department of Lower Merion
Trust Company.

(The Smiths moved to 137 Drexel Rd. in Ardmore. Later, they moved back to Philadelphia, residing at
5110 Green St. in the Germantown section. At the time of his death, Edward S. Smith resided at 555 W.
Clappier St. Regretfully, the Mount Moriah Cemetery in which are buried some of the Allen family,
including Ed Smith’s first wife, has long been a vandalized property in great disrepair and in unsafe
surroundings.)

Here Edward S. Smith ended his autobiographical note and nothing more specific about him can
be added that has not already been mentioned in this narrative.

Regarding the marriages of Edward S. Smith, he married, first, in 1920 Dorothy Kinzler Allen
(1890–1922); she died in June 1922, two months after the death of their child, Edward Allen Smith, who
lived but a few days (he is buried in the Smith–Spamer family lot in West Laurel Hill Cemetery in Bala
Cynwyd, Pennsylvania). Dorothy’s birth name was Dorothea.

Ed Smith elected to omit pertinent family information about the Allens in his “Smith Genealogy”,
and accordingly no information was had of that family other than the names of Dorothy’s father and
mother, which Smith gave as Alfred and Mamie Kinzler Allen. I have since searched census and directory
information and discover that “Mamie” was the name by which Mrs. Allen was known but her given
name was Anna. Her parents both were born in Germany but nothing else has been determined about
them. Alfred’s father and mother, James Allen (ca. 1820–ca. 1865) and Anna (ca. 1815–after 1889), were
born in England; James was a baker in what today is the Society Hill section of Philadelphia (which then
was a working-class community). Alfred Allen (1853–after 14 April 1930) married Anna Kinzler (1862–
1920/30); their only child it seems was Dorothea (Dorothy). Alfred ran a grocery store during all of his
adult life, at various locations but close to the downtown section of the city. At the time of the 1930 U.S. census in Philadelphia, Alfred Allen was a boarder at the Luther Hospice at 20th and Race Sts. The Luther Hospice for Young Men was a Christian boarding home for students and businessmen operated (amongst numerous other similar institutions) by the United Lutheran Church in America. Despite the institution’s name, note that Alfred Allen was 76 years of age at the time he was listed there in the 1930 census. At the time, 26 boarders were in the home, who ranged in age from 15 to 78; only Alfred and the elder man were listed as widowers. One description of the Luther Home notes that “The guests were mostly long stayers. Its policy, therefore, is to entertain a guest as long as he wishes to stay even if this period runs into years as it often does.” In 1924 rates for room and board were $9.50–$12.50 per week, with a lower rate for those who could not afford the regular rate. The home’s annual report continued, “Our reading room and music room help to pass the time of guests profitably. Not the recreation, however, but the family prayer, the Bible study classes, and the personal work among the men are the special features of our work.” It is not known whether Edward S. Smith remained in touch with the Allen family after Dorothy’s decease.

Edward S. Smith married, second, in 1925 Laura Elizabeth Gonzalez (1891–1966). Of that family we knew very little; Ed Smith included one note in his “Smith Genealogy”:

This Gonzalez family, on the maternal side, are descendants from Stakeley [sic] Westcott (1592–1677) of Providence, Rhode Island, one of the original Groupes [sic] with Roger Williams. And there is a family tradition, too, that they are of the family of James Wilson, one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States. When his remains were brought to Philadelphia and re-interred at Christ Church, Laura’s father, Joseph W. Gonzalez, was a part of the procession.

Laura Smith worked for years in the Mourning Department of the Strawbridge & Clothier department store in Philadelphia.

Stukeley Westcott (ca. 1592–1677) was one of founders of what would become the state of Rhode Island, one of the twelve original members of the First Baptist Church organized in Providence in 1639. The genealogical relationship is through the Lovell family actually, in the marriage of Susan Bollinger to Joseph M. Gonzalez, Sr. (the parents of Laura, Ed Smith’s second wife). The Bollingers, in turn, had married into the Lovell family, descendants of Lovells from Rhode Island. The connection then is through the marriage of Alexander Lovell (1747–1814) to Margaret Westcott (1756–1818), a descendant of Stukeley Westcott.

The genealogical relation of the Gonzalez family and James Wilson (1742–1798), on the other hand, is as yet uncorroborated. Newspaper reports of the ceremony commemorating James Wilson’s reinterment in Christ Church Burial Ground in Philadelphia take note only of the pomp and the notable political attendees. Wilson’s remains had been conveyed from North Carolina aboard the U.S.S.
Dubuque, and escorted first to Independence Hall where he lay in state. The casket was taken then to Christ Church on 2nd St., and, after services, to the burial ground at 5th and Arch Sts. The newspapers took no notice of descendants who may have participated in the procession. Wilson was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and a crafter of the Constitution. Later he was an Associate Justice in the Supreme Court of the United States, named to the post by President George Washington. At the same time he was the first law professor in the College of Philadelphia (later the University of Pennsylvania). He originally had been buried quietly in the Johnston family cemetery of his brother-in-law’s family near Edenton, North Carolina, but in November 1906 his remains were reinterred in Philadelphia amidst others of the Founding Fathers.

Inasmuch as Edward S. Smith did not relay information about his wives’ families, my research has filled at least some information pertaining to the lineages of the Gonzalez, Wood, and Lovell families. (Readers who wish to know more details should turn to the Spamer–Smith Genealogy for longer lists of factual information. What follows is a briefer summary.)

Laura Gonzalez’s grandfather was Joseph M. Gonzalez (?–1865/70), about whom nothing is known other than he was born in Cuba. His wife’s obituary noted that he was from Havana. He had married Elizabeth J. Work (1843–1922), whose family seems to have lived at various times in Philadelphia and in Upper Penns Neck, Salem County, New Jersey. Their son, also Joseph M. Gonzalez (1865–after 20 January 1920), married Susan Bollinger (ca. 1867–1896); she was born in Kansas. She is buried in Woodlands Cemetery, Philadelphia, but her grave is not marked; she is buried next to several members of the Lovell family, whose graves do have markers.

Susan Bollinger (1867–1896), Laura’s mother, was the daughter of John W. Bollinger (ca. 1840–1891) and Laura Edith Lovell (ca. 1847–1921). Regrettably, not much is known about the Bollingers. The Lovells, on the other hand, can be traced to a Thomas Lovell of Massachusetts, who lived in the 1600s; later generations were in Rhode Island. A great-great-great grandson of Thomas was Adfer Eddy Lovell (1813–1897), who may have been the first of the Lovells to come to Philadelphia; by 1840 he was a clock maker in this city.

At the time of the 1850 census in Philadelphia, Adfer Lovell resided next door to Philip Leidy, a hatter whose son, Dr. Joseph Leidy, was then ascending to international renown in the fields of natural history and public health. In the late 1850s Adfer seems to have taken his family to Nodaway, Page County, Iowa, where he tried farming, but in 1860 moved to Marysville, Kansas Territory, where he again became a merchant. Sometime between May 1865 and June 1870, he returned to Philadelphia and there resumed in the clock business, which had been continued by some of the other Lovells. At the time of the 1870 census in Philadelphia, the Lovells lived next to the family of John and Laura Bollinger Lovell, whose daughter was Susan.

With his brother, Emer Smith Lovell (ca. 1824–1894), Adfer operated A.E. & E.S. Lovell & Co., clock merchants, which eventually was owned by another brother, George Syra Lovell (ca. 1828–1897). George’s firm grew; an advertisement notes, “G. S. Lovell & Co. Importers of Fine Clocks, Bronzes, Etc. and Wholesale Dealers in American Clocks of Every Manufacture, 1019 & 1021 Market Street, Philadelphia.” Various family members were officers and employees of the company.
Laura Gonzalez had earlier been married to Russell Gardiner Wood (1891–?), with whom she had three children: Laura Jean (1912–1927), Russell Malvern (1914–1989), and Ida Mae (1915–1986). The Wood family was descended from William S. Wood (1837–?) of Baltimore, who married in Philadelphia Anna A. Smart (1838–?) originally of Leicestershire, England. They had 12 children, one of whom was Malvern Hill Wood (1864–before April 1910) who married Gertrude Mahala Keatty (1869–after April 1910) of Cecil County, Maryland. They had three children, one of whom was Russell Gardiner Wood (1891–?).

Ida Mae Wood (1915–1986), Laura’s daughter by her first marriage, was known as Ida Mae; and hers is a recognizable name in our immediate family insofar as she was often remembered by various individuals of our Smith family. She is mentioned, too, in her step-father’s “Smith Genealogy”:

Ida Mae Wood, after graduating from Germantown High School, married Horace Delaney and they lived for a while in Philadelphia and in Washington, D.C. After their divorce, she married Louis P. Ade of Washington where he has been associated with the government service. His library contains nearly the entire works of his uncle George Ade. They live in Georgetown and she is interested in the real estate and insurance business, dealing mostly in Georgetown real estate. Louis Philip Ade and his mother, Nellie, came from Indiana. He is a graduate of Purdue and likes to see football there each year. They recently had a fine trip to Europe and often take trips in this country, including California. They enjoy the ‘Pennsylvania Dutch’ sections of this state and their quaint habits and costumes.

As noted already, George Ade (1866–1944) was an American humorist and dramatist. He worked for the Chicago Record where his columns were illustrated by the noted cartoonist John T. McCutcheon. He was a novelist, essayist, columnist, and playwright whose writings included strongly anti-imperialist views and opinions, who portrayed the social-climbing, rare-air of society in the light he felt they deserved. However, made a millionaire from his writings in the early 1900s Ade built a spacious home in Brook, Newton County, Indiana.

George Ade’s nephew, Louis Phillip Ade (1906–1985), Ida Mae’s second husband, worked in various branches of the government in capacities pertaining to public affairs. In 1954 he was working for the U.S. Navy, and in 1963 he was the public information officer for the Chief of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. He seems to have been an only child, born in Iowa, and his mother, Nellie, was widowed not long after her marriage. We do not yet know the name of Louis Ade’s father, a brother to George Ade, whose marriage and death took place between the 1900 and 1910 U.S. censuses. Louis and Ida Mae Ade retired to Florida.
FLORENCE WELLS SMITH (1881–1927) married in 1906 Guy Vernon Smith (1881–1956) of North Carolina. His Smith family was not related to our Smith family. Her brother, Edward, remembered Florence and Guy in the “Smith Genealogy”:

She studied in the Duval County Public Schools, Jacksonville, Florida, and in Philadelphia, graduated from the Girls High School, 17th and Spring Garden Streets [in Philadelphia].

At Miss Garrett’s School for the Deaf in Bala, Pa., she studied lip reading in teaching the deaf and, after graduation, went to Faulkland, North Carolina, to teach the daughter of a doctor there which she did for several years. While there she met Guy Vernon Smith of Farmville, N.C., and they were later married at the home of her parents in Philadelphia. He was a fine, big, jolly fellow and of a good North Carolina family, not known to be related to our Smiths.

(Miss Mary Smith Garrett [no relation to any of the Smith families here] was superintendent of the so-called “Bala Home” founded by the Misses Emma and Mary Garrett in Bala (today Bala Cynwyd), Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia. The school’s formal name was the “Pennsylvania Home for the Training in Speech of Deaf Children Before They Are of School Age.” It advocated the instruction of deaf children through speech and lip-reading, as opposed to sign language. Emma Garrett had graduated in 1878 from a course for teachers of the deaf taught by Alexander Graham Bell at the Boston University School of Oratory. She taught at the Mount Airy (Pennsylvania) Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, also near Philadelphia, and later was principal of the Pennsylvania Oral School for Deaf-Mutes, in Scranton. While there she opened a Philadelphia school in 1885, which became a state institution, growing with appropriations from the Pennsylvania Legislature and a gift of land. After her sister, Mary, joined her in 1889, they opened the “Bala Home” in 1892. The following year Emma took her own life, and Mary assumed the superintendent’s position of the school.)

Florence Wells Smith. (Left) Some of our relatives recalled that when she was younger she had been known for her exceedingly long hair. (Date unknown.) (Right) Florence with her niece, Katharine S. Spamer, probably about 1905. This cyanotype print may have been one made by Florence’s sister, Lora Spamer, Katharine’s mother.
Guy was active in civic affairs and in tobacco warehouse business with his partner, Mr. Zugg, owners of the “Star Tobacco Warehouse”. Florence, too, was active in civic affairs in Greenville. They had a nice home on Tar Street, and we enjoyed our visits to their home. Their cook, Narcissus, was a joy, a good person and a fine cook, and a great comfort to Florence who was in poor health for some years and relied so much on “Narcissus.”

Florence played a good game of chess and she and Papa had many good games together. She had a luxurious growth of black hair which Guy, with the rest of us, admired and he did not like to see it thinned out or cut, which would often have been a relief to her. She was a handsome woman and her hair almost reached the floor. She loved music and was interested in concerts there. She and Guy had no children.

They tell a story about Florence and me when we were children and I was peeved. I would say that “I could not hit her, but I could squeeze her.”

Guy Smith was the son of John H. Smith (?) – ?) and Julia Belcher (ca. 1855 – ?). He was at first a police officer in Falkland Township, Pitt County, North Carolina. It was later that he went into the tobacco business, where he owned a warehouse. After Florence’s death, he married Mary Grace Bertolet (1896 – 1979) of Reading, Pennsylvania, with whom he had three children: Mary Bertolet (1930 – 2008), Julia Belcher (1930 –), Catherine Lorah (1932 –), and Guy Jr. (1935 –).

Edward S. Smith’s handwritten genealogical scroll of the Smith family notes that Guy Smith died by his own hand.

We know nothing more of Guy Smith’s paternal ancestry and his father’s name. Of his maternal ancestry we know that Julia Belcher was the daughter of Henry Belcher (ca. 1821 – ?) and Martha (ca. 1829 – ?), both of North Carolina; she was one of six siblings.

Of the Bertolet family we know that Mary Grace Bertolet was the daughter of Charles B. Bertolet (1868 – 1900/10) and Catherine Lorah (1868 – ?); she was one of four siblings. At the time of the 1900 U.S. census Charles Bertolet was a shoemaker in Amity Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania. After his death, Catherine Bertolet and her family resided in Reading, Berks County, at least through the time of the 1930 census. The Lorah family has been traced back to William Lorah (ca. 1809 – ?) and Harriet (ca. 1812 – ?), both of Berks County, grandparents of Catherine Lorah.

GILBERT HAVEN SMITH (1882 – 1958) and his wife, Nora Mary Potts (1881 – 1961) connect us to a remarkably well-documented part of our family; not only their own children but also Nora’s family. They had ten children; the first-born, a twin, died after three days, but all nine others grew up and had their own families, greatly enlarging the lot of our Smiths. And through the good graces of written documentation as well as a lot of oral tradition, we know a great deal about many of them. Because of this, the children will be accorded their own chapter, as well as the Potts family in their own turn. And further, inasmuch as it is the Gilbert Smith clan who have held the Smith family reunions in 1994 (in Chestertown, Maryland) and 2008 (in Tucson, Arizona), these branches will be focused on to respond with thanks to this very dedicated and enthusiastic part of the Smith family.
Gilbert Haven Smith was named for Bishop Gilbert Haven (1821–1880) of the Methodist Conference, a late, admired friend and associate of Gilbert’s father. (Bishop Haven graduated from Wesleyan University in 1846, after which he taught Greek and German in the Amenia Seminary in New York. In April 1851 he joined the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and went to Massachusetts where he served in several pastorates. After the Civil War, he began to reach out to the freed slaves, ministering to them as a missionary in Vicksburg, Mississippi. He was made a bishop of the church in May 1872 with his seat in Atlanta, Georgia. Later, Bishop Haven returned to Massachusetts and set out to found missions in Mexico and Africa. In his work he was an abolitionist, prohibitionist, and women’s suffragist, and he defended equal rights even supporting women’s lay representation in the church and inter-racial marriage.)

Before addressing the particulars of Gilbert Haven Smith’s life, of which there are many interesting points as we will see, it will suffice to note some of the generalities that set the stage for the longer story. He studied art first at the local “Darby School” then during 1898–1901 at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia where he also met Nora Potts. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1907, studied for the ministry at the Academy of the New Church Theological School in Bryn Athyn, and was ordained into the New Church in 1911. (In the 1910 U.S. census, he was listed as a student of “Geogligy”, a most peculiar corruption of the word “theology”!)

A brief note is in order regarding the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, partly for it being Gilbert and Nora’s meeting place, but also because it figures centrally in Gilbert’s autobiographical notes that are quoted later in this narrative. The Pennsylvania Academy was described as follows in A Guide Book of Art, Architecture, and Historic Interests in Pennsylvania, published in 1924, which rather reflects the Academy more as it was known by Gilbert and Nora:

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts . . . was the first art institute in America, founded, 1805; its history is in no small measure the history of American art itself, and dates back to 1791, when Charles Willson Peale attempted to organize in Philadelphia a school of art; from this grew, in 1794, the Columbianum, which held the first exhibition of paintings, in 1795, in Independence Hall. The permanent collection of paintings and sculpture now includes the Gallery of National Portraiture, with the largest number of portraits by Gilbert Stuart to be seen in any museum; and notable works by other early American painters—Benjamin West, Washington Allston, Matthew Pratt, the Peales, Sully, Neagle, Inman, Eichholz, Trumbull, and Bass Otis; the Gibson Collection, largely composed of the Continental schools; Temple collection of modern American paintings; important works by many of the world’s greatest artists; and the Phillips collection of about forty thousand etchings and engravings.
Since the beginning of the Academy’s existence, men and women whose names have become illustrious in the annals of American art have been enrolled as students. The schools are equipped in every way to teach the technique of painting and sculpture, the faculty is composed of representative artists of the day; collections, galleries, classrooms, models, and casts are admirably fitted to afford instruction fully equal to that obtainable in Europe. Many substantial prizes are awarded annually to students upon the merits of their work.

Gilbert Smith and Nora Potts missed the inspirational, sometimes calamitous, tenure of artist Thomas Eakins at the Academy; he was dismissed from the faculty in 1886 for overemphasizing the use of the nude, although many of his innovations (including the nude) remained in the curriculum thereafter. The 100th anniversary celebration of the Academy in 1905, which, according to The New York Times, saw the “greatest gathering of artists”, is unfortunately does not figure into Gilbert Smith’s reminiscences.

Gilbert and Nora were married in 1907 at the Academy of the New Church in Bryn Athyn, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania; Bishop W. F. Pendleton officiated. The cathedral did not exist at that time. There was a chapel on the second floor of the three-story Academy, where probably the wedding was held. A reception was held at “Stancot”, the Bryn Athyn home of Nora’s father, Rev. John Faulkner Potts. There also the newlyweds’ photograph was taken with family members standing on the front steps, notably omitting the parents of both bride and groom.

Gilbert’s intentions must have been astonishing both to his parents and Nora’s. Rev. John Edward Smith, Gilbert’s father, was a member of the “General Convention” of the Church of the New Jerusalem. About ten years earlier the “General Church” had separated itself from the “General Convention” and established an ecclesiastical seat in Bryn Athyn. Fifteen years earlier, Rev. John Faulkner Potts, Nora’s father, had brought his large family from Scotland to join the new “General Church” (which as we will see in a separate chapter was hardly a rushed or a rash decision). And further, Rev. Potts held strongly that younger daughters should not marry until the older daughters had married. Nora was the youngest of the Potts children; none of her five elder sisters ever did marry. We may infer that Gilbert ameliorated his
relationship with stern Rev. Potts by turning away from a less assured life as an artist to study for the ministry at the Academy of the New Church. He was ordained into the “General Church” and for some thirty years he led the pastorate of the New Church enclave of Glenview, Illinois, near Chicago. And yet, Gilbert continued to paint all his life, often “bartering” goods and services for his always-growing family in exchange for a painting. Eventually, he and Nora retired to a roadside studio in Vermont, where he sold his paintings and she ran a small gift shop.

Gilbert’s father, Rev. John Edward Smith, did attend his son’s marriage ceremony, but returned immediately to Philadelphia; his wife, Ella, may not have attended, according to anecdotal information. Gilbert’s brother, Earle, was to have been the best man in the wedding, but his train did not arrive in time to attend the ceremony; Warren Potts, Nora’s brother, stood in for him.

Wedding photo of Gilbert Haven and Nora Potts Smith, 7 December 1907

Photograph at the Potts family home, “Stancot”, on Alnwick Road, Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania

(On porch) (Left) unidentified woman, Edith Potts (sister of Nora). (Behind group) Leonard Gyllenhaal, Edward Seville Smith (brother of Gilbert).

(Top step) Amanda Pendleton, Lucy Potts (sister of Nora), Alice Potts (sister of Nora, peeking out from behind Gilbert).

(2nd step from top) Mabel Smith (sister of Gilbert) and the wedding couple, Nora Potts Smith and Gilbert Haven Smith.

(Adults sitting on step) Helen Meers (friend of Nora from art school), Olive Frazee Bostock.

(Children sitting on bottom step) Vinet girls (flower girls at wedding).

(Standing beside steps) (Left) Edward Bostock. (Right) Warren Potts (brother of Nora) and unidentified man (behind Warren).
While in Shaftsbury, the *Bennington Banner* (Vermont) newspaper around 1951 ran an article about Gilbert Smith and his paintings. The clipping reads in part:

> “Painting nature is much too hard for most of the so-called modernists so they paint in the abstract,” says Gilbert Smith, who is currently exhibiting in the Bennington Bookshop.

Smith, who has a home and display studio on Route 7 just north of Shaftsbury, has been painting most of his life. He came to Vermont about seven years ago and has concentrated most of his efforts since then on local landscapes, paying particular attention to the many covered bridges. He estimates that about 600 of his paintings have been sold since he opened his shop, and just this season at least 20 have been purchased.

In commenting on other contemporary artists, Smith said Grandma Moses visited his shop last year and that he enjoyed meeting her. “I admire her work very much,” he added.

Many of his paintings have been copied for playing cards, some of which are a part of the display at the Bookshop. These include the old Henry covered bridge and the Silk Road covered bridge.

(Grandma Moses was the byname of Anna Mary Robertson Moses (1860–1961), an American folk painter in the naïve or American Primitive style who received wide critical acclaim. She took up painting in her 70s when arthritis made her favored needlework difficult to create. At the time, she lived in Hoosick Falls, New York. With more than 1,500 paintings to her credit, the largest public collection of Grandma Moses’ work is in the Bennington Museum, not far south from Shaftsbury.)

After several years in Shaftsbury, the Smiths moved to nearby Dorset, Vermont (which also is where Nora’s father had had a summer home, “Owl’s Head Farm”, where Gilbert and Nora were betrothed in 1907). But, Nora was discontent with life in Dorset and they moved back to Shaftsbury where they built a new house (adding to an existing structure), with a roadside shop of course, residing in a trailer during construction. That second Shaftsbury home is owned (at least as of 2005) by Henry Martinka; the address is 3396 Vermont Rt. 7A. Mr. Martinka owns a John Deere tractor dealership, which
is behind the house; the driveway to the dealership is to the south of the house. Although he lives in a house across the street, he still owns the old Smith residence. He had bought the Smith home in 1973 from the widow of Rome Cote. A shed in front of the house, in about the same position as where the art shop stood, was erected in 2004. Mr. Martinka informed us that the original part of the house, in the rear, had been built around the 1820s; in the 1920s the owner had been a used car dealer; and there was the remnant of a cistern under an old addition to the house. He was glad to see some photos of the house at the time that the Smiths had lived there; they showed Mr. Martinka, as he had suspected, that there had been a large tree in front of the home, which no longer stands.

At the time of his death, a newspaper obituary noted that Gilbert had “sold an estimated 1000 paintings to passersby who wanted to take home a picture to remind them of Vermont.” He had kept a register of the purchasers of these paintings, but I have not seen it.

From time to time, Gilbert Smith paintings show up for sale on the eBay auction website on the Internet. In early 2007, Jacqueline Ross Kline and Neva Gladish Asplundh began a search within the family to obtain photographic or digital copies of all of the Gilbert Smith paintings that can be found. They also have been keeping track of Gilbert Smith paintings that show up for sale on the web.

Edward S. Smith wrote about his brother in the “Smith Genealogy” (more will be said later regarding some of the people and events that Edward notices):

He attended the Philadelphia public school and graduated from Central Manual Training School here [in Philadelphia]. Gilbert at an early age was interested in art and really had a talent for painting in oils—mostly of landscapes. As a young man he studied at the Darby, Pa., Art School under Tommy Anschutz and Hugh Breckenridge. While studying here he met Daniel Garber and they became great friends. Daniel often came to our home with Gilbert; it seems Daniel was working in art under some handicap because his father was not pleased when Daniel decided upon a career in art. He became a prominent and successful artist in oils, mostly in portraits. He became President of the [Pennsylvania] Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Gilbert, after his training and study in Darby, attended the Academy of Fine Arts and graduated there, as did Nora Potts, whom he later married. Gilbert and Nora were married at Bryn Athyn, Pa., at the home of her parents, the Rev. John Faulkner Potts and Mary Watson Potts. He [Rev. Potts] was the author of Potts’ Concordance.

Gilbert took some preparatory courses for the ministry at the University of Pennsylvania and studied at the Theological School at Cambridge, Mass. After his marriage, however, he became interested in the Academy branch of the Church and assisted in the dedication of the Cathedral at Bryn Athyn. In the ministry his pastorates were Chicago and Glencoe, Illinois, and at Glenview where he and his family lived for some years. While there he made many paintings of the shore and lakes around Chicago and of the shore and dunes along Lake Michigan in Indiana and Michigan.
After he retired from the ministry he and Nora moved to Vermont and opened an Art and Novelty “Shop by the Road” at Shaftsbury. The Potts family had had a summer place in Vermont for years. After Gilbert died Nora continued to operate the shop until her death in December, 1961. His paintings were on Vermont scenes after they moved to that area. His art became popular and was in demand. A playing card manufacturer used several of his pictures for the back of its cards.

Nora was born November 23, 1881, at Glasgow, Scotland. Rev. John Faulkner Potts, B.A. was born in Manchester, England, on May 4, 1840. His wife, Mary Watson, was born in London, England, April 2, 1835. She was of the fourth generation in the faith of the New Church on her father’s side. One of her ancestors was Thomas Gerardin, a Huguenot, also of the Church. Rev. Potts and his wife brought their family to America in 1890 [1891].

Autobiographical Notes by Gilbert Haven Smith

We are incredibly fortunate that Gilbert Smith had begun to write an autobiography. It is not very long (fifteen typewritten pages in three parts), but it provides an indelible portrait of his early life, from the time that he was growing up on the Eastern Shore and in Jacksonville, Florida, and ending during his years as an art student in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia. Although it is undated, Gilbert notes in it a publication called *The Chesapeake Bay Country*, by Swepson Earle, the first edition of which was published in 1923; thus we understand that this was written after 1923. I quote it in its entirety for the benefit of all of our family, to which I also interject explanatory notes where I think necessary.

The Hick from the Eastern Shore

By Gilbert Smith

Down on the “Eastern Shore” of Maryland, best of all possible places in the best of all countries, my father, John Smith, was known years ago as the preacher who “preached with his coat-tails.” To that peninsula I am not less partial than he. To me it is the most reasonable of all places to have been born. And my father always said he would claim direct descent from famous Capt. John Smith if it were not for the important fact that the said gentleman never married.

I boast, however, that my father’s paternal line went far back in colonial Maryland history; for I can show you the house near Centerville [sic] erected by my great-great-grandfather. And then besides that they have found the cellar hole of Smith’s Toon [Town] House in old Saint Marys City the original of Baltimore. I am sure my ancestors would have a Town House, as distinguished from the country place. And this was one of the earliest hostelries in Maryland. And across the Chesapeake from old Saint Maries, back of Kent Island, where William Clayborne disputed the sovereignty of the Calverts, there lies in Spaniard’s Neck a tract of land known as “Smith’s Mistake.” This clinches the argument, so far as I am concerned, that this section must have belonged in our family.

(Throughout the narrative, Gilbert Smith spells the town name of Centerville as “Centerville”. Presumably, the house he refers to here is the brick house built about 1825 supposedly, but not certainly, on the property called “Lentley” acquired by James Smith in 1820, about which was discussed in an earlier chapter. Gilbert’s reference to the Smith Town House in St. Marys City is unclear; he does not say to which Smith it pertains. In any case, there is no evidence of any of our Smiths of that time having had properties on the
western side of Chesapeake Bay. And about “Smith’s Mistake”, the will of one landed Richard Bennett of Queen Anne’s County, in 1749, also notes “Smith’s Mistake” in Spaniard Neck.)

“Smith’s Mistake” integrated with the present Emory Estate. And my Uncle Roe used to take me to ride behind his favorite trotting horse Jim Emory. That was the name I gave my little broom-stick hobby, in reference to the famous J.I.C. [sic]

(The Emory estate, “Poplar Grove” is nearly out on the point on Spaniard Neck, on the side facing the Corsica River, several miles west of Centreville. This seems to identify “Smith’s Mistake” as some property in that vicinity. The Emory land holdings had already been long established in the area, and the trail of property ownership is not clear here. “Uncle Roe” and “J.I.C.” have not been identified.)

Do I not know the Corsica River, on whose bank my cousin William Watson feasted the gentlemen of Centerville on huge oysters, brought out steaming on the shell in peach baskets from a special fireplace under the porch? Fine view of the river and town.


Grandfather John Smith built the first hotel in Centerville, which still stands. He was called “Captain John” Smith and owned a brace of sailing boats plying between the Eastern Shore and Baltimore, who always carried his merchant accounts in a tall hat. Family tradition has it that once, raising his hat to a lady on shore, the accounts fell out and scattered over the waters of the bay. Whether it was the lady he married I do not know; but there are indications that this ancestor may have made another of the Smith “Mistakes.”

(This record of a hotel said by Edward Smith to have been built by his grandfather, Capt. John Smith, is probably confused with Capt. Smith’s father, James Smith, who was at one time the proprietor of a hotel in Centreville.)

Memories of childhood center for me in the larger town of Easton. The stable, the family horse and buggy. Father was also a horse-trading parson. The stable, most enchanting of all places. I drew horses on scraps of paper, interminably sketching that subtle line that runs from the ears to the tail, over the parapet of intervening stalls. I remember riding with Father on preaching expeditions to what then seems [sic] far distant villages, waving sad good-byes to Mother as she stood, beautiful, like an angel in the lane. It broke me up to leave her for an over-night journey with Father. But it was fun with Father too. I remember how eagerly I contested with him, on the return trip, to see which would be the first to lay eyes upon the Easton standpipe.
I remember watching in summer the terrifying clouds blowing up a “gust,” old Mr. Gelon across the way, standing in his shirt sleeves, with his red beard blowing, welcoming the coming storm as relief from sultry afternoons; the torrential rains which sometimes followed, flooding the gutters on Railroad Avenue, filling the dirt street with rivulets through which the horses splashed; the joyful aftermath of trampling with bare feet in the dammed up rainwater that hung thick on peach, poplar, and maple; watching rich Miss Covey, daughter of the livery man, jingle furiously by in her black slay behind high-checked black horses; in the dreamy autumn, lying in the sheltered angle of the front porch, out of the wind, watching the tossing tops of the poplars, their leaves turned up, and catching the broken sound of the voices of people passing, distorted voices in the noisy breeze; just dreaming, and wondering at the mystery of consciousness, and why it was that I was I.

(Unfortunately, “old Mr. Gelon” has not been identified in various U.S. censuses. In 1900, a younger Gellum family lived in Easton, and a number of Kellum families have been identified in this and other censuses in Maryland. Miss Covey or her father have likewise not been identified in censuses.)

What a place for young boy life, Easton! Sling-shots, birds and bullfrogs; hunting frogs down in the “Branch” that ran along the railroad (Once I found a nickel right on top of one of the ties); hunting eggs in the tall weeds in vacant lots,—duck eggs worth two of the hen’s at the little grocery down near the Station,—“Ol Man Chapman’s” store, with a large assortment of penny candies to choose from in exchange for eggs; the village idiot “Crazy Ned”, putting his hat on a hitching post and gabbling at it; watching the trainmen shifting, coupling and uncoupling freight cars. They had to stand between cars and hold the coupling, dropping the pin into it and leaning out from between the cars as they bumped, lest they be cut quite in two. I was going to do that when I grew up, most thrilling of all work.

I remember the swimming hole at the curve of the Branch, where bullfrogs were, big ones; the “Star of Bethlehem” growing amid the first stand of spring wheat; “Iron men” and lesser marbles we played with, though not for keeps; kicking the dust with our bare feet back on Dover Road; shooting pigeons from neighboring barn roofs; watching the lazy buzzards circling over the slaughter house; going “down town” with Father and his market basket; flattening crossed pins into scissors on the railroad track; teasing farmers as they drove their huge wagon loads of tomatoes to the cannery. They hurled the softest ones at us. We caught them and ate them, unfolding from our pockets little papers of salt which we carried. These and countless other delights enriched by life in Easton. Rich neighbors who lived in the “Red Brick House” were then experimenting with high-wheel bicycles. But that was very dangerous. Indoors in bad weather there was the joy of running under the long lace curtains in the parlor, letting them drag across the forehead.

There were wharves and river banks to visit and explore. There was the beautiful Miles River bridge with the draw in the middle of it, and the wharf where the big passenger boat docked, captain in uniform on the upper deck, jangle of bells, gangplanks and all the entrancing things that go with white steamboats. There is magic in the very name Miles River. Now I know that it is a contraction for St. Michael’s, an early parish.

Several wonderful visits I made with Father to Perry Hall, vividly recalled today by pictures of the mansion and its fire-place in Mr. Shepson’s “Chesapeake Bay Country.” This is a brick mansion of Georgian beauty and simplicity in Talbot County, home of Wm. Perry Esq. a man of wealth, brother-in law to Wm. Hindman, Member of Congress. But in my childhood we visited a wonderful woman, Mrs. Mary Hindman Perry Cox, and her four daughters, all of them accomplished, and in my eyes beautiful.
(At the time of the 1880 U.S. census for Easton, Maryland, Mrs. Mary H. P. Cox, aged 37, kept house for her four daughters, Mary, Anna, Alice, and Clara, aged 18, 17, 14, 12, respectively. They had an English housekeeper, Elizabeth Scott, a widow, aged 61.)

The hand-carved mantel, the fire-place beneath, with its brass andirons and fenders, the portraits above the mantel, the high ceiling, the quaint furniture, the woven rugs, all the charm of authentic colonial things, stick vividly in my memory. But it was the mother and the four charming girls, each talented in her own way, that won my boy’s heart.

Father had a special reason for visiting this place. He was a preacher, and these people, I suppose, were part of his scattered flock. For Mrs. Cox, as I had heard from my parents very often, without knowing what it meant, was a “New Church Woman.” How that made her so different I did not know, except that it meant some spiritual kinship with us, who also were “New Church People.” That also gave me a special claim to some particular affinity with the four remarkable girls whom I adored as most awfully perfect and beautiful. I cherished every little attention they gave me, though I scarcely dared to look at them with direct glance. It was only at a distance I adored them, especially the one that “drew,” and as it were out of the corner of my eye.

(By an astonishing coincidence, it seems that two small wash paintings still in the family might have been created by the Cox girl who “drew”. These paintings were held by Lora Smith Spamer, Gilbert’s sister, who in turn passed them to her daughter, Katharine S. Spamer. [They are illustrated herein in the narrative about Lora Smith.] One of the paintings is signed “C. B. Cox”; both are signed lightly in pencil on their backs, “Clara Bell Cox”. They may identify which of the Cox sisters was the artist among them. If Clara Cox of Easton is the same Clara Bell Cox who painted these pictures, she would have been about 17 years of age when he did them. Both pictures are dated in September 1885, when Gilbert would have not even been three years of age; so it is unlikely that, if the supposition is correct about the identity of Clara Bell Cox, they were given to Gilbert at that time. Rather, the timing coincides precisely with the arrival in Easton of Rev. Smith and his family, leaving Wilmington, Delaware, after he received his calling in the New Church. The paintings could have been a gift to Lora, whose 11th birthday came a few weeks after the paintings were made, or as a welcoming gift from Clara to the entire Smith family. Furthermore, if these suppositions are correct, it helps narrow the timeframe when the Smiths were at last in Easton, since Earle Smith was born in Wilmington in February, about when Rev. Smith withdrew from the Methodist church there. The paintings are now in my possession.)

I did not know what it meant to be “New Church People,” at that early age. Still I realized that our family was ecclesiastically different from our neighbors, that we had no nice church building to go to on Sundays, but that my father preached sometimes at “Odd Fellows’ Hall” in Easton to a very small group; and that at the front of the platform there was a large chopping block, supposedly, on which there lay a large shining medieval axe with a red handle, and this, I supposed under certain awesome circumstances and woeful disobedience to the order, was to chop off heads.

Well, it seemed just and right after all. People ought not to do what is forbidden. Yet decapitation shocked me, and the Hall took on a little of the atmosphere of a chamber of horrors. But why, after all, should not disobedient people have their heads chopped off? Still my own heart bled for those unfortunate Odd Fellows who must submit their necks to the axe.

It did distress me not a little, though, to compare our mythical “Church” with the First Episcopal in our Maryland town,—with its mighty spire and its glorious booming bell. If it happened to ring when I was passing by on my way from school it nearly vibrated my soul and body out of the small clothes that covered them. And there was something of the martyr’s sadness in me at the perceptive intuition that Ethel Stanley, the Episcopal minister’s daughter,—with light golden curls down to her waist could never possibly be for me, because I was “New Church.” To
think of her in any such way was forbidden sweetness. So great was my admiration, however, and my panic at meeting her on the street that I always crossed over to the other side and did not see her.

(The Stanley family has not been identified in census records)

When we visited Perry Hall I remember my father had long and animated talks with Mrs. Cox. He was positive and eloquent in conversation, and she seemed a woman of great culture and wit. Apparently they had many problems to straighten out; and without understanding a word, I liked to hover near. There was something here that bordered on majesty. But somehow it seemed that the fate of the New Church hung in the balance.

(Here, Gilbert Smith’s narrative changes tenor. The writing now, regretfully, becomes more telegraphic and less “dreamy”. This break may also represent a hiatus in Gilbert’s writing of this account.)

II


1895 — Father, Mother, and nine of us, their wonderstruck progeny, arrived by night at the old Broad Street Station in Philadelphia. Strange place to us from Florida, after seven happy years, since we migrated from Easton (Father was a traveling missionary). Such a magnificent building I had never before seen,—the station and the City Hall, with its breath-taking tower. All the wealth in the world must be concentrated here, I thought. Appalled by the size of vehicles and trolleys, and the noise they made. There was the smell of gas in the streets when we set out for the house that was to be our home. It was not a pleasant approach.

(Gilbert Smith’s obituary from a Vermont newspaper takes note that the family traveled to and from Jacksonville on a coastal steamer. The northern terminus would probably have been in Baltimore, Maryland, and their journey would have continued by train between these two cities. Broad Street Station was built in 1881 by the Wilson Brothers Co., when it was the largest passenger terminal in the world. In 1891 it was greatly expanded (mostly vertically) by architect Frank Furness (1839–1912), who also had designed the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1876; the number of tracks into the terminal was increased at that time, too. The Pennsylvania Railroad advertised the station as “America’s Grandest Railway Terminal”. The station was dramatically positioned in the heart of Philadelphia, directly across from the west side of City Hall; trains both entered and exited from West Philadelphia across the Schuylkill River on top of the so-called “Chinese Wall”, the stone-wall elevated tracks that bisected the city in that area. In 1894, the Pennsylvania Railroad moved its general offices to the Broad Street Station. The train shed burned in 1923. In 1930, the station handled about 450 trains per day. At that time, the construction of 30th Street Station on the west side of the Schuylkill River, and the underground Suburban Station adjacent to the Broad Street Station (for electrically powered locomotives), diminished the practical need for the Broad Street Station. In 1943, the track and platform area of the station burned. Finally, the building and the “Chinese Wall” were razed in 1953. Today, John F. Kennedy Blvd., formerly Pennsylvania Blvd., traces the “Chinese Wall”, and the Penn Center complex of office buildings occupies the site of the station.)

The house was an ancient duplex, yellow stucco [sic], in three stories, Mansard windows at the top. Rooms unnaturally high and gloomy, Parlor windows reaching to the floor. Ceilings ornate with unbelievable designs in tinted plaster. The bell handle at the front door set vibrating, when pulled, an amazing bell on a big spiral spring in the back hallway, making a wild clatter that was more than sufficient. Long narrow back yard with high board fences.

(The address to which the Smiths moved in 1895 is uncertain. By 1898, when Rev. John E. Smith first appears in the Philadelphia city directory, they were living at 614 N. 43rd St. But given the numerous times the family moved, from one rental property to another, it is not clear whether this was their first
Philadelphia residence, although Edward Smith’s description of the house fits the view we see in a photograph of it.)

Staid Philadelphia, where people were omniscient, and hucksters changed in the alleys. Feeling of being shut in. Explorations for my brothers and me. We discovered the waterfront, rich with racy [sic] smells, Independence Hall, and Fairmount Park.

After a few unsatisfactory years at public schools, I found my green pastures at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. I would be a painter of the first magnitude. But the glorious prospect first opened when my father managed to finance a summer course for me in “Landscape and Figure Painting,” at the Darby Summer School, where I first met and soon adored Thomas Anshutz and Hugh Breckenridge. Instructors at the Academy of the Fine Arts, in the winter, they gathered me into it, only a few short “blocks” from the Broad Street Station where my eyes were first opened to the fabulous splendor of Philadelphia.

(The Darby School of Painting was established in 1898 by two notable painters, Thomas Pollack Anshutz (1851–1912) and Hugh Henry Breckenridge (1870–1937), both affiliated with the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Anshutz, a student of Thomas Eakins, succeeded Eakins at the Academy as Instructor in Anatomy, Drawing and Painting. His work was not broadly appreciated until later in the 20th century, but his legacy was better expressed earlier in the works of his students. He worked in oils and watercolors, expressing light and color with strong realism. In 1909, Anshutz became the director of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and in 1910 he became also the president of the Philadelphia Sketch Club. Breckenridge was a modernist artist, producing landscapes, portraits, and figure paintings in impressionistic styles and vigorous colorings in paints and pastels. After the time that Gilbert Smith had known him, Breckenridge entered a neoimpressionist phase, and by the 1920s he was an abstract painter. Later, Breckenridge established a school in East Gloucester, Massachusetts, and in 1919 he was the Director of Fine Arts in the Maryland Institute, in Baltimore. In 1924, the Darby School persisted still, under Breckenridge alone.)

Four happy years a tireless student of Art before reaching twenty. Parents regretted my leaving High School, but not I. Painting was mine, and I must prepare for it. “Promising student” indeed! They did not know the half. I would be the greatest painter of modern times!

My large sketches at Darby, my bold splashes of color on big canvasses, had set me up as a genius. But I soon discovered there were other geniuses at the Academy, and some of them were girls. New and disturbing thought. There were clay modellers slopping at bright careers under Grafly [sic]. But sculpture was not for me, though the Dago Donatto did wonders with the slippery clay. And there was the truly Philadelphic Joseph Hergesheimer, who only drew and dabbled a little for the sake of breadth. He had a genial and be-monacled eye on the heights of Literature.

(Charles Grafly (1862–1929) was a Philadelphia-born sculptor and teacher who studied under Thomas Eakins in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. After studies in Paris, he returned to Philadelphia and in 1891 began teaching in the Academy and at the Drexel Institute. He had a studio at 22nd and Arch Sts. and resided at 2209 Summer St., midway between the Academy and Drexel. Edward Smith’s reference to “the Dago Donatto” is probably in reference to the Italian Renaissance sculptor, Donatello (1386–1466); the name is the diminutive of Donato. Philadelphia-born Joseph Hergesheimer (1880–1954) began his career as a painter, but very soon turned to writing and became an acclaimed novelist. He was considered as the most significant American novelist in 1922, and some of his works even were adapted for (silent) film. His popularity peaked in the 1920s, and his last novel was published in 1938, his works by then out of favor. He died in literary obscurity.
Under the “Pink Antique” a stairway dipped and turned and descended to the locker room beneath. And over the high-boarded entrance was the omenous [sic] legend, painted in oils by some student hand, though artistically withal, “Abandon all hope, ye who enter here.” Experience taught the full meaning.

It was here that the male geniuses ate their lunches, a large bare room enclosed with wooden lockers with paint streaks and split panels. And one learned to descend into that inferno with extreme caution peering around the edge of the partition to see what stroke of genius might hit his face or body, a splash of water, a morsel of bread, a banana peel, or a piece of furniture. One of the heavy expenses of the Academy was in supplying and renewing the wooden benches that were soon torn to pieces in the play of the geniuses. There were iron pipes across the ceiling that supplied the need for gymnasium equipment. The broad window frames were reasonably safe places to take one’s mid-day refreshments. But geniuses did more than grow long hair to impress their personality upon others.

There were the two brothers Levinski, Goldberg, and Augie Henkle, and Farraday, and Carles, and Lyman Seyen [sic], and Daniel Garber—“Feelers” all, in contradistinction to the “Ticklers”, with whom there was nothing in common. Among these latter we must place the names of Wallace Gilchrist and Joseph Pierson. I myself was a “Feeler.” We did not tickle with fine brushes but boldly spashed with large ones, feeling for the spirit of the object to be drawn or painted.

(H. Lyman Sayen (1875–1918) was an American Modernist painter who first worked brilliantly as an electrical engineer. In 1897, he patented a self-regulating X-ray tube, which was among several patents for devices that he designed. In 1899 he entered studies in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. In 1904, he won a contest for the designs of four lunettes to be painted in the House wing of the U.S. Capitol (Room H-143). Following the usual tradition of studying in Europe, where he was strongly influenced in the first art class of Henri Matisse, he returned to Philadelphia and began creating impressionistic landscape paintings in dramatically abstract styles. At the time of his death, he was beginning to explore folk and American Indian influences in his art.)

More distinct than Democrats and Republicans, the Feelers followed the art of “Tommy” Anshutz and “Brecky” the impressionist. The Ticklers hung upon the renowned [renowned] Wm. Chase, who commuted from New York. He strode nattily up Broad Street,—pointed beard, black ribboned eye-glasses, gold-banded neck-cloth, exercising his famous digits [digits], as he walked, with rhythmic precision. He had known and painted Whistler!—and many canvasses of vegetables and fish.

(William Merritt Chase (1949–1916) was an American Impressionist painter who taught at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts from 1896 to 1909. It was a part-time arrangement because he also taught at his Chase School of Art (in 1898 it became the New York School of Art) until 1907, in addition to still yet other teaching activities in the New York area. He is known for his work in oils and pastels particularly, mostly portraits, landscapes, and still lifes.)

My story presses. I am no good at introspection or character analysis. I cannot draw pictures of people so well in words. But I can tell you what happened. And I want to drop back to that first summer at the Darby School, to give you the atmosphere of it.

The Darby School, someday to become as famous as that of Barbizon we thought, represented the extreme of impressionism. Originated in old “Doc” Painter[’]s barn in Darby, Penna. My introduction to Art and to the entrancing smell of oil paints. I peddled a bicycle back and forth each day from West Philadelphia.
You entered the barn through the carriage door that fronted upon the quaint street, after crossing the wide lawn. It was on a hill side, and at the rear on a lower level was the entrance for cows and smaller cattle and the Doctor’s horse. Winding away for a mile or so among [sic] Darby Creek,—fine meadows and trees on either side, with an old mill-race. Flocks of chickens, ducks, and geese. Water tumbling over a dam of jagged rocks. Magnificent reflections in deep pools. Village houses seen from their distant back yards. Purple cows and shadows, Students sketching in two[s] and threes on large canvasses. Romance in the making. Wealthy girl students and poor boys—like me, daubing in spots and splashes, struggling to get the “feel” of nature and the vibrations of light,—no “mud”, no finicky [sic] “tickling,”—we were the “Feelers.”

Newspaper men came,—MacDougall came,—to make funny cartoons for the North American, and to scoff at us by making his own sketch in swirls of paint, like so many onions of assorted color. There was old Cook, who enrolled among us younger ones, who could recite Kipping and “Evelyn Hope,” and describe “that certain subtle pellucidity” that was evening mist. And there was McGee, the red haired Irishmen [sic] who kept a saloon on Lancaster Avenue, and exhibited his work in the window—sheep and shepherds, and sunsets, a different one every little while. I could seem them on Sundays on my way to Church.

We had not thought of it, but Dan Garber and May Franklin thrilled the whole colony with the sudden announcement that they were engaged. Daniel, the Hoosier, my best friend, and May, my good friend also who looked like Pocahontas, was original and clever. And I never suspected! A good marriage, leading on to fame. Dan would no doubt “arrive” and succeed, and May would help him.

(Daniel Garber (1880–1958) began his art studies in the Art Academy of Cincinnati, but moved to Philadelphia in the late 1890s and enrolled in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. During the summers of 1899 and 1900 he also studied at the Darby School of Painting. In 1901, he opened a studio where he did portrait work and commercial artistry. In 1905, after he married [biographical sketches give his wife’s name as Mary, who apparently was known as May according to Gilbert Smith’s narrative], he received a scholarship from the Academy to study in Europe for two years, where the impressionist masters further influenced his work. When he returned to Pennsylvania, he settled down in Cuttalossa, Pennsylvania, in the area of New Hope along the Delaware River, which provided him the scenes for the impressionistic works of the area for which he is now best known. In 1909, he joined the faculty of the Pennsylvania Academy, remaining there for 41 years. Today, many of his works hang in major art museums and galleries; and as a measure of his continued demand in art communities, numerous examples of Garber’s work can be viewed on Internet websites.)

Winter came, and the Darby School removed to other pastures. No longer were Doc Painter’s ducks to suffer death, or his cows develop colic in the night from eating waste paint. My last impression of the place recalls the picture of the physician’s pretty young daughter [Rosalie M. Painter, in 1900 then 13 years of age] fanning a sick duck to give it breath on a sultry afternoon, but I fear in vain.

But Miss Flemmington [sic] came that summer for a day’s visit. I surrendered at once. The most beautiful woman I had ever looked upon. She was a friend of our beloved “Tommy,” and she came from Bryn Athyn. This was a place outside Philadelphia of which I had no definite knowledge but many pre-conceptions. I had been advised to keep away from it,—a New Church settlement with a college attached, with sinister attractions for the unwary young. Yet here stood Miss Flemmington [sic] from Bryn Athyn before my delighted sight, perfect in beauty, charming in
manner, with a high philosophy of Art, talking with me without condescension, deigning to notice my ragged and shaggy youthful self. She had heard through “Tommy” that I was “a New Church boy,” and some day, she was sure, I would know and love Bryn Athyn. Such persons as I were wanted there. I must be sure to come. What mystery did Bryn Athyn hold?

III

1901 Began under the sign of the red dragon.

The Academy of Fine Arts was preparing for the “Annual Ball.” I was at work on a large piece of decoration,—a huge red dragon on a background of vivid green, with many other colors thrown in. It was a fierce fantastic piece in colored chalks covering the back-drop on the stage in the assembly room. I was alone, or almost so. Various students came in and out, enlivening my labors with art school jargon and superlatives in praise or jibe, often depending upon their sex. But after a long quiet interval of intensive work I turned about, at the sound of a slight feminine cough, to see two girls standing at the front of the stage, in the fading afternoon light, in what I thought to be guileless admiration of my work.

They were students recently enrolled and I did not know how they were. We entered into conversation easily enough. No one ever thought to introduce the students to each other in those days. We would made [sic] it a point of honor to be unconventional; and geniuses could speak to whom they pleased. Boys and girls called each other by their last names. It is last names by which geniuses are to be known. Leanardo [sic] is the striking exception. Who ever referred to Whistler as James McNeal?

They were full of praise, and showed great deference [sic] to one so much farther advanced in art. It was their artlessness that attracted me, and I felt the same compassionate interest in them as that [which] old golfers feel in sweet young ladies who have played the game “only once or twice before.” I told these young girls many things about Art, and one of them especially I decided would be quite worth while to cultivate. That girl was Ethel Stanley!

When she told me her name, I dropped the box of colored chalk into the foot-lights. The daughter of the Episcopal minister in Easton. Yes it was the face of her I had loved long since—at a distance—and lost awhile. “Why you don’t say so?” I exclaimed. “I came from Easton too,—I’m sure you could not remember me.”
She did remember me. But how could she? I had never spoken a dozen words to her in our childhood at school,—I was too deeply smitten at her sweet smile. Later in life I think I have observed that women never forget anything.

The sweet smile was still there, and from this day onward things moved very rapidly and friendship grew between us,—alarmingly. I was soon in love. It was not for the first time, but it was the first time that counted.

I took her to the Academy Masque Ball, for which I had created the red dragon. She wore a scarlet robe trimmed with white fur, and let down her hair in light golden curls, with a band around her temple like the ladies of the time of Robin Hood. I came as Captain John Smith. Girls did not bob their hair in those days. Nor was there anything more jazzy than Rag-time and the Cake-walk. There was good music for waltz, and two-step, and Polka, rendered perhaps by members of Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

I knew that outfit. They used to rehearse [sic] once a week in that same assembly room of the Academy of Fine Arts, and only a locked door separated them from us who attended the evening sessions of the Life Class. We heard them while drawing the human figure in the nude; and during the intermissions went dancing down the corridors into the Antique room, our linen painting coats flying wildly around to the strains of the Moonlight Sonata or the Symphonic Poem. Those evening[s] were a course in music appreciation. To Wagner music some of the fellows might slide down the back stairway, or the railing of it on a drawing board or a sculptor’s ladder. It depended upon what kind of a genius he was.

At the Costume Ball were many good costumes, some classic, some weird, some comic, but all complete in that detail which only artists are capable of carrying out. The Devil was there, and Faust, and many of Shakespeare’s favorites, Robin Hood, Dante, and the Yellow Kid, knights, Knaves, and Gibson Girls. I was no dancer. Neither was Ethel. We were the children of the clergy. But we sat out most of the dances and talked, opening our hearts to each other in the most surprising way for those more conservative days. We went over our childhood days.

From time to time my attention was attracted by a mysterious and most attractive girl in black, with a black mask over her eyes. I could not tell whether she was flirting with me or not. She appeared and disappeared in the most unexpected way. At times I would catch her gaze upon me, but it was quickly averted. And though often she circled near us in her dancing with Henry the Eighth, it was then as if she had never noticed me. Once she “Begged our pardon” for brushing our knees with the train of her black gown. Neither of us could make out who she was. But certainly she noticed our intimacy.

It was announced that I Gilbert Smith had drawn the great red dragon, and I was called upon to rise and make a bow in response to the general applause. Ethel was delighted,—and so was I. I could understand the joy of a great painter like Chase, on those dramatic occasions when he would finish a portrait painted in class, with a final flourish of the brush. And the lucky study to whom he gave the finished canvass [sic] would bear it triumphantly out of the room and down the hall followed by an envious group of what we termed “old ladies.”

Ethel and I took life rather hard and seriously. We worked at the business of learning to draw and paint with idealistic intensity. We hardly had time to consider how much we meant to each other. Ours was a long and slow romance not recognised [sic] as romance till at last it burst upon as an unexpected delight. She was an idealist, as I was. For a long time I regarded [her] more as a beautiful [sic] artist’s model than as a sweetheart. There was no outward show of affection, no declaration of love,—hardly a realization of it on my part. And as we often met for lunch at the little German bakery and dairy lunchroom, near the Academy, and she rambled on about the days
of our childhood in Easton, I lost myself in the contemplation of the kind of portrait I could paint of her, with her golden hair and dimpled cheeks, set off by her large and lacy picture hat.

We always went “Dutch” to our few social diversions. Of course there were no movies, and the theatre was too expensive for me.

Here Gilbert Smith’s typescript ends, in mid-page. The young woman in black remains a mystery.

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**EARLE COVINGTON SMITH (1885–1965)** was apparently named for the Earle and Covington families of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Earle’s father, John Edward Smith, had been sent to live in the home of John H. Covington after having been orphaned by the death of his father, Capt. John Smith. The only Earle relations in the family are distant ones, so the significance of this chosen name is less well understood.

Little is known now of Earle Smith’s youth. However, his brother, Edward, singled out one event involving brothers Earle and Gilbert that he included in the “Smith Genealogy”. Earle was 14 years old at the time of the story:

> It was at the 4th of July, 1899, when the battle of 43rd Street took place [at 614 N. 43rd St., right]. Gilbert and Earle and some other boys, our neighbors, had built brick forts in the back yard; the yard was deep, extending to the next street, and the house was semi-detached, giving it a good width; one fort toward the front and the other toward the rear, on each fort was mounted a small toy cannon. After the cannon were loaded with powder and BB shot, the boys would stand at a safe position as the cannon were fired. They did not realize that one cannon had not fired, or had delayed fire. When it did fire, the shot hit Earle in the arm. Father Welling, an Episcopal minister next door [Rev. Alden Welling, at 612 N. 43rd St.], a really pleasant person and fine neighbor, jumped the fence and hustled Earle off to the Presbyterian Hospital, where he was treated and the shot removed. It had gone through the arm and had lodged just under the skin on the far side. It was a hot day and the excitement didn’t help. When Earle got home he stretched out on a lounge in the second floor and Gilbert fanned him in the effort to make him comfortable, until Gilbert went to Darby for his art work at the Studio and I took over the fanning. [See more about the Darby School with Gilbert Smith, above.] When Papa was on his way home someone down at the street corner told him Earle had been shot. It was a great shock as our brother Ralph had died just the year before. Earle’s recovery was rapid.
After the family moved to Philadelphia in 1895, Earle Smith completed his public-school education at Central High School for Boys. He first attended the school at its second site, on the southeast corner of Broad and Green Streets. Soon thereafter he attended at the school’s third site, when in 1900 a huge, new building was opened across the street, on the southwest corner of Broad and Green Streets, occupying a city block. Neither building survives. The newer, third school was not fully completed, however, until 1902 when President Theodore Roosevelt was invited to dedicate the building on 23 November. In the midst of a blizzard of publicity, newspapers covered all the events of the day. Roosevelt arrived at the Broad Street Station across from City Hall and was escorted “amid lusty cheers” up North Broad Street to the new Central High School. The Philadelphia Inquirer reported:

Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, together with several members of his Cabinet, spent yesterday in Philadelphia and were the guests of honor at two notable functions. The first, the formal dedication of the new Boys’ Central High School, attracted a large gathering of distinguished educators and prominent alumni of the institution from all over the United States. In accordance with a custom inaugurated during Washington’s administration, the historic City Troop escorted the party to the High School. Here President Roosevelt, in an address in the assembly room, spoke in words of warmest praise concerning the institution. Later he chatted informally to fifteen hundred enthusiastic students. By a felicitous reference to the High School’s football victory of the day before he won his way straight to the hearts of his delighted auditors. Amid volleys of the school yell, given with the precision of a discharge of musketry, and the waving of crimson and gold banners, the colors of the school, President Roosevelt left the building.

In all probability, Earle Smith was present for the President’s dedication speech at Central High, although the event does not survive as a part of the family’s oral tradition. Roosevelt spoke to the students from a fire escape festooned with American flags and bunting:

Boys, it is perfectly easy to see from my reception that you feel happy over the football game yesterday.

I have but a word to say to you, and I shall sum it up with a bit of advice with which I think those concerned in the development of your team will agree. You are here to study, and while you are at it, study hard. When you have got the chance to play outside, play hard. Do not forget this, that in the long run the man who shirks his work will shirk his play. I remember a professor in Yale speaking to me a member of the Yale eleven some years ago and saying, “That fellow is going to fail. He stands too low in his studies. He is slack there, and he will be slack when it comes down to hard work on the gridiron.” He did fail.

You are preparing yourselves for the best work in life. During your school days and in after life, I earnestly believe in each of you having as good a time as possible but making it come second to doing the best kind of work possible. And in your studies and in your sports here in school and afterwards in life in doing your work in the great world, it is a safe plan to follow this rule—a rule that I once heard preached on the football field—“Don’t flinch, don’t foul, and hit the line hard.”

Earle Smith went to college at Lehigh University, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he studied mining engineering. When he was a freshman, he resided at 505 Cherokee St. in the South Bethlehem section of town, about a half mile from the university campus. By his senior year he was living on
campus, when his residence was in Section A of Taylor Hall (today this is Taylor College). He graduated in the class of 1910.

After graduation Earle first worked as a mine surveyor in Wallstreet, Colorado (in photo below Earle stands at left and is seen in detail in the inset). The following year he got a job with the Lucky Tiger Mining Company at a chromite mine at El Tigre, Sonora, in Mexico (lower photo, left). El Tigre, about 150 miles northeast of Hermosillo, is a ghost town today, but when Earle Smith was there it was a dirty, thriving mining community. This was also during the beginnings of political unrest in Mexico under Colonel Lucio Blanco, who sought agrarian reforms. Earle took a photo of a group of revolutionaries who passed through El Tigre, resplendent in belts of bullets around their shoulders (lower photo, right). Shortly after he left El Tigre the revolution erupted. This was the last of Earle’s jobs in the mining industry; from here on he started out in industrial work and various surveying and planning jobs for local and federal agencies. After World War I he went into construction engineering with railroads and the federal government, falling back on his surveying from time to time. All this prepared him for the most responsible jobs he would ever hold. First, however, there was the matter of a war, which as we shall see called him to arms.
In 1912, Earle Smith married Elisabeth F. Drummond (1888–1916) of Philadelphia. At the time, Earle was living in Jacksonville, Florida, where he worked for the city as a Water Department engineer in laying sewers and water mains; and the Smiths returned to Jacksonville for a while after their marriage. *(Photos at right show Earle and Elisabeth in Jacksonville during this time.)* Elisabeth had lived with her parents at 1218 Hilton St., which, not so coincidentally it seems, was just two blocks east of 3214 N. Carlisle St., where was the home of Dorothea Allen, whom Earle’s brother, Edward, married in 1920.

Earle and Elisabeth had two children: Ralph Morgan (1913–1914) and Elisabeth Covington (1916–2007). *(Much more will be said about daughter Elisabeth later in this narrative.)* By August 1914, when 11-month-old Ralph died, Earle and his wife, Elisabeth, were residing in Indiana Harbor, a part of East Chicago, Indiana, not far from Michigan City, Indiana, where lived Earle’s sister, Roberta Smith Mack. Ralph was buried in the Drummond family lot in Mount Vernon Cemetery (Section H, Lot 57), Philadelphia, which unfortunately is closed today and difficult to gain access except with a part-time custodian.

This was only the beginning of Earle Smith’s almost vagabond life, moving from one job to another—responsible jobs—but often on the move. In 1916 he worked for the Koppers Company in Youngstown, Ohio, where military explosive shells were manufactured. This, as we know now, gave him the experience needed when he enlisted in the U.S. Army during the Great War—World War I—when he became, first, a proof officer testing munitions, and then, in the field overseas, instructing troops in the uses and identification of gas munitions, both Allied and German. His wartime experiences will be recounted separately. And shortly after beginning work at Koppers his daughter, Elisabeth, was born in April. Elisabeth, his wife, then died two and a half months later. *(When baby Elisabeth was born Earle gave his residence as 5312 Malcom St., Philadelphia, which was a short distance from South St. Bernard Street, where he, his parents, and many others over the years resided at no. 820.)*
Earle would marry again, in 1925, to Dorothea Greenlee (1898–1946) of Denver, who was known as Dorothy. More will be said later about her and that marriage.

First, we are fortunate in having Earle’s own résumé for almost all of his career, which will set the stage for understanding his migratory life. The résumé was a remarkable discovery in the papers left in the effects of his daughter, Elisabeth, when she died in 2007. The family really had nothing more than a few oral traditions relating to Earle’s professional life, and nothing of the likes that he indicated in his résumé. What follows here is that résumé, re-edited to a more consistent format:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date Range</th>
<th>Location/Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1911 June–November</td>
<td>Lucky Tiger Mining Co. [El Tigre mine], Sonora, Mexico. Engineer in cyanide plant</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>construction. Foreman on operation. $200/mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1912 January–1913 September</td>
<td>City of Jacksonville, Florida. Chief of Party and Assistant Engineer of Water</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Department topographical surveys, location of existing underground pipes and</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>surveys on new construction of sewers and water mains. $150/mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1913 September–1914 August</td>
<td>Inland Steel Co., Indiana Harbor, Indiana. General foreman of labor in blast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>furnace department. Also made survey with core drill of underground conditions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>along waterfront. $150/mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1914 August–1916 March</td>
<td>Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Safety engineer; designed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>and installed safety devices on machinery; designed and supervised construction</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>of heat treating furnaces. $150/mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1916 March–1917 June</td>
<td>Assistant Construction Engineer, H. Kopper Co. (of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Worked on construction of coke and by-product plants at Youngstown, Ohio; also</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>in charge of construction of complete benzol plant. $150/mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Proof officer of Artillery ammunition at Sandy Hook and Aberdeen Proving Grounds.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>In charge of artillery repairs and instructor of non-commissioned officers. Student</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>of French arsenals and Proving Grounds. Transferred to Chemical Warfare Service;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Gas Officer, 4th Division, 7th Infantry Brigade. [See below for a separate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>résumé of Smith’s military service.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1920 November–1921 June</td>
<td>Assistant Construction Engineer, Standard Oil Co., Casper, Wyoming. Engineer on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>pile bridge, still foundations, and buildings. $210/mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1921 September–1922 June</td>
<td>Denver &amp; Rio Grande Western Railroad. Instrumentman on location surveys. $135/mo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>and expenses.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1922 June 20–1922 December 15</td>
<td>U.S. Public Roads (Washington, D.C.) [he gave his employer’s address]. Levelman.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$150/mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1923 January–June</td>
<td>Valuation Engineer under Delos F. Wilcox on Denver Tramway Co. property, for City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>of Denver. $150/mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1923 June 20–1924 February 9</td>
<td>U.S. Public Roads (Washington, D.C.) [he gave his employer’s address]. Transitman.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$130/mo and all expenses.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1924 February–June  | Denver & Salt Lake Railroad. Chief of Party, railroad location; survey of Dosero Cutoff. $150/mo and expenses.
1924 June–1925 March | Engineer with George M. Bull, Consulting Engineer, Denver, Colorado. Surveys for reservoirs, canals and construction of small earthen dam. $250/mo and expenses when in field.
1925 March–July | Denver City & Fort Worth Railroad. Chief of Party, railroad location surveys. $175/mo and all expenses.

[Between July–December 1925, Earle Smith went to his homestead cabin on more than 600 acres in northern Colorado, about which more will be said later. He married his second wife, Dorothy, in October; they spent their first few months together at the homestead.]

1926 January–1927 August | Denver Municipal Water Works. Field Engineer under George M. Bull. Surveys and studies of possible water supply for the City of Denver. $250/mo and expenses while in the field.
1928 February 10–June 30 | U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, Salt Lake Basin. Inspector on earthen dam; highway and railroad grade construction. $2100, Grade 10 Sub-Professional.

[The Welch Act of 1928 instructed all field offices of the U.S. Civil Service to conduct job surveys of classified workers in the civil service system, so as to adjust salaries and to bring the entire service into one system of job classification and salary structures.]

1930 August 11–1934 November 30 | U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, Boulder Canyon Project [Hoover Dam]. Assistant Engineer; railroad location and construction at Boulder City; in charge of parties on pioneer tunnels, excavation and lining of spillway tunnels, spillways and intake towers. $2600, Grade 11 Professional. [More will be said about Hoover Dam later.]
1934 December 1–1936 February 26 | U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, Boulder Canyon Project [Hoover Dam]. Associate Engineer; in charge of all engineering survey work connected with the construction of the spillways, spillway tunnels, intake towers and Arizona highway, involving supervision of four field parties. $2900, Grade 12 Professional.
1936 February 26–1937 February 15 | U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, Central Valley Project [including Shasta Dam]. Associate Engineer; in charge of engineering survey work of the Redding Division, connected with topographic surveys of three damsites, townsites and surveys in connection with contracts for exploration by tunnels, shafts, etc., of the three damsites. $2900, Grade 12 Professional.
1937 February 15–“date” | U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, Central Valley Project. Engineer, Grade 14.

[prepared sometime during 1937–1944]

The only thing to add to Earle’s résumé are the closing years of his career with the Bureau of Reclamation. He continued on the Central Valley Project at Shasta Dam until 1944, after which he went...
to the Reclamation planning offices in Carlsbad, New Mexico. He retired at the end of May 1948, a year and a half after the death of his second wife, Dorothy.

In retirement, Earle Smith moved for a while to Kittredge, Colorado, and then to Oceanside, California. By 1960 he had moved to Pacific Grove, California, and about 1964 he returned East to live with his daughter, Elisabeth, in Virginia near Washington, D.C., who was finishing a 20-year career in the U.S. Army. She married in 1965 and Earle moved to live with his sister, Elouise, in her daughter and son-in-law’s home in New Castle, Delaware. He died shortly afterward in a hospital in Wilmington. His death was noticed briefly in the *Lehigh Alumni Bulletin*, which reported that “Until the time of his death he maintained an active interest in Lehigh, and was present at a number of our class reunions.” His remains were cremated; the ashes were buried in the Smith–Spamer family lot in West Laurel Hill Cemetery, Bala Cynwyd, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania.

Here we will return more closely to the chronological narrative, where first the military career of Earle Smith will be reviewed, mostly in his own words. Then we will move ahead into his personal and professional life after the war.

**Earle Covington Smith’s Military Service**

In January or February 1917, Earle Smith requested a commission in the Ordnance Officers Reserve Corps, U.S. Army. After awaiting lost paperwork, in May he received his commission as a 1st Lieutenant, and was called to active service on 12 June 1917. His military service is as follows, as compiled from various records written by Earle, including his own “Officer’s Record Book” and a handwritten “War Service Record” that was concluded when he returned from overseas service in 1919:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Location/Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1917 June–July 8</td>
<td>Inspector of Ordnance, Bartlett Hayward Co., Baltimore, Maryland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1917 July 8–1918 January 1</td>
<td>Proof Officer, Sandy Hook Proving Ground, New Jersey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918 January 1–April 30</td>
<td>Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918 April 30</td>
<td>Sailed for France aboard S.S. <em>Powhatan</em> [formerly S.S. <em>Hamburg</em>, seized from Germany]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918 May 1–June 1</td>
<td>Headquarters, Service of Supply, Tours, France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918 June 1–18</td>
<td>Gas Experimental Field, Hanlon Field, Chaumont, France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918 June 19–28</td>
<td>Assistant Gas Officer, 4th Division</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918 June 28</td>
<td>Promoted to Captain, Ordnance Department, National Army, and transferred to Chemical Warfare Service on the authority of “Tel. Chief, Gas Service”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918, July 7–Sep 7</td>
<td>7th Infantry Brigade (4th Division until 30 August) (Artillery, Training Camp, La Valdahon, until 30 September)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918 September 1–October 2</td>
<td>Post Gas Officer, Le Valdahon (Artillery School) [In correspondence with J. Lathrop Mack in 1949, Earle Smith noted that his assignment at La Valdahon was to “[instruct] on use of chemicals; mostly on detection and preventatives.”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Event</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918 October 5–1919 January 21</td>
<td>Engineering Division, Ordnance Department, Headquarters, Service of Supply, Tours, France [In correspondence with J. Lathrop Mack in 1949, Earle Smith noted that was posted there “doing paper work, canceling contracts for equipment, which was to have been used at our new proving ground.”] [During the period 28 November 1918 to 5 January 1919 Smith was on influenza disability in France.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1919 February 21</td>
<td>Arrived at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, aboard S.S. Northland from Brest, France (by way of Liverpool, England), in compliance with travel order #3578, and reported to Camp Dix [later Fort Dix], New Jersey; on 22 February went to Philadelphia on leave. Reported to Chief of Ordnance, Washington, D.C., and assigned to Technical Staff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1919 February 27</td>
<td>Transferred to Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland [In correspondence with J. Lathrop Mack in 1949, Earle Smith noted that was posted there “winding up proving materials and ending contracts.”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1919 August 15</td>
<td>Honorable Discharge, Headquarters, Fort D. A. Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Just one letter written by Earle Smith from overseas is now known, written to his mother on 13 October 1918. He wrote on stationery from Hôtel Lotti, 7–9 rue de Castiglione, Paris:

Dear Mother—

Am passing thru here again, safe enough for now, and will move on again tomorrow. Had a drive around today in an open coach so I could see the town. We are all wondering how negotiations will turnout. Too bad the Boche won’t fight a little longer so he can get the licking he has coming to him.

Have had a most interesting trip during the past week and hope my work will continue to be so. I was sitting up in a R.R. coach all last night but slept pretty well at that. Now I have a nice comfortable bed waiting for me and I am going to it mighty soon. Hope to find some letters from home when I get back to Headquarters.

Hope you are all well and happy—you ought to be from the way things are going. Lots of kisses all around and some extra ones for Betsy.

Heaps of love

Earle

At his request, Capt. Earle Smith was discharged from the Army at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, so that he could pursue personal affairs there. These affairs kept him in the area, which soon involved claiming a homestead site in Colorado, on land he received a few years later from the U.S. Land Office; and in 1925 he married for the second time, in Denver. Apparently there was some family misinformation that he had left the service at the rank of Major and had gone West to “rest up”; but Smith corrected these miscon-
ceptions in a letter to J. Lathrop Mack in 1949, where he said, “I requested this [discharge] location because I had previously worked in Colorado and wanted to look around.” Fort D. A. Russell, in Cheyenne, Wyoming, is today a National Historic Landmark within the Francis E. Warren Air Force Base. It was a strategically positioned post when it was established, approximately midway between the Canadian and Mexican borders and halfway along the transcontinental railroad.

Earle Smith was awarded several insignia and medals as the result of his wartime service: one Gold Chevron; Victory Medal (bronze) with Battle Clasp, Aisne-Marne Defensive Sector; and L’Ordre de Léopold, Chevalier. This last medal is the Order of Leopold I, conferred with the rank of Knight. It was given by the Belgian government with a diploma from King Albert (signed by ministers on behalf of the king), dated 27 February 1920. No ceremonies were involved with these decorations. The Victory Medal was mailed to Earle Smith from the U.S. Army’s General Supply Depot, Philadelphia. The Order of Leopold (Earle’s medal is shown at left) and its diploma were mailed from Washington, D.C. Earle kept everything in their mailers.

Regarding the Order of Leopold, a few words of explanation are probably in order. It is the premier order of chivalry in Belgium, distributed in numerous designs, ribbons, and emblems, to military and civilians alike, to Belgians and non-Belgians. This medal was awarded to officers of the American Army by King Albert on behalf of Belgium, in recognition of valorous service to Belgium during the Great War. The Order of Leopold is awarded for any reason of valor, at the behest of the Belgian monarch.

Upon his return from France at the conclusion of World War I, Earle Smith typed a brief memoir about his experiences overseas, ostensibly to record some of those experiences for his daughter to read when she was older. His made the memoir much more voluminous by adding dozens of unmailed postcards as illustrations, which he had acquired while overseas. He also had a handwritten field notebook, which contained mostly his instructional notes about gas-munitions identification and their use and safety. In 2003, I donated the memoir and the notebook to the Veterans History Project of the American Folklife Center at the Library of Congress. These documents were digitally scanned nearly in their entirety and posted on the Veterans History Project website. The memoir and notebook comprise the Earle Smith Collection, AFC/2001/001/12817. Online it can be viewed at http://lcweb2.loc.gov/cocoon/vhp/bib/loc.natlib/afc2001001.12817 [link still valid as of February 2010].

I will quote Earle’s wartime memoir in its entirety. It is typewritten on seventeen pages, which recall in summary selected experiences in France during 1918–1919. The original memoir is supplemented by and interleaved with commercial and military maps, pamphlets, and a large number of commercial postcards pasted to sheets of paper that illustrate scenes in the parts of Europe through which Smith had traveled during the war. In all, the document comprises 159 pages and separate items, including some of his travel orders and other military ephemera.

What follows below is the complete text of the typewritten memoir, which he wrote specifically as a memento for his daughter, Elisabeth, who was then three years of age. The original is undated, but
the final paragraph notes that it was written in 1919 while Smith was stationed at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, shortly after his return from France.

[Earle Smith’s Memoir from World War I]

Spellings and punctuation, including capitalization, are those of the original; handwritten corrections, by Smith, are incorporated; and “sic” is used by me only to indicate usage that could be construed to be a typographical error on my part, as transcriber. French place names are written as they appear in the typescript; many lack the diacritical marks that should be with them. As other family-written passages I have quoted in this narrative, I will interject explanatory notes that I feel are necessary or interesting.

Earle Smith writes in 1919 upon his return from war:

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For once I am going to anticipate my daughters questions—I am going to put down in these notes the things that I think will interest her and altho I know that they will bring forth another string of “whys” I will at least have a lead on her at the start.

In April 1916 I went to Youngstown, Ohio as an engineer on construction work for the H. Koppers Co. and I was still there when the U.S. was forced to go to war. I had felt sure that it was coming and having had considerable experience in plants manufacturing shell I decided to request a commission in the Ordnance Officers Reserve Corps. The request was made in January or February 1917, and I got what I asked for, a first lieutenantcy in May.

I was called into active service June 12th 1917 and ordered to Washington. I resigned my position altho Jack Walsh who was Chief Field Engineer for the company prophesized that it would all be over in six months and that I would be back after my job.

I had purchased my equipment in Pittsburg and went directly to report to the Chief of Ordnance. Actually I never saw him for some months but one of his assistants gave me the “once over” and I was off to Baltimore the same day and reported to Capt. Claud Thummel as an assistant.

Lt. Rich soon took Capt. Thummels place as Inspector of Ordnance at the Bartlett Hayward Co’s plant.

Four weeks after entering the service I was myself the Inspector and the war was on for sure. I played the game as best I could and when the President of that concern and I got together there were some warm sessions.

My orders came from Washington and I did as they said, with the result that, as I had predicted, there would be a new I. of O at the Bartlett-Hayward Co.

It was lots of fun while it lasted. I enjoyed seeing the Spamers and other friends who lived in Baltimore. Woodruff and Chris Evenson were my assistants at Bartlett Hayward and were good friends.

My next orders took me in the right direction, for I went to the Army Proving Ground at Sandy Hook, N.J. This was toward the latter part of July 1917.
(Sandy Hook is the northern extremity of the New Jersey coast, a peninsula extending some seven miles that separates the Atlantic Ocean from Sandy Hook Bay, part of Raritan Bay at the mouth of the Raritan River. It oversees the entrance to New York harbor, the outlet of the Hudson River. Sandy Hook is, today, with the exception of the U.S. Coast Guard base at the extremity of the peninsula, a part of the Gateway National Recreation Area under the National Park Service. The shipping channel into New York harbor passes close by Sandy Hook, before turning northward into the harbor; shipping does not pass through the middle of the harbor entrance. The Sandy Hook lighthouse, still operational, has been present since 1764; it was defended by British loyalists during the American Revolution. Sandy Hook was first militarily fortified in 1813, during the War of 1812. The Sandy Hook Proving Ground was first established in 1874; it is now mostly ruins and sites on the Atlantic shore east of the former main administration area Fort Hancock (built 1892, declared surplus by the U.S. Army in 1974). The ruins of gun platforms and test stands are all that remain of the proving ground; the batteries and other structures that still stand (right) were part of the coastal and harbor defenses. The proving ground was used 1874–1919, and it was first used to deploy materiel to overseas depots during the Spanish-American War, in 1898. At Sandy Hook, munitions were proved by firing them downrange several miles, southward along the Atlantic shore. The proof battery where Earle Smith had worked was built in 1900. As described in a “Sandy Hook Proving Ground” informational brochure: “The eastern end of the new Proof Battery was designed for test firing machine guns, field and siege guns, and howitzers. The largest guns, 14-inch caliber, were test fired at the west end of the battery. In the middle were mounted a variety of 1-inch and up to 12-inch caliber guns. A gantry crane on railroad tracks behind the battery mounted and removed the guns and carriages. Behind the crane tracks were traverses: a line of six 12-foot thick concrete walls with arched niches for overhead protection. When a gun was fired on the Proof Battery, the gun crew stood behind these walls in the niches in case the gun blew up during testing. From atop a 50-foot observation tower behind the traverses, ordnance personnel could easily observe artillery hits on targets down range and out to sea.” In 1919, operations were transferred from Sandy Hook to the larger, and more rural, Aberdeen Proving Ground on Chesapeake Bay, in Maryland.)

Col. Ruggles was Commanding Officer, Major Phillips was Administrative Officer, there were two other colonels, one or two captains and several lieutenants on the post. I was, I believe, the third Reserve Officer to be stationed there.

The work was extremely interesting, for I saw everything new that pertained to field and heavy artillery; the old seacoast mounts, the new anti-aircraft mounts; the French 75 m/m and 155 m/m Guns and Howitzer.

I finally became Proof Officer, testing ammunition made by the various manufacturers.

Many other officers began to arrive and I soon found myself running a school for men who were to become non-commissioned officers.

As usual I became much better informed when instructing others.
Due to the limited quarters on the post I lived at the Pannaci Hotel at Seabright. This was enjoyable but rather expensive so I was glad when some of the regular officers left and I got a room at the Brick House (Officers quarters on the post). (The Pannaci Hotel was a family-operated hotel in the coastal town of Seabright, New Jersey. It had been in operation for some time, as it is noticed at least in 1889 in Wolverton’s Atlas of Monmouth County, New Jersey.)

We would work up until Saturday noon and then take the steamer “Ordnance” to New York. Then I would proceed to Philadelphia and come back on a sleeper Sunday night and catch the boat at 7:15 on Monday morning.

A site on the Chesapeake Bay near Aberdeen was selected and the construction work was started in October I think. (The U.S. Army’s Quartermaster General Department operated a steamer in the environs of New York harbor, which carried freight and passengers between the several forts of the harbor, including Fort Hancock at Sandy Hook, New Jersey. One writer in 1912 referred to the Ordnance as “an overgrown and comfortable tug boat”. This steamer, or others of the same name, plied the New York waters since at least the early 1890s. The personnel at Sandy Hook increased rapidly and soon the preparations were started for a Proving Ground for the mobile artillery in Maryland. Aberdeen Proving Ground was established when the Sandy Hook Proving Ground was determined to be not large enough to conduct expanded munitions testing so close to busy New York harbor and its populous suburbs. Aberdeen, comprised of farmland and swamps, was selected for its location near industrial and manufacturing centers yet (then) sufficiently rural in terms of population density. The location, fronting along 20 miles on the west side of Chesapeake Bay near its head, was established by Col. Colden L. Ruggles, Commanding Officer at Sandy Hook. Farmers were paid about $200 per acre for their land; displaced were about “3,000 persons and 12,000 horses, mules, sheep, cows, and swine”, and some family cemeteries. The post was established 20 October 1917 and officially opened 14 December 1917. On 28 March 1918, the Ordnance Department reorganized the proving ground, establishing four departments in the munitions testing process: Proof, Service, Administration, and Military. [Earle Smith worked within the Proof department.] After the war, Aberdeen Proving Ground was used for munitions research and development.)

We received instructions to prepare for the move between Christmas and New Years Day. It was a cold winter and with a good wind blowing and the thermometer at 10 deg. Below we loaded the guns on flat cars; there were several train loads.

I went home for New Years day and then to Aberdeen on the second of January. (The U.S. Army’s Aberdeen Proving Ground website records the ceremonial first shot: “On 2 January 1918, during a blinding snowstorm, Mrs. Edward V. Stockham fired the first gun at the Aberdeen Proving Ground, and despite the snow, within 2 hours, the regular work of ammunition acceptance testing was underway.” Maj. Stockham was influential in the selection of Aberdeen as the site of the new proving ground.)

The material arrived in good shape, work started unloading the guns and ammunition in weather just as cold as it had been at Sandy Hook. The fact that the ground was frozen helped some, for when the thaw came later on, the only things that moved were mules, and men; tractors and trucks were of no use.

I was in charge of all the guns and materials, most of it are absolute [sic] now, the guns of French and British design have pushed the antiquated guns of the U.S. into the “bone yard”.

We had a jolly, hard working lot of officers and men and many difficulties were over come.
You would be cussing mad at some officer who got in your way during the days work but you
would smoke and play cards with him in the evening.

Lord, Goodaire, Freeman, P.O.E. Johnson, Fred Fish, Fullam and I lived in hunting lodge
which had belonged to E.C. Converse a New York Millionaire.

He left some big chairs, tables and a fine fireplace, for us to enjoy.

(E. C. Converse was a founder of United States Steel, in addition to numerous other leadership positions in
banking and industry. I have not found any information that relates to his hunting lodge near Aberdeen,
Maryland.)

About February, Goodaire, Winslow and I received notice from Col. Ruggles that we had
been recommended for foreign service.

I was delighted, I wanted something a little closer up to the war, and had requested a transfer
into the Tank Corps.

Three months passed and no orders came, someone in Washington having lost the papers. But
at last in April they did arrive and we left for New York.

After a four days wait we sailed on the S.S. Powhatan [see postcard photo below], formerly
the Hamburg, one of the Kaisers favorite
boats. We anchored off Ambrose Light on
the last day of April and sailed May 1st.
We were joiite [joined] by about four other
transports and a cruiser and were on our
way to France. There was no excitement
except the boat drills and target practise
[sic] of the gun crews. We had four five
inch guns and several one pounders.

After we were out some eight days we
had to sleep in our clothes with life belts
handy and had to get out on deck before
daybreak, every officer was a lookout for
submarines.

We never saw any, but rumors were plentiful and we waited eagerly for the destroyers which
joined us when about three days out of port.

One day several of them dashed off and dropped some depth bombs, they at least thought they
had seen a sub.

When these charges exploded there was a jar felt and it sounded as if someone had dropped a
heavy steel plate down in the hold. We entered the mouth of the Gironde River on the afternoon of
May 13th.

The next morning we docked at Pauillac, a small town with a dock, narrow gauge railroad and
a small blast furnace. Here we saw the first of the many German prisoners we were to see in
France.

They were well fed evidently and seemed quite contented. Their french guards did not make
them work as hard as we thought they ought to. However, I afterwards noticed that the French I
work as hard as we do either.
The trip from Pauillac to Bordeaux was made on a small river steamer, that is, the unattached or casual officers were transported in this fashion while the troops on board took their first ride in the cars marked 8 chevaux–40 hommes.

The river was very pretty and the people who lived on its bank came out of their houses to wave to us.

Bordeaux is an attractive city but we did not have a great deal of time to spend there, we were sent to a camp about two miles out of the city and in a few days were ordered to proceed to Blois.

While at Bordeaux I heard my first real cook-coo and a bird that I think was a nightingale.

Blois was a central depot for casual officers and men and I am glad to say we only were held there two days waiting for our orders.

I was still a lieut. And both Goodaire and Winslow were captains, they were allowed to live in a hotel in the town while I had to live in the barracks, get up at reveille and stand formations. The most interesting thing to me in Blois was the chateau. It was the largest one I saw and has an immense historical interest. The stories of Catherine de Medici, had long since convinced me that all women were not good and here I was in the very rooms where she used to mix up her poisons, say her prayers and murder cardinals and other individuals. Augers, Tours and Blois are in what is known as the Chateaux country and after the armistice I was able to visit a few of the many. There are, in my collection of pictures many that I did not visit. [Presumably Earle Smith refers to the postcards with which he profusely illustrated his typewritten memoir.]

From Blois we three went to Tours, Headquarters of the Service of Supplies. There were at this time probably 1000 officers stationed at Tours; the supply trains from the various ports came thru here and all along these railroads our engineers had built great storage yards; Americans were everywhere.

(Tours, France, is 146 miles southwest of Paris. The Tours American Monument there commemorates the Services of Supply of the American Expeditionary Forces during World War I. The monument is just east of the southern end of Pont Wilson that crosses the Loire River.)

We had been ordered to France for Ordnance work in connection with a proving ground for Gas Warfare material.

At that time there was no such animal altho there was a camp near Chaumont (Haute Marne) which had a reservation for this service.

In this mans army, when they did’nt [sic] know what to do with you they sent you to school.

All three of us were assigned to Major Prentice, Ordnance, he gave some eight of us talks on gas, we had volumes to read and we learned how awful [awful] was this new German way of fighting.

After a week of this Goodaire and I were sent to the Gas Experimental Field near Chaumont. This was afterward named Hanlon Field, in honor of an officer of that name, who was the first of those in the gas service to give his life.

The so called American special ran from Tours to Chaumont by way of Bourge, Nevers, Dijou, Is-sur-Tille, Langre, and it was over this railroad that most of our supplies moved up to the front. Chaumont was General Headquarters of the U.S. Army and Hanlon Field was about 3 miles out, on the road to Biesles.
The first regiment of Gas and Flame troops were in training at Choignes and la Ville aux Bois. Capt. Mac Namee (Australiian) [sic], Capt. Watkins and Lt. Roberts (British) were stationed there as instructors.

Since the Gas Defence School was not started Goodaire, Rhode, Slade, Menefee, Sayer, Tucker and I had special lectures given us by the British and American Officers, watched the practice shows, where four inch Stokes Mortars and Livens Projectors were used and made occasional trips to Chaumont for dinner at the Hotel La France. Altho it was early June we found it pretty cold at Chaumont which is about 1000 feet above sea level.

To complete our education Lt. Col[.] Atkinson gave Goodaire, Tucker, Slade and myself, permission to go up near Fliry to see the installation of projectors in preparation for a gas attack.

This was the first U.S. Show and was done to comply with a request from the French who thought the Germans were preparing for an attack in that sector.

We left by auto and passed thru Neufchateau and Toul. In the evening we proceeded to Flirey, which is near Seicheprey, without lights and it was “some” ride.

At this point the ground is very rough and the French front line consisted of a series of outposts which were held during the day and abandoned during the night. Patrols from German and French troops were active in no-mans land after dark. While the projectors were being installed the French held the outposts at night as well as during the day and the projectors were set between the two lines.

The Livens projector is a steel drawn tube, open at one end and hemispherical at the other, they are about 3 feet long and 8 in diameter. They are set in groups of twenty in small trenches. The propelling charge is equipped with an electrical fuze which is connected by wires which come out thru the muzzle. The charges are connected up in series and the lot is exploded by a blasting machine or magneto. The bombs weigh 60 lbs. filled and carry 30 lbs. of liquid gas.

The maximum range is about 1500 yards, so it is clear that it is necessary to set them near the enemies [sic] first line if it is desirable to have the bombs fall near the reserve trenches.

The night we were up, the wind was blowing toward our own lines so altho 700 to 800 projectors were already in place it was impossible to have the “show” as the English call it.

There was some rifle fire near us and to both sides the artillery was quite active. Now and then a flare would go up form the German lines and we would seek the shadows—you felt very conspicuous at such times.

We returned before day break, the projectors were carefully camouflaged so that the airplanes with their photographers would not notice the work which was going on at night.

It was about a week from the time we were there that the weather became favorable and the “show” was pulled off. By this time about 1400 projectors were fired, the show was a great success and altho the Germans came back strong with artillery fire, only a few of our men were wounded. The wind carried the gas cloud back behind the German lines and the casualties must have been very heavy.

The Gas Defence School had been started and after a weeks instruction Rhode and I were assigned to the 2nd and 4th Divisions respectively.

I asked to go with the offensive gas troops but was refused, having had no actual military training. I had no difficulty however, in getting transferred from Ordnance to Chemical Warfare
Service and was put in the Defence Division. Goodaire returned to Tours, Tucker remained with the 1st G. & F. Regiment as did Menefee.

I had to report at le Bourges, near Paris in order to locate the Fourth Division.

I went by train from Chaumont to Paris arrived at the Gare de l’Est and secured a room at the Hotel Francais, directly opposite. I had supper or dinner as you may call it and took a walk around the dark streets, no lights were to be seen and it was very dismal.

I got my two trunks, bedding roll and equipment together, spent a half day looking around Paris and the next morning I left for la Ferte. The passenger trains ran no farther than this point.

I had no trouble in finding Headquarters, Capt. Perry the Gas Officer with the Division and soon had a comfortable billet at #7 Avenue, Chateau Thierry.

The name of the street was unfortunate, for when a man was sent to get my baggage he read the address as #7 dugout, Chateau Thierry and with my trunks and bedding roll he started for the front.

Fortunately an M.P. stopped him before he reached the German lines and he came back for further information and I recovered my baggage, the most of which I afterward kept at the gas supply dump.

It was now about the 18th of June, the Germans had been stopped at Chateau Thierry by the Second Division and the tide was about to turn in our favor. At nights there was a continuous stream of trucks, both U.S. and French, going thru la Ferte, back and forth. On clear nights the Boche would fly over our heads, going to bomb Paris and the anti-aircraft machine guns would make an awful racket.

The rumble of gun fire was very heavy and I would lie awake wondering just what was going on.

The Germans had passed beyond la Ferte in their first drive and had been driven back again by the French and British. The town was not much damaged but the bridges across the Marne had been destroyed and British gun fire had wrecked some of the buildings along the river bank.

Barges with a combination of laundry and bath house were anchored along the banks so it was possible to keep clean in all ways.

The French people were very friendly and made you feel very much at home.

The rail-head for supplies was at Lizy sur Ourcq and here we had our supplies of gas masks, for men and beasts, chloride of lime to overcome mustard gas, blankets for dug-outs etc. The various regiments were scattered over the country at May en-Multien, Rosoy, Acy and were busy preparing a system of defense in case another retreat became necessary.

We were kept busy distributing our supplies and examining the equipment furnished by the British; when the 4th first landed. It was at first intended to have them with the British. Many masks were found faulty, having been repaired by the British and issued to our men.

Since our troops were so widely scattered I was ordered to join the 7th infantry, Brigade, Gen’l. Benjamin Poore, Commanding. I found headquarters at Rosoy and was told to make my headquarters at Vincy, with the 1st Battalion of the 47th Infantry.

I was centrally located and by using a horse I was able to see the various outfits and supervise their training and see that the proper equipment was obtained.
It was, I think, on the 14th of July that I went out to the pit to practise [sic] with my automatic pistol when I heard the whine of a shell high up in the air. I knew it must be from a long range gun and that evening the chaplain brought back from Meaux a fragment of one of the shell. It was about a 15″ shell and since the Germans always bombarded with their long range guns before a new offensive was started, it was felt that a new offensive was due.

(In France, Earle Smith purchased from Edwin Goodaire a Colt 45 Automatic, serial no. 175256. Earle noted this under “C” in his service notebook [the loose-leaf notebook that I donated to the Veterans History Project of the Library of Congress]. I received the gun from Earle Smith’s daughter, Elisabeth S. Dewing, about 1998.)

The German offensive developed east of Reims on July 15th, but the French had been warned and without a doubt one of the greatest battles of the war had started. An artillery officer of the 3rd division told me that the Germans attacked eleven times in one day and that our artillery broke the attacks six times before our own infantry was involved.

We received orders to move one night and I moved out with the 1st B’n. 47th and went to Brigade Headquarters.

Then the 39th was sent to one French Armies [sic] and the 47th was held in reserve, there was nothing to do at Brigade Headquarters so I started after the 39th. They took over the French trenches near Troesnes N.E. of la Ferte Milon one night and when the Allied counter-offensive started, they went over the top.

I caught up to them at Noroy—they had hit the line hard and had done fine work and mopped up the woods to the north of the road.

Many machine guns and pieces of light artillery, 77 m/m guns and 150 m/m Howitzers, Minnenwerfers etc. were captured.

The Germans had made preparations to remain indefinitely, their dugouts were substantial and in several places certain germans had posted notices, claiming rich lands as farms.

We searched the fields and woods to determine the amount of captured material but evidently missed some for a german machine gun crew came out of their hole after we had passed and opened up on our men. They were taken care of. I had found Capt. Reynolds, the Gas Officer with the 39th regiment and we went over the battleground together, the fighting was still going on at Villers le Petet and at Chony. The sights were disagreeable and the odors unbearable. The 39th was relieved and we withdrew to Silly la Poterie, or rather to the chateau, which was very large and had many big stables.

This section had been heavily shelled with gas several days before, but fortunately the woods was [sic] fairly open, a good wind had been blowing and altho we could detect a slight odor of gas, it was decided to occupy the buildings instead of letting the men stay out in the open.

It had started to rain and was disagreeable.

We had only a few gas casualties, due to men getting into shellholes, roaming in thick woods where gas had been and from gas shell bursting so close that the men did not have time to adjust their masks.

I rejoined Brigade Headquarters at La Ferte Milon. This town was badly shot up. We next moved to Bourneville and shortly afterward moved to Grisolles which is directly north of Chateau Thierry.

Dammard was completely shot to pieces and all along the road were signs of heavy fighting.
French batteries were all around Grissolles and we received German Shell at frequent intervals. They had the cross roads near the church spotted and several Frenchmen lost their lives there, while horses that had been killed a few days previous were ripe and disagreeable.

My horse had a good sense of smell and I had a hard time getting him to pass anything that was dead if we approached from leeward.

We remained at Grisolle for several days, the 4th Division being in reserve. The Soissons road was heavily shelled; the men were at laCroix, the Bois du Chatelet and le Charme.

We next moved over to the Boise de la Tounelle. Fortunately the weather was fine and we did not mind sleeping in pup-tents and taking our meals under the trees. Our men were bombed on the road and at night the Boche would fly low and bomb the woods. It was decidedly unpleasant when you could hear them coming and knew that one might hit you in the pit of the stomach. I had seen the Germans bomb the men in the front line when we were east of Noroy and that didn’t [sic] help.

The 42nd was to the east of us and we moved over to relieve them, passing thru the Foret de Fere, where the Germans had huge quantities of ammunition, including many gas shell of various calibers.

We went through Sergy and stopped for lunch. Some of the buildings had received direct hits with gas shell and were dangerous. The Germans had been there themselves that morning and there had been hard fighting before they withdrew. We proceeded to Seringes and established Brigade Headquarters.

Here the shell had dug up many graves, the buildings were badly wrecked and in many were dead Germans and Doughboys.

Our next move took us thru Mareuil to Mottin Farm. The shell passed over our heads. The farm was in a hollow and struck along the road which was generally crowded with trucks.

The German artillery was now placed north of the Vesle River and we were likely to be shelled at any time, so it was necessary to be on the lookout for gas. While there I had the interesting experience of seeing an observation balloon (French) set on fire by a German aviator.

I was returning from Division Headquarters on my nag, I never was able to guess his name, and as I came near the balloon I heard the machine guns start firing, I glanced up and from behind a cloud, the plane dove for the balloon and the observers jumped from the basket with their parachutes.

The German was firing incendiary bullets from his machine gun and it looked as if there was a dotted line from plane to balloon.

The balloon came down in flames and the German flew away home.

I pulled my horse under a tree to escape his fire should he decide to shoot up the road. Capt. McNamee was there and I took him up to Headquarters to see General Poore. After the armistice I saw him at Tours, ready to return to Australia.

We only remained at Mottin Farm a day or so and moved to Chartreuve Farm, south of Chery-Chartreuve.

Our men had taken St. Thibant and several attempts were made to cross the Vesle River but without much success. The losses were heavy.

I had to make a trip back beyond Chateau Thierry to get gas masks to replace those destroyed by getting wet. The gas dump was then moved up in part to Mareuil. A Dodge car with gas masks
was the first U.S. car to enter St. Thibant and the Germans were just across the river. I was sorry General Poore did not allow me to take the car in personally. The masks reached the men in time to prevent many casualties.

The farm here was the headquarters, not only of the 7th Brigade, but also of the 8th and of two Artillery Brigades. Seventy-five guns were on all sides of us and when the Boche started his counter battery work the shell seemed to hit on all sides of our farm.

On several occasions [sic] they sent over sneezing gas and mustard gas. The fact that there were many duds, I know, prevented our casualties from being greater. The farm adjoined the park of a very pretty chateau; at least it had been pretty.

A mine had been planted so that the entire building was wrecked and only portions of rooms were left. The books from the library were scattered over the floor and what furniture that was left, was of little values [sic].

What was evidently a family tomb was also blown up as were several water wells on the place. There was a large grove of trees and a small lake. It was a bad place if a heavy gas bombardment was centered on it; we only got a small amount, but the 77th division which afterwards relieved us got a plenty.

Most French residences have well constructed wine cellars which make excellent dug-outs. I had several at Chartreuve Farm fitted with blankets at the doors and when the shell fell too close we would get the men, around Headquarters, undercover. At night I was generally around, since I was “official nose” so to speak, and it was interesting to see a Boche overhead drop a flare when he spotted one of our batteries and then wait for the enemy to try and locate the guns with their fire.

As I said before the 77th relieved us and about the middle of August we were headed back to a rest area where replacements would be received to make up for the men we had lost.

We came back thru Feren-Tardenois and made Headquarters at le Four a Verre Farm on the west of the Foret de Fere.

The men were given a couple of days to rest and we proceeded thru Chateau Thierry crossed the Marne River at Nogent and entrained on one of the railroads for Rimancourt.

Here as billeting officer for the Brigade I secured quarters for the General in the Chateau.

I spent a very pleasant time here, getting samples of various German gases so the men could take a slight sniff and know them in the future.

There were so many bad odors around that I had to watch the gas sentries from sounding unnecessary alarms.

Gongs, rattles and klaxon horns were used to give the alarm and at times I have known a sentry to hear an auto horn on the road and immediately take it up. Since it was bad enough as it actually was, it was necessary to prevent unnecessary alarms and consequent loss of sleep to the men.

Rimacourt is N.E. of Chaumont and just as we were to move north to Bar le Due I was relieved from duty with the 7th Brigade and ordered to le Valdahon as a gas officer for the training station for artillery.

I was sorry to leave General Poore, Major Faulkner, Jack Mallory, Sidlo the Vet., Watters, Law and George de la Casse, our interpreter.
This was really the last of the war for me. From Chaumont, where I saw Goodaire while I was waiting for my train, I went to Dijon.

It was perhaps ten o’clock at night when I arrived and as the hotels there were generally overcrowded due to many Americans I was wondering what I would do for a bed when a girl and her mother asked if a room was wanted. I was with another officer and we agreed to accept the room if they would give us some supper. The hotels and restaurants were allowed to serve meals only at certain hours.

So we got a room and a supper of eggs, coffee, bread, jam and tomato and onion salad. Not bad at that, but the apartment was on about the fifth floor of a tenement building and I spotted a bed bug on the wall the next morning. The town must have been full of them because I afterward saw one crawling on a stone column at the station. The girl was taking an English course in connection with her studies at a business school.

From Dijon I went to Besancon and from there to les Valdahon.

This country is beautiful and Besancon was very attractive. It is I believe the wildest town I saw in France with the possible exception of Marseilles and Nice. At le Valdehon is a French Artillery Camp and at the time I was there the 6th and 56th Artillery Brigades were there in training.

My duties were to talk gas and see that the men were properly equipped. I had an auto ride to Pontarlier (near the Swiss border) had a wonderful meal and saw some more wonderful scenery along the Valley of the Loue River.

I was here one month before I was ordered back to Tours to work in the Ordnance Department.

From Tours I took a trip to Bourges, where we had a detachment working with the French at their Proving Ground; to le Crensote where the big Schneider Gun works are located; to St. Chamond near St. Etienne via Lyon and back to Tours via Paris.

At St. Chamond is a large steel plant where guns and carriages are made.

I received the best of treatment at the plants visited and I was sorry that I could not spend more than a day or so at each place.

There was to be a proving ground near the large Ordnance Shops at Mehun for testing relined guns and reassembled carriages after being shipped from the U.S.

I had it all on paper when the armistice was signed.

(In 1949, Earle Smith wrote to J. Lathrop Mack, “I was there [in Tours] on Nov. 11, 1918 and we all had a big celebration.”)

A few days before Thanksgiving I went to Bourge to get some baggage I had sent there and while there I caught the Flu.

I spent one week in the hospital there, went to Tours and spent another two weeks in #27 hospital there and finally was granted ten days leave to go to Nice and recuperate.

At #27 there was a part of a Jefferson Hospital Unit and Dr. Marcey of Camden took pretty good care of us.

(Jefferson Hospital is in Philadelphia. Directly across the Delaware River from Philadelphia is Camden, New Jersey.)
I did not seem very sick but could not get actually well, so I was given ten days sick leave and told to go to Nice, the only place in France where the sun shines in the winter months.

The quickest way to get anywhere in France is via Paris. So there I went and since it was impossible to reserve even a seat without about 48 hours notice I started on my way for a 24 hour ride with a suitcase for a seat, placed in a corridor of the coach.

There are very few sleeping cars on french trains and the passengers rent pillows and blankets and make the best of life.

I had “enough” by the time we reached Marseille having had nothing to do but just sit from 8 P.M. until noon the next day so I stopped off at Marseille got a room at a Red Cross Hotel and put in the afternoon taking a nap.

The next day I took an auto ride around the city which is attractive in some sections. You see people of every nationality on the streets, many of them rather repulsive in their appearance.

On the third day I went on to Nice and put up at the Negresco Hotel which proved a little too elaborate and costly. After two days I moved to a more modest pension where I secured a second floor room facing the Sea. Here I had a room and board which was very good, for 16 francs a day.

It was the day before Christmas when I reached Nice and a dull time for me, since I had no acquaintances and was feeling rotten into the bargain.

It was in Nice that the Y.M.C.A. showed to an advantage. The big pier was fixed for entertaining the enlisted men and rooms were rented in the city for an officers club. You could buy anything you wanted at a reasonable rate and there were several fine trips by auto that you could take.

The trip to Monte Carlo, Menton, and the Italian border was the best. The gambling halls could be visited when playing was not going on and the Museum of the Prince of Monaco [Monaco] was very interesting. He is an authority on deep sea life and has a wonderful collection of fish and animals if they can be called so.

On the return trip we took the high road which winds along the sides of the hills which rise up from the shores of the sea. We visited La Turbie where there are some old Roman ruins and so back to Nice.

Another interesting trip was from Nice to Cannes and La Grasse (summer house of former Queen Victoria of England) the center of a noted section for perfumes. If it was New Years Day when I made this trip so the factories were not operating, but we were shown around and the methods were explained to us. I gave the guide a package of cigarettes which pleased him very much, tobacco being very scarce in France during the war.

I left Nice one afternoon at four o’clock and took the narrow gauge railroad that runs north into the Maritime Alps. At Annot we stopped for the night and continued the next morning for Digne.

From there I went to Lyon via Grenoble. The country to the south of Grenoble was fine and the snow capped Alps were wonderful as the sun shone on them just before it set.

I rested in Lyon one night and then continued to tours via Paris. I was short of cash so I could not tarry in Paris over night.

I still had a bad cough when I reached Tours so I took things easy and managed to get sent to Angers without going first to Mehun, where all officers in the Ordnance Department were sent before going home via Angers. At Angers there were about 1000 casual officers and we were
treated like a lot of children; we had to stand two formations a day and take setting up exercises and hikes, with close order drill.

You had to pay for ten days meals in advance, the mess was poor and cost 8 francs per day and was not worth half as much. Many officers wanted to eat at the cafes in the town, so the C.O. closed the camp and it was a case of eat at the Mess or starve.

Some preferred starving and one officer told me he had been under the influence of sardines for five days. Sardines, crackers, jelly sandwiches and cocoa could be purchased from the Y at certain hours.

Afterward the camp was opened and I had a chance to look around the city which is very old and of much historical interest.

I was at Angers for about two weeks and finally went to Brest.

After one week here I sailed on the British ship Northland [formerly Zeeland; see postcard photo, right] for the U.S. on February 8th.

On the 21st we docked at Philadelphia and received a real welcome from our own people and we were a happy lot until we found that we had to go to Camp Dix [later Fort Dix, in New Jersey] without a chance to see our relatives and friends in the city.

I was away from Dix and home the next day. I had called up home from the pier and mother and Betty [Earle’s three-year-old daughter] talked to me a little. There were too many waiting for the phone so I could not hold the wire very long.

I reported to Washington and was ordered to Aberdeen, and here I am now waiting for the first of August when I am to be discharged.

The citizen soldier not the regulars, fought the war for the U.S. and the doughboy was the greatest factor, more power to him.

Earle Smith remained attached to the Army as a Reserve Officer at least until January 1925, as indicated by an Army memorandum found in his wartime gas munitions notebook, which was addressed to him at the Hotel York in Denver.

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**Earle Smith After the War**

In the 1920 U.S. census Earle Smith and his daughter, Elisabeth, are listed as residing with his parents at 820 South St. Bernard Street, Philadelphia. His occupation as given as mining engineer. When he received his decoration, the Order of Leopold from the King of Belgium (via clerks in Washington, D.C.), the package was mailed to him in December 1921 at “820”. His copy of the receipt—another copy was returned to the Adjutant General’s Office to be sent in turn to the Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs—was signed at this address while he was home presumably for the Christmas holiday. The mailing envelope has his Philadelphia address crossed out, and a forwarding address inserted (the
handwriting is not Earle’s): “Salina, Utah, Box 11, Care L. B. Furman, Con. Engineer, D.R.G.R.R.” Why Smith did not carry the medal with him is not known. Photographs in the family collection show him wearing the decoration on his captain’s uniform, posing casually with people (family?) who have so far not been identified; the location is likewise not recognized and notably the people seem to be dressed for warmer weather. One assumes that the photos were taken in 1922. (Regarding L. B. Furman, this name appears in various court docket records that are posted on Internet websites, which are in the context of railroad affairs and presumably pertain to the same Furman in the address, but otherwise nothing more has been determined about this man.)

After his service in the Army, Earle Smith filed with the U.S. Land Office for a homestead in Colorado. Family recollections had had Earle Smith going West to “rest up” after the war, but he clarified in a 1949 letter to J. Lathrop Mack, “I didn’t go West to rest up—I could not find a job back East and several of us in the Service got the homestead bug in our heads during the bull sessions—I followed it up.” Earle’s homestead was somewhat of a family legend; it was mentioned but no one seemed to know anything about it. Even when I had begun working on this version of the family history in the early 2000s no one in the family knew any more than Earle had built a cabin, in Colorado or perhaps Wyoming. His daughter, Elisabeth, did recall that it was somewhere near Craig, Colorado, which gave me a clue at least as to where it was very generally. It was not until I received some papers from her effects after she died in 2007 that I had information that led me to the U.S. Land Office patent given to Earle, which locates the homestead exactly.

Under the Stock-Raising Homestead Act of 1916, any person qualified to acquire land under general homestead laws (in an Act of 20 May 1862), could make “a stock-raising homestead entry” on “unappropriated public lands . . . designated by the Secretary of the Interior as ‘stock-raising lands’.” A person was required to reside on the land for three years and “to make permanent improvements upon the land . . . tending to increase the value of the [land] for stock-raising purposes of the value of not less than $1.25 per acre.” It does not seem that Earle Smith ever raised stock on the property, but he did make “permanent improvements” by the construction of a cabin. He resided there, continuously it seems, during July–December 1925, but when else he may have spent time on the homestead is unknown. Under the provisions of the Act, he did not own the mineral rights to his property. He was given a Government allowance for the land in 1920, which was patented in 1926. With the precise location now known, I have since located the site on GoogleEarth, and have in fact matched a view of the property that Earle photographed during 1925 (see farther below). The patent, dated 8 February 1926, was for 618.38 acres (patent no. 974103 from the Glenwood Springs, Colorado, branch of the U.S. Land Office; the original document can be seen online at the government website, http://www.glorecords.blm.gov/PatentSearch).

During this time, Earle married his second wife, Dorothea Greenlee, known as Dorothy. She and indeed most of her family were enthusiastic outdoors people, and it is likely that Earle and Dorothy lived at the homestead for the first few months of their marriage. Helen Montgomery McCarraher related to me a few years ago that Earle’s daughter, Elisabeth (then known as Betty), had hoped that her newlywed father and stepmother would call for her from Philadelphia, and that they would thereafter live together. That did not happen. Helen believed that it would have been unsuitable for the young Elisabeth, who was nine years of age, to live under such rustic conditions as a remote mountain cabin with winter nearly arrived. How this in fact did disappoint Elisabeth is not known now, but one might imagine either that her
independent temperament was already in play, or that this was an event that helped develop that temperament, which as we shall see in the narrative about her, served her admirably in life.

Earle Smith’s homestead was located about six miles south of the Colorado–Wyoming boundary and about 28 miles north-northeast of Craig, Colorado. The property was positioned immediately southeast of Bakers Peak, at Little Emerson Peak, occupying the equivalent of nearly one full Section in the Township and Range system of land apportionment; its acreage equaled approximately one square mile. The illustration at left is a modern aerial view of the site on which Earle Smith’s cabin stood, somewhere near the base of the exposed hill, by the grove of trees just left of the center of the view. (The artificial stands of water, as are the buildings seen in the view, are constructions by later owner of the property.)

On the current Bakers Peak 1:24,000-scale U.S. Geological Survey topographic quadrangle, the area is named “Smith Rim”; it seems likely that it was named for Earle Smith, but this has not been corroborated. A photograph taken by Earle Smith and marked by him (see next page) shows the boundaries of part of his property, as viewed from a distance to the southwest. A ridge forming the near skyline of the photo is indicated to be the divide between Willow Creek and Slater Creek.

Earle built his cabin (below) near the southwestern corner of the property, fashioned of aspen trees cut from a nearby location. A spring issuing from a nearby sandstone cliff at the aspen grove. However, Earle apparently abandoned his cabin soon after the homestead was patented. He revisited it in the company of his daughter, Elisabeth, some ten or twenty years later, by which time the cabin roof had fallen in. Around 1950 he sold the property, but before doing so he ascertained that he was not releasing undiscovered mineral rights; specifically, uranium, which was an increasingly hot commodity at the time. Assay reports of three geological samples of phosphate rock, sent to Smith by the Henry E. Wood Assaying Company, Denver, in January 1950 seem to indicate the approximate time when he sold the property. The assay reports informed him of the percent content of phosphorus pentoxide ($P_2O_5$) contained in the samples. The compound has industrial uses, but in the context of Smith’s interest it is a characteristic assayable indicator of the quality of uranium and vanadium ores. Smith had also purchased a Geiger counter to survey the property, which I still have in my possession although it no longer functions. Obviously, he found nothing of significance. But why he did this is curious, because the
homestead law specifically excluded mineral rights from the rights of the land owner; the patent form even specifies that all “coal and other minerals” in the land were reserved to the United States.

Earle Smith’s homestead. — The *top* view here is a modern artificial reconstruction of a photograph that Earle Smith took of his property around 1925; the top view was rectified from aerial photography and topographic data. Earle’s photo (*bottom*) was taken after a light snowfall; areas of exposed bedrock show snow more readily than vegetated areas. Although the appearance of the ridgeline has the appearance of being a distant mountain range, the total vertical relief of the landscape in this view is just a few hundred feet.

*How the reconstruction was done:* A GoogleEarth aerial view of the area was reoriented to view the landscape from close to ground level, from the southwest, which is the same perspective as that in Earle Smith’s photo. Using the computer, the landscape was then “flown over” until the same view was located, about a mile southwest of the “S.W. corner stake” of Earle’s property. The image was resized to approximate the same field of view seen in Earle’s photo.

The horizontal streaks in the top view are digital artifacts only. Furthermore, the topographic relief shown in the computer-generated oblique view, including the skyline, is a digital reinterpretation of the vertical aerial photo with topographic data; it is not a precise photographic view.

The quadrangle of the homestead (part of which Earle drew in on his photo) covered approximately one square mile. The northern boundary of the property is beyond the ridgeline in the photo.
Regarding Dorothy Greenlee of Denver, Earle’s second wife, we know much more about her than we had for Elisabeth Drummond, his first wife, who died shortly after their daughter’s birth in 1916. Much of what we know about Dorothy comes from a photo album from that family as well as U.S. census and other public records. Many members of the Greenlee family, including Dorothy, were attracted to the outdoors, camping, and mountain hiking, thus she probably thought her first, rustic months of marriage to Earle an appropriate adventure.

At the time of the 1930 census Earle Smith was working for the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation on Echo Dam in Utah. Earle and Dorothy are listed as residing in a rental property on First West St. (today this is South 50th West) in nearby Coalville, Summit County, Utah. He is listed there as “Earl E. Covington”. One can suppose how this mistake was made. Perhaps the census taker was being told how Earle’s name was spelled, such as, with emphasis, “Earl—E A R L—Covington”, and somehow the added “Smith” was overlooked.

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**Hoover Dam**

Later in 1930, Earle and Dorothy Smith headed for another near-wilderness experience in the beginnings of Hoover Dam. Situated in the Colorado River east of the (then) little desert town of Las Vegas, Nevada, the “Boulder Canyon Project” under the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation was astride the Arizona–Nevada border. The project began actually early in the 1920s with initial surveys of the Colorado River and potential dam sites. The purpose of the surveys were to identify sites for a high dam to control the seasonally catastrophic floods in the agriculturally rich valley of the lower Colorado River along the Arizona–California border. The project was eventually funded, and the site selected was in Black Canyon, a few miles downstream from Boulder Canyon, but the project kept its name. The dam was known first as Hoover Dam (after Herbert Hoover), then with the election of President Franklin D. Roosevelt it was called Boulder Dam (after the project), and later, during the Harry Truman administration, officially back to Hoover Dam. But first, the Colorado River would have to be diverted, and a small city for the workers—Boulder City—would be built in the desert.

Hoover Dam, put up during 1931–1936, is what is called a concrete arch dam. The impoundment behind the dam is Lake Mead. Total storage capacity in the lake, at fill elevation of 1221.4 ft above mean sea level, is 28,537,000 acre-feet; the water surface at maximum capacity is at an elevation of 1234.2 ft). The service spillway capacity, when used, is limited to 260,000 cubic feet per second. The structural
height of the dam is 726.4 ft, hydraulic height (the part of total dam height useful for power-production) 576 ft. At its base it is 660 ft thick and is 1,244 ft long across the 45-ft-wide crest. The total volume of concrete in the dam is 4,400,000 cu. Yd.

The construction of the dam and its appurtenant works was awarded to a consortium of six companies that called the corporation, imaginatively, “Six Companies”; there was no one company in existence then who could afford to build it alone. Earle Smith, as a government employee in the Bureau of Reclamation, was one of the men in charge of on-site direction and assuring that work was done to the government’s specifications. The dam was finished nearly two years ahead of schedule and under budget (the unused monies pocketed as profit by Six Companies). On the Boulder Canyon Project, Earle Smith was a Field Engineer. His name—“E. C. SMITH”—is molded into the bronze commemorative plaque (above) on the Arizona elevator tower atop the dam, which lists the principals who were in charge of various aspects of dam construction.

Earle first arrived on the Boulder Canyon Project on 11 August 1930, to begin supervising surveying for several projects. Specifically, he worked on the government railroad that would supply materials to the construction site, on construction sites in the new town of Boulder City, and on the diversion tunnels at the dam site. Earle worked for the government; the laborers were Six Companies employees.

We have it on the authority of Earle Smith’s own résumé that he was the government engineer who had oversight of the “pioneer tunnels”, the pilot bores that would align four mammoth, mile-long diversion tunnels through which the Colorado River would be re-routed while the dam was being built. The pioneer tunnels (one is seen in photo at right), 12-by-12 feet, each were expanded in stages to become tubes 56 feet in diameter, which then were lined with three feet of concrete. Eventually, the dam’s two huge spillway tunnels—for which Earle Smith also had oversight—would intercept two of the four diversion tunnel to carry overflows from the lake impounded behind the dam to the river downstream of the dam. The other two diversion tunnels would later be connected to the outflow pipes from the electrical power-generating stations at the base of the dam. The original tunnel inlets were sealed off before water was allowed to back up behind the dam.

A broken-rock barrier was dumped into place in the Colorado River so as to divert the river into the four huge diversion tunnels and lay bare the riverbed where the dam would be built. Then work began on the huge upstream and downstream cofferdams, which would isolate and protect the construction site from the Colorado River’s seasonal floods. According to family recollections and as confirmed by Earle
Smith’s daughter, Elisabeth, he had expressed pride in having convinced the principal engineers on the project that the upstream cofferdam did not have to be cased in concrete; that by judicious packing of rock fill the cofferdam would hold against the flow of the Colorado River.

Once construction began on the dam itself, Earle Smith later worked on the concrete spillways, the water intake towers, and the approach highway on the Arizona side of the construction site.

The intake towers themselves are a marvel of engineering. Ledges were blasted into the canyon walls on either side of the river, tunnels were bored into the floors, vertically first then angling toward where the power plants would be built on the downstream side of the dam. Four skyscraper-sized towers were put up on the ledges, which today are the towers that rise up directly out of Lake Mead adjacent to the dam. It is through these towers that water is drawn to drive the turbines in the power plants.

Whatever else Earle might have done on the Boulder Canyon Project is not known now. He spoke little of his professional activities, at least with family members. His daughter, Elisabeth, and his sister, Mabel, did accompany him on a trip through the West in the late 1940s, when Elisabeth was beginning her career in the U.S. Army. Photographs of them were taken in the vicinity of
Hoover Dam (left, with Lake Mead in the background) and at other sites in the West of interest to Earle. There was, at least at this time, some family interest in his work, but no recollections or stories survive now. From what also has been told to me, Earle never spoke much about his work; and although I remember him fondly myself, I, too, never knew him to talk of his past with me, although admittedly I was mostly under the age of ten.

There is only one photo known of Earle Smith at Hoover Dam while it was being built (right, a Government-produced photo from Earle’s scrapbook), although we have only his own annotation that this is where it was taken. (Earle is in the middle; the other two men are not identified.)

Many Hoover Dam workers brought their wives and families to live in hastily constructed government housing in Boulder City, under often sweltering summer conditions. Previously it had been thought that Earle’s wife, Dorothy, did not accompany him to the dam project, but evidence to the contrary has been found that indicates that she was present during most or all of the time that her husband was on the construction project. Rustic living conditions during the earliest phases of the Boulder Canyon Project would not have been a deterrent to Dorothy, as her proclivity for such activities has already been noted. In 2008, genealogical researcher Judith Sattler Irons produced a CD-ROM version of a reference guide to sources about Hoover Dam construction workers. In it she cited numerous newspaper articles and other records that take note both of Earle and Dorothy Smith during the building of Hoover Dam. I have not yet had the opportunity to go examine these newspaper issues, which are held in repositories in Boulder City and in Las Vegas.

Earle Smith was still on the Hoover Dam project when President Franklin D. Roosevelt came to dedicate the dam on 30 September 1935, which was attended by thousands. There are, however, no oral traditions in the family about Earle having witnessed the ceremonies, or whether he had seen or met the president.
Shasta Dam and Retirement

In March 1936, Earle Smith received a government order by which he was reassigned to the Central Valley Project in California. This project involved three dams, one of which was “Kennett Dam”, later renamed Shasta Dam (right). Unfortunately, we have no further information about Earle’s work on the Central Valley Project except for a commemorative photograph taken 22 December 1944. There he is shown with construction administrators posing with the last bucket of concrete poured at Shasta Dam (below). He is also shown in a photograph taken at a picnic where he stands next to several of the project administrators, including Frank Crowe, who had also been the chief of the project at Hoover Dam. While Earle worked on the Central Valley Project he and Dorothy resided in Redding, California.

Afterward, Earle was reassigned to Bureau of Reclamation Offices in Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he and Dorothy lived. There he worked on plans for upgrading the Alamagordo Dam on the Pecos River northwest of Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Today that dam is known as Sumner Dam. It was built as an earthfill dam during 1936–1937, and in 1954–1956 it was enlarged and improved by raising its height 16 feet, increasing its spillway capacity, and constructing an emergency spillway.

In November 1946, Dorothy Smith died, and at the end of May 1948, Earle retired.

Around 1998, artifacts and documents relating to Earle Smith’s engineering career were given to me by his daughter, Elisabeth Smith Dewing. Many of these I donated in 2003 to the Boulder City Museum and Historical Association in Boulder City, Nevada, where they comprise the Earle Covington Smith Collection.
The Families of Earle Smith’s Wives

Elisabeth Fulton Drummond (1888–1916) was a public school teacher. When she gave birth to her second child, Elisabeth Covington, she had been in poor health for some time and died two months after the birth. The attending physician at the baby’s birth was Winslow Drummond of 1824 N. 13th St., Philadelphia, who was the brother of Richard Drummond, the elder Elisabeth’s uncle. When mother Elisabeth died she was buried in the Drummond family lot in Mount Vernon Cemetery in Philadelphia. Correspondence in 1964 between a lawyer in Philadelphia, Elisabeth C. Smith, and Earle Smith, concerns itself with the establishment of perpetual care for the lot, and which was arranged by Earle Smith. Regretfully, the cemetery today is no longer continually cared for; it remains closed except by chance or by appointment with a caretaker.

Parenthetically, the lawyer with whom Earle Smith and his daughter, Elisabeth, corresponded in 1964 is a family enigma. His name was J. Willison Smith, Jr., and he wrote with familiarity to Elisabeth, addressing her as “Betty-D” and by which name she signs her letter in return, and Earle Smith he addressed as “Uncle Earle”). He signed his name, and was addressed as, “Willis”, and wrote in 1964 of his grown family of five then spread around the world, one of them a missionary in Africa. No such family member has been identified, and it has been suggested that the title, “uncle”, may have been one of affection rather than relation.

During a visit my wife and I had with Elisabeth Smith Dewing in September 2006, a few months before she died, she mentioned that she had a Drummond family history, in the form of a book. Searching for it with her in her study, we did not find it. After her death, I asked her stepchildren to keep watch for that family history as they sorted through Bess’s effects, but nothing of the kind was found. This is distressing because we know little about the Drummonds.

I have traced the Drummond family in U.S. census records to George Drummond (ca. 1818–before 1894), who immigrated from Scotland. He married Sarah Lalor (ca. 1828–1913), who was born in Vermont. George was a baker. He was buried originally in Laurel Hill Cemetery before being removed to the Drummond family lot in Mount Vernon Cemetery, which is regretful because Laurel Hill is now a historic and well maintained cemetery and, as noted, Mount Laurel is closed and not routinely maintained. All of the Drummonds mentioned here are buried in Mount Vernon (Section H, Lot 57).

George and Sarah Drummond had eight children, one of whom was Robert (1850–1916), a plumber, the father of Elisabeth Fulton Drummond. He died two days before the birth of his granddaughter, Elisabeth Smith, and two months before his daughter’s death.

Fulton, the middle name of Elisabeth Drummond, was a family name; otherwise nothing is known further at this time. J. Lathrop Mack wrote to Earle Smith in 1934, with regard to the Fulton connections: “I feel convinced that your daughter can complete her line through her mother Elisabeth Drummond back to the following which is taken from ‘The Smith Family’ by Joseph S. Harris.”
(Presumably he was referring to Joseph S. Harris’s *Record of the Smith Family Descended from John Smith, Born 1655 in County Monaghan, Ireland*, printed in 1906 by the Press of G. F. Lasher in Philadelphia. Thus far I have not seen this book.) He then roughly transcribed selections from the book, which trace a partial ancestry to “John Smith (Macdonald)”, born about 1655 and lived in county Monaghan, Ireland; his daughter, Mary Smith, married William Fulton and they settled in or near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Mack followed the descendency, taking note, “The occurrence of the two Mary Smiths in different generations has made some confusion in the several published accounts of the Ancestry of Robert Fulton, the inventor” (whom will be recalled by readers as an inventor of the steamboat). Lathrop Mack only roughly summarized the descendency of the Fultons of Lancaster County and apparently he did not reach the generation required to connect with Elisabeth Fulton Drummond. Thus this ancestry, as assumed by Lathrop Mack, must be held suspect for the time being.

**Dorothy Greenlee Smith (1898–1946)**, Earle’s second wife (*below*), was despite the finery of the clothes in this photo, an outdoors woman. A Greenlee family photo album shows the family in many mountainous and wooded places, hiking, picnicking, and taking every advantage of crisp Colorado air; and in this way she seems to have been a perfect match for Earle Smith. (In the *photo below* we see Earle and Dorothy enjoying a picnic in 1927; he wrote on the photo, “A Tight Squeeze”.) Unfortunately, we have no family stories to relate about her, and we know more about the family quarry and stone business than we do of the people.

The Greenlee family descended from Robert Greenlee (ca. 1830–?) who emigrated from Scotland, probably first to Canada in the mid-1800s and then moved to Ohio. He was a stone mason. One of their sons, William T. (ca. 1863–?) married in 1892 Eva B. Stoutenburg (ca. 1872–after 1941) of Denver, whose first-born was Dorothea. Once the Greenlees settled in the area of Denver, Colorado, they were part of a thriving business in stone quarrying and supply to building contractors. One historical note indicates
that the Greenlee quarry operation was begun by “Robert C. Greenlee and two sons” in the 1880s. Although the company had headquarters in Denver it was known practically as a Colorado Springs firm. They operated the large Kenmuir Quarry in Red Rock Canyon at the south end of Garden of the Gods, near Denver. Nearby there also is a Greenlee Canyon (or Wild Horse Canyon), which surely receives its name from the family. The Kenmuir Quarry received its orders mostly from Denver, but from as far away as cities in Texas; and unlike the lower-technology quarries elsewhere in the area, Kenmuir was known for its use of expensive steam-powered machinery because the stone had to be cut rather than cleaved. By the end of 1889, only two quarrying operations remained in Red Rock Canyon, one of them being the larger Greenlee-run quarry, employing 120 men and shipping five carloads of stone per day, amounting to more than 42,000 tons in 1890. The Manitou Sandstone (a building-trade name for the geological formation called the Lyons Sandstone) has a distinctive red-orange color and uniformity of grain size, which placed it in demand, but due to its cost it was often used more for ornamental architecture rather than as solid building materials. Probably due to declining demand the Greenlee quarry shut down sometime between 1909 and 1915 and completely abandoned the works in the 1920s when the softer quarry stone fell out of favor. Toward the end of the 20th century, ruins of the quarry operation apparently were still present, including rooming houses, a power house, and remnants of a railroad spur.

RALPH PARMELEE SMITH (1889–1898) was named for Rev. J. B. Parmelee, an “indefatigable lecturer” on Swedenborgianism who led the Wilmington Society of the New Church. In many family references, Ralph’s given name is spelled as Ralph Parmalee (with an “a”), but these are in error. The photo at right was taken around Christmas 1895.

Edward S. Smith, in the “Smith Genealogy”, briefly recalled his youngest brother:

He was a cherub if ever there was one. A bright cheerful little fellow, loveable, with blonde ringlets of hair curling over his head and sparkling blue eye[s]. He was attending public school in West Philadelphia, not far from our home, 614 North 43rd Street.

Ralph died at the age of eight of acute peritonitis. He was buried in Bryn Zion Cemetery, at the crossroads of Wheatley’s Pond Rd. (Delaware Rt. 300) and Bryn Zion Rd. east of Kenton, Kent County, Delaware. In this cemetery also are buried Sevil and Graham relations; Ralph’s grave lies in a row of graves belonging to the Grahams. The Grahams are related to the Sevil family in the marriage of Elizabeth Ann Sevil (1816–1848) to John Ringgold Rees (1798–1884), both of whom are buried elsewhere in the Bryn Zion Cemetery. The relationships of the Grahams with whom Ralph Smith is buried has not yet been precisely determined in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy. Elizabeth Ann Sevil was the second of four wives of John Ringgold Rees. His third wife was Ann Graham (1804–1865, married 1849, thus possibly she also had a previous marriage), and it is through Ann that the Grahams are related to the Sevils and Smiths. However, the parents and immediate family of
Ann Graham have thus far not been determined, so we are not certain of how the Grahams of Bryn Zion Cemetery are related. The graves and the dates given on markers in the lot are (from left to right as one faces the markers):

- Laura, daughter of John W. and Fannie A. Graham: 17 February 1873–1 September 1873
- Frances A. Graham: 20 March 1841–30 December 1873
- John W. Graham: 6 March 1827–25 December 1899
- Mary E. Graham: 1 June 1839–15 October 1911
- Ralph Parmeelee Smith: A stone marked only “M. E. G.”

John W. and Frances “Fannie” Graham resided in Kenton Hundred, Kent County, Delaware; he was a farmer. At the time of the 1870 U.S. census, Mary E. Graham resided with Lewis Graham (ca. 1825–?), who was a constable in Kenton Hundred, Kent County, Delaware. His relationship to her is unknown, and his burial location is thus far not determined.

Laura’s and Ralph’s graves are marked with old, soft-stone markers; the others are more modern granite stones showing more recent family care.

One may question why Ralph Smith was brought from Philadelphia and buried at Bryn Zion Cemetery, since this is a Baptist church cemetery and Rev. Smith, originally a Methodist Episcopalian, had by then been aligned with the Church of the New Jerusalem for more than a decade. Ralph’s grandfather, Nathan Thomas Sevil, and other family members are buried there. One might suppose that the place of burial may have been suggested by Ralph’s grandmother, Rebecca Sharp Wells Sevil, who herself would be buried there eleven years later.

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**ELOUISE SMITH** (1891–1979) married in 1915 **Herbert Frank Montgomery** (1883–1934), with whom she had three children: William Tesson (1916–?), Helen (1918–), and Jane (1924–2007). At the time of Herbert’s death they resided at 4951 Hazel Ave. in Philadelphia, which was not far from the iconic “820” South St. Bernard Street of her parents, where they were married by her father. Later, and until the time of her death, Elouise resided with her daughter, Helen, in New Castle, Delaware.

Herbert Montgomery was a drug salesman and, later, a reporter for Bradstreets, a mercantile company in Philadelphia.
Not much is known of the Montgomery family. Herbert Frank Montgomery’s father was Herbert R. C. Montgomery (1855–?) (far right), who was known as Reginald according to Helen Montgomery McCarraher. He was born in England. Reginald married Bertha Angeline Tesson (1860–?) of Illinois, with whom he had two children (near right), Eva Angeline (1882–1952) and Herbert Frank (1883–1934). There is a family photo (below) that shows unidentified Montgomerys, presumably Reginald and his family, in front of a house in Omaha, Nebraska, but no further information about that is known.

Herbert Frank Montgomery’s maternal line, the Tessons, are a bit better known, but principally for great tragedy. Bertha Tesson, who married Reginald Montgomery, was the daughter of Frank Tesson (1834–?) of Missouri and Emily Barncastle (1838–?) of Pennsylvania. Frank was a steamboat pilot on the Mississippi River during all of his career. Frank and Emily Tesson had four children: Bertha Angeline (1860–?), John (ca. 1862–?), Frank Barncastle (1866–1915), and Lillian Duncan (ca. 1872–after February 1924). They resided in Alton, Illinois.

Frank Barncastle Tesson (1866–1915) married Alice Lowe (1853–1915) who was from Venice, Illinois; they had no children. For his last 15 years Frank Tesson worked for the John Wanamaker department stores (based in Philadelphia), the last seven of which he was head of the shoe department and a buyer in its New York City store. He was also vice president of the Wanamaker Board of Trade. In 1915, Mr. and Mrs. Tesson left on last-minute store business on a voyage enroute to Paris. They were first-class passengers aboard the R.M.S. Lusitania (right), which was torpedoed by the German submarine U-20 in the Irish Sea on 7 May. The Tessons died in the attack, in
which the single torpedo struck the forward cargo hold while the *Lusitania* sailed 14 miles off the Old Head of Kinsale, Southern Ireland. After a huge secondary explosion, likely the result of a consignment of artillery shells secretly stored there, the ship turned toward land, rolling to her starboard side, and having traveled another two miles sank by the bow in just 18 minutes, settling in 310 feet of water. Of the 1,201 men, women, and children who died, fewer than 400 were recovered, not all of them identified. The Tessons either were never found or are among the many who were unidentified and buried in mass graves in Ireland. There is a memorial stone to them in the Alton Cemetery in Alton, Illinois.

One of the great ironies of this tragedy is that, when news was received in America of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, none of the family even knew that the Tessons were aboard. *The Philadelphia Inquirer* reported on 11 May:

> Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Tesson, formerly of 646 South Forty-eighth street, but for the last six years living at 593 Riverside avenue, New York, are missing. Mr. Tesson was connected with the Wanamaker store in New York. He has a sister, Mrs. Bertha A. Montgomery, 4913 Warrington avenue, this city. She has gone to New York to take charge of the Tessons’ apartment.

> At Mrs. Montgomery’s home, H. F. Montgomery [who in three weeks would wed Elouise Smith], a nephew of Mr. Tesson, said that it was not known by the family that the Tessons were on the Lusitania until they got a letter last Monday morning. The letter, posted just before the Lusitania sailed, told of their hurried preparations to catch the boat. In the letter they discussed the possibility of a submarine attack, but did it lightly and seemingly without fear.

John Wanamaker (right, in a photo taken at this time) himself rallied to the cause of relief for Philadelphians and New Yorkers who survived the sinking and in locating the remains of those who had died. Wanamaker (1838–1922) was a Philadelphia retail merchant of world renown. He revolutionized the retail business, creating the first department store in 1876, and was a champion of numerous charities and human services. After having first been in business with a partner, he created the John Wanamaker store in Philadelphia. With strong successes, he built a mammoth 14-story, square-block store that was the seat of his mercantile empire. The store even included the only branch post office on private premises, the result of his being the U.S. Postmaster General during 1889–1893 when he began the Rural Free Delivery system and pioneered sorting mail at sea. In his massive retail business, he established sweeping employee-benefit programs, such as health care, vacation time, and pensions. He opened his New York City store in 1896.
Wanamaker sent a cablegram to the department store’s London office, where his grandson, John Wanamaker, Jr., worked. As reported in the *Inquirer*, he instructed his staff “to leave at once for the Irish coast and to search through hospitals, private houses, coast cottages and other places where refugees from the wreck might find shelter or recovered bodies be taken.” Wanamaker likewise cabled American ambassador Page:

> We are very anxious about Philadelphia and New York passengers. Will you take steps to ascertain what you can and give us all the information possible regarding them? We will greatly appreciate any effort you may make.

> We place at your disposal our offices in Pall Mall to render New York and Philadelphia refugees any assistance they may require, either in the way of funds or personal necessities, such as clothing and the like.

On 17 May in Philadelphia, a memorial service was held for the Tessons at the Chambers-Wylie Memorial Presbyterian Church (right) on Broad Street between Spruce and Pine Streets, a few blocks from the Wanamaker store. The service was reported in a long article in the *Inquirer* the next day. Nearly a thousand people had attended the service, including John Wanamaker, who delivered the eulogy.

> . . . his words brought tears to the eyes of many of those who had known the Tessons intimately in life. He said that the sinking of the Lusitania had brought a sorrow to this country unequaled since the assassination of Abraham Lincoln[.] The whole world, he added, had given its sympathy to America. The merchant then said, “Humanity the world over has sobbed out its sympathy. Somebody has to answer for this tragedy. One can be a potentate, but there is above all the sovereign God in whom we all look today.”

> He then told of Mr. Tesson’s life work, lauded him and his wife and expressed the belief that the couple had met death bravely and without fear. In conclusion he said that in their life and death was a lesson for everyone. Mr. Tesson and his wife, Mr. Wanamaker said, were inseparable always and were prepared when death claimed them.

This concludes the narrative about the children of John Edward Smith and Ella Seville. Inasmuch as we have met those who married into the Spamer and Potts families (Lora Rebecca Smith and Gilbert Haven Smith, respectively), we first will enter into narratives of these two collateral families before proceeding with the main Smith lineage.
The Spamer Family from Maryland
(through the marriage of Lora Rebecca Smith and John Ward Spamer)

LORA REBECCA SMITH (1854–1952) married in 1901 John Ward Spamer (1869–1960). They had three children: Katharine Seville Spamer (1901–1985), John Jr. (1907–1907), and Edward Lawrence Spamer (1909–1955), my father. The photo on the next page is the only one known to show many members of both the Spamer and Smith families together.

What we know of the Spamer family’s American genealogy in large measure comes from the research conducted by Adolph Milton “Andy” Spamer (1914–1986), who in 1984 finished the “Genealogy of the Spamer Families of Baltimore” based on some earlier work done by his sister, Frances Delena Spamer (1913–2002). That genealogy was essentially restricted to names and dates only, beginning with a couple of the generations who preceded the Spamers who emigrated from Germany to Baltimore in 1832. To that earlier work, though, I have added a lot more, partly due to the remarkable resources now available to us through the Internet’s genealogical websites as well as to the overwhelming generosity of new-found relations who have contributed their own information. But we should still always remember the indispensable nucleus in Andy’s work, without which I doubt the present Spamer–Smith Genealogy and this narrative would have begun. And now, thanks to Anton “Ton” Spamer, a devoted Spamer family genealogist in The Netherlands, we also have the rudimentary genealogy of our Baltimore Spamers extending back to the 1400s of Germany. And this is where we shall begin.

Ton Spamer (who is related to us through very distant German ancestors of the 16th century) had been one of Andy Spamer’s genealogical contacts when Andy was working on the family history in the 1980s and earlier. I never knew Andy except through his “Spamer Families of Baltimore”, although my aunt, Katharine S. Spamer, had corresponded with him a few times when he was working on it. A few years ago I discovered Ton through a web search online, and asked if he was the same man as whom Andy Spamer had received information; and indeed he was. Of course, Ton had some 30 years of additional research now behind him, and he was able to supply important, new information to me.
This is the only photo that shows many of the members of the Spamer and Smith families together and shows four generations. The child being held in the middle is Katharine S. Spamer (born late in 1901), so the photo must have been taken about 1904. It could have been in either Philadelphia or in Baltimore. (All women’s names given below are those as of this time.)

*Back row, left to right:* Rev. John Edward Smith (father of the younger Smiths here), Lillie May Spamer and her husband the younger George Peabody Spamer, Mary Mabel Smith, Katharine Seville Spamer being held by her mother Lora Smith Spamer, Ella Seville Smith (mother of the younger Smiths here), Florence Wells Smith, Earle Covington Smith.

*Seated in chair, right:* Rebecca Wells Sevil (Ella Smith’s mother).

*Seated on floor, left to right:* Elouise Smith, Roberta Covington Smith, John Ward Spamer (Lora’s husband), Edward Seville Smith, Gilbert Haven Smith.
A. M. Spamer’s “Spamers Families of Baltimore” began, genealogically, with the unidentified grandparents of our immigrant Spamer’s; or rather, it began with the three known children of those grandparents: Johann Conrad (1757–1852), Anna Katharina (?–?), and Philipp (1782–1834). It was Johann Conrad’s own son, also named Johann Conrad (1794–1849), who with most of his family emigrated to America in 1832.

Thanks to Ton Spamer, we now have names for the parents of the three siblings; they were Johannes Spamer (1707–1776) and his wife, Margarethe Elisabeth Venter (?–?). Ton also provided the direct, father-to-son, lineage of Johannes Spamer’s ancestry, back to about 1430:

1. **HEYNTZ SPANEMER (ca. 1430–?).** In 1502 he was a citizen of Schotten. (Citizenship was a measure of status in areas ruled by princes and other apportionate royalty).

2. **CUNTZ SPANAMER (ca. 1460–?).** In 1502 he was a citizen of Schotten, and in 1508 was mayor of Schotten. He also was a town councillor.

3. **SEIPEL (or SEPIL) SPANEMER (ca. 1490–?).** He was a councillor in Schotten. In 1526 and 1532 he was alderman; and in 1521, 1527, and 1536 was mayor of Schotten.

4. **HENN (or HEINRICH) SPANEMER (ca. 1540–after 1610).** In 1586 he was an inhabitant of Ulfa.

5. **HENN SPANHEIMER (ca. 1580–?).** In 1640 he was an inhabitant of Stornfels.

6. **JACOB SPANEMER (ca. 1630–?)** was born in Ulfa.

7. **VALENTIN SPAMER (ca. 1680–?)** was born in Ober-Mockstadt. He was a professor of Greek and Latin.

8. **JOHANNES SPAMER (1707–1776)** was born probably in Ulfa and died there. He married Margerethe Elisabeth Venter. They, as we know now, are the parents of the three siblings who begin A. M. Spamer’s “Genealogy of the Spamer Families of Baltimore”; and accordingly, for the sake of convenience in correlating the two I begin the Spamer portion of the Spamer-Smith Genealogy with those parents as my first generation, too.

Anton “Ton” Spamer investigated the German ancestry of many Spamers, but naturally he has concentrated more on those from whom he is descended. His research nevertheless significantly advanced our (American) understanding of the lineage from whom many of the American Spamer clans are descended, including the Baltimore Spamers. And indeed, he enabled us Baltimore Spamers to connect our American and German heritages with greater certainty.

Genealogical sources working in Europe have established a common ancestry of the world’s Spamers originating in the German states of Hesse, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Hesse-Kassel, particularly in the vicinity of the Hessen city of Schotten, where the Spamers have roots known at least to the 15th century. Subsequently, the densest population of Spamers in Germany is found in the environs of the city of Darmstadt, from where our Baltimore Spamers emigrated.
Several geographical names recur throughout the Spamers’ early genealogy, which require at least a brief informational background sketch for each. Generally speaking, the country of Germany did not form as a nation-state until 1871. Between the 1814 fall of Napoleon Bonaparte and 1871 the nation was a confederation of 39 sovereign states under the Deutscher Bund, or German Confederation, which had formed in 1814. It was during this time that the Spamer families emigrated to America.

Hesse (in German, Hessen) is one of sixteen federal states in Germany; its capital is Wiesbaden. It is located in the west-central portion of Germany, most heavily populated in the south. In that southern region are where are located Darmstadt and (more to the center of Hesse) Schotten, between the Main and Rhine Rivers. At the time when many of the Spamers noted herein emigrated to the United States, Hesse was ruled by the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. When the Baltimore Spamer emigrant family of Johann Conrad Spamer left Hesse, the state was then under the rule of Grand Duke Louis II (1777–1848, ruled 1830–1848). In 1866, Hesse-Kassel, another important political entity, was annexed by Prussia; Hesse-Darmstadt continued until the end of the German monarchy in 1918.

Schotten is a city centrally located in the German federal state of Hesse. Occupation is known from prehistoric times through archaeological evidence, but it is first mentioned in records in a charter from 778. From 1403, Schotten belonged to the Hessian Landgraves. Regarding Schotten more specifically, Ton Spamer relates:

Schotten likely has been mentioned for the first time in a charter from 778, by which the abbott of the monastery Honau near Strasbourg donates 8 churches to his abbey. One of the churches is lying “in Buchonia” (beech-region) and “ad Scotis” (in the region of the Scottish monks). My German colleagues agree that this church could only be the church of Schotten, as it is likely that the name of Schotten has been derived from Scotis. Besides Buchonia was lying in the heart of Hesse and Schotten in the heart of Buchonia. The 8 witnesses who signed the charter had all Scottish names.

Hesse-Darmstadt, was created in 1568, and in 1604 with Hesse-Kassel it was one of two Hessian states after the end of the Hesse-Marburg and Hesse-Rheinfels lines. Hesse-Kassel ecclesiastically converted to Calvinism, while Hesse-Darmstadt, under George II, aligned with Saxony and maintained strict Lutheran tenets.

Darmstadt is a city centrally located in Hesse-Darmstadt south of Frankfurt. The earliest portion of what became Darmstadt was noticed in records in 782, and by the end of the 11th century Darmundestat is first mentioned in documents. A charter for Darmstadt was received in 1330 from emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, given to the earls of Katzenelnbogen, and shortly later the city wall of Darmstadt was built. The city has been a part of Hesse since 1479. Today’s pharmaceutical conglomerate, Merck, finds its origins in Darmstadt, when in 1668 Friedrich Jacob Merck acquired a pharmacy, “die Engel-Apotheke”. In 1820 the Grand Duchy of Hesse received its constitution, with Darmstadt the state’s capital. During World War II, the Old City of Darmstadt was entirely destroyed by Allied bombing, with great loss of life, and after the war the capital of Hesse was transferred to Weisbaden. Today, Darmstadt is revived as the “city of science”, hosting international scientific institutes and associations.

Only one person of our immediate family is known to have purposely visited the Spamers’ ancestral towns in Germany; this was Carl Ober Spamer (1884–1957), who visited there in 1911 during a trip around the world with his new bride (they were married in Japan, where they both were involved in
missionary activities, and about whom much more will be said later). (My father passed through this area of Germany, too, but he was with the U.S. Army on the move during World War II, and I am not aware whether he knew just which towns other than Darmstadt were of importance to our family history.) On the other hand, Carl Ober Spamer did write an extremely informative letter to his family in Maryland, which bears repeating in its entirety (with a few interjections by me, as indicated within square brackets).

Planen in Vogtland, Ger.
June 21st, 1911

Dear Homefolks,

The following letter will be extracts and enlargements from Notebook 20 in regard to the visit to Oberschmitten [sic]. As Book 20 is half full and I have no more of the same kind please send two (2) more books as soon as possible so they may all be of uniform size and appearance.

Leaving Frankfurt am Main as the most convenient centre we follow the main Ry. North as far as Friedburg. Here we change and run East into the Vogelsberg region getting down at Nidda where we change again to a slow old fashioned Local, running along the side of the highroad. (A trip of 2 or 3 hours) By the time we had left Nidda we were out of the wide flat plain of the Frankfurt neighborhood and were winding in and out of the gently rolling hills, partly forested in fir and pine and partly under cultivation with wheat and rye now beginning to head. When Unterschmitten was reached we were all expectation. Five minutes later we drew up at a little box of a station in the neighborhood of a throbbing paper factory. This was Oberschmitten. (400 inhabitants) While checking our grip at the station we inquired if any one by the name of Spamer lived in the village. No, they had never heard of the name. Our hearts sank. Next to the Post Office with the same question. No, there was no one living here by that name. They had heard of it but the family had all died out or moved away. A little more light but small hope of discovery. We then asked to be directed to the Burgermeister’s home and a few minutes later we were walking down the Hampstrasse of the village which was far different from the unsightly factory part of town. We crossed over a good sized brook and soon climbed the steps and knocked at the door of a comfortable and prosperous looking homestead. A stalwart looking farmer in his patched work-a-day clothes appeared around the corner, came up the steps, greeted us and bade us enter. Once more we stated our quest, and his first answer was “Ya, meine Mutter war eine geborene Spamer.” He looked it. Save for the sandy color of the hair and the short bushy beard, he had the same broad forehead, projecting eyebrows, wide nostrils and high cheek bones as grandfather [Heinrich Conrad Ludwig Spamer (Ludwig Spamer, 1818–1902), who emigrated to Baltimore in 1837]. By the time we had made known who we were, the mother appeared, a rather active old lady of sixty-seven, dressed in an exceedingly plain bodice and short skirt. Over her head she had a black kerchief which was knotted under the chin.

She soon told us in queer country German that she was the daughter of Christian Spamer, an only son of Leonhardt who was a brother to my own great grandfather, Conrad, who left Germany for America in 1832. On the invitation of the Herr Burger-meister [mayor] we accept his hospitality and lodge with him during our stay. After lunch we saunter over to Eichelsdorf a village just a mile farther up the valley. Here at the home of the Pfarrer [minister] we examine the church records of 1818 showing Conrad’s marriage to Annette Heinzenberger.

(Johanetta Magdalene Heinzeberger (1798-1883), married Johann Conrad Spamer (1794–1849). They were married in the Eichelsdorf church [see photo on next page] and they emigrated to Baltimore in 1832.)

There were also records of the doings of other Spamers of the same family but the time being short and valuable we did not examine closely into them. It seems that Conrad came into Oberschmitten
from Schotten a village farther up in the mountains at the end of the present railway branch where other Spamers, descendants of an earlier generation still reside. [A. M. Spamer later indicated that subsequent research showed that Conrad originally came from the village of Ulfa, not from Schotten.]

Leaving the Pfarrer, an interesting little old man with band of whiskers under his chin and his frau to putter about in their garden we climb the hill to the church were Conrad was married, and grandfather confirmed. [The photos below were sent by Ton Spamer; a modern view of the church and older, contemporary views of the interior.] The rear portion now containing the chancel dates back to the Reformation. The front is only 300 years. The two great fir trees which stand in front of the door nearly hide the little building which is scarcely 30 feet wide inclusive of the walls which are four feet thick. On the eastern side are two large windows which admit most of the light and also two small one[s] above and below the gallery. The west side is taken up with a rough stairway leading to the gallery. The roof is slated as is also the octagonal bell tower rising at the rear of the newer larger portion. The interior is large enough to contain over three hundred people, more than one-third of which sit in the narrow uncomfortable seats in the L-shaped gallery. Below is a central aisle with 18 benches numbered the same on each side. The high pulpit, on a level with the gallery is at the right. Behind in the old part is the chancel with seats for the choirboys, and above, the loft for the pipe organ, a new acquisition with a fine tone. The ropes for ringing the two bells hang down in the centre of the church. The interior was decorated with paper wreathes and bunches of artificial flowers for Pfingsten. The two or three acres of land surrounding the church are taken up with graves, none of which are older than 1870. This is due to a practice of disenterring [sic] after 30 or 40 years and putting the remains in a common grave.

On our return to Oberschmitten we notice a signboard pointing to Ulfa a village just over the hill where grandfather lived with his Uncle Heinzenberger for a few years before he came to America. Close by Herr Burgermeister Diehlmann’s home runs the same Eichelsbach which turned the 3 wheels of the big mill which stood there in grandfather’s youth and was torn down only in the last decade. Within 50 yards of the Diehlmann home and opposite the millsite is the plot of ground (now a garden) where the Spamer home stood till it was torn down in recent years. As the date 1804 is cut in the beam over the door of the Diehlmann dwelling it is without doubt that we slept
and ate in a house that was quite familiar to Conrad and his children before he left for America in 1832. The Diehlmann homestead is a fine example of many in the neighborhood. The buildings are arranged about a nearly square court, the part facing the street being closed at night by wide gates.

The dwelling is on the left, with the main door facing the court and reached by a double flight of stone steps. Back of the house is an older building, half on the court side for the piggery and the other side toward the garden for the kitchen. At the rear of the court is a large barn, the upper portion for hay and grain and below, half for cattle and half for wagons. On the right side of the court by the barn is a commodious horse stable and next to it with side to the street a big wood shed with a room for farming implements. The Burgermeister had a fair collection of live stock. Besides a goodly flock of poultry, there was a sow with a dozen sucklings and two older relatives; two work mares, the one with a three-weeks old colt, and in the barn four cows, a heifer and a young calf all under the guardianship of a powerful ox, the pride of the neighborhood.

The farmers in the neighborhood use their cows for draught purposes, two to a cart, the traces being fastened to leatherbands over their foreheads instead of to a yoke over the neck. Out in the old millrace the ducks were swimming about, guzzling under water with their bills. Along the road a goosewoman followed her charges homeward with a long stick hastened [sic] to a wire hook.

On Sunday morning we attended service in the church at Eichelsdorf. All the men sat in the gallery and the women below. The old German songs dating several hundred years back, as old as the church itself[,] were sung in the same almost painfully slow fashion as they have been since the songs were written. The old fashioned little Pfarrer in black gown and white collar and bib spoke, as a suitable subject for Pfingsten [Whitsuntide, or Pentecost], on the value of having Christ’s spirit within us. At the close, the “Vaterunser” [Lord’s Prayer] was recited by the Pfarrer alone while the sexton slowly tolled one of the bells. The two main sections of the congregation came out about the same time and after them the Pfarrer leading his choir boys two by two.

The whole morning took me back 80 to 100 years. Pfarrer Rahn preached the Pfingsten sermon from this same pulpit. My own great-grandfather was one of the younger men that sat in the gallery and perhaps figited [sic] or went to sleep because of the sermon’s length. Later it might have been my own grandfather that followed the pfarrer as he passed out between the thick church walls into the churchyard. Other places have changed, but here stands the same church with the same order of service; identical houses and surroundings, and people with the same customs as in the years gone by.

Sunday afternoon the Burgermeister with his two daughters and a friend take us for a drive through the forest to a [sic] neighboring village of Eichelsachsen to visit the only remaining relatives of Conrad’s branch bearing the name Spamer. On the way over a hare scudded across our path and at another spot a young fawn sprang across an open field of grain from the cover a one [sic] dark green fir forest toward the one at the edge of which we were driving. Eichelsachsen we found to be just such another village like Oberschmitten, perhaps a little more backwoodsy. At a little dry-goods store we met Herr Conrad Ludwig Spamer a grandson of Hampeter (short for Johan [sic] Peter) who was a brother to my great grandfather Conrad. He is 66 years of age and not at present in the very best of health, having just returned from the hospital with his head still bound up, but he was in the best of spirits and more than glad to receive us and hear our story. His wife Frau Spamer, upon whom much of the work devolved on account of her husband’s illness[, ] was a tall businesslike woman with a tired but pleasant face and much abreviated [sic] woolen skirts. We also met their son Otto Spamer a tall young man of 35, (as yet unmarried) and two married daughters with their babies. The old gentleman had a yet stronger Spamer characteristics [sic] than the Burgermeister. He resembled Uncle Elmer [Elmer Jasper Spamer (1862–1947)] very
closely. The son Otto took more after his mother. Soon after our arrival all the Spamer relatives were sent for and the family circle listened with wide open eyes to a recital of the history of the Spamer kith and kin, in America as well as to our own personal world wide travels. A thunderstorm coming up held us over another enjoyable hour in their company before we had to take our leave and return to Oberschmitten, whence the next morning early we departed for Frankfurt and further travel. It was but a short visit from the outside world but it will make a lasting impression. The son Otto thinks of coming to America.

The next sheet of this letter contains the history of the two Spamer brothers who remained in Germany. If Bona [Bona Pearl Spamer (1877–1949), Carl Ober’s sister] sees fit she might make enough copies of this letter and the tree and send them to the various Spamer branches. I would also like to suggest that Father, Uncle Arthur [Arthur Ludwig Spamer (1854–1940)] and Uncle Elmer write letters of greeting (in German) with a short sketch of their personal family history and work to Conrad Ludwig Spamer who would immensely appreciate it. His address is: Eichelsachsen, Kreis Schotten, Oberhessen, Germany. An appreciative letter to the Mayor of Oberschmitten who helped us ferret out the history would also go far to make the bounds of relationship stronger.

With love to all the American Spamers

Sincerely,
Carl Ober

Carl Ober Spamer’s father, Christian Augustus Emanuel Spamer, wrote a letter to Conrad Spamer in Schotten on 25 July 1911, which he had given to a colleague to translate into German for him. If other family members wrote to Conrad Spamer it is not now known. Whether a letter to the mayor of Oberschmitten was also written is not now known, although it seems unlikely that the attentive and meticulous C. A. E. Spamer would have overlooked this courtesy.

Our Spamer family is first known in America with the arrival from Germany of most of the family of Johann Conrad (1794–1849) and Johannetta Heinzeberger Spamer (1798–1883). They entered in Baltimore, Maryland, on 1 October 1832, thereby founding the so-called “Baltimore Spamers”. Their eldest son, Ludwig (1818–1902), followed them five years later. Amongst our collateral relations (those whom Spamers married), the earliest American immigrant was Julia Dorothea Martin (1824–1900), who arrived from Russia with her parents in 1830; she later married Ludwig Spamer.

Many of the Baltimore Spamers have populated other locales in Maryland, Virginia, and elsewhere nearby. There are at least two current clans elsewhere in the U.S. who trace their ancestry to Baltimore Spamers who left Maryland during the late 1800s; they are in the Bridgeport–Stratford area of Connecticut, and in the environs of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

There also are records of Spamer enclaves in New York, Michigan, and California particularly. Other clans are scattered in Texas, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Florida, and Georgia, with various individuals in other states including New Jersey, New Hampshire, Missouri, Colorado, Arizona, and Washington. No doubt there are others. Some Spamers for a while resided in Philadelphia. And although I am from Philadelphia, my father’s parents and his maternal grandparents (Smith) came to
Philadelphia from Maryland and we are not related to whomever were those Philadelphia Spamers. To my knowledge, no one of my family ever met those Spamers, who seem to have either died out or moved away to other locales. Aside from myself, there are no Baltimore Spamer descendants in the Philadelphia area now.

With the exception of the Spamers in the greater Maryland area and the aforementioned clans of Baltimore Spamers who moved from the area, none of these American groups is related to the Baltimore Spamers; all of their ancestors arrived in America during the 18th to 20th centuries and settled in communities other than in Baltimore. None of these other groups is known to have intermarried with the Baltimore Spamers.

Elsewhere in the world there are Spamer enclaves that have no relation to the American Spamers, but do relate through early German ancestors. These other Spamers are in Mexico, The Netherlands, and South Africa, having emigrated to these places from Germany. Scattered groups are also known in South America, Australia, and England at least; and surely there are others.

Genealogical sources working in Europe have established a common ancestry of the world’s Spamers originating in the German states of Hesse, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Hesse-Kassel, particularly in the vicinity of the Hessen city of Schotten, where the Spamers have roots known at least to the 15th century. Subsequently, the densest population of Spamers in Germany is found in the environs of the city of Darmstadt, from where our Baltimore Spamers emigrated.

When I knew my maiden aunt, Katharine Seville Spamer (1901–1985) she was the one person alive who knew most about our immediate family’s history. She was a school teacher, steeped in the traditions of good research and documentation, and she was a reliable family historian. She informed us that we were descended from Spamers of Darmstadt, and that our German ancestors were publishers. We know now that many of our more immediate Spamer ancestors were farmers and potters from more widely dispersed towns in Hesse; and more distant relations were professionals of various kinds and were closely involved in civic affairs. I surmise that someone in the family had once told my aunt that we had publishers—or perhaps a publisher—in the family; certainly the information was not her own. I suspect that the story was informational, one that probably was corrupted by misassociation amongst the collective of Darmstadt Spamers. I infer that my aunt’s informant had referred to Otto Spamer (1820–1886), the renowned publisher in Leipsig, and the publishing and printing house of the same name, Verlag und Druck von Otto Spamer. He established the firm in 1847, and it continued under that name until World War II. Although Otto Spamer was born in Darmstadt as Johannes Christian Gottlieb Franz Otto Spamer, we Baltimore Spamers are not related to him except through much earlier German ancestors.

JOHANN CONRAD SPAMER (1794–1849) was known as Conrad Spamer. He married in 1818 at the church in Schotten Johanna Magdalena Heinzeberger (1798–1883), who was known as Annetta. They had eight children. The children born in Germany were: Heinrich Conrad Ludwig (1818–1902, known later as Ludwig Spamer), Christian (1820–1880), Catharina (1823–1890), Johannetta Magdalena (1825–1828), and Peter Heinrich Christian (1827–1910, known later as Henry Spamer). In
1832, Johann and Johanna emigrated to Baltimore with all but their eldest child (who followed them five years later), arriving here on 1 October. Their emigration followed several months after the death of Johann’s mother, Anna, his father (Johann Conrad Spamer) having died in 1825. In America Conrad and Annetta had three children: George Wilhelm (1831–?), Charles (1933–after 1900), and George (1839–1896). Conrad Spamer, the immigrant, became a naturalized U.S. citizen in Baltimore on 2 October 1843.

Conrad Spamer’s known siblings, Anna Katharina (?–?) and Philipp (1782–1834), remained in Germany, where they had their own families.

In Germany, Conrad Spamer was a master potter, but in what occupation he was in America is not known. In 1845, at least, he also was a sexton in the German Lutheran Church in Baltimore, although his lifestyle was not wholly pious, as we see in a 2 May 1839 article in the Baltimore Sun that reported the day’s “Watch Returns” (today we might call it a “police blotter”):

Quite a party next came up, severally charged with drunkenness, disorderly conduct and rioting. They were Joseph Wilson, Mrs. Collison, Conrad Spalmer [sic], and Henry Deans. They quietly received the kindly admonitions of the magistrate, and were released.

(The spelling, “Spalmer”, is not unusual. Due perhaps to a peculiar Baltimore-German accent, many of our Spammers have been recorded (and a few have spelled their name) as “Sparmer” (more often) or (not often) “Spalmer”. Even the grave marker of George Spamer (1839–1896) spells his name “Sparmer”. For the record, my family has always pronounced the name spah-mer, as like the word “spa”. There are other pronunciations, though; in England I know some families say spay-mer.)

Conrad and Annetta Spamer are buried in Western Cemetery in Baltimore. A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore” was the first to suppose that our immigrant ancestors were buried there:

It is assumed [Conrad] died in January 1849 as his son Henry purchased Lot 189 Section C in Western Cemetery on 25 January 1849. In October 1975 this lot contained two graves without headstones. Since the cemetery kept no records of burials prior to 1874, it is probable that Conrad and Johanna are in these two unmarked graves. Henry’s daughter Sarah Elisabeth and her husband Andrew E. Holms [sic] are also buried in this lot.

Henry Spamer is a son of Conrad and Annetta Spamer (and my great-grandfather). He was the youngest of the immigrant children who came from Germany in 1832. That Annetta is buried in Western Cemetery is corroborated in a letter by Arthur Spamer, which mentions, “Her remains will be interred in the Western Cemetery.” And when I received information from Western Cemetery in 2009 they did indicate that she is buried there; for some reason this information was not conveyed to A. M. Spamer when he had contacted the cemetery some 25 years earlier (although they sent him other information that I did not get in 2009). Thus the supposition that Conrad Spamer, her husband, is buried in the same lot is all but certain. This is substantiated by the fact that the lot was purchased by his son, Henry, at what presumably was the time of Conrad’s death (whose death is known only to the year, 1849). Western Cemetery was newly opened at the time, and it may have been an attractive (or affordable) location, certainly one more suburban than it is today.

Regarding the family burial lot in Western Cemetery (Lot 189, Section C), J. P. Redifer(?), superintendent of the cemetery, sent a sketch of the lot to A. M. Spamer, which was reproduced in the “Spamer Families of Baltimore” and my Spamer–Smith Genealogy. The lot contains two unmarked
graves as well as the graves of Sarah Holm, Louisa Holm, and Andrew E. Holm. Sarah is Sarah Elizabeth (Spamer) Holm (1852–1911), a granddaughter of Conrad Spamer; her second husband (her first having predeceased her) was Andrew E. Holm (1860–1924). About Lot 189 in Western Cemetery’s Section C, the cemetery superintendent wrote to A. M. Spamer (the superintendent’s sketch map is shown below):

This Lot is 6 ft long and 10 ft wide. When Brick graves are noted only three would go in this width. This [an arrow points to grave of Louisa Holm and Andrew E. Holm] was a brick grave.

This lot was bought by Henry Spamer January 25 1849. When it shows old graves these people must have died between 1849 and 1874 we don’t have any records of burials before 1874. I can not find any other Spamers in our records.

For the first time in generations (so far as we know), a Spamer family member visited the graves in Western Cemetery (see photo below). On 23 July 2009, my wife and I located the lot, which features a four-sided columnar stone marker inscribed on the north side, “Sarah E. beloved wife of A. E. Holm. Died Nov 17, 1911, aged 59 yrs. At rest.” At the top of all four sides of the monument is carved the letter “H”. The east side of the monument is inscribed “Holm”. Two small monuments appear at the foot of the graves of Sarah Holm and Andrew Holm: “S. E. H.” and “A. E. H.” Although we know that Louisa Bruckner Holm (Andrew’s second wife, Sarah having predeceased him) is shown in cemetery records to be buried in the same grave with Andrew, she has no marker.

On our visit to Western Cemetery it was raining steadily, which precluded much more than taking pictures. We noticed, but at the time did not particularly pay attention to, a stone lying flat in the ground, mostly overgrown by grass, positioned atop the two unmarked graves that must be those of Conrad and Annetta Spamer (see at right in photo above). On reviewing the photographs, I suppose now that it is a fallen marker for one or both of these graves, but thus far no investigation has been undertaken. It is, frankly, almost inconceivable that Henry Spamer (or the family) would not have placed a marker on the grave(s) of either his father (first) or his father and mother (after her decease). Despite Henry Spamer’s various episodes of financial distress (about which we will see), he nonetheless had money to remove several family members from Baltimore.
Regarding the children of Conrad and Annetta Spamer:

**HEINRICH CONRAD LUDWIG SPAMER (1818–1902)** was known as **Ludwig Spamer**. The oldest child of Conrad and Annetta Spamer, he was the only one of the German-born children who did not emigrate to Baltimore with the family in 1832. With whom Ludwig had remained in Germany is not known at this time; it is possible that he was indentured in work. He emigrated to Baltimore in 1837 and became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1840. Although in America he was known as Ludwig Spamer, for a while he had apparently used the name “Lewis”. In the Baltimore city directory for 1847 Ludwig Spamer is listed as “Lewis Sparmer” (also note the spelling, “Sparmer”), and several letters that his son, “Gus”, wrote to him during the Civil War were addressed to “Lewis Spamer”. A letter from his daughter, Amelia, refers to her father as “Louie”.

He had a variety of occupations over the years. In 1850 he was a farmer. From about 1855 to 1865 he was a dealer in ethereal oil. Shortly later he worked in a piano factory, and in 1880 was a piano tuner. By 1900 he seems to have retired. (As for ethereal oil, *Oleum Aethereum*, it is a substance composed of equal volumes of heavy oil and ether. It was used widely in glass lamps, which provided a brighter kind of light than produced by conventional gas lamps of the time. The product was also sold in preparations for the putative treatment of deafness, as indicated by labels on some antique medicine bottles. However, in its medicinal form it is useless. The newspapers of the day also continually reported tragic incidents of burns and deaths due to accidents involving ethereal oil. The liquid and vapor alike are highly inflammable and susceptible to violent combustion; the substance was easily mishandled, particularly in the home.)


One of the present mysteries of the family concerns some burials at Baltimore Cemetery. Ludwig Spamer purchased a cemetery lot in Baltimore Cemetery (Area I, adjacent Lots 284/298). The first burial was in Lot 284, Anna Schmidt, aged 9 years and 10 months, interred 26 July 1860. In the same grave later was buried “Fred. Schmidt”, aged 10 years, interred 27 January 1863. To whom the Schmidt children belonged has not been determined; there are no pertinent Schmidt members of the family that are known at this time. There are no other burials in Lot 284, leaving three empty graves. The first burial in Lot 289 was Edith Spamer, Ludwig and Julia’s young daughter, interred 27 January 1861. Two years later, Julia’s mother, Caroline Martin, was interred 31 August 1863. Eighteen years later, Virginia Spamer, infant daughter of William Spamer (Ludwig’s nephew), was interred 3 May 1881. The fourth grave of Lot 298...
remains empty. The lot record card from the cemetery’s office includes the notation, “No Care—Back Chg. Due.”; when this was written is not known.

(Later, Henry Spamer had some of the Spamer relations who were buried in Baltimore Cemetery removed and reinterred in the newer and much pleasant Loudon Park Cemetery on the west side of Baltimore. These are all documented in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy.)

As for the wife of Ludwig Spamer, Julia Martin, who was known as “Julie”, the “Spamer Families of Baltimore” lists her maiden name as Julia Dorothea Martin and notes that she emigrated with her parents from Mitan, Russia, to the U.S. in 1830. (There are large German emigrant communities in Russia, where the surname Martin is not unusual.) Thus far no U.S. immigration data have been found for Julia or her mother, Caroline, under several variant names; her father’s name is not known and what became of him is likewise unknown. The 1880 U.S. census indicates that both of her parents were born in Russia; the 1900 census reports that her father was born in Denmark, her mother in Russia.

Her birth name was Anna Dorthen Julianna Marten and was Americanized to Julia Martin. We of the present generations had not known Julia’s birth name, which was discovered in 2009 in a Bible in the possession of Nancy Spamer Mickey, a great-granddaughter of Ludwig and Julia. The Bible is an American edition published in the German language. In the Bible is the inscription, “Anna Dorthen [sic] Julianna Marten Baltimore”, which is written in old, Germanic Kurrentschrift (longhand-style) letters. Ton Spamer of The Netherlands recognized and translated the script, and he spotted the misspelling of “Dorthen”, which is a traditional German abbreviation for Dorothea. Note, too, that “Dohrten” is more like a phonetic spelling of how Dorthen is pronounced in German.

Who first owned the Bible is not clear. As a German-language American printing, it is clear that it is an acquisition by, or a legacy presentation to, one of the immigrants. It could only have been acquired after the immigration of both the Marten (1830) and Spamer (1832) families. With the exception of Julia Martin’s full German name written in Kurrentschrift, the genealogical data included on other pages in this Bible are in English and written with letter styles typical of the early 19th century. The names are grouped in such a way that we may infer that it was either Conrad Spamer or his son, Ludwig (Julia’s husband), who listed the information. Conrad Spamer’s name and birth information are written separately on one page; on another page is written information for the first three children born of Conrad (Ludwig, Christian, and Catharine); last to be listed is Conrad’s wife, her name written by itself on the second page. The name of the children Ludwig, Christian, and Catharine comprise a peculiar grouping; the children are those born to Conrad and Annetta Spamer in Germany and who survived to emigrate to America, but the list omits Henry, the youngest of those children. The inscription to Julia appears on the fifth page.

We know nothing about Julia Martin’s mother other than her death in 1863. There is, however, in the 1863 Baltimore city directory only, a listing for “Mrs. Martin”, a huckster in the Bell Air market. Of course, this could be any Mrs. Martin, but since subsequent city directories do not list her, there is a chance that she was Caroline Martin, Julia’s mother.
CHRISTIAN SPAMER (1820–1880) became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1841, shortly after his 21st birthday. He married in 1844 Elizabeth Margaret Schroeder (1824–1904), with whom he had nine children, all of whom lived to adulthood: George Washington (1845–1866), William (1847–1912), Mary Elisabeth (1849–1906), Virginia (1851–1923), Kate Cora (1853–1925), Sarah (1855–1929), Henry Emmanuel (1858–1932), Adolph (1861–1939), and Andrew Perry (1864–1938). His occupation has been listed variously as engineer, machinist, and civil engineer, although it seems that he was a maritime engineer working on boats out of Baltimore. During the 1870s at least, Christian Spamer was a co-owner in a tugboat with his brothers, Henry and George. As the result of a boiler accident that killed the tug’s steward, Christian Spamer was found accountable for the accident and he lost his license; and within a year he was dead. More about the tugboat will be found in the separate section of this narrative, a little further below, “The Trials of the Tugboat Ella”.

Elizabeth Margaret Schroeder, wife of Christian Spamer, was born in Germany. She ran a grocery store at the northwest corner of Caroline and Hampstead Sts., with the family residence above it, but by 1870 she had retired.

CATHARINA SPAMER (1823–1890) was known as Catherine. She married Henry Engle (1819–1876), an emigrant from Germany, with whom she had five children: Christiana (ca. 1844–?), Mary (ca. 1846–?), John (1853–?), George (ca. 1855–?), and Frederick (ca. 1866–?). Catharine’s death was noted in a letter to her father, Ludwig, from his daughter, Amelia:

March 6, 1890

Dear Pap,

We hoped that the Special Delivery which Arthur [Arthur Ludwig Spamer] sent would reach you in time to enable you to get in by Wed. noon. Aunt Catherine passed into the other life on Monday; she had for a long time been feeble in mind and weak, but finally suffered with pneumonia.

Katie Engel took almost entire charge and care of her during her last year, and Aunt Catherine became very much attached to and depended upon her. Katie was the last name she called. We did not hear until Monday evening, and Ollie [Amelia’s sister, Olivia Spamer] went right down Tuesday. They all hoped that you might get in, being the eldest brother. We told them we had sent word immediately.

We sent a beautiful floral offering—an anchor with a card “From Brother Louie”[..] We knew you would feel and wish this. Gus, Arthur and Miriam [her siblings, Christian Augustus Emanuel Spamer, Arthur Ludwig Spamer, and Miriam J. Spamer] were present at the services.

Finding that you did not get in, Mr. Pittroff [John Pittroff, Mary Engel’s husband] asked Miriam to take your place in the carriage, so she went in with Uncle and Aunt Henry. Gus also accompanied the remains. Uncle George was not there as he was away and they could not get word to him.

Miriam and Gus went back to the house and saw members of the family for a short while. It seems that Katie Engel has been very faithful in attendance on Aunt Catherine and feels the loss deeply. Miriam likes Katie so much.
Thus it is that one by one we connect ourselves with the other life, leaving behind us the influence of our earth life.

It is a comfort to know that Aunt Catherine is now relieved from all earthly care and sorrow, and that now she can go strengthening and developing the gentle kind nature that she possessed.

With love and sympathy,  
Millie

Henry Engel, Catherine’s husband, was at various times a watchman, grocer, and saloon worker. Regarding the Engel family, nothing thus far has been determined. However, Conrad Spamer (Henry Engel’s father-in-law) was the witness on a U.S. naturalized-citizen application for one “William Engle” from Darmstadt, Germany, with whom on the same day Conrad Spamer became a naturalized citizen. The relationship of William Engle (or Engel) to the family is a probable one, though one not yet determined.

PETER HEINRICH CHRISTIAN SPAMER (1827–1910) was known as Henry Spamer. He was the youngest of the immigrant children of Conrad and Annetta Spamer, arriving in Baltimore with them in 1832. He married, first, Susannah Ross (1832–1859), also known as Susan, an immigrant from England, with whom he had four children: Sarah Elizabeth (1852–1911), James Conrad (1855–1884), George Peabody (1857–1943), and Henry (1859–1859). He married, second, Catharina Elisabeth Heinzerling (1836–1905), an immigrant from Germany, with whom he had seven children: Cecelia (1861–1881), Henry (1864–1864), Henry Christian (1865–1865), Edward Otis Hinkley (1867–1946), John Ward (1869–1960), Anna E. (1872–1878), and Susan Mae (1875–1949).

Henry Spamer was a shoemaker all his life but had retired by about 1900. He owned shops in a number of different locations in Baltimore, one at a time; the family residence seems to have been above each one. During the 1870s at least, Henry was also an investing (not operating) co-owner in a tugboat with his brothers Christian and George, about which more will be said in the section of this narrative titled, “The Trials of the Tugboat Ella.”
As a patriarch of our late 19th century Spamers of Baltimore city, Henry Spamer’s home probably was the center for family gatherings. We have but one photo that shows such a gathering, distinctly in contrast to a sparse few photos of individuals from this time. In this photo (below) we also are fortunate in having the only known images of a few of our Spamers.

The photograph may be one of Lora Smith Spamer’s amateur photographs, in that she does not appear in this view, and that it is one of the cyanotype prints that may be attributed to her work around the turn of the last century. It is a view in existing light, as indicated by sunlight through a window somewhere on the left, perhaps accentuated by the gas lights above.

The photograph was taken about 1902. The people in it are identified as follows: The person in silhouette and the three persons next on the left side of the table are unidentified, John Ward Spamer (Henry’s son), Henry Spamer and Catherine Heinzerling Spamer at the head of the table, the elder George Peabody Spamer (Henry’s son), Daniel Henry Spamer (the young boy adopted by George and Lillie), Lillie May Dunn Spamer (George’s wife), and the remaining two individuals on the right are unidentified.

Despite having a lasting shoe business and seeming to be reasonably well off, Henry Spamer was involved in the financial losses of the bad-luck tugboat Ella. He also unwittingly fell into harder times due to the work of a confidence man, George O. Demuth, a story that was never told in the family during my lifetime, which I discovered in reading newspaper accounts.
Demuth was a German immigrant who was an in-law to Henry Spamer’s son, George, although his precise genealogical relationship has not been established. In the 1896 Baltimore city directory, Demuth is listed as a partner in “Spamer & Co.”, a real estate firm at 415 Fayette St.; the senior partner was John Ward Spamer, one of Henry Spamer’s sons. Professionally he had been a music teacher for many years before this. But in 1896 Demuth was charged with forgery in falsified promissory notes, for which he was convicted and imprisoned. Troubles began by October, when the following notice appeared in the Baltimore Sun:

Henry Spamer, a shoe dealer, corner Harlem avenue and Calhoun street, made an assignment for the benefit of creditors yesterday to Charles E. Hill and Abraham Sharp, trustees. The bond was for $5,000.

The following two newspaper reports provide more specifics about the charges against Demuth, and the nature of the forged notes (from the Baltimore Sun, 25 and 26 December 1896):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ACCUSED OF FORGERY.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mr. George O. Demuth, Piano Dealer, Locked Up on a Serious Charge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IN DEFAULT OF $5,000 BAIL.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alleged Forged Indorsements Foot Nearly $14,000.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Statement of Mr. Herman T. Gernhardt, Who Says that His Signature Was Forged—Mr. Henry Spamer Held About $10,000 of the Notes.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

George O. Demuth is locked up at the northwestern police station in default of $5,000 bail, charged with forgery. Unless bail is furnished this morning he will be sent to jail. The aggregate of the alleged forgeries is nearly $14,000.

Mr. Demuth is a piano dealer who was formerly engaged in business on Fayette street, near Paca street, but who has for some time been in business on Baltimore street, near Fremont street.

About five years ago he moved into the house at 1400 Harlem avenue and soon won the confidence of the people residing in that vicinity.

His arrest was brought about by Mr. Herman T. Gernhardt, 1322 Harlem avenue, who stated that several years ago Mr. Demuth came to him with notes representing the sale of a piano for $700 on the installment plan; said that he required $400 for the purchase of the piano, and that if Mr. Gernhardt would indorse the notes he could secure the money from a bank and would give Mr. Gernhardt $75 for the accommodation. Mr. Gernhardt indorsed the notes, which were paid when they became due. Several other transactions of a similar nature took place between them. [The 1322 Harlem Ave. address was next door to the 1324 Harlem Ave. address formerly occupied by Henry Spamer, but who at this time was at 1201 W. North Ave.]

Last October, when Mr. Gernhardt returned home from a business trip, he was informed by his bookkeeper that one of his notes had gone to protest at the Continental National Bank. He said that he had no knowledge of a note due at that bank, and went there to inquire. He was shown a note with his name on it as indorser, and he pronounced the indorsement a forgery. While he was talking to the bank teller a gentleman whom he knew stepped up and said he also had several notes with Mr. Gernhardt’s indorsement. The notes were produced, and they also were pronounced forgeries, so far as the indorsements were concerned.

Further inquiry developed the fact that Mr. Henry Spamer, 1201 West North avenue, also held a lot of notes aggregating $10,000 bearing his indorsement. These notes, it is alleged, had been secured from Mr. Demuth.
According to Mr. Gernhardt, Mr. Demuth called a meeting of Messrs. Gernhardt, Spamer and the teller of the Continental National Bank at his house. “There he produced,” said Mr. Gernhardt, “a bundle of installment papers which he admitted were bogus and said, “now, gentlemen, you may send me to prison if you want to.”

Mr. Spamer formerly conducted a shoe business on Harlem avenue, near Calhoun street. He said Mr. Demuth asked him to discount several notes. The notes appeared to have been indorsed by Mr. Gernhardt. He furnished the accommodation and for a time the notes were paid as they became due. Afterward, he said, Mr. Demuth would come to him and say that it was inconvenient for him to meet a note when it came due and would ask permission to extend the note. Relying on the indorsement, Mr. Spamer would grant the extension. He also bought other notes, until the total amount of the paper in his hands was in the neighborhood of $10,000.

Several banks in Baltimore are said to hold paper which they discounted for Mr. Demuth, but it is said these represent bonafide transactions and that the banks will not be losers.

Mr. Demuth declined to make a statement. He waived an examination when he was taken before the justice late yesterday afternoon, and will take his case to court. He was unable to furnish bail and was locked up until this morning.

It is said that George O. H. Spamer, a son of Henry Spamer, holds bogus paper that he purchased from Mr. Demuth amounting to $1,700.

Charges Against George Demuth.

George Demuth, who was committed to court Thursday by Justice Schoen, charged with forgery, was arraigned before the same justice yesterday and the general charges against him was made specific.

Four charges were made of forging the name of Herman T. Gernhardt to as many notes as indorser. The notes were drawn for $177.50, $150, $172.50 and $195. Demuth declined to make a statement and asked for a jury trial. He was committed to jail in default of $1,000 bail in each case. Demuth will be taken before Justice Schoen again today when he will be charged with obtaining money through false representations in papers which purported to be contracts for the sale of pianos on the installment plan.

It was stated yesterday that there are other sufferers beside Mr. Gernhardt. Mr. Henry Spamer claims to have lost more than $14,000 by Mr. Demuth’s alleged fraudulent transactions. It is said that the total amount will reach $25,000. Among the alleged sufferers are two sons of Mr. Henry Spamer.

In January 1897, George Demuth was convicted and sentenced to five years in prison. At the time of the 1900 U.S. census Demuth was in the Maryland Penitentiary in Baltimore; his wife, Elizabeth, was listed as a “widow” residing in Baltimore with her nephew, George Peabody Spamer (Henry’s son) at 623 N. Washington St. Elizabeth seems to have been a blood-relative aunt to George’s wife, Lillie May Dunn Spamer. George Spamer and Lillie Dunn had married about 1894, which is about the time when Henry Spamer seems to have been first taken by the confidence man Demuth. And perhaps coincidentally, this was also the time when another one of Henry’s sons, John Ward Spamer, enrolled in the University of Maryland Law School for the school year 1894–1895 and thereafter discontinued that education. Precisely when the fraud was first realized and the financial crisis fell upon Henry Spamer is not clear, although it was during 1894–1896.
Henry Spamer was, as like his immigrant family, originally of the German Lutheran faith, and he married his first wife, Susannah Ross, at the First German Reformed Church in Baltimore. Later, however, he converted to the Church of the New Jerusalem, as did several others in the family. The Church of the New Jerusalem denomination is also known as the New Church; congregants are sometimes called Swedenborgians after Emanuel Swedenborg, whose 18th century writings inspired the first assemblies of the faithful several years after his death.

The New Church was served in Baltimore by a small congregation called the Baltimore Society, and it was into this church that Henry brought himself and his family. In 1874, the society built a new edifice on Calvert St., which became known informally as the “Calvert Street Church”. Henry Spamer was a member of its building committee. A notice of the laying of the church’s corner stone appeared in the Baltimore Sun:

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The Calvert Street Church as it appeared in the early 1900s.

The Calvert Street Church was the place of worship for many of the Spamer family, and it was here, too, that Rev. John Edward Smith occasionally visited. The church ceased in that function sometime during the 20th century, but the structure still stands today, the façade unchanged from its time as a church, converted now into four exclusive condominiums with the name Calvert Abbey (photo on next page, in 2009). Appropriately enough, the wooden ornamental piece above the doorway also remains, in which is carved an inspirational passage from Scriptures, “I Am the Door”.

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Later, Henry Spamer’s family left the Calvert Street Church for another New Church congregation. Until recently all we knew about this was a single anecdote in 1975 correspondence from Frances D. Spamer to Katharine S. Spamer:

When the Rev. Albutt [sic] left the Calvert Street Church to take over the little mission in West Baltimore, apparently some of Henry’s family followed him. If the records he kept were now available, I’m certain some of [our] unanswered [genealogical] questions would be solved. However, I’m sure when the last of the Albutt [sic] sons passed away, all the [church] books were destroyed . . . .

Fortunately, a good deal more has since been learned both about Rev. Allbutt and the “little mission” that he established; and since this has been forgotten in the family it is worth repeating it here since this is also where Henry Spamer’s family worshipped.

Rev. George Laurence Allbutt was a New Church minister born in England. In 1895, he and his family emigrated from Scotland, where he then worked, during a contentious time in the New Church that split the church into two sects (as discussed more fully in the chapter about the Potts family of Pennsylvania). It seems that Rev. Allbutt may have aligned himself with the “General Convention” sect. In Baltimore he was the pastor at the Calvert Street Church between 1895 and 1900, where in January 1900 he had the privilege also of commemorating the centennial of the first New Church temple built in America (which once had stood at the southwest corner of Baltimore and Exeter Sts. In Baltimore). In June, however, Rev. Allbutt was not re-elected by his congregation, as noted in the Baltimore Sun:

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**Rev. G. Lawrence [sic] Allbutt To Go.**

Rev. G. Lawrence Allbutt will retire from the pastorate of the New Jerusalem Church, Calvert street, near Chase, at the end of this month. No successor has been elected.

By the rules of the church the pastor is elected every year. Rev. Mr. Allbutt failed to be re-elected this year, he says, by the small margin of one-third of a vote, three-fourths of the members present and voting being required to elect. He has been pastor of the church since 1895.

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Rev. Allbutt then established the Northwest Mission, a small New Church chapel in a rented property on the other side of town from the Calvert Street Church. The mission first occupied Horn’s Hall on North Ave. between Madison Ave. and Eutaw Place. After a couple of years the mission relocated to Harrison (or Harrison’s) Hall at 1515 N. Fulton Ave. *(see photo on next page).* After Henry Spamer died in 1910 it is unknown whether the family remained with the mission; others of the Spamer family in Baltimore had always continued to worship at the Calvert Street Church. By 1920 the Fulton Ave. property had changed its name to Weber’s Hall.
After he founded the Northwest Mission, Rev. Allbutt’s work was not exclusively limited to the mission. In 1911, he began “periodical visits” to the First German New Jerusalem Church at Aisquith and Fayette Sts. (The First German church had also once been a Spamer family church, as noted earlier.) At that time Rev. Allbutt was visiting the First German church on the second and fourth Sunday mornings of the month, “on the invitation of the congregation.” The relationship of the churches was one of ecclesiastical reciprocity with the pastor of the First German church, Rev. Louis H. Tafel (one of the Tafel family who are mentioned in the narrative about the Synnestvedt family), who at times preached at the Northwest Mission. By 1922, the mission’s work was being conducted by Rev. Allbutt’s son, G. Clement Allbutt, who was then a candidate for the New Church ministry. When the mission ceased is not known at this time, although it still was offering services and programs in January 1922. In more recent years, the hall at 1515 N. Fulton Ave. has seen distinctly different uses in a somewhat weary neighborhood. In February 1999 it opened an after-school tutoring program for training young fighters in boxing; a classroom was downstairs and a gym upstairs. In 2009, the location was an insurance agency on the ground floor, and the Rise N Shine Daycare Center upstairs (see photo at left).

Henry Spamer’s marriage to Susannah Ross was officiated by Rev. Elias Heiner at the First German Reformed Church, a Lutheran denomination on Second St. in Baltimore. Of her family nothing is known other than her parents’ names (James and Sarah Ross). Circumstantial evidence from U.S. census data may indicate that she had a sister, Sarah, born about 1841 in England, who appears in the 1860 census with Henry and Susannah. It is possible, too, that the Ross family may have married into the Otto family, as noted in a little more detail in the narrative about Henry’s son, Edward O. H. Spamer, who married Amelia Otto.
Henry Spamer’s second wife was Catharina Heinzerling, a German immigrant who arrived with her family in 1845. She was known in America as Catherine and “Lizzie”. She has also been referred to as Katharine Elizabeth, and her name appears in American records consistently as Catherine, including the 1870, 1880, and 1900 U.S. censuses. Her newspaper obituary notice refers to her as “Catherine Elizabeth”. On the other hand, her granddaughter, Katharine S. Spamer, recalled her name as “Elizabeth Katherine” and her grave marker gives her name as Elizabeth C. Spamer.

In 1886, Henry and Catherine Spamer were involved in the welfare of a grandchild, whose name is not given in the newspaper account that follows:

_Habeus Corpus._—Mr. Benjamin Kurtz, as counsel for Henry Spamer, obtained an order for the writ of habeas corpus for Franz Grill to bring before Judge Phelps today the two-year-old grandchild of petitioner. The parents are dead, and it is claimed the grandparents are the most suitable persons to have the child. It was put in charge of Grill by its stepfather.

The child surely was George Peabody Spamer, whose parentage is discussed in the narrative about him. (This was the younger George Peabody Spamer; there is another G. P. Spamer who was an uncle.) The Grill family may be related through marriage of Edward O. H. Spamer to Amelia Otto. The obituary of Amelia’s father, August Otto, notes that another one of August’s daughters was the wife of William Grill (however we do not know at this time which of the other daughters this was).
Catherine Heinzerling Spamer was the great-granddaughter of Johannes Heinzerling (1744–?) of Prussia. His son was Arnold (1770–1827), one of whose sons in turn was Johannes (1800–?). The junior Johannes Heinzerling married in 1831 Anna Elisabetha Hofmann (1805–after June 1870), of whom Catherine Heinzerling was one of seven children. Johannes (1800–?) was the emigrant to America, arriving with his family aboard the ship *Elise* on 8 September 1845. They originally had indicated that they were enroute to Cincinnati, Ohio, and whether in fact they went there first or just remained in Baltimore is unknown. He was a farmer in Germany, but in Baltimore he may have been a baker, and where he was known as John Heinzerling. At the time of the 1870 U.S. census, he was residing in the Soldiers’ home in Baltimore. Enroute to America, a child was born to Johannes and Anna Hofmann aboard ship and is named in the ship’s passenger manifest as “Frederik” Heinzerling. Nothing more was known of this child until recently, when he was rediscovered as an old Civil War veteran named John G. Heinzerling seeking his Baltimore family. (He will be encountered again shortly below.)

The Heinzerling surname appears with regularity in Baltimore and regions to which German immigrants resituated. Like the Spamer family, most are probably related ancestrally in Germany. Bakers, brewers, and confectioners were included among them, and one Baltimore firm manufactured bottles. Heinzerling & Co. bottles are featured on collectible-bottle websites. They also feature bottles manufactured by the City Steam Bottling House, in which also is molded, “John Heinzerling Proprietor” and others note “Jno. Heinzerling” or “John Heinzerling”. Whether or not these firms were owned by direct relations to the family’s Heinzerlings is not known at this time.

Catherine Heinzerling Spamer’s sister, Maria Catharina Heinzerling (1843–1922) also figures into part of our genealogical story of the Spamers. It is not a particularly intriguing story, but one that foiled us for decades, and which finally is resolved.

The story begins with my aunt, Katharine S. Spamer (1901–1985), who in the 1970s had corresponded with one Marie Stein Strange of Baltimore. Marie had indicated that their grandmothers were sisters, but nothing more was indicated there. To make the story a little bit intriguing at least, in 1968 Marie visited Katharine in Stamford, Connecticut, and we have a photograph of Marie at the Bird and Bottle Restaurant there (right). When I re-encountered the letters and photograph of Marie Stein Strange while working on the Spamer–Smith Genealogy, I was unable to discern just which sister of Catherine Heinzerling would have been Marie’s grandmother, and so I had to let the matter drop. I knew nothing of Marie’s parents or any of the grandparents, nor for that matter was I certain whether “Stein” was a given middle name (if she was unmarried) or a maiden name.

During 2009 I came across a remarkable newspaper clipping, which provided the key to an entire branch of the family, most of whom I was completely unaware—and in addition it led to identifying just who was Marie Stein Strange and her grandmother. First, the newspaper item that started this remarkable series of events, which appeared in the Baltimore *Sun* on 18 December 1914:
TO MEET AFTER 51 YEARS
Bureau Locates Woman’s Brother Who Went To War.

A brother and sister who have not seen each other since the breaking out of the Civil War will be brought together Christmas Day through the Bureau of Information and Complaints at the City Hall, if the brother, John G. Heinzerling, now an inmate of the Soldiers’ Home at Monta [sic] Vista, Col. [Colorado], can get here in time. The sister is Mrs. Mary Braun, 601 North Bond street.

Several days ago Oscar J. Hook, chief of the bureau, received a letter from Veteran Heinzerling asking for information concerning his relatives, who, he thought, were living in Baltimore. He asked particularly about his father, John Heinzerling, and his brother, Charles Heinzerling. He stated that his brother-in-law, Henry Spamer, at one time had a shoe store at Baltimore and Stiles streets.

Mr. Hook sent a copy of the letter to Adolph Spamer, of the Citizens’ Improvement Association of Northeast Baltimore. Mr. Spamer at once supplied the information, giving the names and addresses of the old soldiers’ [sic] relatives in Baltimore and telling also of the death of others a long time ago.

Of course, the mention of Henry Spamer and his nephew, Adolph, caught my eye, and I felt that this could be a significant discovery.

While researching census and city directory information regarding the Heinzerlings and Mrs. Mary Braun of 601 N. Bond St., I found that Mrs. Mary Braun was the wife of Conrad Braun; but stunned to see that in 1910 the Brauns resided in the household of John F. C. Stein at 601 N. Bond St., where also lived a daughter, Marie. To cut to the end of the story, I established that Marie Stein Strange’s grandmother was Maria Catharina Heinzerling (1843–1922), who would have been known as Mary in America, who married Conrad Braun (1839–1917). They had five children, including Ida A. (1875–?). Ida married John F. C. Stein (1871–?), with whom she had six children; their first born, in 1897, was Marie Katherine Stein. He worked in groceries, but only at the times of the 1910 and 1920 U.S. censuses did the family reside at the North Bond St. address, precisely at the time when Mary’s long-lost brother, John, was looking for them.

I did determine more about Marie Stein Strange; but first, what of John G. Heinzerling?

He was the “Frederik” Heinzerling born at sea aboard the ship Elise in August 1845. His full name, as like those traditional, longer names of his siblings, may have been something like Johann G[eorge?] Frederick Heinzerling, or some such combination (we do not know what “G.” stood for), and which was Americanized as John G. Heinzerling. Unfortunately, no record has thus far been found of a reunion of John G. Heinzerling with his family, although later records (as I note below) do indicate that they must at least have been in touch. What follows is all that we know of him, but it is the first time that any of us since his own time knew of him.

John G. Heinzerling has not been found in any U.S. censuses other than those mentioned here, nor has he been identified in any public records other than the military records cited here. He may have married, as noticed in the 1920 U.S. census. He served in the U.S. Army, but was not a Civil War veteran despite the note in the newspaper article cited above that he had been separated from his family since the “breaking out of the Civil War”. His volunteer enlistments in the Army did not occur until 1865 and after
the conclusion of the war. There do not seem to be any records of service for him during the war, at least not under the name of Heinzerling.

On 12 August 1865 in Washington, D.C., John G. Heinzerling, aged 20, enlisted in the Regular Army for three years. The record there notices that he was born "On the Ocean"; his occupation was as a baker. (The 1864 Baltimore city directory lists a John Heinzerling, baker, at 830 W. Baltimore St.; whether this was this John Heinzerling, his father, or another, is uncertain.) John G. Heinzerling was subsequently discharged from the army “for disability” on 16 September 1865, at Fort Columbia, Kentucky. On 23 September, he enlisted again, in Baltimore, Maryland; the record corroborates this as the same John G. Heinzerling—aged 20, born “At Sea”, occupied as a baker. He then served in Co. B, 2nd Cavalry, and was discharged 2 September 1868 at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, at the rank of Private. There is also record of John G. Heinzerling serving in the 18th Regiment, U.S. Infantry (Regular Army), but no further details are forthcoming at this time.

Nothing more is known about John G. Heinzerling from this time until he sought out his family in 1914. On 15 June 1915, John G. Heinzerling filed for a veteran’s pension as an invalid, filing in Kansas (application no. 1,420,137). He had been admitted to the National Military Home, a hospital in Leavenworth on 11 June 1915. Note that this follows by six months the article in the Baltimore Sun, which recorded that he was in a soldiers’ home in Monte Vista, Colorado. The 1920 U.S. census for Leavenworth, Kansas, lists John G. Heinzerling (born “At Sea”, aged 76, widower) as a resident of the National Military Home. Today the home is the Dwight D. Eisenhower Veterans Administration Medical Center. The census record is the only indication that he may have married; otherwise we know nothing more of this. He has not been located in U.S. censuses between the Civil War and 1920.

The following information was retrieved from the U.S. National Homes for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, 1866–1938, on online database that was compiled from records in the U.S. National Archives (Record Group 15, Records of the Department of Veterans Affairs, National Archives Microfilm Publication M1749). Register page 22268 for the Leavenworth home lists for John G. Heinzerling the following information:

Military History: enlisted in Baltimore, Maryland, 23 September 1865; served at the rank of Private, 2nd U.S. Cavalry, Co. B; discharged at Ft. McPherson, Nebraska, 23 September 1868; discharged due to expiration of service; disability when admitted to the home, “right scrotal hernia & chronic arthritis”.

Domestic History: born in Baltimore, Maryland [sic]; aged 69, height 5 ft. 3 in., light complexion, blue eyes, gray hair; can read and write; Catholic; occupation as laborer; residence subsequent to discharge, Monte Vista, Colorado; marital status Single; name and address of nearest relative, Mrs. Mary P. Brown [sic], 601 N. Bond St., Baltimore, Maryland.

Home History: admitted 11 June 1915; died 3 March 1923; cause of death “Acute Cardiac Dilatation. Myocarditis Arteriosclerosis”.

General Remarks: “Died at Hospital at 5.55 P.M. March 3, 1923  Telegram letter to Mrs. Mary C. Brown, 601 N. Bond St., Baltimore, Md. Buried Sec 30, Row 17, Grave 6832  Rev. Taton, Chaplain”. Effects “Sold at Public Sale June 18, 1924 proceeds $1.00”. (Another source specifies Sec. 30, Row 17, Grave 29.)
In the above record, it is clear that “Mrs. Mary C. Brown” is his sister, Mary C. Braun; but she had died a year earlier than John Heinzerling (1845–1923). The fact that she had been listed as a nearest relative is some indication that John had been successful in contacting his sister. Whether John had ever visited Baltimore during the decade after he had tried to locate his family is not known.

About Marie Stein Strange (1897–1986), the following information has been determined:

In 1920 she was an office accountant residing with her parents at 601 N. Bond St. in Baltimore. In 1930 she was a student nurse at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, residing in student nurse housing in the 600 block of Broadway. In 1945 she was director of nursing at the Annapolis Emergency Hospital in Annapolis, Maryland. (The Annapolis Emergency Hospital was co-founded in 1902 by William Bishop, M.D., the son of a former slave who was an advocate of free clinics for the poor. Today the hospital is the Anne Arundel Medical Center.) In 1954 she was a clerk in the City of Annapolis Treasurer’s Office. She married in 1959 Harwood Stockett Strange (1888–1962) of Annapolis. About 1976 she resided in Baltimore. She died in the Homewood Retirement Center in Hanover, Pennsylvania.

Harwood Strange was the first born of four children of Robert and Amanda Strange. Robert had earlier been married to Caroline Sewell, with whom he had six children. Harwood, at the time of his death, was retired from the Baltimore Gas and Electric Co.

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GEORGE WILHELM SPAMER (1831–?) was born in Germany, but nothing more is known about him. A. M. Spamer wrote in the “Spamer Families of Baltimore”:

The only information we found about him is his date of birth. He was not in the passenger list with his parents and siblings, nor does his name appear in the city directories or in church records of the church attended by other family members.

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CHARLES SPAMER (1833–after 1900) married in 1860 Margaretha Spangler (1836–after 1900), a German immigrant who was known as Margaret. They had eleven children: Lorenda (1861–?), Charles (1863–?), Lydia (ca. 1865–?), Edward (ca. 1867–?), William A. (1868–1915), Katharine (1870–before 1880?), George W. (1872–?), Florence (1874–?, a boy), Harry (1876–?), Clara L. (ca. 1878–?), and Oscar (1879–?).

At the time that A. M. Spamer compiled the “Spamer Families of Baltimore”, Charles Spamer was still rather of an enigma. He was known either as Carl or Charles, died between 1897–1911, and he had children but their names were not known. Even what had become of him was not known. When A. M. Spamer’s sister, Frances, was working on the family history she noted in 1975 correspondence to Katharine S. Spamer, “I keep wondering if Charles moved his family out of Baltimore to another city which might be why no information is available.” This is in fact what happened; Charles had moved to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, around 1864. Before marrying, he may also have had business or private affairs of some kind in the Pittsburgh and may have met his future wife there. The answer Frances Spamer sought was easy to find today with the help of searchable U.S. census data in Internet resources, which were relied upon to provide the following summary.
Charles Spamer seems never to have been very well off. He was at first a shoemaker in Baltimore. Between 1864–1868 he moved to Pittsburgh, where he was sometimes a carpenter and sometimes a shoemaker. By 1880 he was a cigar-box maker and, later, a laborer. In 1900 he was a watchman. In Pittsburgh, between 1868 and 1900 he resided in at least eleven different addresses.

GEORGE SPAMER (1839–1896), the youngest of Conrad and Annetta Spamer’s children, was born in Baltimore. He apparently never married.

During the Civil War, George Spamer enlisted three times in the Union Army. He is recorded in some Army records as “George Sparmer” and his grave marker in Baltimore’s Loudon Park National Cemetery, a veterans’ cemetery, likewise spells his name “Sparmer”. Indexed resources available from Internet websites consistently retrieve two Army enlistment records for George Spamer, which indicate a 7 June first enlistment date, which conflicts with information provided below. The “Spamer Families of Baltimore”, however, based on a review of microfilmed records from the National Archives, indicates that George Spamer enlisted three times, and that these records additionally contain some statistics about his physical appearance:

From his Civil War military records supplied by the National Archives we learn that he was 5′-11″ tall, dark complexioned, had black hair and hazel eyes and was born between June and October 1839. He enlisted three times. On his second enlistment papers his occupation was given as clerk and on his third enlistment papers it was salesman. The first enlistment was for six months, from 25 June 1863 to 29 January 1864 and he was a private in Co. G of the 10 Regiment Maryland Infantry. The second enlistment, which is age was given as 24 years, lasted from 1 June 1864 until 1 October 1864 and his rank was 2nd sergeant, Co. I, 11 Regiment [sic] Md. Inf. His last enlistment where his age is given as 25 years, was from 19 October 1864 to 15 June 1865 and his rank was fourth Sgt. Co. C, 11 Reg. Md. Inf.

Inasmuch as there are no other George Spamers known to have been in the military during the Civil War, the record of three enlistments is probably correct and are summarized as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date Range</th>
<th>Rank and Regiment</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1863 June 7 (or June 25)–1864 January 29</td>
<td>Private, 10th Maryland Infantry Regiment, Co. G</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1864 June 1–October 1</td>
<td>2nd Sgt., 11th Maryland Infantry Regiment, Co. I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1864 October 19–1865 June 15</td>
<td>4th Sgt., 11th Maryland Infantry Regiment, Co. C</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The 10th Maryland Infantry Regiment was organized in Baltimore during June–July 1863, and served for six months. On 16 July, the regiment was sent to Harper’s Ferry to serve on guard lines until January 1864. The unit was mustered out 29 January 1864.

The 11th Maryland Infantry, according to the National Park Service Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System, was organized 16 June 1864. It performed guard duties at Monocacy Junction, Maryland, 1 July–1 October 1864, during which time it participated in the Battle of Monocacy on 9 July. The Battle of Monocacy was the “battle that saved Washington”. A large force of 15,000 men under Confederate General Jubal Early there defeated a “ragtag” group of 2,300 men under Union Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace, but at the cost of a day’s march by the Confederate forces. Not knowing whether the Confederate intentions were to move on Baltimore or on Washington, D.C., Wallace strung his troops out along six miles of the Monocacy River to protect two roadway bridges, a railroad bridge, and several fords.
Although Early’s forces did move toward Washington, veteran reinforcements arrived there in time to prevent the Confederate army moving into the capital. The 11th Maryland was mustered out on 1 October 1864 but reorganized on 1 December 1864, mustering out finally on 15 June 1865.

The third enlistment date for George Spamer, on 19 October 1864, coinciding with the 11th Maryland is contradictory, which may indicate he was in fact in another unit until the 11th Maryland was reorganized in October. During the service of the reorganized 11th Maryland, when George Spamer served in Co. C, the company was on detached service at Relay House on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. During this time the company did not participate in any major combat action. Relay House was situated ten miles south of Baltimore, at the junction of the Baltimore & Ohio and Baltimore & Washington railroads. As such it was a critical location for railway defenses during the war. Numerous Union units served at Relay House during the war. It was a relatively pleasant place, apparently, as testified by Adjutant Jonathan Ayres (no relation) of the 144th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, who encamped at Relay House in May-June 1864. He wrote letters to relatives at home, which were printed in the Wyandot Pioneer. Although the letters might demonstrate more embellishment for the benefit of pleasing his readers at home, it is likewise apparent that, as is often the case during times of hardship, there was a responsive entrepreneurial market willing to support the cause—for a price. In a letter of 26 May, Jonathan Ayres wrote:

> Our camp is delightfully situated on the west side of the Baltimore & Ohio R.R., a few rods north of the Relay House covering a beautiful spot of ground, gently sloping to the westward on which grown large Chestnut, Oak, Cedar, Pine and other trees, affording a delightful shade over the entire camp. We have plenty of the substantials to eat and as for the luxuries, as all it requires to obtain these in abundance is a few greenbacks. I had green peas for dinner twice last week and strawberries once.

By coincidence, shortly earlier, George Spamer’s nephew, Christian Augustus Emanuel Spamer was stationed at Relay House with the 3rd Maryland Volunteers, and he must have had comparable experiences.

We know that during the mid-1870s George Spamer was the captain and, with his brothers Henry and Christian, co-owner of a tugboat operating out of Baltimore harbor. In a matter of negligence that resulted in a man’s death, a warrant was issued for George’s arrest. Although we know the story ends in the seizure and auction of the tugboat by federal authorities, the result of yet a different accident, we do not know what resulted from these charges against George. He never again worked in the maritime industry, and in fact little is known about him until his death in 1896. In 1870, before the string of tragedies involved with the Ella, George resided with his mother (the two of them alone). The 1880 Baltimore city directory lists “Capt. George Spamer” residing at the residence then headed by his brother, Henry, but he does not appear there in the 1880 U.S. census. In 1890, the Special Schedule of Surviving Soldiers lists George at 15 N. Frederick St., which is the address of Frederick and Christiana Eck, whose daughter, Emma, then four years of age, would after 1909 marry George’s grand-nephew, the younger George Peabody Spamer (named for Henry’s son of the same name).
The Trials of the Tugboat *Ella*

The following accounts are taken from *The Sun*, a Baltimore newspaper. They record a history of bad luck and tragedy for the Baltimore-based, steam-powered tugboat *Ella*—tragedy for those whose worked aboard her and for her owners, brothers Christian, Henry, and George Spamer. The series of articles quoted here involves mishaps, sinkings, and three deaths in separate incidents. One might assume, correctly, that the final events described below ended the brothers’ involvement in Chesapeake Bay maritime affairs. Thereafter no record of George Spamer, captain of the vessel, is again found in this occupation. Christian Spamer, the tugboat’s engineer, had his license revoked and in less than a year he was dead. Henry Spamer, a shoemaker, was obviously an investor only, and this was only one of more financial setbacks to plague him. In the end, the tugboat was sold in a U.S. Marshal’s auction, presumably to settle a civil suit brought against her owners. The only members of the family who thereafter remained in the business were William Spamer (1847–1912) and Henry Emmanuel Spamer (1858–1932), two sons of Christian Spamer who were tugboat engineers; but neither of them was involved in the incidents relating to the *Ella*.

Some Circumstantial Evidence Relating to the Tugboat *Ella*

Further research into the circumstances of the tugboat *Ella*, owned by the Spamer brothers, has revealed some circumstantial evidence, which may or may not relate to the same vessel.

The renowned Civil War era photographer, Matthew Brady, may have photographed “our” *Ella*. Among the numerous photographs that survive from Brady and now in the National Archives is this one *(left)*, without any credit of location, which shows a steam-tug that Brady identified as *Ella*. Where the photo was taken cannot be discerned as there are no landmarks visible, although Brady did pass through Baltimore on many occasions. And, if this is the *Ella* in question here, the photo was taken some ten years before the events that are described below; and we do not know when the Spamer brothers acquired the tugboat. But at the least, this is an interesting association, one worth keeping in mind for future research.

*(continued)*
In 1911, H. B. Smith [no relation to our Smith family] wrote *Between the Lines: Secret Service Stories Told Fifty Years After*, in which he recounted some of his wartime experiences in the Secret Service when he served as Chief of Detectives and Assistant Provost Marshal General with Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace. He referred to an incident during April 1864 during surveillance of the schooner *Wm. H. Travers*, loaded in Baltimore “with a mixed cargo”, which vessel its sailors conspired to swamp “within reach of the Confederates”, thus availing them of the stores aboard the ship. “I allowed its loading and permitted the captain to leave port with her, but after she got well down the stream I overhauled [overtook] her with the steam tug ‘Ella,’ and brought her back to Baltimore.” Smith included in his book a transcription of the orders of A. M. Cummings, Chief Quartermaster in Baltimore, to “Captain, Steam Tug Ella”, on 30 April 1864: “You will proceed with your tug under the orders of Lt. H. B. Smith, and render such service as he may require; after performing those duties you will return to Boston wharf and report to me.” Perhaps this event inspired Matthew Brady to seek out and photograph the *Ella*.

The first of the incidents involving the *Ella* during the Spamer’s ownership was a fatal one, and yet, as we shall see, not the last fatal incident with which the crew was involved. It occurred when a boat being towed by the *Ella* keeled over onto the tug, leading to the drowning death of the tug’s fireman, August Hagget. All of the articles that follow are from the Baltimore *Sun*; the dates are given.

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**22 August 1874**

**Fatal Accident in the Harbor—Upsetting of a Vessel in Tow—A Steamtug Smashed—One Man Drowned, &c.—**The Austrian bark Antonia [sic] Maria, four hundred tons register, while being towed from Miller’s wharf to the Canton elevator, yesterday afternoon about 3½ o’clock, careened or fell over on one side, smashing a portion of the steamtug Ella, Capt. George Sparmer [sic], which had the bark in tow, and causing the death by drowning of a man named August Hagget. The bark arrived here about two weeks ago from Dublin, Ireland, in ballast, and having discharged all the ballast at the Canton dumping ground prepared to proceed to Fell’s Point to await her turn at the Canton elevator, from which she intended to take a cargo of grain for Europe.

Foreign vessels as [illegible] are hard to manage when they are without ballast or cargo, appearing to be as top heavy as a man more than “half seas over.” Almost all foreign vessels after discharging ballast have to be propped to float steadily by means of heavy spars suspended below the waist or water-line on either side. These spars were placed around the Antonia Maria, and being kept perpendicular by them, she was safely towed some weeks since from Canton to Miller’s wharf, at the foot of Fell street. The tugboat that brought her up then was the same that towed her out yesterday.

The captain of the tug was on board the Antonia Maria during the tow, having left his mate, Joseph Howard, holding the wheel, the work of towing being laborious under the circumstance of not steering well. On reaching the centre of the stream, about 500 yards distant in an oblique direction from Henderson’s wharf, the tug attempted to turn herself and the vessel to which she was attached. It proved a difficult and tedious task, and the operation had been scarcely commenced, when the bark fell over on the upper deck of the tug, smashing the entire after portion of the galley and engine room.

Joseph A. Howard, the mate, who was still at the wheel, saw the tall masts threatening as the vessel toppled over and instantly leaping forward sprang into the water and struck out for his [illegible] August Hagget, who was employed on the tug as fireman, was standing near the engine room and also sprang into the water. There was, of course, great excitement both on the tug and
the vessel. Boats put out from the shore, and steamers, as fast as the word was passed from wharf to wharf, hastened to the rescue. Howard, the mate, had been swimming but a short distance when Hagget the fireman, said: “I can’t swim, help me or I’m gone.” Howard told him to put his arms around his body, but says he had not finished the words when Hagget disappeared. In a few seconds Howard felt a hand grasp him like a vice around the ankle. He was drawn under, and had to struggle to get free and save himself. Hagget was seen no more. A small boat at this time picked Howard up, and he immediately replaced himself at the wheel of the tug.

The vessel had been prevented from fully capsizing by her mizzenmast and rigging being supported on the tug. Extra lines were secured and the tug Joseph W. Bullock placed herself on the starboard side of the vessel. With the Ella as a support the careened vessel was then safely towed to the Canton elevator. She had fallen on her port side, and as she passed down the harbor, one mast just over the water, another leaning across the tug, her rails on the port side in the water and her entire keel visible, she presented a novel spectacle.

Nearly all the tugs in the harbor surrounded the vessel and the tug, and followed in the wake to Canton. At the elevator ropes and pulleys were manned, and together with the aid of the Mohawk and other tugs the vessel was raised and propped so as to allow the tug Ella to be relieved of her load. The extent of the damage to the vessel was not ascertained, and the cause of the careening is not clear, some inclining to the opinion that the tug in turning around drew the vessel over, while the others attribute it entirely to the insufficiency of proper ballast.

August Hagget, the fireman who was drowned, was about twenty years of age, unmarried, of German descent, and lived with his parents at No. 60 South Wolfe street. He had been for three years employed on tugboats, and was considered a good hand. Officer Sinekey and others were busily engaged last evening hunting for the body in the harbor.

The *Antonio Maria* was not too badly damaged, as she was righted and less than a week later cleared by U.S. Customs to sail for Queenstown, England. Her luck was as bad as that of the *Ella*, as reported in the Baltimore *Sun* on 17 September. After sailing on 27 August carrying 20,774 bushels of corn, she encountered a hurricane on 7 September, which hove the vessel on her beam ends and cut away all her masts, when she righted, with fourteen feet of water in her hold, the masts having gone through the bottom. Finding it impossible to save the vessel, [Capt. Glaser] concluded to abandon her, and was taken off by the bark *Ranger* and brought to [New York].

The *Ranger* herself had lost her sails in the hurricane, enroute from Belfast to Charleston, and put into New York in distress. Later, the *Antonio Maria* was taken by a prize crew and was last seen at the port of Fayal in the Azores.

In an incident, for which the cause has not been revealed in records searches, the tugboat *Ella* sank at her mooring:

21 May 1878

_Sinking of a Tug._—The harbor steam tug *Ella*, Capt. Degenhardt *[probably a contracted pilot]*, sank early yesterday morning at her moorings, Commercial wharf, Fell’s Point, in 22 feet of water. The tug is owned by C. Spamer. The engineer had gone away but a few hours before and everything was apparently sound. It is possible that the stiff breeze which sprang up early in the morning drove the tug against a wharf log and forced a leak. She will be raised as soon as possible, and the cause of her sinking ascertained. The damage to the vessel will not be large,
though the cost of raising her will be considerable. She lies entirely out of sight with the exception of the upper joint of her smokestack, which is above water.

Just three months later, as the result of a mechanical problem the *Ella*, while on the bay, filled with water enough to submerge her, and she was towed to Annapolis for repairs:

31 August 1878

*Disaster to a Steam-Tug.*—The Baltimore steam-tug *Ella*, Capt. George Spamer, was sunk yesterday morning at Poplar Island, in the Chesapeake. The accident was caused by coupling bolts in her machinery giving way, which caused her to leak in the stern, so that a short time afterwards she was entirely submerged, her crew being obliged to leave her. The steamer *Roanoke*, Capt. Crawler, of the Norfolk freight line, went to the assistance of the *Ella* and started to tow her across the bay to Annapolis. The tug *Mary Shaw* afterwards joined the *Roanoke*, and they together succeeded in reaching that harbor at 4 P. M. with the disabled *Ella*, the scows being used as lighters. Aid will be sent from Baltimore to the *Ella* to-day and she will be repaired at the Annapolis railway, it is expected. She left Baltimore on Thursday evening with two scows in tow, one with 23[?] tons of coal, owned by Mr. Ferris, of this city, and the other empty, for St. Mary’s river. Her owners are Henry, Christian and George Spamer, three brothers.

Less than a month later, raised again, the *Ella* was involved in a fatal accident in which stevedore Buoneventre Parodi was drowned, which precipitated charges against Capt. Spamer and, eventually, the forfeiture of the *Ella* to federal authorities.

25 September 1878

*Drowning in the Channel.*—Francisco Parodi, an Italian, partner with Henry Gunther, at Canton, as stevedores, under the firm name of Gunther & Parodi, was drowned yesterday noon below the Seven Foot Knoll and the Craighill channel by the overturning of a yawlboat. Parodi was in company with Capt. Chace and Anton Johnson, runners for Italian stevedores and brokers, and, the yawl, in which they were seated, had been made fast alongside the Italian bark Angelo Accame coming up the channel. The men were making arrangements to go on board the bark, and a climbing rope had been thrown from the yawl to the vessel. While in this position the tugboat *Ella*, Captain George Palmer [sic], steamed around the stern of the vessel and ran alongside. A collision of the yawl and tug followed, the yawl being capsized and all three thrown into the water. The tug threw out lines; Chace was first picked up and taken aboard. Johnson succeeded in getting hold of the line, but seeing Parodi in danger of sinking let go, and, floating on an oar and the rudder of the yawl, used all his efforts to keep his comrade above water. His efforts in this direction were unsuccessful, for Parodi sank perfectly helpless to the bottom. Johnson was afterwards drawn aboard the tug in safety. Parodi’s body was not recovered. He had been a partner with Mr. Gunther for two years and a half, having lived at Canton a year or so previously. He was a native of Genoa, 36 years old. A short time ago he rented a house at Canton and had it furnished and made ready for the arrival of his wife from Genoa, to whom he telegraphed a few weeks ago, and who is now on her way to America. He was an industrious man, and had gained the respect of other stevedores and others with whom he had business. He had no children. The yawl was alongside the bark to solicit the unloading of the vessel, ad the tug steamed up for the two to port.

28 September 1878

*Body Recovered.*—The body of Francisco Parodi, the Italian stevedore, of Canton, who was drowned below Seven-Foot Knoll, Wednesday inst. By collision of the tug *Ella* with a yawl-boat
in which he was seated, was found yesterday at the mouth of the Craighill channel, a mile from the
place of the accident. The discovery was made by Capt. League, of the tug Olive Baker. The body
was taken to Harnson’s wharf, Canton. Justice Dorsey, of Baltimore county, summoned a jury of
inquest, which, after hearing a portion of the evidence, adjourned till to-day. At the time of the
collision both the tug and the yawl were lying alongside the Italian bark Angelo Accome, which
was on her way to port.

30 September 1878

Inquests were held Saturday on the bodies of Francisco Parodi, the Italian stevedore, of
Canton, who was drowned near Seven-Foot Knoll Tuesday [and another man in an unrelated
incident] . . . Justice Dorsey held the inquest on the body of Parodi at Canton, and the jury, A.J.
Crockett, foreman, rendered a verdict that “he came to his death by drowning from negligence on
the part of Capt. George Spamer, of the tug Ella.” The tug, it will be remembered, collided with
the yawl in which Parodi and two others were seated, while both the tug and yawl were lying
alongside the Italian bark Angelo Accame, coming into port. A warrant was issued for the arrest of
Capt. Spamer on the strength of this verdict, but it had not been served. Capt. Spamer was down
the bay at the time of the inquest, and had no opportunity to make a statement to the jury. It was
testified in the case that threats had been made to drown Parodi, and on the strength of this,
Antonio Frank, also a stevedore, was arrested and held in custody until dismissed by the justice,
when the verdict was reached. Frank was on the tug, but had climbed aboard the vessel before the
accident occurred. The principal witnesses in the case were Antonio Johnson and Capt. Chace,
who were in the yawl with Parodi. The jury directed attention to the danger of accident from the
hurried attempts of tugboat owners, stevedores, boarding-house runners, &c., to reach incoming
vessels. Parodi’s body was buried at Mt. Carmel Cemetery.

30 September 1878

Damage Suits . . . . —An action was brought in the Superior Court yesterday by Catinia
Parodi, widow of Francisco, alias Buoneventura Parodi, for damages for the drowning of her
husband, September 24, 1878. She charges that her husband was in a boat alongside the Italian
bark Angelo Accame, near the Seven-foot Knoll, at the mouth of the Patapsco river; that the boat
was run into by the tugboat Ella, by which her husband was thrown into the water and drowned.
She sues the owners of the Ella, Capt. George Spamer, Henry Spamer and Christian Spamer,
laying the damages at $20,000.

A legal notice appeared in The Sun for 6 November 1878, which requested any claims against the
late Francesco Parodi were to be filed with the estate administrator. In this notice the deceased name is
listed and spelled, “Buonaventura Parodi, otherwise known as Francesco Parodi”.

Nothing more has thus far been ascertained as to the disposition of the charges against George
Spamer and the co-owners of the Ella.

Eight months after the Pirodi death, the Ella is noticed in reference to a third fatal event in which
the tug steward, Thomas Mitchel, was killed in a boiler mishap. The accident was eventually determined
to have been the fault of engineer Christian Spamer, whose license was consequently revoked as a penalty
of the accident.
3 April 1879

*Steamtug Accident.*—A slight accident to the boiler of the tugboat Ella, Capt. Spamer, on the Canton elevator, yesterday, caused severe injury to Thomas Mitchell colored, steward, who was scalded by escaping steam, which rushed out in such force as to knock him down. He was scalded about the face, neck, body and arms, but managed to make his way on deck, where the engineer came to his assistance. He was then brought to Fell’s Point and sent to his home, No. 177 South Regester street. The surgeon who attended him last night reported that the injuries to the man were not so serious as at first supposed. The boiler of the tug was only slightly injured.

Thomas “Mitchell” may be identified in the 1870 U.S. census for the 2nd Ward of Baltimore in the listing of “Thomas Mitchel”, aged 32, born in Maryland, occupation “Mariner”. He is listed as residing with Jane Mitchel, 30, born in Maryland.

5 April 1879

*Fatal Result.*—Thos. Mitchell, colored steward, who was injured by the steam explosion on the tug Ella last Wednesday, died at his house, No. 177 South Regester street, at 1.15 o’clock yesterday afternoon.

11 April 1879 [Classified advertisement.]

Baltimore, April 10, 1879.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchel, widow of the late Thomas Mitchell, colored, who was fatally scalded on the Steamtug Ella on Wednesday, April 2, received from Joseph Lee and Henry Miner, colored, $12.[.]75. She returns her many thanks to them. Joseph Lee, steward on the tug Alice Ehrman. Henry Miner, steward on the tug America.

In the 1880 census, Elizabeth Mitchel, widow, aged 40, occupation “Laundress”, is identified as head of household at 126 S. Durham St., Baltimore. Residing with her were children Sarah, 10, and Georgiana, 4, as well as her father, Lloyd Mitchel, aged 77, a “peddler of cakes”, and boarder Charles Rennolds, 45, a stevedore.

16 April 1879

*Investigation.*—The board of United States local inspectors of steam boilers have investigated the case of the explosion on the steam tug Ella, in the harbor a few days ago, by which a colored hand lost his life. The portion of the iron where the boiler was patched was taken to their office. The finding of the board has not yet been reached, but they are satisfied the patching was faulty.

17 April 1879

The finding of Messrs. Lowery and Saville, United States local board of steam boiler inspectors, relative to the tug Ella explosion in Baltimore harbor, has been sent to Washington. It censures those in charge.

19 April 1879

*Deprived of his License.*—Wm. O. Saville and Jas. D. Lowry, United States local board of steam vessel inspectors, yesterday revoked the license of Christian Spamer, engineer of the steamtug Ella, on which an explosion occurred in this harbor April 2, and Thomas Mitchell,
colored, the steward, was fatally scalded. The notification of the inspectors to Mr. Spamer was as follows:

“You are hereby informed that upon full consideration your license, as special engineer, has this day been revoked for your neglect of duty, in not giving proper attention to repairs done to boiler of steamtug Ella, and allowing a patch to be put on improperly, thereby causing the death of the steward of said boat.”

(Usually, a “special engineer” was a rating given to a steam-boiler engineer assigned to small craft or to a specific steam engine or boiler, as opposed to an engineer licensed to operate a general class of engines or boilers ranked by horsepower or other technical definition.)

The report of the board to James A. Dumont, supervising inspector general of steam vessels, was as follows:

“We respectfully report that we have investigated the causes of the accident which resulted in the death of the steward of the steamtug Ella, who was killed by steam escaping from a fracture in the boiler of said steamer. Some thirty days prior to the accident the engineer discovered a crack in the back of the boiler, which had been patched, and instead of the patch being put on so that the bolts would be on both sides of the crack they were put in the crack, thereby weakening instead of strengthening the boiler, which gave way, scalding the steward, who was in the forward cabin at the time, and who died the next day. Christian Spamer, the engineer in charge, says that he told the boiler-maker who put the patch on to place the bolts on both sides of the crack, but did not examine it to see if the patch had been put on properly, as it was his duty to do. It is very evident to us that had the patch been put on properly this accident would have happened. We have, consequently, revoked his license as special engineer.”

Eleven months later, Christian Spamer died.

During the celebrations of the centennial of the city of Baltimore, in October 1880, a parade of nearly seventy tugboats took place on the Patapsco River with a review at Fort Carroll. The newspaper account noted that three tugboats, the Ella among them, were not in the parade but “were repairing”. To have missed out on these celebrations must have been very discouraging for the surviving Spamer brothers. Of course, with legal actions pending, it was not likely that the crew would have been permitted to sail the vessel for any purpose. Soon afterward the tugboat was seized by the court to be sold at auction for damages, as testified by the following classified advertisement in The Sun:

27 October 1880

UNITED STATES MARSHAL’S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued by the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that I will sell at public auction, for cash, on MONDAY, the first day of November next, at 12 o’clock M., at Chase’s wharf, foot of Caroline street, Baltimore city, the

STEAM-TUG “ELLA,”
her Boats, Tackle, Apparatus and Furniture, as she now lies at the wharf.

JOHN M. McCLINTOCK
United States Marshal.

At least one claim was subsequently levied by a creditor, as published in the following notice of court decisions, but how or if it relates to the U.S. Marshal’s seizure of the Ella is not clear:
6 November 1880

United States District Court—Judge Morris.—B. Thorton and John Cahill, surviving partners of James T. Clark & Co., vs. Steamtug Ella; libel for supplies and seamen’s wages; decree for libellant and petitioners.

Of additional note is a single sentence that appeared just a few weeks later (20 November 1880) in *The Nautical Gazette* published in New York: “The new tug ELLA arrived from Baltimore last week.” It seems as though this is the Ella, once owned by the Spamers; and presumably this report was from New York. The new owners were not indicated.

This concludes the narrative about the children of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta. Next in this narrative will be the grandchildren of the immigrant Spamers.

Of the children of Heinrich Conrad Ludwig Spamer (1818–1902) and Anna Dorthen Julianna Marten (1824–1900) (Ludwig and Julia Martin Spamer), all grandchildren of the immigrants Conrad and Annetta Spamer:

**CHRISTIAN AUGUSTUS EMANUEL SPAMER (1843–1912)**, who was known as “Gus”, was one of our more successful Spamers, at least in the breadth of his activities. And we are extremely fortunate to have a number of first-person accounts from him, before and during the Civil War.

He married in 1870 *Abbie Ober Smith* (1841–1886), who was not a relation to the Smiths who are the subject of this overall narrative. She was from Massachusetts, but neither is she apparently directly related to the Smiths there who were mentioned in the brief narrative about the Cranch family and the presidents Adams. C. A. E. and Abbie Spamer had five children: Lois Mae (1872–1959), Daisy (1875–1875), Bona Pearl (1877–1949), Elliott Roy (1882–1886), and Carl Ober (1884–1957). Only Carl Ober married, but he did not have any children.

C. A. E. Spamer was a successful lawyer in Baltimore (*seen here at left in 1910, a detail from a photo in the Maryland Historical Society*). His legal expertise was mostly with estate and civil affairs and not as a trial lawyer.
He was also very involved in numerous civic and veterans groups and was an officer in the local Baltimore Society of the Church of the New Jerusalem (the New Church, or Swedenborgians), and he also served as the secretary of the General Convention of the church in America.

Because of his widely spread and untiring activities, it may be best to first read what his contemporaries had to say about him when he died. These notices will serve also to place the following narrative in a more sensible perspective.

The Baltimore Sun printed an obituary notice on 7 January 1912:

| C. A. E. Spamer Dead
| Well Known Lawyer Passes Away Early This Morning After Long Illness |

C. Augustus E. Spamer, of the law firm of Spamer & Hinkley, died at 1.30 o’clock this morning at his home, 1702 Bolton street, after a lingering illness. Mr. Spamer was stricken several months ago and for the past two weeks was confined to his bed.

He was president of the Baltimore Society of New Jerusalem and for the past 21 years served as secretary of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem Church. Mr. Spamer took an active part in Grand Army Republic [sic] work, and at one time was Commander of Dushane Post.

Born in Baltimore 68 years ago, he was the son of the late Ludwig Spamer. He was a graduate of the Baltimore City College. He studied law in the office of Hinkley & Morris. Mr. Spamer was instrumental in erecting the memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the Union on the Mount Royal drive in Druid Hill Park and served as secretary of the commission that had charge of the work.

Mr. Spamer married Miss Abbie O. Smith, of Boston. She died 25 years ago. He is survived by one son, Carl Ober Spamer, and two daughters, Miss Lois Mae Spamer and Miss Bona Pearl Spamer.

Three days later the Baltimore American published a report about his funeral:

| Mr. C. A. E. Spamer. |

The funeral of C. Augustus E. Spamer, prominent churchman, Civil War veteran and a member of the law firm of Hinkley, Spamer & Hisky, who died early Sunday morning at his home, 1702 Bolton Street, took place at 2 o’clock yesterday afternoon from New Jerusalem Church, Calvert near Chase street. For many years Mr. Spamer had been prominent in the work of this church, and his funeral was attended by many members of the congregation. For the last 21 years he had been secretary of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem Church, and had been president of the Baltimore Society of the Jerusalem Church of the past 15 years. Rev. H. S. Conant, pastor of the Baltimore church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Frank Sewall, of Washington, and Rev. S. S. Seward, of Massachusetts, officiated at the services. Interment was made in Loudon Park Cemetery. The pallbearers were Louis J. Bargay, Frederick J. Slagley, George J. Tinksley, Albert U. Crownfeld, George Pausch and Leonard Burbank.

The American Bar Association and the Maryland State Bar Association noticed the death of C. A. E. Spamer in their official organs, using the same text:
C. AUGUSTUS E. SPAMER.

C. Augustus E. Spamer was born in Baltimore September 25, 1843. Mr. Spamer was of German descent, his father, Ludwig Spamer, having been born in Oberschmitten, near Frankfort on the Main.

Mr. Spamer was educated in the public schools of Baltimore and at the Baltimore City College, from which institution he was graduated in 1860. He studied law in the office of Hinkley & Morris, and was admitted to the Bar of Baltimore City on March 16, 1870. He was married on March 29, 1870, to Miss Abbie O. Smith, of Boston. Mr. Spamer leaves a son and two daughters surviving him, his wife having died in 1886.

He was a devout member of the Baltimore Society of the New Jerusalem Church, of which he was for many years president and superintendent of the Sunday school. He was secretary of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem Church for twenty years up to the time of his death.

He was much interested in charitable work in many different fields, and was chairman of the District Board of the Federated Charities. He was also treasurer of a special relief fund of that body.

He was for a number of years treasurer of the Bar Association of Baltimore City, which position he resigned on the occasion of taking a trip to Japan in 1909.

He was well known to the members of the Bar of Baltimore City for his thorough and accurate work, and his extreme patience and good nature. His law practice was more in the line of conveyancing than any other field, and he was rated as among the best conveyancers in Baltimore City. He was associated during the whole of his legal career with the office of Hinkley & Morris, becoming a partner after the death of Mr. John T. Morris, in 1909, at which time the firm of Hinkley, Spamer & Hisky was formed, his associates in that firm being John Hinkley, Thomas Foley Hisky, Louis J. Burger and Frederick J. Singley.

Mr. Spamer was a Union Veteran of the Civil War, having served in the Third Maryland Volunteer Infantry from March 22, 1864, until his discharge, on July 31, 1865, having participated in the battles of the Wilderness and of Spottsylvania Court House. He was much interested in the Grand Army of the Republic, and was appointed by Governor Warfield on the commission which erected a monument to Union soldiers and sailors, which was dedicated in 1909.

Mr. Spamer’s death occurred at Baltimore on January 7, 1912.

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His death also was noticed by Rev. John Faulkner Potts, the notable leader of the Church of the New Jerusalem’s “General Church” sect in Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania (about whom much more will be said in the next chapter, on the Potts family of Pennsylvania). Rev. Potts recorded the event in his diary for 23 January 1912, “Death of Mr. Spamer”; apparently this was written on the date upon which he received the news.

C. A. E. Spamer’s third given name, Emanuel, is variously seen in family accounts as Emanuel and Emmanuel, but the spelling with one “m” is taken from a letter written by him in 1911. Further, it seems likely that he may have been given the name after Emanuel Swedenborg, whose religious tenets were followed by many of the Spamers who were members of the Church of the New Jerusalem. In public records and published notices, he used permutations of his three given names and their initials, but he never spelled out Emanuel. Numerous clerical errors, too, have provided other permutations of the
name, including, in military records, C. Augustus E. Sparmer, Augustus E. Sparmer, Augustus E. Speamer, Augustus Spamer, and Autustus E. Spamer; in U.S. censuses as C. Augustus Spamer, Augustus E. Spamer (misindexed as “Augusta”), and C. Augustus E. Spamer; in a U.S. passport application, signed by him as Christian Augustus E. Spamer (misindexed as Christina Augustas E. Spamer); and elsewhere as C. August E. Spamer. The form “C. Augustus E. Spamer” seems to be his most formal presentation of the name, as he signed it that way, it appears as such in the membership record of the American Bar Association, and various newspaper legal notices are signed likewise. And once, during the Civil War, he added his quartermaster’s formal signature to a letter home, “C. Augs. E. Spamer” with a flourish and added, “My official signature.”

He was educated at the Baltimore Male Central High School (later called City College), graduating in 1860. In 1889 at least, he was elected to the executive committee of the City College Alumni.

Several personal letters, usually somewhat lengthy, are known from C. A. E. Spamer during the Civil War, before and after his enlistment in the Union Army. These letters are presently held by Cliflyn Spamer Sadler, a descendant of Ludwig Spamer, and which I have copied courtesy of Nancy Spamer Mickey.

Before Gus enlisted in the Army, he rambled about in Maryland on both sides of the Chesapeake Bay. In 1862, we find him aboard a rail car enroute to Havre de Grace writing a letter to his sister, Olivia:

On the road to Havre de Grace Novbr. 29th 1862

[illegible] mile switch came near colliding with the down freight train, Outrageous whistle for “down brakes” still ringing in our ears. All right now Just arrived at gunpowder river, and we are now crossing as you will see my writing is better because the train moves easier.

Gus.

Another page

We are enjoying ourselves hugely “riding in this railroad keer”. We run 4 miles in less than 4 minutes, going now dashing to Magnolia ho! Here we are, and now we’re off.

Go-long steam-car 240 on a railroad.

Will Stowell requests one to send his regards to you all. Just eaten our breakfast snack—

We’re on the riding car of the freight train—Good bye until you see me.

Gus—

His reference to “riding in this railroad keer” pertains to the contemporary railroading folksong, “Ridin’ in a Railroad Keer” (music by Jacob Endres of St. Louis). The song is about a young “hillbilly” who meets a young woman on a train, proposes marriage to her and is accepted, but is later run off by her father.

Probably in June 1863, C. A. E. Spamer was aboard the Chesapeake Bay steamer Louisiana, writing a letter to his parents and siblings, beginning ceremoniously:
With exceeding great pleasure I inform you that quite refreshed with 3 hours of sleep, with the engine of this ponderous boat rocking [illegible] bliss for state of quietude I write that your son is well & in the [best?] possible spirits. I am seated in the commodious saloon of this splendid steamer which is furnished in the grandest state. Marble slab tables with heavily decorated supports, cushioned chairs and ottomans, tete a tete sofas &c &c——

[and concludes]

Perhaps I shan’t be home before Sunday morning depends upon my business & shall devote one day at Old Point for myself if possible—I am hungry and anxiously waiting breakfast I’ll have to wait—though as it is very early.

Most of this letter is taken up by various random observations, including his befriending a young man, “conversing with him concerning the poets, the bible (he is a Presbyterian and a sensible fellow).” Most of the letter is written in overly stressed, flowery language, demonstrating a growing young man’s improvements on his education; one example: “. . . the little ripples lighted up by the moon would appear as fairy barks gliding along the surface of the water tossed by the gentle action of the waves oh beautiful in the extreme was this sight.” Interestingly, he signed his letter, “Your son Gustus”, the only such example thus far seen with this contraction of Augustus, which seems to have been short-lived since earlier and later letters all are signed, “Gus”.

In the 1864 Baltimore city directory C. A. E. Spamer is listed as a clerk at 130 N. Central Ave., which was his residence, still with his parents. A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore” notes that at this time “He entered the law firm of Hinkley & Morris to read law but within a year volunteered for the Union Army and served in the 3rd Maryland Regiment throughout the Civil War.” In fact, he served only from 22 March 1864 through 31 July 1865 as a Private in Co. A of the 3rd Maryland Volunteer Infantry. (To “read law” describes what we today would call an internship. The law firm was originally the Edward Hinkley Law Firm, which, as such firms are wont to do, passed through several name changes as partners changed in the firm. In 1909, C. A. E. Spamer became a partner, when it was known as Hinkley, Spamer and Hisky, where he remained in practice until his death three years later, with the sole exception of an extended trip to Japan with one of his daughters, about which more will be said later.)

Military Service and Civil War Correspondence

On 22 March 1864, C. A. E. Spamer joined the Union Army’s 3rd Maryland Volunteers. This was during the time (October 1863–April 1864) that the regiment served on guard duty along the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad; the veteran unit members were elsewhere, participating in the Atlanta Campaign in Georgia. Thereafter, the 3rd Md. Saw the following service (places underscored indicate battles in which the 3rd Maryland fought). For much of his time in the service, Gus Spamer was a clerk attached to one of the divisional headquarters, but in at least once instance, as we shall see, he took up arms.

1864

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tr>
<td>April</td>
<td>Regiment joined 9th Army Corps, Army of the Potomac</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 3–June 15</td>
<td>Campaign from the Rapidan River to the James River</td>
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<td>May 5–7</td>
<td>Battles of the Wilderness, Virginia</td>
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<td>May 8–12</td>
<td>Spottsylvania</td>
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An undated [April 1864], brief note from Gus Spamer was written from Relay House, an important junction of the Baltimore & Ohio and Baltimore & Washington Railroads:

“We are going to Father Abraham 200 Veterans more.”

Relay House

In officers car—4, all night. Very Comfortable & in cheering spirits.

Gus

Three cheers for our noble beloved Colonel—

Good cheer mother & sisters.
Relay House was situated ten miles south of Baltimore, at the junction of the Baltimore & Ohio and Baltimore & Washington railroads. As such it was a critical location for railway defenses during the war. Numerous Union units served at Relay House during the war. It was a relatively pleasant place, apparently, as testified by Adjutant Jonathan Ayres (no relation) of the 144th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, who encamped at Relay House in May-June 1864. He wrote letters to relatives at home, which were printed in the Wyandot Pioneer. Although the letters might demonstrate more embellishment for the benefit of pleasing his readers at home, it is likewise apparent that, as is often the case during times of hardship, there was a responsive entrepreneurial market willing to support the cause—for a price. In a letter of 26 May, Jonathan Ayres wrote:

Our camp is delightfully situated on the west side of the Baltimore & Ohio R.R., a few rods north of the Relay House covering a beautiful spot of ground, gently sloping to the westward on which grown large Chestnut, Oak, Cedar, Pine and other trees, affording a delightful shade over the entire camp. We have plenty of the substantials to eat and as for the luxuries, as all it requires to obtain these in abundance is a few greenbacks. I had green peas for dinner twice last week and strawberries once.

By coincidence, shortly later, C. A. E. Spamer’s uncle, George Spamer, was stationed at Relay House with the 11th Maryland, and he must have had comparable experiences.

As mentioned, C. A. E. Spamer was a clerk during his time in the Army, traveling with the division’s headquarters. Coincidentally, at that time the chaplain for the 3rd Maryland was Arthur O. Brickman, who happened to be the pastor of the Calvert Street Church in Baltimore, the New Church temple where many of the Spamer family worshipped. He, however, served in the Army for the duration of the war. Rev. Brickman held some pointed and unfavorable views about the kinds of men who inhabit the Army’s ranks, but in a letter to Gus’s parents, Ludwig and Julia Spamer, he commented specifically about their son:

Our good Gust is well and his position is a pleasant one; he is in fact better off than most of the officers and men. He is very useful and his capacity as a clerk, is comparatively out of danger and has become quite indispensible to his superiors. As long as he remains in the army he will remain in the position, and as the war must soon come to an end, he finally will come out with as much money (considering the bounty) as any Captain made in the same period. [Gus was a Private.] Gus was here in my tent but a few minutes ago and read your letter to me, and also a part of my answer; he requests me to send you all his very best regards. He is unspoiled, and none of us need to entertain the least fear for his future, or his character. He is a good young man, and one that has unshakeable principles of religious and moral truths. For him the presence in the Army is of inestimable value, and he will come out all right and safe. I intend to resign in a couple of weeks and be home about October, before the cold weather sets in; and I hope to spend many agreeable hours with the beloved at home.

Rev. Arthur O. Brickman had first enlisted in the 1st Maryland Cavalry (29 December 1861–10 November 1863), then he was with the 3rd Maryland Infantry beginning in 22 March 1864, mustering out with the rest of the unit on 31 July 1865. He may also have been related to the Spamer family, perhaps through the Otto family, as is noted further below.

Rev. Brickman was born in Germany about 1827 and married Susan, another immigrant who was born at sea about 1833. Although he has not been located in U.S. censuses earlier than the Civil War, at the time of the 1870 census Arthur and Susan Brickman resided in the 6th Ward, Baltimore, Maryland;
their children were Lizzie (then 18 years of age, born in Pennsylvania), John (16, born in Pennsylvania), Lillian (15, born in Maryland, as were the rest of the children listed here), Samuel (13), Harriett (10), Charles (8), and Arthur O. (5). In 1870, Brickman also published in Baltimore (in German), *Anleitung zum leichten Verständniss der himmlischen Lehren der Neuen Kirche. In Fragen und Antworten*, which is “Instructions for Easy Understanding the Heavenly Teachings of the New Church. In Questions and Answers.” At the time of the 1880 census, the Brickmans resided in Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, at which time they also had two more sons, Harry (11) and Walter (6), born in Pennsylvania. (The junior Arthur O. Brickman was by the time of the 1900 census married to Annie E. Foster, born January 1865 in Pennsylvania, the adopted daughter of David and Ann E. Foster, residing at 1700 N. Broadway, Baltimore, Maryland. The junior Arthur was a druggist.)

During the Civil War, Rev. Brickman kept up correspondence with members of the Spamer family; a couple of letters survive that he had written in August 1864 during the siege of Petersburg, Virginia. In one letter sent to Olivia Spamer he addresses her, “My dear niece Olivia!” An accompanying letter addressed to “Mrs. Julie Spamer and Mr. Lewis Spamer” (Ludwig and Julia Spamer, Olivia’s parents) addresses them, “Dear Friends!”, a pastoral term of endearment. Of particular interest is Rev. Brickman’s thanks to them for “informing me of the birth of my fourth son”. He continued:

> You think I shall call him Arthur Otto, but I don’t like my own name, and this is the reason I had no child called after me. I do not like the name Brickman either, and often wished I had given myself another name after my arrival in America. If my friends and my wife, however, wish to call No 7 Arthur Otto, they may do so; I submit as an obedient servt.

In fact, the son was named Arthur Otto Brickman. The name “Otto” is of additional interest, in that Edward O. H. Spamer married Amelia Otto. However, a pertinent Susan or Susannah Otto has not been identified in 1850 census records. Yet further, relations with the Otto family seem to be more deeply rooted, as there is also circumstantial evidence that the Ross family (the family of Henry Spamer’s first wife, Susannah) likewise married into the Otto family, as which was noted in the narrative about Henry Spamer.

Rev. Brickman, despite his service as a chaplain of the Union army, had some very pointed remarks in his letter to the Spamers, a few of which are selected here. He wrote to Ludwig and Julia Spamer,

> May God bless both of you, and may you, and all of you, the whole family, be ever blessed by the spirit of true and pure love to God and your neighbour, because in these two lives angels live and spend in eternal beatitude.

But he continued,

> War is a mean, low and most contemptable thing, which is truly hateful. A Man in the Army lives among brutes all the time.

> I have a perfect horror for all kinds of military men especially since this campaign. There are some noble souls dispersed throughout the Army, but they are mighty few, or as the soldiers here would say —d —d few. I have seen war in Europe and soldiers to[o], but such corruption of nature I have seen nowheres as in the Army of the United St. of America.

Fortunately, C. A. E. Spamer is counted among his “—d few” noble souls, as was noted shortly above. And in 1886, Gus was an honorary pall-bearer at Rev. Brickman’s funeral.

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Prior to the Union army’s siege of Petersburg, Virginia, Gus Spamer wrote to his family from the field near Cold Harbor. This is one of the earliest of his letters home, which sets the stage for the next year of his life, embracing both patriotism for country and cause as well as the overarching influence of spiritual matters. One will notice interjections of Swedenborgian teachings, with reference to corresponding love received of the Lord (and with my own clarifying interjections where necessary).

Camp in the field—
Near Cold Harbor Va
Head Quarters 2d Brigade
1st Division, 9th Army Corps
June, 12th 1864.

Sabbath
Dear Mother & family

A calm, clear, bright and quiet Sabbath morn it is; in fancy, I hear the merry peals of the church bells as they ring aloof their praise to the Great King, and with you in spirit we enter the little N. C. [New Church] Temple to listen to the golden teachings of our Divine Creator. The Sabbath school children cluster fondly around me and sweet contented happiness beams on every friendly countenance. What a beautiful picture compared with the horrible scenes to which I have been a witness since I left my humble home in defence [sic] of the universal principles of liberty and justice to mankind and which a dastardly foe is so persistently endeavouring to trample under foot. And will he succeed? No! So long as the glorious orb of day diffuses its generous rays of goodness; so long as the earth shall revolve upon its axis, so long shall the proud ennobling principles of universal freedom stand, and not only stand, but ever achieving victory over anarchy, its march will be steady until the whole mundane sphere glistens with civilized intelligence and enlightened freedom. There is the glorious view which generations long to come shall be proud witnesses, but I am digressing so absorbed am I becoming on that theme. This morning, dear mother[,] has been the most peaceful and quiet that I have experienced since the day we left Pealton Station Apl 25th '64. I arose about 4 o'clock all nature & everything was hushed[,] down to a dancing rivulet with towel & soap in I proceeded & then indulged in a splendid body wash amid the chrystal [sic] waters, after having performed that duty I sought my tent and opening my little bible held religious service to myself. Soon I felt that the countenance of the Good Lord, radiant with pleasure was beaming a smiling approval upon me, who had early in the morning sought Him—and when I read Psalm 91st I imagined I had been specially directed to it in order to become a recipient of the everlasting comfort and assurance contained therein Verse 7 reads “A thousand shall fall at thy side, & ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.[”]— How vividly did not that verse bring to mind the many hostile scenes which had encompassed me, & how I realized the truth of that Divine Prophecy— Then went up my whole heart & soul in prayer, praise and adoration of the Divine Father & in the spiritual consolation which followed there was lack of no good thing to me. Father, mother & sisters, brothers & friends were all with me & enjoying each other society.

“Bless the Lord oh my Soul & all that is within me bless his Holy Name.” [Psalms 103:1]

I wrote Olivia several days ago & explained hastily what my present position is. A more full explanation may not be amiss. You will recollect that in one letter I wrote that I had been sent to the wagon train at Fredericksburg to work on papers for Colonel [Joseph M.] Sudsburg. I continued with the train finishing the papers, and travelling with it until we crossed the Pamunkey River near Newcastle (Col. Sudsburg who was indisposed & the Chaplain were also with us) when
all of us who did not belong to the Quarter-Master’s Department left for the front. Col. Sudsburg took command of the brigade on his arrival there & detailed me as Clerk to the Brigade Head Quarters. Afterwards the 29th Mass. Regiment was added to the brigade, whose Colonel named Peirce [E. W. Peirce commanded the 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, 9th Army Corps] holding an older commission of course took command of the brigade— I sta’d at the Head Quarters nevertheless, & now I flatter myself he has found in me a valuable & good clerk, and again Mr Brickman has had many conversations with him & he has taken quite a liking to “Mr. Chaplain” as he calls him Captain Clark, one of his Staff as I remarked in Olivia & Amelia’s letter is a magnificent, jovial, educated, talented polished, not-stuck-up, agreeable, funny complaisant &c &c, gentleman. My time is pleasantly and not fatigueingly (excuse this word) occupied—and in times of an engagement am perfectly safe. We have a wagon which travels along with the brigade and my things are carried in it. Thus you see standing aloof from the men in the ranks, I am beyond many temptations to do evil, but I feel strong enough [illegible] and any temptations that may be brought against me—all excepting in one instance which I shall here relate. It was noon near Spottsylvania C.H. [Court House] the fight was raging furiously on our right. I at that time was with the doctor carrying his medical box. An old house on a hill had been taken as a temporary hospital & the doctor & I were there attending to the wounded as they came from the battlefield. I think I can explain better by making a rough sketch & afterwards describing.

(The sketch depicts a house and tree atop a hill; next to it is a figure firing a rifle, labeled “Gus Spamer”. Halfway down the hill is marked a location labeled, “Battery the Rebs tried to capture”. At the bottom of the hill are two wooded locations labeled, “Woods out of which the Rebels charged” and a locale with two labels, “Trychell’s Marine Battery” and “Woods concealing Trychell’s Battery”.)

While we were thus standing looking down the hill towards the woods on the left-hand side of the paper, out rushed about 1000 Rebels charging across the open space in the direction of the arrows [drawn pointing uphill in the sketch] intent on capturing the battery. At first we could not realize that they were Rebels, but after harm been commenced that they were[,] the battery for which they were charging opened on them, still they charged up & pushed steadily forward and all of us around the house thought we were lost, so close were they to the Battery not further off than from our house to McElderry St. [From 130 N. Central Ave. between Jefferson and McElderry Sts., but today these streets do not intersect with Central Ave., cut off by Johns Hopkins Hospital.] But[?] we knew not what was coming, just at this moment this battery [illegible] concentrating their [illegible] on the left side of the house (& which the Rebs had not seen) poured double shotted grape and canister into the ranks of the Rebs who were just raising a shout of victory &
down they were mowed. Still Trychell kept firing & the Rebels confounded & amazed threw up their hands running hither & thither & not knowing whither [illegible] they got into a hornets nest they lost killed [illegible] 7 prisoners 5 [illegible]. Well I was writing about the temptation. All this occurred first in front of me [illegible] came so excited that seizing a wounded man’s musket I let fly at the Johnnies four or five shots & felt myself a HERO. That was yealding [sic] to a temptation for the good of my country and I have no regrets what I ever yealded.

I have not received any letters from home yet & cannot divine why it is. I read two papers one directly in your handwriting & one I think in Amelia’s hand writing— Write a few lines every day please, until I can have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of some missives[?] from home. Address Hd. Qrs 2d Brigade, 1st Div. 9th A.C. I just hear that we move at 6 o’clock this even.

This is a long & I know an interesting letter so I will close by praying Heaven’s Blessing upon you. Give my kind regards to Aunt Lizzie, Aunt [illegible] Cousin Christina & all the rest.

Your loving son

Gus

From “Near Petersburg, Va.” Gus Spamer wrote a midnight letter to his parents in July 1864. It tells a tale of resourcefulness as an undercurrent to the usual protocols of military life in combat:

. . . notwithstanding lateness of the hour must reply acknowledging the receipt of 5 dollars. I did not like to draw on you, but was obliged to by the following reasons: I did not think it worth while mentioning that I had been suffering a little for a week or more from diahroea [sic], and kept getting worse, debilitating and weakening me very much, Capt Clarke was kind & allowed me to do as little as possible. My stomach refused Government rations, hard tack, coffee, pork, bacon, beans & c so there I was; further our cook got very sick and could not get us water which made it bad again, then again The Post Master of whom I spoke as having formed, an eating mess, finally became disagreeable to me by his vanity and love to hear himself talk, as he supposes in the most profound and wise manner upon the [most?] casual subjects; then yesterday he ill-treated the cook saying that he only feigned sick & that he did not want him any more. Mother in contrast let me speak of my conduct in the case. The Post Master spoke thus roughly to the boy, because he did not get him dinner that day — I however having some nice irish [sic] potatoes of which I thought I could eat a little, boiled & smashed, then putting salt & pepper on them after mine and another’s share took the balance to the sick boy who at them with zest. Well to revert things went on so with me until three days ago, when I got to be more acquainted with a young man (18 yrs) by name Green, a Canadian, my assistant clerk he too was very sick and I being the better able to do so in a spirit of charity offered to assist him in whatever he might want and I could do. He accepted is very appreciative, and has money with him which enables him now to procure delicacies from the sutler & c.

Providence was directing me, for it was when I got some turkey put up in cans which he bought, now we have tea, soft bread & butter all of his purchase, well this & other little articles fitted my stomach and thus gaining nutriment. I gained strength & can more effectually abstain from combat & fight away the diahroea [sic] I ate some onions too. Thus by dispensing with Gov. rations using only when I can, & with money to buy from the Sutler & Commissary Green & I will live well I think soldiers, if any should. Mother have good heart, all is good & well. Money matters is a sore evil in these dark days of bloody war, but when the troops come marching home again with gay & gallant tread.

An undated letter from Gus Spamer to his father was written during or after the siege of Petersburg, Virginia:
Ere this will reach you the particulars of yesterday’s conflict will have been published in the papers. Confound the negroes is the hue & cry, but for them I would be writing this letter from Petersburg, Va. I have not time to write of the stirring events which transpired such as the blowing up of a rebel fort and the burial of over 500 Rebs in consequence of our three successful charges & finally the disastrous proceedings of the negro troop. \[Union troops had tunneled under the fort and filled the tunnel with explosives, detonating the charge on 30 July.\] I am well & “a tree didn’t fall on me[“] this time, Col Marshall who commands our Brigade was made prisoner, but dear Capt. Clarke came out all right except that his lip was a little scarred & cut by a small piece of shell. Our Regt 3d Md lost 2 killed 7 wounded 16 prisoners or missing. Must close, so God bless you and remembering me to all relatives and friends I am as ever

Your obedient & Dutiful Son

Gus.

One of the Rebs was buried head downward with one leg above the ground shaking it violently to attract attention We dug him out, though we were obliged to be careful in the use of the pickaxe—He said “No use trying, I can’t stop Grant’s damned rascally tricks[“], alluding the blowing up of the fort; cannon caisson men dirt & everything went up.

Send me one or two handkerchiefs (linen, marked C.A.E.S.[]) by mail. Pack them tight and put about 10 cents postage on it and it will be all right

Gus

Our Brigade lost 3 killed in Officers & 17 enlisted men killed. 6 officers wounded & 73 men 9 officers missing 237 men in all

339 officers & men

Send Some envelopes.

Chaplain [Brickman] sends his respects

By the end of November, the headquarters of the 1st Division, 9th Army Corps established itself at Friend’s House, two miles from Petersburg, Virginia. Gus Spamer wrote to his parents, describing the house and including a cartoon of the house and grounds, depicting the rows of officers’ tents:

We are settled and pleasantly at that. On the morning of the 29th we clerks formed in line and marched for our destination, leaving our old Hd. Qrs about 9 A.M. About 3 P.M. we hauled up at
this place, and now I must describe. For our office we have the South West corner room of the	house a large and spacious room about 18 feet long and 15 wide—4 large windows admitting
plenty of light and air, very high ceiling, two closets. I have one for my things and it is nice I tell
you, then there is the door leading into a large hall which extends through the building— the hall
doors upon verandahs north and south. There are eight large rooms in the house and four smaller
ones in the 3d Story or garret as it really is. Before the war it must have been a magnificent
southern mansion—several of the cornices from which hung the window drapery still remain—
many a festive evening has been spent with these capacious walls before this war. We sleep on the
floor nice and dry in the office. A plain view of Petersburg can be had from our windows on the
west side and the surrounding country for a great ways, the house being built upon a high hill, and
the city of Petersburg lies in the flat ground just two miles from here— We can see down one of
their principal streets. Tis a peculiar sensation which comes over one when I stand, glass in hand,
and view the town, its church spires, large buildings, the Alms house, Seminary. The large white
Church on Cemetery Hill and other points of interest. While between here and there long lines of
earthworks and forts innumerable bristling with frowning guns are built. At this moment
everything is quiet, but a minute hence and the terrific boom of some heavy piece of ordnance may
ring its chimes upon the morning air and then possibly other forts may form in with their hoarse
chorus. Up at our old Hd. Qrs near the Danville Rail Road there was no firing of this kind, so that
it now reminds us of the days of last June & July when we were near here, but a mile or so farther
to the left— This house is in plain view of the Rebel Batteries, one of which commands it, but
they never shell it for a good reason, on the right of the house about 50 yards are some ugly
looking Union muzzles, and the Johnnies no sooner open their battery, than Mr. Union tells him to
hush up, and it is a remarkable fact that he always obeys. I am glad of the change, because our
quarters are so much more the comfortable and the situation being elevated is more pleasant. The
Appomattox river runs along about ½ mile from here. Now for another description . On the South
front of the house the Officers have their quarters in tents. Cedar abounds plentifully, and with it
tese Head Quarters look beautiful I’ll make a rough sketch to give you some idea
In front and over the officers tens are cedar arches and covers . The garden or yard between the
front fence and the officers tents is laid off with designs representing the badges of our Corps the
cross cannon & anchor, the shield. 1D [stylized] this design represents 1st. Division Stars to
indicate that it is a general’s Head Quarters & other beautiful designs.

Everything is delightful

You need not now put in Capt Petolette’s name on my address. Simply

C. Augs. E. Spamer
A. A. G. O. [Acting Adjutant General’s Office?]
Hd. Qrs 1st. Division 9th A.C.
Washington D.C.

At Petersburg, the 9th Army Corp’s 1st Division was under Brig. Gen. J. H. Ledlie. The 3rd Maryland
was a part of the division’s 2nd Brigade under Col. E. W. Peirce.

By the middle of February 1865, the 1st Division had arrived at City Point, Virginia. Here Gus
Spamer wrote to his parents on stationery of the United States Sanitary Commission (a governmental
agency established to oversee military hospitals and medical affairs). He was enroute back to the 1st
Division headquarters at Petersburg, after apparently on a furlough home to Baltimore:
After an adventur esome and somewhat toilsome journey I have arrived thus far towards my destination, viz—City Point within 6 miles of the good old Head Quarters. I will briefly detail my journey— We left Baltimore at half past four on the 15th inst, and after sticking in the ice the usual length of time arrived at Fortress Monroe at 9 the next morning The most noteworthy incident on this passage was that I lost my overcoat and did not recover it until this afternoon when about 20 miles from City Point in the James River.

In another letter I will tell you the whole circumstance as it was quite an adventure. We got on a tug at Fort Monroe which took us to a transport lying in the stream, did not leave until 4 P.M. yesterday, then only steamed 10 miles, as the pilot was a new one and night coming on, we cast anchor and lay all last night in the middle of James River. Fog this morning delayed us until 10 o’clock, then we struck some half dozen sand bars and finally got off & arrived here just now. Am putting up at the Christian Commission for the night. Will be at Hd Qrs tomorrow morning at 6 o’clock [sic]

Gus

Excellent Spirits indeed

Feb. 22d 1865

Well I may as well write again seeing as how I haint got nothin’ to do jest now. I arrived here safe & sound with a whole body Saturday morning, being nearly three days on the road. It did me a powerful sight of good to see the familiar establishment known as the “Friend House” again, and as I neared the place in the quietude of early morning it felt as though I had been visiting a foreign land, so homelike & comfortable the camps, forts and big guns did look. Knowles & King had not risen from their couches on the floor when I exclaimed “Am glad to see boys” then there was a general congratulation all around, and my purchases were distributed much to the satisfaction of all concerned. Nothing like the pipes I tell you, except perhaps the dough nuts—they did take well by all who ate them. Till’s cookery was much admired, But about my nice coat with those nice pockets.

Here Gus Spamer related at considerable length the story of having lost and recovered his coat; much more of a let-down than a story, actually. After a supposed thief took the coat, and Gus mistaking another man’s coat for his, Gus the next day found a man wearing the coat. The man approached Gus and asked if he was the man searching for his coat; and so it was returned.

After the Union army’s seizure of Petersburg, Virginia, Gus wrote to his homefolk from the headquarters in that city, noting that the blacks were “overjoyed to see the Yanks” and that they “aint got horns & monkey tails”. He also wrote broadly across a captured triplicate blank Confederate promissory note, “I am well & in good spirits”.

After the surrender of the Confederate army, the 3rd Maryland was moved to Washington, D.C. Gus Spamer wrote to his sister, Olivia, in June 1865 (her identity is determined by reference to her work as a teacher):

Dear Sister:—

In acknowledging the receipt of your kind and interesting letter of the 6th in[st] I must acquaint your all with the fact that I have moved form the dusty, dirty city of Washington. Head Quarters of the Division were established about 1½ mile[s] from Georgetown & 2 miles from Washington in a
Narrative of the Smith Family from Maryland and Others

pleasant oak grove bordering on a public road along which vehicles containing all manner of persons and things of this world are frequently passing. I am highly delighted with the change. The Country as you may know is in all its blooming beauty, the foliage luxuriant, the neighboring garden blushing with blossoming roses and beaming with flowers of variegated hues; all nature seems glad and rejoices that sunny peace has gain settled over the land—

The contrast between the June of this and the June of last year is so remarkably at variance, that I am ever noticing and marking the change.

Did I then see the pretty lambs frisking[,] the good natured cows browsing quietly on grassy hillocks, the honest looking farmer with sturdy horses drawing sweet scented hay; oh how much more beautiful and lovely the face of nature, not torn with the picket’s shovel and rude lines of earthworks surrounding us appear, but calmly, quietly nature rests amid soft breeses [sic] and balmy sunshine. I am diverting too much.

As I before remarked we are tented in a beautiful, cool retreat n the shape of an oak grove. About ¼ mile from here a sparkling rivulet dances through the woods, anon in sombre shade, and joyful sunshine. The clerks have discovered a pleasant cove and retired nook where there is a splendid opportunity to bathe in clear chrystal [sic] water whenever one desires to do so.

Yesterday I enjoyed a nice wash there— The living at “Augus Hotel, my recent place of residing, became rather poorer in quality and as we had gotten another and better cook, we have better eating—

Then the country is so much more healthy and refreshing and beautiful that I am redely [sic] entranced sometimes. I only regret that I shall not be able to attend Church as often I as [sic] could were I in the city. My regiment has been temporarily detached from the Davis encamp[?] and are doing guard duty on the Baltimore & Ohio R.R. near Laurel Md and there abouts so you see the Chaplain and I are very far away from each other.

I make no doubt that you desired to write me very much, dear sister, and your apology is ample for everything. I am glad to learn that your substituting has become so acceptable and have little doubt but that you will soon be permanently established as a teacher. How did you succeed with your 2d class?

I was very much taken up with your description of the May soireé [sic] of the Sommerville society and should have been very delighted to witness the performances. I am glad Pap attended.

Mr. Bertholf has not forgotten you by calling as he did, but did he say anything that he owed me a letter in reply to one I wrote from before Petersburg? I just recollect that in one of your letters you asked me whether I had an acquaintance who inquired after me, asking whether I was your brother in the War Department I have not the honor of his acquaintance

Charles Shaw——I don’t remember him.

Good joke about the tobacco on Pap.

There is more Bounty [Army discharge pay] on me than I supposed. I thought it was only $75. Do you know whether that includes the city bounty?

Give my kind love to Mr. Hinkley. [Edward Otis Hinkley, the Baltimore lawyer] Success to Olivia in her fourth year. I admire the decision. It pleased me much to send the money Knowles is out of the service and the responsibility of Chief Clerk at these Hd. Qrs I have assumed.

My address is still the same Hd. Qrs 1st Div 9 A.C. Washington D.C.
Didn’t know about ‘Manda’s little daughter my regards & best wishes give her.

Good bye, sister,
Your brother
Gus

Kiss Lillie for me

By late June, talk of mustering out was circulating through troops in the army. Gus wrote to his sister, Millie:

There are reports currently based on tolerable reliable information that all Veteran organizations are soon to be mustered out. The Colonel of my regiment told me yesterday that we were soon to be discharged but as I am clerk to higher authority than he ranks and not having seen anything official relative to the fact he asserted, I am not positive that such is the case, although it may be so. Nevertheless we all hope it is to be so, for I do not feel as well satisfied to remain in the service now that the rebellion is over.

However, he added,

I fear that I shall lose one of my clerks in the office which will entail greater efforts on my part as well as my presence to keep the office in running order. Then again, if it is true that we are to be mustered out . . . I shall be in demand, for on those occasions clerks are wanted more than ever.

On 9 July, Gus Spamer received a furlough effective 12 July, and he expected to travel home. He wrote to his mother, “So prepare a clean Shirt & & c— [sic] Muster out is all the talk—Home again, Home again—” The furlough was brief, as he was back at headquarters on 15 July but with a “continued flow of good spirits”:

Had an excellent dinner over at the Hospital to day—Beef steak roast potatoes pickles bread & butter strawberries in sauce, blackberries and sugar ice-water & cream custard—Think I shall go over there again shortly.

After the war, C. A. E. Spamer studied law and was admitted to legal practice in 1870 (according to a letter he wrote in 1911, although in the Baltimore city directory for 1868 he is listed as an attorney). In 1867, he wrote a personal letter to his homefolk from Chestertown, Kent Co., Maryland, written on letterhead which he had with him, “Hinkley & Morris, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 43 North Charles Street.” During 1909–1912 he was a partner in the law firm, which then was known as Hinkley, Spamer, and Hisky. The “Spamer Families of Baltimore” indicates that “He was a conveyancing specialist”, which I take to mean real estate and private-property transfers.

Political and Civic Activities

By November 1866, C. A. E. Spamer was already involved in public associations, as a director in the Richard Sheridan Building Association, a loan agency. He was involved in organizations in the public service all during his career. For example, in 1885 he was one of the incorporators of the Charity Organization Society of Baltimore City, which was created for broad purposes and resembled today’s non-profit organizations in the support of welfare. He also was very involved in civic activities of the
Baltimore bar and was a supporter of the independence of jurists, without affections to a particular political party.

He was a Prohibitionist, and he ran on the Prohibitionist party ticket for elected office, including Congress, but he never won. (For example, he received six percent of the vote in the 1893 Congressional election and two percent of the vote for local State’s Attorney in 1895.)

He was appointed to the committee for Bull Run Battlefield Monuments at the 1906 national reunion of Civil War veterans. And between 1906 and 1911 he was on the Union Soldiers and Sailors Monument Commission of Baltimore; its Secretary, 1906–1908).

Church Activities

C. A. E. Spamer was active in the Church of the New Jerusalem nationally, and worshipped at the church at Calvert and Chase Streets.

Although he received his religious indoctrinations through his family’s attendance of the Calvert Street church, it is apparent that C. A. E. Spamer sought out additional activities through a wider range of persons involved in the church. In 1867, for example, he visited a man we know from other sources was John R. Gray of Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland, who had found the doctrines of the New Church through Rev. W. H. Pinkly. About his meeting Mr. Gray, Gus wrote home in the same letter from Chestertown aforementioned, on letterhead of Hinkley & Morris, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law (it should be noted, too, that Hinkley was a devoted and active member of the New Church):

I cannot adequately describe in words the great pleasure I experience in being here with Mr. Gray. From my observations & former intercourse with him I concluded he must have been an ardent searcher after truth through all the channels of human and divine intelligence, and that was the principal reason of my desiring to have favorable opportunities of knowing him more intimately; I felt he would receive my sphere with pleasure, and it is so. What talks we do have, some people would think he & I were peers of religion to listen to our discussions and readings of the arcana of Christianity and their application to life. I am learning a great deal form him and he is receiving good from the Lord through me. He is thoroughly educated in all of the principles of the Church, having passed the greater portion of his life in a state of preparation for the reception of truth by a research into all systems of religion and almost every science—He has found the truth

Interestingly, Gus Spamer seems to indicate that he had proposed a walking trip homeward—from the Eastern Shore to Baltimore!—but decided against it in favor of spending more time with Mr. Gray. He continued, concluding with a recapitulation of his trip:

I cannot spare time & paper to describe minutely the conversations & therefore have but premised generally the state of affairs, suffice it to say that I have never so fully & with more real pleasure engaged my time in spiritual things and their attendant consequences; what is better he enjoys it so much.

Well, about my trip I should say something. I got to the boat in good season; met old Mr. Start an Eastern Shore client of Hinkley & Morris, who was going to the same place; had a delightful ride down the river, up the bay to Wirton [sic] Creek & up this beautiful creek during a charming shower to the Landing [probably Chesapeake Landing on Worton Creek, about ten miles
northwest of Chestertown]; then rode 4 miles in a stage & was cordially received by Mr. Gray who was watching for me & came down his lane to meet me. He has a model farm of 330 acres; large modern built house with conveniences, well appointed barns and outhouses, plenty of stock &c. in fact is a living farmer of the right stamp. His table is generously supplied with good eating, chickens & other dainties. My sleeping apartment is delightful; wasn’t I refreshed through this morning upon awakening. We sat up till after 11 last night conversing & reading. He has a grown son, but who does not possess that intellectual affinity [in] which you know I delight to conjoin. A piano is here. I amuse myself with it. His daughters & English Governess entertain me pleasantly with music during the intervals [in] our conversations & I smoke my pipe feeling truly at home & well received. Write to me Care of J. R. Gray Esq Chestertown Kent Co. Md”.

It is apparent from this engagement that C. A. E. Spamer eagerly embraced the tenets of the New Church and that he sought out discussions with others of similar mind. Given his proclivity for civic affairs, too, it is not unreasonable to assume that his efforts in both church and public drew one from the other.

He was an officer in the Maryland Association of the Church of the New Jerusalem since 1868, including later service in the Executive Committee of the organization. He was Secretary of the General Convention of the church from 1890. In 1898, he was newly elected to the board of managers of the Maryland Sunday-School Union.

The passenger list for the S.S. Mongolia, a passenger–cargo ship arriving in San Francisco on 14 May 1910 from Hong Kong, lists Christian A. E. Spamer and his daughter, Lois Mae. They were returning from a visit to Japan and elsewhere in the Far East, where surely they were on church business, but they had also gone to see his son, Carl Ober, who was teaching English in a missionary school in Japan.

As mentioned in the introductory section of this chapter on the Spamer family, Carl Ober Spamer had married in Japan and returned to the United States by way of Europe, where in 1911 he visited the Spamer ancestral hometowns in Germany. (Much more will be mentioned about Carl Ober in Japan and elsewhere in the world when we get to his narrative.) From Germany he had written to his family in Baltimore:

I would also like to suggest that Father, Uncle Arthur and Uncle Elmer write letters of greeting (in German) with a short sketch of their personal family history and work to Conrad Ludwig Spamer who would immensely appreciate it.

C. A. E. Spamer did indeed send a letter to Conrad Ludwig Spamer. Selections from it follow (omitting portions that retell the family genealogy):

My Dear Cousin Conrad Ludwig,

Your grandfather, Hampeter Spamer, and my grandfather, Conrad Spamer, were brothers. Your father, Leonhardt and my father, Heinrich Conrad Ludwig were first cousins which establishes the relationship of second cousins between us.

My father and grandfather emigrated to America nearly eighty years ago and intercourse between the Spamers in America and the Spamers in Germany was thereby interrupted and, so far as I know, not resumed. This has been a source of regret to me and I have always entertained the hope and wish to visit my father’s birthplace and hunt up and reestablish friendly relations with the descendants of the brothers, Conrad, Hampeter, and Leonhardt. But the opportunity did not
come to me during the course of a busy life in my profession with church work and many other outside matters occupying the spare moments. A way was to be provided for one of my immediate family to make the visit.

A few days ago, we had the great pleasure of reading a lengthy account of the visit which my son and his wife had recently made to Oberschmitten, Eichelsdorf and Eichelsachsen where he met you and your family, to Herr Burgomeister [sic] Diehlman [sic] and family and had worshipped in the church of his ancestors. The kind reception which you have to them warmed my heart towards all of you.

An interesting circumstance is the fact that your name is the same as that of my father, viz: Conrad Ludwig, the name Heinrich, he rarely used and was generally called Ludwig, or in English, Louis. He married Julia Martin, originally of Mitan, Russia in 1842, she having come to America when a little child.

My own thoughts are happy ones that my youngest child had been welcomed among the German relatives of his grandfather and I sincerely hope that the way has been opened for continuing the delightful intercourse between us. I was especially pleased to see the photographs of yourself and family which my son sent. [The photographs seem not to have survived.]

I learn that you have not been feeling very well lately and I trust that you will soon recover and be returned to good health.

I, myself, have suffered a great deal from rheumatism, especially since my return from Japan a year ago and I am obliged to be very careful of my health.

As I do not write German, I am having this letter translated by Mr. Stiffers who is a clerk at the German Consulate. I can read German print and manuscript, but cannot write or speak the language correctly.

Please give my affectionate regards to your wife, your son, Otto, and daughters, Emma and Eliza and also to all the other members of the family including all the children and grandchildren.

I shall be most happy to receive a letter from you whenever it may please you to write.

With cordial greetings and hearty wishes for your welfare and prosperity,

C. A. E. Spamer’s wife, Abbie Ober Smith (1841–1886) is listed in the “Spamer Families of Baltimore” as “Abbey”, in the 1870 U.S. census she is indexed as “Adelaide”, and a genealogy of the Tyler family of Massachusetts (in which she is a descendant) gives her name as “Abigail”. However, in every record seen for her, including her grave marker at Loudon Park Cemetery in Baltimore, her name is “Abbie”. Her mother was Abigail Kimball (1799–1879), who after being widowed twice (as Smith and Bodwell) resided with her daughter and son-in-law in Baltimore.

She was an active member, and on the board of directors of, the Charity Organization Society of Baltimore, a volunteer organization in service to the needy (their motto: “Not Alms, But a Friend”). They promoted the Americanization of immigrants and the development of self-reliance skills in community environments.
OLIVA ECOLIA BURNHAM SPAMER (1845–1914) was known as “Ollie” and “Livy”. She graduated from the Eastern Female High School in 1865, presenting the Valedictory (second honor) speech. She was a school teacher, and by 1911 she was retired. She never married.

● ●

AMELIA S. H. SPAMER (1847–1906) was known as “Millie”. She graduated from the Eastern Female High School in 1864, presenting the Valedictory (second honor) speech. She never married.

Amelia some of her sisters also lived at “Rockland”, the farm belonging to her brother, Elmer. In an undated letter she wrote to her sister, Olivia, about her domestic work:

We have said adieu to sewing and are devoted to ploughed ground, hot beds and all manner of out door work, though I suppose we will have to squeeze the shirts in some how. Lill and I planted the onions, and they are up beautifully, yesterday we planted the first half of the potatoes, and tomorrow will finish the other half while Elma is in town. Tired mortals are we as you will no doubt notice by this ungainly scrawlling [sic], but this is the season that knows no rest. Everything is just too lovely to attempt to describe it, especially after this rain, wheat is splendid strawberry plants are perfect beauties, corn and peas are up, tomatoes ready to set out, cauliflower[,] cabbage and beets are set out, have set three hens on chicken eggs and one on turkey eggs and [page torn] seven chickens tomorrow, so you [page torn] have much time to rock in rocking chairs Tillie is raising this calf . . . .

In another letter written to Olivia:

One more week and you will again be at Rockland what a pleasant anticipation for all of us. Tillie says “we are not only working all day but the better part of the night["], she has now under hand raising 10 turkeys and 18 chickens bother the old picking mothers we are going to keep every old good mother hen even if she never lays an egg. Another brood out today 13 in number. Mine has set 20 guinea eggs and now has 13 more to set we are determined to keep at it and make something pay, ducks are independent as ever, go where they please, eat what they please, swim around in all the drinking troughs and not one bit of care.

She continued at great length about the chores done by every member of the family at “Rockland”; all manner of farm and domestic duties, without let-up, and yet nonetheless for her haste her letter is five and a half newsy pages. From among her other remarks:

Have just left preparing cherries to stew for supper—am anxious that you should get a little word from home no matter how and what I write. It is 3 oclock and I have all of the cleaning yet to do. Mama whitened that side wall of the stairway and I want to clean the paint and windows this afternoon, so you won’]t mind any hurry or blur in this writing.

● ●

MATILDA R. A. SPAMER (1850–1900) was known as “Tillie”. She never married.

● ●

ADOLPH NOBLE SPAMER (1852–1917) had a number of occupations, including apprentice printer (1870), clerk (1872), apprentice fireman (1880, presumably a locomotive fireman), and railway
engineer (from 1882 at least for the remainder of his life). At the time of the 1880 U.S. census his occupation was indicated as apprentice fireman, and he may have worked then for the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad. In 1881, a report in the Baltimore _Sun_ noticed that “A. Spamer” was one of four railroad firemen who were pall-bearers at the funeral of Bernard L. McKeever, another fireman killed while on the job on this railroad. According to A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore”, Spamer was a locomotive engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, operating locomotives between Washington and Philadelphia. He resided in Washington, D.C., in the area of Capitol Hill, which is of course close by Union Station and the rail yards there.

He married in 1890 _Nannie A. Fenwick (1856–1946)_ , with whom he had two children: Noble (1893–1893) and Rosalie Adelaide (1896–1986). Noble Spamer was the first burial in “Rocky Rest”, the Spamer family cemetery at “Rockland”, the Baltimore County farm of Adolph’s brother, Elmer.

ARTHUR LUDWIG SPAMER (1854–1940) worked in the law community all his life, first as a law office employee (1870) and a law student (1880). In 1890 he was a bookkeeper and in 1891 appointed Deputy Clerk in the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland, in Baltimore. As a law clerk he worked in the offices of Hinkley and Morris, the law firm founded by Edward Hinkley and where Arthur’s brother, C. Augustus E. Spamer, had worked for years (and who would become a partner in 1907).

Arthur resided in Baltimore all his life, although he dearly wanted to have a place in the country like some others in the family. He married, first, _Ella Robinson (1860–1915)_ , with whom he had three children: Alfred (died in infancy), Elva Lillian (1884–1949), and Morris Arthur (1891–1947). He married, second, after 1919 _Victoria Ogle Hayden (1869–after November 1940)_ .

Nothing is recorded of Arthur L. Spamer’s younger years, nor of his personality, but when he was about 25 years of age he was mentioned in a letter by his brother, Elmer, written to sister, Olivia, in 1879:

> I know Arthur misses the nice dishes that Ma makes up, she sent me the letter to read, that Arthur wrote, he is having rough old time of it, that is in the line of eating as he says he gets only midlin onions potatos and dry bread you know that this is no favorite dish of his, but he is enjoying his self in other respects . . . .

Apparently even by 1880, Arthur, his sisters and parents desired to have a place in the country (Baltimore County) and the means by which to support themselves by it, but he also recognized that he knew not much about that life. After spending the Fourth of July with his brother, Elmer, he
returned to Baltimore aboard a “long yellow stage coach, two horses and a leader”, observing later in a letter to his brother (all the spellings are his):

Every evening I come home & often the last thing when leaving in the morning some one gives me a parting word on the country.—Its hard to tell who wants to go the most, Mother, Ollie or Tilly. Mother’s whole soul is longing to go. She thinks of it by day and dreams of it by night. She is constantly planning how to manage all sorts of little things that she thinks will pay, especially Poultry. Tilly sighs for it and I know she would work like a Turk, besides how healthy it would make her. As it tis now, she has a hard time to keep up her strength.—Of course it would only be a place of recreation for Ollie, but she needs that badly enough, after teaching so hard all the year round.—Pap doesn’t say much, but listens very attentively to all I have to say, and I know from what he has said that nothing would delight him more than to work independently in the country. I be discouraged Elmer, I am sure I am not, I have determined to see the family settled in some nice little country home, if my health is spared and Providence permits. The passengers [on the coach] all talked country with a will, everybody seemed to know all about it.—I felt as if I could say that certain fields had good corn in it, others had fine oats, some was poor land & others rich, but I didn’t say much for fear I might show what a green city man I was.—

Elmer I let me hear you say you wish you were back in the City, for when it began to loom up I longed to be back with you. As long as I rode th[r]ough the pretty country out by a through Long Green I felt splendid, but as soon as I began to draw near town then Oh how I did wish I could gather up all our loved ones at Home & take them in the country with you and have a good time together. Never mind I think its coming.—Keep on cooking and let me know of any small places you hear of, either for sale or rent.—We may be able to rent with previlege of buying.—I suppose as soon as all the crops are off & persons that intend selling will make it known I do wish I had a good horse & Jagger to drive around the country hunting up & looking at places.

Soon afterward, apparently, Arthur Spamer married, and his good job kept him in the city. He never achieved his aspiration for a country home.

In 1891, Arthur L. Spamer was appointed as the Deputy Clerk of the U.S. District Court, succeeding Henry T. Meloney. It was a terribly responsible job, one in which he excelled. On 16 November 1898, court officials Arthur L. Spamer and A. S. Dunham were appointed Special Masters in the foreclosure sale of the iconic Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Their role was to review the accounts of the railroad and to report to the court on the nature and amounts of indebtedness and all claims against the company. In January 1900, the Special Masters cancelled the old B & O mortgage indebtedness and receivers’ certificates, and most of the filed claims and demands against the railroad were adjusted and paid. The first of their reports to the court was finally filed on 26 April 1899.

On 18 January 1907, Arthur L. Spamer was appointed Clerk of the U.S. Circuit and District Courts in Baltimore. The next day The Sun reported:

Mr. Arthur L. Spamer Named
Succeeds Mr. Chew As Clerk Of the United States Court.

Mr. Arthur L. Spamer, deputy clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts in Baltimore, was yesterday appointed clerk of those courts in place of the late James W. Chew, who was in the office 57 years. Mr. Spamer was appointed by district Judge Morris Clerk of the District Court. His appointment as Clerk of the Circuit Court was signed by United States Circuit Judges Nathan Goff and J. C. Pritchard and District Judge Morris.
He was appointed a deputy clerk in the office on July 1, 1891. At that time, and for a long time previously he was a clerk in the law office of Hinkley & Morris, of which firm Judge Morris was a member before his elevation to the bench.

The knowledge acquired by Mr. Spamer as a law clerk and as deputy clerk of the court well fits him for the duties of his new position. His promotion will be regarded as a fitting reward for a painstaking, obliging and courteous official. The duties of clerk are not new to him, as he performed them during the illness of Mr. Chew.

*The Baltimore American* reported:

Arthur L. Spamer Appointed Clerk

Named as Successor to Late J. W. Chew in U.S. District and Circuit Courts.

Mr. Arthur L. Spamer, who for the last 16 years has been a deputy clerk in the offices of the United States District and Circuit Courts, was appointed clerk of these courts yesterday, as the successor of the late James W. Chew.

Mr. Spamer was notified early yesterday morning of his appointment, and proceeded immediately to qualify, which took place before the opening of the regular court proceedings. The oath of office was administered by Judge Morris, in the presence of United States District Attorney John C. Rose, United States Marshal Langhammer and others.

The official appointment to the position was made by Judge Thomas J. Morris, for the United States District Court, and by United States Circuit Judges Nathan Goff, J. C. Pritchard and Morris for the United States Circuit Court. Mr. Spamer at once entered upon his duties.

Mr. Spamer was born in this city on September 12, 1861. He was educated in the public schools, and while yet a very young man entered the law office of Hinkley & Morris, where he served as clerk and studied law. This was the same law firm of which Judge Morris was a member, and when, in 1891, the position of deputy clerk in the office of the United States District Court became vacant, Mr. Spamer received the appointment. He assumed the duties of that position on July 1.

Mr. Spamer never became a member of the bar, but his knowledge of the law is unquestioned. This, with his long and varied experience, especially qualify him for the duties of the new office. It may be safely said, perhaps, that Mr. Spamer is a man without a single enemy. There is no service or favor too intricate for him to perform to oblige the many with whom he comes in contact as a court clerk. He is a man of strong domestic habits, and the most of his life not taken up by his professional affairs is spent with his family at their home, on Linden avenue.

Arthur L. Spamer was involved in the Maryland Association of the Church of the New Jerusalem, with which a number of other Spamer family members and associates were long affiliated.

His first wife, **Ella Robinson** (1860–1915) was the sister of Joseph J. Robinson, Jr., who married Arthur’s sister, Miriam. Joseph and Ella Robinson were children of Joseph J. Robinson (ca. 1816–?), a brickmaker, and his wife, Emily (ca. 1820–?); they were two of ten children.

Arthur’s second wife, **Victoria Ogle Hayden** (1869–after November 1940), was one of five children of John F. Hayden (1847–?), a railroad clerk and bookkeeper, and his wife, Victoria (ca. 1849–?).
REUBEN OLIVE SPAMER (1860–1927) is often mistakenly spelled with the given name, Ruben, even in some family references to him. He was first a sailmaker in Baltimore, but later moved to Connecticut where he took up dairy farming. He married Mattie C. Blakeman (1868–1909) of Connecticut, with whom he had three children: Lawrence Blakeman (1893–1970), Marion Pearl (1897–1966), and a child who died in infancy. In Connecticut he had a place outside Stratford, in Oronoque, which seems later to have become a part of Stratford.

A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore” notes:

Mattie Blakeman was a classmate, at the Chapel Hill School in Boston, of Lois Mae and Bona Pearl. They visited each other several times and on one visit Mattie was introduced to Reuben. After Mattie and Reuben were married, they lived on the large family farm owned by her father James Henry Blakeman. Reuben settled into taking care of the farm and producing milk. Reuben’s son Laurence [sic], after attending Storrs Agricultural College, settled in the milk business and spent his whole life at it.

(The Chapel Hill School, in Waltham, Massachusetts, was established as a school focusing on Swedenborgian tenets. Lois Mae Spamer and Bona Pearl Spamer were Reuben’s nieces, daughters of C. Augustus E. Spamer.)

Mattie Blakeman spent two years in the Waltham New-Church School, was active in the affairs of the Connecticut Association of the New Church, and was the first president of the Connecticut League. She was the postmaster for Stratford, Connecticut, at least in 1899, as indicated in the Stratford city directory.

Mattie’s sister, Grace Emily Blakeman (1876–1919), was the first wife of Sherman Willard Eddy. After Grace’s death, Sherman married Mattie’s daughter, Marion Pearl Spamer. More will be said about Grace, Sherman, and Marion later in this narrative.

The Blakeman family in Connecticut was numerous during the mid-1800s and the identities of individuals have not been traced with the precision necessary to work out a Blakeman genealogy for the Spamer–Smith Genealogy. There is, however, an early Blakeman genealogy that does not come down to Mattie or her father, James Henry Blakeman, which appears in the 1886 publication by Samuel Orcutt, *A History of the Old Town of Stratford and the City of Bridgeport, Connecticut*. On the other hand, the
ancestry of Amelia J. Burr, Mattie and Grace’s mother, can be traced back to Juhue Burr (1596–1670/72) of Suffolk, England, and his wife, Elizabeth Cable (1600–?) of Massachusetts.

Mattie and Grace Blakeman were the daughters of James Henry Blakeman (1841–1918) (below left) and Amelia J. Burr (1845–1913) (below right). Shortly before their father’s death he suffered an apparent stroke, upon which the Bridgeport Telegram reported, providing a brief biography of the man:

[James Henry Blakeman] is a clerk of the Board of Trustees of the Soldiers’ home at Noroton, [who had] paid a visit to that institution Saturday and on his way back to his home in Stratford stopped for a business conference with Henry J. Seeley. [Shortly afterward he suffered a seizure.]

Commandant Blakeman enlisted at the beginning of the Civil war in Company D, 17th Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, at Stratford, and served all through the four years of the war. Returning to his home town he took up farming which he followed until a few years ago. He is one of the few men remaining in Elias Howe, Jr. post physically capable of taking care of the affairs of the organization. There have been very few Grand Army affairs that he has missed during the past few years and his comrades of the post hope for his speedy recovery so that his good offices may not be long missed.

The sick man was in the midst of a political campaign when he was stricken as he aspires for the nomination as [state] senator from the 25th senatorial district of which Stratford is a part. He has done considerable work during the past few weeks in the interest of his candidacy and the strain of the work must have been too much for him although he has been able to go through many others successfully without any apparent injury to his physical well being.

J. Henry Blakeman has represented the town of Stratford in the legislative halls at Hartford for a number of terms. He is at the present time and has been for over 20 years past an assessor of the town in which he lives. His term as assessor runs out this year and he has refused to be a candidate for the office again.
Five years ago his wife died and he has lived since that time with his grandson, Lawrence Spamer at the Blakeman homestead in Oronoque.

Several days later he died. The prominent obituary notice in the Bridgeport Telegram reads in part:

Commander J. Henry Blakeman of Elias Howe, Jr. post, G. A. R. [Grand Army of the Republic, a veterans’ organization], died at his home in Oronoque, Stratford, at 3 o’clock Saturday afternoon after an illness of a little less than one week. The funeral, which is expected to be one of the largest ever held in Stratford, will be attended by all the members of the G. A. R. in this city who are able to be present. Adjutant William M. Barnum desires that members of the Elias Howe post who are to attend this funeral take the Derby car leaving Fairfield avenue and Main street at 12:30 and to appear in uniform as far as possible. The burial of the veteran will be held in the family plot in Putney.

In addition to his work with the G. A. R., he was a worker in the Grange and has held a number of state offices.

He was to be a candidate for state senator at the convention to be held next month and his many friends in the 25th district had hoped that he might round out his useful career by holding that office for at least one term.

Up until a few years [ago] the veteran was a market gardener but lately he has devoted most of his time to this town and to the business of the G. A. R.

He was a member of the Stratford Congregational church, of the Cupheag club, Oronoque lodge of the Odd Fellows and of the Sons of the American Revolution. For over 30 years he was a member of the State Grange and was vice-president of the State Board of Agriculture, as well as secretary of the Soldier’s Aid Fund. During his life long residence in Stratford he gained considerable property holdings and tracts in many parts of the town stand in his name.

ELMER JASPER SPAMER (1862–1947) seems to have been the first of our Spamer family to leave Baltimore city, although only to the rural area of Baltimore County. Only one thing is known about his childhood in the city, an 1868 newspaper report about an accident that happened to “a son of Elmer Sparmer”, but who by the date and the age of the child must be Elmer himself. (Note, too, the spelling of “Sparmer”, a typical spelling of the time about which I have commented already.)

Run Over and Injured—Two small boys, one a son of Elmer Sparmer, about four years old, residing at No. 358 Aisquith street, and the other a son of Mr. Stewart, residing on the same street, while playing on Harford avenue, near John street, about two o’clock on Saturday afternoon, were run over by a butcher’s wagon, owned and driven by Mrs. Tablin, living on the Harford road. Mr. Sparmer’s son had his left thigh fractured and his head severely injured. The other boy was injured about his arm and hand, but not severely. They both received the professional services of Dr. Norris.

In 1881, Elmer Spamer obtained “Rockland”, a 10-room stone residence on Ferguson Road in Perry Hall, Baltimore County. He was 19 years of age and thus below the age of majority. About this, Nancy Spamer Mickey inquired of her uncle, Morris “Bud” Spamer, a grandson of Elmer, about the age and ownership issues:
I did ask him about how a 19 year old could buy a farm of that size. He said that he was told that several of the older family members pitched in to buy the farm and lived there until they died. He also told me that Elmer did farm work for Bettie’s family and saved his money to buy the farm.

Elmer did in fact buy out his relatives’ shares in the “Rockland” farm. In one example found in public records, properties were transferred to Elmer Spamer in 1886 from his brother and sister-in-law, Arthur Ludwig and Ella Robinson Spamer, and from Levi Ferguson (granduncle of Elizabeth Ferguson Spamer, wife of Elmer’s son, Jasper). The real estate transfer was noticed in the Baltimore Sun:

> Arthur L. Spamer and wife to Elmer J. Spamer, parts of tracts called “Darnall’s Camp,” “Darnalls’ Sylvania” and “Michael’s Chance,” between Harford and Belair turnpikes, 71 acres 2 roods 29 square perches, now known as “Rockland,” $2,500. Levi Ferguson and wife to Elmer J. Spamer, part of a tract called “Darnall’s Sylvania,” 1 acre, 2 roods 8 15/33 square perches, $200; also, right of way, 1 4/33 square perches.

(Roods and perches are old English forms of measuring real estate. Generally speaking, there are 40 perches to a rood, and 160 perches to an acre. A perch is a square rod, or 30¼ square yards.)

The “Rockland” house has remained in the Spamer family from 1881 to the present day. However, the property has been greatly reduced in size through subdivision. Today, modern communities abut the remaining 12 acres. The earliest known owner of the house was Daniel Chambers, who purchased it in 1827. At “Rockland”, Elmer J. Spamer also established the family cemetery, “Rocky Rest”, which continues to be used by the family. (More will be said about “Rockland” and “Rocky Rest” separately, farther below.)

Elmer Jasper Spamer married in 1892 Bettie May Blakely (1860–1925) (right), with whom he had three children: Jasper Noble (1893–1971), Edith (1896–?), and Evelyn Bettie (1904–1994). Nancy Spamer Mickey provided an anecdote from the courtship of Elmer and Bettie Blakely Spamer: “My father [William Jasper Spamer] has told me in the past that his grandfather (Elmer) used to row his boat across the Gunpowder River to ‘date’ his grandmother, Bettie.”

Elmer J. Spamer was an activist against toll highways in Baltimore County. In 1901, “The question of the abolition of tollgates” was discussed by him and others at a meeting of the Good Road and Anti-Toll Organization in Perry Hall.

Sara Whiteford Giles recalled her grandfather (and note photograph on next page):

> Elmer Jasper whom I called Grandpap was very humpbacked and had a long beard. He adhered to the Swedenborg religion and was very scholarly. He loved the study of trees and plants and knew the botanical names of all of them. He planted many species at Rockland and for Jasper and
Elizabeth’s twenty fifth anniversary planted a three tiered flower bed in the shape of a cake just at the approach to the house and had candles lit in it.

Bettie May Blakely’s name has always been shown as such in family records. However, “Bettie” may be a familiar name; her given name may not be certainly known. In the 1860 U.S. census the three-month-old child is listed as Rebecca; the 1870 census lists her as Elizebeth [sic] and the 1880 through 1920 censuses lists her as Bettie. She was one of eight children of Lewis Blakely (1826–after June 1900) (see photo below) and his wife, Ann (ca. 1830–1880/1900). Lewis was at first a cooper in Baltimore, then a farmer in Baltimore County. The Blakely homestead there was on the Gunpowder Falls, a river in the county, about which Nancy Spamer Mickey reported:

Cliflyn Sadler [a cousin] said that they called the Blakely homestead ‘The Mountain’. He was not sure if that was an official name or just what they called it because of the steep hill they had to climb. On the Blakely side of the Gunpowder River and on ours [“Rockland”] the banks are really steep for most of the way. He did say that the last time he was there, he could not find the remains of the house or the row of stones. They [had] built a Nike base around there and you can’t get to everything.

(During the Cold War, the U.S. military built missile batteries at sites ringing many of the nation’s cities; they were fitted with the Nike series of ground-to-air missiles designed as line-of-sight defenses against enemy nuclear bombers. The batteries were operational from about 1952 to 1974, when they were made obsolete by the threat of intercontinental ballistic missiles.)
“Rockland”

Inasmuch as the homestead first acquired by Elmer Spamer became the focus for this entire branch of the Spamer family, it is worthwhile to discuss it at this point of the narrative.

“Rockland”, or the “Spamer Homestead” so called by some historical reviewers, is the property named by Elmer Jasper Spamer. He acquired it 1881 and lived there with his maiden sisters; and eventually with his own family. As recalled by his granddaughter, Sara Whiteford Giles, “Rockland got its name because the land was extremely rocky. Every spring after plowing we youngsters had to help clear away the rocks so the fields could be planted.”

Originally, the house had ten rooms, but it was expanded to 18 rooms, which today is divided into two residences, still occupied by family members. [Note: There is another “Rockland” in the vicinity, which is unrelated to the Spamers’ “Rockland”. It is in Green Spring Valley, at 10214 Falls Road.]

The property was created from a part of what originally was “Darnall’s Sylvania” and “Michael’s Addition”, both historic properties of the Perry Hall area along the stream called Great Gunpowder Falls. The original survey of “Darnall’s Sylvania” was made for John Darnall, 28 September 1683; a deed was recorded among land records of Baltimore County, 14 August 1782. It had been land that was “condemned as British property” during the Revolutionary War. It was subsequently returned to the heirs of Col. Young; they in 1782 sold it to Hercules Courtney.

At one time, the location was farmland and rural, but today the remaining acreage (sold off in pieces by the family) is encroached by residential development. It is located off of Ferguson Road (at one time also called Windy Edge Road or North Wind Avenue); but in keeping with modern land registration practices and public safety concerns (such as 911 emergency location information) “Rockland” now has a precise street address at 9811 Oak Park Drive, Baltimore. Still in 1933 the property was secluded, as noticed in a newspaper record in Towson’s newspaper, The Jeffersonian:

> It would take a detective or a tax assessor to find “Rockland”. Originally one could drive to it from the Belair Road, but that way is now closed and he who would see this beautiful old home must go in by the way of Windy avenue, which breaks off the Joppa Road about a quarter of a mile to the west of the Belair Road and persevere through twists and turns, fields and woods, rises and falls, sand and rocks until the primeval grove is reached where the house bursts upon him with a suddenness that is startling. The home is so surrounded by tall trees and shrubbery that it is almost invisible until one is at its door.
The original house at “Rockland” was built prior to 1827. The earliest recorded date for the structure refers to the 1827 acquisition of the property by Daniel Chambers, who then enlarged the existing house. After Elmer Jasper Spamer acquired ownership in 1881, he enlarged the structure in 1888 (apparently as shown in photo on previous page), to which in turn his son, Jasper Noble Spamer, added in 1957 to create its present configuration. A description by M. Lacey, from an unidentified source, summarizes:

Center part of house 1½ stories with delicate colonial stairway, large fireplace, no basement[,] believed to have been built by Colonel Young who acquire the property in 1683.

Major Daniel Chambers bought the property and added a Dutch Colonial 2 story and attic addition to the house enlarging it to ten rooms.

In 1881 Mr. Elmer Spamer bought the property and added a 3 story Mansard effect addition on the south side.

In 1957 Mr. Jasper Spamer added another addition (all in stone). The house now has 18 rooms.

An earlier description by Lacey, also from an unidentified source, elaborated more about the property that would become “Rockland” and the house there:

This history of the land comprising Rockland Farm carries back to two original grants. It is made up of parts of Darnell’s Sylvania and Michael’s Addition. Darnell’s Sylvania was surveyed for John Darnell in 1683. In 1727 it was conveyed to John Diggs of Price George County who in 1734 sold it to Samuel Hyde[,] from Hyde the property passed to Colonel Young, who entered into an agreement to transfer it to the Nottingham Co. but died before the transaction was completed. During the Revolutionary War the tract was confiscated but later returned to the heirs of Colonel Young, who in 1782 sold it to Hercules Courtney and [sic] Irish immigrant who resided in Baltimore but who built a summer home on the property. Part of the land remained in the Courtney family as late as 1850.

Michael’s Addition was surveyed for Michael Byrne about 1719 and was sold by him to John Ingram. Later the tract appears to have passed into the possession [sic] of Harry Dorsey Gough Carroll of Perry Hall for in 1827 he sold it to a man named Chambers.

There was a Daniel and Henry Chambers, two brothers[,] sons of John Chambers, but it was Daniel Chambers who bought the land from Carroll, on which at the time, appears to have been standing in the ridge grove a small one story and a half stone house. At that time or sometime later, Daniel also bought a strip of land from Courtenay’s [sic] Darnell’s Sylvania tract along with his brother, who purchased the adjoining farm to the south.

Daniel Chambers came into possession [sic] of the Spamer Homestead site in 1827, and immediately set about enlarging it. He built an addition of two stories and an attic which gave him a house of ten rooms. Who built the first house can not be learned, but the date when Daniel Chambers enlarged it is fixed by an inscription over one of the back doors. [The configuration of the house was changed later, and the former back door is now the main entrance.]

Mr. Elmer Spamer bought the farm in 1881 and enlarged it in 1888. The addition is not cemented over as are the other two parts of the house and its style of architecture is quite different being square and something of a Mansard effect.

Inside, a delicate colonial staircase winds up from a hall in the middle section to the attic, large fireplace, with high wood mantles are in several rooms.
Part of Darnall’s Sylvania was bought by the Ferguson family and on the death of Levi Ferguson passed to the Patterson family. Mr.[.] Jasper Spamer son of Elmer married Elizabeth Patterson and both parcels of land now belong to the Spamer family.

(NOTE) The tree from which Major Chambers is said to have seen warships entering the mouth of the Patapsco River [during the War of 1812] is on the Spamer farm.

Reference to Maj. Chambers’ tree is made more clearly in another source (seen as a photocopied page from an unattributed book):

During the War of 1812, he [Daniel Chambers] spotted the British navy from a giant tree on his property, dispatching messengers to warn Fort McHenry of an impending attack.

[A footnote adds:] The tree had a circumference of 24 feet, and it stood on the hill that can be reached by Hickory Falls Way near Seven Courts Drive. It was still there in 1914 when then Baltimore News reported its connection to the War of 1812, although the tree was later struck by lightning.”

Regarding the Patterson property, the following notes were passed along by Sara Whiteford Giles to Nancy Spamer Mickey, which have the added advantage of distinguishing between the two Patterson houses, neither of which now survive. The following recollection mentions only the principal Patterson home, not the tenant house (with clarifying interjections by me):

Our grandmother and grandfather Patterson [Harry Wilmer Patterson and Elizabeth Dance] lived there until grandmother died. On the morning of her funeral it was very cold and icy and our grandfather went to the barn to feed their horse and slipped on the ice and broke his hip He was not able to go to her funeral after they set his hip[,] They moved him over to Rockland so your grandmother (his daughter) [Elizabeth Ferguson Patterson Spamer] could take care of him. They fixed his bed in what is now your dad’s [William Jasper Spamer] living room and it was rigged with pulley’s, etc. so he could help himself move up and down n the bed. After he was able to be up and about he came to live with my mother and father and I until my mother [Katheryn May Patterson Whiteford] died. He then went back to Rockland and later went to live with Cousin John and Cousin Annie Patterson at Manor View [a town north of Perry Hall]. He stayed there until his final illness when they called Aunt Elizabeth and she and Uncle Bill [Elizabeth Patterson Spamer (wife of Jasper Noble Spamer) and her brother, William Patterson] went and got him. He died at Rockland in the room that was yo[u]r dad’s room during his growing up years. While all this was happening Aunt Elizabeth, Uncle Bill and my mother had an auction sale and sold their possessions that were not divided among the family and your grandfather (Jasper N. Spamer) bought the remaining farm including the buildings. From that time on the Patterson home was used as a rental house and I do not now who all the renters were. I only remember a Mr. and Mrs. Bissell was one of them. My mother and father were married on the lawn of that house . . . .

At “Rockland” there is a recessed block over the main door of the house, in which is carved, “Rockland 1827–1912”. The earlier date apparently commemorates when the early structure was first acquired and enlarged by Daniel Chambers. The significance of the 1912 date is not now recalled by family members.

Part of the original history of “Rockland” relates to a painting of Daniel Chambers, which remained in the home for a long time. As explained in The Jeffersonian newspaper article in 1933:
Over the mantle of the living room, in a deep gilt frame, is a large oil portrait of Daniel Chambers, who made the place his home from 1827 until his death in the latter part of the eighteen hundreds. When Mr. Chambers died and the property was sold to Mr. [John] Fox, Mrs. Chambers moved to Baltimore, but when she heard that Mr. [Elmer] Spamer had taken the homestead, she visited him and requested that he take the painting of her husband and give it its old place over the mantle in the living room and always allow it to remain there. [Photo at right by Mary Judith Wise in 1962.] Mr. Spamer promised to carry out her wishes in the matter, went to Baltimore, got the portrait, and hung it as directed. “And it shall stay there as long as I live,” he says, “and when I go I shall hand down my promise to Mrs. Chambers to my children and grandchildren.” Mr. Spamer never knew Mr. Chambers, but became well acquainted with Mrs. Chambers, who, until her death, often visited her old home, where she had come as a bride and which she described, in making her request with reference to the portrait, as “the fairest spot that e’re the sun shone on.”

Elmer Spamer’s son and daughter-in-law, Jasper and Elizabeth Spamer, died in 1971. At that time, Hazel Spamer, wife of Jasper’s son, William, gave the portrait of Daniel Chambers to Camp Chapel United Methodist Church, where it is believed that Chambers was a member. The church is at the corner of Joppa Road and Honeygo Boulevard, Perry Hall, Maryland.

Many of the Spamer residents of “Rockland” were farmers here, and although the area is no longer a farm, to this day the Spamer residents practice horticulture.

Sara Whiteford Giles recalled in correspondence to her cousin, Nancy Spamer Mickey (with clarifying interjections by me):

When I first went to live at Rockland Uncle Jap’s father lived on your dad’s side. [“Uncle Jap” is Jasper Noble Spamer, son of Elmer Jasper Spamer; Nancy’s father is William Jasper Spamer.] Earlier when the twins were born Evelyn and Cliff Sadler lived on that side. [Evelyn Bettie Spamer and Harry Clifton Sadler were the parents of Cliflyn Spamer Sadler and Bettie Jeanette Sadler.] After Grandpap Spamer [Elmer] moved over to Cliff and Evelyn’s house that side was vacant for awhile and Aunt Eliz. and Uncle Jap lived on that side in the summer and on Stanley’s [Stanley Jasper Spamer, son of William Jasper Spamer] side in the winter. When Marge and Jimmy [James Rocker and Marjorie Elizabeth Spamer] got married they lived on that side until they built their house[.] When Bud and Nora [Morris Eugene Spamer and Nora Funk] got married Uncle Jap closed in the upstairs porch and built a bathroom and made a kitchen and bedroom where the porch was and Bud and Nora lived there. When your mom and dad [Hazel Eck and William Jasper Spamer] got married Uncle Jap moved over to her mother’s and your mom and dad moved in there. Later Bud and Nora moved into the Patterson tenant house and your mom and dad moved to where he [dad] is now. [The Patterson home and the tenant house on their farm were near “Rockland”. The main house was razed ca. 1965; the tenant house by developers later.] For a time when Marge and Jimmy married[,] a distant relative on our grandfather Patterson’s [Harry Wilmer Patterson] side named Nannie Booth stayed with Aunt Eliz and Uncle Jap for awhile and
also for awhile our grandfather Patterson lived there with them. The only time the room over your
dad’s living room was anyone[’]s bedroom was when Marge and Jimmy lived there and it was
their bedroom. At all other times it was Aunt Eliz.’s guest room. I do not know about the stones on
the path to the shop being petrified wood but it is very possible because back before my day there
Uncle Jap and Aunt Eliz. and Edith and Elmer Eck (who were Uncle Jap’s sister and her husband)
[Elmer Thomas Eck and Elizabeth Spamer] made a camping trip out West and could very easily
have brought them back. There should be pictures of their camping trip in the picture album that
El has.

Nancy Spamer Mickey, who also currently resides in a separate residence on the Rockland
property, added a few comments to her cousin’s message:

I knew that various members of the family had had apartments in the house but was not sure who.
You can still see the kitchen sink hook up in the upstairs bathroom. The enclosed porch was
made into two rooms. I had the one nearest the bathroom on our (my parents) side and my cousin
Karl Schmidt had the one nearest the bathroom on their (my grandparents) side. My room had the
only heat, a cole [coal] oil stove that needed to be refilled by can.

“Rockland” is included in various historical sites surveys. A 1970 field sheet for the National
Register of Historic Places notes that the site, BA-XI-136, is on Ferguson Road in Cub Hill, Maryland.
More specifically it gives the following location information:

39°25′03″ N. lat., 76°28′57″ W. long. About 1 mi. west-northwest of Perry Hall, at the end of a dirt
lane extending beyond the end of Ferguson Rd., 0.9 mi. east of the Gunpowder Transformer
Station, and about 800 ft. south of Gunpowder Falls.

The Maryland Historical Trust’s Historic Sites Survey historically and architecturally described
the 11.91-acre Spamer Homestead on a visit made 23 August 2002. Selections from the report are as
follows:

[Summary]

Constructed circa 1820, the Spamer Homestead is located in the Eleventh District of
Baltimore County near the village of Germantown and Perry Hall. In 1775, Henry Dorsey Gough
purchased a mid-18th century estate, located in the vicinity of the current intersection of Belair
and Joppa Roads, and renamed it Perry Hall. By the mid-19th century the Perry Hall lands had
been subdivided and other landholders began to construct residential buildings. The 1850 Sidney
map denotes the Spamer Homestead as belonging to John Fox. Between 1867 and 1886, the
Baltimore and Jerusalem Turnpike Company Inc. completed a turnpike following the path of
Belair Road to the existing bridge over Little Gunpowder Falls. During the early-20th century
Perry Hall expanded and absorbed the small farming community of Germantown. The
suburbanization of Perry Hall occurred after the Great Depression when many Baltimore
residents relocated to the suburbs. The Spamer family has been residing at 9811 Oak Park Drive
since 1881.
Facing Northeast and sited on a wooded lot next to a 1990s development, the random-rubble stone house, constructed circa 1820, is three bays wide and two-and-a-half stories high. It has a center entry containing a single-leaf wood door and a 1-light transom. The 6/6 windows are supported with thin slate sills. The roof has been replaced with a half-gambrel clad with asphalt shingles. The façade features three gable dormers, not original to the house. Several additions have been made to the dwelling. One addition is a [sic] two-and-a-half story random-rubble stone section capped with a mansard roof clad with variegated wood shingles. A shed roof dormer with paired 2/2 double-hung sash windows was later added to the house. Associated with this property are four historic and three non-historic secondary buildings.

[Statement of Significance]

Facing northeast, this dwelling known as the Spamer Homestead, was constructed circa 1820. The property is located near the historic village of Germantown and Perry Hall in the Eleventh District of Baltimore County. In 1775, Henry Dorsey Gough purchased a mid-18th century Georgian estate from Corbin Lee and renamed it Perry Hall. This property was located in the vicinity of the current intersection of Belair and Joppa Roads. Belair Road connected Baltimore to the town of Bel Air as early as the mid-1700s. Dating to the 1730s, Joppa Road connected settlements along the Patapsco River with Joppa, the original Baltimore County seat located on the Big Gunpowder River. The Perry Hall estate was located a short distance to the north of the intersection of these two important Colonial period roads. This arrangement set the area on a course for development as a crossroads community.

By the mid-19th century, the lands associated with Perry Hall had been greatly subdivided, and several other landholders in the area began to construct residential buildings along either side of Belair Road. The 1850 county atlas shows at least nineteen residential structures located between the two rivers. In addition to these, three taverns were clustered around the center of the community near the intersection of Joppa and Belair roads. The name Germantown came to this settlement in the 1860s, when a significant number of German farmers began to settle in and around the area.

Between 1850 and the mid-1870s, the Germantown community grew considerably. From the nine residential structures in 1850, the town grew to at least thirty-seven in 1877. This number continued to increase, for the county history published shortly thereafter records the population as fifty inhabitants. At that time, a general store, two blacksmith shops, a schoolhouse, three churches, and [sic] tavern, and sawmill were located in the small settlement.

In 1867, the Baltimore and Jerusalem Turnpike Company incorporated with the intent of creating a better road from Baltimore to the town of Jerusalem. The turnpike was slated to follow
the path of Belair Road until it reached the Little Gunpowder Falls, at which point it would veer off and follow Jerusalem Road for the remainder of the distance. The Turnpike Company completed the first eight miles of the road to just south of Perry Hall with the remainder of the road left unimproved. Due to complaints by local citizens and administrative changes in the company, the road was completed for an additional four miles to the existing bridge over Little Gunpowder Falls in 1886.

Since the mid-20th century, the landscape of Germantown has greatly changed. To begin, the community was absorbed by the town of Perry Hall to the immediate south, which developed more through the early 20th century than Germantown. The rural character of the area did not change until after the Great Depression. Increased out[ward] migration from Baltimore and development of the surrounding area led to the suburbanization of Perry Hall. Belair Road, now a main thoroughfare through the town, was widened in the latter half of the 20th century and is now a four lane highway. Commercial buildings, churches, and other institutional buildings now intermingle with a few pockets of residential construction along Belair Road just north of its intersection with Joppa Road.

The Spamer Homestead is shown on the 1850 Sidney map [as] belonging to John Fox. By 1877, the property had transferred to Renshaw. In 1915, W. Spamer was the resident of the dwelling at 9811 Oak Park Drive. In 2002, screened by mature trees and overgrowth, the property is nestled within a 1990s suburban development. The owner of the property in 2002, is William J. Spamer. The Spamer’s have resided at this located [sic] since 1881.

“Rocky Rest”

“Rocky Rest” is the private cemetery of the Spamer family, established at “Rockland” by Elmer Jasper Spamer in 1893 upon the death of his infant nephew, Noble Spamer. The cemetery is located on a low ridge south of the main house at “Rockland”. In the 1933 Jeffersonian newspaper article, “Rocky Rest” was made to be a serene, little-occupied place:

On the crest of the ridge, a little to the south of the house, and one of the highest points of the grove, is the well-kept family burial ground of the Spamers, which is reached by way of a winding, rock-bordered lane that curls up the hillside from the entrance road. Here are buried Mr. Spamer’s father, mother, wife and one child, while over in one corner, at a spot where he wont to come often and meditate, is buried a farm hand, who worked on the Spamer place for forty years.

The cemetery is in fact pleasantly spaced and peaceful, shaded by tall trees. Many of the grave markers are substantial and well ornamented stones, quite unlike the image usually held of the traditional, small family cemetery. The cemetery is still used, and the graves are tended to by a family trusteeship. The remains at “Rocky Rest” are as follows, ordered by date of decease:

Noble Spamer (1893–1893)
Matilda R. A. Spamer (1850–1900)
Julia (Martin) Spamer (Anna Dorthen Julianna Marten) (1824–1900)
Ludwig Spamer (Heinrich Conrad Ludwig Spamer) (1818–1902)
Amelia S. H. Spamer (1847–1906)
Olivia Ecolia Burnham Spamer (1845–1914)
Adolph Noble Spamer (1852–1917)
Robert Lee Robinson (1922–1922)
Joseph J. Robinson, Jr. (1850–1924)
Bettie May (Blakely) Spamer (1860–1925)
Lloyd A. Watters (1925–1926)
John G. Folks (1867–1931)
Nannie (Fenwick) Spamer (ca. 1858–1946)
Elmer Jasper Spamer (1862–1947)
Lillie Agatha (Watters) Coburn (1904–1948)
Lillie Agatha (Spamer) Watters (1865–1949)
Olive D. Robinson (1891–1950)
Miriam J. (Spamer) Robinson (1868–1951)
Wanda May Ann Higgs (1954–1954)
Walter Archer Watters, Sr. (1864–1961)
Walter Archer Watters, Jr. (1887–1962)
Jacqueline Iris (Coburn) Seal (1931–1969)
Jasper Noble Spamer (1893–1971)
Elizabeth Ferguson (Patterson) Spamer (1894–1971)
Julia Ella (Rockey) Watters (1888–1974)
Harry Clifton Sadler (1908–1981)
Evelyn Bettie (Spamer) Sadler (1904–1984)
Daniel Cliflyn Sadler (1965–1992)
Mark Kevin Sadler (1960–2003)
Hazel Pearl (Eck) Spamer (1924–2004)
James Sloan Spamer (1925–2005)
William Jasper Spamer (1917–2009)
Morris Eugene Spamer (1921–2010)

The following names of persons still alive are engraved on stones at “Rocky Rest”:
Benjamin H. Coburn
Anna Lee Sadler
Cliflyn Spamer Sadler
James Sloan Spamer, II
Lillie A. Coburn Spamer

The farm hand who is buried here was John G. Folks (1867–1931) (right); his grave marker reads, “Brother John G. Folks”. The significance of the salutatory “Brother” is not clear, whether the stone was put up by a brother of his, whether it is from the respect of religious acknowledgement or that of a fraternal organization, or simply brotherly affection of the Spamer family. Regretfully, the family no longer has any specific recollections about John G. Folks.

As determined from U.S. census records, John G. Folks was born in Maryland, the son of John E. and Lina Folks, also both of Maryland. John E. Folks was the son of German immigrants; Lina’s father and mother were born in Germany and Maryland, respectively. John E. Folks was a carpenter, residing in 1870 in the 9th District in Baltimore County (Towsentown post office) and in 1880 in Waverly, Baltimore County. At the time of the 1880
census, John G. Folks was the oldest listed sibling of William E., Jacob M., Lillie M., Frederick S., and Amanda J. Folks; all born in Maryland. Residing with them in 1880 was one Sarah Whittaker, aged 78, born in Maryland, who could be Lina Folks’ mother. Also at the time of the 1880 census, an adjacent listing (probably in the same household) was Augustus and Ruth H. Folks, likely a brother and sister-in-law of John E. Folks. Augustus Folks was a baker. (Approximate birth dates for these individuals are as follows, based on ages given in the 1880 census: John E. Folks, 1838; Lina, 1842; William, 1868; Jacob, 1870; Lillie, 1872; Frederick, 1874; Amanda, 1878; Augustus, 1834; Ruth, 1834; Sarah Whittaker, 1802.)

John G. Folks is recorded in the 1900 and 1910 censuses residing on the Elmer J. Spamer farm; in 1900 he was a farm laborer (with birth date there given as April 1864), and in 1910 a hired hand on a truck farm. He has not been located in the 1920 or 1930 censuses.


The marriage of Lillie Spamer to Walter Watters took place at “Rockland” and was officiated by Rev. Thomas Allibone King, a Swedenborgian pastor from Baltimore who has been mentioned in this Smith family narrative as one of Rev. John Edward Smith’s associates, with whom they ran a summer church camp.

Regarding the Watters family, we benefit tremendously from the “Watters Family of Harford County, MD”, a family history compiled in 2000 by Linda Watters Amoss, a granddaughter of Walter Archer Watters, Jr. Most of the information here comes to us through the courtesy of Linda. About her great-grandfather she wrote:

Walter Archer Watters grew up on the family farm, “Charles Neighbor”, at the intersection of Pleasantville and Fallston Roads. In a deed dated 24 November 1885 he purchased the family farm from his brother and sisters, borrowing money to pay them over a period of years. In order to keep the farm, Walter and Lillie Watters “were indebted to Martha Twining for $2,000 at 5% interest per year.”

[Later, on 29 November 1901] Walter and Lillie sold one-half acre of land at “Charles Neighbor” to the Odd Fellows fraternal organization from Upper Cross Roads for $75. Land records show the Watters family took out a mortgage for $600 from James O. Morgan on Dec. 24, 1903. “Charles Neighbor” was used as collateral [in addition to livestock and farm implements]. At some time around the turn of the century when Walter and Lillie were raising their growing family, they experienced a devastating house fire at “Charles Neighbor” which required them to
move. They were able to buy a farm belonging to the Twinings on Pleasantville Road. This is the farm we all remember as children. “Charles Neighbor” was sold on Feb. 25, 1907 to Joseph Twining for $3,750. Walter Watters was a crop farmer up until the early 1920’s when the family began the dairy business.

Later, Walter and Lillie’s grandson, Jim Watters continued the business until the late 1960’s when the farm was sold.

A letter from Benjamin Waters (1789–1863) to his nephew, Charles Emory Waters, son of Freeborn G. Waters (1795–1858), the original of which is in the Maryland Historical Society, is transcribed into Linda Amoss’s “Watters Family”, provides additional information that pertains to the early Watters family:

Alexandria, Va.,
Dec. 10th, 1862.

Dear Emory,

Your letter requesting me to give you such information as I was in possession of in relation to the Waters family from as early a date as I could, which I will do so far as I have been able to collect a history of them, but it must necessarily be imperfect as this is the first time I have ever written a line on the subject.

I learned from the late Rev. Wm. Waters (who was the first native born American Methodist traveling preacher) that two brothers, descendants of the Waters family in Wales (whose father died in Dartmouth prison for his religious principles) emigrated to this country to enjoy liberty of conscience and settled in Virginia, on the James River. As this was at an early period in the history of Virginia they had to make a settlement in the wilderness and depend on their dog and gun for game until they could raise grain and stock to subsist on. That one of the brothers subsequently settled on the eastern shore of Maryland from which branch of the family, he and the now numerous stock of Waterses on the eastern side of the bay sprang. They spell their name with two ‘t’s’ which Wm. Waters (said) had been improperly introduced into the name, s their forefathers in Europe use but the one ‘t’ as we do. Our ancestors came from the brother that remained on this side of the Bay, and from Virginia they spread into Maryland on the western shore of the Chesapeake Bay, settling on the Patuxent River in Anne Arundel and Prince Georges Counties.

I further learned from Mrs. Quarls near Darlington, in Harford Co., Md., who was a daughter of the late Edward Waters of Prince George’s county, Md., (who by the way is a woman of more than ordinary observation and information) that the history given me by Wm. Waters was correct so far as it went, but he did not account for the separation of the two brothers who it would be natural to expect were from circumstances greatly attached to each other. Mrs. Elizabeth Quarls (I believe her name is) informed me that after a settlement was made by these brothers so that grain could be raised they still depended on the forest for meats, which abounded in game and while the one that settled on the eastern shore of the Bay was out with his dog and gun he discovered a party of Indians between him and their settlement and he fled to the Bay shore, the Indians pursuing him closely and the Bay being frozen over took to the ice. After traveling some distance, he discovered a long dark streak in the ice which he approached with caution and striking on the ice the breech of his gun went through and the Indians still in pursuit. Invention, “the mother of necessity” devised a plan to deliver him in this critical moment and his gun having a very long barrel he laid it across the dark streak and walked over on the barrel, and pursued on to the eastern shore.

After getting across and the ice breaking up, thee was no way of returning, there being no vessels to navigate the Bay and from the force of circumstances he had to settle where providence had placed him.
It would be well worth a trip to Darlington to see this lady if she is living, and a sister of the late Rev. John Davis (Miss Sallie) who I expect lives with a nephew of hers (James Davis, a carpenter living in Old Town) could tell you whether she is still alive, as she is the mother of Frank Quarls who married Virginia Davis. From Baltimore to Darlington is but a day’s ride to go by Bel Air, and a beautiful road in good weather, but it might be better to go by rail to Havre-de-Grace and get a conveyance from there to Darlington (Miss Davis could give you information of the place where Mrs. Quarls lives near Darlington.)

Your grandfather Waters (Benjamin Waters was the son of Mordecai Waters of Prince Georges County, and your Grandmother Waters was the daughter of Samuel Waters of Montgomery County, but very distantly if at all connected. (Benjamin and Nancy were their names.)

P.S. I expect Mrs. Quarls could give you names and dates and much other information that would be of value to you and refer you to history for a further description of the father who died in prison. B. W.

The Watters family has been traced to John Waters (ca. 1606–?) of Middleham, England, who emigrated to Maryland. It seems that it was a great-grandson, Godfrey Watters (1703–1754), and his generation that took up spelling the family name as “Watters”. Godfrey, with his wife, Sarah White (1708–1803), had 11 children, one of whom, William Watters (1751–1827) is notable for having been the first American-born circuit rider in the Methodist ministry. His brother, John (1729–1774), invited early Methodist preachers to the Watters family farm on Thomas Run Road, which became a regular stop of the circuit riders:

When John invited early Methodist preachers into the family home to preach in 1771, all nine Watters children [and] their mother Sarah, were powerfully moved under the preaching of such men as Robert Strawbridge, Robert Williams, Joseph Pilmore, and later Francis Asbury. Before long, the Watters farm was a regular stop on the road north for these traveling itinerant circuit riders.

Linda Amoss’s “Waters Family” includes a quotation from Raymond Wrenn’s biographical sketch of William Watters, published in Volume 6 of the Sprague Annals of the American Pulpit:
in the Colonies. When the sixth American conference met in Leesburg in 1778, William Watters presided. Soon he was appointed to the Baltimore Circuit where his wife lived at his family’s farm on Thomas Run Road while he attended his pastoral duties. However, by 1783, William Watters’ health had so failed that he decided to permanently locate at what is now McLean, Virginia in a log home. He continued to preach in that circuit in Virginia until his health had improved. William entered the traveling ministry again, preaching in Berkeley County (now West Virginia). When he went home again to McLean, he spent the next 15 years farming and serving as a local preacher once again. He was assigned to Alexandria, Georgetown, and also at a brand new church in what was known as ‘Washington City’, while still living in the vine-covered cottage at McLean. William Watters spent the last 21 years of his life at McLean, remaining very active in Nelson’s Chapel, the local Methodist Church. His eyesight began to fail before he died and soon he became totally blind.

An illustration of the ordination of Francis Asbury in Baltimore, 1784, depicts in the audience William Watters (just below the Bible held by the preacher in the pulpit). Also depicted is Harry Dorsey Gough of Perry Hall (whom we have encountered in the history of “Rockland”), seated on the left side of the illustration, and his wife, Prudence, seated in white in the front row of the general audience to the right. (We will also recall in passing that in 1784 Francis Asbury and Thomas Coke first met and celebrated the Methodist sacraments at Barratt’s Chapel, in Kent County, Delaware, where in 1873 were married Rev. John Edward Smith (1848–1930) and Ella Seville. (1854–1931).)

Henry Watters (1731/32–1812), a son of Godfrey Watters, took over the family farm at Thomas Run after the death of his brother, John, in 1774. Linda Amoss wrote:

He donated a portion of the farm to build a Methodist meeting house which would be called for many years “The Watters Meeting House”. The original building was said to have been a log structure. The present stone building was built in the 1840’s and was recently rebuilt after a 1996 fire. This church was the beginning of all the Methodist churches in central Harford County. Francis Asbury made himself a frequent guest in the Watters household on his travels along the east coast, as did many other notable Methodist ministers. Judge James D. Watters, a descendent [sic] of Henry Watters was the last man with the Watters name to live on the farm. He was a judge at the Bel Air Court House for more than 30 years. A portrait of this red-haired, red-bearded, 19th century judge can be seen today among the portraits that adorn the oldest courtroom at the Bel Air Court House.

Walter Archer Watters, a great-grandson of Godfrey Watters, was one of six children of Robert Archer Watters (1816–1885) and Elizabeth Hahn (1821–1880). Through Elizabeth’s maternal lineage we have a few interesting connections in the Onion family of Maryland, who in addition to their historical position in Colonial-era iron manufacturing have historical notes pertaining to the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812.

One anecdote in the Watters family pertains to the time that George Washington stopped at the house of Zacheus Barrett Onion (1840–1781), when the youngest child, Charity Onion (ca. 1780–?), served tea to the president. A comment written into the family Bible of Charity’s great-granddaughter, Ellie Mason Dewlin, reads:
My great grandmother, Charity Onion, was the youngest child of Zacheus Barrett Onion. General Washington came to their house one day for tea. They let my great grandmother, being the youngest in the family, take the head of the table to pour out tea for General Washington. It was thought she might be the longest to tell this story.

The tradition of the youngest capable girl of the family pouring refreshments at a family gathering or to visitors is a well-established part of contemporary etiquette. Since we do not know Charity’s precise age at that time we cannot know whether Washington had yet been elected President (which was in 1789), although certainly he visited after he had resigned as Commander in Chief of the Continental Army (1783).

Another child of Zacheus Barrett Onion was Susannah Onion (ca. 1774–?), who married Frederick McComas. Their son, Henry G. McComas (1795–1812) holds a place in the history of the War of 1812. He was an apprentice in the leather industry when he joined Capt. Edward Aisquith’s rifle company under the command of Maj. Heath. Fighting alongside Daniel Wells, according to one version of the event, both young men shot and mortally wounded British General Robert Ross while the British force traveled on North Point Road. British forces killed both McComas and Wells. Today at the corner of Gay and East Monument Sts. in Baltimore there is a memorial to the young men.


Joseph J. Robinson, Jr., was the brother of Ella Robinson, who married Miriam’s brother, Arthur Ludwig Spamer. Joseph had an earlier marriage, to Mattie E. Byrne (ca. 1852–1887), with whom there are no known children.

The letter that C. Augustus E. Spamer had written in 1911 to cousin Conrad Ludwig Spamer in Oberhessen, Germany noted briefly that Joseph Robinson was “nearly blind”. When Joseph began to go blind is not known, although by attention to his occupations one might conclude that he began to lose his sight between 1900–1910, when he began to find occupations more suited to his affliction. In 1870 Joseph was a store clerk, and in 1880 a coal dealer. The 1899 Baltimore city directory lists “The Robinson Coal Company, Joseph J. Robinson, Jr., President” at the northeast corner of Central Ave. and Lombard St. The 1910 U.S. census lists him as “Talisman, Foreign C . . .” (sic; “C” began an illegible abbreviation that possibly may have meant “Commodities”; but “Talisman” must be a mistake by the census taker who otherwise did not understand what kind of “–man” was Robinson’s occupation). In the 1912 city directory there is no occupation listed for Joseph, but in 1913 he was a clerk. At the time of the 1920 census he was a chair caner.
Of the children of Christian Spamer (1820–1880) and Elizabeth Margaret Schroeder (1824–1904), all grandchildren of the immigrants Conrad and Annetta Spamer:

GEORGE WASHINGTON SPAMER (1845–1866) had long been a mystery in the Spamer family; he had married in St. Louis, Missouri, but what had become of him, and whether he had a family of his own, was unknown.

On 2 May 1866 G. W. Spamer married Mary C. Gettys (−?) of Ironton, Lawrence County, Ohio. A wedding notice appeared in the Baltimore Sun two weeks afterward:

| SPAMER—GETTYS.—At St. Louis, Mo., on the 2d instant, by the Rev. A. C. George, at the residence of W. P. Gettys, Esq. GEORGE W. SPAMER, of Baltimore, Md., to Miss MARY C. GETTYS, of Ironton, Ohio. |

W. P. Gettys was probably William P. Gettys, Sr., a St. Louis merchant here identified from U.S. census records and St. Louis city directories. His relationship to Mary is unknown, although he seems not to have been her father. Rev. A. C. George was a Methodist Episcopal minister who worked in Missouri and Kansas during the mid-1860s. He may be the Rev. A. C. George who earlier had been minister of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Waterloo, New York, during 1849–1850.

A. M. Spamer noted in the “Spamer Families of Baltimore” that there apparently were no descendants of G. W. Spamer, “since they were not included in the distribution of the estate of Andrew Perry Spamer”, G. W. Spamer’s youngest and last surviving sibling who died in 1959. A. M. Spamer had attempted to locate G. W. Spamer, without success. He did think to look in the St. Louis public records, but they were not published and he was informed in 1976 that the death records indexed by the City Health Bureau may be incomplete for the early years of those records. So, A. M. Spamer reported nothing further. And even when I had begun searches in the early 2000s, I was finding little of use. Ironically (as I found in 2007), there was all the time a tiny, one-sentence notice in the Baltimore Sun for 6 September 1866, which was placed to communicate news of his death in St. Louis:

| SPAMER—GEORGE W. SPAMER, of Baltimore, Md., departed this life in St. Louis, Mo., September 5th, 1866. |

Had this notice been known to earlier family historians (and to me before 2007), George’s demise would not have been so much of a mystery. There apparently were no oral traditions or written records that were handed down from the immediate family of George Washington Spamer, at least none that survived into the 20th century; thus the mystery to us later in the century.

Independently, I located George Washington Spamer through a list of St. Louis City Death Records that had been posted on an Internet website, which indexed a “Geo W Spalmer” [sic]. The information for this individual indicated that the decedent had been born in Maryland, was a resident of St. Louis, had died 5 September 1866, and was buried in Bellefontaine Cemetery. Upon inquiry to the cemetery, I received copies of interment records and documents relating to the decease of “Geo. W. Spalmer”, which corroborate that this was, indeed, George Washington Spamer. These cemetery records note that the decedent was aged 22 years, was born in Baltimore, had died at 21st and Franklin Ave. during a cholera epidemic; and was interred 6 September 1866 in the Gettys–De Lancy family lot. A physician’s Cemetery Certificate, signed by John T. Temple, notes under remarks, “I saw him once, but
too late”. The 1866 St. Louis cholera epidemic was a part of the fourth cholera pandemic of the 19th century, which began in India in 1863 and spread westward, arriving in New York by ship from France in October 1865. The disease appeared in St. Louis during the last week of July 1866 and spread there alarmingly. The St. Louis epidemic peaked during the third week of August and diminished through November.

At the time of the death of William P. Gettys in 1885, his wife, Christiana Gettys, acquired a larger Gettys family lot in Bellefontaine Cemetery and requested the reinterment of several individuals from the older lot to the newer one; her order included “Geo W. Spamer” (correctly spelled).

We had not known what became of Mary C. Gettys Spamer after her husband’s death. But recently a marriage record has been found for Charles A. Witte and Mrs. Mary C. Sparmer [sic], 22 February 1872, at Christian Church, Charles and 14th Sts., St. Louis; officiated by Rev. D. P. Henderson. Unfortunately, we have not been able to find Charles Witte with certainty in U.S. censuses because of conflicting data. Because this information has been located after this narrative was completed and copies prepared, this page is rewritten, with more information in Appendix 1 at the conclusion of this document.

The relationship of Mary Gettys to W. P. Gettys of St. Louis (at whose residence she was married) is at this time unknown; she does not seem to be his daughter because no pertinent household has been located in earlier U.S. censuses. As noted, he presumably was William P. Gettys, Sr., husband of Christiana. In an attempt to learn more of William P. Gettys of St. Louis, an examination of the city directories for 1866 and 1867 provides the following information: He was a partner in the firm of Boylan and Gettys, produce dealers at 59 N. Commercial St. (1866 directory) and 223–225 N. Commercial St. (1867 directory); and he resided at 552 Morgan St. (1866 directory) and 2214 Morgan St. (1867 directory). Also noted were several other Gettys individuals who were in the building trades, and a policeman, although it is not certain how, if at all, they were related to William P. Gettys; none of their names are among the burials in the Gettys lot in Bellefontaine Cemetery.

The 1860 census data for Ironton, Ohio, lists several “Gettis” families (note spelling); no other comparable spellings are found there. One household includes a 17-year-old Mary Gettis residing with a widowed 55-year-old Sarah Gettis; their relationship to each other is not indicated. Inasmuch as the Ohio River was a principal thoroughfare for travel, a substantive genealogical connection may be assumed for the Gettis families of Ironton and the Gettys families of St. Louis. However, unresolved here is the difference in spellings of the family names; the Ohio families consistently spelled their surname “Gettis” and the St. Louis families consistently spelled their name “Gettys”. Further, in all U.S. records seen the “Gettis” spelling is more common than “Gettys”.

Other than the marriage of George Spamer of Baltimore and Mary Gettys of Ironton, nothing is known of how or where they met, or why they were married in St. Louis. William P. Gettys’ wife, Christiana, was born in Maryland, thus there may well be a genealogical connection in Baltimore. In the censuses, “Gettys” can be misspelled; so bearing this in mind I examined Gettys (and similarly spelled) families of Maryland in the censuses but no records were revealed that can be unambiguously connected to the Gettys family of interest here. In the 1860 census for Baltimore there reside several “Gettis” families, and in the 1870 census there are several “Getties” families, all of whom may be of interest and
perhaps each may be a phonetic spelling of “Gettys”. In any case, the 1866 marriage of George and Mary in St. Louis was noticed in the Baltimore *Sun*, and later also his death. Whether these notices were for the benefit of Spamer family and friends, or also for Gettys/Gettis family and friends, cannot be determined at this time.

Parenthetically, there is a U.S. census record of a Spamer family residing in Ironton, Ohio, at the time of the 1910 census. This is a coincidental name only. The family included an 83-year-old woman, Barbara Spamer, born in Germany, and the family of John C. Spamer (aged 41, occupied as a gardener on a farm, born in Ohio). John, having been born about 1869, and the fact that his parents were born in Germany, are particulars that seem to exclude this family from consideration among the Baltimore Spammers. (My grandfather, John Ward Spamer, was born in 1869, too. He seems to have been named in continuation of the family use of “Johann” as a given name, here Americanized as like his father’s name, Heinrich, was Americanized to Henry. There is no reason to expect that the Baltimore Spammers knew of the Spammers in Ironton any more than they knew of the unrelated Spammers of New York, Philadelphia, and locales in the Midwest.)

●     ●

**WILLIAM SPAMER (1847–1912)** carried on in one family tradition, that of the maritime business on Chesapeake Bay. He was a tugboat engineer but was not involved in the tragedies and bad luck of the steamtug *Ella*, of which his father was its engineer and co-owner. He was, at least in 1880, Secretary of the Towboat Engineer’s Beneficial Association, No. 1, a Baltimore-based professional organization of tugboat engineers. The U.S. Steamboat-Inspection Service’s 1897 *List of Masters, Mates, Pilots, and Engineers of Merchant Steam and Other Motor Vessels* listed William Spamer licensed in Baltimore as a “chief engineer (inland)”. In 1901 at least, he was elected as Corresponding Secretary of the Marine Engineers’ Beneficial Association, No. 5. He also was a member of the Free and Accepted Masons.

His personal life seems to have been somewhat unsettled, which complicated later family historians’ understanding of his relationships, and thereby errors crept into both A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore” and my Spamer–Smith Genealogy. The previously accepted were due to several things: a misunderstanding as to when William’s second wife, Virginia, died; an error in the records of the Baltimore Cemetery; a mistake in listing Mrs. Spamer’s maiden name as “Shakeford”; confusion pertaining to divorce proceedings; and uncertainty regarding the paternity or maternity of one of William’s sons. These problems have been resolved.


A. M. Spamer and I both assumed that a Virginia Spamer buried in 1881 in Baltimore Cemetery was William’s second wife, Virginia, whose birth date was not documented except for the cemetery’s record that the deceased was 28 years of age. Of course, we thus assumed that this was William’s wife even though no other death record had been found for her, encouraged to make this supposition since
William was also buried in this lot. However, in 2009 I acquired an official death record for a Virginia Spamer, died 1 May 1881 aged 28 days, buried in Baltimore Cemetery. Despite the cemetery’s record clearly indicating the deceased Virginia was “28 yrs”, this was an error and the burial actually was a hitherto unknown infant daughter of William and Virginia; thus also the record of Mrs. Spamer’s death in 1881 was incorrect. This further resolved the problem of Joseph A. Spamer’s noted birth in 1882, and removed suspicions that I had held that there may have been some impropriety surrounding his birth (which error I regret having proposed, though it was based on available, circumstantial, evidence).

A record of legal proceedings in the Circuit Court in Baltimore, in 1887, notices “William Spamer vs. Virginia E. Spamer; bill for divorce a vinculo matrimonii filed.” Just when the court decreed the divorce is uncertain, but at the time of the 1900 U.S. census, Virginia was listed as a divorcée residing with her widowed mother, Elizabeth Shackleford, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. (Next door resided the family of widowed Margaret Shackleford, who seems to have been Elizabeth’s sister.) With Elizabeth and her mother were two young children, Harriet and Norah Spamer, who were hitherto unknown in the family genealogy. That Norah was born in Virginia in 1888 may indicate that William and Virginia were by then separated at least.

William Spamer had retired by 1910, when he resided with his daughter and son-in-law, Harry and Mary Hobbs. A notice in the Baltimore Sun for 25 January 1912 indicated that “Mr. William Spamer, one of the best-known marine engineers of this port, was yesterday reported dangerously ill at his home, 1511 Rutland Ave.” The family history, however, had previously indicated his date of death was 21 January, which may be a typographical error.

Caroline Krumm, William’s first wife, and their child, Willard, were listed with question marks in A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore”, adding, “These names are included at this point since the bodies are buried in the lot purchased by Christian, and also because they do not fit anywhere else in the family tree.” I have since corroborated from a Baltimore Sun death notice that she was William’s wife. The identity of Willard as their son is corroborated by an inscription on his grave marker in Baltimore Cemetery.

Caroline Krumm was one of nine children of Frederick Christian Andrew Krumm (1819–1878) and Christina Engle (1825–1914), both immigrants from Germany (he about 1840). He was a piano maker, tavern keeper, and ship’s yeoman.

Regarding Virginia Ellen Shackleford, A. M. Spamer gave the maiden name of William’s second wife as “Shakeford”, which information seems to have been obtained thus by Frances Spamer, Andy’s sister, when she was working on the family history. Although the Shackleford family has not been located in U.S. censuses earlier than 1900, I take note also that in the family genealogy there is one Pleasant Alice Shackleford Anderson (ca. 1885–?) who was the daughter-in-law of Emma S. Bopst Anderson (1850–1937). Emma was the aunt (by marriage) of George Edward Bopst (1875–after April 1930) whose wife was Cecelia E. Spamer (1880–1927), a daughter of Henry Spamer. The genealogical
connection between Virginia Shackleford and Pleasant Shackleford has not been determined; however, Pleasant’s family may be the one in the 1900 census for Springhill Township in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, where the household of John and Emelene Shackleford includes 15-year-old “Plezzie”.

MARY ELISABETH SPAMER (1849–1906) is listed in A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore” with the birth date of 21 March 1847, which actually is the birth date of her brother, William (they were not twins). She married in 1871 George August Pausch (ca. 1849–before 1899). The “Spamer Families of Baltimore” indicates that George and Mary Pausch had seven children who died in early childhood, with only two children, Arthur and George, surviving to adulthood. However, the family register there lists only five children: Arthur (1873–1903), Matthew (ca. 1876–?), Mary (ca. 1877–?), Walter (ca. 1879–?), and George (1885–1972). At the time of the 1900 U.S. census, widowed Mary Spamer Pausch there indicated that she had had ten children, two of whom survived at the time of the census.

George August Pausch was a tobacconist, first in Baltimore (at the time of the 1860 and 1870 censuses) and then in Savannah, Georgia (1880). (Children Matthew, Mary, and Walter, at least, were born in Georgia.) He seems to have returned to Baltimore again, as his death notice indicates that he died there.

The Pausch family can trace its ancestry to George Pausch (ca. 1813–?) of Prussia, who immigrated into the U.S. and started the family business of tobacco sales. A son, George August, married Mary Elisabeth Spamer.

A great-great grandson of George Pausch the immigrant was Randolph Frederick Pausch (1960–2008), a great-grandnephew of George August and Mary Spamer Pausch. It is worth noting him specially because he may be recognized by some now as Randy Pausch, whose unfortunate, fatal illness inspired a best-selling book.

Randy Pausch was raised in Columbia, Maryland, and graduated there from Oakland Mills High School. He earned a Bachelor’s degree in computer science from Brown University, 1982, and a Ph.D. in computer science from Carnegie Mellon University, 1988. From 1988 to 1997 he was an Assistant and Associate Professor of Engineering and Applied Science at the University of Virginia’s School of Engineering and Applied Science. He then became Associate Professor of Computer Science, Human-Computer Interaction, and Design in Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He worked with the Disney Imagineers in virtual reality research and was a prolific author in his field.

But Randy Pausch’s most engaging source of recognition came after he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer in 2006, when he underwent various procedures and therapies in an unsuccessful attempt to halt the disease. He became widely known as an advocate for increased federal funding for research on pancreatic cancer, testifying before U.S. Senate hearings on the matter. Having a broad international audience for his campaign, on 18 September 2007 he delivered his “Last Lecture” at Carnegie Mellon University before an audience of hundreds. The lecture was given in a venue of lectures where noted scholars present talks in which they impart their thoughts were they, hypothetically, to have a
last chance to do so in life. Pausch noted with humor the irony that the “Last Lecture” series had recently been renamed the “Journeys” series. The lecture was widely publicized and made available on Randy Pausch’s website at the university, almost immediately receiving a million “hits” on the Internet. Hyperion, the publisher owned by the Disney corporations, paid $6.7 million dollars for the rights to a book about Randy, The Last Lecture, coauthored by Pausch and Wall Street Journal reporter Jeffrey Zaslow. Expanding on Pausch’s Last Lecture, the book became a New York Times best seller three months before Pausch’s death, and it has been translated into more than 30 languages. Even as his illness progressed he continued to deliver inspirational speeches based on the book. Raised a Presbyterian, Randy Pausch became a member of the Unitarian Universalist Church, first at the First Unitarian Church of Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania.

VIRGINIA SPAMER (1851–1923) was known as “Jennie”. She married in 1893 James Sloan Hoskins (ca. 1852–?); they had no children. Virginia had a business as a dressmaker at 124 Park Ave. in Baltimore, first under the name of Spamer & Dobbyn with Ida M. Dobbyn. They dissolved their partnership in January 1891, when Jennie assumed the business alone.

J. Sloan Hoskins was first a store clerk (at the time of the 1880 U.S. census), then later was a dealer in ship timber and other lumber. He was the president and treasurer of the J. S. Hoskins Lumber Co. He seems to have resided most of his adult life with various members of the Willis family; his wife, too, after his marriage including after their marriage. However, the relationship of the Willis family has not been established, although they clearly are relatives through one of his parents. The Hoskinses have not been located in censuses before 1880.

In 1896, James Sloan Hoskins was on the board of governors of the East Baltimore Driving Club, an organization of trotting-horse enthusiasts. Later that year he was a candidate on the Democratic ticket for a position on the City Council in the 1st Ward, Baltimore city; whether he was successful in election has not been determined. (Of note is the name of Christian Augustus Emanuel Spamer on the same ballot, a Prohibition candidate [unsuccessful] for Elector in the Presidential election; he was a cousin of J. Sloan Spamer’s wife, Jennie.)

In 1901 at least, J. Sloan Hoskins was an officer of the Baltimore Dredging Company. A maritime anecdote I interject here from the family’s oral traditions pertains to two antique, stemmed drinking glasses, which had been in the effects of Katharine Seville Spamer and which I now own. She presumably had received these from her parents or grandparents, who in turn may have received the glasses from one of the Spamer relatives of Baltimore. Katharine recalled on several occasions that the glasses were ostensibly of Colonial American vintage and had been dredged from a shipwreck in the Delaware River by someone in the family who had had a dredging business. Thus far I have not located any evidence that points to one of our family members having actively working in that business in the field, nor anyone with any working relationship on the Delaware River. However, I do note that Jennie Spamer Hoskins was a niece of Henry Spamer (Katharine’s grandfather) and further that Jennie’s husband, J. Sloan Hoskins, was an officer of the Baltimore Dredging Company. Whether or not J. Sloan Hoskins was the source of these glasses cannot now be determined, although circumstantial evidence suggests that he could have been. If he was, the Delaware River retrieval site cannot be discounted, as the
firm could have had business contracted in that river. Access between upper Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware River near its outlet would have most easily been effected through the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, which first opened to traffic in 1829. In any case, the glasses are surely antiques. Each has a different pattern etched in the glass that should be identifiable markings, but they have not yet been appraised or examined by a glassware expert.

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KATE CORA SPAMER (1853–1925) was at the time of the 1880 U.S. census a clerk in a dry goods store. In 1893, she and her sister, SARAH SPAMER (1855–1929), who was known as “Sadie”, visited the World Columbian Exhibition in Chicago. At the time of the 1910 census, Sarah was a saleslady in a dry goods store. Neither sister married.

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HENRY EMMANUEL SPAMER (1858–1932) may have spelled his given name as “Emanuel”, but the double-\(m\) spelling is retained here since most of the family records spell it thus. He never married.

He was one of the last of the Spamers to enter into the bay maritime business that had occupied a number of our family members since about the mid-1800s. In 1880 he was a fireman on a tugboat; in later censuses and city directories he is listed as a marine engineer. The U.S. Steamboat-Inspection Service’s 1897 List of Masters, Mates, Pilots, and Engineers of Merchant Steam and Other Motor Vessels lists Henry E. Spamer as licensed in Baltimore as a “chief engineer (ocean)”.

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ADOLPH SPAMER (1861–1939) was variously a real estate broker’s clerk (1880) and a bookkeeper, as well as in various other clerk positions including as an office manager in the law firm of Hinkley, Hisky and Burger in Baltimore. (This was the same firm as in which was affiliated his cousin, C. Augustus E. Spamer, who later would be a partner in the firm.) Adolph remained in Baltimore most of his life, with the exception of a period when he was a bookkeeper in New London, Connecticut (in 1887 at least).

In Baltimore Adolph Spamer was very involved in civic organizations as noticed in articles in the Baltimore Sun. He was a member of the Aztec Tribe, No. 137, of the Improved Order of Red Men, an organizer of the Hillside Club in Grogan Heights, member of the Grand Court of Maryland in the Foresters of America (he had been its secretary in 1896 at least, and in 1900 he was deputy supreme chief ranger for Maryland), an incorporator of the Home Builder Permanent Savings and Loan Association, and president of the Citizens’ Improvement Association of Northeast Baltimore (in 1912–1913 at least). He supported placing “the proposed monument to Edgar Allan Poe” on Broadway at North Ave. (presumably this is the sculpture by the American, Sir Moses Jacob Ezekiel, commissioned in 1907 by the Women’s Literary Club of Baltimore, placed originally in Wyman Park but subsequently removed to the University of Baltimore). He was also a member of the committee of the National Star Spangled Banner Centennial Commission in 1914 who called for local support in more widely advertising “the fact that Baltimore is
the logical and economic port on the Atlantic for distribution of shipments to the Middle West coming via
the Panama Canal from south America, California, etc., and vice versa,” and “Then call attention to the
value and wealth of the fish, crabs, terrapin and oysters under the surface of Maryland waters . . . .”

In 1883 Adolph Spamer married Frances Allethia Thomas (1853–1931), who was known as
“Fannie”, with whom he had nine children: Henry Edward (1884–1939), Elisabeth Louise (1885–1924),
Cora Allethia (1887–1965), Hubert Andrew (1888–1964), Willard Grosvenor (1890–1890), Thomas
Hargrove (1891–1892), Anna Virginia (1893–1972), David Adolph (1897–1957), and Harry (?–?). It is
through Frances’s sister, Mary Irene, that the Spamers are genealogically associated with the family of
Rev. Thomas Allibone King, one-time pastor at the Calvert Street Church of the New Jerusalem, about
whom and about which comments have been made earlier.

The Thomas family has been traced back to Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas (ca. 1804–?), whose son,
Elias (1828–1913) married Catherine Louise McKnew (1832–1910). Elias and Catherine Thomas had
nine children; their first-born, daughter Frances Allethia, married Adolph Spamer, and the third child,
Mary Irene, married Rev. King in 1879.

The McKnew family has been traced back to Nathan McKnew and Jane Prather, who had nine
children in the early 1800s. Their granddaughter, Catherine Louise McKnew, married Elias Thomas.

Gerry Bacon King, a grandson of Rev. Thomas Allibone King, has compiled an extensive
genealogy of his family. He traces the King family back to at least the sixteenth century with François de
Coninck (1585/90–after 1637) of Flanders (Belgium). A great-grandson, Francis King (?–1753)
emigrated from The Netherlands to Delaware. A great-grandson of Francis was Francis King (1800–
1876), the father of Rev. Thomas Allibone King.

In 1919, the Methodist minister, Bishop L. J. Coppin, mentioned in his book, Unwritten History,
his boyhood meeting of Francis King and young Thomas, who then was about four years old; and then,
years later as a Methodist minister, meeting again Rev. Thomas King as he was beginning his New
Church (Swedenborgian) ministry in Baltimore.

At the age of twelve I went on the fourth day of April to help a farmer by the name of Francis
King plant corn. I remained with him the balance of the year. He gave me twenty dollars and a suit
of clothes for nearly ten months. It was from there I went with Billy Cannon—Mr. King’s
grandson—to Freeman’s Mill, at the head of the Sassafras River. Francis King was a big, fat man,
who had been married four times. He did not own slaves, but hired both slave and free labor. His
youngest child, a boy, was named Thomas Alabone [sic]. This was in 1860. Alabone was about
seven years old, I suppose. [Thomas was just four or five years old.] When, in 1881, I went to
take charge of Bethel Church, Baltimore, I found the Rev. Thomas A. King pastoring a church
there; of course we were glad to meet each other.

When Rev. King was a minister in Baltimore, he also was a colleague and friend of Rev. John
Edward Smith, the father of Lora Smith who married John Ward Spamer. King and Smith established a
summer church camp on the Eastern Shore of Maryland mid the mid-1890s. Rev. Smith’s son, Edward,
Wrote some reminiscences of this camp, which I included in the narrative about Rev. Smith.
Two biographical sketches of Rev. King were published in *The New-Church Messenger*; one, a background of the man during his lifetime, who then was serving in the Chicago Society of the New Church in Englewood, Illinois, and the other a biographical recollection at the time of his death, in 1927. His ministry was like that of our Rev. John Edward Smith, beginning in the Methodist ministry, receiving later the calling to the Church of the New Jerusalem and embarking to a far-flung series of pastorates; and thus we can identify with a few of the things that Rev. Smith had experienced but about which we know little or nothing. And further, through the history that he experienced we can also imagine the times during which our Spamer family left the German Lutheran faith to follow that of the New Church in Baltimore. Beginning with the 1900 sketch:

The Rev. Thomas A. King

The Rev. Thomas A. King was born in Cecil Co., Maryland, November the sixteenth, 1857 [15 November 1856]. He is descended on both sides of his family from a line of Methodist ministers. His paternal grandfather was one of the earliest preachers of Methodism, and his maternal grandfather was also a Methodist minister of prominence in the early days. He was therefore brought up under the influence of Methodist teaching. He showed in childhood the bent of his mind, and began to hold religious services at the age of ten years. When he was seventeen he was licensed to preach and placed under the care of the Theological Faculty of the Maryland Conference of the Methodist Church. After one year he was received as a probationer into the Conference, and while engaged in preaching, continued his theological studies and was graduated by the Theological Faculty and ordained into the ministry in 1879. Mr. King has two brothers also in the Methodist ministry.

Two years prior to his ordination and while yet a student, his mind began to be exercised greatly on the doctrine of the Trinity. Shortly after this, he was led to the study of the Writings of the New Church, making in all six years of service in the Methodist Church. He had been largely vastated of all the old doctrines, especially that of the tri-personality and the vicarious atonement, and also the resurrection of the material body. It is unusual for vastation to take place at so early an age. It was during one of his theological examinations that he first heard of Swedenborg. The examination was upon the Trinity, and after it was over, the examining professor asked each member of the class to give his idea of the Trinity. A student sitting near Mr. King answered as follows, “There is one God, in whom is a divine Trinity which is Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, which make one like the soul, body and operation in man.” The professor asked him where he obtained this idea, and he said it was from the writings of Swedenborg. The professor, turning to Mr. King, asked how he would explain the Trinity. Mr. King said, “I would say exactly what my brother has said.” The astonished professor exclaimed, “Have you also been reading Swedenborg?” Said Mr. King, “I never heard of him before, but I see, clearly that if man is made in the image of God, he must be finitely what god is infinitely.”

After the class adjourned, Mr. King made further inquiries concerning Swedenborg and was told about the gift books and how he could procure them.

The system of education in the Methodist Church contemplates the employment of students during the course of their theological studies. So Mr. King was appointed junior preacher on the Kent County circuit in Maryland. His first sermon was on the future life, in which he postulated the doctrine that the soul must have form, and that when the body dies the soul would form to itself a body in the other world. When the sermon was over, a gentleman approached,
saying, “I have been much interested in your performance to-night, and I am sure you will make a preacher if you ever find anything to preach.” Mr. King answered, “Well, I only know one thing positively, and that is that Jesus Christ is God and that the Trinity is in Him.” He was then asked where he learned this, and when he replied that he obtained it from a brother minister who was reading Swedenborg, the gentleman said, “Why, I am a receiver of the doctrines of the New Church, though I rarely have the privilege of hearing them preached.” This gentleman whose name was John R. Gray, had a number of years before found the true doctrines through the Rev. W. H. Pinkly.

(This must also be the Mr. Gray whom Christian Augustus Emanuel Spamer visited during his tour of the Eastern Shore at the beginning of the Civil War, and with whom he had meaningful discussions about New Church tenets.)

It will be seen from this that the Divine Providence placed Mr. King just where he had opportunities of investigating the Writings. Mr. Gray ordered him at once the three gift books, and Mr. King began to read True Christian Religion. He turned first to the chapter concerning the divine Trinity, and often have I heard him say that he had not had read more than four pages before he was fully convinced that Swedenborg was called of the Lord to unfold the new doctrines of Christianity.

He began to preach the doctrines immediately, and great interest was manifested by his people in the new interpretation which the old doctrines received. In 1878 the Faculty of Theological Instruction, hearing of Mr. King’s interest in Swedenborg’s teachings, called him before it and asked an explanation. Mr. King stated to the faculty Swedenborg’s teaching concerning the Lord, the redemption, the Scriptures and the Christian life. The Faculty were so much impressed by his exposition of these doctrines, that instead of remanding him to a lower class as had been contemplated, they passed him, but advised him not to be so free in his discussion of his belief. In the spring of 1878, the Conference assigned him to the Lexington Street church in Baltimore, a large and flourishing Methodist society, telling him at the time that this was not done as an endorsement of his views, but that he might have the restraint upon him of the older ministers of his denomination in that city. He continued, however, to preach the doctrines of the New Church as he learned them from the Writings.

Having completed his course of study, he was ordained as an elder at the Conference of 1879 and appointed as assistant pastor with the Rev. J. T. Murray at the Congress Street church in Washington. By a coincidence this Dr. Murray was the same man who had a few years before examined the class on the Trinity. Mr. King remained in this charge for two years. During his first year he met the Rev. Jabez Fox. Up to that time he had not met any New-Church minister. Mr. Fox, hearing that a young Methodist minister was preaching the doctrines, made a visit to Mr. King’s church, and after the service made himself known. This meeting between Mr. Fox and Mr. King can best be described in Mr. King’s own language:

“It was a bright Sunday morning and a large congregation had assembled at the Congress Street Church. My subject was, ‘Joseph storing up the corn in Egypt.’ A man I took to be a minister was conducted by an usher to a front seat in the church just as I announced my text. I proceeded to unfold the New-Church doctrine of how remains are implanted and stored in children by the Lord as the only possible means of regeneration. As I developed this doctrine I noticed the commingled feeling of pleasure and astonishment in the face of the stranger. When the congregation was dismissed he came forward and made himself known to me, saying, ‘I am Jabez Fox, of the New-Church temple of this city.’ I instantly threw my arms around his neck, for until that time I had never seen a New-Churchman except Mr. Gray, who gave me my first New-Church books. From that day on to Mr. Fox’s removal to the spiritual world I regarded him as a spiritual
father in the Church, to whom I have always felt the deepest obligation and for whom I cherish the deepest love.”

Mr. King’s association with Mr. Fox and the Washington New-Church Society soon aroused opposition on the part of the members of his Church, so that his last year as assistant to Dr. Murray was one of much suffering. The Baltimore New-Church Society, begin without a pastor and hearing of Mr. King through Mr. Fox, invited him to preach for them quarterly during the year 1880. At the expiration of his second year in Washington he withdrew from the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Church, the presiding officer of the Conference giving him a certificate of his good standing as a Methodist minister and commending him to the New Jerusalem Church as a faithful minister in the gospel of Christ.

Mr. King was ordained by the Rev. Chauncy Giles, on the twenty-seventh of March, 1881, in the Baltimore house of worship [the Calvert Street Church], and having received a call to become pastor of the Baltimore Society, he entered immediately upon his work. In the fall of 1882, Mr. King was called to the pastorate of the Portland Society [in Maine], but being unable to stand the severe New England winters, he returned to Baltimore and took up his work there once more. His pastorate in Baltimore, with the exception of the two years spent in Portland, extended from 1881 to 1893, when he was called to Chicago and installed as a resident pastor of the Englewood parish, which was the first parish formed from the original Chicago Society.

During Mr. King’s pastorate in Baltimore, the Church gradually grew in numbers and in prominence in the city. The most pleasant relation existed between the pastor and his people. To quote Mr. King,

“I have always felt grateful that my introduction to the ministry of the New Church was in the Baltimore Society. There were strong men in the Society, clear in their understanding of the doctrines, who were always helpful to me in my ministry there. I feel that nowhere else could I have laid so good a doctrinal foundation nor found people more patient with my shortcomings and the impetuosity of youth.”

The Englewood Society was composed of thirty-five members, who, owing to their distance from the Van Buren Street Temple, had organized a distinct society. In the fall of 1893 this Society disbanded, as such its members being received back into the Chicago Society. They were then formed into the Englewood parish of the Chicago Society and Mr. King was assigned to them as a resident pastor. The growth of the Englewood parish has been phenomenal, numbering at present one hundred and sixty adult Church members with a flourishing Sunday-school. A great part of this increased membership is from the old Church, for Mr. King has a wonderful faculty of interesting and instructing the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Mr. King’s sermons cannot be called distinctly doctrinal although they never fail to present the distinctive New-Church doctrines. They are simple and easy unfoldings of the internal sense of the Word, with direct application to the daily lives of his people. This gives a uniqueness to his preaching and never fails to provide spiritual food for both young and old. Mr. King devotes much of his time to pastoral work and is therefore in close touch with all of his people.

In the fall of 1898 the frame chapel in which the parish had worshipped was removed, and the present beautiful brick and stone structure was erected on the same site. It was dedicated January 8, 1899, under the name of the Church of the Divine Humanity.”

When Rev. King died, an obituary notice in The New-Church Messenger repeated information about his early service in Baltimore and added that he joined the Free and Accepted Masons in Georgetown, District of Columbia in 1880 where he was for a while the lodge’s chaplain; and he was a charter member of the Masonic Lodge 601 in Lakewood, Illinois, its chaplain at the time of his death. The
memorial also portrayed his ministerial style as one with “a clear doctrinal knowledge, a delightful pulpit appeal, and an amiable and entertaining personality”. The quotation that follows picks up in the life of Rev. King where the 1900 biographical sketch left off:

After strengthening the groups at Chicago, preaching at Kenwood, Englewood, and on the North Side to what is now the Sheridan Road Society, and organizing the New Church among the negroes, he went to Cleveland, Ohio. Here he ministered to both the Cleveland and the Lakewood groups, and accepted a call to the pastorate of Lakewood in September, 1903. He assisted in building both churches now used for worship. The Lakewood Society had seventeen members, including children, when he began, and was worshipping in a chapel built during 1827, located in a country village. The membership is now 171.

The church grew with the city, and it was here that Dr. King did his finest work for the New Church. The devotion and support given by his people in Lakewood was one of the richest treasures that came to the King family. Ever anxious to make his Lord known, he had given some twenty years to lecture work in Alomont, Mich., beginning there with the Rev. John Whitehead; he preached for the Society at Toledo, Ohio, for some twelve years; he worked with Mr. Pfister at the Cleveland Mission; he did missionary work at Union City, Tenn.; visited the Eastern Shore of Maryland while on vacation; and helped the group at Akron, Ohio, to organize as a New-Church Society.

Engaged busily in man services he was stricken with paralysis while at Toledo in 1925. Removing with Mrs. King to Jacksonville, Fla., where their daughter, Mrs. Beulah Mallette resides, he appeared to improve; but, enduring two operations recently, he never fully recovered. Complications set in, and he passed from us on January 12th, while Mrs. King sat beside him. At the moment she was comforted by the unexpected coming of Mr. Geo. D. Cornell, a valued member of the Lakewood Society.

“The burial service was held from the Baltimore New Church, where Dr. King had begun his work forty-six years before. The Rev. Messrs. Geo. H. Dole, Paul Sperry, and Fred Sidney Mayer officiated at the funeral service, Mr. Dole delivering the main address.

With all his multifarious activities, he found time for authorship, and some of his writings must be reckoned in the first rank of New-Church expository efforts.

On 22 December 1925, while in Toledo, Ohio, Rev. King was stricken by a stroke, after which he retired to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Beulah Mallette (1882–1975) in Jacksonville, Florida; but in two years he died, after partially recovering.

ANDREW PERRY SPAMER (1864–1938) rose from being an office boy to being vice president, secretary, and treasurer of a bank. His position as office boy, though, was with the law firm of Hinkley and Morris, with whom his cousin, C. Augustus E. Spamer, was affiliated and would later be a partner. For most of Andrew’s career he was associated with the Safe Deposit and Trust Company in Baltimore. He married in 1899 Fannie M. Wilen (1863–1959), with whom he had one child in 1900, Ruth, apparently stillborn. In A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore” the child is listed as “stillborn son” without date, but her name and date are taken from her grave marker in Loudon Park Cemetery.

Andrew Perry Spamer was first appointed as Treasurer of the Safe Deposit and Trust Company in 1903. An informational item about him appeared in the Baltimore Sun on 13 November:
To Succeed Mr. F. M. Darby
Mr. Andrew P. Spamer Treasurer Of Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

The directors of the Safe Deposit and Trust Company at a special meeting yesterday elected Mr. Andrew P. Spamer as treasurer, to fill the vacancy created by the death of Mr. Francis M. Darby. The board adopted resolutions upon the death of Mr. Darby, who was treasurer of the company for a number of years, and which are published in The Sun today.

Mr. Spamer is 39 years old and a son of Mrs. Elizabeth M. Spamer, who is now about 80 years old. His father, Christian Spamer, died a number of years ago. As a boy he entered the law offices of Messrs. Hinkley & Morris in a clerical capacity in 1879. He left there February 1, 1888, to accept a position as clerk with the Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and later was promoted to the position of assistant secretary and had charge of its real estate department. His promotion is a recognition of faithful and efficient service in accordance with the established policy of the company. Mr. Spamer is a cousin of Mr. C. A. E. Spamer, with Hinkley & Morris, and of Mr. Arthur L. Spamer, deputy clerk of the United States District Court.

The position of assistant secretary was not filled at the meeting. Mr. John J. Nelligan is secretary of the company, having entered his service about the same time as Mr. Spamer. He is 38 years old.

After having served as treasurer for more than 12 years, Andrew P. Spamer was elected Second Vice-President of the firm in January 1916.

The Wilen family as thus far known descends from John Wilen (ca. 1826–1890/1900) and his wife, Esther (1830–?). Their daughter, Fannie, was one of six children. He was a cabinet maker and clerk.

Sarah Elizabeth Spamer (1852–1911) married, first, in 1872 Aristello Gable (1844–1891), with whom she had two children: Harry (ca. 1877–?) and Aristello George Hartman (1878–1878). It is possible that the “Harry Gable”, cited by the “Spamer Families of Baltimore”, is in fact Aristello George Hartman Gable, since Harry’s date of birth was approximate and he has not been identified in any later public records; and further, he could have been nicknamed “Harry” based on his given name, Hartman. Sarah Spamer married, second, about 1899 Andrew E. Holm (ca. 1860–1924); they had no known children.

Sarah Spamer Gable was the proprietor of a dry goods store at 702 N. Calhoun St. in Baltimore.

A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore” mistakenly listed Aristello Gabel’s name as “Sobel”, and accordingly no information about him could be located in public records. However, the Baltimore Sun reported in 1889 a pending case in the Circuit Court, “Sarah E. Gable vs. Aristello Gable”, which was later described as a “bill for limited divorce” but was subsequently dismissed. I had wondered what became of Aristello Gable, whether a divorce finally came through or if he died. I eventually found a death notice in the Sun (14 December 1891), from which we may infer that he and Sarah were separated (read from a partly illegible microfilm):
Aristello Gable died suddenly yesterday morning at Murray’s lodging-house, No. 706[?] East Baltimore street. His body was taken to the residence of his brother, No. 2522[?] East North avenue, and Coroner Hill was notified.

(Murray’s lodging house was operated by Michael Murray, who also around this time operated a lodging house at 40 E. York St.)

Aristello Gable was a stonemason and marbleworker, and it seems that the Gables of Baltimore were a family of stonemasons, perhaps quarrymen. The 1890 Baltimore city directory lists a Horace Gable, stonemason, residing in Aristello and Sarah Gable’s home; how he is related to Aristello is uncertain. In addition, also listed in the city directory is Frederick Gable, stonemason. The directory also lists marble works managed by William Gable at 2520 E. North Ave. and 1105 E. Baltimore St., and marble works managed by Franklin Gable and Edward Gable at 1334 Greenmount Ave. and 2322 E North Ave. William must be the brother mentioned in Aristello’s death notice, based on the addresses given.

Some two dozen Gables are listed in the Baltimore city directory during the early 1890s. However, in the 1899–1901 directories only one Gable is listed, nor are the marble works listed.

Andrew E. Holm, Sarah Spamer’s second husband, was born in Finland, although in the 1910 U.S. census his birthplace is listed as “Finland Swedish” (he may have been a Swedish-speaking Finn inasmuch as the Scandinavian sea-facing countries have had considerable intermixing of nationalities). Immigration data for the port of New York list an Andrew Holm, aged 30, farmer, nationality Swedish, arriving aboard the S.S. Baltic on 16 April 1888. Whether this is the Andrew Holm of our family is uncertain.

He may have Anglicized his name as Holmes. Various references to this spelling are noted, exclusive of U.S. census (he has not been found in the 1900 or 1920 censuses). Most notable is the obituary for his wife, there named Sarah E. Holmes. However, on the authority of the monument on their graves, the surname is spelled “Holm”.

Andrew E. Holm (or Holmes) has not been found in Baltimore city directories except that for 1900. There, one Andrew E. Holme [sic], mariner, is listed as residing at 1627 Friendsbury Place. (Although he married Sarah Spamer Gable about 1899, the city directory was prepared in advance, and Andrew’s own entry may not have been updated in a timely fashion.) But in the same directory, Mrs. Sarah E. Holmes [sic] is listed at 426 E. Lanvale St. In the 1901 city directory, the information is repeated for Sarah, but Andrew is nowhere listed in that directory. Not much more is known about him other than in the 1910 census he was occupied as a stationary fireman and he was a naturalized U.S. citizen.

Andrew and Sarah Holm are buried in the same lot in Western Cemetery where are buried her grandparents, the immigrants Conrad and Annetta Spamer. Also buried there is one Louisa Bruckner Holm (ca. 1857–1938). The cemetery record lists her as Louisa Bruckner Holmes [sic], aged 81 years, interred 18 July 1938. If her age was given correctly, she was born about 1857; however, census records with which she has been identified give ages for her that indicate a birth date about 1860. She probably was Andrew Holm’s second wife. At the time of the 1930 U.S. census she was listed as Louisa Holmes [sic], head of household, widowed, residing at 210 Fulton Ave., Baltimore.
A Louisa Bruckner has been identified in the 1870 and 1880 censuses for Baltimore, but she has not been located in the 1900 or 1910 censuses, nor in the 1920 census either as Louisa Bruckner or Louisa Holm. She was the daughter of Daniel and Dora Bruckner, both immigrants from Germany.

JAMES CONRAD SPAMER (1855–1884) has been somewhat of an enigma in the Spamer family genealogy; quite a lot of confusion surrounded him, his one known wife, and children supposed to be his. The children were orphaned, that much was known, but what had happened to James and his wife were not known; and it was not clear to the family historians whether the children in fact belonged to them. All of the information known about him had come from A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore”, which in turn had been based on queries posted to family members as well as from whatever recollections had been held by him and his sister, Frances. Thanks to modern data resources I was able to piece together the story, which included a second wife who was previously unknown in family records.

He married, first, Ida Jon Holden (ca. 1856–1882), with whom he had a daughter, Cecelia E. (1880–1927). He married, second, Elizabeth (? –?), with whom he had a son, George Peabody Spamer (1883–1943), named for James's brother, George Peabody Spamer (1857–1942). The younger George Peabody was called in the family, “Little George”.

James Conrad Spamer was a shoemaker like his father. At the time of the 1880 U.S. census he and his wife, Ida, were boarders in the “Robert Haase” household in Baltimore, who is very probably the person with whom James was in the shoe business by 1883 as “Spamer and Haas”.

The family history did not know the death dates of either James or Ida, but that there were two children taken in by relatives after the parents had both died young. I found a death notice for Ida in the Baltimore Sun in 1882:

| SPAMER—Fell asleep in Jesus, on March 16, at half-past eight o’clock, IDA JON, aged 26 years, wife of James C. Spamer, and third daughter of John W. and the late Margaret J. A. Holden. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, Sunday afternoon, at two o’clock, from her late residence, No. 88 Payson street. |

Ida’s middle name, Jon (surely pronounced as like “Joan”), is taken on the authority of her published obituary. In the 1870 U.S. census, when she was still a young girl living with her parents, her name was written “Ida Jong”, which could be a misunderstanding by the census-taker who was speaking to families of German immigrants. Possibly this indicates that the name was pronounced like “Joan” but misunderstood with a German accent.

I found James’s death notice in the Baltimore Sun in 1884:

| SPAMER—Entered into rest, on March 3, JAMES C., in the 29th year of his age, beloved husband of Elizabeth Spamer. Funeral will take place this (Wednesday) afternoon, March 5, at three o’clock, from the residence of his father, No. 863 West Baltimore street. |

Inasmuch as the family history had known of Ida Holden, who died in 1882 before “Little George” was born, this notice revealed for us that James had remarried, to a woman known now only as
Elizabeth, who must be the mother of “Little George”. What became of Elizabeth is unclear but she may have remarried and died shortly later. It is known that Cecelia and George were raised as orphans by their grandparents, Henry and Catherine Spamer. In 1886, however, Henry Spamer petitioned the courts for custody of a two-year-old child, who surely was George Peabody Spamer and seemingly in the care of a relation or acquaintance of a stepfather. A notice in Baltimore Sun reads:

**Habeus Corpus.**—Mr. Benjamin Kurtz, as counsel for Henry Spamer, obtained an order for the writ of habeas corpus for Franz Grill to bring before Judge Phelps today the two-year-old grandchild of petitioner. The parents are dead, and it is claimed the grandparents are the most suitable persons to have the child. It was put in charge of Grill by its stepfather.

The identity of the stepfather is not known, and the cursory report quoted here suggests that Elizabeth Spamer had remarried shortly after the death of James Conrad Spamer and then herself died. For whatever the reason, the two-year-old child was given over to Franz Grill by the unidentified stepfather, precipitating the petition by the child’s grandfather, Henry Spamer. Nothing more is known of the legal circumstances, or the events which led to them; only that George and Cecelia were raised by their grandparents Henry and Catherine Spamer.

To allow the reader some sense of the confusion that surrounded James and Ida Spamer and whomever the parents were thought to be of Cecelia and George, I will outline some of the discussions that transpired during earlier work on the family history, which also serve to deliver a little more history about the family.

A. M. Spamer and his sister, Frances, made some credible postulations about the children’s parents, working without the electronic resources to which I had access, and they obviously did not know about James’s marriage to Elisabeth shortly after the death of Ida. The following are excerpts from A. M. Spamer’s discussion on the subject in the “Spamer Families of Baltimore”. He also reviewed the known “Georges” of the family because one older relation to the family, Marie Stein Strange, recalled that the father’s name was George, but none of the known Georges of the family turn out to be viable candidates for the father of George and Cecelia; thus her recollection is probably confused with the proliferation of Georges in the family at this time. (We have already discussed in this narrative the problems that were had of determining how Marie Stein Strange fit into the family.) We can see the kind of conundrum faced by A. M. Spamer when he wrote:

Mr C. A. Weber’s mother and the wife of Edw. O.H. Spamer, Amelia, were sisters. A letter from Mr. Weber to Frances dated March 10, 1975 supplied the following information.

“After winding up the business they had in the city Uncle Ed. and Aunt Amelia bought and operated the farm property on Liberty Road, less than ¼ mile down the hill from Wards Chapel Methodist Church. It was on this farm, that my brother Henry, our two younger cousins and I, spent many happy moments during the summer vacations from school.”

During the contact Frances had with Mrs. Dorothy Duvall [Dorothy Bopst Duval (1913–?)], Dorothy mentioned an Uncle George who had a farm where they lived so Cecelia could be in fresh air. Apparently Cecelia suffered from a respiratory ailment.
The George referred to by Marie Stein is quite a puzzle [sic]. I wonder if her recollection is correct. The grandmother of Marie Steen [Stein] Strange (widow of Harwood Strange) and Katharine S. Spamer’s grandmother were sisters. A letter from Katharine to Frances dated 24 June 1976 contained the following information supplied by Marie.

“Little George’s father was named George but I do not remember his mother’s name. When little George and his sister Cecelia were small children their parents both died. Henry’s second wife Katharine Elisabeth raised them with her own children. Little George had two wives Emma Eck and Lottie Bowen. Lottie’s brother, a bachelor lived with them. She had never heard of a William J. Spamer.” [About this comment pertaining to “William J. Spamer” see more at the end of this narrative about James Spamer.]

Another possibility would be children of children of Charles Spamer, another son of Conrad and Johanetta born in Baltimore between 1832 and 1840. Again it is unlikely that Henry would raise the children as Charles was still living in 1897.

Around January 1976, Marie Stein Strange wrote to Katharine S. Spamer, regarding “Little George”:

“Little George’s” father was George, but he and his wife died. I didn’t know her name, when “Little George” and his sister Cecilia [sic] were small children, and your grandmother raised them with her children, your father etc. He had two wives Emma Eck and Lottie Bowen and her brother, but no blood relation of the Spamer[s], he lived with George and Lottie, he was a bachelor.

Despite the recollections that Little George’s father was George, and recollections both by Marie Stein Strange and Dorothy Duvall of “Uncle George’s” farm, C. A. Weber may have been correct in recalling that it was “Uncle Ed”—Edward O. H. Spamer—who had the farm on Liberty Road. I have a photograph taken ca. 1915, which shows a family group at his farm—the photo is annotated by Katharine S. Spamer, “At Uncle Ed’s farm”. However, only Edward is identified in the group, who are lined up beside a farm building, and there is unfortunately no view of any part of the property.

Since there are no known “missing” Spamers of this family, the conclusion that James and Ida Spamer are the parents of Cecelia, and that James and Elizabeth are the parents of the younger George Peabody, is acceptable. Of course, without the corroboration of public records or newly found, reliable family records there may always be lingering doubt.

Note on Burials of the James Conrad Spamer Family Group

Lot 55 in the Iris section of Loudon Park Cemetery in Baltimore holds the remains of George Peabody Spamer (“Little George”), his two wives, Emma and Lottie, Lottie’s brother, Harry B. Bowen, and their uncle and aunt, Edward O. H. Spamer and his wife Amelia Spamer (all of whom will be gotten to later in this narrative). Also included in the lot are two enigmatic Spamers, who have thus far not been traced: “father” William J. Spamer (1864–1924) and “mother” Frances Lee Spamer (1866–1948). This was first brought to attention by Frances D. Spamer in a 1976 letter to Katharine S. Spamer:

In other cemeteries—Loudon Park—there is buried a William J. Spamer (1864-1924) wife Frances Lee (1866-1948)—Long Green Trinity P. E. Church cemetery there is buried a J. Jane Spamers [sic] (1866-1921). I have yet to find to whom they belonged. Could they have been Uncle Charles’ children?
C. A. Weber, a nephew of E. O. H. Spamer’s wife, had incorrectly surmised in a 1975 letter to Frances D. Spamer, “My guess is that William J. Spamer was an older brother of Edward O. H. Spamer and Lottie B. and George P. Spamer were his children and Emma C., his daughter-in-law.” E. O. H. Spamer had two siblings, Henry Spamer and Henry Christian Spamer, who were born 11 January 1864 and 5 April 1865, respectively; William’s birth date of 1864 as given on his grave marker, if correct, negates Weber’s supposition. In any case, all the children of Peter Heinrich Christian Spamer (Henry Spamer), including E. O. H. Spamer, Henry Spamer, and Christian Spamer, are accounted for.

In September 2009 I made a vigorous and lengthy attempt to search U.S. census and other records for the enigmatic Spamers—William J. and his wife, Frances Lee, and J. Jane, who may or may not even be a relation to them. Searching for individuals with approximate birth and death years of those indicated, by first names variously spelled, and last names similarly in numerous combinations and roots, failed to locate even suggestible individuals. So, the enigmatic Spamers first mentioned by the earlier family historians and reintroduced in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy, and researched yet again with more modern and accessible resources, continue to elude us. This is especially distressing regarding William and Frances, who are buried in the same lot as in which some of our Baltimore Spamers are buried.

GEORGE PEABODY SPAMER (1857–1943), the uncle of George Peabody Spamer (1888–1943, “Little George”), was the last of the Spamers to enter into the bay maritime business that had occupied a number of our family members since about the mid-1800s. At the time of the 1880 U.S. census he was a mate on a tugboat, and in the 1890 Baltimore city directory he was listed as a mariner. But by 1899 he was an insurance collector, which job he held, perhaps intermittently, at least until 1912. At the time of the 1910 census he was employed as a commercial trucker of pork products.

In 1879, a William Ross was awarded U.S. Patent No. 215,979 for an “Improvement in Crochet-needles”. The patent’s title specified, “William Ross, of Baltimore, Maryland, Assignor of One-half His Right to George P. Spamer, of Same Place”. William Ross could well have been a relation to G. P. Spamer’s mother, Susannah Ross. I cannot imagine that much worth came of the patent.


About Katie Spamer, no family record was known of her until 2007 when I found a death notice for her in the Baltimore Sun for 1888:

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SPAMER—On September 24, KATIE, in the 22d year of her age, beloved wife of George P. Spamer.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her father, No. 801[?] Ensor street, on this (Thursday) afternoon, at two o’clock.
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Clearly George and Katie Spamer were not married for very long, and no children are presumed to have come of this marriage.
Inasmuch as Daniel Henry Spamer was adopted, and that no definitive information is had about him now, I will provide what is known of him here.

The “Spamer Families of Baltimore” includes an 1890 Baltimore city directory listing for Daniel Spamer, which is an error. In the 1913 Baltimore city directory Daniel Spamer is listed with the occupation of electrician. During World War I, he served in the U.S. Navy as an Electrician 2nd Class, in Norfolk, Virginia, 4 October 1918–31 December 1918. He has not been located in the 1920 census; and in the 1930 census he is an electrician still. On his World War II draft registration in 1942 he listed on the line for “name and address of person who will always know your address”, “Mrs. Betz (friend) 726 N. Fulton Ave.” He was at that time employed by Mr. W. D. Wilkerson, 1716 Baltimore Trust Bldg., Baltimore and Light Sts., Baltimore, Maryland, although the nature of the business was not indicated. At the time of his death, Daniel Henry Spamer resided in Westminster, Carroll Co., Maryland.

In 2006, the U.S. Public Records Index listed a Daniel H. Spamer (no age), residence “710 Uniontown Rd. 130”, Westminster, Carroll County, Maryland, residing with Doris N. Spamer, born 1924. This Daniel H. Spamer could be a son of the Daniel H. Spamer (1897–1984) whose last residence was in Westminster. An attempt to contact Daniel and Doris Spamer in December 2006 resulted in mail returned as undeliverable.

Of some of the children of Peter Heinrich Christian Spamer (Henry Spamer) (1827–1910) and his second wife, Catharina Elisabeth Heinzerling (1836–1905), all grandchildren of the immigrants Conrad and Annetta Spamer:

**CECELIA SPAMER (1861–1881)** is sometimes misspelled “Cecilia”. (Note, too, that this is not Cecelia E. Spamer (1880–1927), daughter of James Conrad Spamer.) Nothing more is known about her other than this photograph.
EDWARD OTIS HINKLEY SPAMER (1867–1946) was named for Edward Otis Hinkley (1824–1896), founder of the Edward Hinkley law firm in Baltimore, with whom C. A. E. Spamer was employed and eventually became a partner. Hinkley also was a devoted member of the Church of the New Jerusalem, in which many of the Spamers (and Smiths) also were members. He married in 1895 Amelia H. Otto (1869–1954) at Christ English Lutheran Church on Hill St. near Charles St. in Baltimore; they had no children. She was known as “Millie”.

In a 1975 letter to Frances D. Spamer, C. A. Weber, a nephew of Amelia Otto Spamer, recalled several things about his aunt and uncle:

My oldest brother and sister used to tell me how Uncle Ed. came calling on Aunt Amelia in an open barouche and wearing a high silk hat.

Later, after winding up the business they had in the city, Uncle Ed. and Aunt Amelia bought and operated the farm property on Liberty Road, less than 1/4 mile down the hill from Ward’s Chapel Methodist Church. It was there on the farm, that my brother Henry, our two younger cousins and I, spent many happy moments during the Summer vacation from school.

(Liberty Road is Maryland Rt. 26. Ward’s Chapel Rd. crosses Rt. 26 west of Harrisonville; just east of the intersection on the south side of Rt. 26 is Ward’s Chapel. Note, too, that the 1915 Baltimore County Farmer’s Directory lists E. O. H. Spamer under the Owings Mills post office in District 2. In 1915, the area of Wards Chapel was designated as Holbrook.)

Still later, uncle Ed. and Aunt Amelia moved to the city on the West side of Barclay St. just south of 25th St. Aunt Amelia by then was a semi-invalid and Uncle Ed. wished to be near his nephew George Spamer (“Little George”) and his wife, who was Emma Eck. They lived next door to each other and across the street at the corner of 25th & Barclay Sts. was their family doctor, Dr. Murgatroyd.

(Dr. Murgatroyd was George W. Murgatroyd, who resided at 401 E. 25th St., Baltimore.)

We attended the 50th Wedding Anniversary of Uncle Ed. and Aunt Amelia there around the middle of October 1945. I remember Aunt Amelia brought out her wedding dress and very pointed white wedding slippers, among other things. I believe Uncle Ed. had preserved his high silk hat from the occasion. Our niece, Lillie, Jr., who was attending Maryland Institute at the time, took her trusty pencil and paper along to sketch the wedding things. They also had a hen egg which had been dyed the old fashioned way, with onion skins, with the year “1895” etched on the side. As I write this, am wondering whether we made some recordings of the event; or if they are still around, whether they are intact and playable. Should they still be in existence and contain any salient facts, I shall be only too glad to pass same along to you.

(The disposition of the recordings—in 1975 as well as today—is unknown.)
It was unclear to me for a while as to who was C. A. Weber. The obituary for E. O. H. Spamer’s father-in-law, August Otto, notices that one of Otto’s daughters was “Mrs. Frank Webber” [sic]. From this we may deduce that the mother of C. A. Weber was one of the married daughters other than Amelia, either Wilhelmina or Anna Otto. A pertinent Frank Weber (or Webber) has thus far not been identified in census records or certain newspaper records. (More will be noted about the Otto family shortly.)

Edward O. H. Spamer worked in 1885 at least as a carrier for the Spamer & Haas shoe store operated by his half-brother, James Conrad Spamer. In 1887 he was a shoemaker in his father’s shoe business. In 1890 he was a newspaper carrier for the Baltimore Sun (where also later his half-nephew, George Peabody Spamer, “Little George”, would be well known as a carrier). In 1899 and for several years he was in business with his brother, John Ward Spamer, in Spamer Bros. ice cream. By 1909 he was a farmer in Baltimore County, in which line of work he remained. The farm was called “Ashwal”. He may have rented the property because although we know reasonably well where the farm was, situated close to Ward’s Chapel, his name does not show up in land atlases. At the time of the 1930 U.S. census he was indicated as working as some kind of driver on a truck farm (the census sheet is illegible). He returned to Baltimore city in retirement.

Regarding the farm on Liberty Road, the photograph at left was annotated by Katharine S. Spamer as having been taken there. However, the only person who is identified is E. O. H. Spamer (standing at right). The young girl seated on the ground, third from right, may be Katharine (born 1901), and if so it would date the photo to ca. 1910–1912. The two girls on either side of Katharine at the same level of Katharine’s head may be her cousins, Rosalie and Margaret Karner (born 1903 and 1905, respectively). The woman with the baby might be the Karner girls’ mother, Susan Mae Spamer Karner, holding baby Gladys (born 1909), but now we enter the realm of conjecture. We might make some guesses as to who some of the other people are, but this might mislead some later readers into thinking that the identifications are “probable”, so I prefer to leave their identities as mysteries for now, with the hope that other family members might someday make a connection.

Around January 1976, Marie Stein Strange wrote a letter to Katharine S. Spamer in which she noted about the estate of E. O. H. Spamer:
It seems, according to what Cousin Sue [Susan Mae Spamer Karner] told me that, a nephew of Cousin Millie’s, a lawyer, had charged [sic] of Cousin Ed’s and her estate and he sold everything. Cousin Sue got in touch with him, because she wanted a portrait of her mother which they had. Things seem to have been done in a high handed way.

(The disposition of the portrait is unknown.)

Amelia Otto Spamer was, at least in 1915, the vice president of the North Branch Improvement and Literary Association, a local civic organization.

+ Amelia’s father was August Otto (1836–1915), who with three brothers, Heinrich (ca. 1830–?), Friedrich (ca. 1832–?), and Justine (ca. 1834–?), emigrated as young children from Polle, in Lower Saxony, arriving in Baltimore from Bremen, Germany, aboard the ship Everhard on 22 August 1838. They were in the company of one Christine Otto (ca. 1803–?), but her relationship to the children has not been determined.

August Otto married about 1856 Margaret (1837–1900/10), an immigrant from Bavaria, with whom he had seven children. In a letter to Frances D. Spamer in 1975, C. A. Weber included some notes about his grandfather:

Grandfather Otto was a German meat butcher. He and his wife emigrated from Germany as children when it took more than a month, in a sailing vessel, to make the trip. Considering the fact that he and his wife reared seven children to adulthood, he was, by the standards of those days, rather an affluent person. Some of the children were educated in music and the arts. Aunt Amelia was a member of the first class to be graduated from Western High School. The old home property was 1628 Hanover St., a high ceilinged, three story brick house with a second story hanging porch which ran to about half the length of the property. To the south, Grandfather Otto owned the equivalent of two properties planted as a flower garden behind a wood paling [sic] fence. As children, we used to “hunt Easter eggs” in that garden. We lived just opposite at “1633”.

To the rear of the flower garden was a carriage house in which Grandfather kept two or three vehicles in connection with his business and a “surrey with the fringe on the top”. The carriage house opened on a cobblestone courtyard and across the courtyard was a brick stable which housed two horses, one for his business and one for evening and Sunday driving. Next to the stable was a brick ice-house and hay-loft; all in connection with his business. To the north of “1628” he owned the adjoining four houses which he rented to some of our neighbors. “1628” and the four houses to the north are still there, but what was once a beautiful flower garden and all that was in the rear, is now an Independent Presbyterian Church with an illuminated white cross hanging from about the second story level. My oldest brother and sister used to tell me how Uncle Ed. came calling on Aunt Amelia in an open barouche and wearing a high silk hat. Those were the days.

(A barouche is a four-wheeled carriage with folding top, with a high seat for the driver and two inward-facing seats in the back.)

August Otto was indeed a butcher and meat dealer as noted in the U.S. censuses between 1860 and 1910 and some Baltimore city directories seen, although in the 1870 census his occupation was listed as a fireman. At the time of the 1850 census, before he married, August Otto resided in the household of Simon and Mary Otto, aged 25 and 20, respectively; but their relationship to him is undetermined. Simon Otto was a butcher. Immigration records list a Simon Otto who may be this Simon. He emigrated to
Baltimore aboard the ship *Elise* that had departed from Bremen, arriving in Baltimore 8 June 1842; Simon is there listed as aged 17, originating from Hundshausen, and was occupied as a “musicman”. At the time of the 1860 census August Otto resided next door to the family of Adam and Catherine Otto, aged 30 and 26, respectively, but their relationship to him is undetermined. Adam Otto was a grocer.

August Otto died 9 October 1915. A notice of his failing health appeared in the Baltimore *Sun* that day:

Charles [sic] Otto Not Expected to Live.

The condition of Charles Otto, who has been ill, suffering from infirmities of age and a complication of diseases, at Ashwal, the house of his daughter, Mrs. Edward O. H. Spamer, at Holbrook [sic], for several months, is growing worse and little hope of his recovery is entertained.

Mr. Otto formerly was well known in Baltimore, where he was engaged in business in Hanover Street.

His death notice appeared the following day, which additionally provides some information about his children, some of it not previously recorded in the Spamer genealogy:

August Otto.

August Otto, 79 years old, and for 40 years a butcher in the Cross Street Market, died from the infirmities of age at the home of his daughter yesterday afternoon in Holbrooke, Baltimore county. He was a member of Union Lodge of Masons, who probably will have charge of the funeral services. The body will be taken to the home of a son, Julius Otto, of Baltimore, and the burial will take place in Loudoun [sic] Park Cemetery. Six children survive—Mrs. Frank Webber, Miss Bertha Otto and Julius Otto, all of Baltimore, and Mrs. William Grill, Arbutis, Md.; Mrs. George Huster, Philadelphia, and Mrs. Edwin [sic] O. H. Spamer, of Holbrooke.

From this information we understand that C. A. Weber’s mother was one of the married daughters of August Otto other than Amelia, either Wilhelmina or Anna. The William Grill there mentioned also is likely to have been related to Franz Grill, who is noted as a litigant in the matter of guardianship of the child George Peabody Spamer (“Little George”), about which has already been mentioned.

It is possible that the Ross family may have married into the Otto family; the Rosses being probably the family of Henry Spamer’s first wife, Susannah, an English immigrant. As noted, Edward O. H. Spamer, son of Henry and second wife Catharina Spamer, married Amelia Otto. An interesting article from the Baltimore Sun in 1885 relates to a divorce case then being considered in the Circuit Court in Baltimore, in which Ximena R. Otto applied for a divorce from her husband, Frederick A. Otto. Her brother was noted to be Harry D. Ross. Legal counsel for Frederick Otto was C. A. E. [Christian Augustus Emmanual] Spamer. This was brought to my attention by the following news item in the Baltimore Sun for 15 April 1885:

*Pressing and Pointed, but Irrelevant.*—Judge Brown, in the Circuit Court, heard argument yesterday on a question which arose in the suit of Mrs. Ximena R. Otto against her husband, Frederick A. Otto, for divorce. The parties reside on Broadway. The ground of the application for divorce is infidelity and failure to support the family in accordance with his means. In the taking
of testimony before a commissioner Mr. Harry D. Ross, a brother of Mrs. Otto, was asked by Mr. C. A. E. Spamer, counsel for Mr. Otto, if Mrs. Otto was not very partial to Captain Delano [sic]. The witness declined to answer, and was instructed by Mr. John H. Barnes, counsel for Mrs. Otto, that the question was irrelevant, and not to answer it unless he desired. Mr. Spamer insisted upon an answer, and the witness said, “Not more than she was to any other friend.” Mr. Spamer then asked Mr. Ross, “Did you ever see her sit on the sofa with his arm around her and her head on his shoulder?” The witness replied, “No, sir.”

“Did you ever see him kiss Mrs. Otto in coming and going in his visits to the house?”

The witness refused to answer.

Judge Brown decided that the question was irrelevant. The taking of testimony before the commissioner will be resumed, and when finished the case will come before the court for final hearing on its merits.

Nothing more has thus far been learned about this suit. The above item was probably taken up by the newspaper solely for its lascivious connotations. (I am forced to recall that my great-great grandmother, Rebecca Wells Sevil, called *The Philadelphia Inquirer* the “Philadelphia Leer”, probably for the same kinds of stories.) Note also that C. Augustus E. Spamer was one of the counsels in this case. “Captain Delano” must be Delena, whose family name is the middle name of Frances Delena Spamer, one of our Spamer family historians. In the Additions & Corrections to the Spamer–Smith Genealogy I provide some of the fuller census data that relate to Ximenia Otto, her family, and some of these associates.

JOHN WARD SPAMER (1869–1960), my grandfather, was named for Rev. John Ward Hunt, and by whom he was baptized. Hunt was a Baltimore advocate of Swedenborgian tenets, who, after the 1834 retirement of the pioneering American New Church minister Rev. John Hargrove, opened his home to lay services for the local New Church society. In 1867, Hunt was ordained into the Church of the New Jerusalem and he preached on alternate Sundays to the First Society in Baltimore as well as at neighboring locales. In 1868, Rev. Hunt removed to Anne Arundel County where he built a house and furnished a room for worship services.

[Studio portraits in Baltimore.]

[In Atlantic City, New Jersey, 1953.]
John Ward Spamer married in 1901 Lora Rebecca Smith (1874–1952), a daughter of Rev. John Edward Smith and Ella Seville (as we have discussed earlier in this narrative). They had three children: Katharine Seville (1901–1985), John Jr. (1907–1907), and Edward Lawrence (1909–1955). Records indicate that their marriage was officiated by Rev. William Loring Worcester, pastor of the New Jerusalem Church at 22nd and Chestnut Sts. in Philadelphia, but the original marriage certificate is signed only by Lora’s father, Rev. John Edward Smith, which states the marriage was performed by him.

Inasmuch as Lora has already been discussed in an earlier chapter of this narrative, here we will address only John, who was also known as “Jack”.

J. W. Spamer followed a number of occupations during his lifetime, first as a shoemaker and clerk in his father’s Baltimore shoe business, in 1894 a job with the Baltimore Sun (with which his brother, Edward, was associated at that time), and between 1897 and the early 1900s operating Spamer Bros. ice cream with his brother, Edward. From about 1905 into the teens he was a real estate salesman in Baltimore and Philadelphia. At the time of the 1920 U.S. census no occupation was listed for him, although the 1918 and 1923 Baltimore city directories seen indicate he was still a real estate salesman. The 1920 census also listed in the Spamer household two people whose identities have thus far not been certainly placed in the family: May L. Spamer (sister-in-law), aged 48, single, born in Maryland, saleslady in retail dry goods; and B. Parsell Spamer (brother-in-law), aged 48, single, born in Maryland, salesman in wholesale coffee. They are not known to be relations of any Spamer in this genealogy, nor are they miscited relations to Lora Smith Spamer’s family. It is possible that these two individuals were somehow otherwise miscited by the census taker; their surname could be erroneously repeated from the head of household, J. W. Spamer. Further substantiating the possible error, neither individual has been identified in other public records of other years. J. W. Spamer has not been found in the 1930 census despite exhaustive attempts. In this census his wife, Lora, resided with her father, Rev. John Edward Smith, at his home at 820 South St. Bernard Street in Philadelphia. In this census she is recorded as a “widow”, but of course she was not; her husband was a traveling salesman at the time. The discrepancy
could be due to an error if the census taker was told ambiguous information about John; for example, “he’s not with us now”. In the 1935/1936 Philadelphia directory, Lora Spamer is listed as a housekeeper at 820 South St. Bernard St., where also lived her son, Edward, and her sister-in-law, Mabel Smith; again, John W. Spamer is absent from listings.

John W. Spamer had many residences during his lifetime. Those about which we are aware are as follows: He was with his parents as they moved between several addresses in Baltimore, until his marriage in 1901. After John and Lora’s wedding in Philadelphia, the Spamers returned to Baltimore where they then first took temporary residence at the Bartholdi Hotel. They then acquired a house at 1919 N. Fulton Ave., where Katharine was born. They lived there until sometime between 1905 and 1907, when they removed to Philadelphia, residing at 2930 Pine St., where John Jr. was born and died. In 1909 they resided at 1234 N. 54th St., where Edward was born. Thereafter they lived with Lora’s parents at 820 South St. Bernard Street but in 1912 seem to be living at 5007 Irving St. By 1913 they moved back to Baltimore, residing at 223 Singer Ave., where they remained until after Katharine graduated from Baltimore’s Goucher College in 1923. In 1925 they were living in York, Pennsylvania, where Edward graduated from high school. During about 1942 to 1958 John and Lora (until her death in 1952) lived on the 3rd floor of 4202 Walnut St. in Philadelphia, where also lived their son, Edward and his wife and family. (In January 1943 John and Lora seem also to be living in Vineland, New Jersey, when the daughter-in-law gave birth to their first grandchild, John Edward Spamer, who died after three hours; Edward having just weeks earlier gone overseas with the U.S. Army. In 1958, Edward having died in 1955, John moved to live with his daughter, Katharine, in Stamford, Connecticut, where he died in 1960.

There are no substantive family recollections at this time that provide information about John Ward Spamer’s early adult life. An interesting record is noted here, where one “John W. Spamer” of Baltimore is a “junior” student (i.e., freshman) in the Law School of the University of Maryland during the year 1894–1895. He does not appear in the list of students for the 1895–1896 school year. There is no surviving record or recollection at this time that indicates that John Ward Spamer had ever been a law student. However, given that his cousins, Christian Augustus Emanuel Spamer and Adolph Spamer were in the law profession in Baltimore, 25-year-old John may have been encouraged to enter law school; if so, he seems not to have completed the course of study. Shortly later, John’s father, Henry Spamer [No. 41] passed into financial straits due to bad debts due him, which may also have influenced John’s potential career. That John was for a short while a law student is conjecture, but of which notice is taken here of the coincidental name and family circumstances.

John’s daughter, Katharine, recalled her father bringing home ice cream that had been made by the Spamer business; that the ice cream was delicious. For her to recall this must indicate that Spamer Bros. remained in business at least long enough for young Katharine to have the memory (she was born late in 1901). It is not clear exactly when Spamer Bros. ceased business, or when John Ward Spamer entered the real estate business, although it seems to have happened by 1905.

During at least part of the 1920s and during the Depression, J. W. Spamer was a traveling salesman, rarely at home. Some cousins recall having seen him only at Christmas; one, Helen Montgomery McCarraher, believed he was dead until one day she saw him riding the subway in Philadelphia. When his wife, Lora, died in 1952 John was a messenger in Philadelphia at age 83, riding public transportation to deliver his letters and packages; but he then retired.
SUSAN MAE SPAMER (1875–1949) married in 1900 Frederick Karner (1875–after 1930), an Austrian immigrant. She was known as “Susie” and “Sue”; he was known as “Fred”. They had three children: Rosalie Elisabeth (1903–1967), Margaret Helen (1905–1989), and Dorothy Gladys (1909–1991).

Frederick Karner immigrated to the U.S. from Austria in 1888. He became a naturalized citizen in 1898 in Baltimore, Maryland. He was in 1900 a bookkeeper, perhaps for a furniture manufacturer, in Baltimore; in 1910 he was a woodworker and local manager for a furniture company in Neillsville, Wisconsin. In 1918 and 1920 he was a traveling salesman for the Reliable Furniture Company (its main offices were in Baltimore), but he and his family resided in Buffalo, New York. In 1930 he was still in the commercial furniture business, residing in Kenmore, New York.

In 1910, a devastating fire destroyed the furniture factory where Fred Karner was its local manager. It was the Wisconsin Furniture Manufacturing Company, a branch factory of the Reliable Furniture Company. The Neillsville Republican and Press reported on 30 June:

Furniture Factory Destroyed

About five minutes to four o’clock Wednesday morning, the night watchman at the furniture factory discovered the fire on the third floor. He immediately gave alarm and a quick response was made by the fire company and citizens generally. The inflammable character of the building and its contents made the battle against the flames well nigh useless, and the factory with the greater part of its contents consisting of machinery and a large amount of stock in various stages of manufacture, were in a short time entirely consumed. Some of the lumber piles were saved and the boiler and engine may be of some value. Four cars of furniture ready for shipment on the track were saved by being pushed along the track.

The origin of the fire can only be guessed at. It was probably spontaneous combustion; that is fire starting of itself in oily waste or rags. Great care had always been taken to prevent anything of that kind, but a small quantity dropped or overlooked at night might have caused the fire.

The loss is hard to estimate, will be aggregate a large sum. So far as known it is covered by about $27,000 insurance. The factory was completed in 1891. After running a few years, it was closed down after the panic years, and remained idle for some time. After some hard work and sacrifice by local people, it was again got running about ten years ago and placed in the hands of a Baltimore firm, The Reliable Furniture Mfg. Co., which operated this as a branch factory. To them the fire will be a severe loss, and to Neillsville it is a hard blow. It can not now be stated whether it will be rebuilt or not, but it is hoped by everybody here that it will be.

Between the company and the people here the most cordial friendly relations existed from the first. They have run the factory on fine business principles. Everyone connected with the concern from top to bottom have proven themselves to be helpful, high-class citizens. The people of Neillsville want them to stay here. If there is anything the citizens of this place can do to keep them here and help rebuild and continue the business, it will be done. The destruction of this plant is a momentary shock, but let us not sit idly down and repine. Here is a chance for the local patriotism to show itself, and we fully believe that it will.

A summary from the “Clark County Press Extract from Local History” website of the Wisconsin Valley Library Service adds more information about the fire, located in a four-story frame building:
Con Gorman, the night watchman, made his rounds and found everything in ship-shape at 3:00 a.m. He went to the engine room, which stood apart from the main manufacturing building, to stoke up the fires for the day. That was 3:55. Through a window he saw flickeringly yellow lighting in the windows on the northwest corner of the third floor in a ghostly pallor.

Gorman quickly gave the alarm, and the company’s own fire-fighting apparatus was brought to bear. [The fire] quickly reached the varnish and finishing rooms on the third and fourth floors, and not long afterward the entire structure was ablaze. Flames soared an estimated 00 feet and more into the sky.

Within two hours the large, four-story building had been reduced to smoldering ashes and charred timber.

Loss was substantial. Firemen and volunteers were able to pull four railroad freight cars loaded with finished furniture out of danger. They also saved an outside pile of lumber. But the whole second story of the building was jam-packed with finished furniture awaiting loading and shipment. That was gone.

Loss of the factory posed a severe blow to the residents of Neillsville and the surrounding countryside, for the factory furnished the bulk of employment opportunity outside the lumber camps.

As the reporter for the *Neillsville Times* wrote:

The burning of the furniture factory has cast a pall of gloom over the entire city, for it was the leading industry and one on which a good portion of the city population was dependent, either directly or indirectly.

Shortly later, town citizens and employees of the factory pledged to rebuild the factory. However, the efforts were for naught, and the factory never was rebuilt.

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**Of some of the children of Charles Spamer (1833–after 1900) and Margaret Spangler (1836–after 1900), all grandchildren of the immigrants Conrad and Annetta Spamer:**

**LORENSA SPAMER (1861–?)** married about 1883 **William J. Crawford (1857–1910/20),** with whom she had eight children: Charles J. (1884–?), Clyde E. (1885–?), Clarence O. (1887–?), Earl E. (1893–?), Carl R. (ca. 1894–?), Wilbert Spamer (1898–?), Lorenda M. (ca. 1901–?), and an eighth child about whom nothing is known other than he or she had died before 1900.

William J. Crawford was an upholsterer and a house carpenter. The family lived in Allegheny City and Pittsburgh.

● ●

**GEORGE W. SPAMER (1872–?)** might have been named for his uncle, George Washington Spamer, who had died in 1866. He is the only person in the family whom we are sure spelled his name “Sparmer” at least for a while, which apparently continued the peculiar Baltimore-German pronunciation of the name. A naturalization petition in the U.S. District Court in Allegheny, Pennsylania, in 1896, for
one Friedrich Kretzer, was witnessed by “George W. Sparmer”; his signature is clearly written. However, in no other public record seen is his name spelled with the extra “r”.

He married Julia Regina Tolley (ca. 1875–?), with whom he had three children: Julia C. (ca. 1905–?), Ethel M. (ca. 1907–?), and Marion B. (ca. 1911–?). At the time of the 1900 U.S. census his occupation was given as “salesman, city wagon”; in the 1910–1930 censuses he was a machinist for a railroad.

Florence Spamer (1874–?) was a male; the derivation of his name is not known. Before certain records were found pertaining to him, the Spamer–Smith Genealogy knew of him solely by his entry in the 1900 U.S. census, which there coincidentally misspelled his name as “Lawrence”.

He married about 1904 Ada G. Yost (ca. 1877–?), with whom he had two children: Edith F. (ca. 1908–?) and Charles D. (1916–?). He and his family resided in Ross Township, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. He was, before his marriage, a clerk and a dry goods salesman; after his marriage he worked for the National Biscuit Company in Pittsburgh. No one of this family (Florence, Ada, Edith, or Charles) have been located in the 1930 census.

Ada G. Yost was the daughter of Jacob (1837–?) and Vera J. Yost (1840–?). He was a German immigrant who at the time of the 1900 U.S. census was a machinist. At the time of the 1910 and 1920 censuses, Jacob Yost, then a widower, resided with his daughter and son-in-law; also with them was Charles Caldwell (1882–?), a nephew. At the time of the 1910 census, George T. Yost (1878–?), brother of Ada, also resided in the Florence Spamer household; George’s occupation was then a pipefitter in the “Fort Wayne shops”, at which time also Charles Caldwell was a clerk there. (The Fort Wayne shops probably refers to the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, whose tracks crossed the Allegheny River at Pittsburgh and the Pittsburgh area shops were probably so called Fort Wayne.) At the time of the 1920 census, Caldwell was a stock clerk for a railroad.

Clara L. Spamer (ca. 1878–?) married in 1905 Joseph Dickinson (ca. 1872–?), an immigrant from England. They had two children: Margaret (ca. 1906–?) and Ruth (ca. 1908–?). Although Joseph and Clara Dickinson resided in the Pittsburgh area, where she was from, their marriage license was issued in Philadelphia (which could be used anywhere in the state).

At the time of the 1910 U.S. census, the Joseph Dickinson household resided in the Frank B. and Elda M. Welsh household at 5 Lawrence St. (Ave.), Pittsburgh, Allegheny Co., Pennsylvania. This address had earlier been the residence of Clara’s parents and their family (then in Allegheny City, later a part of Pittsburgh). This likely indicates that her father, Charles, had died between 1900–1910 (his date of death not having yet been determined). The identity of the Welsh family is not determined. Also in that household in 1910 resided Frank Welsh’s brother, George B. Welsh, and Elda Welsh’s mother, Maria Stresser. Frank Welsh was occupied as an electrician in a railroad station. Joseph Dickinson was occupied as doing “machine work” in “Electrical Works”.

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Joseph Dickinson has not been located in any Pittsburgh area directories at any time; nor has he been located in the 1900 U.S. census. In the 1910 census he is indicated to have immigrated into the U.S. in 1889 and still was an alien resident.

There is a Joseph Dickinson, from England, listed as having immigrated into the U.S. at New York on 1 February 1889, having arrived aboard the S.S. Germanic, the oldest of six children with Thomas and Mary Dickinson. It is not certain that this is the same Joseph Dickinson the subject of interest here, although no other immigrant by this name has as yet been located around this time. And inasmuch as he has not been located in registration records earlier than the 1910 census (and only there), we are uncertain about his family’s name.

What became of Clara Spamer and Joseph Dickson has not been determined; they have not been located in census records after 1910, nor in city directories. At the time of the 1920 U.S. census for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the Dickinson children, Margaret and Ruth, were residing in the household of Carl R. Crawford. By the time of the 1930 census, Ruth Dickinson had married, and her unmarried sister resided with her. (At the time of the 1920 U.S. census for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, teen-aged children Margaret and Ruth Dickinson resided in the household of Carl R. Crawford, to whom they were identified as cousins; he was a son of William J. and Lorenda Spamer Crawford. At the time of the 1930 U.S. census, Ruth Dickinson was the wife of Rudolph Herrmann; her unmarried sister, Margaret, resided with them. Rudolph Hermann was at that time aged 34, a clerk for a steel and [illegible] company. Margaret Dickinson was at that time a clerk in a grocery store.)

This concludes the narratives of a number of grandchildren of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta. A few of the great-grandchildren will be discussed next.

Regarding the children of Christian Augustus Emanuel Spamer (1843–1912) and Abbie Ober Smith (1841–1886), all great-grandchildren of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta:

LOIS MAE SPAMER (1872–1959) and BONA PEARL SPAMER (1877–1949) both, in their younger years, attended the Chapel Hill School, in Waltham, Massachusetts, near Boston. A classmate was Mattie C. Blakeman, who later married Reuben Olive Spamer, their uncle. The Chapel Hill School was a girls’ school founded in 1860 as the Waltham New Church School in the chapel on the former Jonas Clark farm. Clark and other local families had embraced the tenets of the New Church and its Swedenborgian philosophies and had begun informal teachings. In 1912, the school became the Waltham School for Girls, and was in 1937 renamed the Chapel Hill School. In 1971 it merged with the Chauncy Hall School, a Boston day school for boys founded in 1828. Today the coeducational Chapel Hill-Chauncy Hall School operates on a 37-acre campus on the site of the Clark farm in Waltham, Massachusetts.
Neither Lois Mae nor Bona Pearl married, and they lived together all of their lives. While their father was alive they resided in his household; after his death they lived at 2113 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Maryland. Later, they resided at 4109 Alto Rd., Baltimore.

Bona Pearl Spamer was Secretary of the American League of New Church Young People's Societies, at least during 1898–1901. And as noted in the narrative for her father, C. A. E. Spamer, Lois Mae Spamer accompanied him on a trip to the Far East in 1910.

Around January 1976, Marie Stein Strange wrote to Katharine S. Spamer in reply to some questions about the family:

I never knew Bona Pearl Spamer’s age, and didn’t ever remember meeting her, but I do know that they were friendly with your father’s family.

CARL OBER SPAMER (1884–1957) is one member of the family we know quite a lot about, partly from a few of his writings, but mostly from public records that were not easily available to our earlier family historians. He was a world traveler even before his marriage, teaching English in a government school in Japan. He married in 1910 Frieda V. Lorenz (1880–1954) at the American Consulate in Yokohama, Japan. She was born in Niederhasslau, Saxony, in Germany. When they returned to Baltimore in 1911 they travelled westward around the world. In Europe he visited the Spamers’ ancestral hometowns and presumably she visited her home. Carl Ober and Frieda Spamer had no children. In letters home he signed his name, Carl Ober, so this usage will be followed here, too.

After attending law school at the University of Maryland and receiving a master’s degree from the George Washington University, Carl Ober entered the Foreign Service, whereafter he spent his career in consulate offices around the world.
After the death of Carl Ober’s mother, he was raised by a housekeeper, Miss Emily W. Waterhouse. She also taught Sunday School for the Baltimore society of the New Church, which was attended by some of the Spamer children. A. M. Spamer noted this in correspondence with Katharine S. Spamer in 1983:

| Was my sister’s [Frances Spamer] memory correct, did you and your brother [Edward Spamer] take us to Sunday School? My earliest recollections of this Sunday School was [sic] sitting on the little chairs at the front of the room and that Miss Waterhouse was the teacher. Only a few years ago I learned that she was C.A.E.’s house keeper and she raised Carl Ober after the death of his mother. But I cannot remember who took us to Sunday School. |

Emily W. Waterhouse was born in 1849 in Pennsylvania. In the 1900 census she is listed a “boarder”, and in the 1910 census as “Friend”, in the home of C. A. E. Spamer. She has not been located in the 1920 census.

Frieda Lorenz emigrated from Germany to the U.S. at the age of sixteen, arriving in Baltimore, Maryland, on 28 May 1896 aboard the S.S. Neckar, which had embarked from Bremen, Germany, on 14 May. Frieda was enroute to Auburn, Indiana. She had not traveled with anyone else by the name of Lorenz, but possibly was in the company of two members of the Brettschneider family, a woman and a young girl who were enroute to Chicago, Illinois; Brettschneider being the name of the second husband of Frieda’s mother (see the Lorenz Family collateral genealogy). But she seems not to have been in the company of her mother. An interesting observation from the Neckar’s passenger manifest is that immediately after the line on which Frieda Lorenz is listed there are five people (a woman and four children by the name of Keil or Heil, who are otherwise unknown in the family history) who are enroute to Fort Wayne, Indiana. Since Auburn is a small town about 17 miles north of Fort Wayne, Frieda may have been travelling in their company.

The following details about Frieda Lorenz are recorded in the passenger manifest for the Neckar: her given name is misspelled “Frida”; aged 16; last residence was “Nd. Hasslau, Sachs.” [Niederhasslau, Sachsen]; final destination in the U.S. was “Auburn, Ind.”; she held a ticket to that destination; passage was paid for by her brother-in-law; she carried $62.00; she never had been to the U.S.; and she was joining her brother-in-law who was in Indiana. The identity of her brother-in-law is not known, but if the relationship is reported correctly he must have been the husband of an unidentified sister to Frieda.

Not much is known about Frieda Lorenz’s life in America. She has not been located in the 1900 U.S. census despite exhaustive searches. Some newspaper notices after her return to America as Carl Ober’s wife provide a few indications of here whereabouts prior to leaving America. Although her immigration record indicated that she was going to Illinois, we may discern that she had migrated throughout the Ohio–Illinois–Indiana–Michigan area, although the circumstances of her movements are not known now, nor whether some of her movements were with her guardians or between relations.

In any case, by 1905 Frieda Lorenz was prepared to go overseas in the missionary service of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A brief sketch about her, and a photograph, appeared in the Woman’s Missionary Friend that year.
MISS FRIEDA V. LORENZ sailed from Seattle for Kucheng, China, November 30, 1904, under the auspices of the Minneapolis Branch. Miss Lorenz came to America from Germany in 1896 and for eight years have [sic] been full of earnest work in preparation for the field to which God’s Providence has called her. Her father’s dying prayer was that one of his children might go as a missionary to the foreign field. Miss Lorenz attended the General Executive Meeting in Kansas City, where many met her and realized that she was a young woman of rare promise.

Carl Ober Spamer, in the meantime, departed from Baltimore in 1905 and went to Japan under the auspices of the Young Men’s Christian Association (YMCA), where he taught English. In 1907, he is listed among “Association Teachers in Japan” in a Methodist church publication under the auspices of the Standing committee of Co-operating Christian Missions. At the 88th annual session of the General Convention of the Church of the New Jerusalem, his address is listed c/o Rev. H. M. Landis, Meiji, Gakuin, Shirokane, Tokyo. The Meiji address is also listed in the 1907 “Missionary Directory” published by the Methodist church. The 90th annual session of the General Convention in 1910, Carl Ober is listed at Hama no cho, Kagawa ken, Shikoka, Takamatsu.

Sometime around 1907, Frieda Lorenz was in Tokyo, where she met Carl Ober Spamer. Interestingly enough, when Carl Ober’s father and sister, Lois Mae, visited him in Japan in 1910, there was no mention of the possibility of marriage; and yet later that year Carl Ober and Frieda married.

Carl Ober Spamer applied for a U.S. passport on 5 January 1907 in Los Angeles Co., California. He gave his residence as Baltimore, Maryland, and requested that the passport be sent to him at 936 Wall St., Los Angeles, California. He indicated that he was a student. On 6 April 1910 Carl Ober Spamer filed with the U.S. Consulate at Kobe, Japan, another passport application; presumably it was a renewal or it was to serve as a travel visa. On that application, the clerk indicated that “Mr. Spamer registered as an American Citizen at this Consulate on November 23[?], 1909.” Carl Ober Spamer stated on the application that he resided permanently in Baltimore, Maryland, and that he had last departed from the U.S. on 9 March 1907. He further stated that he was a student “temporarily sojourning at Takamatsu, Shikoku, Japan” and that “I desire the passport for the purpose of travelling in Turkey & Russia.”

A 20 October 1909 letter written by Lois Mae Spamer, Carl Ober’s sister, from Vancouver, British Columbia, indicates that she and her father were enroute to see Carl Ober in Japan. She also said that they—it is not clear whether she meant herself and her father, or if Carl Ober was to travel with them—would be in Manila in the Philippines at Christmastime. Lois Mae and her father returned to the U.S. on 14 May 1910, arriving in San Francisco from Hong Kong aboard the S.S. Mongolia. A year later, Carl Ober would return to the U.S. through New York in the company of his German-born bride, Frieda. Having married a U.S. citizen, Frieda automatically became a U.S. citizen herself.

News of Carl Ober and Frieda’s marriage was communicated to the family in Baltimore, which appeared in the Baltimore American:

Baltimorean Married in Japan.

Word has been received by Mr. C. A. E. Spamer, of 1702 Bolton street, that his son, Carl Ober Spamer, and Miss Frieda V. Lorenz, of Ohio, but a missionary at Kucheng, China, were married on August 31. The ceremony took place at the American Consulate, Yokohama, Japan, and was performed by the Rev. H. M. Landis, of Tokio. The groom’s father said last night that his son had met Miss Lorenz about three years ago at Tokio, where they were attending some social function. Mr. [C. O. ] Spamer was at that time instructor of the English language at Aoyma College, Tokio, ...
and Miss Lorenz a missionary stationed at that place. The couple are now living at Takamatsu, on
the Island of Shikoku. Mr. Spamer is instructor of English at a government school at the place. Mr.
and Mrs. Spamer will leave Japan in December on their honeymoon. They will arrive here
sometime in September, 1911.

The Spamer–Lorenz marriage was also noted briefly in Woman’s Missionary Friend for
November 1910.

The Baltimore Sun for 3 September 1911 took note of the Spamers’ return to Baltimore. It also
provides us with information on the circumstances of Carl Ober’s first overseas work on behalf of the
YMCA and that at least at that time (1905) he did not speak Japanese. The article is, in its entirety, as
follows:

Honeymoon 12,000 Miles
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Spamer Return From Japan.
He Saw Emperor Greet Togo
Young Baltimorean Returns To Pursue Studies
For Missionary Work in Flowery Kingdom

Just six years ago yesterday a young man left his father’s home in Baltimore and started for
the Orient, where he had been sent by the Young Men’s Christian Association to teach a people
whose language and customs were unknown to him.

He was again under his father’s roof yesterday. He had circled the globe, had been married
and traveled with his bride 12,000 miles on a wedding tour. This young man is Mr. Carl Spamer,
son of Mr. C. A. E. Spamer, 1702 Bolton street. He left Japan for a short time to learn more from
America and go back to teach it to the young men of Nippon. Mrs. Spamer was Miss S. [sic] V.
Lorenz, of Michigan, a missionary to Japan.

But all of all his experiences, Mr. Spamer is proudest of the occasion when he stood within
touching distance of the Emperor of Japan* when Admiral Togo†, lately the guest of Baltimore,
was personally greeted by his Imperial Majesty. “And this is a sight which few have the privilege
of witnessing,” Mr. Spamer said.

“General Nogi‡ was there, too,” he added. “Those three are the three greatest men in the East.
It was at the time of the cherry blossom festival in 1907. The Emperor was giving an annual
reception and I was one of the chosen few to attend this affair. It took place in the beautiful garden
of one of the Imperial palaces. The ladies were fashionably, but uncomfortably, dressed in the
latest Parisian costumes, and all the men, except the military attaches of the embassies, in frock
coats, silk hats and striped trousers. And those frock coats were of all fits and lengths.

“When the Emperor appeared every voice was hushed, the way before him was cleared and
only the low melody of the national anthem could be heard. He went to his seat, and I was within
three feet of him—and there he received Admiral Togo and the others. I especially remember
Togo and his little round cheeks.

“There are many quaint but unbreakable formalities which still hedge about the Emperor, but
I think they will be changed when his son succeeds him. The Crown Prince§ is absolutely modern,
but he has not the appearance and the deep eyes of his father.

“Japan is a beautiful country and the people are true artists. It is a great nation, and I will be
back there soon with my wife, of course, after pursuing some special studies in this country.”
The emperor was Mutsuhito, the first monarch of the modern Japanese era, a constitutional monarchy; he reigned 1867–1912. Posthumously he is known as the emperor Meiji.

General Nogi was Count Nogi Maresuke (1849–1912). At the time of the audience here mentioned, he was near to retiring from his service, having been a prominent figure of the Russo-Japanese War. A strict moral traditionalist, he died by his own hand in an act of atonement for perceived failings in his military service. He died a month and a half after the emperor Meiji.

Admiral Togo was Marquis Tōgō Heihachirō (1848–1934). At the time of the audience here mentioned, he was Chief of the Naval Staff, highly accomplished and respected, and in 1913 was given the honorific title, Fleet Admiral. Later, he was in charge of the education of the prince, Hirohito, grandson of the emperor Meiji.

The crown prince was Yoshihito, who was emperor 1912–1926 (posthumously the emperor Taishō); his son, in turn, was Hirohito (posthumously the emperor Shōwa), who reigned 1926–1989.

Details of Carl Ober and Frieda Spamer’s itinerary during their honeymoon trip still are largely unknown, but they did include a visit during June 1911 to the Spamer ancestral hometowns in Germany. Presumably, they also visited her German relatives, although there is no record now of this other than our knowledge of a gift (see photo at left) received from them by members of her family. (Regarding Carl Ober’s visit to the German homeland, see the introductory notes to this Spamer

This beautiful silk art was given by Carl Ober and Frieda Spamer to members of the Thon family, who were relations to Frieda Lorenz Spamer. This item is presently in the possession of Manfred Thon of Braschwitz, Germany, whose grandmother was a cousin to Frieda Lorenz.
family chapter, in which is quoted a long letter from him regarding his visit to the hometowns.)

An article that appeared in the Baltimore American on 26 August 1911 announced the forthcoming return of the Spamers to Baltimore, which also provided at least a country list of some of the places through which the Spamers had passed:

<table>
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<th>Mr. Spamer Returning</th>
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<td>Son of Union Veteran Spent Six Years in Foreign Travel.</td>
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Mr. Carl Ober Spamer, son of Mr. C. A. E. Spamer, one of the most prominent veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic in Maryland, is on his way home to Baltimore after an absence of six years, spent in foreign travel. With his wife, formerly Miss Frieda V. Lorenz, a missionary in Kuchen, China, Mr. Spamer sailed from Bremen on August 19.

During his absence Mr. Spamer spent over a year on the Pacific Coast, and then embarked for Japan, traveling extensively throughout the Island Empire. He taught in the government schools of that country for three years. In 1909 he visited the Philippine Islands. A year ago Mr. Spamer married Miss Lorenz, who was then engaged in missionary work in Kuchen, China, having previously met her at Karuizawa, a summer resort in the mountains of Japan. The marriage took place in Yokohama and since then Mr. and Mrs. Spamer have been on their wedding trip, making a world-wide tour, visiting en route China, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, England, Germany and Switzerland, including within their range of travel Singapore, near the equator, and the North Cape, within the Arctic circle, spending a month in Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

We know from another newspaper article that Carl Ober and Frieda Spamer spent at least part of their honeymoon visiting and working at missions around the globe. In 1913, Carl Ober Spamer attended the International Purity Congress in Minneapolis, when charges were made against missions and missionaries in India by Dr. Keshava Deva Shastri. These charges were defended by Spamer, who was quoted at length, basically summarizing that a sanitary, orderly home was not a luxury but a necessity despite being in stark contrast to the conditions, and beyond the means, under which millions live in India. Spamer said further that the caste system in India prohibited people from participating in the very means that would improve the physical conditions of their lives and livelihoods. He summarized, “And if Christianity is apparently making no headway in India—which I deny—is not that all the more reason why we should redouble our efforts to bring Christ’s message to India, the saddest country on earth?”

Carl Ober and Frieda Spamer arrived in the port of New York on 31 August 1911 aboard the S.S. Rhein, having sailed from Bremen, Germany, on 19 August. What little record we have of the Spamers’ missionary and educational work is from American newspaper accounts after Carl Ober and Frieda had married and returned to the U.S. They occasionally spoke to church and civic groups about their work. A few examples that have come to my attention are as follows:

- In October 1911 the Denton Journal reported from a meeting of the Maryland New Church Association held in Preston, Maryland: “Addresses were also made by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Spamer, of Baltimore, on the New Church in the Far East. Mrs. Spamer told of her work as a missionary in China.” The article also mentioned that the Spamers had come “recently from Japan and China.”
- A year later, the Denton Journal announced that “Mrs. Carl O. Spamer and her husband, a lawyer of Baltimore, will speak at Williston at 2.30 p.m. Mrs. Spamer was a missionary in China and Mr. Spamer a teacher in Japan. They will tell in an interesting and instructive way of life amongst these peoples.”
• In the Women’s Missionary Friend for October 1912, a church camp meeting at Summit Grove, Maryland, was noted, at which Carl Ober and Frieda Spamer spoke of their work overseas: “The services were exceedingly interesting. There were addresses by Mr. Carl Spamer, representative of the Young Men’s Christian Association in Japan and by Mrs. Frieda Lorenz Spamer, our returned missionary from China . . . .”

• On 12 April 1915, under the auspices of the Women’s Missionary Society, Frieda Spamer spoke about her China experiences to the Fourth Presbyterian Church at 13th and Fairmont Sts., Washington, D.C.

• On 13 June 1915, under the auspices of the Laura Pitzer Missionary Society, “Mrs. Charles [sic] Spamer, who as a missionary, has been working in China under the Methodist Episcopal Church, will be the chief speaker” at the Central Presbyterian Church, Washington, D.C.

• On 15 November 1915, Frieda Spamer gave “A most interesting address in costume on ‘China’”, delivered to the Continental Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at the residence of Mrs. J. McDonald Stewart, 1922 H St., Washington, D.C.

During this time, after a three-year program in the Law School of the University of Maryland, he received in 1914 an LL.B. (bachelor’s) degree. He then received his Master of Arts degree “with distinction” at the 1916 midwinter convocation exercises of George Washington University in Washington, D.C. Frieda Spamer received her Bachelor of Arts degree at the 1916 regular commencement. What field Frieda studied in is not known.

In 1917, Carl Ober Spamer entered the government’s employ in the U.S. Consular Service (in 1924 it became known as the Foreign Service), although in 1918 there is record of him being a “digest clerk” for the U.S. Food Administration in Washington.

The Baltimore Sun reported Carl Ober Spamer’s appointment to the U.S. Consular Service post at Basel, Switzerland, noting that he would depart on 6 September.

He is a native of this city and was graduated from the Maryland Law School. He also holds two degrees from George Washington University. Mr. Spamer has spent several years in travel, devoting much time to the study of Oriental cities and governments. He is a nephew of Arthur L. Spamer, chief clerk of the United States District Court in this city.

He soon went to the Far East, where from December 1919 to May 1920 he served temporarily as U.S. Consul in Yokohama, Japan, before going to a more permanent assignment in Sumatra. The following items appeared in The Japan Advertiser (Tokyo):

[1 February 1920]
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Spamer, moved yesterday into the consular quarters in the Consulate General, which have been repainted and redecorated. Mr. Spamer is the new American consul who arrived in Yokohama, a few weeks ago.

[27 May 1920]
CHANGE OF AMERICAN CONSULS IN YOKOHAMA.
Mr. Carl O. Spamer Goes to Sumatra, His Place Being by Mr. L. L. Schnare. [sic]

Mr. Carl Ober Spamer, who has been United States Consul in Yokohama since last December, has received orders to proceed immediately to Medan, Sumatra, to take over the Consulate there. Mr. Spamer came to Yokohama in December as consul, with the understanding
that this post was to be a temporary one. His place in Yokohama will be taken by Mr. Lester L. Schnare, who arrived from America on May 19.

The post to which Mr. Spamer goes had been assigned to Mr. Thomas Murray Wilson, the Consul at Tientsin, but Mr. Wilson’s orders to go to Sumatra have been countermanded owing to representations to Washington from Consul-General S. T. Fuller. Medan is a town with about 14,000 inhabitants, including 6,000 Chinese, 7,000 natives and a thousand foreigners, mostly Dutch. Mr. and Mrs. Spamer will probably leave tomorrow for the new post.

Carl Ober Spamer’s worldwide career, so far as it is known at this time, unfolded as follows:

1916                  Vice Consul at Basel, Switzerland
1922                  Consul at Medan, Sumatra (Indonesia)
1924                  Consul at Amsterdam, The Netherlands
1930                  Consul at Shanghai, China
1933                  Consul at Tokyo, Japan
1933 October          Consul at Nagasaki, Japan
Retired in September 1936

Frieda Spamer travelled with her husband during his entire career. They returned to America from time to time, as noted in immigration records, although just how often they may actually have visited home is unknown. When they returned to Baltimore after Carl Ober’s retirement, they first resided with his unmarried sisters, Lois Mae and Bona Pearl, who had for some time resided in Windsor Hills, Baltimore County. Later, Carl Ober and Frieda moved to Summit, New Jersey, their final home.

During Carl Ober Spamer’s tenure at the American Consulate in Amsterdam (1924–1929), the following miscellaneous note informs us:

In March 1927, a lease, starting May 1, was signed by Consul Carl O. Spamer for the American Consulate General to be established at the “Bel-Etage” (first floor) of the premises Keizersgracht 473-479, Amsterdam.

An informal history of the American Consulate at Nagasaki, Japan, takes brief note of the Spamer tenure there:

Glen Bruner, a local Methodist missionary, was serving as Vice-Consul in Nagasaki at the time of [Consul Henry] Hitchcock’s death [1 March 1933]. He operated the consulate there until October 1933, when Carl O. Spamer of Maryland came to assume the office of Consul. Bruner remained as Vice-Consul. Little is known of Spamer’s three year tenure in Nagasaki. He served as Consul until September 1936, when he retired from the foreign service. Upon retirement, Spamer and his wife settled in Summit, New Jersey.

It is interesting to surmise that had Carl Ober Spamer not retired at the age of 51 he may have remained in Japan until the outbreak of World War II. Regrettfully, there is no known record of the Spamers’ reaction to the destruction of Nagasaki in August 1945, when the second atomic bomb was dropped on Japan. (His successor to the Nagasaki post was Edward S. Maney, of Texas, assigned in December 1936 but who did not arrive until February 1937. Maney departed the following September, reassigned as a Secretary in the U.S. Diplomatic Service, and was replaced in October 1937 by Arthur F. Tower, of New York. It was Tower who was at this post during the worsening relations between Japan and the United States, and who was in charge of closing consulate posts at the start of war. He was directed to close the Nagasaki consulate on 23 June 1941, leaving Nagasaki on 4 August to assume charge
of the Kobe consulate. He was at that post when Pearl Harbor was attacked on 8 December [Japanese date], and he remained in Japan until mid-1942. Tower returned to the U.S. aboard the S.S. *Gripsholm*, arriving in New York on 12 August 1942.)

After their return to retirement in the U.S., Carl Ober and Frieda Spamer also maintained an apartment in Washington, D.C. Sara Whiteford Giles, a distant relation (her aunt married Jasper Noble Spamer of “Rockland”), recalls:

> I also remember that Carl and Frieda had a lovely apartment in Washington after their return from Japan and I remember them inviting my friends and I there for dinner one evening. Aunt Eliz. told how on visits to the USA before retirement they used to come to Rockland and camped in a tent set up in a scenic area so Cousin Carl could paint.

Sometime during Carl Ober Spamer’s career he prepared woodcut illustrations for *Souls Undaunted*, a 23-page booklet of poetry written by leprosy sufferers in Oshima, Japan, published in English translation by the American Mission to Lepers in New York. The booklet (*left*) is undated, although the American Mission to Lepers was begun in 1917, having formerly been the American Chapter of the United Kingdom’s Mission to Lepers. (In 1950, the American Mission to Lepers was renamed American Leprosy Missions, which continues to serve as a worldwide Christian faith-based charity, now focusing on sufferers of leprosy and Buruli ulcer.) The booklet’s existence, heretofore not mentioned in family affairs, reveals an artistic side to Carl Ober also not otherwise recorded—although Sara Giles also noted that “Cousin Karl [sic] . . . was an Artist.” His personal and professional interests in the Orient and in Christian missions do not help date the booklet because he held life-long interests in these areas. Nevertheless, the booklet represents one of numerous small publications that have come to be known as “leprosy literature”, which burgeoned in the 1930s, which helps date *Souls Undaunted*, probably circa 1935. Considering that Carl Ober Spamer was the American consul in Nagasaki during 1933–1936, it stands to reason that he and his wife, former Christian missionaries in the Orient, would have been interested in the American missionary affairs at Oshima (relatively nearby to the northeast, on the Inland Sea) while they lived in Nagasaki. I obtained my copy of *Souls Undaunted* serendipitously in 2007; whatever else might be discovered that relates to the Spamers’ activities while they worked overseas during most of their lives will likewise be serendipitous finds.

The Spamers did return overseas at least once after his retirement from the Foreign Service. On 18 October 1938 they debarked in London from the S.S. *American Farmer* (or S.S. *American Traveler*), although their ultimate destination is unknown. They are noted in immigration records returning from London aboard the S.S. *American Farmer* on 17 January 1939.
A cursory notice of Carl Ober Spamer’s death appeared in the *Foreign Service Journal*. It mentions that he had been the author of a history of cultured pearls, but thus far no publication has been located.

The disposition of the effects of Carl Ober and Frieda Spamer after their deaths has not been determined. This is terribly unfortunate because his travel journals, which he seems to have kept meticulously since first going overseas, would be immeasurably valuable first-person accounts of worldwide travel in missionary and consular service alike.

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Regarding the children of Arthur Ludwig Spamer (1854–1940) and his first wife, Ella Robinson (1860–1915), all of whom are great-grandchildren of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta:


The wedding announcement for Elva Spamer and Edwin Hook appeared in the Baltimore *Sun* on 22 June:

> Miss Elva Lillian Spamer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Spamer, was married to Mr. Edwin Coleman Hook at 4.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the Church of the New Jerusalem, Calvert street near Chase, by the Rev. Harold Conant. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a suit of white gabardine. Owing to mourning in the family of the bride only the members of the two families and a few friends witnessed the ceremony. On their return from a wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Hook will be “at home” at 2424 Linden avenue.

Elva’s mother, Ella Robinson Spamer, had died on 15 April. The address given was the home of Elva’s parents.


In the 1909 Baltimore city directory, Morris Arthur Spamer is listed as a student. He graduated from Cornell University in 1913 with a degree in civil engineering. In August 1915 he was an assistant engineer for the city of Bradenton, Florida, and on 1 September 1915 he assumed the position of City Engineer upon the resignation of Phil Lacey. A newspaper report of his wedding, in December 1915, indicated that he was then “on a contract with Bryan & Company of Jacksonville” but had for a year and a half been a Bradenton city engineer. Although he indicated his employment with Bryan & Co. in Jacksonville when he registered for the military draft in 1917, he also indicated that his residence was in Baltimore, Maryland. When he registered for the draft in 1942 he was employed by the U.S. Navy Department, Bureau of Yards and Docks, in Washington, D.C.
After he married in 1916 he resided in Ocala, Flora. At the time of the 1920 U.S. census he resided in Hagerstown, Maryland; at the time of the 1930 census in Beautiful, Florida; and in 1942 and at the time of his death in Arlington, Virginia.

Morris A. Spamer had business affairs in Florida in 1915, inasmuch as there is a public record then of him receiving tracts from the Coconut Grove Development Co. He seems also to have had a residence in Jacksonville in 1916. A few years later another realty transaction is noticed, where M. A. Spamer received through the New York-Miami Realty Co. a tract of land in the Coconut Grove Development Company subdivision.

Both the Spamer–Stanton engagement and wedding in 1915 were the subjects of courteous reports on the social page of the Bradenton newspaper, *The Manatee River Journal*:

[9 September 1915]

WEDDING ANNOUNCED.

The very prettiest party of the early autumn was the one of yesterday afternoon, given by Mrs. Paul Duckwall, at her home on Turner street, announcing the engagement of her charming niece and guest, Miss Margaret D. Stanton of Tampa, and Maurice [sic] A. Spamer of this city, formerly of Baltimore.

Invitations had been given to a dozen intimate friends to a “birthday card party,” but when the place cards for the table were passed, the guests began to suspect something more interesting than the usual game of 500 was in store for them. The place cards were in the form of a bell, decorated with tell-tale sprays of orange blossoms, and when seated at the tables each one found as a favor a dear little imported China Cupid bearing in his arms a tiny pink box tied with white baby ribbon, inside the box was a card proclaiming the happy secret. So carefully had the young people guarded their secret that this announcement will come as a great surprise to many of their friends.

The date of the wedding was not given, but it will take place near the mid-winter holidays.

A merry game of cards was enjoyed [sic], Mrs. George Brown making top score received a handsome cut glass single rose vase; Miss Wallace was given the consolation prize, a pair of brass candle sticks. The gift of the hostess to the bride elect was a beautiful cut glass comport.

The color scheme in floral decorations of green and white was carried out in Miss Stanton’s costume, she wearing a dainty net frock with green satin girdle.

Delicious refreshments were served of white grape and nut salad, heart shaped white lettuce sandwiches, olives stuffed with almonds, iced lemon punch with brandied green cherries, green and white home made after dinner mints in dainty white crepe paper baskets tied with green ribbons.

The announcement cards were very original and unique, being from a design drawn by Mr. Spamer and photographed, the names being in the Old English letters, and the card daintily outlined.

The guests present, beside Miss Stanton, were her mother, Mrs. W. H. Stanton of Tampa, Mesdames Henry Curry, George W. Brown, J. A. Graham, E. E. Coulson, J. B. Leffingwell, J. F. Doyle, Misses Elizabeth Johnstone, Annie Gilbert, Carrie Phillips, Susie Curry and Leland Wallace. Miss Stanton received a number of beautiful presents, among them being an exquisite broach set with her birthstones—sapphires—a present from M. A. [sic] Spamer, the father of the prospective groom.
[9 December 1915]

SPAMER-STANTON.

A pretty and exceedingly simple wedding was that of Miss Margaret Stanton and Mr. Morris A. Spamar [sic], which was solemnized at the home of the bride’s parents, Captain and Mrs. W. H. Stanton yesterday at 11 o’clock, at their home on the Boulevard in Tampa.

Aside from Messrs. D. B. Sutton and H. B. Hallen, warm friends of the groom, only the immediate relatives were present, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. C. H. Nash, an old friend of the family. Mrs. Redin Bryan of Savannah was the matron of honor, and the bride’s brother, Mr. William B. Stanton, acted as best man.

The bride was married in a stunning travelling suit of navy blue, trimmed in silk braid and buttons, and worn with harmonizing hat, gloves and shoes. She wore a corsage bouquet of white carnations and violets. The groom’s gift was a handsome ring set with the bride’s birthstone, a sapphire, surrounded by diamonds.

After the ceremony a beautifully appointed wedding breakfast was given Mr. and Mrs. Spamer at the Tampa Bay Hotel. Later amid many congratulations and a shower of rice they left for Baltimore, the former home of the groom, for a visit with his relatives. On their return from their wedding trip they will make their home in Ocala where Mr. Spamer is on a contract with Bryan & Company of Jacksonville.

Miss Stanton is a Bradentown [sic] girl by birth and has spent much time here where she has many warm friends who wish her all joy in the years to come. Mr. Spamer is well and favorably known having spent a year and a half here being in the employ of the city as civil engineer.

Morris and Margaret Spamer were divorced in Hillsboro County, Florida, in 1930.

In the 1935 and 1945 Florida Population Censuses “Mrs. M. D. Spamer” is listed with her children in Hillsborough County. At the time of the 1935 census, her occupation was listed as “F.E.R.A.” [Federal Emergency Relief Administration]; her mother, Mrs. Martha Stanton, resided with them. At the time of the 1945 census, she is listed as a housewife; her mother still resided with her.

The Spamer–Smith Genealogy has indicated that Morris Arthur Spamer and his second wife, Louise Preston Hawley, were married 12 April 1936. However, a marriage license application for them was filed in Charles Town, West Virginia, 2 September 1937, which further indicated that Louise Hawley was born in Christianburg, Virginia. The discrepancy of dates has thus far not been resolved. Nothing more is known about Louise Hawley Spamer other than she survived her husband.

Apparently, Morris Spamer was in some measure a ventures investor. In 1922, The Miami Herald took notice of Spamer’s playing up oil exploration in the Everglades, but without specific facts:

Looks for Oil in the ’Glades

“I believe that some day someone will get oil in the Everglades,” said Morris H. [sic] Spamer, of Hagerstown, Md., who, with his father, Arthur L. Spamer, of Baltimore, is spending a few days at the Central hotel. “There have been many attempts to utilize the resources of the Everglades, including the inventor who devised a process of manufacturing brushes from palmetto leaves, the inventors who have utilized the palmetto in making substances used in canning, and the man who has invented a way of making paper from sawgrass.
“There are a number of places in Florida where small quantities of oil have been discovered and there is a place in the Gulf of Mexico, about 50 miles from shore, where oil flows from the bottom of the gulf an shows itself on the surface. Just who will discover oil and when it will be done is something for the future to decide.”

+ Margaret D. Stanton was the daughter of William H. Stanton (1860–1918) and Mattie Duckwall (1860–1947). William H. Stanton was a steamboat captain at least at the times of the 1900 and 1910 U.S. censuses. His obituary in The Miami Herald indicated that by 1918 he may have been a private-yacht pilot for hire:

William Stanton, aged 57, captain of a yacht owned by Mrs. Julia A. Ferguson, died at the city hospital yesterday morning of a hemorrhage of the brain. He has been a frequent visitor to Miami, and only arrived a short time ago. The remains will be forwarded this morning by J. J. Skillman to Tampa, his former home, for interment. They will be accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, who have been stopping at the United States hotel.”

The Duckwall family was a focus of social activities and commerce in some Florida communities, particularly during the second and third decades of the 1900s as testified by dozens of articles in newspapers particularly in Miami and Bradenton. Herbert R. Duckwall was President and General Manager of the Zenite Metal Company, an Indianapolis-based manufacturer of metal castings, used especially for the manufacture of automobiles. He maintained a winter home in Miami Beach, and it is clear that other members of the Duckwall family also had homes throughout Florida. H. R. Duckwall also raced yachts and held at least one world record (but what that record was has not thus far been determined). The relationship of David Duckwall to H. R. Duckwall has not been determined.

Regarding children of Reuben Olive Spamer (1860–1927) and Mattie C. Blakeman (1868–1909), all of whom are great-grandchildren of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta:


Born in Stratford, Mr. Spamer was a resident in the area all his life. He was the 12th direct descendant of the Rev. Adam Blakeman who brought early settlers to Stratford in 1639.

Mr. Spamer was a former Town Councilman of Stratford and a member of the city Planning Board. He was the past master of Housatonic Grange 79 of Stratford and a member of St. John’s Lodge 8, AF and AM [Free and Accepted Masons], and president of the Putney and Oronoque cemetery association.
A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore” includes a note about Lawrence:

After Mattie and Reuben [parents of Lawrence Blakeman Spamer] were married, they lived on the large family farm owned by her father James Henry Blakeman. Reuben settled into taking care of the farm and producing milk. Reuben’s son Laurence [sic], after attending Storrs Agricultural College, settled in the milk business and spent his whole life at it. Laurence was a political leader and a member of the local council.

(Storrs Agricultural College became Connecticut State College in 1933, and University of Connecticut in 1939.)

Lawrence Spamer was in fact self-employed in the milk business, but later he sold his father’s business to the Farmer’s Dairy Co. On 1 March 1918 he went to work for that company on salary, a fact derived from a letter written by his wife, Virginia, to cousin Fannie Burr (spelling and punctuation thus):

Lawrence goes back to peddling milk tomorrow, March first has sold out too the Farmer’s Dairy Co. and goes to work for them on a salary—with no responsibility which means less worry and these days, there is plenty of that for us all to do.

On 27 January 1922 the following item appeared in *The Bridgeport Telegram*:

**Milkmen Make Plea.**

Local milk dealers have made an appeal to residents of the town for continued patronage in the face of the three-cent reduction recently announced by a New York firm, with delivery routes in Stratford. Lawrence Spamer, Harry Wilcoxson, George H. Tomlinson, Henry Rossell and Sons, and N. B. Perry are the Stratford dealers who have joined in the appeal.

“We are local producers and dealers of milk, owning property and paying taxes in Stratford,” they say in their appeal to the townspeople. “Our nearness to you enables us to deliver milk fresher than that coming from a distance. Also in the past we have had some severe storms and still have been able to make our deliveries, where others coming from a distance have not been able to.”

In 1959 Lawrence Spamer was still in the milk business, when he was given a contract to furnish milk to the Stratford schools.

The following item appeared in *The Bridgeport Telegram* on 1 October 1926, which provides a piece of evidence for the kind of property owned by Lawrence B. Spamer:

**S.F.D. Outing**

The annual outing of the Stratford Volunteer Fire Company, No. 1, will be held at Hickory lodge, on Lawrence Spamer’s place in the north end Sunday, October 3, beginning at 12 o’clock noon.

Lawrence’s rural location apparently held unintended consequences for the community. In 1959, he seems to have applied for a plumbing permit for his house on Oronoque Lane, with the following notice in *The Bridgeport Telegram*:

The court decision last week requiring the town to issue a plumbing permit to Lawrence Spamer for a house on Oronoque lane may affect some 95 streets in the town, according to town officials. The town had contended that Oronoque lane was not a public highway. The court after listening to testimony decided that it is a public highway and because of use and repairs and plowing of snow and other town services must so be considered.
MARION PEARL SPAMER (1897–1966) was a graduate of Simmons College, was a member of the Stratford Historical Society, and was a founder of the Avon Women’s Club.

She married in 1922 Sherman Willard Eddy (1877–1952), the widower of her mother’s sister, Grace Emily Blakeman Eddy (1876–1919). Sherman and Marion Eddy had three children: Barbara Ann (1923–2001), James Henry (1926–1944), and Martha Spamer (1934–).

Marion Pearl Spamer and her brother, Lawrence Blakeman Spamer, at their home on River Road in Stratford, Connecticut.

Marion Spamer and Sherman Willard Eddy were married at Sherman’s home, “Towpath”, in Avon, Connecticut. Kathleen Sheldon, a distant relation, reported in 2008 the following anecdote from her “Aunt Betty”, Elizabeth Keil, at 90 the last surviving child of eight children of Thomas Desmond and Olive Eddy. Elizabeth Keil recalled:

Incidentally, I was flower girl [at the age of 5] in Uncle Sherman’s wedding to Marion. I carried a small basket of rose petals, and was supposed to scatter them along the terrace at Towpath where the wedding was held. I don’t remember much about it, but I think I didn’t scatter many rose petals!”

Sherman and Marion Spamer Eddy

He resided in Avon, Connecticut, all his life. At the time of the 1900 U.S. census he was a market gardener, but by 1910 and thereafter he was employed by the Ensign Bickford Co., a fuse factory in Avon. He was, in 1924 at least, a school commissioner in Avon, Connecticut.

Ruth Story Devereux Eddy’s 1930 genealogy, *Eddy Family in America*, notes about Sherman Willard Eddy:

He attended the McLean Seminary at Simsbury and the Conn. Agricultural College. He then entered into partnership with his father on a large fruit farm. Later he purchased the whole of it and enlarged it, adding to his interests that of landscape gardening. In 1907 he went to Avon, where he is superintendent of the Avon plant of Ensign Dickford Co. He is a member of the Congregational Church and on its board of finance. He belongs to many societies, the Country Club, and the Grange. He still carries on his hobby of landscape gardening, and his summer home at Tow Path Lodge shows his love of the native plants and shrubs.

(The reference to the McLean Seminary could be in error, as this is the McLean Seminary for Young Ladies, “founded and named in honor of the Rev. Allen McLean, for fifty-two years [1809–1861] the beloved pastor of the Congregational Church”.)

With the marriage of Marion Spamer to Sherman Willard Eddy, the family enjoys a linear ancestry to three American immigrants of the *Mayflower*, who arrived at what would be called Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1620. These were John and Joan Tilley and their daughter, Elizabeth. The lineage was documented by Phyllis Eddy Beach, a member of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants (the “Mayflower Society”). The descendency is as follows:

John Tilley (1571–1620/21), married Joan (Hurst) Rogers in 1596. Their daughter,

Elizabeth Tilley (1607–) married ca. 1625 John Howland (ca. 1595–1672/73). Their daughter,

Hannah Howland (1637–) married Jonathan Bosworth. Their son,

Jabez Bosworth (1673–) married Susanna. Their son,

Joseph Bosworth (1714–) married Patience Wheaton. Their daughter,

Mary Bosworth (1743–) married Shubael Widmarth. Their daughter,

Mary Molly Widmarth (1770–) married Elisha Well. Their daughter,

Olive Wells (1799–) married Luther Eddy. Their son,

John Sherman Eddy (1828–) married Mary Thankful Collins. Their son,

John Collins Eddy (1853–) married Ida Josephine McChesney (1856–1924). Their son,
Sherman Willard Eddy (1877–1952) married, first, in 1899 Grace Emily Blakeman (1876–1919), and, second, in 1922 Marion Pearl Spamer (1896–1966)

Within the Eddy family are a number of interesting individuals, but Sherman Willard Eddy’s sister, Sylvia Thankful Eddy (1893–1954) deserves special note in this narrative. This information is partly from public records and partly from personal family information. She was a missionary nurse during the Turkish–Armenian war and worked under fire; her story is particularly engaging. She never married.

Sylvia Eddy applied for a U.S. passport in Hartford, Connecticut, 22 January 1919, relating to her intention to participate in “Relief work among war sufferers” in Turkey on behalf of the American Committee for Relief in the Near East, headquartered at 1 Madison Ave., New York, New York, and that she would travel aboard a U.S. Government transport. Affixed to the application was also a U.S. Department of State memorandum requesting a letter from the “[American] Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief concerning the necessity of your return trip to Turkey”. A letter on her behalf was filed by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief (1 Madison Ave., New York), which specified that they were “sending a Relief Commission to Turkey to assist in carrying on relief work among the war sufferers in that country” and that Sylvia Eddy “is one of this group and in view of the work in which she is to be engaged, the Committee earnestly requests that every possible facility be afforded her in securing the necessary passport for her journey.”

On 20 October 1920, Sylvia Eddy applied to the U.S. Consulate General in Beirut, Syria, for a passport to travel to the United States, listing also the countries and states of Egypt, Italy, France, England, and Palestine. There she had indicated that she had arrived in Beirut on 8 July 1920 for the purpose of “Relief work on behalf of N.E.R.” [Near East Relief, more fully known as the American Committee for Relief in the Near East]. She specified that she had resided outside the U.S. as follows:

- Constantinople July 1919–October 1919
- Aintab November 1919–June 1920
- Beirut, Syria July 1920–October 1920

She is listed in U.S. immigration records returning to New York from Le Havre, France, aboard the S. S. La Savoie on 14 November 1921, having sailed from Le Havre 5 November.

At the time of the 1930 U.S. census, Sylvia Eddy resided in the household of her sister and brother-in-law, Thomas and Olive Desmond, east side of Farmington River, Simsbury, Hartford Co., Connecticut.
In addition to these public records, Sylvia Thankful Eddy has been the subject of biographical research by her grand-niece, Dr. Kathleen Sheldon whose maternal grandmother was a sister to Sylvia T. Eddy. Sheldon is a scholar affiliated with the Center for the Study of Women at the University of California at Los Angeles. She has made presentations to historical meetings regarding Sylvia T. Eddy, and Sheldon is in the process of writing a book-length biography of the woman. She is in possession of Sylvia T. Eddy’s diary for 1919–1920, when Sylvia was beginning a career of nursing work in eastern Turkey. Sheldon also has researched Sylvia Eddy papers in various archives. The following synoptic information is distilled from correspondence with Sheldon, and particularly from a draft paper that Sheldon has written based on Sylvia Eddy’s first two years in Turkey.

Sylvia T. Eddy was a professionally trained missionary nurse, having received her training at the Children’s Hospital of Philadelphia (Diploma, 1914) and, in 1929–1930, obstetrics and midwifery at the Manhattan Maternity and Dispensary, New York. She was likely inspired to missionary work by distant cousins David Brewer Eddy (1877–1946), who was for 25 years secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (author of *What Next in Turkey: Glimpses of the American Board’s Work in the Near East*, The American Board, Boston, 1913) and David’s brother, George Sherwood Eddy (1871–1963), “a renowned missionary in India and elsewhere.” Mary Pierson Eddy (1864–1923) was a physician working in Syria, following in the work of her missionary father, Rev. William Woodbridge Eddy (1825–1900).

With periodic interruptions by trips home to America, Sylvia T. Eddy remained at work in Turkey from 1919 to 1946. She was 26 years of age when she first embarked on her missionary work, which placed her in the midst of the Turkish and Armenian war and the French troops that supported the Armenian effort during a decidedly tumultuous time at the end of the Ottoman Empire and the beginnings of British control of parts of the Near East, particularly Palestine and Iraq. The conflict, as Sheldon has pointed out, has been “almost ignored in the wider context of regional upheaval, and is rarely discussed in any depth in histories of the post-World War I Middle East.”

During the early wartime years when Sylvia Eddy first worked in Turkey, she was stationed in Aintab, at the Azariah Smith Memorial Hospital, commonly referred to as the American Hospital. The site was also in the midst of battle, when she worked with others under fire to safely relocate the patients and operating room, which seems to have been the event for which she was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* by the French government.

Eddy’s first voyage overseas was duplicated when she fell ill. She sailed aboard the U.S.S. *Leviathan* from Hoboken, New Jersey, 16 February 1919, traveling in the company of 250 Near East Relief workers. After coming down with an illness diagnosed as pneumonia, she was placed in sick bay on 19 February. When the ship arrived in Brest on 23 February she remained in sick bay, returning with the ship to New York. Because the vessel was being used to transport troops of New York’s own 27th Division home from the European war, Eddy “was moved to a dandy big outside stateroom on D Deck”, according to her diary now held by Kathleen Sheldon. (By an amazing coincidence, a photo of the U.S.S. *Leviathan* arriving in New York harbor in March 1919 with 8,000 troops of the 27th Division aboard is depicted in the U.S. Naval Historical Center website.) She remained in America, recuperating at her family’s home in Simsbury, Connecticut. During this time, her sister-in-law, Grace Emily Blakeman
(1876–1919, first wife of Sherman Willard Eddy), died of influenza. She also nursed others who had contracted the illness.

Finally, Sylvia Eddy sailed once again for the Near East, embarking aboard the S.S. Madonna on 24 June 1919. Here her diary for 1919–1920 picks up in earnest with her numerous observations and comments about social life. The diary decisively omits almost all commentary on daily work and the Turkish-Armenian war, with a few notable exceptions. But by and large, Sylvia Eddy preferred to take note of the genteel aspects of afternoon teas, evening entertainments, and the occasional interaction with other missionary workers. During the heated conflict of early 1920, she was, however, more moved to include comments on the conflict as it unwound around her. In late April, the missionary compound at the American Hospital itself came under periodic attack. Under fire, she helped relocate patients and operating room to a safer location, which may be the action for which Sylvia T. Eddy was awarded the French Croix de Guerre and a medal from the Near East Relief. (The Croix de Guerre received by Sylvia Eddy is of the style awarded for wars other than World War I and WWII not fought on French soil. Its ribbon includes a bronze star, indicating that the conferee was cited at the brigade or regiment level.)

Sylvia apparently had written home about some of her experiences, but many of these letters were probably destroyed in a flood at the family home in 1955; a few known now only from typed transcripts of some of them made by an unknown family member. Some of her experiences also were told in brief to the Hartford Courant when she was home in late 1921.

Sylvia went overseas on numerous occasions thereafter, with and without family. In one instance, on 11 September 1924, Sylvia Eddy’s nephew, Julian Burr Eddy, applied for a U.S. passport in Hartford, Connecticut, on 11 September 1924; his father witnessed the document. Julian Eddy was then 16 years of age and had indicated that he intended to travel for pleasure to Algiers, Tunis, France, Italy, Greece, and Turkey, departing New York aboard the R.M.S. Homerica 20 September 1924. The application was accompanied by a typewritten note: “I hereby give my consent to my son’s trip abroad, sailing on the steamer ‘HOMERIC’ on 20 Sept. 1924 He is accompanied by my sister, Sylvia T. Eddy, sailing on the same date and same steamer. [signed] Sherman W Eddy Father of Julian B. Eddy”.

When Sylvia Eddy returned to the U.S. in 1946, she had expected to return yet again to Turkey, but she never did. Later she worked at the Ellis Fischel State Cancer Hospital in Columbia, Missouri. Why she went to Missouri is not clear. Elizabeth Desmond Keil recalled only that Sylvia may have had a friend in the St. Louis area, perhaps an acquaintance from her nursing school days; but Keil is uncertain about the details.
Regarding some of the children of Elmer Jasper Spamer (1862–1947) and Bettie May Blakely (1860–1925), all of whom are great-grandchildren of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta:

JASPER NOBLE SPAMER (1893–1971), known as “Jap”, was a farmer. He married in 1916 Elizabeth Ferguson Patterson (1894–1971), with whom he had four children: William Jasper Spamer (1917–2009), Marjorie Elizabeth (ca. 1919–), Morris Eugene (1921–2010), and Eleanor Louise (1924–).

The Spamer–Patterson wedding was noted in the Baltimore Sun on 12 November 1916:

+ A beautiful home wedding took place Wednesday afternoon, November 8, when Miss Elizabeth Ferguson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Patterson, of Darnalls Sylvania, Baltimore county, became the bride of Mr. Jasper N. Spamer, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer J. Spamer, of Rockland, Baltimore county. The bride, who was attired in a handsome gown of blue taffeta, with hat and gloves to match, and carried white chrysanthemums, was attended by her only sister, Mrs. E. M. Whiteford, as matron of honor, who was gowned in blue brocade velvet with hat and gloves to mach [sic] and carried an armful of pink chrysanthemums. The bride’s home was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and palms. Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom left for a Southern trip in their new touring car, the groom’s gift to the bride. The bride’s traveling costume was of midnight blue broadcloth. The Rev. L.S. Reachard performed the ceremony.

The genealogy of the Patterson family is known only of Elizabeth Ann Ferguson Patterson’s parents, Harry Wilmer Patterson (1855–1943) (below left) and Mary Elizabeth Dance (1857–1936) (below right).
The Pattersons owned a farm in Baltimore County that was adjacent to the “Rockland” property that had been acquired by Elmer Jasper Spamer in 1881. Various members of the Spamer family lived there over the years. There were two houses; one the principal residence (razed ca. 1965), the other a tenant-farmer’s residence, razed later when the farm was sold to developers. Nancy Spamer Mickey recalls:

[The Patterson] home was knocked down when I was a teenager [ca. 1965] (my grandparents used it as their tenant house and I remember that it had pocket doors) and the tenant house [second house] was the one that Aunt Nora and Uncle Bud [Morris Eugene Spamer and Nora Funk Spamer] lived in that was next to the tree Major Chambers climbed up.

(The tenant house was razed later, when the property was sold to developers. (See more about the subjects mentioned here in the discussion of “Rockland”, earlier.)

Sara Whiteford Giles provided the following comments relating to Harry and Mary Ferguson:

It is not true that our grandmother ‘would’ not pay her taxes. She ‘could’ not as at that time she had no income. Our grandfather could not work and farm the land due to a hernia so all the money she had was her share of the farm income after paying her tenant their share. The tenant did the actual farm work. As a consequence when the taxes came due she would offer her son in law one of her fields if he would pay her taxes for her so field by field he acquired her farm. [There] were not many fields left at the time of her death. He paid his wife and my mother [Katheryne May Patterson Whiteford] and Uncle Bill [William Patterson] $3000 for what was left after her death. This of course gave him the two houses: her home and the tenant house (where your Uncle Bud and Aunt Nora lived) that amounted to $1000 apiece for her heirs. Keep in mind that this was before the days of Social Security and with each field she gave him there were less fields left to gain her any income to live off of. It was a win win situation for him and a loss for her.

Regarding the Patterson farm, the following notes were passed along by Sara Whiteford Giles, which have the added advantage of distinguishing between the two Patterson houses, neither of which now survive. The following recollection made to Nancy Spamer Mickey mentions only the principal Patterson home, not the tenant house, which is mentioned exclusively in other discussions herein:

Our grandmother and grandfather Patterson [Harry Wilmer Patterson and Elizabeth Dance Patterson] lived there until grandmother died. On the morning of her funeral it was very cold and icy and our grandfather went to the barn to feed their horse and slipped on the ice and broke his hip. He was not able to go to her funeral after they set his hip[.] They moved him over to Rockland so your grandmother (his daughter) [Elizabeth Ferguson Patterson Spamer, wife of Jasper Noble Spamer] could take care of him. They fixed his bed in what is now your dad’s [William Jasper Spamer] living room and it was rigged with pulley’s, etc. so he could help himself move up and down on the bed. After he was able to be up and about he came to live with my mother and father and I until my
mother [Katheryn May Patterson Whiteford] died. He then went back to Rockland and later went to live with Cousin John and Cousin Annie Patterson at Manor View. He stayed there until his final illness when they called Aunt Elizabeth and she and Uncle Bill went and got him. He died at Rockland in the room that was yo[u]r dad’s room during his growing up years. While all this was happening Aunt Elizabeth, Uncle Bill and my mother had an auction sale and sold their possessions that were not divided among the family and your grandfather (Jasper N. Spamer) bought the remaining farm including the buildings. From that time on the Patterson home was used as a rental house and I do not now who all the renters were. I only remember a Mr. and Mrs. Bissell was one of them. My mother and father were married on the lawn of that house . . . .

The Ferguson family, while it has been traced back to the great-great grandfather of Elizabeth Ann Ferguson, regretfully has no dates for the earlier generations. Regarding the parents of Elizabeth, who were Levi Ferguson and Eliza Barton, Sara Whiteford Giles commented:

Levi Ferguson was my mother’s great uncle; our grandmother Patterson’s uncle. He and Aunt Keziah had no children so at his death he left his farm to his niece (our grandmother Patterson [Mary Elizabeth Dance Patterson]). Uncle Levi must have sold some of his land to Elmer Spamer before his death.

The Dance family has been traced back to Joseph Dance (1745–1797), whose great-grandson, Milton Dance, married Elizabeth Ann Ferguson.

EDITH SPAMER (1896–1987) married Elmer Thomas Eck (1894–1990), with whom she had two children: Dorothy Mae (1918– ) and Carl Elmer (1924–1997). (Photo at right shows Elmer, Edith, and Carl Eck in 1978.)

The Eck family traces its American ancestry to Christoph Eck (ca. 1806–?) and his wife, Elisabeth (ca. 1811–?), who were born in Saxony and emigrated to the United States, arriving in Baltimore on 8 May 1851 aboard the bark Anna with their seven children. Elmer Thomas Eck was a great-grandson of Christoph and Elisabeth.

Edith and Elmer Eck’s daughter, Hazel Pearl Eck, married Edith’s nephew, William Jasper Spamer.
William Spamer (1847–1912) and his first wife, Caroline E. Krumm (1848–1871), had one child, WILLARD ANDREW SPAMER (1869–1870), great-grandchild of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta. The “Spamer Families of Baltimore” notes William and Caroline’s marriage and the child with question marks: “These names are included at this point since the bodies are buried in the lot purchased by Christian, and also because they do not fit anywhere else in the family tree.” Her death as the wife of William is corroborated in the Baltimore Sun obituaries. The identity of Willard as their son is corroborated by the marker on his grave (Baltimore Cemetery, Area I, Lots 283/297).

Regarding some of the children of William Spamer (1847–1912) and his second wife, Virginia Ellen Shackleford (1861–after June 1900), who are great-grandchildren of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta:


William Otis Spamer was a clerk and a bookkeeper at the Baltimore Dry Dock and Ship Building Company.

The Ludloff family has been traced back to Jacob Ludloff (ca. 1807–?) and his wife, Maria (ca. 1815–?), born and married in Germany. They immigrated into the United States, arriving with seven children in Baltimore on 25 August 1847 aboard the Bremen ship Gustav. They had four more children in Maryland. He was a ship’s carpenter and a day laborer.

Elisabeth M. Ludloff was a grandchild of Jacob and Maria.

WALTER BENJAMIN SPAMER (1876–1945) married in 1902 Julia Hoch (ca. 1878–?). They seem to have had no children.

Harry Hobbs was at first a farmer, but by the time he registered for the military draft in 1918 he worked on a road patrol for the State Road Commission. He resided in Carroll County.

The Hobbs family has been traced back to Harry Hobbs’ grandparents, Hamilton Hobbs (1829–after May 1900) and his wife, Mary J. (1836–after May 1900).

VIRGINIA SPAMER (1881–1881) has already been noted in the narrative about her father, William Spamer. It was the error in the Baltimore Cemetery’s records that led A. M. Spamer and me, independently, to believe that the burial there was William’s first wife, Virginia, aged “28 yrs” according to the record card, when in fact it was the infant, Virginia, aged 28 days. We know now that Mrs. Virginia Spamer divorced William and moved with her two youngest children to live with her parents in Virginia, and that she survived William.

JOSEPH ALAN (or ALLEN) SPAMER (1882–1958) is an enigma in the Spamer family; moreso now than when A. M. Spamer mentioned him in the “Spamer Families of Baltimore” in 1984, despite the fact that we now have substantially more genealogical information about him. Most of this information has come through fortuitously locating and corresponding with his great-grandson, Charles “Chuck” V. Pierpont (III).

Joseph Spamer married, first, Lena (1886–1968), with whom he had a daughter, Helen (1907–1979). He married, second, before September 1918 Lillian A. Henderson (ca. 1888–?). He remarried Lena between 1920–1930. Thereafter he divorced or drifted away.

Initially, Joseph had been reported in family records that he was born in 1882, or his birth date was unknown. The only biographical note about him that appears in A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore” is a single, brief sentence:

At time of his death, he was ranked as Captain. (no children or living descendents [sic]).

But correspondence from Frances D. Spamer in 1975 added, intriguingly and without further comment:

No record of any marriage altho’ one was claimed, but court Decree, dated 7/26/1960, ruled no children or living descendants.

This contradicts information that has been gleaned from public records and from correspondence with Chuck Pierpont. Frances Spamer did not indicate the source of her information about the legal case. Thus far neither the judicial jurisdiction of the court, nor the context of the case, have been identified; probably the case was pled in the State of Maryland (where putative children may have lived) or otherwise in the State of New York (where Joseph Spamer died in the care of Sailors’ Snug Harbor, a home for indigent mariners).
Supposedly Joseph’s mother was Virginia, William Spamer’s second wife, but conflicting with that supposition was that she had apparently died in 1881 at age 28 (from the Baltimore Cemetery’s record, her birth not recorded in family records). This caused some confusion regarding Joseph’s birth date, and after some considerable research it led me to incorrectly suggest that Joseph may have been an illegitimate birth (see in the original version of the Spamer–Smith Genealogy). We know now that the 1881 burial in Baltimore Cemetery was Virginia, infant daughter of William and Virginia Spamer, who divorced several years later.

It is regretful that we seem to have gotten evasive or confused information about Joseph Spamer from members of the family, from which we are made to wonder whether Joseph was a “black sheep”. Further confusing the issue overall was the fact that at the time of the 1900 U.S. census Joseph and his sister, Mary, resided in the home of their widowed grandmother, Elizabeth M. Spamer, on East Baltimore St. in Baltimore. In the same census, the children’s father, William Spamer, and his son, Walter, resided with William’s sister, Mary Pausch (then widowed), on East Lanvale St. Had I understood that William was divorced, and that Virginia Spamer had returned to her parents in Virginia with yet two more children (who were unknown to A. M. Spamer and initially to me), we would have better understood that Joseph and his siblings were from a broken home. From an early age he led a geographically unanchored life. Later, as we will see, his marriages seem to have had varied levels of stability. By sometime in the 1930s he seems to have gone out of the picture in this family. His great-grandson, Chuck Pierpont, noted in correspondence to me that Joseph “was never mentioned to me and my father never knew him.”

Joseph Spamer’s middle name is either Allen or Alan; both are on his own authority. He registered for the military drafts in 1918 and 1942. We are sure it is the same Joseph Spamer because the signatures and birth dates are identical. In the 1918 registration, he lists his name as “Joseph Allen Spamer”; in the 1942 registration as “Joseph Alan Spamer”. One may assume that the spelling, “Allen”, is correct because the 1918 draft registration seems to have been entirely written in Joseph’s hand, while the 1942 registration, with its information hand-printed, may be a clerk’s writing (only the signature is surely Joseph’s writing).

He started his working career as a clerk in Baltimore, and by 1910 was a riveter in a shipyard. The U.S. census for that year also lists in his household, with his wife and daughter, four Chinese laundrymen, three of whom were alien residents from China, who had immigrated between 1895–1897, and one was a native of California. In 1912 Joseph lived with his half-brother, William Otis Spamer, in Baltimore, but we do not know whether he had his family there, too. By the time he registered with the military draft in 1918, in Philadelphia, he was a mariner with the U.S. Shipping Board in Philadelphia, but gave his address as in the Govans section of Baltimore and noted that he was then with Lillian, his second wife. They were still at this address at the time of the 1920 census, residing with his wife’s family, the Hendersons. Joseph’s first wife, Lena, with daughter Helen, were in 1920 residing in Baltimore in the household of Max and Rebecca Goldman, Yiddish-speaking Russian immigrants.

(The United States Shipping Board—or more fully, the United States Shipping Board Merchant Fleet Corporation—was established during the wartime emergency under the Shipping Act of 1916; it was formally organized in January 1917. It served to regulate the construction and operation of its own fleet of merchant vessels, and such other vessels consigned by emergency to duties of international shipping for entities of the U.S. Government and its suppliers. In 1927 it was redesignated as the U.S.
Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, and in 1936 was replaced by the Maritime Commission under the Merchant marine Act of 1936, under the U.S. Department of Commerce.

Of additional interest regarding the Henderson–Spamer household cited from the 1920 census is that, on the census sheet, the next household listed was the residence of Christian and Elizabeth Rehberger (aged 64 and 58, respectively). The Rehberger family is related collaterally to the Spamers—Elisabeth Jennie Spamer (1898–1953), daughter of William Otis Spamer and niece of Joseph, married Louis Rehberger, III (1893–1954). However, Christian and Elizabeth Rehberger have not yet been placed genealogically within the known Rehberger family at this time.

Sometime during his life, Joseph Spamer was in the Maryland National Guard. He is indexed in the Service Records of the Maryland National Guard for 1888–1933, but we know nothing more about this.

As outlined farther below, Joseph Spamer was from the late 1910s through at least the 1920s a ship’s master, or captain. Although we have just a few bare facts about his work in that capacity (still more than A. M. Spamer knew, apparently), at the time of the 1930 U.S. census he was a mate on a steamboat, suggesting shallow-water boats but which could also have included coastal steamers. In this census, Joseph is still giving his address as in Baltimore, but he is again with Lena and Helen. Daughter Helen by then had married Charles V. Pierpont (grandfather of my correspondent, Chuck Pierpont) and had a child, George Pierpont (ca. 1927–), but in 1930 Charles was separated and was a boarder in the household of Edgar T. and Julia A. Wise, in Baltimore.

By the time Joseph Spamer registered for the military draft in 1942, he seems to have left the maritime business, being employed then by Goodwill Industries in Jersey City, New Jersey. There he indicated on the line for “name and address of person who will always know your address” Margaret Spamer at his own address; but we have no idea who Margaret was (perhaps another wife). The draft registration was then emended in 1943 to indicate that Joseph was living in Vineland, New Jersey, but there is no indication whether Margaret was with him. (At this very time my mother, Jeannette Spamer, resided in Vineland with her mother and stepfather, Palmina and Leo Sylvester; my father had just gone overseas with the U.S. Army. I do not know whether any of my immediate relatives ever knew of Joseph A. Spamer, much less was aware of his presence in Vineland, and there is no discernable reason why Joseph would have removed to Vineland at that time; it is yet another enigma of his life.)

That Joseph Spamer died in the care of Sailors’ Snug Harbor, the mariners’ home in Staten Island, New York, is an indication that he did serve some significant amount of time at sea, and that when he was admitted to the institution he was in financial need. (Today, although the administrative offices are still in New York, the retirement home is in Sea Level, North Carolina. Eligible mariners must meet the following criteria to be residents: “3650 days of deep sea time proven through discharge papers (50% on U.S. flagged ships), 65 years of age or older (exceptions may be made), a proven need for financial assistance”.)

Records of Sailors’ Snug Harbor note that Joseph A. Spamer was buried in the Sailors’ Snug Harbor Cemetery, grave 6092 (this is plot 2, row 3, grave 17). His date of death is there given as 12 May 1958, which differs from the 12 March date given in A. M. Spamer’s “Spamer Families of Baltimore”).
He was aged 75, thus born in 1882. The cemetery is located on Prospect and Clinton Aves., adjacent to Allison Park; a block south of today’s Snug Harbor Cultural Center Park in Staten Island, New York.

As noted, Joseph A. Spamer is known to have been a ship’s master (captain). In this regard, the following sketchy records have thus far been located. Note particularly that there are conflicting bits of information relating to his age, which should come as no surprise after all of the peculiarities that we have already seen.

- The ship’s crew manifest for the S.S. *Rijswijk*, arriving in New York on 23 June 1919 from Jucaro, Cuba, and Palo Alto, lists “Jos. A. Spamer” as captain, aged 37, engaged 18 January 1919 in Baltimore; noted as a white male, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, 145 pounds.
- The ship’s crew manifest for the S.S. *Shannock*, arriving in New York on 3 January 1921 from Santos and Rio de Janeiro, lists “J.A. Spamer” as master, aged 46, engaged 1 August 1920 in Norfolk [Virginia]; noted as a white male of “American” race and nationality. (Note that the *Shannock* was a ship built for the U.S. Shipping Board, the same agency as for which worked the Joseph Alan Spamer who registered for the military draft in Philadelphia in 1918.)

The Baltimore Sun shipping reports provide several instances noting Joseph A. Spamer (dates as indicated):

- “J. A. Spamer, of Baltimore, late second officer of the steamer Margaret, of the Bull Line, has been appointed chief officer of the steamer Iaqua, now at Norfolk, which has been taken over by the Shipping Board. He is second to Capt. John Dodge, of Govans, who has taken command.” (12 February 1918)
- “[Steamer] Cumberland, Spamer, for Cherbourg, Terminal Shipping Company” (1 August 1919)
- “The steamer City of Fairbury, commanded by Captain Spamer, of Baltimore, arrived at Nazaire [Saint-Nazaire, France] January 9.” (15 January 1920)
- “Capt. C. [sic] A. Spamer, of the steamer City of Fairbury, loading at Philadelphia for France, is visiting his family at Govans.” (11 March 1920)
- “Stmr Rijswijk, Spamer from [illegible], iron ore; Terminal Shipping Company. At Sparrows Point.” (16 March 1919)
- “With 40,500 sacks of coffee for New York, the steamer Shannock, commanded by Captain Spamer, of Baltimore, sailed from Santos, Brazil, on November 19.” (24 November 1920)

These items convey a number of supporting facts. First, of course, it further confirms the family information that Joseph A. Spamer was a ship’s master. Circumstantial evidence already reported in this genealogy is further corroborated by these items, including the fact that he had a family in the Govans section of Baltimore, and that he worked for the U.S. Shipping Board, based in Philadelphia.

There are so many questions to be asked of the life of Joseph Spamer, but, regretfully, answers are not forthcoming at this time. His life’s story seems to be interleaved with ambiguities. That the family’s own information about his date and circumstances of birth are imprecise or absent, that he lived separately from his father, that he had marriages (how many is unclear), separations, and a child (but after
his death a court declined to recognize descendants), and that he lived his last days, perhaps alone, in a
seamen’s home in New York, all are circumstances that raise questions. His will be a long tale, if ever it
comes to be fully known.

Regarding Lena Spamer (1886–1968), as we have seen she was Joseph’s first wife and the mother
of Helen, who apparently divorced from Joseph before 1918 but returned to living together again by 1930,
then again separating after which Joseph seems to have isolated himself from his family. Chuck Pierpont,
great-grandson of Joseph and Lena, reports that Lena later had a common law husband, Herman
Silbersack, who was “the man my father knew well.”

Herman Silbersack (1891–1964) was the son of John and Annie Silbersack; his mother had
emigrated from Germany in 1869, and his father was born in Maryland to German-immigrant parents.
John Silbersack was a tailor. When Herman Silbersack registered for the military draft in 1917, he was a
laborer. When he registered for the draft in 1942, he was unemployed and gave his residence as 2304 E.
Biddle St., Baltimore, Maryland, which is the address given in the 1930 U.S. census for Joseph and Lena
Spamer and their daughter and grandson, Helen and George Pierpont. On the 1942 registration card,
Herman listed for a contact who would always know his whereabouts George Pierpont, of the same
address. Herman seems to have been illiterate, as on both military registration cards he signed his name
with an “X”, which was witnessed on the 1942 registration card.

Unfortunately, we know nothing of Lillian Henderson, the second wife of Joseph Spamer.

Harriet A. Spamer (1885–?) and Norah Spamer (1888–?) were the two daughters of William and
Virginia Shackleford Spamer who were unknown to A. M. Spamer when he prepared the “Spamer
Families of Baltimore”. These children were rediscovered in the 1900 U.S. census, when Virginia Spamer
was a divorcée living with her parents. Norah, born in Virginia, seems to have been born after William
and Virginia separated.

Regarding the children of Mary Elisabeth Spamer (1849–1906) and George August Pausch (ca. 1849–
before 1899), only one will be mentioned here, a great-grandchildren of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad
and Annetta:

GEORGE PAUSCH (1885–1972) married before October 1911 Pearl Neal (1885–1966), with
whom they had one child who died in infancy.

He was an auditor and, later, trust officer and vice president for the same banking establishment
as in which his uncle, Andrew Perry Spamer, was a vice-president, the Safe Deposit and Trust Company
of Maryland. (The firm later became the Mercantile Safe Deposit and Trust Co.). George was also active in church work and was a member of the Baltimore Council of Churches.

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Regarding some of the children of Adolph Spamer (1861–1939) and Frances Allethia Thomas (1853–1931), all of whom are great-grandchildren of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta:

HENRY EDWARD SPAMER (1884–1939) was known as “Harry”. He married in 1923 Emily Gerow Barnard (1883–1969), with whom he had three children: Helen McKnew (1925–2008), Alfred Barnard (1926–), and Ednah Roberts (1927–).

He was co-founder of the Certified Public Accountants firm of “Bartels and Spamer”, which firm was still listed in business in 2004 in Baltimore.

In 1908 at least, Henry E. Spamer was treasurer of the Baltimore Society of the Church of the New Jerusalem. Among other family members, C. A. E. Spamer was president of the society, and George Pausch was secretary.

At the time of the 1920 U.S. census, prior to her marriage, Emily Barnard was the Superintendent for the University of Maryland Nurses’ club in Baltimore.

The Barnard family has been traced to Alfred Barnard (ca. 1820–?), an English immigrant and his wife, Mary (ca. 1825–?) of New York. He was a goldsmith. They had nine children, including Emily’s father, William H. Barnard (ca. 1857–after April 1930).


In the 1905, 1912, and 1913 Baltimore city directories, 1917 military draft registration, and 1930 U.S. census, Hubert Andrew Spamer’s occupation is listed as silversmith. The 1917 draft registration indicates that he was employed by the Gilbert Cumming Co. in Baltimore.

The children of Hubert and Mary Arndt Spamer will be recognized in this narrative as the earlier Spamer family historians. Frances never married. Andy married but had no children.

According to correspondence in 1975 to Katharine S. Spamer, Frances “spent her early working years as a clerk in the office of a jewelry company and later worked until her retirement from the Tax Services Department of the Safe Deposit and Trust Co.” of Baltimore, where the department “help[ed] prepare individual tax returns for some of the beneficiaries of the bank’s trust accounts”. She resided in
Frances Spamer had some income from a rental property. She mentions in passing in a letter to Katharine S. Spamer in 1977 that since the beginning of the year she had “been more than busy with house buying, renovating, redecorating, moving and whatever”; she had “bought a two apartment house on shares” and was in the process of renovating much of it by herself.

She was the principal genealogist of the Spamer family until she gave up the work; in July 1983 she sent her records to her brother, Andy. He collated her work and by the following January he produced the “Genealogy of the Spamer Families of Baltimore”, which he considered still a work in progress.

At the time of her death at least, and probably all during her life, Frances was affiliated with, if not active in, the Swedenborgian church in the Baltimore area. The “OurVirtualChurch” webpage of The Swedenborg Project in Lutherville, Maryland, notes, “With grateful thanks to the late Frances Spamer, whose estate made the OurVirtualChurch website possible.”

Adolph Milton Spamer (right) preferred to be known as Andy, and signed more formally as A.M. Spamer. He married in 1959 Virginia Foster (1918–1996). The only thing he wrote about himself in the “Spamer Families of Baltimore” was a single, short paragraph:

Andy spent 3 years as a welder, 3 years as a machinist. After graduating from Johns Hopkins Univ. with a degree in Mechanical Engineering in 1940, he spent 14 years in tool and machine design. In 1946-47 he took advanced courses in physics and mathematics. From 1954 until his retirement he worked as a nuclear engineer specializing in radiation and shielding analysis primarily for Radioisotope Thermoelectric Generators.

Andy and Virginia Spamer resided in Littleton, Colorado.

The disposition of any family records that may have been held by either Andy or Frances at the time of their deaths is now unknown.

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Ernest E. Harris had a previous marriage, but about which nothing is now known. Ernest and Virginia divorced. At the time of the 1930 U.S. census at least, Ernest was apparently employed with the U.S. Government Printing Office.

The Harris family has been traced back to Matthias Harris (ca. 1834–?) and his wife, Rebecca Miller (ca. 1838–?), grandparents of Ernest Harris.

David Adolph Spamer was a machinist. In his younger years he was mentioned in an unflattering manner in the Baltimore Sun on 11 August 1920, an item that was picked up in many other newspapers across the country, presumably for its sensational content. “Mike” Doolan, a baseball umpire, was “mobbed” by fans at Oriole Park after one individual threw a bottle at him. The policemen who came to his aid were, in turn, accosted by fans, including one David A. Sparmer [sic]. The perpetrators were brought before a justice, who declared that the men were “mildly insane”, an opinion substantiated by a Dr. Charles G. Hill, “alienist in many legal cases involving insanity and head of the sanitarium at Mount Hope.” Dr. Hill further opined that “most of the rest of the world is crazy, too.” He believed that moral restraint had slipped after the Great War (World War I).

Although the “Spamer Families of Baltimore” gives the maiden name of David A. Spamer’s first wife as Smelz, the death certificate for their son, David Admiral, gives her maiden name as Anstine. A Lillian Anstine is listed in the Social Security Death Index as having died in October 1985, last residing in Everett, Pennsylvania. Note that Everett is where were born the children of David Adolph Spamer and his second wife, Marjorie McGraw (and where or nearby presumably they resided). Everett is about 70 miles west of Stewartstown, where David Adolph Spamer’s son, David Admiral Spamer, was born to him and his first wife, Lillian, and where David Admiral was buried.

David and Lillian Spamer’s son, David Admiral Spamer (1937–1958), enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps around January 1955. He had been in the service for 3 years, 7 months, when he was struck and killed by an automobile while riding a motorcycle in Jacksonville, North Carolina, 5 May 1958. He was stationed then at the Cherry Point Marine Corps Air Station in New River, North Carolina. His remains were removed to Stewartstown, Pennsylvania, 8 May 1958.

HARRY SPAMER (?–?) has nothing known of him to the family history other than the names of his wife and children. He married Edna (?–?), with whom he had three children: Adolph, Edna, and Helen.

There is an item in the Baltimore Sun on 30 April 1904 that could relate to Harry Spamer. The individual referred to in the newspaper item is one “Harry I. Spamer”, an engineer in the bay maritime business (as, notably, were a number of men in the Spamer family). The newspaper article was about the steamer Alabama, built in 1840 by the Maryland Steel Company, at Sparrows Point. The Alabama was known as the “Greyhound of the Chesapeake”. The article announced that a refit had been completed and was again under the operation of the Baltimore Steam Packet Company (the “Old Bay Line”), concluding,
Last night the Alabama took her place on the line to Norfolk. Captain Bohannon, who has spent over 30 years in the service of the line has as his staff R. H. Smullen, chief officer; Harry Williams, second officer; Wallace Hooper, chief engineer; Harry I. Spamer, first assistant; and Samuel Hampton, second assistant . . . .

(There is only one other Harry Spamer known in the family. Born in 1876, son of Charles Spamer, he was raised in the area around Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and who at the time of the 1900 census was still in that area, working as an electrical mechanic. It is not likely that it is he who is the subject of the item above.)

Given the close spacing of many of the children of Adolph and Frances Thomas Spamer, it is difficult to place their son, Harry, whose dates are unknown now, amongst the first-born among them. If the Harry I. Spamer of the newspaper article is he, he would have had to be of responsible working age in 1904. Harry Spamer, if then aged 18, would fit neatly between his siblings, Henry Edward Spamer (born March 1884) and Elizabeth Louise Spamer (born November 1885); that is, his birth could be between about September 1885–February 1886. Of course, if he had been born at any time later, he would have been too young to work as an engineer’s assistant aboard a steamship, and the record of Harry I. Spamer in the newspaper would be another Harry Spamer, one whose identity is otherwise unknown to our family.

Regarding the child of James Conrad Spamer (1855–1884) and his first wife, Ida Jon Holden (ca. 1856–1882), who is a great-grandchild of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta:


George Edward Bopst was at various times a streetcar conductor, telephone company laborer, construction company foreman, a foreman working on state roads, and a farm laborer. He resided all his life in Carroll County.

A substantial Bopst family genealogy is known, which has been traced back to Phillip Brobst (1772–?) of Pennsylvania. George Edward Bopst was a great-great-grandson.

Regarding the children of James Conrad Spamer (1855–1884) and his second wife, Elizabeth (?–?), we will take note of:

GEORGE PEABODY SPAMER (1883–1943) was named for his uncle, George Peabody Spamer (1857-1942). The younger George was called “Little George”. He married, first, after April 1910 Emma C. Eck (1886–1924). He married, second, Lottie H. Bowen (1881–1944). He had no children.
Several other Eck family members also married into the Spamer family, descendants of Frederick Eck (1833–after April 1910), a German immigrant, and Christiana (1843–after April 1910) of Maryland.

In the 1897 Baltimore city directory George is listed as a stonemason, and in 1905 he was a clerk, perhaps in the Spamer Bros. ice cream store operated by his uncles, John and Edward. By 1912 he was a carrier for The Sun newspapers of Baltimore, with which firm he remained for the rest of his career, operating what seems to have been a thriving carrier route. He was the Chairman of the Executive Committee of newspaper route owners for the Baltimore Sun, about which an article (in The Sun, of course) noted that “The route owners occupy a novel position. Their routes have a high commercial value and they are protected by The Sun just the same as real estate is protected by the laws of the State.”

At a Sun carrier dinner in 1916, George was noted by the reporter in an unusual juxtaposition of names. Note was made about entertainment at the dinner, which included “George Spamer, ‘who delivers his Suns in a Ford,’ and Henry L. Mencken, the ‘Kaiser’s adviser’”. It seems highly unlikely that ever again a Spamer and the great American journalist, H. L. Mencken, will be mentioned in the same breath. (Mencken worked at The Sun during most of his career, from 1906 to 1948.) And yet we find another, though peripheral, connection: Mencken and his future wife, Sara Haardt, first met after a 1923 lecture he delivered at Goucher College, in Baltimore, where she was an English professor—and Katharine Seville Spamer was a member of the Class of 1923 at Goucher.

George Peabody Spamer was also figured in an advertisement for the Baltimore Sun in 1921 (right), which also mentions his uncle, Edward Otis Hinkley Spamer. The illustration of George in this item is thus far the only known image of him. (Likewise, only one image is known of his uncle, George Peabody Spamer, who appears in the group photograph reproduced at the beginning of this chapter on the Spamer family.)
Regarding two of the children of John Ward Spamer (1869–1960) and Lora Rebecca Smith (1874–1952), who are great-grandchildren of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta:

KATHARINE SEVILLE SPAMER (1901–1985) had several nicknames: “Kay”, as she was known by friends and family; “Mehit”, given by her brother, Edward, whom she called “Archie” (after fictional characters Archy and Mehitabel); and “Finn”, as she was known in my immediate family (the derivation is my mispronunciation of “Katharine” when I was very young). (The comical literary characters Mehitabel (a cat) and a cockroach (Archy) were created by Don Marquis (1878–1937) in 1916. At night, Archy left messages on a typewriter, all in lower-case letters because he could not operate the shift key for capitals. In the first of Marquis’ columns, Archy typed that he had been a “vers libre bard” [yet another typing poet], but his soul, now in a cockroach, gave him “a new outlook upon life”.

Although Katharine Spamer never married, when she lived in Darien and Stamford, Connecticut, she was a close friend to Axel Petersen, a Swede. He appears in a number of family photographs taken in Connecticut and in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, but nothing more is now known about the man who was known as “Pete” and “Pelle”. He died suddenly. In Stamford, Katharine Spamer and Axel Petersen both resided in apartments at the Park View Apartments, at 53 Prospect St. Pete had brother, Torsten, who came from Sweden to visit at least once.

Katharine Spamer was educated in the Baltimore County, Maryland, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, public schools, graduating in 1919 from Franklin High School. She graduated from Baltimore’s Goucher College in 1923, earning a B.A. in French and Spanish. In 1940, she earned her Master of Education degree in psychology from Temple University, Philadelphia. Her master’s thesis was titled, “Emotional and Recreational Interests of High School Students”. Years later, she confessed that she wondered how she ever earned her degree with the conclusions like those!

In her Goucher College yearbook, Donnybrook Fair, Katharine Spamer is listed as a Romance Languages major, with the biographical comment, “She is sensible, and a prized athlete; amiable and a modest winner; efficient, and a respected president of the City Girls.” She is also listed as a member of the Council in the Goucher College Christian Association; in 1922 awarded a sweater letter “G”, “the highest athletic honor”; played 2nd base on the baseball team; and a member of the field hockey team and the basketball team. She also became a registered member of the Life Saving Corps of the American National Red Cross in 1923, which was used to advantage when she obtained work as a summer-camp counselor and Y.W.C.A. work.
Sometime after her graduation from Goucher, Katharine Spamer taught for a while at the Woods School in Langhorne, Pennsylvania. This was the Woods School for Exceptional Children, which in the euphemistic terminology of the day meant children with learning and social disabilities.

At the time of the 1930 U.S. census Katharine Spamer was a social worker for the Y.W.C.A. in Woonsocket, Rhode Island. But most of her career, from 1938 to 1963 she taught Spanish and French (mostly Spanish) in the Darien High School, Darien, Connecticut.

She attended her Goucher College 50th class reunion in June 1973. In a commemorative volume of biographical sketches she summarized her career and avocations (which may have been edited for brevity):

The years 1923-1973 have flown so fast it is hard to put in a few words the many experiences which have composed more than half a lifetime.

For some years I was a “rolling stone”—tried many different fields, from teaching to factory, regretting none of them. Finally went back to my first love—languages (college major), especially Spanish. For 28½ years I taught in Darien, Conn. High School, retiring in 1966.

Since then busier than ever! I still have Spanish classes for adults—my own, Continuing Education in Stamford, Conn. and a class at one of the Senior Citizen Centers (my volunteer work). There is scarcely sufficient time for hobbies—oil painting, needlepoint, reading, traveling, even “Fun at the Races”.

Travel to me is the most rewarding—anywhere—whenever sufficient funds are available. In 1972, I made my fourth trip to Spain, visiting the north coast, thus completing visits to all sections of that country. Travel I recommend most highly!

As noted there and in other recollections, she was fond of the horse races. She made bets of just a couple of dollars, usually playing the Daily Double. She enjoyed going to the Preakness with her friends, “the Marions” (more about whom will be noted shortly).
Her avocation was travel, which she did widely in Europe particularly. Her favored country was Spain, and she made four trips there, visiting every section of the country. She also visited the Caribbean, Hawaii, and South America. Although she flew three or four times to Europe, Hawaii (right), and South America, she otherwise traveled almost exclusively by sea from the late 1920s through the early 1960s. Some of her trips are noted below. These are not all of the trips; recollections include others, but their timing and itineraries are no longer remembered.

In 1929, Katharine Spamer was listed in immigration records arriving in the port of New York on 7 September 1929 from Hamilton, Bermuda, aboard the S.S. Fort Victoria (which three months later on approach to New York harbor collided with the S.S. Algonquin and sank off Sandy Hook, New Jersey). I bring up this note because Katharine was in the company of Miss Lois A. Roscoe, who would become a long-time acquaintance. She had known Lois Roscoe since at least 1925, when photographs of her appear in family photo albums. Later, when Roscoe was superintendent of the Fort Hamilton Hospital in Hamilton, Ohio, Katharine assembled a photo album about Lois, which includes Miss Roscoe in her home in Hamilton as well as on trips.

Lois Roscoe (1898–?)—in the 1900 U.S. census for Mauch Chunk Township, Pennsylvania, she is listed as “Louisa”—was the third child of Joseph and Nastasia Roscoe, immigrants from Austria. He was a coal miner. She was born in Freeland, Pennsylvania, which by an amazing coincidence was an early home of my wife’s maternal ancestors, who came from Italy and some of whom were coal miners. Although Lois Roscoe has not been located in the 1910 or 1920 censuses, she is listed in the 1930 census as the superintendent of the Olean General Hospital in Olean, New York. In May 1938, she was hired as the superintendent of Fort Hamilton Hospital in Hamilton, Ohio. (In photo at left Miss Roscoe poses at Fort Hamilton in 1942). She was an adept administrator, “cutting costs, stretching resources, and repaying debt” at a time when an increase in the number of patients further relieved the financial burdens of the hospital that had been impacted by the Depression. Soon she reduced capital debt and assured the hospital operated in the black. After World War II, hospital space was becoming critical in Hamilton, and a waiting list for admissions was implemented. On 3 March 1957, not long before Lois Roscoe retired in 1958, groundbreaking took place for a new wing of the hospital, which opened in 1960. The “Lois A. Roscoe Wing”, named “in honor of the hospital’s long-tenured and thrifty superintendent”, according to the hospital’s website, doubled the size of the building, increased bed capacity from 142 to 285, and added new services like physical therapy. The original hospital building was demolished in 1981 when the hospital’s growth needs required larger and more modern facilities in the building complex. In 2006, the Fort Hamilton Hospital was a part of the Health Alliance health care system of greater Cincinnati.
In the late 1940s, Katharine Spamer in the company of school-teacher friends Miss Marion Jenness and Miss Marion S. Kenyon, drove to Mexico by way of Texas—notably, they often wore trousers on this trip (left). “The Marions”, as Jenness and Kenyon were always called, lived together in Mount Vernon, New York, and frequently traveled (especially Marion Kenyon) with Katharine. Katharine and Marion are listed in immigration records arriving in New York in 1951 aboard the S.S. Talmanca. In 1955 they flew to Europe on BOAC (British Overseas Airways Corporation), which was their first air flight.

The Marions also owned a small summer cabin near Lake Peekskill, New York, which they shared with Katharine; they called it simply “The Cabin”. (Below, Marion Kenyon, left, and Marion Jenness at The Cabin.)

In 1963, Katharine Spamer traveled to England, Scandinavia, France, and Spain. On this trip she sailed aboard the legendary Cunard ocean liners R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary. She sailed to Southampton, England, aboard the Queen Elizabeth and returned from Cherbourg, France, aboard the Queen Mary. Her accommodations aboard “The Queens” were in Cabin Class; that is, Second Class. She also left a brief typewritten account of the crossings, which seems to be a transcript of brief notes jotted down during her entire trip to Europe, 19 June–4 August, something she always did as preparations for her class work teaching Spanish. About her voyages she wrote:

Wednesday, June 19: Sailing! Taken to ship, Queen Elizabeth I, by the Marions. Nice day. Sailed at 4:30. Much standing in line for deck chairs, dining room seat, etc.


Friday, June 21: Quite different—fog up to the deck—pea soup! Some writing and reading. Immigration check-out for landing. Toured ship with an acquaintance (sin permiso!) [Spanish, “without permission!”]. Not too much preferred to cabin class! Evening: bingo (no luck), followed by cabaret—quite good.

Saturday, June 22: Clear and warm again—a beautiful day. Sunned on deck and, in evening, bingo and horse races. Won once at the races. Then watched fancy hat parade. To bed late.
Sunday, June 23: Church of England services in the A.M. in lounge of 1st. class. Very nice. Followed by letter writing (have written some each day). Not good weatherwise [sic]—fog! And rain! Evening: bingo.

Monday, June 24: A better day. Big even the arrival at Cherbourg. Cabin mates and I got passes and toured the town, stopping at a sidewalk café for some very delicious provençal wine. Packed, in order to get suitcases ready for A.M. landing. Sailed from Cherbourg about 7:00 P.M.

Tuesday, [sic] June 25: Rain! London! Ship docked at 2:00 A.M. (had to wait for the tide at Southampton) and couldn’t leave ship until 9:30 A.M., due to dock workers’ strike (striking for shorter hours). Boat-train didn’t leave till 11:35 so it was after 1:00 when we reached London.

* * *

Friday, August 2: Next morning up at 6:30 and started to check out at 8:00. Made it to St. Lazaire Station by 9:00—what a mob and nightmare getting bags from room and taxi!! More tipping did the trick. A wonderful compatible crowd in train compartment and, since there wasn’t enough time to have lunch in the dining car, we all ordered beer and pooled our cookies and candies for lunch. Reached Cherbourg about 3:00 and on ship without difficulty. The usual settling. Cabin mates 3 people from hospital in Boston—found to be late sleepers—bad! Evening to horse races (no luck); talked to Mr. Joe Wiley (from train); had a drink and to bed, 11:45.

Saturday, August 3: Shipboard life. Day of in and out sun. Boat drill in A.M. Spent most of the day on deck—reading, writing and being lazy. Evening bingo (no luck), walking on deck to see the moon. To bed early.

Sunday, August 4: Fog up to the gunnels! Went to church on deck. Hair-do at 3:30. End of this trip!

Katharine Spamer also traveled aboard other ocean liners. One recollection is that she was aboard an Italian-flagged liner at which pasta was offered at every meal, including breakfast. I recall also that she may have mentioned that she sailed aboard the historic S.S. United States, still the record-holder of the fastest Atlantic crossing by an ocean liner, but information about her trip is lost now.

Her last foreign trip was one to Peru in 1977, during which she visited the “lost city” of the Incas, Macchu Picchu.

Katharine Spamer had owned a used Ford Model T automobile when she worked as a camp counsellor in Rhode Island, after graduating from Goucher College. The end of that vehicle came when a driver to whom she had loaned it rolled it into a ditch. She did not own another car until her final years as a school teacher in Darien, Connecticut, having always taken the bus to work. She purchased a 1965 Dodge Dart, which she retained for nearly the rest of her life, giving up driving only when her vision deteriorated due to macular degeneration. In the early 1980s she sold the car to me for $1.00, when it had just 40,000 original miles on it; and when I registered it in New Jersey I had to pay six cents sales tax!

In retirement, Katharine Spamer taught Spanish to a small group of affluent women, who mostly were wives of successful businessmen. They gathered monthly at one of their homes in the Stamford–Darien area, Connecticut. She also taught classes pro bono at a local senior citizens’ center in Stamford. She took up painting and produced a number of works, principally landscapes in oil, most of them based on her travels or on local scenes. Many of her pieces are still in the hands of family members. Of those works that she signed, it was in pen on the back of the frame, never as part of the painting.

Edward Lawrence Spamer graduated from high school in York, Pennsylvania, where his family lived for a short while. At the time of the 1930 U.S. census, he was a shipper for a janitorial supply company in Philadelphia; around 1935–1936 he was a librarian’s assistant in the Free Library of Philadelphia; and, later, he was an inspector for Abbott’s Dairy. After World War II, according to Edward S. Smith’s “Smith Genealogy” Edward was “employed by the American Stores in accounting” (the Acme chain of grocery stores).

Like many of the Smith family and some of the Spamers, Edward Spamer resided at one time in the home of his maternal grandparents, John Edward and Ella Seville Smith, at 820 South St. Bernard Street in Philadelphia. He is listed there in the 1920 and 1930 U.S. censuses as well as in the 1935/1936 city directory (after the deaths of J. E. and Ella Smith, when various family members continued to live there). From about 1946 to 1955, with one interruption, Edward and his family resided at his parents’ apartment on the 3rd floor of 4202 Walnut St. in Philadelphia. During about 1951–1952 Edward, Jeannette, and Carol resided in a 3rd-floor apartment on Spruce St. between 45th and 46th Sts., but about the time of the death of Edward’s mother’s in June 1952 and Earle’s birth in July they moved back to his father’s apartment on Walnut St. After Edward’s death in 1955 Jeannette and the children remained at the Walnut St. address until 1958, when they moved to an apartment at 4500 Springfield Ave. nearby. About 1960 they moved to Gloucester City, New Jersey; and since 1958 Earle had been in a board school in Philadelphia.

Edward L. Spamer’s Military Service

On 17 February 1941 Edward L. Spamer enlisted in the Pennsylvania National Guard, where he served with the 103rd Engineer Battalion at Fort Indiantown Gap Military Reservation. The 103rd, called the “Dandy First”, is the only Pennsylvania unit authorized to carry the lineage of a Continental Army Unit, finding its beginnings when in 1747 Benjamin Franklin appealed to Philadelphia citizens to “associate” for the common defense. They saw their first combat action during the French and Indian
War, and at the beginning of the Revolution rallied to mount the first major defenses of the Delaware River.

According to Jeannette Spamer, Edward’s Pennsylvania Guard unit had been stationed at the National Guard armory in Vineland, New Jersey on the west side of Delsea Drive (State Rt. 47) in Vineland, New Jersey. This was a short distance north from where she lived with her mother and stepfather at a tavern, gas station and motel at the intersection of Delsea Drive (New Jersey Rt. 47) and Sherman Avenue (Cumberland County Rt. 552). The 103rd Engineers were being trained in airfield construction, assigned to building runways for the Millville Army Air Station in nearby Millville, “The Nation’s First Defense Airport”. It is not exactly clear when the Pennsylvania National Guard unit was assigned and withdrawn from the area, but the Millville AAS was dedicated on 2 August 1941.

After the United States entered into World War II, Edward Spamer’s National Guard unit was incorporated into the Regular Army. At that time he was a Staff Sergeant in the Corps of Engineers. In May 1942 he entered Officers Training School in Fort Belvoir, Virginia, where he graduated 5 August 1942 with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant. He received an honorable discharge on 4 August in order to accept the commission, after which he was assigned to his new rank. Later, in Europe when Edward Spamer was a platoon commander attached to “C” Company of the 816th Engineer Aviation Battalion, he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant in the field—to occupy a position vacated by another officer’s promotion—and it was at this rank that he was discharged at the end of the war. Just when he received his promotion is not clear; he was still a 2nd Lieutenant when he wrote a letter to his sister, Katharine Spamer, on Thanksgiving Day 1944 while his unit was bivouacked for the winter in St. Trond, Belgium. He would be in Europe for another ten months.

After Edward Spamer received his officer’s commission in 1942, he was sent to Spokane Army Air Depot in Spokane, Washington. While there, his wife, Jeannette, traveled from the East in October to be with him for a short while, when she was expecting their first child. Sometime either before or after his assignment at Spokane, he was sent to Hamilton Army Air Field in Novato, California, where he was in the seventh class of the Camouflage School at that station.

On 5 January 1943, Edward Spamer’s unit was sent to England, where they joined the 816th Engineer Aviation Battalion. The battalion had arrived in England in August 1942, under the IX Engineer Command, and transferred by rail to Gosfield, Essex, to build an airdrome for heavy bombers—three concrete runways (one more than a mile long) and “innumerable huts and brick buildings”. (Many of the historical quotes made here are taken from a history of the 816th that was compiled at the close of the war and printed in Munich, Germany, in 1945.) In March 1943 the unit temporarily moved five miles to Great Saling to assist in completing Andrew’s Field where “the unit was determined to show the 819th Engineer Aviation Battalion ‘how an airfield ought to be built.’” They returned to Gosfield in

2nd Lt. Edward L. Spamer in London.
May and were relieved in October by the 833rd Engineer Aviation Battalion. The 816th moved to Stanstead, Essex, three miles northwest of Bishop Stortford, where they worked with the 825th and 850th battalions on an Advanced Repair Depot for the Ninth Air Force. This they completed by mid-November 1943, when “bag and baggage” moved to Boreham, Essex, to join the 861st battalion in building a heavy-bomber airdrome.

On 1 March 1944 the 816th Engineers moved to Great Barrington, Gloucestershire, “to begin an extensive training program”, changing “from its habit of permanent airdrome construction to that of hastily built airstrips.” It was here that they experimented with a runway matting that would prove useful during the European campaign on the continent. The experimental surfacing was composed of

... tar paper officially known as Prefabricated Hessian Surfacing or P.H.S., ... laid by specially devised machines directly on top of the ground and the joints were sealed with tar to keep out water. The experiment worked well and “C” Company was highly commended for its excellent job.

Of course, the operations in England after the 816th landed there were in preparation for the Allied invasion of the continent, which finally came on 6 June 1944. The European efforts brought into play an efficient organization of men, machines, and procedures. The 816th’s unit history briefly described its functions (the ellipses are part of the quotation):

For the benefit of the “uninducted” it might not be amiss to point out that an ENGINEER AVIATION BATTALION is a mobile town—complete in every respect; independent and sufficient unto itself. It has transportation; tools (from pencils to shoemaker’s needles to 20 ton bull-dozers and cranes large enough to move a house); its own water purification plant; its own shops; its own electric power plants; and sufficient weapons to enable it to take on a major combat assignment, if necessary. All this in addition to the prime tools for building airfields—bull-dozers, road building machines, a ditching machine that will dig a ditch a mile long and six feet deep in one hundred minutes, rollers, asphalt kettles, concrete mixers, air compressors and pumps. The town is complete with radio and telephone equipment, hospital, movie, chaplain, bank, post exchange, beer halls, dance band, tailor, barbers, shoemaker—can you think of anything else? We have it . . . Dogs, cats, chickens, goats, geese, horses . . You don’t believe all that? Look! . . . at Gosfield we even had a Victory Garden for each company!

This beautifully conceived organization is assigned a mission (job) by higher headquarters. Let’s assume we’re ordered to build a fighter-bomber field in a certain sector. The S-3 (Engineering and Operations) Section reconnoiters the site and initiates surveying work. Each line company (A, B and C) is given a part of the task. Headquarters and Service Company provides all office and staff personnel. Construction equipment with skilled operators (and ours are the best in the army) is dispatched from H&S Company to the line companies to assist them.

Three days after D-Day, the 816th crossed the English Channel, landing on Omaha Beach in Normandy, France, on 9 June 1944:

On D plus 3, one boat load of equipment including a grader and a D-7 bull-dozer was forced to land in deep water but the remainder arrived in excellent condition. It was here that the two years of experience gained in England proved worth while. The men were at peak of efficiency. Trucks and construction equipment operated without a mistake and the first three airfields, Cardonville (A3), Deux Jumeaux (A4), and Colleville (A22c) were completed in rapid succession.
The “C” Company history notes specifically:

The pause at Southampton in the marshalling area served only to impress the men that they were a very definite part of the invasion team. On D-plus-3 they landed, or more accurately, swam ashore on Omaha Beach, and then marched 14 miles to Cardonville.

After a journey from Southampton, a short stay in the marshalling area, and a voyage in LCI’s and LCT’s the Battalion landed at Omaha Beach on D-plus 3, 9 June 1944. It immediately proceeded to the small village of Cardonville and started its first airstrip on the continent, the most important single assignment it ever received while overseas.

The mission was to construct with all possible haste, an advance landing ground to accommodate P-47 fighter bombers. The survey party under Sgt. Walter Zimmerman immediately laid out the runway, and tractors started clearing at once. Grading followed the next day and by 0600 hours 14 June, three days after landing in France, grading was completed, the runway 50% surfaced, and marshalling areas on either end of the runway finished. At this time the first squadron of P-47’s landed to start operations against the enemy. This field when entirely completed on 20 June consisted of a 5000 feet heavy-wire surfaced runway [Sommerfeldt wire-mesh], two and one half miles of taxi track and 75 hardstands.

The engineer spearhead at Normandy on D-Day fell to the 819th and 834th Engineer Aviation Battalions, which formed crude emergency strips within hours of landing, sometimes in advance of the infantry. By D + 3, when the 816th landed on Omaha Beach, the entire beach head was in the process of being converted. One recollection of the Normandy spearhead mentions the 816th in the Corps of Engineers publication, *Aviation Engineers in Mobile Warfare: IX Engineer Command*:

“What outfit is this?”, an infantry lieutenant asked Lieutenant Colonel Don A. Parkhurst, commander of the 816th Engineer Aviation Battalion, when his group came marching up from the beach with full packs.

“Engineers”, was the answer.

“What the hell are you doing up here in front of the infantry?”

“We’re going to build an airfield.”

“The hell you are”, said the astonished lieutenant.

But they did.

Operations at Cardonville were briefly described in the 816th’s unit history:

The first “office” on the Continent was set up in the home of M. Lecarpentier, a Normandy farmer near Cardonville. Those were hectic days—fighting going on just a short distance away, men sleeping in foxholes, air raids every night, and fighter-bombers taking off or landing from the airstrip about every six seconds from dawn until dusk—but administration went on as usual! One would have supposed that at this stage of the game, there would be very little paper work, but it was soon found out that higher command expected and demanded not only the same old reports that had always been made up, but also, a lot of additional reports.

And so it went. Soon the section [S-1, Administration and Communications] was right back in the old routine again—except that it was probably more mobile than before. Rapid moving from site to site had trained everybody to pack and unpack in just a few minutes.

* * *
Obviously, the morale of the 816th has been consistently high. At A-3 Airstrip (Cardonville) on the Normandy Beach it soared to the very top. There, the men worked from the crack of dawn until too dark to see. Even the cooks and clerks lent a hand, night after night, until the first fighter bombers came in at 0600 hours on D plus 8 [14 June].

The air strip at Cardonville, known as A-3, was extended again by 24 July. The 368th and 370th Fighter Groups were based there and it remained in service until 1 September 1944. Shortly later, A-4, with a shorter runway, was completed nearby by Co. A. At that time,

... the Unit moved to Colleville-Sur-Mer, overlooking Omaha Beach and constructed a terminal airstrip, A-22C, for transport aircraft. This was the first field on the continent to be surfaced with the tar paper experimented with in England. A good deal of trouble was encountered in the preparation of the runway subgrade as numerous spongy areas appeared throughout. Sgts. Milstead and Adams and Tec. 5 Bosely and Pfc. Stein acting upon the advice of Capt. Hansen carried through the idea of excavating the soft areas down to 10 and 12 feet; placing a layer of logs on the bottom, and back filling with suitable dry soil. The diseased spots were then brought to grade and proper compaction obtained. The Battalion received a degree of favorable publicity when an English war correspondent learning of this procedure, dubbed the airstrip the “floating runway”. After polishing the job off, the Unit returned to Deux Jumeaux and carried out maintenance on A-3 and A-4. This afforded an opportunity for a much needed rest and an 8 hour working day schedule was initiated.

At Cardonville today, there is a stone monument bearing a stone tablet in which is carved the following memorial:

JUNE 18 1944 THE 368TH FIGHTER GROUP WAS THE FIRST OPERATIONAL AIR UNIT IN FRANCE AFTER THE D DAY ADVANCED LANDING GROUND A3 WAS BUILT BY THE 816TH BATTALION AAF ENGRS OF 9TH AIR FORCE

IN RESPECTFUL MEMORY TO THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR LIBERTY
CARDONVILLE
GEFOSSE-FONTENAY

1-10-1988

Soon after the Allies broke onto the continent and began the race to Germany, engineer aviation regiments were dispersed among the armored columns. So quickly were plans changed and units advanced, that of more than 600 airfield sites reconnoitered during the first two weeks of August, just three strips were constructed. Many captured Luftwaffe strips were repaired, overhauled, and placed in operation in short order; this occurred with greater frequency as the Allied army moved eastward.

A complete list of airfields constructed by the IX Engineer Command includes more than 300 sites, averaging an airfield ever 36 hours during the Allied advance into Europe. In France alone, the 816th Engineer Aviation Battalion constructed the following fields, with indication of what service each strip provided:
In addition to these airfields, the unit rehabilitated concrete runways at Cormeilles (A-59) and Beaumont (A-60).

The 816th proceeded farther onto the continent, building airfields in Belgium, Holland (The Netherlands), and Germany, halting at Munich in August 1944. In Germany, eight Supply and Evacuation strips were built in three days. Their route, cites and towns passed through, and selected accomplishments are noted on a fold-out map in their unit history, as follows (also compare with the list above):

Date ranges represent initial construction date and initial operational date; A, Y, and R numbers indicate airfield numbers; PHS = high-grade heavy roofing tar paper; SMT = Sommerfeldt heavy steel wire mesh. Some of my additional notes are inserted where appropriate.

**France**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Airfield</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Runway lengths</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Omaha Beach</td>
<td>9 June 1944</td>
<td>4500 ft SMT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cardonville</td>
<td>A3 10–14 June 1944</td>
<td>4500 ft SMT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deux Jumeaux</td>
<td>A-4 14–30 June 1944</td>
<td>5900 ft SMT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colleville sur Mer</td>
<td>A-22c 30 June–13 July 1944</td>
<td>5900 ft PHS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Lo</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Granville</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avranches</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fougeres</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laval</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Le Mans</td>
<td>A-35 12 August–3 September 1944</td>
<td>5900 ft PHS</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(The 816th’s unit history notes:

“The day after arriving at LeMans, it was broadcast by the radio that the town had been retaken by the Germans. The news was greeted with jeers but no one left his rifle unattended for several days. How many of the men knew that there were no other American troops between them and the nearest German Army to the South?” The unit history also notes of LeMans, regarding a low-spot in the unit’s morale: “The first [low spot] occurred at LeMans where the men were introduced to an overwhelming reception by liberated mademoiselles but were denied the privilege of passes to town—Third Army Regulations.”)
(Regarding Paris, also see one of the letters written by Edward Spamer to his sister, Katharine, transcribed farther below.)

Pontoise
Corneilles-en-Vexin A-59 6–15 September 1944 rehabilitate two concrete runways [first captured enemy concrete aerodrome]

Beaumont sur Oise A-60 rehabilitate concrete runway, PSP

(The chapter pertaining to “C” Company, Edward Spamer’s company, of the 816th’s unit history notes that “Hotel Rosaires, on the Oise River near Beaumont, was the Company’s first real home under a roof. They liked it. Except for the War, perhaps they would be there yet.”)

Soissons
Laon
Vervins
Rocroi

-**Belgium** (north of the Meuse River)

Dinant
Florennes A-78 PSP
Namur
Huy
Liege
St. Trond A-92 rehabilitate three concrete runways

_Crossed the Meuse River_

-**Holland**

Maastricht cub strip—sod

-**Germany**

(At about this time came a low point in the morale of the 816th. As noted by the unit’s commanding officer, Lt. Col. Don A. Parkhurst:

“The second [incident of low morale] was incurred by a warning, along about February 1945, that there was an excellent possibility of the unit being sent to the Pacific. The men rightfully felt that they were entitled to at least a brief respite in the United States, and they might be surprised to learn that 100% of the officers agreed in spite of an outward attitude of encouragement. Brigadier General James G. Newman, Commanding General of IX Engineer Command recognized this and due to his efforts we (at this writing) [1945] have been promised the reward we have all longed for, for three years [an early trip home].”)

Aachen
Monchau
Vogelsang Y-51 8–23 March 1945 4500 ft PSP
Cologne 23–27 March 1945

(When the battalion moved to Cologne,

“The Jerries were right across the Rhine River and within artillery range. Cologne was just a breath catcher for the immediately pending push across the Rhine. The battalion sent out two reconnaissance teams to reconnoitre airfields across the Rhine, to mark these fields, and to report when they were operational so that vital supplies
could be flown in.” Also, “A false alarm developed when the Unit moved to Cologne 23 to 27 March. It was scheduled to rebuild the Cologne Municipal airport but the assignment was cancelled and for the first time in it’s [sic] history the Battalion was without a job. Bill Coibion, Bing Fisher and the ‘Rev’ Dunnick used the time to good advantage by bringing the Section up to date on records, drawings and paper work. The respite was short. Gorund Forces started their rapid drive across the Rhine River into the heart of Germany and the Battalion was needed badly. Urgent orders were received on the [sic] 29 March to repair and mark out transport airstrips at seven captured German air fields with all possible haste. Companies and detachments moved out immediately for predesignated points and by the 3rd of April, five days after the receipt of orders, all seven strips were in operation and receiving supplies and evacuating wounded.”)

Crossed the Rhine River eastward  1 April 1945

(Regarding the following sites, the 816th’s unit history notes, “With detachments at each site the Battalion was more completely split than at any other time in its history. Engineer initiative proved its mettle and the Unit was again commended, for it had accomplished a task many believed impossible.”)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Site Code</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Limburg</td>
<td>Y-83</td>
<td>maintenance of sod strip</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geissen</td>
<td>Y-84</td>
<td>SMT, railway and taxiway</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marburg</td>
<td></td>
<td>maintenance to sod strip</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fritzlar</td>
<td>Y-86</td>
<td>sod strip</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eudenbach</td>
<td>Y-71</td>
<td>maintenance of sod strip</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ailertchen</td>
<td>Y-81</td>
<td>sod strip</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nidda</td>
<td>Y-87</td>
<td>maintenance of sod strip</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(The map in the 816th’s unit history indicates that Fritzlar was used as a base of operation while sod-strip construction or maintenance was undertaken at the locations listed separately under Fritzlar. The parish of Nidda happens to be one of the ancestral areas of the Spamer family. The “C” Co. chapter in the unit history notes:

“The Fritzlar job consisted of laying wire mesh on the sod. The Company worked hard all day and picked up souvenirs all night. Some felt that [a] score with S/Sgt. Vervena, the Supply Sgt., was somewhat settled when he was on the receiving end of a large round ‘NO’ as he tried to mail home half of the china from the Luftwaffe quarters.”

(Edward Spamer did return from the war with a number of German souvenirs, but there is no indication when he obtained them. The souvenirs included a variety of German reconnaissance maps and survey books of England and Ireland, a German-made knife and fork, and a Fascist unit flag that may have been obtained through a “sales agent” or through barter.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Site Code</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ettingshausen</td>
<td>Y-85</td>
<td>31 March 1945</td>
<td>sod strip</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiesbaden</td>
<td>Y-80</td>
<td>2–3 April 1945</td>
<td>SMT, concrete construction</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kassel</td>
<td>Y-96</td>
<td>5 April 1945</td>
<td>rehabilitate runway and hangars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frankfurt</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Just south of Frankfurt is the region of Hesse-Darmstadt, the ancestral area of many of the Spamers of this family. Whether Edward Spamer was then aware of this particular geographical fact is not now known.)

Crossed the Rhine River westward

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Site Code</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ober-Olm</td>
<td>Y-64</td>
<td>29 April–9 May 1945</td>
<td>5000 ft PSP</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Edward L. Spamer and “C” Company were at Ober Olm when Germany surrendered.)

Crossed the Rhine River eastward

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mainz</td>
<td>29 April–detachment</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(At Mainz,

“a double mission awaited the Battalion. Here it was to build two medium bomber airfields with steel plank—one at Y-80 Weisbaden and the other at Y-64 Ober Olm. Work commenced 29 April and progressed without a let-up until V-E Day. Ober Olm, a field that was needed only for close air-ground support was cancelled on the
evening of 9 May. The plank in place was removed and shipped out and the project abandoned entirely. Wiesbaden was a different story. It was scheduled for use by the Occupational Airforce, and the arrival of V-E Day caused only minor changes to be made. The job was already well under way by the 825th Engineer Aviation Battalion. The 816th was required to complete the fuel storage, construct 75 wire mesh hardstands and widen an existing concrete taxiway. Grading for a 500 foot concrete extension was also accomplished before the Battalion departed 23 May.”)

Mannheim
Karlsruhe
Stuttgart

*Crosst the Danube River eastward*

| Schleissheim | R-75 | 2 May 1945 | 5500 ft concrete runway, building construction |

(“The long trip to Schleissheim, near Munich, took almost two days on the famous Autobahn”, according to the unit history. Schleissheim is between Munich on the south and Dachau on the north. The infamous concentration camp at Dachau had been liberated three days earlier. There is no known report in the family that Edward Spamer had been aware of the events of rescue and revenge that then were transpiring at Dachau.)


(Here the 816th Engr. Av. Btn. apparently remained for the duration of the war, and it was probably while here that the unit history was prepared to send to the printer in Munich. The history notes, “As a side light while at Schleissheim, ‘C’ Company left the Battalion from 13 June to 22 July and started construction of a Base Air Depot at R-91 Erding. This lasted only until the 825th Engineer Aviation Battalion arrived and relieved the company.”)

A summary story about the construction of a single airfield appears in the Corps of Engineers’ *Aviation Engineers in Mobile Warfare: IX Engineer Command*. It provides an idea of what was required to create and maintain the field during combat, while an army was on the move:

An advance party of reconnaissance men moves close to the front-line area and charts the site previously selected. The debris of battle lies about and the infantry has just moved out. Center line of the main runway is charted, proposed taxiways, marshalling areas, hardstands or dispersal areas, repair areas, fuel storage sites, and bivouac areas are surveyed and mapped. On the chart access roads are indicated, water points, gravel pits, and railheads are recorded, and the rough map is on its way to regimental and brigade headquarters.

The battalion moves in and bulldozers, the backbone of the work organization, and other heavy equipment begin grading operations. At the same time, trees are felled, hedges and other vegetation are grubbed and cleared, fills are made, and high ground leveled. It is a bustle of activity.

Often, the noise of battle and the churning creak of the bulldozers mingle in the air over the dusty activity of construction. The blasts from heavy artillery adds to the symphony. To the liberated French peasants who come to watch, it is a welter of confusion. While machines grade the soil, men work behind laying down taxiways and dispersal areas; others set up fuel storage tanks and build access roads. Bit by bit, it fits together like a gigantic jig-saw puzzle. The high-spot comes, however, when the windsocks go up [and] the first flight of P47 Thunderbolts circle and land. Their work pays off that way.
That is the picture of one construction project. The panorama is made up of twenty or more construction units working on as many projects in other sectors along the combat line. Often under fire and always under pressure, the battalions pressed every effort to get the bases operating as soon as possible.

The development of landing mats was quickly followed through during World War II. Design, testing, and procurement fell to many factories and facilities in the U.S. Wire mesh was a standard, quickly deployed, but not as durable as perforated, interlocking, steel planks manufactured by the millions. “Portable” 60-ton reconditioning plants were devised, too, to make on-the-spot repairs to planking. In total, two million tons of steel planking was produced during the war.

Construction materials for airstrips were usually steel mesh and pierced steel planks, including hessian matting and asphalt cement. As the front advanced, and weather worsened, more need was required for all-weather airstrips. Rock and gravel was needed more increasingly as a substrate before steel planking was laid, and in time the rock–gravel tonnage surpassed all other transportation needs.

After the Battle of the Bulge, which saw a German counter-attack into Allied territory in a last attempt to reverse the course of the war during the winter of 1945, “stripped down” engineer aviation battalions traveled with armored units as they drove quickly into German territory. (Edward Spamer’s wife, Jeannette, recalled that Edward had missed the Battle of the Bulge itself, when his unit was fortuitously transferred just prior to the German offensive in the sector in which they were working. Further details, however, are not now known.)

During the same time period, elements of the 816th Engineer Aviation Battalion arrived at a site near Limburg, Germany, after a motor convoy of nearly 100 rough miles over battle-scarred roads. In an hour they had the strip properly smoothed, checked, and marked. Then the engineers undertook emergency flying control until the regular Air Corps team arrived.

More than 300 planes a day arrived at this field furnishing precious gasoline to a nearby armored division, and evacuating wounded by the hundreds to well-equipped hospitals behind the Rhine. Even while the great C-47’s were churning in and out of the field with their valuable cargoes, the engineers were laboring to make the drome larger and more permanent in order to house a Photo-Reconnaissance Group soon to arrive.

V-E Day (8 May 1945) marked the end of the conflict, but not the end of work for the engineer aviation battalions, which served to improve facilities in occupied Europe. The “C” Company chapter in the 816th’s unit history—Lt. Spamer’s company—took note of V-E Day:

VE Day was celebrated at Mainz, Germany. Celebrated is perhaps too strong. Actually the news was received very quietly. The end of three years of rugged physical labor meant a lot of things that are not easily put into words. Besides, the Occupational Air Force needed airfields and
VE Day was spent laying pierced steel plank on the runway at Ober Olm. As might be expected, the job was cancelled before it was finished. That was not too depressing since it was overshadowed by the announcement of the point system for discharge.

The “point” system contrived by the Army determined which men would be sent home first; and it came as good news to the 816th:

V-E Day found the Battalion at an airfield near Mainz. When the point system for discharge was announced the rejoicing was uncontrollable. From D plus 3 to V-E Day the Battalion had gone through four campaigns: Normandy, Northern France, the Rhineland, and Central Europe. [With total points for service in Europe and earlier in America] almost every man in the Battalion could claim more than the required 85 points [for early discharge].

A small percentage of men were “low pointers”. These men were transferred to low point units. In return, high pointers were transferred from other battalions into this one.

Edward Spamer remained with the 816th for five more months, returning to the U.S. on 10 October 1945, nearly two months after V-J Day [15 August] that marked the end of the hostilities with Japan. His service was terminated by Honorable Relief From Active Duty on 8 January 1946. The 816th remained as an active unit in Germany with the Army of Occupation, reconstructing and enlarging damaged airfields, including the Schleissheim Airfield that went on to support many U.S. military aviation units, and which is still in use today.

While the 816th Engineer Aviation Battalion was still in Germany at the end of the war, it published a unit history of its wartime service, fortuitously finding a printer eager for a job in the still-smoldering ruins of Munich. The book is 816th Engineer Aviation Battalion Passes in Review, printed by F. Bruckmann in 1945.

The detail about the printer being found in the smoldering ruins of Munich was conveyed to me in correspondence from Dr. Domenic “Dom” J. Gabriele (1914–). He was the 816th’s surgeon, and in 2005 he was still active in retirement in New York State. The “Medical Detachment” chapter in the unit history of course prominently features Lt. (later Capt.) Gabriele. I first located Dr. Gabriele by happenstance while researching the 816th. He was featured in a 2005 golfing article in The Journal News, a local paper serving Westchester, Rockland and Putnam Counties in New York. Regarding his wartime service with the 816th, the article noted in particular that although he was the unit surgeon “he also did much of the manual labor associated with the battalion’s task of building airfields.” It further noted, “To alleviate the difficulties in constantly transporting medical supplies, Gabriele designed a mobile aid station, which he christened the ‘Rolling Pill’”—this scavenged French truck was illustrated in the unit history. Dr. Gabriele was born in the Bronx; received his M.D. from Marquette University in 1939; in 1940 married his wife, Lenore, a nurse; and enlisted in the Army immediately after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, even while he and Lenore expected their second child. They have five children. In his 90s he also maintained his own “blog” [web log] online. In that “blog” he further summarized about himself, “Upon my return home [from the war], after a few years of general medical practice and three years as a psychiatric resident, I became Board Certified in Psychiatry and Neurology. I rose to Clinical Directorships at several institutions and specialized in Adolescent Psychiatry. In the meantime, I built and rigged my own sailboat, Ark Angel, and together with family and friends did some serious ocean racing.”
The 816th’s unit history, particularly the chapter on “Engineering and Operations”, details much more than can be expeditiously cited in this narrative. However, a few selections are provided below. The unit’s commanding officer, Lt. Col. Don A. Parkhurst, summarized:

There are lots of things that we can brag about. For instance: we helped complete and were present at the dedication ceremony for the first American built Bomber Base in England. We developed the American method used to lay Prefabricated Hessian Surfacing on ETO [European Theater of Operations] runways and built the first one at Kingston-Bagpuize in England prior to D-Day. We beat our own schedule, scooped units that were phased for landing earlier and made our initial continental airstrip ready for the first Ninth Air Force Fighter-bombers to be based on the continent. We built a “Floating Runway” at Colleville. We surfaced a field at Luxembourg without taking it out of operation. We built a complete advance landing ground of pierced aluminum plank from the initial survey to polishing the door-knob in 17 days at Vogelsang, Germany. We established 7 Supply and Evacuation Airstrips in 4 days during the rapid armored advance west of the Rhine River.

Finally, without any thought of detracting from the credit due units that had a primary mission of combat—the infantry and the armor—we were here slugging away at this war years ahead of them and we are still slugging away building post-war airfields to help insure the peace.

We helped start the American phase of this war and we’re sticking around to see that it gets polished off properly. Most of us have only four battle stars to show for it but we are downright proud of them because each and every one was earned by “Blood, sweat, toil and tears”.

Besides, it was fun.

Edward L. Spamer’s Correspondence in World War II (1944)

Two pieces of correspondence from Edward L. Spamer were still in the effects of his sister, Katharine S. Spamer, when she died in 1985. He was always close to his sister, and they shared many things during their lives. One letter was written from Normandy, France, just 22 days after D-Day; the other from Belgium on Thanksgiving Day.

Dear Mehit,

I had hoped to get this one off quite a while ago, but we’ve been working night and day ever since we got here and it just couldn’t be done. After all your big talk about travel here I am in Normandy afore ye not, however, by choice. After having toured England I’ve decided to tour the continent, an extended and escorted tour. This seems to be a lovely country and I like it better than England but of course what I’ve seen of it is rather beaten up. There are lots of orchards here but I don’t believe the people ever eat apples—they have too much cider. It tastes almost like vinegar it is so hard. Wine and cognac are very scarce and as yet I haven’t had any.
I used to joke about sleeping in a foxhole, nowadays it is no longer a joke. I’ve had some very comfortable ones, but at present I’m sitting on a bench, writing on a table in a dugout complete with bunks and floor and walls of planks and a small stove. The roof is made of logs two feet thick and covered with earth. All this was left for us by some of Adolf’s boys, who went somewhere else for their health. We are still the gypsies we always were and I suppose we’ll be off soon and I’ll be hunting for another hole.

My French is just as bad as ever but on a few occasions I’ve managed to make myself understood, but they speak much too fast for me. The other morning I passed a girl on a bicycle down the road, so I said “Bon jour, mamzelle” and she replied “Good morning”. It’s a shame I didn’t have more time, isn’t it?

Pour la maîtresse de l’école [French, “for the school teacher”] I am sending some money. The two smaller ones are invasion money and the other is original. I haven’t had occasion to use any of it yet, there is nothing around here to buy. Also, I’m sending my laundry bill, it is paid of course. Don’t let the items listed mislead you, some sound rather funny. [No longer with the letter.]

We are getting plenty to eat, but I’ll be glad when we start getting something other than field rations K and C. Everyone is starting to bark from eating dog biscuits. I wish I could tell you a lot of things but the time for that will come later on. You get a lot more news at home than we are able to get here, but we are pretty well informed via the radio.

While in England I traveled at various times from Glasgow and Edinburgh to the south coast, and having seen the devastation in the ports and factories, and St Paul’s standing along magnificent amidst acres of ruins, and the wide open spaces of Coventry, I can never have any sympathy for what the French call the boche, and one gets a peculiar satisfaction out of seeing a good German—a dead one.

Last night the radio was on when I hit the sack and the orchestra was playing “America, the Beautiful”. I got downright homesick for a while thinking about the wonderful country we call home. It has it’s [sic] defects but it is so much better than any other that there is just no comparison. These supposedly civilised countries of the old world are really very primitive and it’s difficult to see just how they can wield any world influence.

The people here seem friendly and look poor but healthy. Of course these are country people and country people usually eat, but I suppose the city people are just poor.

I wonder what you are doing this summer. Those regular weekly letters of yours seem to be going astray. The mail is coming in very slowly now, there are other things to transport. Let me hear from you one of these moons. I’ll try to pick up a few interesting things for my French sister. Give my very best to Pete [Katharine Spamer’s friend] and take care of yourself. When I come home we’ll all really hang one on and in the meantime drink a few for me.

Love

Archie

See if you can get me some cigars and a French-English dictionary, will ya?

[Drawing of a cockroach here] Archie
Dear Mehit,

I guess I owe you a letter so this is as good a time as any to start it. We are pretty well fixed right now in a school building in a town and we have lights, heat, and showers which mean everything. It’s quite different from the ditches beside the hedgerows of Normandy, but at the time I was perfectly happy to spend my nights below the surface. It’s quite annoying to be bombed and strafed when you’re trying to get some sleep. We were really sweating it out during those first few weeks on the beachhead. Then after the breakthrough at St. Lo I had one of the many reconnaissance parties looking for new sites and had a couple of close squeaks, but was lucky. Lots of times I was working right behind the armor and got to Le Mans three days before the infantry went through. Lots of fun! And then the war walked off and left us and we’ve been here and there ever since.

Have been to Paris several times and what a town it is! There’s no place on earth like it and I certainly want to see it in peace time. I wouldn’t want to live there because the women would drive me crazy. The first time I saw Paris I was traveling to a new destination with a convoy and “inadvertently” took the wrong road. The first thing I knew I was at Versailles and then Paris. So I took my convoy, heavy equipment and everything, around L’Arc de Triomphe, down the Champs Elysées (spelling?) [Champs Élysées] to the Place de la Concorde. The F.F.I. [French Forces of the Interior, or Resistance] put us up for the night in an old Chateau and the next day managed to find my way out. While trying to get out of Paris I believe I found every blown up bridge on the Seine.

Went to Brussels on your birthday and that day is quite a holiday over here [All Saints’ Day, 1 November]. Very few places were open but it’s a wide awake town. What I’ve seen of the continent, particularly France, is much nicer than England.

You have never said anything about the package including perfume I sent from Paris and neither has Jeannette [Edward’s wife]. I hope you got it all right. Sorry, no Chanel #5.

The propaganda leaflet is typical of those which have been dropped on France from time to time during the period of preparation. [Leaflet no longer present.]

Now I am going to say good-night and hit the sack. Remember me to Pete and stay sober. I don’t know where the cigarettes are, we don’t get many over here. That goes for tabac and cigars, too.

Love

Archie
As noted in the second sentence in this letter, Edward Spamer was writing from a school building. The “C” Company’s chapter in the 816th Engineers’ unit history (Lt. Spamer was in “C” Co.) notes a little more specifically: “St. Trond, Belgium provided a bivouac for the winter in the form of a vacant school. It was not fancy but it was adequate and the stay was enjoyed.”

And the incident he noted about “accidentally” winding up in Paris with his heavy equipment had been anecdotal information in the family, until this letter was uncovered in his sister’s effects. The incident probably happened between 3–6 September 1944, as documented by locations noted in the 816th Engineers’ unit history. A succinct passage in the “C” Company chapter veiledly notes: “The convoy to Cormeilles had orders to by-pass Paris. Sunrise on the Champs Elysee [sic] was beautiful and Cormeilles was reached by 9 AM the next morning!”
Jeannette Leda Blouin (1920–1987), Edward Lawrence Spamer’s wife and my mother, was born to Arthur and Palmina Blouin in a mill workers’ tenement at “7 rear 21 Hancock Ave.” in Lowell, Massachusetts. (In the photo below, Jeannette poses with her parents.) Sometime after the death of her father in 1930 her mother left Lowell with a second husband apparently for New York City. (More will be found about the Martel family and others in a separate chapter in this narrative.) Jeannette was then raised by aunts, uncles and grandparents on farms in nearby Tewksbury, attending school in Lowell. When her mother and stepfather then moved to Vineland, New Jersey, during the Great Depression, Jeannette joined them sometime after graduating from high school. She probably worked in the businesses run by her mother and stepfather when they operated a small café and bar and a motel. It was at that time that she met Edward Spamer, who was with a Pennsylvania National Guard unit assigned to the Vineland Armory when his engineers unit was building the Army airfield in nearby Millville. They were married in Philadelphia in 1942.

After the start of World War II, Edward’s National Guard unit was incorporated into the Regular Army, when he was a Staff Sergeant. After graduating from Officers Candidate School, 2nd Lt. Spamer shipped to the west coast where he was involved in training for airfield construction. While in Spokane, Washington, Jeannette visited him when she was expecting their first child. In January 1943, Edward shipped overseas to England, and a few weeks later Jeannette gave birth to Edward John, who lived but three hours. Her father- and mother-in-law both were with her in Vineland at that time. Later during the war, Jeannette worked as a telephone operator at Bell Telephone in Vineland.

Between the time of Edward’s death (in 1955) and 1958, Jeannette’s father-in-law moved to live with his daughter, Katharine, in Stamford, Connecticut; Jeannette and her two children moved from their apartment on Walnut St. in Philadelphia to a smaller apartment on Springfield Ave. nearby. Around 1958 she sent her son, Earle, to Girard College in Philadelphia, a free-charge boarding school for (at that time) fatherless boys that had been established by early 19th century mercantile magnate and financier Stephen Girard. Earle remained a student there until graduating high school in 1969. Daughter Carol stayed at
home and was educated in public school systems. Also around 1958
Jeannette went back to work as a telephone operator, this time
working for the Radio Corporation of America (RCA) in Camden,
New Jersey (seen at right shortly before she retired in 1985, with
substantially more modern switchboard equipment). In 1958 she
sent her son, Earle, to In about 1960, Jeanette moved to Gloucester
City, New Jersey, to be closer to work, four years later acquiring her
first and only house there, where she remained until her death.

Jeannette and Edward Spamer’s first-born child, John
Edward Spamer (1943–1943) was born two months prematurely and
survived just three hours. According to my mother, news of the baby’s birth and death took some time to
reach our father in England, via the Red Cross.

His name is as given on his birth and death certificates was John Edward Spamer; the informant
on these certificates was the baby’s grandfather, John Ward Spamer. However, in A. M. Spamer’s
“Spamer Families of Baltimore”, as he was informed by Katharine S. Spamer, the baby’s name was
Edward Lawrence Spamer Jr. His documentary name and his place of burial are accepted from the vital
records that I obtained from the state in 2004. My mother only mentioned the baby once or twice to me
and had said that he was buried in Vineland; however, he is in the Greenwood Cemetery in Millville. A
search of the cemetery in 2004 revealed no marker (in the event that the family had placed one). He most
likely shares an unmonumented grave used by the Christie Funeral Home of Millville, which handled the
burial. Attempts to locate the record for the precise grave in 2004 were not fulfilled by the cemetery
manager. I was informed that the records for burials such as these from this time period may exist, but
they are among thousands of index cards, which requires a hand search with no promise of success.
Regarding some of the children of Susan Mae Spamers (1875–1949) and Frederick Karner (1875–after 1930), who are great-grandchildren of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta:

**ROSALIE ELISABETH KARNER (1903–1967) (photo)** married John A. Little (?–?), with whom she had a daughter, Lucia Jean (1940–).

![Photo of Rosalie Elisabeth Kärner](image)

**MARGARET HELEN KARNER (1905–1989)** married Willard Dale Wassell (ca. 1899–after 1960), with whom they had a son, William Dale Wassell (1933–).

At the time of the 1920 U.S. census, Willard Dale Wassell was a reserve bank clerk, and in 1930 a salesman. By the 1940s he was affiliated with a family-run office equipment business, the Wassell Organization, Inc. He was its vice president; his brother, F. Lloyd Wassell, was president. The products and services they provided included office-management systems that presaged modern computerized systems but which used electro-mechanical devices. One of these was the “Wassell Unit”, of which in January 1949 the first two of ten were installed by the Pennsylvania Railroad in its Penn Station Reservation Bureau in New York. Wassell Units were mechanical reservation systems operated by clerks with headphones who were in communication with ticket agents.

The Wassell Organization had begun through the vision of Willard’s brother, F. Lloyd Wassell (1889–1973). He had begun is professional career during the Depression as a “methods engineer” or “efficiency expert”, have earlier worked shoveling coal, delivering newspapers, and selling magazines, then in management for office appliance companies. He devised mechanical control boards that displayed production progress and allowed the integrated control of machines, labor, and materials. His entrepreneurial philosophy was a simple one, as stated in a wire service item picked up by various newspapers in 1963:
One thing Lloyd Wassell cannot understand is young men who cling to salaried jobs and refuse to give their abilities full rein. “This country was built by men willing to gamble on their ability to make good,” he said. “In their demand for security, young men today are actually sharing their potential income with four or five others who fail to make good.”

Willard Dale Wassell had at least one international patent to his name. The Canadian Intellectual Property Office has a listing for Patent No. CA 490905, dated 3 March 1953, for “Record Filing and Signaling Constructions”.

When Margaret and W. Dale Wassell resided in Stamford, Connecticut, they were coincidentally near her uncle, John Ward Spamer, and his daughter, Katharine S. Spamer. It is not known whether either party knew of the other’s presence. (I do not recall Katharine mentioning them.)

The Wassell family has been traced back to John Wassell (ca. 1805–1884), who emigrated from England to the United States where he established the Bradys Bend Iron Works in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania. His son, William (1838–1911) married in 1873 Emma Rowswell (1852–?), through whom the family enjoys a circuitous genealogical connection with the family of George Washington, through his mother, Mary Ball Washington.

The *History of Pittsburgh and Environs*, published in 1922 by the American Historical Society, provided some biographical background on William Wassell and Emma Rowswell:

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William Wassell, son of John and May Turley (Shaw) Wassell, was born May 22, 1838, at Claridge House, Staffordshire, England, and was a child of six years when he emigrated to America with his family. He was educated in the schools of Armstrong county, Pa. At an early age he became interested in the same line of endeavor as that of the family tradition, and became a roller in the employ of the Carnegie Steel Company, at their Upper Union Mills, continuing for a number of years. Later he took an active interest in various Pittsburgh enterprises. William Wassell was one of the first to enlist in defense of the Union, in 1861, and as a member of the Fifteenth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, saw service in many important engagements under the late General Palmer, of Denver, Col. In later life he was a member of the Union Veteran Legion, and of Duquesne Post, No. 259, Grand Army of the Republic. He was a devotedly religious man, an honored member and deacon of the Shady Avenue Baptist Church. During the latter years of his life he served as tipstaff in the Orphans’ Court. He died June 12, 1911, and although more than a decade has now passed since that time his name is still widely honored in many circles. (His military service during the Civil War was not perfectly exemplary. Private William Wassell, among numerous others, refused orders to march to the headquarters of Gen. Rosecrans on 26 December 1862 and was imprisoned. Eventually, the imprisoned men were released upon their promise to return to duty.)
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William Wassell married, Nov. 13, 1873, Emma Rowswell, daughter of William and Mary Ann (Rhoudebush) Rowswell, of Pittsburgh. The family of Emma (Rowswell) Wassell traces back through four generations of maternal ancestors to the Ball family, famous in Colonial history, earliest mention of which appears in the person of William Ball, of Berks, who died in 1480. Through ancient and incomplete records the line is traced by the head of the family in each generation, Robert Ball, of Berkham, being son of William Ball, died 1543; William Ball, son of Robert Ball, died 1550; John Ball, son of William Ball, died 1599, married (first) Alice Haynes, their children being William, Richard, Elizabeth and James; married (second) Agnes Holloway, their children being John, Robert, Thomas and Rachael; John Ball, son of John, and Agnes
Holloway) Ball, died 1628, married Elizabeth Webb; Colonel William Ball, son of John and Elisabeth (Webb) Ball, died 1680, married Hannah Atheral; Captain William Ball, son of colonel William and Hannah (Atheral) Ball, died 1699, married Margaret Downman; William Ball, son of Captain William and Margaret (Downman) Ball, died 1740, married Mary ———. Joseph Ball, brother of William Ball, was the father of Mary Ball, who became the mother of George Washington, first president of the United States. Mary Ball, daughter of William and Mary Ball, died 1816. She married Thomas Brown, who received a grant of land for services to the cause of the Nation during the Revolutionary War as a member of Second Troop, First Regiment, Light Dragoons, Continental Troops, under command of Captain John Watts. Rebecca Brown, daughter of Thomas and Mary (Ball) Brown, was born in 1772, and died in 1802; married Joseph Sailor, son of Joseph and Hannah (Holaway) Sailor, of Ohio. Mary Ann Sailor, their daughter, married Daniel Rhoudebush, of Clermont county, Ohio. Mary Ann Rhoudebush, their daughter, married William Rowswell, and of their children, Emma, born Aug 16, 1852, married William Wassell, as noted above. Mr. and Mrs. Wassell were the parents of eight children: Clara F., George K., of Dallas, Tex., deceased; Harry B., of whom extended mention follows; Jennie M., wife of Oscar B. Winey, of Pittsburgh; F. Lloyd, of Chicago, Ill.; Martha W., wife of Joseph C. Faloon, of Pittsburgh; Helen B.; and W. Dale, of Pittsburgh.

Regarding one of the two children of Lawrence Blakeman Spamer (1893–1970) and Edith Virginia Beeman (1980–1981), who was a great-grandchild of the immigrant Spamers, Conrad and Annetta:


A. M. Spamer notes about Velmore Spamer in his “Spamer Families of Baltimore”:

Velmore went to business school after graduating from high school then studied electrical engineering. He became involved with politics and was secretary to Raymond E. Baldwin when he was elected governor of Connecticut. He remained with the state for 35 years working in the State Auditor, Welfare and Highway Departments and retired as Assistant Commissioner of Transportation. During WWII he was the first draftee from Stratford, served in the Pacific Area, was sent to O.C.S. and was discharged in 1948. After his discharge he became involved with the reserves and retired as a Lt. Col.

(Raymond Earl Baldwin (1893–1986) was Governor of Connecticut 1939–1941 and 1943–1946. Velmore Spamer must have worked with Baldwin during his first term as governor since Velmore was in the Army during World War II. Earlier, Baldwin had served as Prosecutor in the Stratford Town Court, 1931–1933, where surely he had known Velmore.)
Velmore Spamer enlisted in the U.S. Army on 17 January 1941. In the service, he attained the rank of Staff Sergeant in the U.S. Army Medical Corps. By the time of his marriage he was in Officers Candidate School. Later he served in the Army National Guard 203rd Logistical Command, stationed in Stamford, Connecticut.

Velmore Spamer graduated from the Bridgeport Engineering Institute, Bridgeport, Connecticut, and the University of Connecticut.

From before 1947 to 1989, the Velmore Spamer family residence was at 121 Huntington Rd., Stratford, Fairfield Co., Connecticut. It seems that the house may no longer stand. The website of the Stratford Baptist Church mentions that they had acquired the property:

> In February 2001 the Spamer property on the corner next door was purchased to make room for more parking for our growing church. The former Spamer home also provided the potential for housing church offices or temporary living quarters.

In 1970, Velmore Spamer was elected president of the Stratford Historical Society.

Although Velmore and Claribel Spamer lived not far from Katharine S. Spamer, who was in Stamford, Connecticut, I do not know if either party was aware of the other’s presence; certainly Katharine never mentioned them. A. M. Spamer, in correspondence, inquired of Katharine if she knew of Velmore and Claribel, but I do not know what her response was to him.

Velmore Spamer’s wife, Claribel May Nothnagle (1916–1998) was a graduate of Middlebury College in Vermont, in 1938, and Boston University. She resided in Stratford, Fairfield Co., Connecticut all her life. She and her mother are listed as descendants of the widow Elizabeth Curtis, an early settler of Stratford.

Claribel was the author of several young-reader books and numerous children’s plays, most having to do with educational and historical themes; and the plays have likewise been included in anthological collections.

The Nothnagle family has been traced back to George E. Nothnagle (1830–?), who emigrated from Germany to the United States. His son, Harold E. Nothnagle (1887–before November 1942), married Claribel Lewis (ca. 1892–1974), and they were the parents of Claribel May, Velmore Spamer’s wife.

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Elisabeth Anne Spamer (1954–), daughter of Velmore and Claribel Spamer, served in the U.S. Air Force and was stationed for a year at Thule Air Base in Greenland, after which she graduated from Officers Candidate School. At the rank of Captain she was station in satellite tracking at NORAD (North American Aerospace Defense Command) headquarters in Colorado Springs, Colorado. When Elisabeth Spamer was a 2nd Lieutenant at NORAD she married in 1977 Randall Enas, who then was a 2nd Lieutenant in the Air Force, a computer programmer stationed at Scott Air Force Base in Illinois.
The Potts Family from Pennsylvania
(through the marriage of Gilbert Haven Smith and Nora Mary Potts)

As we have seen in the narrative about Rev. Gilbert Haven Smith, he was the son of a minister of the “General Convention” of the Church of the New Jerusalem (also called the New Church). The “Convention” adherents were among the original followers of the theological and philosophical writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, which are based Swedenborg’s own polymathic understanding of natural and medical sciences, upon the Word as given in the Bible, and by revelations given to Swedenborg by the Lord in the mid-1700s. Gilbert’s wife, Nora Potts, was the daughter of a minister in the “General Church”, whose adherents broke from the traditional New Church by the early 1890s, with the inspired understanding that Swedenborg’s writings are not susceptible to casual reinterpretations from the perspectives of mortal life. Of course, the schism between the two followings is not anywhere as clear-cut as this, nor focused on that principle alone. Still, Nora’s father did not give up hope of mending the broken fence between “Convention” and “General Church” believers, which, alas, was not to happen. One may wonder whether it was Nora’s betrothal to Gilbert that helped lead him in that direction (as well as his genuine regard for a healthy reconciliation as a matter of love for all). In fact, Gilbert himself studied for the ministry in the General Church’s Academy in Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, raising his large family in that branch of the New Church.

The Potts family is not related to any of the Pottses that genealogical researchers will encounter frequently from the earliest years of Pennsylvania through to the 20th century, including many in Montgomery County and those who lent their name to the town of Pottstown. Our Pottses, just the family of Rev. John Faulkner Potts, emigrated from Scotland in 1891 specifically to join the New Church community that had established itself in what would later become Bryn Athyn, a small Montgomery County town just north of Philadelphia.

The history of the Potts family is preserved in a variety of records in the Archives of the Academy of the New Church in Bryn Athyn. In addition to the family’s own records there are ecclesiastical records from Rev. Potts. Many of the things that are mentioned in this narrative are derived from the Archives, as well as through the kind contributions of family and correspondents on both sides of the Atlantic (and in the middle, too, in Iceland). It is a very rich heritage, strongly interwoven into the history of the New Church in the United Kingdom, Europe, and America.
The obituary of John Faulkner Potts (1838–1923) in *New Church Life* begins with a biographical sketch of his immediate ancestors, which is worth using as an introduction to the Potts family in this narrative.

Mr. Potts’ grandfather was a builder of ships, his father a builder of houses—practical men, both, whose delight was to work with their hands as well as with their heads. His grandfather, Edward Potts of Sunderland, England, became wealthy through large shipbuilding industry; his father, Thomas Potts, also accumulated wealth in the building of houses. His son John, the oldest of the family, tells of his father’s love for manual employment. Every evening, as soon as supper was over, off would come his coat, and he would be engaged in hard work until a late hour,—carpentry, cabinetwork, or bookbinding. In this the boy joined with great delight, and became expert in all these crafts. And this recreative activity he kept up throughout his life, a notable element in maintaining that sturdy strength of physique which carried him through labors that few men could have borne.

Thomas Potts . . . had been introduced to the New Church by his wife’s uncle, Mr. B[enjamin]. R[awlinson]. Faulkner, of London, and became a most energetic supporter of its activities. In his own house he maintained a center for the distribution of New Church literature, at a time when New Church book rooms were as yet unknown. For many years, he was Secretary, then President, of the Sunday School Union, and for a period of fifty years was never absent from its annual meetings.”

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**EDWARD POTTS (?–?)** married **Jane Robinson (1779–1836)** in County Durham, England, with whom he had eight children, including Thomas Potts, the father of John Faulkner Potts.

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**THOMAS POTTS (1811–1894)** married in 1836 **Charlotte Anna Faulkner (1815–1872)**, with whom he had six children: John Faulkner (1838–1923), Charlotte Victoria (1840–1855), Annie (1843–1855), Emma Faulkner (1847–1855), Rhoda Faulkner (1849–?), and Rawlinson Faulkner (1853–1911). John, Rhoda, and Rawlinson grew up and had families of their own. The middle daughters, Charlotte, Annie and Emma, died of scarlet fever within a fortnight of each other. Such a tragedy would press dearly upon any family, but the Potts’ very devout faith brought to them—the three daughters included—a clear understanding that death is but a transition to a spiritual world of new uses, neither bleak finality nor an isolated elevation to a plane that has no relation to our mortal world. A single obituary for all three girls, in the *New Church Intellectual Repository*, is endearing and faithfully inspirational.

The Pottses and the Faulknors resided in the hard-scrabble city of Manchester, Lancashire, the preemptive historical focus of the cotton mills of the 19th century. Thomas Potts originally was a salesman and a clerk, but acquired properties from which he realized an income stream for the rest of his life. This was not at all to say that he was a gentleman of leisure; he inspired a very solid work ethic in his
children. He was also secretary, and later president, of the New Jerusalem Sunday School Union. Although he had a number of residences over the years, he never left his native Lancashire.

At the time that the Pottses resided in Amwell Street in Pentonville, they resided near the family of Charles Dickens. This is recorded in an incomplete, unsigned leaf that was written perhaps by Thomas Potts:

Charles Dickens family was known to the Waites. Letitia Dickens who married Henry Austen, visited at the Waites. She was very stylish. I saw her brother, he was a military man—brother of Dickens. (They all neglected their wives.) They were too fond of themselves.

Dickens married Miss Hogarth & her sister lived with them. He left his wife afterwards & said it was incompatibility of [temper?].

He used to go around at night to find characters for his novels. I think it wasn’t very comfortable for his wife.

When he separated young Charles went with his mother—the rest with the father.

He lived a very long (rambling) life They were always dramatizing his pieces or any other—

[Incomplete]

Charlotte Faulkner, the wife of Thomas Potts is best portrayed for us today in a painting by her uncle, Benjamin Rawlinson Faulkner, the renowned English portrait painter, when she was about five years of age (right). In 2009 Charlotte’s portrait was still hanging on a Potts descendant’s wall, great-granddaughter Nadia Smith Synnestvedt’s (1925–2009) home in Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania. Coincidentally, it then faced the large oil portrait of one of Nadine’s great-grandfathers, Capt. John Smith, which was discussed earlier in this narrative. On the back of Charlotte’s portrait her son, John Faulkner Potts, had written:

This picture of my ever dear Mother, Charlotte Anna Faulkner, when a child, was painted by her uncle Benjamin Rawlinson Faulkner, who introduced my father and mother to the doctrines of the New Church, and who was a portrait painter in London. He painted also the portrait of my grandfather John Faulkner, now in the dining room, but my grandfather unfortunately died before his portrait was finished. My mother was born Aug. 15th about the year 1815. John F. Potts

(Unfortunately, we do not know what happened to John Faulkner’s portrait.)

Nadine Synnestvedt also held at the time a sampler made by young Charlotte in 1825.
Charlotte Faulkner Potts died the day following Christmas, 1872. (The photo of her at left was taken about 1870.) Her obituary in the Intellectual Repository mentions how the family had come into the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg and the New Church:

Her attention was first directed to the sublime teachings of the New Church about thirty-seven years ago, by her uncle, Mr. Faulkner, who became acquainted with the doctrines while engaged in painting the portrait of the late Rev. Mr. Jones, the minister of Peter-street Church, Manchester. The preaching of the late Rev. J. H. Smithson, together with the study of the writings of Swedenborg, deepened into convictions the favourable impressions received by herself and husband, then recently married, from Mr. Faulkner. They united themselves with the Peter-street society, and she shared in the many labours of love and use in which the society has engaged. For many years she discharged the, to her, delightful duty of teaching the first class of girls in the Sunday-school, established chiefly by the labours of Mr. E. J. Broadfield, and her son J. F. Potts, for the children of members. Her influence over the minds of her scholars was most remarkable.

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Regarding the Faulkner family, both John and Benjamin Rawlinson Faulkner, just mentioned, were sons of William and Elizabeth Faulkner. They had a brother, Joshua Wilson (1780–ca. 1820) who, like his more famous brother, Benjamin, was a respected portrait painter.

A biographical sketch of Benjamin Rawlinson Faulkner appears in the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography, which summarizes, “Painted before the age of and without swagger, Faulkner’s portraits are usually half or three-quarter lengths, showing the sitter in clerical robes or military uniform or seated at a desk, defining the sitter’s claim to fame.” And of course as we have seen, he also indulged in family portraits. He resided always in London, and his most notable works today hang in private collections and public galleries. Sir Walter Scott’s novels include engravings copied from Faulkner portraits.
JOHN FAULKNER POTTS (1838–1923) married in 1864 Mary Watson (1835–1929). They had ten children, only one of whom (Robert) died as a child: Samuel Warren (1865–1939), Ellen (1866–1930), Robert Faulkner (1867–1868), Jane (1869–1922), Edith Watson (1872–1943), Annie Faulkner (1873–1924), Rudolf (1875–1962), Alice Kittie (1876–1931), Lucy Emma (1879–1971), and Nora Mary (1881–1961), the last of whom of course married Gilbert Haven Smith, the only one of the seven Potts daughters to marry.

J. F. Potts’ own summary of important life events notes specifically that he went into business on 3 January 1854; to college October 1859; to University of London, September 1861 (he received his B.A. degree on 5 November 1863); went to Melbourne, 1 January 1864; and to Glasgow, 3 January 1867. Some credible elaboration is held in the biographical sketch written of him shortly after his death, by Rev. W. H. Alden in *New Church Life*:

... John was within the powerful influence of the Doctrines from his earliest years, both at home and a church. The effect upon an impressionable and thoughtful mind was to be made evident in his life’s work. A photograph of him at the age of sixteen [not located], in the formal
dress for grown-ups of that period, reveals a remarkable maturity and seriousness of mind unusual in a boy only halfway through his teens.

His father designed him for a silk manufacturer, and he was apprenticed to the craft. It would seem that he did not at first object to this, but cherished from early years the fixed idea that he might some day make money, in order to devote it to the education and support of ministers of the New Church. But as he told his plans to a friend one day, the friend said: “Why not be a minister yourself? If you have such a feeling as that, I think it is an indication that you are qualified to be one.”

His course thereafter was not an easy one. For his father, deeply disappointed that his eldest son was not disposed to follow the business career mapped out for him refused him all assistance in securing an education. John persevered, however, and with the very practical assistance of Mr. Edward John Broadfield, supplemented by his own labors, he attended Owens College, Manchester, and received his degree at the University of London.

(The University of London was founded in 1836 “to act as an examining body for its Colleges and other ‘approved institutions’”, which it did until 1858. As such, it served to monitor and accredit programs of study of its constituent Colleges for a student body that included those who were geographically removed from London. Thereafter the university did continue to “act as an examining body for its constituent Colleges”, but at that time “its degrees were made accessible to any qualified candidate in the United Kingdom and students studying by distance learning throughout the world through the External System.” It was under these conditions that John Faulkner Potts earned his B.A. from the university.)

His theological instructors were the Rev. J. H. Smithson . . . and, later, Dr. Jonathan Bayley, who employed him as a missionary. He always referred with the greatest affection to the influence made upon his mind by the Rev. Samuel Noble, whom he heard as an old man, and by the Rev. O. Prescott-Hiller, on whose recommendation he was to succeed to the pastorate of the Cathedral Street Society, Glasgow, which he held for twenty-five years. He was ordained by the Rev. Edward Madeley on October 16, 1866. His first charge was at Melbourne, Derbyshire, which was followed by his pastorate at Glasgow.

Mr. Potts was President of the General Conference for the year 1881-2, and on August 13, 1882, upon vote of the Conference, was inaugurated into the third degree of the ministry of the New Church with the title of Ordaining Minister.

It was Rev. Prescott-Hiller who officiated at the 1864 wedding of John and Mary at the historic Argyle Square New Jerusalem Church, in London. And it is at this point a good place to review Mary Watson’s lineage. It should be noted at the outset that these Watsons are not in any way related to the Watsons whom we have mentioned earlier in this narrative, amongst the family members of the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

We shall return again to Rev. Potts and his family after the following notes about the Watson family.

THOMAS WATSON (?–?) of Norwich in Norfolk, England, married in 1783 Elizabeth Dewing. (This Dewing is not known to be a relation to the Dewings whom Elisabeth Covington Smith married in 1965.) They had three children, including Thomas Watson (1788–1835), whose granddaughter, Mary, would marry John Faulkner Potts. Elizabeth Dewing seems to have had a sister, Mary, who
married Francis Gerardin, with whom the younger Thomas Watson was later in business as a pewterer in London.

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The younger THOMAS WATSON (1788–1835) married Mary (ca. 1786–1834), with whom he had eight children between 1812 and 1827, including yet another Thomas Watson (1812–1879). The middle Thomas (1788–1835) went to London at the age of 13, where he became an apprentice to his uncle, the pewterer Francis Gerardin, whose shop was in Poland Street in the Soho section of London. It was Gerardin who had been introduced to New Church doctrines, through whom this branch of the family became affiliated with the church. This Thomas Watson resided in Poland Street at the time of his death. He and his wife, Mary, died within a few months of each other during the winter of 1834–1835, which left the youngest Thomas, then about 23 years of age, as the head of the family.

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The third THOMAS WATSON (1812–1879), who has been noted in various places as Thomas Watson, Jr., married, first, in 1834 Mary Johnson (1813–1845). They had six children: Mary (1835–1929, who later married John Faulkner Potts), Thomas Gerardin (1839–1912), Ada (after 1839–?), Jesse Henry (1841–after May 1904), Emma Jane (1843–1921, about whom see more just below), and Kate (1845–1923). Thomas Watson and Mary Johnson were married in a double-wedding ceremony with his sister Mary Ann Watson (1814–1887) marrying Camp Penn (1811–1896). Thomas Watson married, second, Mary Ann (1794–1879) who was some eighteen years his senior and whose maiden name is not known to us. Potts family reminiscences recall that step-daughter Mary Watson (later Mary Potts) did not like her stepmother and called her only “Mrs. W.”

Thomas Watson and family, 1852.
Thomas Watson, Jr., his second wife, Mary Ann, and his children by his deceased first wife (left to right): Jesse Henry (?), Mary (later the wife of J. F. Potts), Thomas Gerardin (?), Kate, and Emma Jane (later Lady Mather).
We will overlook most of the siblings of Mary Watson Potts, although suffice to say that all of them were deeply involved in the New Church in England. However, we will follow one sibling because of the very interesting stories that come through her descendants. (And then we will return again to our original narrative pertaining to Mary Watson and John Faulkner Potts.)

EMMA JANE WATSON (1843–1921) married in 1863 William Mather (1838–1920), with whom she had nine children: Alice (?–after November 1921), Colin (?–before November 1921), Dorothy Christine (?–after November 1921), Florence Mary (?–after November 1921), Marjorie Edith (?–after November 1921), Norman Watson (?–before November 1921), Grace Emma (ca. 1876–1893), William Ernest (ca. 1877–1899), and Loris Emerson (1886–1976).

The Mather family, beginning with William’s father, William (?–1858), comprises a dynasty of successful entrepreneurs and captains of industry, first in England during the early years of the Industrial Revolution in the 19th century, and by the early 20th century on an international stage. That history is that of the firm of Mather and Platt Ltd., which while it no longer exists in its original Manchester, is diversified now as a multinational corporation with other ownerships. From more humble beginnings in the manufacture of fire-sprinkler devices, the firm now includes such enterprises as the manufacture of wastewater management equipment and a vegetable harvesting division.

William Mather, Emma Watson’s husband, is the subject of a laudatory biography compiled by his son, Loris, under the laboriously proper title, The Right Honourable Sir William Mather, P.C., LL.D., M.Inst.C.E. Much of our information relating to William Mather and his family comes from this book. (The conferred titles, incidentally, refer to Privy Counsellor, Doctor of Letters, and Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers.)

William Mather had been enrolled in Dr. Jonathan Bayley’s boarding school in Accrington, and later, when Bayley moved to Dresden, Germany, he attended there with Thomas and Henry Watson. Bayley conducted his school under the religious tenets of Emanuel Swedenborg and the New Church theology that the Mathers had embraced.

He was Magistrate for county Lancaster; Member of Parliament for South Salford, 1885–1886; elected M.P. for Lancashire (Gorton Division), 1889–1895, and Rossendale Division, 1900–1904. He was knighted in 1902 by King Edward VII for his assistance in reorganizing the War Office during the Second South African War, and, in 1910, he was made Privy Counsellor to King George V. (In the photo on next page Sir William poses dressed as Privy Counsellor.)
By 1850–1852 William Mather was apprenticed at the Salford Iron Works, the family-run foundry and machine manufactory begun in Salford by his father, William (right), in 1824. During his early working years, young William continued his schooling with Dr. Bayley, spending a short while during 1854–1855 in Dresden, Germany, when Bayley removed his school to that city. Afterward, Mather returned to Salford, where in 1852 his brother, Colin, had become a partner with William Platt of the Salford Iron Works, manufacturing boilers, pumps, and textile machinery. William Mather was appointed Assistant Manager of the firm in 1858 and became a partner in 1863 (shortly before his marriage). As an engineer, he joined the Institution of Mechanical Engineers in 1867. By 1871 he assumed the position of Manager of the firm and, by 1877 as other firm partners retired, senior partner—inaugurating Mather and Platt as it is still known. In 1892 the firm became a private limited company and he assumed its chairmanship.

Under the directorship of William Mather, the firm of Mather and Platt grew by an order of magnitude, from 300 to 4,000 employees. During the time prior to World War I, the firm was continuously profitable, having by then diversified its manufacturing to include electrical machinery (marking Edison-designed dynamos) and food manufacturing equipment. In 1883, William Mather purchased the patent rights for the American-made Grinnell sprinkler (patented 1882) for all areas outside of North America. The device had been invented by Frederick Grinnell for fire suppression in cotton mills and warehouses. By 1886, the firm installed the first fire sprinklers in Australia.

Internationally, Mather and Platt grew to include offices in Berlin, Bombay, and Calcutta. William Mather undertook some fifty trips to Russia during his career, and he was interested in trade with China as well. (He used some of his Russian trips also to propagate the teachings of the Church of the New Jerusalem.) But he was probably best known for his indefatigable efforts in workers’ education and labor relations. He was by the 1890s a supporter of a 48-hour work week and an 8-hour work day. When he had been Member of Parliament for Gorton (Lancashire), he helped establish the Technical Instruction Act of 1890 and a Local Taxation Act that raised money for technical education. He helped establish Owens College, later renamed Manchester University, which institution awarded him an honorary LL.D. in 1908. He also received an honorary LL.D. degree from Princeton University.
Regarding the homes of William and Emma Mather, they acquired ever more palatial properties in keeping with his fortune and political status. By the turn of the 20th century they had three homes: Wood Hill House in Prestwich, Caradon Court in Herefordshire, and a house at 16 Kensington Palace Gardens in London. Around 1908 Mather acquired Bramble Hill Lodge (below) at Bramshaw in the New Forest. That home occupied part of old royal hunting lands that had been created as “Nova Foresta” in 1079 by William I (William the Conqueror). Over its 900 years, New Forest has seen changing priorities of use, from deer-hunting, to source of huge timbers for Royal Navy vessels, to commercial timber production, to recreation and conservation.

In 1916, William Mather retired from his chairmanship of Mather and Platt and last visited Manchester in 1917. His worth at the time of his death in 1920 was £405,841.

Relatively little news is had of William Mather in the Watson or Potts family correspondence thus far seen; most of it being more directly personal between the correspondents. However, in 1911 the following was conveyed by Thomas Gerardin Watson to his sister, Mary Potts in America, which serves up a small slice of life in the Mather world at the time:

You will doubtless have heard from Kattie of the travels of two of Emma’s daughters, Dorothy & her husband to India & Marjorie (also to India I suppose) to meet her husband, with whom she will return, after travelling about (where I don’t know) with him for some time. Then too William is in Egypt, where he had to winter instead of in India, as he had intended, & Loris who went with him & did continue his travels in India, partly in the interests of the business of Mather & Platt Co. We hear he has been doing very well & hope he is laying the foundations of a large Indian business— In intervals he has been enjoying himself—having amongst other things, succeeded in shooting a tiger. We hear that Dorothy & her husband are now with William & we suppose that they will all be soon setting their faces homeward. It has been rather hard for poor Emma, to be left, almost alone, for so long, but she is such a philosopher & so patient, that no doubt she has made the best of things in William’s absence. Of course, Alice & her family have been with her a good deal & Kittie has stayed with her once or twice, I believe. And then she has had Marjorie’s baby to take care of—rather an anxiety I should fancy.

Of Emma Watson Mather (Lady Mather) we know relatively little. At the time of her death, she was survived by a son, four daughters, 14 grandchildren, and one great grandchild. A memorial notice in the Mather & Platt company magazine, Our Journal, mentioned a few aspects of Emma’s activities on behalf of the firm’s employees:

| Our own people at Salford Iron Works and at Park Works have cause to remember with thankfulness Lady Mather’s kind thought for them and her generosity to their children. In the early days of the Queen Street Institute, Lady Mather provided dinners there for school children at a charge of a halfpenny. She was one of the founders of the Salford and Manchester Sick Poor |
Nursing Association, and during the Great War she sent a gift of books each Christmas to the children of all our men who had joined the forces.

She kept in touch with her American sister, Mary Potts, although of the correspondence that survives there is little more than the polite conversation of current goings-on between members of the close family.

Of the nine children of William and Emma Mather, through Loris Emerson Mather (1886–1976) we follow an interesting lineage that takes us, improbably, to the collections of aircraft in the Smithsonian Institution. He married in 1912 Gwendoline Leila Morley (?–?), with whom he had three children. He joined the family firm of Mather and Platt Ltd. in 1905, was appointed to its board in 1908 and made its chairman in 1916, in which capacity he served for 46 years. During World War I he served in the Royal Engineers. During World War II, he was Minister of Production, for which service in addition to other wartime efforts he was awarded a C.B.E. (Commander of the British Empire). A family photograph (left) shows him with his cousin, Lucy Potts, during a visit to her home, “Stancot”, in Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, perhaps about 1965. He seems to be the first Mather to visit the family at least in Pennsylvania.

A son of Loris and Gwendoline Mather was William Loris Mather (1913–1998), who married in 1937 an American, Eleanor Ames George of Rhode Island. During World War II he served as a Major in the British Army under Gen. Bernard Montgomery in the 8th Army Headquarters. During the Allied advance from the Rhine to the Elbe, he served as a tank commander. He was Director and Chairman of Mather and Platt Ltd., in addition to numerous other directorate positions with firms and organizations.

A daughter of William and Eleanor Mather is Jennifer Mather (1940–), born in Rhode Island. She married in 1966 Simon Murray (1940–), a recipient of the Légion d’honneur in 2009 (below) who also has been awarded a C.B.E. He had spent five years in the French Foreign Legion during the Algerian War, about which he wrote a book, Legionnaire, that in the United Kingdom was made into a film by Martin Hubert in 2003. After leaving the Foreign Legion, he joined the firm of Jardine Matheson in Hong Kong and became its Managing Director of its engineering businesses. He established his own company in 1980, Davenham Investments, then became Managing Director of Hutchison Whampoa. After serving as Executive Chairman of the Asia Pacific branch of Deutsche Bank, he founded the investment firm of Simon Murray and
Associates and served as its Chairman. He also was an adventurer, as we shall see shortly.

Jennifer Mather Murray, on the other hand, has been an adventurer in her own right, but only first having had a family of three children. She graduated from the London Central School of Art with a degree in textile design. After marrying Simon, the Murrays moved to Thailand, where she started a company designing and wholesaling Thai silks and cottons. After three years they left for Hong Kong; Jennifer sold the Thai company and started a new, larger company there. In 1996, by now a grandmother, Jennifer Murray learned to fly a helicopter and became the first woman to pilot a single-piston engine helicopter around the world, in 1997. This expedition garnered her an entry in the Guinness Book of World Records, for the “Fastest Globe Trip By a Female Helicopter Pilot”, flying 35,698 miles in 97 days (including 80 refueling stops and layover time to visit the Monaco Grand Prix and ceremonies for handing Hong Kong back to the People’s Republic of China). In the same helicopter in 2000 she was the first woman to fly solo a helicopter around the world, about which she wrote a book, NOW Solo (NOW is an acronym for Network of the World). That helicopter, a Robinson R44 Astro, is now displayed (above) in the Smithsonian Institution’s Udvar-Hazy Center, which is an annex for the National Air and Space Museum located at Dulles International Airport, where also are displayed the largest air- and spacecraft that are too large for the main museum on the Mall in Washington, D.C.

In 2003, she and copilot Colin Bodill attempted to fly a Bell 407 helicopter around the world via the poles. They reached the South Pole (right) on 17 December, exactly 100 years after the Wright Brothers’ first flights at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. But the expedition ended two days later when they crashed on the Ronne Ice Shelf, in which both were severely injured. Earlier in the expedition, they had landed in Antarctica to meet up with her husband, Simon, who then was embarked on his own expedition to travel to the pole on foot without help of
motor power. The crashed helicopter was retrieved and sold for salvage. She wrote a book about the attempted expedition, *Broken Journey*.

In December 2006 she and Colin Bodill began another flight to fly around the world via the poles; this time they succeeded. Departing from (and returning to) Fort Worth, Texas, they reached the South Pole on 6 January 2007 and the North Pole on 20 April. In the process they passed through 34 countries. The polar flights were, by design, confined to the Americas. While that may not technically constitute a *circumnavigation* of the world, I suppose it doesn’t really matter that when one is at either pole the only possible direction to go is away from it. The accomplishment is, regardless, fraught with danger and far beyond the experiences of most women and men.

Simon Murray’s expedition during his wife’s first attempt to fly around the world via the poles was the Tetley South Pole Mission, undertaken during the Antarctic summer of 2003–2004. He and veteran polar explorer Pen Hadow trekked to the South Pole without either motorized vehicles or outside support or resupply. They completed their 680-mile journey, reaching the pole after 58 days, on 28 January 2004; Murray was the oldest man to have reached the pole. During Simon’s trek to the pole, on 14 December 2003 Jennifer Murray and Colin Bodill, also enroute to the pole, landed their helicopter and met Simon and Pen Hadow at latitude 81º27’, longitude 77º02’, ninety-one miles from the men’s starting point at Hercules Inlet.

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*After a century and a half of accumulated business acumen and two trips around the world with the Mathers, through the marriage of Emma Watson, we return again to her sister, Mary Watson, and her husband, Rev. JOHN FAULKNER POTTS:*

As the J. F. Potts family grew, they resided in a number of locations, first in Melbourne, Derbyshire (ca. 1865–ca. 1867). Thereafter they lived in Scotland, first in Glasgow (ca. 1867–ca. 1870), then Blantyre (ca. 1870–ca. 1874), and back again into several neighborhoods in Glasgow (ca. 1874–1890). In 1891 they moved to America, but this was first not without considerable preparation on the part of Rev. Potts through his devoted work for the New Church.

In the spring of 1879, Rev. Potts exchanged pulpits for three months with Rev. F. H. Hemperley of the New Church Society in Providence, Rhode Island. This was not met with enthusiasm by his father-in-law, Thomas Watson, as he stated in a letter to John and Mary Potts:

> I am very sorry to find that you John are still entertaining the intention of going to America, because I think if you are to be at the expence of it you are not doing your duty to your Wife & family—surely you cannot spend so much money without great inconvenience—Then again is it wise to leave your Society—suppose some other minister is preferred where would your means of living be? I mention these prominent reasons. You must know whether they are valid or not

> But if you do go then perhaps the least you can do will be to place dear Mary & the children somewhere in comfortable quarters. If they come to London we will do our best to get them housed and look after them.”

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On 18 April 1879, Rev. Potts left Glasgow aboard the S.S. Circassia (left). On 28 April, while aboard ship, he wrote the first of twenty-five “letters”—essays actually—that recounted his trip to America and his activities as he traveled and preached. Some of these letters were published in advance of his return to Glasgow, appearing in the Swedenborgian magazine, *Morning Light*; the remainder upon his return. The set was collected and published in book form in 1880 as *Letters From America*.

In *Letters From America*, Rev. Potts took note of many numerous places, events, and people as he visited places in the northeastern United States. He also made special attention of listing the names of the vessels on which he sailed, even those that were coastal steamers and riverboats. The book is, oddly enough, rather scarce to find today. Despite such scarcity, it is still impractical to quote at length from it within this narrative. But some selected remarks from his two distinctly different trans-Atlantic voyages, to and from New York, will suffice to provide some flavor of ocean crossings in his day, as well as to record Potts’ personal reflections on the voyages. The selected brief quotations here shine a little light on the pervasive religious and moral character of Rev. Potts, too. More than a travel narrative and report on his ecclesiastical duties in America, his “Letters” also reflect on various New Church doctrines. In the selections below, his reflections result specifically from his experiences at sea. The entire collection of letters does indeed bear reading, if the reader can locate a copy of his book.

Rev. Potts begins his letters with an entry about the S.S. Circassia under Captain Robert D. Munro, on her voyage to New York. The first letter was written aboard, “off the coast of America, 28th April 1879”. These selections tell some interesting observations by a Victorian gentleman aboard one of the great machines of the day, in which he observes correspondences of the vessel to the lives of men and the work of the New Church. (The large ellipses [* * *] signify that more than a full sentence has been deleted from the quotation.)

The Anchor Line steamer ‘Circassia’ is the last built and finest of the fine fleet of steamers of the Barrow Company. These steamers were built by the Duke of Devonshire and his company at Barrow to trade thence to America; but that hope failing them, the whole fleet were handed over to the Anchor Line, and now run from and to Glasgow instead of Barrow. The steamers, however, are merely chartered by the Anchor Line, and still belong to the Barrow Company.

The ‘Circassia’ is built on a new principle, being double-plated over nearly the whole of her sides and bottom. * * * . . . when the winds are abroad and the ocean a wild tumultuous waste of raging and pitiless waters, such as we have had to cross, the principal joy of the passenger is in the strength and safety of his floating home. * * *

Under [engineer] Mr. [Archibald] Brolly’s guidance we visited the engine-room and saw the ponderous machine of 3500 horsepower in motion. We even penetrated to the stoke-hole, where eighteen furnaces (nine at each end of the boilers) consume sixty tons of coal per diem. This is the great furious heart of the mighty ship. * * * It is a moving mass of huge pieces of iron, fearful to behold, three stories high, that move up and down with a fierce determination impossible to
**Narrative of the Smith Family from Maryland and Others**

* * * When I stood in that glowing stoke-hole, and in that deafening and fearful engine-room, I thought it was not for nothing that the Lord has commanded us to love each other, for men are indeed deeply indebted to men.

As to what I may call the living arrangements of the ship I shall say very little. If the traveller in such a marine palace is not comfortable, it is certain that the fault cannot be found outside of him. The passengers may get up in the morning when they like, but as all lights are extinguished every night at eleven o’clock they generally find it desireable to retire to rest a little before that hour. * * * As there are on board only eighteen first-class passengers, including our two selves, we have plenty of room. [Rev. Potts shared his quarters with a Mr. Willson, otherwise not identified in his letters.] At the other end of the ship eighteen second-class and three hundred steerage passengers are crowded together.

No account of this magnificent vessel would be complete which did not contain any reference to her correspondence. For the truth is, she is a huge floating living parable. We landsmen know that a ship corresponds to doctrine, but we must go to sea in one to fully realize the truth and beauty of that fact. The correspondence is so perfect that it can only be accounted for in one way, and that is, that the entity we call a ship is the result of the existence of a prior entity to which it stands in the relation in which the effect stands to its cause. The existence of what we call doctrine is the cause, that of the ship is the effect of that cause. * * * I suppose that the ships of every age represent the doctrines that prevail at that particular time. * * * The doctrines that are abroad in these times are by no means all of them safe ones to voyage in. To a careless or uninstructed eye they may appear much alike, but the storms of life reveal the difference. * * * Our modern doctrines, like the good ship ‘Circassia,’ make a great deal of unnecessary smoke. What a pity it is to see so splendid a machine as this perpetually belching forth a column of black impurities, thereby constantly defiling her own beauty! Her sails that ought to be like so many white wings are as dark and dingy as the buildings in Glasgow streets. Her decks, washed beautifully clean every day, are never perfectly clean for two minutes. The pure and unclouded face of heaven is besmirched and blackened. Sometimes the ship’s own way ahead is obscured, sometimes she obscures and darkens the path that she has sailed over to all that follow.

Rev. Potts’ final letter of his collection includes his departure from America and the return voyage to Scotland. He was unabashedly apprehensive to be aboard the S.S. *Bolivia*, which was less well built than the Circassia aboard which he had traveled to America; this, together with rainy and foggy weather and some sea-sickness, made his mood melancholy.

After coming out in the ‘Circassia,’ I was not at all well pleased to find myself going back on board the ‘Bolivia,’ which is an older and less favourite vessel. [Heavily ballasted by cargo,] there was consequently very little sea-sickness among the passengers. As for me, I did not get beyond the ‘squeamish’ stage. I was fortunate in getting a stateroom all to myself.

The next day [27 July], it was still raining, and in the afternoon the weather became foggy. This is the worst kind of weather at sea. Although the short squalls that blew across the surface of the ocean were favourable to us, coming from behind and driving us faster on our course, we could not see more than a few yards ahead, and consequently never felt comfortable as to what we might at any moment encounter. The captain and all the officers were constantly on the look-out, the ship’s dismal whistle was continually sounding, and nothing but drenching fog was to be seen around. * * * [After sighting the S.S. *State of Georgia*, he commented.] When out in the midst of the ocean, a passing ship is gazed at with unwinking eyes, I can tell you. They are cheap enough when looked at from the land, but when you are in one, and there is nothing else to be seen, except
sea and sky, it is quite a different matter. [A couple of days later the fog rolled in again] . . . and the whistling recommenced. It is very dismal to hear that going on all night.

[Two days later] was a day of incessant rain, but the powerful breeze still continued fair, and we slipped along with all our black sails set at a great rate. We had now been at sea a week, and we began to look forward somewhat impatiently, not to say anxiously, to the termination of our voyage.

[On Sunday, 3 August] There were three other clergymen on board, so I hoped to escape what is always to me rather a disagreeable duty—preaching to Old Church people. I don’t mean that I can’t do it, on occasion, but they always seems so cold and stupid in comparison with the people I am accustomed to address. Perhaps it isn’t altogether a right feeling, and I would never allow it to influence my course of action, but still I can’t help having it. It was with much satisfaction, therefore, that I attended the service that was conducted during the afternoon by a Wesleyan clergyman in the saloon. After it was over I ascended to the promenade deck, and began to walk up and down with the feeling that I had discharged all my public duties for the day in a very satisfactory manner. I hadn’t been there long, however, before a gentleman whom I had not spoken to before came up to me and asked me whether I felt inclined to preach to the passengers in the evening. I told him I had not the least inclination of that kind. He then retreated, and I thought I was safe, but a few minutes up came a deputation from the passengers with a request of a like nature. I then saw that I had a duty to perform, and at once agreed to perform it. Quite a large congregation assembled in the evening from all parts of the ship, including the Methodist clergyman; but the other two reverend gentlemen were conspicuous by their absence. Of course everybody knew that I was a ‘Swedenborgian clergyman,’ and, in my sermon, I didn’t at all conceal my ‘Swedenborgian’ character, but I heard no complaints. * * *

[At last at Rothsay Bay and in view of Gourock at night] . . . I then went forward to the bridge, where the Captain was standing, and asked him to give orders to sound the whistle three times. ‘My wife,’ said I, ‘is over there, and when she hears it she will know of my safe arrival.’ ‘But she’ll be asleep.’ ‘If you’ll sound the whistle, sir, I’ll guarantee she’ll not be asleep.’ ‘Which house is it?’ ‘The very highest one you can see up on the hill there.’ The Captain then, with his own hand, gave three prolonged whistles. I could see that the light-coloured venetian blinds in our house were all down, and I watched them. In a very few seconds I saw one of them go up, and then a sheet made its appearance out the window. ‘They’re waving to you,’ says the Captain, looking through his telescope at the monster signals. Yes, I thought, they are, a little, for by this time signals were flying from every window, and the front door besides. He then gave them an answering whistle, and we passed on to our anchorage at the ‘Tail of the Bank.’

At this very time, Mary Potts at home had received a letter from her father-in-law, Thomas Potts, written 22 July, which with hindsight strikes irony: “I hope by the time you receive this you will have got John home again, and quite set up again in health and spirits”. Rev. Potts indeed arrived home in early August, but, as previously noted, they were resolved to move to America. Within a month’s time from when Thomas Potts wrote, the entire family of John and Mary Potts would be at sea and nearly to New York, emigrants to America called by the work of the New Church. Mary would never again return to England.

After years of service in the New Church in Scotland, Rev. Potts moved his family to the New Church enclave that came to be known as Bryn Athyn, just north of Philadelphia. This remarkably sudden change of homeland came to be is explained briefly in the biographical sketch of Rev. Potts, by Rev. W. H. Alden.
In 1890 [1891], he again crossed the Atlantic, and on this second visit was present at the Academy celebration of the Nineteenth of June at Knight’s Hill (Cairnwood, Bryn Athyn). This meeting made a profound impression upon him, and he determined that he would bring his family to America, so that his children might be educated in the Schools of the Academy. Accordingly, in 1891, he brought his family to Philadelphia.

Rev. Potts’ correspondence in early 1891 indicates no earlier visit (1890, as Alden indicated), nor in fact even of clear plans to move to America (at least as of April)—and yet in the same letter are interesting contradictory thoughts that reveal some troubling decisions that were to be made. He wrote to W. F. Pendleton in April, acknowledging his selection as a member of the Academy of the New Church in Pennsylvania:

I sincerely thank the Council for this signal proof of their confidence, & will now only say that I do not think they will ever regret having shown it. The selection is highly acceptable to me, both as an honour, and as what will lead to the good of the New Church in general & of myself in particular. I shall look forward to being formally introduced as soon as their [sic] is an opportunity.

I am seriously thinking of visiting America this summer, in order to attend the Annual Meeting of the General Church, & to take counsel with our friends there in regard to the subject of the General Church here. I shall be glad to hear at what date you think I ought to arrive in America, if I do come, & what programme I ought to follow in order to spend the short time I can spare to the best use. It will be strictly a business journey. I propose to be away from the Concordance about a month altogether.

The “Concordance” is Rev. Potts’ monumental index to the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, about which I will mention more later. His letter certainly does not indicate any plans to move to America to be a part of the Academy. However, in closing the letter he alludes to plans that were afoot to populate the Academy with New Church teachers from amongst the Church people of the United Kingdom—and perhaps himself as well:

I shall look forward to that [bicycle] tour with you on wheels. We must not live separated from each other. A bit of salt water must not keep us apart.

We are all well. I read the public parts of your letter to the children, who keep up all their interest in you & the Academy. Mr Bostock has put into the heads of some of them to be trained as lady teachers for the A. schools; & it really seems just the right thing to have thought of. [In fact, two of Rev. Potts’ daughters, Jane and Lucy, did become teachers in the Academy, and Edith became a librarian there.] But the aforesaid bit of salt water is a much more formidable obstacle in their case. I do not see how that is to be got over. However, if I come to America we can talk it over & see if there is a way.

From Rev. Potts’ correspondence with Rev. Pendleton, it is obvious that his feelings toward removing himself and his family to the Academy’s sphere of influence, it being ecclesiastically aligned with his own beliefs that the doctrines of Swedenborg’s Writings were unalterable. In February he had written to Rev. Pendleton, that “Time & distance only draw me nearer to you, & you are growing dearer to me in spite of them.” He added, “You are quite right in believing me to be thoroughly with you, that is, with the men of the Academy. That is my internal state, & it is constantly strengthening.”

Rev. Potts followed up on his letter of 11 April, barely a month later, writing again to Rev. Pendleton with his travel arrangements for his trip to attend the Conference in June:
I am now therefore looking anxiously forward to a happy meeting with you then. I have very serious matters to lay before the Bishop, which I have kept to myself. I also look forward to my formal admission into the Academy at that time.

And shortly before his departure for America in June, he wrote a letter the first indication of the momentous change to come for his family:

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You proposed that I should attend the meeting of the General Church, but now that there is to be no meeting of it, that leaves me without even that formal object in view. As to the Council Meetings of the Academy, I feel a great delicacy. It seems to imply so much trust in me that I should attend them. And while I feel that so great a trust would not be misplaced, still I think there may be some who are not prepared to repose so much trust in me. This makes me less anxious than I should otherwise have been to be in time for those meetings. But it does not make me less anxious to come & see you all, to talk matters over with you, & to investigate the prospects for the future. Do you not think that it will be best to regard my visit in this light? Especially as (between you & me) it is almost a foregone conclusion that I & my whole family will emigrate to America before very long.

Rev. Potts did arrive in Philadelphia in June 1891, during which time his life—and his family’s whole future as well—was changed by the new calling. The 71st Annual Convention of the New Church in America had been held in Philadelphia on 23–26 May 1891, in the New Jerusalem Church at 22nd and Chestnut Sts. The keynote address was delivered on 23 May by Rev. Chauncey Giles, who spoke on the subject then held in greatest attention by the church: “The Unity of the Church; What It Is Not, What It Is, and How Attained”. Portending the schism, The Philadelphia Inquirer reported that on the last day of the conference several ministers resigned to join the Church of the General Advent of the Lord, among whom were Revs. William H. Benade and William F. Pendleton, along with some 200 members.

On his third trip to America, Rev. Potts had arrived in New York in June aboard the S.S. City of Rome, attended the meeting in Philadelphia, and returned home, departing New York on 11 July aboard the S.S. Furnessia. A few weeks afterward, Rev. Potts and his family emigrated to the U.S., sailing from Glasgow on 13 August, arriving in New York City from Glasgow and Liverpool on 24 August 1891. They sailed aboard the S.S. Anchoria (right)—parents and nine children traveling as Saloon (First Class) passengers, bringing with them 39 pieces of baggage.

Before the Potts’s first Christmas in America, Thomas Potts wrote to his daughter-in-law, Mary, with mixed support and bitterness of his son’s move to America, and yet hopeful for their return:

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You were good enough to send me a post card on your arrival at Philadelphia, and of the kind welcome you received, I should just think they would, the Americans are always glad to [sic] of
the poor Englishman who has the bad taste to desert his native land, they think he is a goose ready to be plucked, and they will have the first share of his belongings, and when well done he belongs to no body, and is a no body, well dear Mary you must stick up for the old country with all its faults, and as John says keep friends with both sides that when the day comes for you to turn on a homeward path, you will have friends in the old country to welcome you.

Thomas Potts’ disappointment seems never to have left him. In 1892 (probably) he wrote to his granddaughter, Jane Potts (spelling and punctuation thus):

I thought of writing to your mother but could not find her letter, and in my searching for it I found your nice letter written on board the steamer on the Clyde [Clyde] and since then others giving a larger experiance of the World, I am glad to see that America with all its Wonders has not displaced your affections dear [torn paper here in the letter] England, ‘Rule Britannia’ [torn paper] I have nothing to say against uncle sam only he is giving to do a little braging now and then Yanky doodle I fear with you that the Chicago Exibition is too far of, I should have enjoyed very much your showing me all the sights.

John Faulkner Potts legally declared his intention to become a U.S. citizen on 19 November 1892, and he became a naturalized U.S. citizen 24 November 1896 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

One of the early items of business, too, was to acquire a suitable home for his large family. In 1894 he bought an acre of land from the church’s John and Gertrude S. Pitcairn for $973.00, along what today is called Alnwick Road. There he built a stone house that he called “Stancot” (Scottish for “stone cottage”). It still stands (not owned by the family), mostly hidden now by lush trees and ground vegetation (seen at right in 2004). Its rooms are comfortably small; the large living room with hearth, to the left of the front hall, is the largest, perhaps twenty feet in its longest dimension. The original deed listed numerous restrictions that today we would call zoning regulations; most notably, “The dwelling house and other structures placed upon said lot shall be in a distinctively rural and not in an urban style” (but an annotation by Potts notes, without explanation, “The whole of these restrictions were removed by a deed executed in October 1896 & recorded at Norristown”). He was exceedingly prudent in its cost, too, demanding that no debts be incurred, which delayed its construction for a little while. But by April 1895 the house was about ready for occupancy. On 18 August “Stancot” was dedicated in a reverent affair, attended by a prominent roster of the New Church community, many of them friends and family.

Not long after this, Rev. Potts acquired a farm property in Dorset Hollow, Vermont. He may have been attracted here first during his 1879 visit to America, much of which was spent in New England. He
called the place Owl’s Head Farm, after the local geographic high point. Today, the property is along Lower Hollow Road, east of Dorset, on the south side of the Mettawee River, beneath Owl’s Head. It was a retreat for Rev. Potts as well as for members of the family; although, from correspondence that survives it seems that Rev. Potts and Mary infrequently visited there together. At times, one or more of their children would spend time there, too; and it was there that Nora Potts was betrothed to Gilbert Haven Smith.

Rev. Potts made a return visit to England in September–November 1905. He returned to New York City aboard the S.S. Campania, arriving at Ellis Island on 11 November. During that time, his children, Lucy and Warren, also were in England where they were spending a year traveling and visiting relatives.

He also maintained a townhome in Philadelphia, at 707 Corinthian Ave., directly across the street from the somber wall of the now-historic (and then quite in use) Eastern State Penitentiary. There he probably worked while in the city, on church business, surely.

About Rev. Potts’ ecclesiastic work and doctrinal beliefs, little is recorded, at least in the family records, of his work while they were in United Kingdom. His work did take him to France at one time—just when is not certain—as testified by a letter he sent home from Normandy:

Hotel du Commerce
Dieppe
Monday evg.
To be read to all at home.

I left London this morning, my dear ones at home, at eight o clock, & the steamer ‘Normandy’ started with me from New-haven at half-past-ten. We had a calm passage across the English Channel & the pretty white cliffs of France came in sight about three. We had to wait outside an hour, then we steamed into the harbour & I landed in France for the first time. The sun was shining brightly & this town of Dieppe looked very pretty. I walked through the streets a little to look about me & then I marched into this hotel, said ['']Bonjour’ to the landlady, & then ‘une chambre a coucher si’il vous plait’. That was all I said—for a beginning with French. Of course she knew what I meant & told a man to shew me this room in which I am now writing. To that is all that has [illegible] to me so far. I must now go down to see about having some dinner.

Well I have had my dinner, a capital one, 6 courses, & as much cider as I cd drink. I said nothing but ‘Merci’ & ‘etou’ all the time & the waiter brought me everything without being asked.

The next thing will be to go out & hunt for le bureau de poste, that is, a post office, & then I shall have to say Quel est le port de cette lettre? Which means how much is the postage?—You must now address to me at

Post Restante,
Caen, Normandy
France

I go on to Rouen tomorrow I expect to be there until I get a letter from you.

I am very well, but was very tired after my work yesterday at Church. Dr Tafel is nearly well again.

Adieu.
Rev. Potts’ ecclesiastical work in America came upon an eventful time of change in the New Church. In America, the General Convention suffered a schism in the 1890s, which separated the “General Church” from the “General Convention”. It is not the purpose of the present genealogy to review the history of the schism, but suffice it to say that it began certainly by the time of the General Conference of the New Church in 1890, in London. Rev. Potts was on the side of those who saw change in the church as contrary to the Writings of Swedenborg. A lengthy letter from Potts to Rev. W. F. Pendleton, then Vice-Chancellor of the Academy of the New Church in Bryn Athyn and Bishop of its priesthood, reviewed the three-day battle in London; but to summarize succinctly, in Rev. Potts’ own words, “the orders I gave to my faithful warriors were, ‘Let us not yield to them one jot.’” The separation was expected, as was alluded to in correspondence Rev. Potts had in early 1891 with Rev. Pendleton:

There will be a separation sooner or later. Some will not go with us into the General Church. I do not know what the actual upshot will be, but I am going ahead, one step at a time.

Of course the separation of Mr Tilson, myself, & the other actual members of Conference who sympathise with us, FROM the Conference, is a settled thing. We are now making the final preparations for it.

I agree with you that it seems best for the Academy & the External Church to be two perfectly distinct bodies. There might be trouble from jealousy otherwise. Thus loss of freedom. So it seems to me at present.

Several branches of both the Smith and Spamer families fell into either the General Church or the General Convention, although mostly they aligned themselves with their traditional churches. John Faulkner Potts’ memoirist, Rev. W. H. Alden, summarized Potts’ enthusiasm for reinstating good relations between the two principal factions; Potts even became a member of the General Convention, and in April 1908 he served for them as an administrative missionary in California. As outlined by Rev. Alden:

Mr. Potts was an early member of the old Academy, and all of his children became members of the General Church. His own social relations were largely with the members of this body. For a time he indulged the hope of securing more friendly relations between the General Convention and the General Church. This seemed very near in the years 1897 to 1901. When the Convention which met at Cleveland in 1898 decided to send messengers to the General Assembly shortly to be held at Glenview, Ill., Mr. Potts declared that the body to which the Convention was invited to send delegates was a new body, within which was a new spirit; the ice had worn very thin, and it only required one beam of heavenly sunshine to melt it away altogether. These remarks were applauded in Convention, and the President, the Rev. John Worcester, expressed the fervent hope that there might be a good, full breath of that heavenly sunshine.

At the ensuing General Assembly, Mr. Potts expressed his great pleasure in attending meetings of both the general bodies in the same year. The two ideas which most impressed him were, that they were both excellent and promising bodies of the Church, and that they were distinctly different in genius, so much so that neither could perform the use of the other. From the spiritual aspect, the Church organization was to be regarded as a Grand Man,—all the individuals being as organs, each in his proper place. To amalgamate the two bodies would be to destroy the uses of both; it would be like attempting to amalgamate the heart and lungs, which would destroy the uses of both. The other idea which had pressed upon him was that there was no spirit of rivalry between the two bodies; and it was his observation, in meeting members of the General Convention, that hostile and unkind feelings had disappeared.
In 1904, Mr. Potts applied for membership in the General Convention, and was received and enrolled among the General Pastors. His activities, however, were slight. He attended a few of the annual meetings of the Convention, and addressed the Pennsylvania Association on several occasions. In 1908, he undertook a mission to the Pacific Coast, where he organized the California Association, and became its President.

Regarding Rev. Potts’ extraordinary dual membership in the General Church and the General Convention of the New Jerusalem, the following report written by him, concerning his Pacific Coast tour in 1908, will serve to document his itinerary and purposes of the visitation.

Report of John Faulkner Potts, now General Pastor of the California Association

During the past year I have, with one exception, been steadily employed on the great Library Edition of the writings of Swedenborg now being prepared and issued by the American Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society.

In last December I received an application to visit San Francisco with a view to the ordination of William de Ronden-Pos, in accordance with Minute 159 of the Session of 1905. This application was accompanied by documents from which I gathered that a very serious condition prevailed in the Pacific Coast Association in general, and the O’Farrell Street Society in particular. After some correspondence and a thorough examination of many documents I decided to visit the Pacific Coast, first to revive the Pacific Coast Association, which had not met for thirteen years, and secondly to investigate on the spot the conditions existing in the O’Farrell Street Society. I then issued a circular letter to the five ministers in California, informing them of my intention to make a general pastoral visitation of all of their societies, and on receiving an encouraging reply from them all, I requested the President of the Association, the Rev. B. Edmiston, to call a general meeting of the Association at Los Angeles at an early date.

On my way to California I visited the little society at New Orleans, preached to them, and was greatly pleased with the love and intelligence they showed, and with their successful unity of purpose under the fine leadership of Mr. Frank M. Miller.

In California I first made a pastoral visitation of the Riverside Society, which I found to be in a healthy and united condition owing to the long and wise ministry there of the venerable B. Edmiston. I preached in the admirable little church morning and evening, Sunday, April 12, to good and deeply interested congregations, and had many profitable conversations with the people, both at a social meeting and in private, on the objects of my visitation.

On April 15 I arrived in San Francisco, and during the four following days I was incessantly busy with the investigation of the causes and results of the trouble there, which I probed to the bottom by personal call and careful talk with all who had in any way become dissatisfied and malcontent. On Sunday, April 19, I preached in the afternoon at the O’Farrell Street Church—large and almost imposing premises—to a numerous and most intelligent audience, and during the preliminary service I baptized four little children, including the infant daughter of the Pastor, the Rev. Wm. de Ronden-Pos, and also the infant daughter of Mr. Cavalho, a Brazilian gentleman who received the doctrines through the instrumentality of Mr. Castro de Lafayette, of Rio Janeiro [sic]. On the same occasion I assisted at the reception into the O’Farrell Street Society of eight new members, all of whom were manifestly filled with a spirit of earnestness and love. The day was Easter Sunday, and altogether these afternoon services were memorable to me, and to all present. I was deeply impressed with the evidences of warm life and excellent progress in the doctrines of the church prevailing among the people and in the Pastor there.
I had previously attended a meeting of the Doctrinal Class, at which thirty were present, and at which appeared a remarkably active interest, amounting to thirst for instruction in the more interior teachings of the New Jerusalem.

I also attended a social meeting of the O’Farrell Street Society, at which I delivered an address on the meaning of the descent of the New Jerusalem.

From San Francisco I proceeded to Saratoga, to visit Mr. Archibald B. Brolly, a former very intelligent and attached member of the Cathedral Street Society of Glasgow, and after two days returned to Southern California in order to attend the proposed general meeting of the Pacific Coast Association at Los Angeles, being accompanied on the journey of nearly five hundred miles by nine members of the O’Farrell Street Society, who composed the delegation to the meeting from that society.

The meeting was announced for April 24, 25, and 26, but it was found impossible to hold a legal meeting of the Association in question. A preliminary meeting of all members of the New Church there present was then called together in the beautiful little church of the Los Angeles Society, at which it was decided to form an entirely new association, to be called “The California Association of the New Jerusalem,” and at which also a Constitution and By-Laws were adopted. The preliminary meeting was then turned into the first annual meeting of the new association, and officers were at once appointed, consisting of the Rev. J. S. David, President; the Rev. J. E. Collom, Vice-President; together with the Treasurer, Secretary, and Board of Directors of the Association. The Rev. J. F. Potts was then elected the General Pastor of the Association, he having been first admitted a member of it. The Rev. J. S. David was appointed a missionary for California.

On Sunday, April 26, I preached morning and evening in the church at Los Angeles, and during the morning service, before a crowded congregation, I inaugurated William de Ronden-Pos into the first degree of the ministry, thereby conferring upon him the right to teach and preach the doctrines, and to officiate at funerals, in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution of the General Convention, he meanwhile consenting to await inauguration into the second degree before he administered the sacraments, and I undertaking as the General Pastor to provide for the administration of the sacraments in his society in the interim.

On this occasion I made use of the truly magnificent Ordination Service contained in the Liturgy of the General Conference of the New Church in Great Britain, and I afterward heard a universal expression of delight with this most impressive and instructive service. It is in itself an education in the theology of the New Church to every hearer. Mr. de Ronden-Pos was presented for ordination by three ministers of the Association and three lay members of his own society.

At the close of the morning service I administered the Holy Supper to a full church, being assisted therein by the Rev. J. S. David and the Rev. J. E. Collom.

In the evening I preached on “Love Truly Conjugal” to a full house.

The subject of the morning sermon was “The Great Multitude That No Man Can Number.”

From Los Angeles I went to Ontario, to visit there the devoted Frankish family, who keep the banner of the New Church flying in that beautiful place; and after two days I proceeded one hundred and twenty miles further south to make a pastoral visitation of the Society of San Diego, on the border of Mexico and the shore of the Pacific. I attended a social meeting of this earnest little society, and on Sunday, May 3, I preached morning and evening in the new place of worship of that society, of which the well-known devoted minister of the New Church, Rev. J. S. David, is the able Pastor. After a busy time at this most southerly point of my work on the Pacific Coast, during which I visited and made the close acquaintance of some most loving and devoted and old members of the New Church—never to be forgotten by me—I travelled fourteen hundred miles.
north to visit the society at Portland, Ore. This excellent society I found to be in a healthy and progressive state under the leadership of our devoted friend, Mr. Charles W. Cottell. I preached in the beautiful hall where the society meets on Sunday morning, May 10, to a deeply interested audience, after which I administered the Holy Supper to about forty communicants.

On Monday and Tuesday, May 11 and 12, I visited my brother, Rawlinson F. Potts and his family of wife and four children, at Tualatin, a country place twelve miles from Portland to the south; and on Tuesday night started for Spokane, a city five hundred and forty miles to the north-east in the state of Washington, in order to visit the earnest circle of our New-Church friends there. [More will be noted about Rawlinson F. Potts after the narrative about Rev. Potts.]

I found this very interesting and intelligent circle of New-Church people well kept together and united under their excellent and judicious leader, Mr. Emil Hansen, in whose house I attended two delightful evening meetings of the friends, and at which I was ably assisted by Mr. Hansen, whose kind and efficient aid was needed in view of the fact that here for the first time after almost incessant usage for six weeks my voice showed signs of failing me.

I arrived at home in May after a truly great and incessantly busy journey of about nine thousand miles, during which I passed through all the border states of our country on its southern, western, and northern sides, except Florida, and through the whole course of which I felt myself to be led and protected by the Divine Providence of the Lord in every possible way, so that my health and vigor never failed or flagged, and to Him who loves His Church and all who work for it with devotion I desire to here render all honor, glory, and power with a deeply thankful heart.

Rev. Potts’ membership in both the General Church and General Convention raises a question about his philosophy of New Church doctrine. The answer is simple, really, unencumbered by the sectional biases that are seen in the ecclesiastical differences between the sects; he looked only toward the Light as he saw and understood it, and he hoped it would be enough to mend the tear between the two churches.

Of course, Rev. Potts was foremost a General Churchman, but his acceptance, even if only moderately, into the General Convention reveals how he practiced the doctrines of the Word and of the Writings of Swedenborg. He sought to close the gap, less by secular arbitration than by Divine intervention through useful work by men, restoring the New Church as it was conceived. The separation of the church factions was not limited to America; Rev. Potts experienced it in Scotland and England, which in the end inspired him to align himself (and his family) with the Academy of the New Church, in Pennsylvania, and its secular doctrine that remained more closely true to the Writings. Two pamphlets written by Rev. Potts while he was still in Glasgow are also among his well-known works; both were published in 1889. One is *New Churchmen Leaving Their First Love and the Present State of the Christian World as the Cause of It*; the other, *How Can We Obtain the Religion of the New Jerusalem?* In America, Potts’ influence in ministry and education continued even after his death, when these same two pamphlets were selected for reprinting as *Two Notable Pamphlets*.

But the monumental opus of Rev. Potts’ work was his compilation of *The Swedenborg Concordance*, which stands alone among original New Church productions. It is a word-for-word, idea-for-idea compendium to the collected works of Emanuel Swedenborg, cross-referenced in meticulous detail and annotated with explanations of myriad concepts translated from Swedenborg’s original Latin. Occasionally referred to as the Potts Concordance, this monumentally huge production consumed Rev. Potts’ attentions to ministerial affairs for decades—indeed, it consumed his health, too. At an annual
meeting of the General Convention (probably 1887) took note “that there is reason to fear for the health of 
the Rev. J. F. Potts, and the consequent interruption of his valuable labor, from over-work in preparing 
the Concordance for the press, in addition to the duties incumbent upon him as pastor of a society.” A 
resolution was made to collect a fund to relieve Rev. Potts to the duties of the Concordance, but, “On 
conferring with Mr. Potts it is found quite impracticable for him to give up the duties of his pastorship; 
but that the purpose aimed at can be substantially accomplished and at less expense than might have been 
anticipated, by employing an assistant for him.” The promotional tract concluded, “Of the magnitude, 
and the inestimable importance of the work to which Mr. Potts has devoted himself now for fifteen years 
without remuneration, so much as already been said that we need not add a word.”

In fact, Rev. Potts did not complete the mammoth undertaking represented in the Concordance 
until 1901, having first begun the work on 4 November 1873. He believed then that the work would take 
five years and that he would defray the cost of publication himself. Potts himself noted that the first 
model for the Concordance was to emulate Cruden’s Concordance to the Holy Scriptures, which took 
Potts twelve years to complete. During this time he embraced the newer technology of a typewriter, for 
which, although he was in Glasgow, the church in Pennsylvania allowed the expenditure of $100. He was 
grateful for the relief, as he wrote to the church’s secretary in 1889 (on a typewriter):

> To write with the pen causes me great suffering, and threatens to result in some much more 
serious malady[…]. Type-writers are there[fore] absolute necessaries to me. Without them I should 
have to do the whole of the Concordance work by dictation, and should require two amanuenses in 
order to work as rapidly as I do now with the aid of the machines. I have now three typewriters at 
work.

Indeed, how much more quickly he could have accomplished his job with a computerized word 
processor! Nonetheless, work continued apace, in Glasgow and again after Potts moved to America, by 
which time the first fascicles of the Concordance had been published. To this end, Rev. Potts was moved 
to note in another letter to Starkey in April 1890, by which time he had also been afforded the work of a 
paid clerk:

> All the mere clerk’s work is now done so far as I am aware, and I have very little hope indeed 
that a man exists who would be able to render me any further assistance, because the few who 
could do the work that remains are otherwise fast engaged. When I say that all the clerk’s work is 
done I of course mean that which is outside of the daily labours of my daughter Edith [who at the 
time was 17 years of age], as I think you already understand that she affords me very great 
assistance in that way. It is my own work which would have to be done any an additional assistant. 
All I can say, therefore, is that I will keep my eyes open, and if a suitable man should offer I will 
at once let you know on what terms I could secure his services. If a man should turn up who could 
really do some of my own work on the Concordance I should esteem it a duty to both God and 
man to do all in my power to employ him, but as I said I have extremely little hope of it, because 
of the peculiar qualifications necessary, and the great demand which exists for men of such a kind. 
In my own case it required an apprenticeship of fourteen years labour at concordance making 
before I was ready to turn out any finished work that would be fit for publication, and it is faulty 

Shortly before Christmas 1896, he was still hard at work on the Concordance at “Stancot”. His 
daughter, Ellen, then served as an assistant to him, for which she received a salary from him. He 
continued to receive some compensation for his duties from the Swedenborg Society in England (£120
per year), and a varying amount from the General Church ($325 in 1896). At this time, the General Church seemed to wish to reduce their compensation. Potts noted in a letter to Robert M. Glenn, “About two months ago Mr Asplundh told me that the Managing Board of the academy had instructed him to ask me ‘whether I could do with less’ payment for my work.” He continued, with justification addressed to the Board:

The Concordance takes my whole strength. Year in & year out I work at it exclusively, without any vacation, & if I take a day off I have to make it up. I usually work a good deal on Sundays, in order to have Monday, or Saturday, or some other week-day, for my sabbath or rest day, because I can labour with my hands on a week-day, which is absolutely necessary to me in order to work off brain-fag & other maladies of the material body. I systematically decline all other work, such as preaching & writing for the New Church periodicals, because, being brain work, it unfit me so far for the work which is properly my own. By taking constant care I can just manage to bring out six Parts a year, which is the amount agreed upon between the S.S. [Swedeborg Society] Committee & myself. Such work as this can only be done well when the brain is clear, & I am obliged to take a great deal of physical exercise to prevent a deterioration of my powers there, in addition to the “Ministers’ Sunday” I have referred to above. I find that there must be a balance maintained between the brain & the rest of the body; & that all brain work makes me dull in two or three days. Therefore even my physical labour is really a necessary part of the Concordance work, & although it is often wearisome to me in my now advancing years, I persevere with it for the sake of the one great end & purpose.

The Concordance was completed by 1901. In commemoration of its successful conclusion the Academy of the New Church in Bryn Athyn that year celebrated “Concordance Day” on Swedenborg’s birthday, 29 January. A Menu d’Espirit, or program of events, was produced, which lists celebratory and commemorative events of songs and remarks by the church’s leading clergy, including Rev. Potts. Of note is an original production by F. S. Hughes, “To Father Potts”, sung to the melody of Maryland. How this was received is not recorded. It is a brief song, superlaudatory; but ironically it addresses Rev. Potts as “Father”, when he himself preferred not to be addressed as Father even by his children, asserting that there is only one Father.

As for the Concordance, W. H. Alden’s memorial to J. F. Potts discusses it at some length, beginning, “The Swedenborg Concordance is the great work of Mr. Potts’ life for which he will forever be held in grateful remembrance,” and “Its publication marked an epoch in the development of New Church thought and teaching.” The prolific works of Emanuel Swedenborg had for decades confounded students’ and ministers’ easy access alike to the ideas, concepts, and indeed the words written by Swedenborg. Prior to the huge Concordance, the only comparable guides to Swedenborg’s writings were a Latin index published in 1779 (just seven years after Swedenborg’s death) and a Dictionary of Correspondences published in 1800. Both were depauperate productions in comparison to the Concordance.
Regarding some of the children of John Faulkner Potts and Mary Watson:

**SAMUEL WARREN POTTS (1865–1939)** was known as Warren. In England, he served as an apprentice in the firm of Alley and Maclellan, Engineers, Glasgow, during 1 October 1881–1 October 1886; two years in the Drawing Office, two and a half years in the Pattern Shop, and six months in the Fitting Shop. Thereafter he was a “draughtsman” in the firm. In 1887–1890, at least, he was employed in the Finnieston Engine Works, Glasgow; two years in the Pattern Shop and one year in the Drawing Office. Once he was in America, however, the nature of his work is less clear. He is listed in various labor and engineering occupations, but at what professional level, or the nature of the firms’ work in which he was employed, cannot be determined.

In America he resided in Hartford, Connecticut (1896), New York City (1909), Mount Vernon, New York (1916–1920 at least), and in the Bronx, New York (1930).

As noted in a little more detail in the narrative of Warren’s sister, Lucy, the two of them travelled to Scotland and England for a year in 1905–1906, where they visited family and toured. During that time they were tutored in French by a woman named Valérie, who must be the woman whom Warren later married on Christmas Eve 1910 in Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania. She was **Valérie Clémentine van der Steen (ca. 1879–after 23 November 1920)**, an adopted child whose surname was that of her adoptive parents. The surname has also been given in Potts family records as “Vanderstein”. However, the spelling “van der Steen” is taken from the invitation to Valérie’s wedding as announced by her adoptive mother, “Madame van der Steen” (her adoptive father may have been deceased at that time). She may have been called familiarly, “Valé”, inasmuch as she is referred to by this name in the diary of her father-in-law John Faulkner Potts.

Warren and Valérie Potts had three children: Lucie M. L. (who died at birth in 1911), John Warren (1913–1970), and Florence Valerie (1916–2005). Family historical notes state that Valérie died when her youngest child was about three years old. However, the child, Florence, was four years of age when she arrived with her mother in New York from France aboard the S.S. *La Savoie* on 23 November 1920.
Florence Valerie Potts, daughter of Warren Potts, married about 1946 Ulrich Schoenberger (ca. 1904–ca. 1974), with whom she had four children: Lisa, Mark, Hans Ulrich, and Fritz Rudolf. She was a 5th grade teacher in the Academy of the New Church in Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania. Hans Schoenberger recalled in correspondence to Amos Glenn in 2005, “She apparently was quite a striking woman and whenever her name was raised around her former students (particularly the male students) there would be a plenty [sic] of commentary on just how beautiful she was.”

ELLEN POTTS (1866–1930) (left).

JANE POTTS (1869–1922) (right) taught for 25 years in the Academy of the New Church.

EDITH WATSON POTTS (1872–1943) was at the time of the 1910 U.S. census a proofreader at a printing house (presumably the church’s); in 1920 a music teacher in the home; and in 1930 librarian for the Academy of the New Church. In 1929 she is noted to be aboard the R.M.S. Antonia, in stateroom B104, but nothing more is now known of the circumstances of her voyage. Later she lived part of the time at her late father’s Vermont farm in Dorset Hollow. After an unspecified event that may have damaged the home (some say it was burned), in 1936 she was committed to the Brattleboro Retreat, which once had also been known as the Vermont Asylum for the Insane, where she spent the rest of her days.
RUDOLF POTTS (1875–1962), after first residing in Nova Scotia, married Ella Louisa Stroh (1875–1965), a Canadian from Ontario. They resided in Kitchener, Ontario, where Rudolf owned the Potts’ Pattern and Machine Co. Ltd. (below, as the sign says, dealing in aluminum and brass castings). Rudolf and Ella adopted a child, Ronnie Potts.

ALICE KITTIE POTTS (1876–1931) owned a millinery shop at 3230 Chestnut St. in Philadelphia. She is listed in the 1900–1930 U.S. censuses as a milliner, thus she had a shop for some time, but whether it was always at this address is not known at this time. She also had a town residence at nearby 3314 Walnut St. The site of the shop is now occupied by the Drexel University’s student center; the Walnut St. address is now occupied by the original Moore School of Engineering building of the University of Pennsylvania, where the first electronic computer, ENIAC, was created.
LUCY EMMA POTTS (1879–1971), with her brother, Warren, visited the family homeland in Scotland and England during a year’s trip in 1905–1906. During their stay overseas, Lucy kept a diary, which now is in the Archives of the Academy of the New Church. They rented rooms in 374 Camden Road, London, which they used as a center for their travels and rest. Lucy’s diary records her days in a rather matter-of-fact, descriptive way, punctuated with brief historical anecdotes. They visited many family members during the year abroad, and they met up with their father when he came from America on church business. Parenthetically, Lucy’s diaries take note of going to one or more of the stately homes of her aunt (her mother’s sister), Emma Watson Mather. Emma was Lady Mather, wife of Sir William Mather, the labor-championing industrialist knighted in 1902 by King Edward VII. Although Lucy describes her pleasant visits with Aunt Emma, there is nary a word of Sir William.

Warren did not always travel with Lucy during their overseas visit. However, Lucy notes in several places in her diary that they both were tutored in French by a woman named Valerie, who must be Valerie van der Steen, whom Warren later married. Warren and Lucy returned to their American home from Glasgow on 25 August 1906, aboard the S.S. Columbia, arriving in New York on 2 September.

Lucy Potts had a career as a teacher in the Academy of the New Church, Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania. Shortly before she returned from her overseas visit in 1906, she wrote from London to Bishop W. F. Pendleton at the Academy of the New Church in Bryn Athyn:

> After a year of absolute holiday, I feel as if some systematic work in teaching would be most acceptable.

> Though it has been a rest I think I am more filled to teach than previously. Besides the knowledge one picks up in travel, I think a little course I have taken at the Froebel Institute in London will be of great benefit to me in any work I undertake.

> I have watched excellent teachers there, and attended lectures, so that my sphere of thought seems wider, still I feel very strongly in favor of a longer course if the opportunity ever presents itself in the future, but perhaps I had best content myself without it at present since the means don’t seem to be forthcoming.

> Should there be a vacancy in any of the Schools of the Academy, I should like to be considered as an applicant to fill it. Of course I’m still a poor disciplinarian with little ones, perhaps with older children who are past the most uncontrollable (for me) stage I might be successful I think.

> I am rather late in writing but it has taken time to make up my mind. You will excuse my troubling you I hope.
During 1908–1910 about, Lucy Potts was studying at the Teachers College in Columbia University, New York. In February 1910 she wrote from her residence in New York (1230 Amsterdam Ave.) to Bishop W. F. Pendleton at the Academy of the New Church, informing him that she must make a decision regarding her employment as a teacher:

When I saw you last I gave you the impression that Easter would be soon enough for me to know whether or not I am wanted to teach in Bryn Athyn next winter. Since then I applied to Miss Pratt [at Columbia] and have received several notices from her of positions for next winter.

Today I saw a lady who is in town for the purpose of securing a new primary teacher. She has an excellent school in Baltimore and offered me a good salary. She says that their primary teachers receive one thousand a year; this of course is attractive at the present time, in view of the expenses of my two years at college. It looks like a good position in all respects, and Miss Pratt said she would advise me to take it. I shall have two weeks in which time to consider before an answer is required. Miss Hamilton, the principal of this school would like to know my decision by the first of March.

You see where I stand, do you not Bishop Pendleton? I cannot let an excellent position slip if there is no chance of my teaching in Bryn Athyn. Certain obligations in the shape of debts to my brother force me to consider the financial side.

On the other hand my love for the Bryn Athyn school is strong. It was for the purpose of helping to bring about a more ideal state of things in the whole school, that I came here to study my particular branch.

It is hardly necessary to say that my whole heart is in the work of New Church education; and though I am perfectly ready to teach elsewhere (because I love teaching for its own sake,) should you decide that it will not be possible for me to come back, my fervent hope is that our school will receive the best that can be gathered from education in the world, because I believe there is so much in what we are getting that will later be of value in furthering our aims.

This of course is a confidential letter. I have not, and shall not express myself to anyone else in Bryn Athyn on the subject of a position and the pros and cons.

If you will kindly let me know the official verdict as soon as possible, I shall endeavor to keep the other positions in suspense. I cannot I fear keep the one I like best waiting longer than the first of March.

By 4 March, Lucy Potts had her answer from Bishop Pendleton. She wrote in return:

It gives me the keenest pleasure to write and accept the position as primary teacher in Bryn Athyn.

It was difficult to know which was the right course of action, but now I know without a doubt and I feel very happy about it!”

Here, the eulogy read of her by Bishop George de Charms in Bryn Athyn on 13 July 1971 will suffice to finish out the outline of her life’s work:

In 1913 she entered the Normal School of the Academy, and received training under Miss Alice Grant at principal. Having then acquired the necessary education she applied to Bishop W.F. Pendleton for a teaching position, and became a permanent member of the Bryn Athyn Elementary School Faculty. Before that time she had been employed on a part-time basis and had served as a teacher in the seventh grade; but her real forte was with the younger children, and most of her career was devoted to the teaching of the first grade. When I first came to Bryn Athyn, in 1920, I was fortunate to be assigned to the seventh grade over which at that time Miss
Lucy presided. It was my first experience in any school and I was deeply impressed by Miss Lucy’s skill in appealing to the interests of the children, and the quiet way in which she maintained discipline without apparent effort. Later I was intimately associated with her during the years when, as Assistant Pastor of the Bryn Athyn Church, I was in charge of the Religious instruction throughout the grades. She took a leading part in the development of the curriculum, especially in connection with nature study, and the teaching of the Word to the primary grades. She had a keen mind, and she was quick to see the implications of the Writings to the work of education. She was constantly seeking to broaden her knowledge and increase her teaching ability by attending courses in Columbia University and elsewhere. But her primary interest was in the Heavenly Doctrine which she never ceased to delight in studying. She was known for her gentle voice and her firm manner in handling the children under her care. She had a delightful sense of humor and an astonishing memory. She knew her children well. She could recall them individually by name, long years after her retirement, and recite some incident that illustrated their special disposition and character.

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RAWLINSON FAULKNER POTTS (1853–1911), brother of John Faulkner Potts, was, like his brother, an emigrant to America, but he was much more of a wandering soul. In 1879, he emigrated to the United States aboard the S.S. Ethiopia (right), arriving in New York on 8 September. He passed through the immigration checkpoint at Castle Garden, at the lower tip of Manhattan. Where he went from New York is uncertain, but according to a brief biographical sketch published about him in 1903 (see below) he was a laborer following “several pursuits” in Texas ca. 1879–ca. 1881 and was a miner in Colorado ca. 1881–ca. 1882. He took up farming in California ca. 1883–1886 and in Oregon 1886–ca. 1890. He then paid a visit back to England where in 1891 he married Ellinor Birchall (1863–1938) and returned with her to Oregon. At the time of the 1900 U.S. census he was a dry goods salesman, and during 1902–1910 at least he was the postmaster in Tualatin, Oregon, where he operated a general store at the train station. He became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1897.

At the time of the 1891 census in England census, Rawlinson fortuitously was counted in his father’s household while visiting. And in July his father, Thomas Potts, wrote to daughter-in-law Mary Watson Potts, “Master Rawlinson has engaged himself to Nelly Birchall [sic], and they are to be married about the 19th or 20th of next month, and to sail for Tualiton [sic] early in September.”

Rawlinson and Ellinor Potts had four children, all of them born in Oregon: Vera U. (1892–?), Thomas S. (1894–1962), Dorothy (1899–1971), and Reginald (1901–1966). Rawlinson and Ellinor divorced in 1910, and then she moved to Palo Alto, California.
We are fortunate to have a biographical sketch about Rawlinson Potts published in 1903 in *Portrait and Biographical Record of Portland and Vicinity, Oregon*:

RAWLINSON F. POTTS, who is filling the position of postmaster of Tualatin, was born October 29, 1853, in Manchester, England. In early life he served an apprenticeship to the dry-goods trade in his native city. He acquired his education in England and remained in that country until twenty-six years of age, when, attracted by the possibilities and opportunities of the new world, he crossed the Atlantic to the United States and took up his abode in Texas. There he followed several pursuits, living in the Lone Star state for three years, after which he removed to Colorado, where he followed mining for one year. He has gone through the experience of being caught in two snow-slides, but fortunately he escaped with his life in both instances. The year 1883 witnessed his arrival in California, where he became connected with agricultural interests, then following farming for three years. In 1886 he arrived in Tualatin, where he was located for four years, following farming in this portion of the state. On the expiration of that period he returned to his native country and spent nine months in re-visiting the scenes amid which his boyhood and youth were passed, renewing the friendships of his early life. While in his native country he was united in marriage to Miss Eleanor [sic] Birchal. He then returned to Tualatin and resumed farming, which he followed continuously until April, 1900, when he embarked in merchandising, and is to-day one of the successful representatives of commercial life in the town in which he makes his home. He carries a well selected stock of goods and his reasonable prices and honorable dealing have secured him a gratifying trade. He owns town property in addition to thirty-seven acres of good farming land and he is the present postmaster of Tualatin.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Potts has been blessed with four children: Vera, Thomas, Dorothy and Reginald. The parents have many warm friends in this locality and their own home is noted for its hospitality. Mr. Potts belongs to the Grange, to the United Artisans, to the Woodmen of the World and the Ladies’ Circle of that order, serving as clerk in both. He belongs to the Swedenborgian Church and his religious faith is indicated by his upright, honorable life.

(The Grange—officially, The Order of Patrons of Husbandry—is a national fraternal organization first organized in 1867 in Minnesota. Originally established for the welfare of farmers and rural residents, the organization now embraces agricultural and industrial causes, still with a rural focus. Formerly known as the National Grange, the members are organized into lodges that also participate in and support community affairs. The “United Artisans” is probably the United Artisans Life Association, of Portland, Oregon, later the United Artisans Association. The Woodmen of the World was organized in 1890 in Omaha, Nebraska, and through mergers with other fraternal benefit societies became the largest such society in the United States. The “Ladies’ Circle” is the Woodmen’s ladies’ auxiliary. The Woodmen organized originally to provide life insurance to its members, and through a system of local lodges the members became involved in community services to those in need.)

Thomas S. Potts (1894–1962), son of Rawlinson Potts, married Rose L. (ca. 1897–?), with whom he had a son, Harold T. (ca. 1925–?). Thomas was in 1920 a coffee house miller and in 1930 a driver for an oil company.

It is through Dorothy Potts (1899–1985), daughter of Rawlinson Potts, that we have some information that relates to her. After a long period of non-communication, Dorothy had written to her aunt, Lucy Potts, with brief information about her marriages and child. She married, first, in 1917 Oren
McDowell (?–1947), with whom she had a son, Oren Jr. (1918–1968). Oren Sr. was in 1910 a picker in a woolen mill, and in 1920 a butcher in a packing plant. After divorcing Oren, Dorothy married, second, in 1943 Monroe Sal Cheek (1891–1973). Monroe, at the time of the 1930 U.S. census was a partner in a service station. He had previously been married to Blanche V. (ca. 1918–?) of Iowa.
The Children of
Rev. Gilbert Haven Smith and Nora Mary Potts

The children of Gilbert Haven Smith and Nora his wife provide us another remarkably well-documented part of our family; and because of this, they are accorded their own chapter. As I have already pointed out, too, inasmuch as it is the Gilbert Smith clan who have held the Smith family reunions in 1994 (in Chestertown, Maryland) and 2008 (in Tucson, Arizona), these branches will be focused on to respond with thanks to this very dedicated and enthusiastic part of the Smith family. To summarize, the children of Gilbert and Nora are: Egerthé (1908–1908), Gerardin Faulkner (1908–?), Alice Mary (1910–2003), Virginia (1912–), Jean Seville (1912–), Arnold Mather (1916–1987), Renée (1918–1968), Edmund Gilbert (1920–1972), Gloria Jane (1923–), and Nadia Forrest (1925–2009). Egerthé died shortly after birth. All the rest of the children lived to have families of their own.

The Gilbert and Nora Smith clan, all but Jean. *Left to right:* Edmund, Virginia, Gloria, Gilbert, Nadia, Nora, Arnold, Renée, Gerardin, and Alice. Photo possibly at the wedding of Jean Smith and Harold Cranch in 1936.
EGERTHÉ SMITH (1908–1908), first-born of Gilbert and Nora Smith, lived for just three days. He was the twin of Gerardin Faulkner Smith. The spelling of Egerthé’s name is as shown on his grave marker in the Bryn Athyn Cemetery, although Edward S. Smith’s “Smith Genealogy” spells it “Egartha”, which is spelled phonetically.

GERARDIN FAULKNER SMITH (1908–?), carried the hopes and joys of the family as the surviving twin of Egerthé, but he disappeared without a trace in the 1930s. He was a restless soul, and he was said to have ridden the rails at one time. He married in 1930 Jean Synnestvedt (1902–1981), who was born Hilda Synnestvedt but changed her name. They had one child, a daughter, Sally Jean (1932–), but their marriage was not a settled one. Sally Smith (right, in 2006) went on to become a French teacher.

At the time of the 1930 U.S. census, “Gerry”, as he was called, worked as a messenger. Later he worked in a bank in Chicago, Illinois. One day about 1936 he was reported absent by his employer; there may have been some impropriety with the bank’s cash accounts. He was never heard from again. His mother never gave up hope that he might be found.

ALICE MARY SMITH (1910–2003) graduated from the Nurses’ School in Evanston, Illinois, which was an affiliate of Northwestern University. She married in 1937 Donald Geoffrey Gladish (1899–1967), a homoeopathic physician. During World War I, Donald Gladish enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps. He is first listed in the muster roll 23 (or 25) August 1918, attached to Company “N” in the Marine Barracks at Paris Island, South Carolina. He served 1917–1918 in the European campaign, leaving the service at the rank of Private First Class. During World War II, Gladish, now a medical doctor, served in the U.S. Navy in the far Pacific, 1943–1946, leaving the service at the rank of Lieutenant Commander.
Alice and Donald Gladish had six children: Emily Alice (1938–), Stephen Geoffrey (1939–), Elizabeth Renee (1941–), Martha Joy (1944–1992), Sarah Ann (1949–), and Neva Carolyn (1951–). Martha, who was known as “Joy”, enlisted in the U.S. Air Force on 20 October 1967 and served during the Vietnam War at the rank of Staff Sergeant.

The Gladish family has been traced back to Jeremiah Gladish (ca. 1833–?) a farm worker and carpenter born in Indiana, whose parents both were born in Kentucky. He married Mary (ca. 1832–?), who was born in Illinois. They lived in Richland County, Illinois, where they had five children. Their son, Willis Lindsay Gladish (1867–?), a New Church minister and a teacher, married Laura Wallenbury (1862–?). They had six children, the first born being Donald Geoffrey Gladish, who married Alice Mary Smith. Many of the Gladishes have been very involved in the New Church, including the ministry.

VIRGINIA SMITH (1912–), known as “Ginny”, studied nursing and in 1947 married Theodore “Ted” Tyler. They had two children: Nicholas Lang (1947–) and Carson Smith (1955–).

Ted Tyler had an earlier marriage, to Gertrude Price (1907–?), with whom he had four children: Nicholas (who died young), Martha Louise (1933–), George Price (1937–), and Michael Price (1940–). 

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Rev. Harold Cranch worked mostly in the West and resided in California. His life of service is probably most accurately and succinctly quoted from his obituary the California New Church’s newsletter:

Harold was a pioneer in establishing the New Church in the West, starting with train trips in the early 40’s, then moving the whole family to California as the first General Church minister west of the Mississippi in 1952, once the many fledgling church centers were established sufficiently to justify such a commitment. All over the west people still say that Harold Cranch was their first pastor.

Born in Somerton, Pennsylvania, on October 11, 1911, Harold became self-sufficient at a very young age, sometimes skipping school to paint and sculpt, and making a living as an artist, selling his work to Wanamakers [sic] stores in the Philadelphia area. He became a musician and played with the Binky Heath Orchestra during the prohibition era. He met his future wife, Jean Seville Smith, while playing for a school prom. They were married in 1936, and Harold developed a sign-painting business to provide for his young wife and their growing family.

Unable to resist discussions with his customers and patrons about Religion, Harold made the decision to enter theological school as a father of 3, and was ordained into the priesthood in 1941. (In reminiscing about Rev. Cranch, Bishop Peter Buss took note in a 2003 speech that “Harold believed in outreach, and he worked on it. They told him he was too old to go [to] the Theological School, but he was bringing so many people into the church in the Chicago area they felt they had to get him into the Theological School. And they did.”)

He was sent to Chicago where he served the Sharon Church as a resident minister, and began his long trips throughout the west to build the Church in new territory. By 1951 there was sufficient interest to transfer the family (now grown to 7 children) to the Los Angeles area. A large home in Sierra Madre served as the first center, but in 1953 they moved to Glendale where a new church building could be constructed. The first Western District Assembly was held in 1954, with an attendance of over 100 members and families. The Cranches baptized their eighth (and final!) child that same year. During this period, with the help of many talented volunteer teachers whom he trained, Harold developed a comprehensive Sunday School curriculum, and several years after completion of the Church, the congregation built a multi-purpose building to house the growing children’s programs.

In Los Angeles there was an inevitable connection to the entertainment industry, and Harold partnered with new member Ken Hultgren, then working at the Disney Studios, to bring the teachings of the New Church to the medium of film. Several 16 mm films were produced,
including Animals of the Bible, The Water of Life, and the ambitious Our Faith. Harold also developed his life-long love of Biblical archaeology, offering many public lectures on the topic.

From Glendale, the Cranches answered the call to Toronto in 1966, where Rev. Cranch was Pastor to the third largest General Church congregation, as well as Headmaster of the Olivet Day School. In the ten years in Canada, Harold continued writing, teaching, preaching, public speaking and dabbling in the fledgling new medium, videotape—as well as learning a smattering of the French language (though he would tell you he smattered the language rather badly).

In 1976, empty-nesters Harold and Jean moved to Glenview, Illinois, where Harold contented himself with radio as a means of reaching out to a larger audience. He worked extensively on a program to replicate evangelical success, and the Epsilon Society had a tremendous effort of sending out Swedenborg’s books and Rev. Cranch’s printed sermons to interested locals.

The Boston Society of the Convention Church in 1980 asked the General Church for a minister to temporarily serve that group. Harold agreed to go until a Convention minister could be trained for that post. [That position was filled by Rev. Ellis, the sixth pastor of the Boston Church since its founding in 1818.]

But the West always beckoned, and in 1982, Harold and Jean “retired” to Glendale, where he continued to preach, teach, write, publish, and dabble in public speaking, art, archeology, film, video, radio, and travel . . . but left off in the destruction of the French language.

As one might expect, establishing branches of the New Church throughout the West required of Rev. Cranch a lot of travel. Simply to illustrate the far-flung nature of his work, several notices are made from newspaper accounts, of which there must be far more examples from many places. In 1955 he offered services in the American Legion Hall in Oakville, Washington, where his sermon was on “Life After Death”. In Tucson, Arizona, where a New Church chapel has been in existence since the 1950s, the congregation first met informally in homes in the 1940s, much in the fashion of all early congregations of the New Church in the 18th and 19th centuries. A newly remodeled chapel was dedicated in July 1957, and Rev. Cranch visited the Tucson chapel monthly from California and sent tape-recorded sermons between visits. It was not until September 1960 that the Tucson congregation received its first resident pastor (Rev. Douglas Taylor, a native of Australia).

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In the Cranch ancestors we have a proud heritage. One of these ancestors, Richard Cranch of Massachusetts, married a Mary Smith (no relation to our Smith family) whose sister, Abigail, married John Adams, who became second President of the United States. Another ancestor was William Cranch, son of Richard, who was appointed to a federal judgeship by his uncle, John Adams, which position he held with distinction for 50 years. And along the way through this lineage we also meet up briefly with Noah Webster (of dictionary fame), and T. S. Eliot (the poet).

Surely having piqued the reader’s interest with this, we will take an excursion through these branches before proceeding with the lineage of Gilbert and Nora Smith’s children.

Abigail Smith (1744–1818) is, of course, best known as Abigail Adams, the First Lady. Surely little needs to be said of her husband, President John Adams (1735–1826) or their son, President John
Quincy Adams (1767–1848). For those who will appreciate a refresher from their school days, brief quotes from the *Biographical Directory of the United States Congress* will suffice:

“[John Adams was a] Delegate from Massachusetts and a Vice President and 2d President of the United States; born in Braintree, Mass., October 19, 1735; graduated from Harvard College in 1755; studied law; admitted to the bar in 1758 and commenced practice in Suffolk County; joined the Sons of Liberty and argued against the Stamp Act; was elected to represent Boston in the general court in 1768; Member of the Continental Congress 1774-1777; signed the Declaration of Independence and proposed George Washington, of Virginia, for General of the American Army; became a member of the Board of War, but resigned to accept appointment as commissioner to the Court of France; Minister Plenipotentiary to Holland 1782; first Minister to England 1785-1788; elected in 1788 as the first Vice President of the United States with George Washington as President; reelected in 1792 and served from April 21, 1789, to March 3, 1797; elected President of the United States and served from March 4, 1797, to March 3, 1801; delegate to the constitutional convention of Massachusetts 1820; died in Quincy, Mass., July 4, 1826 . . . .

[John Quincy Adams was] a Senator and a Representative from Massachusetts and 6th President of the United States; born in Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767; acquired his early education in Europe at the University of Leyden; was graduated from Harvard University in 1787; studied law; was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Boston, Mass.; appointed Minister to Netherlands 1794, Minister to Portugal 1796, Minister to Prussia 1797, and served until 1801; commissioned to make a commercial treaty with Sweden in 1798; elected to the Massachusetts State senate in 1802; unsuccessful candidate for election to the U.S. House of Representatives in 1802; elected as a Federalist to the United States Senate and served from March 4, 1803, until June 8, 1808, when he resigned, a successor having been elected six months early after Adams broke with the Federalist party; Minister to Russia 1809-1814; member of the commission which negotiated the Treaty of Ghent in 1814; Minister to England 1815-1817, assisted in concluding the convention of commerce with Great Britain; Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President James Monroe 1817-1825; decision in the 1824 election of the President of the United States fell, according to the Constitution of the United States, upon the House of Representatives, as none of the candidates had secured a majority of the electors chosen by the states, and Adams, who stood second to Andrew Jackson in the electoral vote, was chosen and served from March 4, 1825, to March 3, 1829; elected as a Republican to the U.S. House of Representatives for the Twenty-second and to the eight succeeding Congresses, becoming a Whig in 1834; served from March 4, 1831, until his death; chairman, Committee on Manufactures (Twenty-second through Twenty-sixth, and Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Congresses), Committee on Indian Affairs (Twenty-seventh Congress), Committee on Foreign Affairs (Twenty-seventh Congress); unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Massachusetts in 1834; died in the U.S. Capitol Building, Washington, D.C., February 23, 1848 . . . .

Richard Cranch (1726–1811) married Mary Smith (1741–1811), who died the day after her husband’s death. He was a watchmaker who had attended Harvard College (later receiving an honorary degree from the school in 1780), and his career signaled the kinds of devoted public service that would recur throughout the family. He was the Justice of the Suffolk County Court of Common Pleas, 1779–1793, representative to the Massachusetts General Court, 1778–1782; member of the Massachusetts Senate, 1787; representative from Braintree in the Constitution Convention, 1788; and Postmaster at
Quincy, 1794. During the early days of the Republic, the individual states produced legal tender bills of credit, used as currency. In Massachusetts, a series of such bills was issued in 1780, some of which were signed by “R. Cranch”.

Richard and Mary Cranch had three children at least, one of whom was William Cranch (1769–1855), the progenitor of our family’s Cranches. It is he who probably had the longest record of public service in our extended family, serving as a federal jurist.

William Cranch married in 1795 Nancy Greenleaf (1772–1843), with whom he had 13 children, several of whom will be mentioned later. He graduated from Harvard College in 1787 and later received an LL.D. degree from that institution. His graduating class also included John Quincy Adams, his cousin and future U.S. President. Cranch studied law for three years in Boston and was admitted to the bar in July 1790, and thereafter for three years practiced law in Braintree (today Quincy) and Haverill, Massachusetts.

William Cranch (shown below in a photo by the Matthew Brady studio) removed to Washington, D.C., in October 1794, while the national government still was seated in Philadelphia. In Washington he became involved as a legal agent in a land-speculation syndicate under his brother-in-law, James Greenleaf (1765–1843), which collapsed in bankruptcy. Much of the speculation was taking place on what now is known as Greenleaf Point, in south Washington. At about the same time, in 1800, he was appointed to a voluntary position as Reporter of decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, which had recently removed from Philadelphia when the national capital transferred from that city to the new Washington City. He was the second Reporter of decisions for the Supreme Court of the United States, publishing nine volumes of Reports of Cases for that body, 1801–1815. The need for the Reports was not so much for recitation of Court opinions, but that they documented precisely, within the bounds of the American legal system, the points of law that underlay the opinions and rulings of the Court.

In his capacity we might be afforded an example of William Cranch’s precocious and devotional character to the law. But, as pointed out by Craig Joyce in a 2005 article in the Houston Law Review, how Cranch came to be Reporter in the first place is not recorded, for good reason:

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The older histories occasionally refer to him as the first ‘regularly appointed’ Reporter of the Court’s decisions. But no such entry appears in the minutes of the Court, nor had Congress or the Court provided for such an appointment by statute or rule. Without doubt, the reports published by Cranch, like the volumes of his predecessor [Alexander James Dallas], remained at all times a private venture. Thus, it seems most likely that Cranch, like Dallas, appointed himself to report the Court’s decisions.

When the Supreme Court left Philadelphia, Dallas had not followed, and in fact he was embittered by the “miserable encouragement for my Reports”. Cranch may have acted opportunistically,
having been left in precarious financial straits by the land-speculation collapse in Washington. But his came from a second (and well documented) source, too. On 8 January 1801 he was appointed by President John Adams (his uncle) a Commissioner of the City of Washington. And on 3 March 1801 Adams appointed Cranch to the position of Assistant Judge in the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia—one of the so-called “Midnight Judges” who were appointed by Adams, exercising the Judiciary Act of 1800, during the last hours of the Adams administration. In March 1806 Cranch was appointed Chief Justice of that court by President Thomas Jefferson, which position he then held for fifty years, until his death.

In fact, William Cranch was Chief Justice of the Circuit Court as well as the Judge of the District Court of the District of Columbia; we would recognize the distinctions today as federal and municipal, but in Judge Cranch’s day the whole was federal in jurisdiction. In many recountings of his career and some of the individual events, the distinction between the two courts has been muddled.

In his capacity as a jurist William Cranch published six volumes of reports of the Circuit Court, 1801–1841, and prepared a code of laws for the District of Columbia. In fact, it was his decision that probably has led to the unsettled feelings today relating to the disenfranchising of the residents of the District of Columbia, from many of the privileges usually expected or accorded to citizens, although some of these issues have been resolved by the District of Columbia Reform and Criminal Procedure Act of 1970. In 1833, though, Judge Cranch decided that the jurisdiction of the District was “wholly federal”, not municipal.

William Cranch was also the first professor of law in Columbian College in the District of Columbia (today George Washington University), although briefly in 1825–1826, as the law school closed the next year due to financial difficulty and did not begin again until 1865. During 1833–1849 he was a charter member of the Washington National Monument Society.

He administered the oath of office to President John Tyler (6 April 1841) and to President Millard Fillmore (10 July 1850), each of whom was a Vice President succeeding to the office upon the death of the President (William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor, respectively). Tyler was sworn in his town residence in Brown’s Hotel, 6th St. and Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.; Fillmore in the House of Representatives Chamber of the U.S. Capitol.

One of Cranch’s residences, still standing, is known today as the Duncanson-Cranch House; it is at 468-470 N Street, S.W. Built ca. 1794, the house was a part of Wheat Row, created by James Greenleaf (Cranch’s brother-in-law) as part of real estate developments in the new Washington City. “Duncanson” was William Mayne Duncanson, a wealthy trader who, like Cranch, also was bankrupted in the Greenleaf land speculations. When the neighborhood was entirely razed in an urban renewal project in the early 1960s, the Duncanson-Cranch house was saved, standing strangely alone amidst the excavation pit that would later be Harbour Square. The house is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Today, it is a private residence in a pleasant neighborhood.
William Cranch’s definitive reputation as a jurist notwithstanding, he was not always abounding in foresight. Craig Joyce commented in the *Houston Law Review* in 2005:

So high were Cranch’s standards on the bench that he once agreed to admit to the bar a young lawyer of marginal attainments only after the latter promised not to practice in Washington but rather to remove to the “western country.” Ironically, years later and suitably seasoned, Salmon P. Chase would become the Supreme Court’s sixth Chief Justice.

In another ironic circumstance of William Cranch’s career as a jurist, he presided over the court that sentenced Anne Royall, arguably a most energetic, prolific, and, in peculiar measure, successful woman of the Third Estate. She was a widely traveled and self-possessed conscience of the public interest and private agendas alike. In 1829, when she then resided in Washington, D.C., she ran afoul of Presbyterian congregants who staged a vigil at her residence, baiting her (successfully) to unleash a torrent of oaths. She was charged as a public nuisance and a “common scold”; the trial took place in the U.S. District Court for Washington, over which presided Judge Cranch. Found guilty, she was sentenced to the traditional, but obsolete, punishment for “common scolds”, the ducking chair, for which the U.S. Marines at the Washington Navy Yard had built such a contraption. However, the means of punishment was indeed deemed obsolete, and she instead was fined $10, which was paid by two reporters from the Washington newspaper, *The National Intelligencer*; and Royall left the city to travel again. She returned to Washington two years later to ferret out political and religious fraud, as well as anyone who met her displeasure, through her self-published newspapers, *Paul Pry* and *The Huntress*. When she died in 1854, aged 85 years, she was buried in Congressional Cemetery in southeast Washington. The irony is that the last judge to sentence a woman to the ducking chair, William Cranch, was buried a year later in Congressional Cemetery not far from Anne Royall.

Through William Cranch’s marriage to Nancy Greenleaf, we encounter Nancy’s sister, Rebecca (1776–1847), who in 1789 married Noah Webster (1758–1843), the great American lexographer who was a lawyer at the time of his marriage.

William Cranch’s son, Christopher Pearse Cranch (1813–1892) was a graduate of the divinity school of Harvard College in 1835 and became a Unitarian minister, but in 1842 he retired to become an artist, for which is well known. He married in 1843 Elizabeth De Windt (1819–?), a cousin, in 1846 went on a tour of Italy where Pearse (as he was known) studied the country’s artistry for three years, and during which time they had the first two of four children. In 1853 the family went to Paris where they lived for ten years, when they returned to New York and resettled later in Massachusetts. He was also a poet, but despite having received literary criticism from the likes of Edgar Allan Poe he is not so well remembered for that work.

Caroline Amelia Cranch (1853–1931), a daughter of Pearse and Elizabeth Cranch also became an artist. Having studied under William Hunt she produced figure pieces and portraits.

Peare’s brother, John Cranch (1807–1891) was also an artist, working with portraits and landscapes, but he seems not to have attained the level of recognition as that received by Pearse. On the other hand, his portrait of their father, William Cranch, hung in the office of the Chief Judge of the U.S. District Court in Washington, and it is still owned by that agency.
Narrative of the Smith Family from Maryland and Others

Abigail Adams Cranch (1817–1908), a daughter of William Cranch, married William Greenleaf Eliot (1811–1887). Their son, Henry Ware Eliot (1843–ca. 1900), married Charlotte Camp Stearns (1840–ca. 1900); their first-born was Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888–1965). Thomas is best known as T. S. Eliot, the poet, who in 1948 was awarded the Order of Merit by King George VI and the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Returning again to the lineage of children of Gilbert and Nora Smith:


During World War II, Arnie Smith enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps on 9 April 1942 in Chicago, Illinois. He advanced to the rank of Captain, and served as a fighter pilot between November 1942 to October 1944 in Europe, Italy, and North Africa. He also flew in the Caribbean. He piloted a P-51 Mustang. A Government photo in the family collections shows his aircraft, Josephine II (photo below), in flight over Italy in 1944. His military decorations include the Distinguished Flying Cross and European and American Theatre Ribbons with 16 clusters. His unit also received a Presidential Unit Citation. He was discharged on 5 October 1945. After the war he was a carpenter, residing in Glenview, Illinois.
Within the framework of the Spamer–Smith Genealogy, we have far more information about the Olds family, which, as I explained in the Introduction, is due to me not having access to information about everyone in the family.

Charles Louis Olds (1869–?) married, first, Mary Johnson (1862–ca. 1918), with whom he had three children: Orida (1897–?), Saloma (1899–1995), and Rosalie (ca. 1901–?). He married, second, Mrs. Irene A. Mansfield (ca. 1885–?) in 1920, with whom he had two children: Jocelyn (who married Arnold Smith) and Jonathan H. (ca. 1923–). Irene Mansfield had two children by her first husband: Robert (ca. 1911–?) and Dorothy (ca. 1913–?).

Both Charles Olds and his wife, Mary, were homoeopathic physicians. In 1901 or 1902 they moved to Marco Island, Florida, where he continued his homeopathic practice amongst a very scattered population that focused on the small Marco settlement two miles from his home. Mary ended her practice to take care of the family, whom she home-schooled. He supplemented the family’s income by growing fruits at their home, Eubanks Landing.

At the outbreak of World War I for America, Charles Olds enlisted for service and went to France. Just when he returned is uncertain. At the time of the 1920 U.S. census, in February, only the three young Olds daughters are listed as running the family farm. That June, Charles Olds applied for a license in Philadelphia to marry Mrs. Mansfield; he indicated that he lived then in Huntingdon Valley, Montgomery County, just north of Philadelphia. He was also a physician for people in neighboring Bryn Athyn, the New Church community about which much has already been said. After his marriage to Irene Mansfield, the Olds children returned from Florida to live with them.

One of the interesting discoveries made during research for the Spamer–Smith Genealogy is information relating to the Olds family when they lived in then-undeveloped Marco Island, Florida. There were a series of articles in the Marco Island Sun Times during 2003–2004 that detailed the Marco Island Historical Society’s receipt of copies of diaries that were written by Orida and Saloma Olds while at Marco Island. Orida Olds’ diary begins in 1912, in which she takes note of people and world events. Saloma’s diary covers just 1914–1915. It is precisely this kind of thoughtfulness amongst far-flung family that will benefit historians and interested readers for generations.
RENÉE SMITH (1918–1968), was a WAVE during World War II and was known for her blueprint work. (The WAVEs were Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service, somewhat analogous to the Army’s WACs, who were enlisted.) She married Robert T. Ross (1925–1987), with whom she had two children: Douglas Arnold (1954–) and Jacqueline (1956–).

(It is “Jackie” Ross Kline to whom I owe a great deal as my first contact with the entire Gilbert Smith clan during my work on the Spamer–Smith Genealogy. Her enthusiasm for the family’s history offered me one of the few outstanding opportunities I have had to gain access to what I have seen as some of my own family “mysteries”. In fact, when I was growing up, my sister and I frequently had heard references to “Uncle Gilbert”, but we hadn’t a clue, really, who he was. He was just as mysterious as was “Hoover Dam”, which to us was “out West” somewhere and that “Uncle Earle” (Gilbert’s brother) worked on it. — And now I know so much more.)

—— ♦ ——

EDMUND GILBERT SMITH (1920–1972) brings us to another individual in the family about whom we know a great deal, but this time it is due to great personal tragedy. And yet, it is a story of remarkable heroism. (Again, it is due to Jackie Kline that I owe thanks for leading me to this story, which she had researched long before I knew her.)


Virginia Dean Stone, who was known as “Ginger”, was from Tulsa, Oklahoma. When after she and Edmund had their eight children they divorced. She remarried to John Peterson, who also adopted the couple’s four youngest children (Richard Peterson, Peggy Ann Peterson, Robert Peterson, and Virginia Peterson). Subsequently, though, Peggy and Virginia changed their names back to Smith.

Edmund Smith’s life surely is like that of any other of a young man of his age, focusing his young-adult life first in the calamity of World War II. His story from that time is one of adventure as an airman, and cruelty as a prisoner of war at the hands of the Japanese.

He enlisted as an Aviation Cadet in the U.S. Army Air Corps on 31 December 1940 in Chicago, Illinois. His pilot’s training was in Muskogee, Oklahoma (where he met and later married “Ginger”) and
at Randolph Army Airfield and Brooks Army Airfield, in Texas. He was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant on 14 August 1941 and participated in maneuvers in North and South Carolina, then flew B-24s on anti-submarine patrols off the east coast of the U.S. For this work he received the Army Air Medal for Meritorious Achievement. In September 1943 he was sent to North Africa and Europe, performing anti-submarine patrols in the Mediterranean. He returned to Dover, Delaware, in November 1943, where he again anti-submarine patrols off the east coast, this time in B-25s.

During Edmund Smith’s time at the air base in Dover, Delaware, he flew unsanctioned detours to Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, where his family lived, “buzzing” the community. In a presentation to the Bryn Athyn Civil and Social Club, Edmund’s niece, Jackie Kline, recollected the family’s information about these events:

On more than one occasion, he would give the crew a close aerial tour of the town. He showed them the cathedral by swooping down out of the sky and “buzzing” the cathedral tower. The mayor of BA, Phil Pendleton, would come out and shake his fist into the air in disapproval. Aunt Nadine [Nadia Smith Synnestvedt] recalls helping the Red Cross Ladies (or as the young girls called them, the Cross Red Ladies) roll bandages in the cathedral undercroft during some of these fly overs. (After my talk, Joy McQueen told me that she was either playing field hockey on an Academy athletic field, or was watching a football game on an athletic field when Edmund was performing some of these stunts. He flew over the field at a VERY low altitude, zigzagging over the field as he went. Kent Hyatt, who lived next to the park in BA and across Quarry Rd. from the cathedral, recalled seeing Edmund fly up (not over) Quarry Rd., and down with the plane!) Aunt Nadine also remembers Edmund flying under the Ben Franklin Bridge [then known as the Delaware River Bridge], which spans the Delaware River in Phila.

Later, in 1944, Edmund Smith was selected for pilot training for the new B-29 Superfortress. He was transferred to the newly established Smoky Hill Army Airbase at Salina, Kansas, in the north-central part of the state and near the geographical center of the United States. He formed up with a crew who called their plane the “Rover Boys Express”; included among them was Raymond “Hap” Halloran, their navigator who long after the war provided our most intimate understanding of what happened to the crew near the end of the war. Halloran had indicated that the Rover Boys name came from a dog that they had befriended in Salina. The flight patch that they designed and wore on their flight jackets (left) had the aircraft name and a cartoon drawing of a dog riding a roadster.

(The “Rover Boys” also was a series of young-reader adventure novels by Arthur M. Winfield, published between 1900 and 1916, followed by a second series featuring the sons of the original Rover Boys, published between 1917 and 1926. Halloran goes by the names Ray and “Hap”. He was born 1922 in Cincinnati, Ohio, to Paul and Gertrude Halloran, the second of five boys. At the time of the 1930 U.S. census, Paul Halloran was a railroad switchman. Hap enlisted in the Army Air Force at Wright-Patterson airbase in Dayton, Ohio, shortly after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. He completed his training as a navigator in Hondo, Texas, and as a
bombardier in Roswell, New Mexico. He joined the B-29 training program at the Smoky Hill Air Base in Salina, Kansas. Hap wrote about his wartime experiences in a book he titled, *Hap’s War* and he has maintained a website at www.haphalloran.com. Jackie Kline introduced me indirectly to Hap, with whom she had already been in touch. When I, too, contacted Hap he was extraordinarily generous with his time and went even so far as to loan me some of his research papers through the mail!

The only pictures known of the Rover Boys Express are a photo of ground crewmen working on the rudder of the aircraft, and a combat-film still photo taken at high altitude, looking down at the crippled aircraft during its fatal descent over Tokyo. A Japanese photograph has been identified as showing part of the wreckage of the plane. Only one crew photo is known, one taken in Lincoln, Nebraska, before they were sent to Saipan. If the aircraft had nose art, which was so popular and creative during the war, this information is not recorded.

In correspondence with me, Hap Halloran also recalled when he and his crewmates were stationed at Smoky Hill:

While in training at Salina, Ks just before we went overseas we . . . were Crew of the Week—award—a B 17 bomber plane to use from Friday afternoon to midnite Sunday.—We did a Kansas City—Cincinnati—Chicago trip—and reverse. As “they” came back to Cincinnati to pick me up at Lunken Airport “they” overshot the runway and ended up adjacent [to] the Tennis Courts past the end of the runway. We made it back to Salina (Smoky Hill base) by 11:50 PM Sunday nite.

After their operational training in Salina, the crew was sent for a short time to Lincoln, Nebraska, and then to Herington, Kansas, where they received a new B-29 that had been flown there from the production line at the Boeing Aircraft plant in Wichita, Kansas. They received orders to fly to Mather Field, California, then to John Rogers Field in Honolulu, Hawaii, and on to Kwajalein Atoll and finally to Saipan, in the Northern Marianas Islands. They had left the United States on 16 December 1944 and arrived in Saipan on 21 Dec, having flown alone the entire distance.

In Saipan the “Rover Boys” Express joined the 20th Air Force. After just three successful missions to Japan, on their fourth mission on 27 January 1945 their luck ran out. The aircraft was shot down, and six of the men were killed; the remaining five, including Edmund, were taken prisoner. They were held captive first in a military prison where they were interrogated and tortured for two months, then they were sent to the nearby Omori Headquarters Camp (also called the Okuna Camp), in the outskirts of Tokyo. After the end of the war, the prisoners were repatriated to the States, and Edmund Smith was discharged from the service 25 August 1946. His decorations were the Purple Heart, Overseas Service Bar, Air Medal Distinguished Unit Badge, Atlantic Theater Ribbon with one bronze Battle Star, European Theater Ribbon with one bronze Battle Star, and the Asiatic Theater Ribbon with one bronze Battle Star. His experiences, as recalled chiefly by his navigator, are summarized below.

Since I do not have the privilege of having known Edmund Smith or any of his family, I am at a disadvantage in relating stories about him. But we are fortunate, mostly through the reminiscences and historical research conducted by Hap Halloran, in knowing something about Edmund’s experiences before, during, and after the trying times as a prisoner of war.

Edmund Smith was the pilot of the “Rover Boys Express”, a B-29 bomber with the tail number (flight identification number) V□27 (pronounced V-square-two-seven), aircraft serial no. 42-24769. (There was, in fact, a second V□27, “Mary Ann”, which is a subject in Chester Marshall’s 1984 book,
Sky Giants Over Japan, a diary of another B-29 combat crew during World War II.) Hap Halloran informed me that he did not know what was the significance of the square; it probably was created as an identifying character easily visible from a distance and unambiguously heard as on radio transmissions. Other aircraft groups used a triangle, circle, circle with arrow, and diamond.

Stories of B-29 crewmen being shot down, spending months as prisoners of war in infamous Japanese prison camps, are amply retold in many Internet websites and other sources. But for a more detailed, first-person perspective of the last mission of the “Rover Boys Express” and the fate of the crew, one should read Hap’s War, the book written by Edmund Smith’s navigator, Hap Halloran. The book contains details about the airmen’s experiences. Notably, Hap also wrote about several “missions” of reconciliation that he took back to Japan beginning in the 1980s. He revisited many of the sites that were central to the final mission of the “Rover Boys Express” and their imprisonment in the Omori prison camp. He met in friendship many of the men whom he had fought against, including Isamu Kashiide, the pilot credited with shooting down V□27, and a kind prison guard whom the pilots called “Johnny”. Other chapters of the book recount visits with other Japanese soldiers and civilians of World War II, and Omori camp survivors. In more recent years, Halloran shared with both Jackie Kline and me a trove of information about the events and the men’s experiences, of which some I will take note here. Refer to the Spamer–Smith Genealogy for additional, clerical accounts, and of course to Hap’s War. I will not presume to be able to paraphrase what has best been told in first person by Hap, who of course speaks for Edmund Smith, too.

When the crew of the “Rover Boys Express” was sent to Saipan, they joined the 878th Squadron, 499th Bomb Group, 73rd Bomb Wing. The last mission of the Rover Boys was just their fourth in the Pacific Theater of Operations. It was on 27 January 1945, a flight to attack Target 357, the Nakajima aircraft manufacturing plant in Musashino on the western edge of Tokyo that had eluded destruction. The Rover Boys had last traveled to Japan on 19 January, when the 73rd Bomb Wing destroyed the Kawasaki aircraft engine factory in Akashi, ending Japan’s ability to manufacture aircraft engines. After a restless sleep and flight preparations, V□27 took off from Isley Field on Saipan at 7 a.m. of the 27th, accompanying aircraft from four bomb groups. Normally, this would be a fourteen-hour mission round trip. Arriving at Tokyo at 32,000 feet, the bomber groups met heavy anti-aircraft fire followed by about 200 attacks from Japanese fighter aircraft. A solid cloud-undercast at the primary target redirected the bombers to their alternate target in urban Tokyo northeast of the Imperial Palace; radar navigation apparently assisted in the attack.

The 73rd Bombardment Wing’s “Consolidated Mission Report” for Mission No. 22 of 27 January 1945 reported on the bombing missions for the day. The missions included the 499th Group of which the “Rover Boys Express” was a part of the second wave of bombers, following behind the 498th Group.

The 499th Group personnel believe that the poorer formation of the second squadron resulted in more attacks than the first squadron received.

The 499th Group approached the Honshu area east of course but turned to the briefed IP. They entered the combat zone 51 minutes behind the 497th. It is assumed that they were engaged by fresh or refueled E/A [enemy aircraft]. Their formation was reported as relatively poor and received approximately 200 attacks.
Attacks were definitely more aggressive and effective than ever before. It is important to note that naval fighter aircraft were encountered in greater numbers than before and that pilots of these aircraft were more skilled and effective than others previously observed.

In the early contacts encountered by each group, coordinated attacks were frequent. This frequency fell off as saturation was reached.

V-27 flew in the second wave. They were attacked head-on by a Kawasaki Ki-45 Toryu, a twin-seat, twin-engine aircraft called “Nicks” by allied forces. The B-29 was struck by 37-mm cannon shot, which fatally damaged the “greenhouse” nose of the aircraft and the avionics equipment there. V-27 fell back from the formation, slowly descending to the right, with its two outside engines afire and only one engine working. The heavy aircraft, still loaded with bombs, became easy prey for attacking fighters. The escape hatches were damaged or blocked; the only exit from the aircraft was from the crowded bomb bay. At more than 25,000 feet altitude, Hap Halloran bailed out from the aircraft just before Edmund Smith. Fearing attacks by the fighters as he (Hap) dangled from a parachute, he remained in free fall until just a few thousand feet from the ground. The fear was unfounded; surviving crew members from B-29s were needed for interrogation. Edmund Smith was the last to jump last from his stricken aircraft.

The “Missing Air Crew Report” filed by the U.S. Army 28 January 1945 included a separate “Statement” by Sgt. Mullen of the 879th Bomb Squadron, who witnessed the plane go down although he believed the pilots were still in control:

Sgt. William R. Mullen, tail gunner in V-Square 41, flying No. 2 position in 3rd element last saw V-Squad [sic] 27, AAF 42-24769 as it reached the ground. It was seen to crash near the lake on which he was attempting to land. Thirteen fighters were making passes from all angles up to the last minute. As it crashed Sgt Mullen saw a big puff of smoke. No flames were seen; no parachutes were observed at any time. This was about 0610Z and the location was near Kita Ura at approximately 35°50’ N, 140°30’ E. Observing aircraft was at 26,800 feet.

The last surviving crew member to bail out from the “Rover Boys Express”, Edmund Smith dropped into the frigid water of Tokyo Bay, about 300 yards offshore, after which he fell unconscious. He was retrieved by the Japanese and sent to the Kempei Tai police and military prison, near the Imperial Palace.
According to a report prepared in 2000 by Japanese investigators, V-27 crashed at approximately 3 p.m. local time at the Igiri-hama beach in Ikisu Village on the shore of Tokyo Bay near the mouth of Horiwari River. On the ground, seven persons were killed, four were wounded, and seven houses burned. The water temperature that day was 9° C (according to records of the Kashima Nada Fishery Farming Center).

In 2000, Hap Halloran visited Japan and the crash site. A report of the meeting includes a few additional comments about the crash (informant’s name precedes the remarks):

Mrs. Yoshi Nakazawa, then 16 at age, sister of Mr. Eiji Ishii. Sat next to Hap in the meeting room of the museum and explained the fall and crash scene of V Square 27 as seen by her together with her brother at Igiri-hama near the entrance of present Kashima Port. She said, “The B-29 hit the big stone (partly concrete) gate to Inari Jinja (Shrine) at Igiri-hama and the plane’s gasoline tank exploded. The flaming plane mowed and burned down five houses. Two more houses were burned by spread fire. Five persons including an infant were killed instantly and two more persons were also burned to death.” Her house was located about 50 meters south of the crash site behind pine trees.

Mr. Eiji Ishii, brother of Mrs. Yoshi Nakazawa, who explained the location of the crash site at Igiri-hama. “The crash site was at the point where big chimneys stand near the seaside end of the plant at present. The B-29 came from southwest, falling. It once went out of the coast and came back to the shore at low altitude, breaking pine trees, hitting the stone gate to the shrine.”

Mr. Choichi Miyazawa, Kashima City, former servicing worker at Hokota Army Airfield (north of Ikisu Village), was dispatched to inspect the wreckage and saw dead bodies of four crewmen scattered.

The Miyazawa report (above) specifically notes about Edmund Smith:

Smith landed near Horiwari River at Igiri-hama. M. Masao Miyagawa, now 70 in Fukashiba, Kamisu Machi, arrived there about 30 minutes after the crash. There was a crowd of people surrounding 2 Americans by a fire and committing outrages on them. A while after, the Americans were blindfolded and taken away by a truck. (KT’s [Koji Takaki] Note: Smith himself says that he landed in the water near the mouth of a river and he lost senses after he swam to the shore but he received a first-aid by a soldier. He does not tell about violence, but one of the 2 Americans seems to have been Smith because the place is near the water.)

[Robert] Grace landed in the seawater near Fukashiba-hama or Okunoya-hama. As seen by Masao Miyagawa, another American was with Smith by a fire. He seems to have been Grace. (KT’s Note: Grace bailed out first or earlier, and Smith jumped last. It is somewhat strange that the two were in the same place, though the landing points depended also on the timing of pulling the ripcords as well as the altitudes of bailing out and winds.)

The report of Grace having possibly been with Smith is additionally interesting because Grace’s remains were never recovered, and he was presumed to have died in Tokyo Bay.

The U.S. Army’s own, now-declassified records of the crash of the B-29 include the following information:

Affidavits have been received from Edmund O. [sic] Smith, who was formerly a member of the crew in question, and have been filed at the Criminal Registry Division in TO-152, which is the Tokyo Kempei Tai File. The following information has been secured from his affidavit:
On 27 January 1945, I was piloting a B-29 of the 878th Bomb Squadron, 499th Group, 73rd Wing, with a crew consisting of the following: [not quoted here]. Our target was fifty [Hap Halloran says 15–20 miles] miles west of Tokyo. At about 2:30 p.m., approximately five minutes off our target, we were attacked by a Japanese twin-engine plane. Two and one half of our engines were knocked out when we arrived over our target. We were unable to release our bombs due to lack of control. The men in the nose of the ship jumped first, at intervals of probably a minute. I righted the plane momentarily with what control was left and Knoble [sic] crawled back through the ship to the ring gun section to tell the men back there to jump. Knoble stated later that Nicholson had already jumped by the time he (Knoble) got there. During the time it took Knoble to crawl back to the front of the ship, I had assumed there had been a sufficient interval for the remaining three men in the ring gun section... to have jumped. After Knoble had left the ship, I jumped. I have no idea what happened to the tail gunner, as we had no way of reaching him. I landed in the bay, three or four hundred feet from shore, and near an airport located on the tip of a peninsula. Knoble landed near the airport. As I was chuting down, I could see that the plane had crashed into about six houses along the shore, covering them with burning gas, which started quite a fire. When I hit the water, I passed out from the shock of the cold water, but I was held up by my “Mae West”. I must have been unconscious when picked up, but I vaguely remember being treated by medics [Hap Halloran commented, “Rare!!!”] at the airport near where I landed. I had been wounded in the neck and arm by flak. I think they must have put some sort of a dressing on my wounds. When I regained consciousness, I looked at my watch—it showed just 7:00 pm.

The military being that it is, there was even more paperwork for Smith while he was recuperating stateside after the war—and more ways of telling the same story over. He had to file a report on the loss of his aircraft and six of his crewmen. He reported, concisely:

On my fourth mission on 27 January 1945 while flying a B-29 over Tokyo, Japan, we were hit by a 21 m.m. shell fired by a twin engine Jap fighter. The shell exploded inside the nose, knocking out the controls, electrical and radio systems, and slightly wounding myself in army [sic] and neck. After crew bailed out, I jumped and landed in Tokyo Bay and lost consciousness after a few minutes in the water. When I regained consciousness, some four to five hours later, I was in the custody of the Jap Army and was taken to M. P. Headquarters in Tokyo, for interrogation. I was liberated 29 August 1945.

Surely informed that he should elaborate, another, longer, report begins:

While flying a B-29 type aircraft on a bombing mission over Tokyo, Japan, on 27 January 1945, we were hit in the nose by a 20 mm shell fired from a Jap fighter in a head-on attack. This action knocked out our controls, electric system, radio system, crippled three engines, and also wounding myself, the airplane commander. The plane crashed in a group of approximately five or six houses located on the shoreline of the upper east side of Tokyo bay and burst into flames.

In all, nine B-29s were lost on the mission, which caused moderate to heavy damage to the target. Six of the eleven-man crew of the Rover Boys Express died. The “Missing Air Crew Report” filed by the U.S. Army 28 January 1945 listed all eleven crewmen as Missing in Action. The informants who were known to have had “last knowledge of aircraft” were just three, who must have been airmen aboard other B-29s during the attack over Tokyo: Capt. David I. Liebman and [rank not legible in the copy seen] Charles Hibbard “last sighted” the aircraft, and Sgt. William R. Mullen witnessed the crash.
From several sources I have compiled the crew roster of the “Rover Boys Express” and their fates:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Fate</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st Lt.</td>
<td>Edmund G. Smith</td>
<td>Pilot</td>
<td>POW</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Lt.</td>
<td>James W. Edwards</td>
<td>Second Pilot</td>
<td>POW</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Lt.</td>
<td>William “Willy” Franz</td>
<td>Flight Engineer</td>
<td>Killed in Action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Lt.</td>
<td>Robert Grace</td>
<td>Bombardier</td>
<td>Killed in Action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Lt.</td>
<td>Ray F. “Hap” Halloran</td>
<td>Navigator</td>
<td>POW</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/Sgt.</td>
<td>Robert “Bobby” Holladay</td>
<td>Right Rear Gunner</td>
<td>Killed in Action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/Sgt.</td>
<td>Guy H. Knoebel</td>
<td>Radioman</td>
<td>POW</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/Sgt.</td>
<td>Anthony Lukasiewicz</td>
<td>Top Gunner</td>
<td>Killed in Action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sgt.</td>
<td>Vito C. Barbieri</td>
<td>Left Rear Gunner</td>
<td>Killed in Action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sgt.</td>
<td>Cecil T. Laird</td>
<td>Tail Gunner</td>
<td>Killed in Action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sgt.</td>
<td>John P. Nicholson</td>
<td>Radarman</td>
<td>POW</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Franz bailed out of the aircraft with the others who had survived the air attack, but was killed when his parachute failed; his remains were recovered two miles north of where the B-29 crashed. Grace also parachuted from the aircraft and is presumed to have fallen into Tokyo Bay; his remains were never recovered, although some Japanese recollections noted either a captive or remains washed ashore that might have been him. The remains of Lukasiewicz, Barbieri, and Holladay, were recovered at the crash site. All but the unrecovered remains of Lt. Grace were later reinterred in home cemeteries in the United States. Eleven months after the crash, U.S. Army investigators inspected the remains of the aircraft and noted the disposition of bodily remains.

Today, there is a commemorative plaque to the “Rover Boys Express” at the B-29 memorial in Great Bend, Kansas. It depicts a B-29 with a list of the crewmen.

On the home front, the fate of Edmund Smith was conveyed to his family, and thereafter they had no concrete news either of his whereabouts or what had become of him.

From here on the story of the downed airmen is one of predictable, but unimaginable, retribution at the hands of their captors. B-29 crews were particularly despised by the Japanese and were euphemistically classified as “Special Prisoners”. Their captors revoked the status of prisoners of war and, convicting them of indiscriminate civilian bombing, threatened them continuously with death. The prisoners also were kept precariously close to bombing targets and experienced attacks by future B-29 raids on Tokyo; and they were threatened with death for those raids, too. After more than two months in the Kempei Tai prison, Edmund Smith, Hap Halloran, and others joined captured flyers at the Omori POW camp outside Tokyo. Also at Omori was the legendary Marine, Gregory “Pappy” Boyington, the flying ace who commanded the Black Sheep Squadron and who earlier had been a member of the “Flying Tigers” over China. Boyington had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor “posthumously” because at the time he had been presumed to be dead.

Jackie Kline noted in her 1997 presentation to the Bryn Athyn Civic and Social Club, which provided information obtained largely through Hap Halloran and others on the home front:

Unable to bathe, the prisoners were filthy and smelly. They were very skinny, and looked like derelicts with their scraggly hair and long beards. They were almost unrecognizable to their own crewmen. As they were put into the back of a truck for the trip to Omori, several of the Rover Boys were overjoyed to see each other again. One of them asked, “What ever happened to good
old Snuffy?” From the person next to [him] came the reply, “I’m Snuffy!” Edmund was dirty and thin, his own crew members did not recognize their pilot. [Many men named Smith were nicknamed “Snuffy” during the war, after the comic strip character, “Snuffy Smith”.

Edmund’s wife, Ginger, and his family were informed that Edmund was missing in action over Japan. They did not know whether he was alive or dead, and had no idea he was a POW. I have some copies of letters sent to Ginger from the War Dept. informing her of Edmund’s MIA status.

The 31 B-29ers were kept separate from the other prisoners and under 24 hr. guard. They were special prisoners and saved as “tokens”. They could associate among themselves, but not with the other captives. As special prisoners, the Japanese did not report their status to the International Red Cross, and no one in the US knew they were prisoners.

Food was still rationed and became scarce in the camp and throughout Tokyo due to destruction by the bombing raids. They received rice three times a day, less if there had been a recent bombing raid, and the rice was infested with bugs. They were allowed to gather what edible grasses they could find in their area of the camp. They sucked on fish bones that were discarded by the guards, and drew cards to see who would get the fish eyes. They were a prize because they sweetened the rice.

The POWs marched to and from the mainland for their daily work detail. They had to maintain order while marching; no stopping, dawdling or breaking rank. If caught doing any of these, they were beaten with the guard’s rifle butt. One day, Edmund saw a dog with a bone in his mouth approaching. As the dog passed him, Edmund reached down, grabbed the bone, and kept on marching, not a step out of line, and undetected by the guards. He stashed the bone in his pants, and sucked on it later back at the camp, savoring every taste. Edmund also became “Keeper of the Tobacco.” The POWs would gather any cigarette butts discarded on the ground by the guards, and give them to Edmund. He would then unroll the butt and dump the tobacco into a can. When there was enough tobacco for a cigarette, Edmund would be in charge of rolling one.

The POWs all dreamed of what they would eat when they were returned to the US. Edmund planned to have a “Soggy Solitary Sundae”, chocolate cake with icing, topped with ice cream, and drizzled with chocolate sauce. Aunt Nadine recalls that he did have this sometime after his liberation.

Edmund lists his duty in the camp as gardening. This was a very broad interpretation of the job. It included daily marches with other POWs to the area outside the camp to clear away rubble caused by the bombing runs. The POWs often cleaned Japanese houses. Some housewives communicated with them and gave them bits of food. This was very dangerous for both of them, they risked a beating by the guards if they were caught. The POWs also had to gather liquid human waste from the bombed out toilets. This was carried back to the camp and used to water the seeds that were planted in furrows dug by the POWs. As the war progressed, gardening also included digging caves into the hillsides as a defense against an Allied invasion.

The camp was strafed by US P-51 Mustangs and Navy fighters, and the area around the camp was bombed. The POWs were glad for the raids, yet afraid because the bombs landed so close to them. During these attacks, the prisoners were ordered to stay in their barracks while the guards took protection in bomb shelters and fox holes.

There were many mean, inhumane guards n the camp, particularly one the prisoners named “Horseface”, yet there was also a friendly, kind guard the prisoners called “Johnny”. He told the POWs of the massive destruction of Japan by the bombing raids. He shared food and chocolate with them because they looked so thin. He and Hap exchanged names and promised to meet again in better times.
When the atomic bomb was dropped on Japan, the POWs knew the war would soon be over, yet they feared the guards will kill them now more than ever. The Japs burned the camp administration building to destroy camp records. After the surrender, conditions improved greatly. There was more food, and no more beatings. Some guards brought soup and chocolate to the prisoners, and the POWs received air drops of food, clothing and medicine from B-29s. Sometimes the package separated from the parachute and the package became a missile. The POWs painted words and messages on the roofs of the camp buildings so they could be identified.

In two such photos are the following messages on various rooftops: “Omori Camp”, “Pappy Boyington Here!” , and “P.W.”

In correspondence with Hap Halloran in 2004, he provided me with a little bit more about Edmund Smith:

Bob Goldsworthy was fellow prisoner with Snuffy and 31 other B 29ers at Omori. Goldsworthy and I slept together—each shared our one dirty-smelly blanket to ward off the cold days and nites—we were always cold. Also we could share body heat. Goldsworthy and Hap were on special assignment—traversing the segment of critically damaged (by bombings) Omori and cleaning out the toilets. We returned to garden area with our treasured fertilizer. [
*The prisoners were not allowed to eat the meager crops from their gardens.*] We stay in regular contact with each other—sharing memories of both good and bad plus a few neutral recollections. He is a great guy. Retired as a Major General. We each had “space” assigned to us in the Omori barracks. Was about 5 feet long–2 feet wide and elevated about 18 inches above aisle. That was our domain.

Goldsworthy’s space was next to mine; Snuffy was on the other side of Goldsworthy.

And, from an email message in 2004 to Hap Halloran from Goldsworthy:

Yeah, Hap, I remember Snuffy and the bone. And I remember when Snuffy found an old dried piece of fish on the street. I think he fished it out of a horse dropping. And he tried to soften it in his cup of soup and, I think, he ate the darned thing. Or tried to.

Halloran responded to Goldsworthy:

I forgot about Snuffy finding that piece of fish in the road between our Camp (too nice a word to use when referring to our place of confinement) and our elegant (?) Japanese garden area; along the railroad tracks where we B 29ers (Special Prisoners) toiled to raise Daikon and cucumbers. Then we two (you and I) did a Professional job of cleaning out those toilets in our neighborhood. I vividly remember the ugly tape worms and more important I will always remember the Beans that elderly lady gave to us; and the soap and water and rag given to us by the other Lady. Memorable and wonderful acts on their part. They took a risk with those actions.

[And now back to Snuffy and his treasure—that piece of dry fish skin he found and treasured in the road that morning. I am not sure whether he ate it or merely pretended to. Snuffy was a great guy under all conditions. His feat of taking that large bone from that dog was a magnificent feat; surpassing that pathetic flat piece of fish he found that day. Oh well, everything is relative. Happy for Snuffy and his bone and fish skin. That was over 59 years ago. We were all fortunate to have survived.

We transported lots of human refuse from the toilets to our garden area which we used as fertilizer to enhance our crops. [T]hen I recall the day our carrying pole broke as we strided magnificently thru the village. We were not loved by the locals related to that accident.

At last, Edmund Smith’s family received news on 30 August 1945 that he had been liberated. The first stop for him, however, was the U.S.S. *Benevolence*, a hospital ship sent to Tokyo Bay after the Japanese surrender. Hap Halloran recorded that he (Hap) had been aboard the *Benevolence* on 1
September, the day before the surrender signings aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri*; on the 1st he was visited by Adm. William Halsey and his flag aide, Harold Stassen. There is no record whether Edmund Smith was yet aboard the *Benevolence* or whether he had met the admiral and the future presidential candidate.

According to Edmund Smith’s service record, he was ordered to the United States on 29 August, arriving on 8 October. Photographs of a joyous Virginia Smith and her two children, including 10-month-old Edmund Jr. whom his father had never seen, appeared in a local newspaper. Probably the most joyous message of all was that received by Edmund Smith’s mother, a telegram sent by the Army to her in Shaftsbury, Vermont, on 6 September 1945:

```
AK2 90 GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC SEP 6 705P
MRS NORA P SMITH=
R F D ONE SOUTH SHAFTSBURY VT=
THE SECRETARY OF WAR HAS ASKED ME TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON FIRST LT
EDMUND G SMITH HAS BEEN RETURNED TO MILITARY CONTROL TWENTY NINE AUGUST
FORTY FIVE AND IS BEING RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES IN THE NEAR FUTURE
PERIOD YOU ARE INVITED [sic] TO SUBMIT A MESSAGE NOT TO EXCEED TWENTY FIVE
WORDS FOR ATTEMPTED DELIVERY TO HIM PERIOD MESSAGE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO
CASUALTY BRANCH AGO ROOM 3641 MUNITIONS BUILDING PERIOD FURTHER
INFORMATION WILL BE FURNISHED WHEN RECEIVED IN REPLY REFER TO FIRST LT
EDMUND G SMITH=
WITSELL ACTING THE ADJUTANT GENERAL
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Later in September, at last enroute home after his captivity in Japan, Edmund Smith wrote letters to his family from the U.S. Army Transport Ship *Yarmouth*, an ocean liner requisitioned for the war. One surviving letter, to his sister, Renée, is as follows (spellings are as used by him):

```
Pacific Ocean
U.S.A.T. Yarmouth
September 25, 1945

Dear Sis—

Rather stinky of me to be writing a Birthday remembrance at this late a date and from the middle of this sloppy puddle of water, don’t you think? Anyhow, I really did remember it way back in Japan and in the “Hip” Islands, too, but you know my writing habits. Fact is, yore lucky to be hearing from me atoll—(joke). And by the way, have you been engaged lately?—must be getting on in years, too—27 isn’t it?—Oh, well, they say the longest ten years of a woman[’]s life is between 27 and 30, anyway, so don’t worry.

Nine days ago I finally heard from Ginger and what do ya think of that BOY!?! [the birth of his son, Edmund Jr.].—Watta man, watta man!

Altho I know not much, at present, of the family’s future plans, or present predicaments—I am truly looking forward to a gala Yuletide this year—with all the “Kids” together again. If you and Gloria need any extra points to get out, I’ve got plenty of extra ones.—Get to working on Arny, Jimmy, & Gloria, and I’ll be thee about the middle of next month to help you. And incidentally, If you are still in Washington at that time I’ll probably see you—as I plan a trip there anyway to clear up records, etc.—Then I’d like to hit Charter Day in B.A. [*Bryn Athyn*] if its late enough this year.

That’s about all for now, Babe, I’ve sure missed all you kids—Be good

Love,

Snuffy
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President Harry Truman personally signed undated memoranda of greeting to prisoners of war who were arriving back in the United States. Edmund Smith’s letter was addressed to him at 73 Park Drive, Glenview, Illinois:

TO MEMBERS OF UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES BEING REPATRIATED IN OCTOBER 1945:

It gives me special pleasure to welcome you back to your native shores, and to express, on behalf of the people of the United States, the joy we feel at your deliverance from the hands of the enemy. It is a source of profound satisfaction that our efforts to accomplish your return have been successful.

You have fought valiantly in foreign lands and have suffered greatly. As your Commander in Chief, I take pride in your past achievements and express the thanks of a grateful Nation for your services in combat and your steadfastness while a prisoner of war.

May God grant each of you happiness and an early return to health.

Edmund Smith was sent to Vaughan General Hospital in Hines, Illinois, outside Chicago. While there, he was recommended for promotion to the rank of Captain. The “Statement or Report of Interview of Recovered Person”, filed by Capt. Harold M. Hegyessy, Jr., stationed at Vaughan General Hospital, took note:

It is recommended that subject officer be promoted to grade of Captain. It is presumed that had he not been lost to military control he would have been promoted to the grade of Captain because of his wide experience as first pilot in combat aircraft (i.e. B-25, B-24, B-29), his long service (2 overseas tours) and the fact that he was being considered for Flight Leader prior to his loss. Due to his obvious experience, leadership ability, and professional bearing, it is felt that this officer id [sic] deserving of this promotion.

The interview record also noted that Smith had been held in a military police headquarters in Tokyo for 42 days, a military police station for another 24 days, and in the Omori POW Camp for 4 months, 26 days. Under the section on “duties performed while in prisoner of war camp” was written simply, “Gardening”!

There began the rest of Edmund Smith’s life, scored by bureaucratic recollections of the last moments he knew six companions in arms. His own life ended too soon as well. Yet, in a life so profoundly affected by events about which we can only, vaguely, imagine perhaps no better epitaph exists for Edmund Smith than one that was said by Stephen Gladish at a memorial service after Edmund’s death. Gladish’s comments were suitably deep, reaching into the writings of faith, and with the usual accolades about a loving man, “a friend of mankind”. Gladish selected an epitaph from Emanuel Swedenborg’s Heaven and Hell, Edmund’s favorite book, but in closing he unwittingly turned out a remark with which anyone who reads it can identify: “He was eminently more than just a favorite uncle[,] he was everybody’s favorite uncle . . . .”
GLORIA JANE SMITH (1923–), like her sister, Renée, was a WAVE during World War II. After the war she married in 1946 John Edward Barry (1924–1990), with whom she had five children: Nadia Jo (1947–), Clifford (1948–), Alice Ann (1951–), Lee Francis (1954–), and Timothy (1959–).

About the Barry family, Edward S. Smith noted in his “Smith Genealogy”:

John Edward Barry’s great-grandfather was a riverboat captain and worked for Robert Pitcairn [of the New Church], the Barrys then were not of the New Church. Gloria had written that her husband’s family were descendants of Commodore Barry, the father of the American Navy. There was family speculation that on the maternal side, the Clarks, they are descended from Abraham Clark who signed the Declaration of Independence and of George Rogers Clark. Later she wrote that she had inquired further of Bible records and an elderly aunt and found there is no reliable record of this Barry family nor as to the Clark line. While it all may be true, she thought as it cannot be substantiated it is better to let it be reported as not proven at this time.

The connection to Commodore John Barry (1745–1803) is unlikely. He had no children by either of two wives, although with his second wife he raised Michael and Patrick Hayes, the orphaned nephews of his sister, Sarah, who were from his native Ireland. Barry was appointed Captain in the Continental Navy and in 1794 senior Captain of the U.S. Navy, higher ranks not then being used (“Commodore” came later). Both Barry and John Paul Jones are credited as a “father” of the U.S. Navy, but Barry was the first flag officer in the navy.

The putative connection to George Rogers Clark (and so also to William Clark of the Lewis & Clark Expedition, though that was not brought up) has as yet to be examined.

Thus far the Barry family has been traced only to Francis Edward Barry (1870–?) and Anna Gundy (1870–?). John Edward Barry’s paternal grandparents, although within that branch of the family there may be information about which I am unaware.
NADIA FORREST SMITH (1925–2009), known as “Nadine”, was the youngest child of Gilbert and Nora Smith. She married in 1947 Siegfried Tafel Synnestvedt (1924–1977), who always was known as Sig Synnestvedt even in bylines on his professional publications. And it is through him that our extended family associates with the Synnestvedts and the Tafels, two families of which are closely linked to the history of the New Church on both sides of the Atlantic.

Nadine and Sig had five children: Barbara Jean (1948–), Nancy Elizabeth (1950–), Suzanne Seville (1953–), Jeannette (1957–1993), and Stephen Arthur (1959–). As a parenthetical note, Nadine’s daughter, Nancy, has re-extended our family’s reach far from our shores. She married Stephen Mills of New Zealand, where they now reside. Nadine’s daughter, Barbara, has also brought another international connection to the family through her marriage to Hercules Karas of Greece.

Sig Synnestvedt earned his Ph.D. degree from the University of Pennsylvania. His dissertation was “Bread, Beauty, and Brotherhood: The Ethical Consciousness of Edwin Markham”. (The reader may recall here that, coincidentally, the celebrated poet Edwin Markham dined with the Smiths at 820 South St. Bernard Street, probably on Sunday, 6 May 1917, as discussed in the chapter about Rev. John Edward Smith.) Sig was a professor of sociology at Michigan State University and, later, at the State University of New York at Brockport where he was chair of the Department of History and where he also worked to establish the Department of African and African-American Studies. The Department of History still offers an annual Sig Synnestvedt Memorial Lecture, delivered by a visiting speaker on the subjects of civil rights and race relations. He was Director of the Swedenborg Foundation, too. Among his publications are books on international and race relations, and, with regard to the New Church, he compiled The Essential Swedenborg, which offers concise quotations from the exhaustive writings of Emanuel Swedenborg.

The Synnestvedt family traces its ancestry to Norway, at least back to the generation of Peder Finne Synnestvedt (1792–1885) and his father, Otto Christian Synnestvedt. About Peder Synnestvedt, I received a brief biographical note about him from James von W. Price in 2007; it is from an unidentified source:

Peder Finne was the only son of the first Otto Christian Synnestvedt, and he lived most of his life at the fine estate at LONNINGEN [in Norway] . . . . There is little evidence he ever applied himself to any form of useful work, preferring the life of a “country gentleman”, indicating that manual labor was “unbecoming”. He may have been encouraged in this attitude by his marriage to
Pauline Walter, daughter of the Kriegskommisaer of Bergen. In any event, he sold off parts of the LONNINGEN estate whenever he needed more money, and ultimately a wealthy tea merchant bought it from him and gave it to the city of Bergen for use as a children’s home, which purpose it still serves to the present time.

An uncredited item from Price’s scrapbook also gives information as to the derivation of the Synnestvedt name:

Old Norsk spelling SYGNESTVEIT, derived from a Fjord named Sygnis, meaning to suck as the tide sucks, in going in and out, in such narrow places. There is a Farmstead called Sygnestveit, which earliest records show to have been deeded in 1312 to two brothers of this name. This place is at the head of Osa Fjord, near the tip of Hardanger Fjord, near town of Ulvik.

Otto Christian and Pauline Synnestevedt’s son, Otto Synnestvedt (1832–1916), emigrated to the United States, where he worked in Chicago as a real estate agent and as a “land collector” for the Great Northern Railway, although it seems that during the 1870s he and his family resided in Nebraska. He married Julie Sophie Borchsenius (1847–?), who was born in Denmark, although her family frequented both that country and neighboring Sweden. Otto and Julie Synnestvedt had six children between 1867 and 1877, most of whom themselves went on to have very large families. A number of our extended Smith relations have married into the Synnestvedt and allied families, and several of the family’s men have gone into the New Church ministry.

We should take note at least of one of Otto Synnestvedt’s sons, Paul (1870–?), whose work ties us closely to the interesting invention we now call the helicopter. First, in 1891, Paul with his brother, John (1868–?), and with Oscar F. Linroth and Hugh L. Burnham incorporated the Synnestvedt Machine Co. in Chicago, “for the manufacture of machinery and mechanical appliances”; and in 1892, Paul, John, and Linroth incorporated the Medway Co. in Chicago “to operate hotel and system of safety vaults, or either”. (By 1905, the Synnestvedt Machine Co. was selling automobiles in Philadelphia.) In 1897, Paul, by profession a lawyer, co-founded the Synnestvedt & Lechner law firm in Philadelphia, who were patent attorneys; they also had branches in Chicago, Pittsburgh, and New York. The firm, still in existence, has always specialized in intellectual-property law. The firm’s website includes a lengthy and reliable history, which notes in particular:

... S&L worked with Harold F. Pitcairn and the Autogiro Company of America in the United States and Europe, developing the legal rights and expertise in the field of rotary wing aircraft.

(Pitcairn was an early helicopter inventor in Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania. The Pitcairn family of Bryn Athyn also were closely involved with the New Church community there.)

S&L attorneys prepared and prosecuted hundreds of patent applications directed to this technology, secured dozens of US for foreign patent grants, successfully handled a number of patent interferences, and negotiated licenses with major manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic. After litigating against the United States Government and unlicensed government contractors for 27 years, S&L obtained a federal court judgment that 16 Autogiro Company US patents were valid and infringed, and an award of damages was assessed against the United States Government, which award was the largest recovery in a patent case in history at that time.
The Synnestvedt family joined with the Tafel family through the marriage of Arthur Synnestvedt (1894–1965), a son of Paul (just mentioned, above) and Gertrude Eualie Tafel (1889–1976). All of the Tafels are part of an extremely large family whose roots are in Germany, many of whom have been closely affiliated with the New Church nearly since its inception in England and Europe more than 200 years ago. A number of the Tafel men have been ministers in the church, on both sides of the Atlantic. The Spamer–Smith Genealogy takes the opportunity to trace at least the American branches in exhaustive detail, thanks to the generous contribution of family information from Tafel descendants. It will suffice to say, here, that the lineage goes on for dozens of pages, with numerous historical notes.

It is through the aunt of Gertrude Eualie Tafel, Elise Mathilde Tafel (1838–?), that we have an additional interesting connection in the history of the New Church in America. Elise married Franz Edmund Boericke (1826–1901), who had been a business partner with Elise’s brother, Rudolf Leonhard Tafel (1831–1893) in the founding of Boericke & Tafel in Philadelphia, a homoeopathic pharmaceuticals firm that also sold Swedenborgian literature.

Rudolf Leonhard Tafel, with his brother, Gustav Rudolph Tafel (1830–1908), emigrated from Germany to the United States aboard the ship *Epervier*, arriving in New York on 7 September 1847 from Antwerp, Belgium. After crossing New York State on the Erie Canal, they arrived in Cincinnati, Ohio, 20 September 1847. In 1850 in Philadelphia, Rudolf met Francis Edmund Boericke (their photo is at right), with whom he worked translating publications into German. In 1853 they opened a bookstore for Swedenborgian literature on South 5th St. just south of Market St. Rudolf left a year or two later to a teaching position at the U.S. Naval Academy, and other Tafels entered into the business. From 1868 Rudolf was a minister of the New Church in London, England. In Ohio, a number of the Tafels were involved in significant events of the Civil War as part of the Union Army, and others entered into Cincinnati politics.

The homoeopathic pharmaceutical firm of Boericke & Tafel began, as noted, with the Swedenborgian-literature bookstore. It was Constantine Hering, a founder of the first homoeopathic medical college in America, where lessons were taught in German, who suggested that the firm also manufacture and market homoeopathic medicines. In 1857—by this time Franz Boericke had Americanized his name to Francis—enrolled in Hering’s Homoeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania, continuing to operate the homoeopathic pharmacy, and in 1862 assumed the Arch St. pharmacy of the late William Radde and in 1863 earned his M.D. degree. Various pharmacies in Philadelphia were acquired and divided up between Boericke and the Tafel partners, and the firm remained in business under at least one of the original family nearly through the 20th century. The Boericke & Tafel pharmaceuticals firm is still in existence today although no longer operated by a member of either family. For more than a century it also provided homoeopathic literature, including *The American Homoeopathic Pharmacopoeia*. The apex of the firm’s publishing was around 1900. In 2004, the firm of Boericke & Tafel closed its headquarters in Santa Rosa, California, and moved its sales, marketing and distribution departments to a sister company, Nature’s
Way, in Utah. Its manufacturing arm was moved to Europe and Mexico. As yet, no history of the firm and its numerous affiliates has been written.

The Smithsonian Institution’s National Museum of American History, in Washington, D.C., includes a collection of more than 2,000 historic objects from the Boericke & Tafel Homoeopathic Pharmacy of Philadelphia.

Last, I cannot resist a couple personal notes that pertain to the extended Tafel family. They will serve as inspiration for anyone who considers entering into the interesting tasks of researching family history but who may think that there are too many short ends.

A granddaughter of Elise Mathilde Tafel Boericke, Mildred Elise Boericke (1907–1971), married in 1933 Warren Lester Worden (1907–1984). He was perhaps the last of our extended family to have been born in a pre-state territory, Oklahoma Territory. Both Mildred and Warren were well educated; she at Vassar (class of 1928, with a specialty in Russian drama and with a knowledge of at least five languages), and he was an oil company geologist. His work took them around the world, where they added to their family along the way: Dexter (1935–) was born in Tientsin, China; Jenna (1936–) was born in Saigon, French Indo-China (today Vietnam); Ethelwyn (1943–2006) was born in Philadelphia (but she graduated from high school in Lima, Peru, and died while traveling in the Faroe Islands); and Gretchen (1947–2004) was born in Shanghai, China.

I had known Gretchen Worden (below) during part of my career in the Academy of Natural Sciences, in Philadelphia. But at the time I had no idea about our distant family connection. She was the director of the Mütter Museum, an outstanding medical pathology museum that is part of the Philadelphia College of Physicians, on 22nd St. a few blocks from the Academy. We had known each other for years, occasionally joining each other for a marvelously informative lunch—the topics of discussion between us two “museum rats” were not for the light of heart, or stomach—or seeing each other at meetings or in her office. In 2004, Gretchen died unexpectedly, precisely at the time that I had seen a yellowing newspaper clipping that mentioned her civic activities, including work with the New Jerusalem Church at 22nd and Chestnut Sts. This is the same church with which the Spamers and Smiths were affiliated for years, and which has been mentioned frequently in earlier chapters of this narrative. Coincidentally, the church is next door to the College of Physicians and the Mütter Museum. I wrote an email message to Gretchen, asking her just what her affiliation was with the church (still not knowing of our family connection, nor of her sudden final illness). Gretchen passed during the week or so that my message awaited her attention, so in this life she never knew of my interest in the church.

While I was working on the Spamer–Smith Genealogy a couple of years later, one of our Smiths suggested that I contact Clay McQueen for assistance with another collateral family, the Van Zyverdens. Clay provided me with access to his database, where I discovered that the Wordens were related to the Tafels. To our fortune, Clay put me in touch with Gretchen’s sister in Iceland, Muff Worden (who did not
use her birth name, Ethelwyn). She delivered to me important details of the Worden family and some other relations. Just weeks later, Muff died unexpectedly of natural causes while traveling in the Faroe Islands.

Neither Gretchen nor Muff ever married. Gretchen lived in Philadelphia with her cousin, Nina Eleanor Tafel (1947–). Muff (right) resided at one time or another in Dover (Delaware), Boston, Camden (Maine), and from 1997 in Seydisfjordur, Iceland, where she was a Celtic harpist. Fortunately, the biographical information I received about Muff and her family was directly from her, because other information I found about her on some music- and church-related websites were written mostly in Icelandic! Even the program for her memorial I have not been able to read: Ethelwyn „Muff” Worden. Útför frá Seyðisfjarðarkirkju, which (I think) notices a service at the Seydisfjordur Church.

And so, were it not for some extraordinary, timely connections, some of these lines of the family would not be well known within our Genealogy and this narrative—and I never would have known of the family connection I had in a colleague whom I admired. One never knows when a lead will appear, or to where it will go.
The Martel Family from Québec and New England
(through the marriage of Edward Lawrence Spamer and Jeannette Leda Blouin)

IN THE SAME GENERATION as that of the children of Gilbert Haven Smith and Nora Potts are the children of Gilbert’s sister, Lora, who married John Ward Spamer. One of John and Lora’s children, Edward Lawrence Spamer, married Jeannette Leda Blouin. Inasmuch as they are my parents, and I have already included a narrative chapter on the Spamer family, I would be remiss if I were to omit my mother’s family. They have an interesting enough history in themselves, one which is worth bringing up because for our family it crosses a different cultural boundary, that of the Canadian French. My mother’s paternal line is the Blouin family (pronounced Blew-in, or more closely in French, Blew-an), about which we know relatively little; her maternal line is the Martel family (pronounced Mar-tel), about which we know much more and whose known history goes back much farther than that of the Blouins. Since so little is known about the Blouins I will include them as part of the running narrative about the Martel family.

They were farmers and millworkers mostly, like many in our extended family, who came to the United States in search of a new life. They brought with them not much more than their faith and their avocations. Both families, Martel and Blouin, emigrated from Québec, Canada, to the New England section of the United States during the late 1800s and early 1900s. Of the Blouin family, nothing has been determined regarding its origins, though surely they were from France, emigrating to Québec. The Martel family traces its North American origins to Honoré Martel dit Lamontagne and Marguerite Mireault, both of France, who married in Québec in 1668.

Relatively little is known about the Blouins because few came to the U.S. when Arthur Blouin (my grandfather) arrived, and the fact that he died young, leaving but one child. We know almost nothing of his heritage. Likewise, a relative few of the Mantels came to the U.S., too, but their heritage is far better known, and most of them were extremely prolific in expanding their family lot.

Almost all of my mother’s family at one time or another migrated to the mill city of Lowell, Massachusetts. The city is important in the history of New England for its position as a commercial center, as a heavily industrialized textile-producing city, and for its cultural position in the rights of laboring workers. Henry David Thoreau called Lowell the “Manchester of America”, referring to the hugely prosperous (and polluted and enslaving) mill city of England (where coincidentally some of our
Potts and Watson family members lived, as will be noted in the next chapter). So much American labor and manufactory history revolves around Lowell, its merchant magnates and teeming mills, that it will suffice to point out that now a large portion of the downtown area of the city is the Lowell National Historical Park, administered by the National Park Service.

Many in these branches of the family labored in the several huge mills that lined the Merrimack River, the so-called “Mile of Mills”. They were here during the peak of the “heyday” during the 1910s–1920s, and their migration away from Lowell or their move nearby to farming and other occupations is noticeably coincident with the start of the mills’ decline.

Ironies abound in comparing or imagining the differences between the city of a century ago to today. Some of the mills, including the historic Boott Cotton Mills, have been converted into condominiums, commanding costs that would have been unimaginable to the workers who toiled and were sickened in what now are living rooms and bedrooms with views of the Merrimack River. The National Park Service operates the Boott Cotton Mills Museum in a part of the old mill, which includes a raucous operating weave room. Ear plugs are offered to visitors, unlike anything considered for our ancestors. Even so, only a few looms work at a time, within the confines of a room much smaller than the palatial wooden floors that once housed scores; the cacophony and racket of a century ago remain out of reach of our senses. The whole process of receiving raw cotton from the South, the laborious, unhealthy steps to card, spin, and dye it before heading to the dangerous weaving looms powered by belts driven by turbines—that whole process just is not there now. The air has none of the fine mist of cotton fibers that mill workers breathed during long days. In the museum’s gift shop a few woven products of the Park Service looms are sold—trinkets as compared to the huge bolts woven by the ton a century ago. The

(Above) Someone in the extended family (who is now unidentified) was a telegram messenger in Lowell. Here he stands with one of the mills and a canal behind him.
sight of a few uniformed National Park Service workers operating the looms (where once had feverishly worked hundreds) caps the incongruous nature of this working museum. Despite the pared down correspondences, the Park Service’s museum is a fair way to imagine a little bit of the conditions under which our ancestors worked. No wonder they fell back on farming and branched out into other work in Massachusetts and nearby New Hampshire.

——♦——

Most of the early Martel genealogy I have received from André Martel, a Martel genealogist in Montréal to whom I am exceedingly grateful not just for this genealogy but for also providing additional information about some of my great- and great-great-grandparents that I had never had from my own family traditions.

Many of the American Martels derive their ancestry from the same individuals, including two who were the progenitors who emigrated to Québec, Canada, in the 17th century. All of the Martels of the earliest generations were Catholic faithful, and they improved their lot each with large families; so it is easy to imagine that a comprehensive Martel genealogy is a huge one.

The earliest Martel in the known lineage is JEAN MARTEL (1587–?) who in 1611/12 married Anne Marizy (ca. 1590–?); they lived in France.

A son, JEAN MARTEL DIT LAMONTAGE (1615–?) married, first, about 1630 Barbe Marie Duchesne (ca. 1610–?), and, second, in 1652 Françoise Perrot; they lived in France.

Jean and Barbe had a son, HONORÉ MARTEL DIT LAMONTAGNE (ca. 1632–1710) who married in 1668 Marguerite Mireault (or Lamirault or L’Amirault) (ca. 1645–1706), with whom he had 14 children. (The surname is fully “Martel dit Lamontagne”. The use of “dit” is a French custom of connecting the surnames of two branches of a family. The custom, it is said, was more regularly used by soldiers and sailors, and Honoré was a soldier.)

Honoré Martel dit Lamontagne was a soldier when he emigrated from France to Gaspé in easternmost Québec. He sailed aboard the ship La Brézé from La Rochelle on 26 February 1664, to Guadeloupe 25 April 1665, arriving in Gaspé 30 June 1665. There he met Marguerite Mireault who was a Fille du Roi (King’s Girl), a marriageable woman sent from France to Québec. (Les Filles du Roi might be seen analogously to the American West’s “Harvey Girls” who were young women of good character from the East working as waitresses in the Santa Fe Railroad’s restaurants and hotels—although in the case of the Harvey Girls they were not supposed to consort with the customers. Still, many families in the West can trace their starts to a Harvey Girl). Honoré and Marguerite are generally considered to be the progenitors of many of the Canadian Martels now living in America, as like many Québécois can trace their ancestries to les filles du Roi.

We will skip over the first five generations, all of whom it seems remained in Québec, and begin with Honoré’s great-great-great-grandson, Godfroi Martel (my great-great-great grandfather). The early generations, including scores of children, are itemized in Appendix 1 to the comprehensive Spamer–Smith Genealogy.
GODFROI MARTEL (?–?) married in 1840 Emilie Fortier-Pouliot (?–?), with whom he had seven children: Godefroi (or Godefroy) (?–?), Napoléon (?–?), Eléosa (ca. 1840–?), Lazare (ca. 1842–?), Gustave (ca. 1850–?), Anastasie (ca. 1855–?), and Isaïe (ca. 1856–1935).

We have in the family photographs a view of St-Philémon, Bellechasse, Québec (below), apparently at about the turn of the last century, where it is known that some of our Martel family resided. Although we do not know which of our ancestors lived and worked here, the view at least gives us an impression of the kinds of places many of them left. This presumably was a commercially produced view, inasmuch as the writing was on the negative made to print this photograph, not on the print itself.


My mother is a descendant of the son, Joseph Isaïe Martel, and much of the ancestral information is from a scant family tradition and from more detailed work by André Martel. Information about many of the descendants of Isaïe and Philomène Beaulieu are from Sharon Martel Latture of Dover, New Hampshire, a great-granddaughter of Isaïe Martel. She also had family information that related to my own lineage, which included numerous individuals about whom I had never heard through my grandmother and mother.
“Isaïé” was pronounced for me by Roland Chretien (ca. 1928–2005), a great-grandson, as like “E.C.” The 1881 Canadian census lists “Isai” Martel at the census place for Ste-Fortunat-de-Wolfestown, Richmond and Wolfe, Québec; his occupation is listed there as forgeron (blacksmith). The marriage certificate of Isaïe Martel and Amanda Métot shows his signature as “Isai Martel”, but a clerk has written it “Isaïe Martel”. After the death of his first wife, Amanda, he married Philomène in Québec. They emigrated to the United States in 1890, where he went to work in a cotton mill. They and many of their descendants eventually remained in Dover, New Hampshire. His Anglicized name is Isaiah, but thus far the only place this spelling has been seen is in the death notice of his son, Joseph I. Martel.

Isaïe Martel, as noted, was once a blacksmith. At the time of the 1900 U.S. census in New Market, Rockingham County, New Hampshire, he was a corder in a cotton mill; in 1910 in Dover, Strafford County, he was a laborer in a cotton mill; and in the 1920 and 1930 censuses for Dover no occupations are listed. In 1930 they were residing with their son, Wilfred, in the same home as in which they had resided from before 1918. According to Roland Chretien, his great-grandfather was a “master railroad boss”.

Standing (left to right): Philomène Martel, Isaïe Martel, Archie Turcotte, Yvonne Millier, Leontine Turcotte, Marie Anne Martel, Donat Martel, unidentified man. Children (left to right): Pauline Martel, Anita Martel, Raymond Martel, Wilfred Martel, Jr. Photo about 1930 perhaps at the Joseph I. Martel home in Tewksbury, Massachusetts (the homemade swing chair at left provides the clue).
Regarding the children of Isaïe Martel, we have but bare sketches for some of them. All are 6th-great-grandchildren of the North American progenitors, Honoré and Marguerite Martel dit Lamontagne.

OLIVA MARTEL (?–?) hired himself out as a farmhand all his life; he never married. At one time he had boarded at the Baer Farm, in Rollinsford, New Hampshire.

JOSEPH ISAÎE MARTEL (1876–1962), my great-grandfather, is the earliest of the Martels whom I personally met, although this was when I was a very young boy, in 1956. He married in 1898 Joséphine Arnold (1877–1948), with whom he had seven children: Palmina Marie (1901–1987) (my grandmother), Lena Marie (1902–1990), Odina (1904–2000), Laura Teresa (1905–1993), Olia (1908–2000), Dorila (1909–1910), and Eva Beatrice (1912–1994) (all seen in order at right, except Dorila). All of the surviving children married, but Lena never had her own children.

Joseph I. Martel was born in Québec (baptized in Windsor Mills, St. Philippe parish) and emigrated to the United States in 1894. He became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1901.

A few fragments of information about Joseph Martel are known now. According to his grandson, Roland Chretien, while still in Canada Joseph Martel and other family members ran a sawmill in the mountains near St. Julien, Québec. Chretien also mentioned that his “grandfather” ran Windsor Mills, but it was not clear as to which of his grandfathers he referred; and I am uncertain what he meant when he said that his grandfather “ran” Windsor Mills—perhaps he had a supervisory job there—but as to what kind of mill it was is unknown now. The locale at Windsor Mills was first known for its black-powder production; the first such plant in Québec, established on the Watopeka River in 1864 by three American entrepreneurs. The powder plant operated until a violent explosion destroyed it in 1922. The water sources attracted mills, including paper mills that continue in operation there today. Joseph Martel’s mills were washed away in a flood and rebuilt. The Martels also had a store in Québec. Relatives lived in St-Philémon, Bellechasse.

Joseph I. Martel was in 1910 a box maker; in 1920 a box maker for the Lamson Company in Lowell, Massachusetts. In 1942 he retired as a foreman in the U.S. Mailing Case Company of Lowell, after which he became a produce farmer. He resided in Lowell until after 1920 sometime; by 1942, when
he retired, he was in nearby Tewksbury. Around 1950 he had gone to live with his son, Odina, in Deerfield, New Hampshire.

During his time in Lowell, Joseph Martel and his son-in-law, Arthur Blouin, acquired a property in the outskirts of town but still near to the mills, where they built at least two houses. In September 1922 two properties on Wetherbee Ave. were transferred from Fred W. Wood to, respectively, Joseph Martel and Arthur Blouin. Arthur resided at least in 1924 at 39 Wetherbee Ave., but thereafter was at 45 Wetherbee Ave. (the house in these views). Joseph and Arthur are shown building the house (upper left, Joseph on the left). The view at lower right is in 2006. The property left the family when Arthur died in 1930.

The Social Security Death Index indicates that Joseph Martel was issued his Social Security card in New Jersey before 1951. He probably registered for Social Security during a trip to visit his daughter, Palmina, in Vineland, New Jersey, perhaps shortly after the birth of my sister, Carol, in 1946; I have family photographs of Joseph and Josephine Martel while there and also Joseph with his infant great-granddaughter in Philadelphia.

Joseph I. Martel also had been a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Joséphine Arnold (1877–1948), Joseph Martel’s wife, emigrated from Québec in 1894 and became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1901. Her sister, Rosanna, married Joseph Labrie; their daughter, Pauline, married Wilfred Joseph Martel (about whom more will be noted later). Of the generation of Josephine and Rosanna, only their parents and siblings are known, as follows:

Pierre Arnold (ca. 1831–?), also known as Fermin Arnold, married Damathilde Joyal (ca. 1831–?), with whom he had seven children: Charles (ca. 1862–?), Frederick (ca. 1864–?), Dilima (ca. 1866–?), Elmira (1870–?), Albert (ca. 1872–?), Joséphine (1877–1948), and Rosanna (1880–1953). All were born in Québec except Rosanna, who was born in Prince Edward Island.
EXILIA MARTEL (1877–?) married in 1900 Ferdinand Roberge, with whom she had ten children: Emile (ca. 1905–?), Alice (ca. 1908–?), Lena (ca. 1911–?), Yvonne (ca. 1912–?), Blanche (ca. 1914–?), Lillian (ca. 1916–?), Jeanette (1916–2004), Roland (1919–2005), Armande (?–?), and William (?–?). At the time of the 1930 U.S. census in Dover, New Hampshire, Exilia was a picker in a cotton mill, Emile a machinist in a foundry, Alice a bookkeeper for a grocery store, and Lena a stitcher in a shoe shop.

EMMA MARTEL (1880–?) and DÉLINA MARTEL (1881–?) at the time of the 1900 U.S. census worked in cotton mills.

ADÉLARD MARTEL (1884–?) in the 1900 U.S. census is listed as daughter, “Adelia”. In the 1900 and 1920 censuses he is working in cotton mills. At the time of the 1920 census he is residing at home with his parents and is single.

LEONTINE MARTEL (1885–?) married, first, Millier, with whom she had a daughter, Yvonne (ca. 1915–?). She married, second, about 1926 Archille Turcotte (ca. 1897–?). At the time of the 1900 U.S. census in Dover, New Hampshire, she was working in a cotton mill; in 1910 and 1930 she was a spinner in a cotton mill. Archille Turcotte, in 1930, was a roping boy in a cotton mill.

MARIANNE MARTEL (1894–?) at the time of the 1910 and 1920 U.S. censuses was working as a spinner in a cotton mill.


Two days after Wilfred and Pauline Labrie were married they were hosted at the home of his brother, Joseph Martel, in Lowell, Massachusetts. The following news item appeared in the The Lowell Sun for 21 July 1921:
RECEPTION TO VISITORS

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Martel, who were married Monday at Dover, N. H., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Martel of Wetherbee avenue. Last-evening the couple were tendered a reception at the home of their hosts and there was a large gathering present to extent [sic] their congratulations and best wishes. Luncheon was served and an entertainment program was given, those participating being Miss Lena Martel, Mrs. Blouin, M. Blanchette and Mrs. Arnold Morin.

“Mrs. Blouin” was Palmina Martel Blouin. She and her sister, Lena, were nieces of Wilfred.

Wilfred Martel worked for the Raoul Roux grocery store in Dover, New Hampshire. By the time of the 1930 U.S. census he was a bakery truck driver. I recall my grandmother, Palmina, saying how the family enjoyed the novelty of pre-sliced bread.

Before her marriage, Pauline Labrie had worked as a spinner in a cotton mill.

An extensive genealogy is known for the Labrie family, leading without dates several generations before Olivier Mignealt Labrie who was born probably in the early 1800s. With two wives, Olivier had nine children.

One son, Joseph François Elzear Labrie (1877–1932) (photo) married in 1899 Rosanna Arnold (1880–1953), the sister of Joséphine Arnold (1877–1948), whom we have seen was the wife of Joseph I. Martel.


Joseph François Elzear Labrie emigrated from Québec to the United States in 1891. At the time of the 1930 U.S. census he was a plumber in Dover, New Hampshire. He founded the firm of Joseph Labrie and Sons, Plumbing and Heating.
We will take special note here of Joseph and Rosanna Labrie’s son, Maurice J. Labrie (1920–1944). He enlisted in the U.S. Naval Reserve and was called up during World War II. In the photo at right Seaman Labrie poses with his mother, Rosanna Arnold Labrie. The photo on the wall behind them shows Rev. Charles E. Burke, parish priest of St. Charles Church in Dover, New Hampshire.

As a Motor Machinist’s Mate 3rd Class, Maurice was killed in action during the Allied invasion of France on D-Day, 6 June 1944. He is buried in the Normandy American Cemetery in St. Laurent-sur-Mer, Colleville-sur-Mer (Plot I, Row 24, Grave 14). The Normandy American Cemetery is situated on a cliff overlooking Omaha Beach and the English Channel; it is administered by the American Battle Monuments Commission. Nearby, on D + 1 (7 June 1944), the first temporary American World War II cemetery in France was established by the American Graves Registration Service. After the war, when the temporary cemeteries were disestablished by the Army, the remains of the American military dead whose next-of-kin requested permanent interment overseas were moved to a permanent cemetery site; usually it was the one that was closest to the temporary cemetery.

DONAT ARTHUR MARTEL (1899–1975) married in 1924 Marie Anne Renaud (ca. 1905–?), with whom he had six children: Clair (?–?), Doris (?–?), Anita (ca. 1925–), Robert (1926–), Lionel (ca. 1928–), and Maurice (ca. 1929–).

When Donat Martel registered for the military draft in 1917 he was a section hand in a cotton mill. At the time of the 1920 U.S. census he work in the mill’s spool room, and in 1930 worked in the spinning room. Sometime during his life he may have lost a leg.
We will finish the Martel family narrative with sketches about the children of Joseph Isaïe Martel and Joséphine Arnold, which include my maternal grandmother and her siblings and some of their descendants. A far more extensive accounting of additional Martel descendants is included in Appendix 1 of the Spamer–Smith Genealogy.


Palmina Martel was known as Palmina until about the time she moved to Vineland, New Jersey, with her husband, Leo Sylvester, when then she was using the name “Pauline”. When, after the death of her third husband, Bert Kears, she resided with her daughter’s family, after encouragement from family members she returned to using her given name, Palmina.

Palmina was at the time of the 1920 U.S. census a twister in a cotton mill in Lowell, Massachusetts. Arthur and Palmina Blouin then resided with her parents in Lowell, but shortly later when their daughter, Jeannette, was born they resided in a mill workers’ tenement, “7 rear 21 Hancock Ave.”

At the time of the 1930 U.S. census Palmina worked as a mail sorter in the Gillette carbonizing plant in Lowell.

**Joseph Armand Arthur Blouin (1896–193)** was known as Arthur. He emigrated from Canada to Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1915, where he lived in rooming houses. His first known occupation, in 1920, was as a carpenter in a cotton mill, but in the city directories of the mid-1920s he was a millwright. His death certificate in 1930 indicates that he had been a machinist for the Gillette Carbonizing Plant for 12 years. This attribution of his long-time employment with Gillette may have been confused by the fact that his wife at that time worked as a mail sorter in the Gillette plant. Around 1924, with his father-in-law, Joseph I. Martel, he built two houses on Wetherbee Ave. on the outskirts of Lowell, in one of which, no. 45, the Blouins resided until Arthur’s death.

Arthur Blouin died at the Lowell Corporation Hospital, which originally was founded in 1839 for the employees of the textile mills. Shortly after Arthur’s death the hospital’s deed was transferred to the Archdiocese of Boston and the hospital was renamed St. Joseph’s Hospital. The cause of death on Arthur’s death certificate is given as chronic mastoiditis, from which he had suffered since 1 April 1930, complicated by prevalent meningitis since 15 July 1930. His death certificate indicates he was buried in Westlawn Cemetery, Lowell, where he is in fact. Later family records indicate he is buried in the adjacent
Edson Cemetery, an error, although the two cemeteries are adjacent and both are administered by the Lowell Department of Cemeteries.

After Arthur Blouin’s death, Palmina Blouin resided at 249 Westford St., Lowell; she is listed in the city directory then as Pauline Blouin, the first record of her being called “Pauline”. She is not listed in Lowell city directories after 1931.

Joseph Leo Sylvester (1895–1958), Palmina’s second husband, was known as Leo. He was listed in the 1900 U.S. census as Leorder Sylvester, which may more closely approximate his Canadian French name, possibly Léordre. He was a World War I U.S. Army veteran, serving as a Private in the headquarters company of the 326th Infantry. When he registered for the military draft in 1917 he was a weaver in a cotton mill, the same occupation as that which he listed also in the 1920 and 1930 censuses.

Leo Sylvester’s father and mother, Adelard (1869–?) and Adeline (1875–?) emigrated from Canada to Lowell, Massachusetts. In the 1900 U.S. census, Adelard Sylvester indicated his date of immigration as 1877, and he was still at that time an alien resident in the U.S. In the 1920 census, his date of immigration is given as 1886, and that he was a naturalized citizen in 1899. In the 1890 Lowell city directory he was a laborer; in the 1900 census a second hand in a cotton mill; and in the 1920 census he was a machine fixer in a hosiery mill. Adelard and Adeline Sylvester had five children: Adelard (1893–1967), Joseph Leo, Florida (1896–?), Romeo (1897–after February 1958), and Erma or Emma (1899–?).

Just when Palmina married Leo is not known at this time. After the time of the 1930 census in Lowell, Leo and “Pauline” Sylvester moved to New York City. Her daughter, Jeannette, remained in nearby Tewksbury with aunts, uncles, and grandparents, but attended school in Lowell. Palmina recalled that in New York they resided in a basement apartment where during the Depression they subsisted on a lot of “salt pork”, or essentially just pieces of fat. She claimed, too, to have known a chef from a top-flight hotel in New York (I recall she said it was the Waldorf) who gave her a recipe for ground meat spaghetti sauce—which was very good and substantial, but we never did give out the recipe. In 1935, Leo and Pauline moved to Vineland, Cumberland County, New Jersey, where the two of them operated a tavern (right)—one name was Leo’s Lobster House—and a motel called “Pauline’s Motel”. All of these businesses were on adjacent corners at the intersection of Delsea...
Drive (New Jersey Rt. 47) and Sherman Ave. (Cumberland County Rt. 552), in South Vineland—the tavern was on the northeast corner, the motel on the southwest corner. The motel (right) had individual small cabins along an “L”-shaped driveway opening both to Delsea Drive and Sherman Ave. Later, in the early 1950s when an adjacent property was acquired to the west, some of the cabins were taken down and part of the wooded area on the west side was cleared to put up a more modern row of connected motel rooms in a three-sided block open to the east. Also at about this time a row of about eight connected, small, one-bedroom rental apartments were put up parallel to Delsea Drive south of the motel (below left, in which young Carol Spamer poses). Today there is a convenience store and gas station on the site of the motel, although earlier a bank had been on the site. The motel and the adjacent apartments were torn down in the 1970s probably.

The Sylvesters lived in a block-shaped, single-story house on the motel property, which was elevated over a tall, enclosed basement level. (In the photo below, that house is in the background, behind Palmina and her grandchildren, Carol and Earle Spamer.) By the early 1950s they had built a new ranch house on the adjacent property to the west of the motel, along the south side of Sherman Ave. The ice machine at the newer block of motel rooms was a novelty to me as a small boy. And taking the trash out to a small, open cinderblock enclosure—the incinerator—was likewise eventful for a city boy. I am not certain about the disposition of the motel during the 1950s when the Sylvesters lived in the ranch house. The block-shaped house adjacent to the motel had the motel’s “office” where customers would check in, but it was also a residence. Only later after Leo’s death and Palmina married Bert Kears were they residing in the block-shaped house.
Thomas Bert Kears (1905–1968), third husband of Palmina Martel, was known as Bert. He was an electrical contractor and friend whom the Sylvesters had known. At the time of the 1920 U.S. census, he and his father, a widower, resided in the household of his brother, Charles P. Kears, Jr.; he is listed there as “Bert T. Kears”. In the 1930 census he is listed as “Michael B. Kears”, but coincidental data with him indicate certainly that this is Bert. His father, Charles P. Kears, worked in a glass factory, and at the time of the 1920 census young Bert was a blower there. By 1930 Bert had become an electrician in an electric light factory.

Millville, New Jersey, was chiefly a glass-making center because of the rich supplies of good sand in the area. Commercial glass productions were its principal products, but the manufactories were also widely known for their high-quality specialized laboratory equipment. The city was also known for its cotton mills.

Bert Kears’ father and mother were Charles P. (1860–?) and Anna (1864–before 1920). They had five children: Lena (1885–?), Charles Jr. (1889–?), Paul (1891–?), Mary (1895–?), and Thomas Bert. The women all worked in the cotton mills.

Bert had previously married, about 1925, Margaret Sayres (1907–?), with whom he had two children: Alice (1927–) and Thomas Bert Jr. (1933–1985).

Palmina continued to operate Pauline’s Motel where, once, she was held up by a gunman and she safely (foolishly) pushed extra money to the back of the drawer. (The motel had an “office” [see the stairway in the photo on previous page] but it was a small waiting room adjacent to the house’s kitchen; the money was just kept in the kitchen drawer. These were different times.) When the Kearses retired, about 1965, they moved into one of the small apartments adjacent to the motel (above), until Bert’s death.

After Bert died, Palmina moved to her daughter’s home in Gloucester City, New Jersey, where she lived until placed in a nursing home in Sewell, New Jersey, about 1985. She died there two years later.

LENA MARIE MARTEL (1902–1990) married in 1925 Eugene C. Boucher (pronounced “boo-shay”) (1898–1999); they had no children. At the time of the 1920 U.S. census Lena was a box maker in a paper factory probably in Lowell. At the time of the 1930 census she was a seamstress. Various sources have spelled her given name as “Lina”. However, my mother was raised with the Martel families when her mother left the Lowell area, and I was always instructed to write to her aunt as “Aunt Lena”. Correspondence from Lena Boucher to my mother also was signed, “Lena”.

Eugene C. Boucher emigrated from Canada to Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1919. At the time of the 1920 U.S. census he resided as one of seven roomers in the Lowell household of Alphonce Thibault.
The 1930 census indicates that he immigrated in 1923, which seems to be an error inasmuch as it was his parents and siblings who entered the U.S. in that year (about which see more below).

At the time of the 1930 U.S. census Eugene Boucher gave his occupation as “anything”, although most of his career so far as I know he owned a small poultry farm on East St. in Tewksbury, Massachusetts. Visiting his rural chicken farm as a very young city boy was a remarkable experience, though only bits and pieces are remembered now.

A curious photograph shows Eugene and Lena in 1925 or shortly later (he wears a wedding ring), where he wears a U.S. Navy uniform with Petty Officer’s insignia (photo at right is a detail from the photo). There is no family recollection of him having served in the Navy. His death certificate noticed for military service, “None Reported”. It is possible that the photograph was taken for another reason; for example, as dressed for an acting part in a play, even though the uniform seems to be authentic for the time.

The Boucher farm was northeast of Tewksbury on East St. at the intersection of the (former) Boston & Maine Railroad track—the farm was inside the eastern, acute angle of the intersection. In addition to some crops, Eugene Boucher’s principal business was chicken raising. Incidentally, just nearby farther out on East St. was an early farm residence of the Martel family, which by the 1950s was abandoned.

When I visited “Uncle Gene’s” farm in 1956, the area was still rural. Across East St. there was another farm, and more farms farther east up the road. His farm—indeed, the entire area as I had seen it—no longer exists, subdivided by development. At the rail crossing in 2006 there was a gasoline station and liquor store on the site of the Boucher residence; a truck dealer occupied the former farm area where the barns had stood, between the road and the railroad track. The electrical high-tension line that crossed the property in the early 1950s is still present, supplemented also by a larger, more modern line. Also still
present is a line of trees that Boucher had planted along the railroad track, to help shield the house from some of the noise and soot; these trees are behind the present gas station and liquor store.

Eugene Boucher was a son of Napoleon Boucher (ca. 1871–?) and Aurore Blie (ca. 1881–after 1956). They had another child, Edward P. (ca. 1918–?) with whom they emigrated from Canada to the United States in 1923. At the time of the 1930 U.S. census they resided with another family in Lynn, Massachusetts. Aurore Boucher may have become a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1938. Edward P. Boucher may be the man by the same name who listed in the Massachusetts Death Index as having died in 1996 in Rockland, Massachusetts.

A typewritten U.S. immigration record for Eugene Boucher’s parents, Napoleon and Aurore Boucher, is noted at the St. Albans, Vermont, border station in 1923 (no specific date indicated). In this immigration record, Napoleon’s “calling or occupation” is listed as “sawmill”. His latest residence was in Canada, although apparently the town is listed as “NA” (confused partly by the entry from the line above, which cites a partly illegible address in New Hampshire, and about which more is noted below). The name and given for Napoleon’s nearest relative in country of origin is “bro[ther] Alphonse [Boucher]”, residing on Elgin Road. Napoleon and those traveling with him were enroute to Lowell, Massachusetts. Accompanying him were: Aurore Blier Boucher, whose nearest relative in country of origin is listed only as “bro. law”; Paul Eddy Boucher, aged 5 years, 6 months, whose nearest relative in country of origin is listed only as “uncle”; Jeanette Boucher, aged [20 or 30], occupation domestic, no additional information; and Blanche Boucher, aged 16, no additional information. Note that Aurore’s maiden name is in this record spelled Blier, whereas our other records give it as Blie; but either spelling may be correct. Paul Eddy Boucher is likely to be the boy, Edward Boucher, previously noted as Edward Paul Boucher. (Note that in many Canadian French families of Catholic denomination given and baptismal names often are interchanged.)

Of note in the immigration record is the person listed immediately prior to Napoleon Boucher: Leon Beaulieu, aged 19, occupation mill hand, from Nashua, New Hampshire, enroute to Nashua. Beaulieu is the maiden name of Lena Martel’s step-grandmother, the second wife of Isaae Martel. This may be a coincidental name, but it is mentioned here as a possible family connection and that this Leon Beaulieu may have accompanied Napoleon and Aurore Boucher on their immigration into the U.S.
ODINA MARTEL (1904–2000) married in 1929 Agnes J. Deveau (ca. 1903–?), with whom he had four children: Arnold (ca. 1931–), Donald (ca. 1933–), Olia E. (1936–), and Ola Janet (1937–).

He was at least at the time of the 1920 U.S. census a box maker in a paper factory, when his future wife, Agnes, was a buttoner in a knittingmill.

By the 1950s he had moved to a farm in Deerfield, New Hampshire, where also his father then lived with the family (and this is where I met my great-grandfather in 1956). The house (below) was a large one, with a detached barn. When the farm was sold (date uncertain), family tradition has it that an orphanage had acquired it. Today, it is a private home again, well maintained. Sharon Martel Latture reports that there is a small cemetery on the property, but these seem to belong to older owners; no one of our family is buried there.
LAURA TERESA MARTEL (1905–1993) married Napoleon Simeon Chretien (1902–1988), who was known as Joseph Chretien and “Joe”. They had a son, Roland (ca. 1928–2005).

Joseph Chretien emigrated from Canada to the United States in 1928. At the time of the 1930 U.S. census he was a farmer in Andover, Massachusetts. They later moved to Lawrence. In the photo below Laura and Joe pose with rustic folk art, which may have been a creation by her brother-in-law, Eugene Boucher, various pieces of which appear in other family photographs.

Laura Martel Chretien moved to Florida with her son, where she died in Hillsborough.

● ●

OLIA MARTEL (1908–2000) married Leo J. Myskowski (1906–1989), with whom she had a son, Edward M.

Leo Myskowski was a mechanical engineer. The Myskowskis resided all their married life in the same house in Stoneham, Massachusetts. His obituary reads:

Leo J. Myskowski, a retired engineer, died yesterday at his home in Stoneham. He was 82. Mr. Myskowski graduated from Lowell High School in 1924, and from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1928 with a degree in mechanical engineering. He worked for Jackson and Moreland Co., an electrical utilities engineering firm in Boston, from 1936 to 1971, eventually becoming the firm’s vice president in the late 1950s. He retired in 1965. Born in Lowell, he moved to Stoneham in 1946. Mr. Myskowski leaves his wife, Olia (Martel) of Stoneham; a son, Edward of Salem; two sisters, Wanda Kozlowski of Webster and Vera Blair of Ohio; and two grandchildren. Graveside services will be held at 1 pm, Tuesday in Trinity Cemetery, Lowell.
His engineering work took him around the world at times; once to Japan, where he experienced an earthquake. In the 1960s he and Olia resided in San Juan, Puerto Rico, while he worked on projects there. In 1966 my mother, sister, and I visited them in Puerto Rico; a first airplane trip for both my mother and me.

Leo Myskowski was the son of Jan (pronounced Yan) Myskowski (ca. 1878–?) and Olympia (ca. 1879–?), both Polish immigrants who initially immigrated to Lowell, Massachusetts. At the time of the 1920 U.S. census both were “operatives” in a cotton mill. They had nine children, the first two of whom were born in Poland: Fannie (ca. 1903–?), Stanley (1905–?), Leo, Veronica (ca. 1909–?), Stephanie (ca. 1911–?), Helen (ca. 1915–?), Walter (1917–?), Vera (after 1920–alive July 1989), and Wanda (after 1920–alive July 1989). At the time of the 1920 U.S. census, Fannie Myskowski was an “operative” in a hosiery mill.

●     ●

EVA BEATRICE MARTEL (1912–1994) married in 1934 Frederick E. Wilkins (1913–1970), with whom she had a son, Ralph. Eva and Fred pose at right probably in 1939 at her parents’ home.

Frederick Wilkins was at the time of the 1930 U.S. census employed in the shipping department of a thread mill, where also worked his sister, Mildred R. Wilkins (ca. 1911–?); he resided in Lawrence, Massachusetts. He was the son of Ralph A. (1888–1968) and Helen M. Wilkins (ca. 1895–?), one of four children. In 1930, Ralph A. Wilkins was an ice man residing in Lowell.
Some More of the Smiths from the Eastern Shore (and Beyond)

Some of the descendants of the eighth generation of Smiths could not be conveniently addressed in the earlier narratives without greatly disrupting the narration of those older generations. These will be mainly some of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Capt. John Smith of “Upper Heathworth” in Spaniard Neck.

I also will repeat here that, as we migrate into the generations who lived in the middle and late parts of the 20th century, most of them (and probably you) will be omitted from this narrative. Many, but not all of course, will be the grandchildren of Rev. John Edward Smith and Rev. Gilbert Haven Smith. Again, many individuals are omitted are because I am far less familiar with such far-flung family (both geographically and genealogically). So I will, instead, mention only those few that will tidy-up the eighth generation and those later individuals of the ninth to eleventh generations for whom I have some interesting stories to be retold or stories that I think need to be told here. In some cases, too, there are some conflicting or ambiguous family traditions that I think should be set straight in words. Some of those stories themselves may result in a lop-sided narrative—lots about one, much less for another—but I include them because, in some circles, the story is bound to come up, and this will at least provide a source for the information. For example, what of the famous actor and actress in the extended family? Or what about the distant family connection to Benjamin Franklin?

In any case, the far more comprehensive Spamer–Smith Genealogy does include all of you (if I knew about you at all) and your parents and grandparents—everyone, I hope. You may be only names and dates there, but if you were known to my sources, you are included.

At this point, too, it is difficult to know to whom I am speaking. I have in mind the generations who are alive with me now, but I must also consider that this narrative will survive long enough for some future generations to read it, too. By that point, the eighth, ninth, and tenth generations will be your great-grandparents. But by that point, too, I would hope that some parts of the family will have filled in some of the gaps in this narrative, at least for those parts about which they were most familiar. And I also must hold hope that other family historians will revisit this narrative and the whole Spamer–Smith Genealogy with an eye toward adding to and correcting it, if not wholly re-doing it.
In this narrative we have already run through the grandchildren whose father was Rev. John Edward Smith, as well as most of the rest of the children of the reverend’s father, Capt. John Smith. We have likewise run though the children who themselves had children.

That leaves us to return to Capt. James Smith (1840–1912), who with his wife, Emily Jane Reynolds (1842–1929) had five children: Frank Reynolds (?–?), James Robert Lee (1870–1950), Mary Lulu (1873–1940), Edward Watson (1875–1948), and Harry Webster (1877–?). We will recall here, too, that in 1890 Capt. James Smith moved his family from Centreville, Maryland, to Denver, Colorado, where they and later generations’ children were raised.

We must presume that Frank Reynolds Smith (?–?) died at an early age. Edward S. Smith’s “Smith Genealogy” list of children for Capt. James Smith is not in chronological order, so although Frank is there listed fifth we do not know his placement with respect to his siblings. He is mentioned only in passing in the “Smith Genealogy”. A grandson of Capt. James Smith, W. Ed Smith, had never heard of Frank when he learned of this record in 2007.

James Robert Lee Smith (1870–1950) received his name through his father’s allegiance in the Southern cause, perhaps even from the putative friendship between his father and Gen. Robert E. Lee (about which no information can now be found in the family, as already mentioned in the narrative about Capt. James Smith). Like his father, James R. L. Smith was a finishing carpenter and home builder. He worked with his father until Capt. James’s death, then continued in the trade by himself. In July 1921, he was “appointed” for a six-month probationary period in the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps in Denver; he worked as what we today would call a civilian contractor, for which he was paid $150 per month. He seems to have frequented government positions, at least with the Army, because on 7 April 1936 he had a letter of recommendation from the Office of the Quartermaster at the Army’s Fitzsimons General Hospital, where he had also worked on its construction during World War I.

He married in 1908 Alice Penfield Arnold (1878–1941), with whom he had two children: Robert Arnold (1909–1992) and Wilbur Edward (1921–). At the time of the 1910 U.S. census in
Denver, James and Alice Arnold resided two houses away from her parents.

W. Ed Smith recalled that his father owned four lots with a three-bedroom home, and the grounds were planted with as many different kinds of trees as he could manage, an avocational indulgence. “The grade school a block away would bring the children down to study the different trees”, he reported to me. Ed also relates a story about his father having walked up the Pikes Peak cog railroad at night so as not to get caught, and riding the train down the following day. Most unfortunately, this is about all we have about James Robert Lee Smith.

It is through the Arnold family that a genealogical link is made to Col. Jacob Arnold (1749–1847, who owned the Arnold Tavern in Morristown, New Jersey. There, during the Revolutionary War, Gen. George Washington made his headquarters during January–May, 1777 during the Continental Army’s first encampment at this town. The tavern no longer survives, first having been moved from The Green at the center of town, and then destroyed in a fire in 1918. After the war, Jacob Arnold built a house in Washington Valley, three miles west of Morristown, which remained in the Arnold family until 1923. The house today is privately owned and is surrounded with sufficient vegetation and fencing so as to preclude all but a glimpse of it. Also, through Jacob Arnold’s wife, Elizabeth Tuthill (1753–1803), genealogical connections are made to the Ford family, whose more handsome home east of town incidentally was Washington’s headquarters during the army’s second encampment in Morristown (Gen. Nathaniel Greene billeted at the Arnold Tavern that time). The Fords can trace their ancestry in America to the widow Foord who with four children arrived at Plymouth Plantation aboard the Fortune in 1621, a year after the arrival of the Mayflower. Elizabeth Tuthill’s mother was a Ford, and Elizabeth was a great-great-great-great granddaughter of the widow Foord.

It was a grandson of Jacob Arnold, Samuel Celden Arnold (1848–1919), who sometime before 1903 migrated to Denver from New Jersey with their three children, Samuel (ca. 1871–?), George (ca. 1874–?), and Alice Penfield (who would marry James Robert Lee Smith). Samuel Celden Arnold was a brass founder and machinist who had the distinction of finishing the brass ship’s bell for the cruiser U.S.S. Denver, paid for by public donations, at the Vulcan iron and brass works in Denver. The bell was transferred to a newer U.S.S. Denver in 1942 and remained aboard during this ship’s campaigns in the Pacific Theater in World War II. Today, the bell is displayed in the Denver City and County Building.

One other genealogical excursion will be noted here, for its interest anyway to those of our family who hail from the Philadelphia area. A son of Jacob Arnold was Silas Howell Arnold (1812–?), grand-uncle of Alice Penfield Arnold. He married Martha Louise Pierson (1813–1889), a great-great granddaughter of Matthieu (Matthew) Garrigues (1677/78–1726) and Susanne de la Rochet (1678/79–1746) who were Huguenot refugees from France. They left from The Hague between 1700–1704, traveled to the Caribbean island of St. Christopher, and arrived in Philadelphia about 1713–1714. Here Matthew Garrigues kept an inn under the sign of “Prince Eugene” or “Prince Eugen” until his death in 1726. He was buried in Christ Church Burial Ground at 5th and Arch Sts., but his is among hundreds of graves that are not marked or whose markers were obliterated long ago. Susanne Garrigues is also buried in Christ Church Burial Ground. Her grave has a weather worn marker and a modern brass tablet that repeats the text of her stone and adds a commemorative inscription for her husband, Matthew. Whether their graves
happen to be together is unknown. The “Prince Eugene” tavern is noted at two locations, one in 2nd St. in 1723–1724 and another in 1725 a block farther to the east on Front St. facing the Delaware River. At that latter location, a newspaper advertisement in the *American Weekly Mercury* in December 1725 noted: “This is to give Notice, that at the Prince Eugene in Front-Street, there is to be sold a good Billiard Table with all Necessaries fitted, also a Servant Woman, by Matthew Garigues.” The location was also close by the London Coffee House at Front and High (now Market) Sts., long a place of congregation where also slaves were shown and sold.

Regretfully, for the purposes of this narrative we do not have information about James Robert Lee Smith’s son, **ROBERT ARNOLD SMITH (1909–1992)**, other than knowing that he was a post office telegraph operator.

**WILBUR EDWARD SMITH (1921–)**, the other son of James Robert Lee Smith, we are fortunate to know considerably more about thanks to his direct correspondence with me. His is a proud story of service to the country during World War II.

He is known as “Ed”, and he also gives his name as W. Ed Smith. He has resided in Tacoma, Washington, since World War II. Retired now, he worked chiefly as a professional photographer, lately with a power company in Washington State. He received his training in photography as a U.S. Navy combat photographer and has kept pace with technology, enjoying working with digital imagery and video.

In 1945, Ed Smith married **Gladys Myrtle Levorson (1920–2002)**, who was a WAVE whom he met in California when he returned stateside near the end of World War II. They had four children: Dianne Alice (1946–), James Robert Lee 2nd (1950–), Marilyn Kay (1952–), and Karen Elaine (1958–).

In 2004, Ed sent me a brief autobiographical sketch, which he had written around 1992:

Wilbur Edward Smith is the son of James Robert Lee Smith of Centerville [sic], Maryland and Alice Penfield Arnold of Morristown, New Jersey, who were married in Denver, Colorado, and raised their family in Englewood, Colorado. His father was a carpenter who helped build Fitzsimons U.S. Army Hospital in Aurora, Colorado during World War I, and many homes in Denver and Englewood.

Ed and Gladys were married in May 1945 at the Alameda, California U.S. Navy Air Station. We returned to Tacoma the same year and have been in residence here for 47 years. Before going in the Navy he had many different jobs: harvesting grain, shoveling horse manure, apprentice with
a diamond cutter for three dollars a week and half day Saturday, shipping clerk for $15 a week and then joined the Navy for $27 a month, room and board free? Thought he was on top of the world! It turned out to be in the middle of the Pacific through a porthole.

Ed served in the U.S. Navy 1941-1945. Bootcamp at San Diego, California, service school at Sandpoint Naval Air Station in Seattle for Aviation Machinist (where he learned to like the Northwest). He served in Scouting-Bombing 6 at Kaneohe [Kaneohe] Bay, Hawaii and served aboard the U.S.S. Enterprise, CV6 in the Pacific, and was awarded the enlisted Air Crew Wings with three stars for flying in S.B.D. scout bombers and T.B.F.’s for photo recon. and bombing missions. Later he was transferred to Ships Company, V-3 Division, Photolab. Later he served at the U.S. Navy Air Station, Alameda, Photo Lab Headquarters Squadron (HEDRON 2), U.S. Navy Air Station, Hilo, Hawaii, where he was NCO in charge of the photo lab.

The Korean Conflict found me recalled and sent to the Naval Amphibious Base (N.A.T.U.) at Coronado, California, where he was the leading NCO in the intelligence school photo lab as Supervisor of Production.

After his service Ed worked for National Auto Parts, as a machinist, also at the Northern Pacific Railroad as a machinist. Then he started working for the Tacoma Public Utilities as a photographer, retiring after 25 years as Supervisor of Photography, Reproduction and Print Shop.

Ed’s many hobbies include: Minerals and Lapidary, Astronomy and Amateur Radio WA7TVZ.

Regarding Ed Smith’s note of working for a diamond cutter, he related in correspondence that his father had known a jeweler, whom Ed thought was a member of the same lodge as in which his father was a member:

In turn he spoke to a Frank Kalen a diamond cutter [in Denver, Colorado]. I was offered an apprenticeship, at three dollars a week, for five days [a] week and half day Sat. That he said was car fare, lunch, and the other one dollar I could spend as I pleased. I [accepted] but never became a diamond cutter. I am trying to remember Central City the last time I was there they still had board walks for the side walk and I believe you walked out of Central City and into Nevadaville one was on end of the block the other on the other end, so to speak. [They] are about ten thousand five hundred feet up in the mountains, forty miles west of Denver.

W. Ed Smith enlisted in the Navy in Denver, Colorado, on 27 August 1941. As for why he joined the Navy, his own words explain it best:

Why did a Colorado boy join the Navy? I saw [magazine] pictures, as a young person, of G.I.s slogging through the mud and going over the top in terrible weather; it was not a good Uncle Sam picture. So my Grandfather’s genes took over—lots of water no mud and three meals a day was the answer.

As Ed alluded to in his autobiographical sketch above, he served most of the war—two years and three months—aboard the highly decorated aircraft carrier U.S.S. Enterprise (CV-6). Although he was a photographer, he also flew as a passenger in reconnaissance operations and occasional attacks, for which he earned combat air crew wings. Before we get to some of the details, I think it best to run through the fatiguing timeline that Ed experienced, combining some of his service points with the operations of the Enterprise during the time he was aboard, including numerous battles.
Events relating to W. Ed Smith are in **bold**; combat operations are _underscored_.

**1941**

August 27

- **W. Ed Smith enlists in U.S. Navy in Denver, Colorado**
- **Boot camp**, San Diego, California
- **Transferred to Naval Air Station Sand Point**, Seattle, Washington

December 7

- Still at NAS Sand Point at the outbreak of war with Japan
- **Transferred to San Francisco** for debarkation as part of CASU-1 [Carrier Air Support Unit]; sails for Hawaii aboard troop transport S.S. *Lurline* (**below**)  

**1942**

January

- **S.S. Lurline** arrives in Hawaii
- **Stationed at Ford Island, Pearl Harbor**
- **Transferred to Naval Air Station Kaneohe Bay**, assigned as an apprentice Aviation Machinist to Scout-Bombing Squadron, Air Group Six

April 25-29

- Air Group Six reports aboard U.S.S. *Enterprise* (CV-6); **W. Ed Smith’s rating is Seaman 2/c**
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>May 26</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> arrives in Pearl Harbor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 28</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> departs for Midway Island</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 4-7</td>
<td>Battle of Midway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 13</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> arrives in Pearl Harbor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 15</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> departs for the South Pacific to join Task Force 61</td>
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<tr>
<td>August 7-10</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> supports amphibious landings at and defense of Guadalcanal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 23-25</td>
<td>Battle of the Eastern Solomons (Stewart Islands); <em>Enterprise</em> heavily damaged</td>
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<tr>
<td>September 10</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> arrives in Pearl Harbor</td>
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<tr>
<td>September 30</td>
<td>Air Group Ten replaces Air Group Six aboard <em>Enterprise</em>; W. Ed Smith transfers to <em>Enterprise</em> V-3 Division, Photo Lab, assigned to ship’s company and rating changed from Seaman 1/c to (Petty Officer) Photographer’s Mate (PhoM) 3/c [“V” signified “Aviation”; V-1, flight deck crew; V-2, hanger deck crew; V-3, technical crew]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 16</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> departs Pearl Harbor for the South Pacific to join Task Force 61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 26</td>
<td>Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands; <em>Enterprise</em> heavily damaged but continues in action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 30</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> arrives in Noumea, New Caledonia, for repairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 11</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> ordered to Solomon Islands, bringing with her repair crews from U.S.S. Vestal (AR-4)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 13-15</td>
<td>Naval Battle of Guadalcanal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 16</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> returns to Noumea, New Caledonia, to complete repairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>December 4</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> departs Noumea and trains out of Espiritu Santo, New Hebrides</td>
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**1943**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>January 29-30</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> departs for Solomon Islands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January 29-30</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> undertakes air action during Battle of Rennell Island</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>February 1–April</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> arrives back at Espiritu Santo, followed by operations out of that base in support of U.S. surface ships in the Solomon Islands</td>
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<tr>
<td>April–June</td>
<td>During this time, W. Ed Smith’s rating advanced to PhoM 2/c</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 1</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> departs Espiritu Santo for Pearl Harbor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 10</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> arrives in Pearl Harbor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 27</td>
<td>Adm Chester W. Nimitz presents <em>Enterprise</em> with the Presidential Unit Citation in Pearl Harbor, the first such citation received by an aircraft carrier crew; W. Ed Smith is a photographer at the ceremony on the ship’s flight deck, his photo appears throughout the national news</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 14</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> departs Pearl Harbor for Puget Sound Navy Yard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 20</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> arrives at Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington, for overhaul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 1</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> departs Puget Sound Navy Yard for Pearl Harbor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 6</td>
<td><em>Enterprise</em> arrives in Pearl Harbor</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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November 10  
*Enterprise* departs Pearl Harbor for the Gilbert Islands, as part of Task Group 50.2

November 19-21  
Battle of the Gilbert Islands; *Enterprise* supports U.S. Marines landing on Makin Island. [Makin Atoll, in the Gilbert Islands, is today known as Butaritari Atoll, Kiribati]

November 26  
*Enterprise* introduces carrier-based night fighter operations in the Pacific theater

December 4  
*Enterprise* and Task Force 50 strikes Kwajalein Atoll, Marshall Islands

1944

January 22  
*Enterprise* and Task Force 58 departs Pearl Harbor

January 29–February 3  
*Enterprise* and Task Force 58 strike Maloelap Atoll, support landings on Kwajalein Atoll

February 16-17  
*Enterprise* and Task Force 58 strike Truk Atoll, Caroline Islands, including first night radar bombing attack launched from a carrier; Operation Hailstone, including nearly 600 aircraft from nine U.S. carriers, destroyed dozens of Japanese warships and merchant vessels

February 20  
*Enterprise*, detached from Task Force 58, launches raids on Jaluit Atoll

March 15  
*Enterprise* and Task Group 36.1 depart Espiritu Santo

March 19-25  
*Enterprise* and Task Group 36.1 provide air cover and close support of amphibious landings on Emirau Island

March 30  
*Enterprise* participates in strikes against Palau Island

March 31  
*Enterprise* participates in strikes against Yap Island

April 1  
*Enterprise* participates in strikes against Woleai and Ulithi Atolls

April 7-13  
*Enterprise* retires to Majuro for rest and replenishment

April 14  
*Enterprise* departs Majuro

April 21-24  
*Enterprise* supports amphibious landings on Hollandia, New Guinea

April 29-30  
*Enterprise* participates in strikes against Truk Atoll

June 6  
*Enterprise* and Task Group 58.3 sortie from Majuro to strike the Marianas Islands

June 11-14  
*Enterprise* and Task Force 58 strike islands of Saipan, Rota, and Guam

June 15-17  
*Enterprise* provides direct support of amphibious landings on Saipan

June 19-20  
*Enterprise* and Task Force 58 engage Japanese forces in the Marianas Islands, concluding the First Battle of the Philippine Sea

June 25  
*Enterprise* participates in strikes against Rota Island

June 26  
*Enterprise* participates in strikes against Guam Island

July 1  
W. Ed Smith’s rating advanced to PhoM 1/c (T)

July 5  
*Enterprise* participates in strikes against Guam Island; leaves to return to Pearl Harbor

July 26  
W. Ed Smith transfers from *Enterprise*; returns to U.S. aboard the “General Bob” [not otherwise identified]

August  
W. Ed Smith transferred to HEDRON 8, stationed at Naval Air Station Alameda, Alameda, California and assigned to Photo Lab
When W. Ed Smith arrived aboard the Enterprise with Air Group Six as an apprentice aviation machinist, the job really did not suit him. About this he explained:

I had come aboard as an Aviation Machinist striker (apprentice) in squadron scouting bombing 6 and was assigned to V-1 [Aviation] Div. That was the flight deck crew, well it did not take me long to figure out that there was a better job in the Navy for me, you see I was only a seaman 2/c [Second Class] that is the bottom of the pile, and pushing planes. That was five miles a day double time every day — Because of openings in the [ship’s photo] Lab I applied and was accepted and reassigned [from] VB-6 (aviation bombing 6) [to] V-3 Div.

He advanced in grade from Seaman 2/c to Seaman 1/c during the time he worked on the flight deck as part of Air Group Six. “I can remember the exam—an oral one by the deck officer—passed first time.” As one who has not experienced flight deck operations during combat, one can only imagine some of the dangers. Ed recalls “two near misses”: a bomb from a Japanese dive bomber, and an incident where a landing aircraft missed the catch wire, crashing within three feet of Ed. “A miss is as good as a mile”, he recalls dismissively.

If one researches the muster rolls of the Navy aircraft carriers during the war, they may observe that W. Ed Smith reports that he went aboard the U.S.S. Enterprise in late April 1942, with the Scout-Bombing Squadron of Air Group Six, but the muster roll of the Enterprise indicates that he was “first received aboard” on 30 September 1942. This is not a discrepancy, but reflects the fact that Air Groups were independently assigned. Although they were part of the ship’s complement they were not a part of the ship’s own company. When Ed Smith transferred to the Photo Lab of the Enterprise, he then was first registered for the first time on the ship’s muster roll. Air Groups maintained their own muster rolls, but at the start of the war, records were ephemeral at best. As succinctly described by ARM 1/c Jim Greyton on the CV6.org website, who served aboard the Enterprise from December 1941 to August 1944, pilots and crewmen frequently were interchanged between carriers and between sea- and land-based stations, either through direct command assignment or through the loss of a ship. “There just were no paper records kept,” Greyton reports. “There was no time for it. Flights and crewmembers were in chalk on the Ready Room boards and no printed record was ever made.” Prior to the war, Air Groups were named for the ships to which they were assigned; with the outbreak of war, they were named after ship hull numbers (in this case, Six for the Enterprise’s CV-6) or an arbitrary number for land-based units. Still later, security demanded that numbers be assigned randomly so as to help foil enemy intelligence; thus Air Group Six was relieved on the Enterprise by Air Group Ten, and in turn by Air Group Twenty and Night Air Group Ninety.

During two of the Enterprise’s returns to Pearl Harbor, Ed Smith went to Gunnery School at Naval Air Station Barbers Point. These were one-week training sessions.
While aboard the *Enterprise* in the photography unit, Ed Smith’s watch stations during General Quarters were in the ship’s Air Plot, which is in the ship’s island just aft of the Captain’s bridge, and in Battle Forward. (Air Plot provided the ship’s Ready Room and airborne flights with up-to-the-minute navigational and meteorological information.) He also carried out occasional photographic assignments during reconnaissance and striking flights from the *Enterprise*.

The photography unit documented all aircraft operations, which included all takeoffs and landings. (If the reader has ever wondered how some of the sensational footage of aircraft accidents aboard the wartime carriers were captured—seen now on the History Channel and other places on television and in films—it is because everything was photographed; it was not a chance thing.) Photography also was done routinely during General Quarters and combat action. The photography units also provided aerial reconnaissance, combat effectiveness documentation, and shipboard activities as required for naval operations including public relations. *Ed in photo at right.*

Occasionally, Ed Smith flew in the rear seat of dive bombers to take intelligence photos prior to combat engagements, or to document damage to enemy forces that had occurred during operations. In the photo *at left* Photographer’s Mate Ed Smith *(front row, left)* poses with the photography crew of the *Enterprise* about 1943.

Ed experienced a lot of combat action aboard the *Enterprise*—“12 major battles and many little ones in between”, he wrote—but he was transferred stateside before the first Kamikaze attacks against the ship in April 1945.

One photograph I received from Ed shows him with fellow photographers and a briefing officer during a preflight briefing the day before a flight to secure photographs over Truk Atoll in February 1944. Ed wrote, succinctly, “I was jumped by a Zero that trip.” His flight attacked a Japanese light cruiser at Truk, “after which I was awarded my combat air crew wings with three stars”.

Typical of the kinds of reconnaissance photography that the photographic unit of the *Enterprise* carried out was photographic work in preparation for combat action. In one case W. Ed Smith related that
before the invasion of Saipan I helped an intelligence officer make a 3-D relief map of the island... it was the first time anything like this had been done aboard our ship. If there was a tree we tried to put it in. The pilots raved about it, because they could see the island in relief before take off.

An aerial view from Ed is a scenic one (right) showing a scout-bombing flight over Makin Atoll, 18 November 1943, the day before American operations against the Japanese-held island. Regarding the flight, Ed recalled,

On Makin we dove on a dock with a seaplane tied to it. We hit the dock and sunk the plane. Someone aboard received a newspaper with a picture taken by a Marine when they landed and gave it to me... Many pictures I never got to see because I would drop them on a command ship in the unexposed roll of film.

Ed Smith shared with me a few other remarkable photographs from his time aboard the Enterprise. One shows two Japanese torpedo bombers flying past the Enterprise (below), having already released their torpedoes, while in the distance on the left, entering the picture, is a battleship under full steam, and a smaller vessel completes a full turn on the right. The photos look down on the passing enemy aircraft. (The next photo in the sequence showed a smoke plume issuing from the sea surface, where one of the planes was shot down.) Some such photographs appeared in the stateside press during the war as a means to bolster home front morale.

In addition to combat photos that W. Ed Smith sent to me was a photograph from ceremonies that took place aboard the U.S.S. Enterprise in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, on 27 May 1943, when Adm. Chester Nimitz presented the ship’s crew with a Presidential Unit Citation, long delayed because the Enterprise was so often at sea. It was the first Presidential Unit Citation awarded to the crew of an aircraft carrier. In the photo, taken from the ship’s island, part of the ship’s complement is assembled in dress white uniforms on the flight deck as Capt. Samuel P. Ginder accepts the citation on behalf of the crew from Adm. Nimitz (see photos on next page). Four photographers stand at the front of the assembled crew; Ed Smith is the closest to Nimitz and Ginder. One of Ed Smith’s own photographs was distributed by naval public relations and was widely used in newspapers, which shows the officers shaking hands, as Nimitz glances to the citation. By comparing the postures of Nimitz and Ginder in this photo, one can see that Ed Smith’s angle was just right for it, and coincidentally it was taken at the same moment as which the photo from the ship’s island was taken.
One might easily overlook the value of the photographic work in combat. Certainly there are hundreds of shining examples from the cameras of combat photographers, civilian and military alike, throughout the theaters of every conflict since the Civil War. The actions that W. Ed Smith had witnessed each can be retold from the annals of historians and the stories of participants alike; and in fact, the reader should turn to them. But personal records can tell lesser stories that have greater personal meaning, such as one that Ed Smith proudly shared from his records and recollections.

On 26 July 1944, Ed Smith finally transferred off of the U.S.S. Enterprise and was sent to Headquarters Squadron at Navy Air Station Alameda, on San Francisco Bay in Alameda, California. This was a Martin Flying Boat squadron, but “I never saw anybody in it [Headquarters Squadron] as I was assigned to the station photo lab; but I could look out the window and see the Flying Boats”. He was in charge of photographic production in a lab of 65 photographers. And it was here that he met and on 25 May 1945 married Gladys Levorson (right), a WAVE Yeoman 3/c who was secretary to the Photo Officer. “We were married on base,” Ed says, and not surprisingly the wedding “was well covered photowise”.

Later, Ed Smith was reassigned from Air Station Alameda to the Philippines, where he was to establish a photo lab at an air station there. But instead when he landed in Hilo, Hawaii, he was assigned to the lab there, having had left Alameda with a recommendation for advancement to Chief Petty Officer.

W. Ed Smith’s personal decorations include the Combat Air Crew Wings with three stars (air-to-air, air-to-ship, and air-to-ground combat), awarded by the Captain of the Enterprise after the operation against Truk.
Years after the war, as a member of the U.S. Naval Reserve, Ed Smith was called to serve again during the Korean Conflict. He reported to duty in Seattle, Washington, and within ten days shipped out to Naval Amphibious Base Coronado, on San Diego Bay in Coronado, California. He was Supervisor of Production as the lead Non-Commissioned Officer in the intelligence school photo lab. He served at this station for 15 months.

Regarding W. Ed Smith’s wife, Gladys Myrtle Levorson (1920–2002), he sent me a brief biographical sketch that he had compiled about her at an earlier time:

Gladys Myrtle Levorson, born Battrum, Saskatchewan, Canada in 1920, moved to Tacoma with her family in 1937. She graduated from Stadium High School in 1941. She worked for Rhodes Department Store until starting work at Todd Shipyards at the start of World War II.

Gladys joined the U.S. Navy (WAVES) in July 1944, trained at Hunter College, New York and attended Service School for Yeoman [sic] at Cedar Falls, Iowa. Later she was stationed at the U.S. Navy Air Base at Alameda, California as Yeoman 3/c as secretary to the Photographic Officer. In 1945 she and W. Ed Smith, also of the U.S. Navy, married. After the War she worked in the Tacoma Schools lunchrooms. She then worked for United Pacific Insurance in accounting and the Pierce County Treasurers and Assessors office, retiring from there in 1983.

To the biographical sketch of his wife, W. Ed Smith also added a brief sketch about the Levorson family:

Knut Levorson, born 1880 Tunhovd, Numedal, Norway, immigrated to America in 1901, to take the place of a friend who did not want to come. Knut homesteaded near Dunseith, North Dakota in the Turtle Mountains. He married Amanda Dorothea Fredrickson, who was born at Minot, Dakota Territories in 1888 of Norwegian parents. Knut and Amanda had three children: Leif (died as infant), Alvin Kenneth and Laura Dorothy Irene.

In 1910 Knut’s brothers, Levor and Torstein (Uncle Tom) migrated from Norway to Canada, homesteading near Battrum, Saskatchewan. Knut and his family followed in 1917 and bought land and farmed. Gladys Myrtle Levorson was born near Battrum in 1920.

Knut was a carpenter, also worked in the harvest; and made violins for his family as well as to sell. In 1937 he decided to move his family back to the United States (they were citizens), to the Pacific Northwest. Amanda Levorson had a sister, Matilda Garness in Gig Harbor and brother, Martin Fredrickson in Tacoma. Knut did carpentry, and also started a poultry business located at 84th and Tacoma Avenue (Fernhill area) of Tacoma. During World War II he worked for the Boeing Aircraft parts plant in Tacoma. Knut died in 1958. Amanda was a homemaker all her life and died in 1978.

Alvin Levorson, a sign painter all his life, married Lillian Lindburg, who came to Tacoma from Bottineau, North Dakota. He worked at Todd Shipyards during World War II heading up the sign painting crews. After the War he worked at Madigan Army Hospital until retirement. Now his loves are fishing for salmon and playing golf. Their children are Lois Marian, born April 1942, died February 1962; and Annette Marie, born April 1946. She graduated from Pacific Lutheran University (as a school teacher), married Daniel Macumber III, (a school custodian) March 1976 and they have two boys.

Laura Levorson worked for Boeing Aircraft parts plant during World War II. She married Ivar Kronquist, a tailor from Finland. They lived in Walla Walla for a time before returning to Tacoma.
where Ivar died. They have two sons, Dr. Ray Kronquist of California (who has two sons); and Larry Kronquist who lives and works in Olympia for the State of Washington.

The Leversen family has been traced back to Hollingbakken Kristian Leversen (1818–1871) and his wife, Guri Olesdotter Hytta (1827–1895), both of Norway. A grandson, Knut Leversen (1880–1958) emigrated from Norway to North Dakota, where he married in 1912 Amanda Dorothea Frederickson (1888–1979). Knut and Amanda were the parents of Gladys Myrtle Leversen.

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MARY LULU SMITH (1873–after 1940) was known as Lulu. She married in 1898 James Edward Lugg (1875–1962) of Colorado, with whom she had a son, James Jr. (1900–1980).

Edward S. Smith briefly noted his aunt in the “Smith Genealogy”:

She was musical and often accompanied soloists; also enjoyed cooking. She attended school with the three Sparks girls at Centreville, and State Normal School in Baltimore, Maryland.

Wilbur Edward (Ed) Smith recalls his Aunt Lulu as a stern, proper woman. When as a boy he visited her,

if I went into the house I had to sit on a chair both feet on floor and be seen not heard. Aunt Lu was a strict [prohibitionist] to the point that Uncle Jim brought me an ice cream cone when he arrived from work and it had a cherry on it, I was not to eat because it had been preserved in alcohol.

He also recalled that she played the organ at the Methodist church for years, and her two brothers, Edward and Harry, lived with her and her husband.

Although a date of death for Lulu Smith Lugg is not available in family records, W. Ed Smith remembered her death occurring when he had been recalled into the service during the Korean conflict. She probably died in Delaware; Helen Montgomery McCarragher recalls that she and her uncle, Edward S. Smith, visited Lulu on occasion when she was living in southern Delaware.

James Edward Lugg (1875–1962), Lulu Smith’s husband, was a printer. He worked for the Saunders Printing Co. in Denver, at least at the time of the 1913 city directory. W. Ed Smith recalls that his Uncle Jim had his own print shop for short-run jobs. James’ father was Cyprus Lugg (ca. 1841–?), who emigrated from England and took up mining in Colorado.

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(Left to right) Lulu Smith Lugg, James Lugg, Sr., Elizabeth Wyckoff Lugg, and Mrs. Wyckoff (Elizabeth’s mother). At the back door of the Luggs’ home in Denver, Colorado, Easter Sunday 1940.
Of the remaining two children of Capt. James Smith, really not much is known in this family history about **EDWARD WATSON SMITH (1875–1948)**, and **HARRY WEBSTER SMITH (1877–?)**. Neither man married. They both lived with their parents until the parents’ deaths, and then lived with James and Lulu Lugg where they had separate basement rooms, according to W. Ed Smith.

In the 1899 Denver city directory Edward Watson Smith is listed as a stenographer with Acheson and Warren, investment bankers. Edward S. Smith notes in his “Smith Genealogy” that E. W. Smith “was with a wholesale drug firm in Denver”.

No occupation is listed for Harry Webster Smith in the 1899 Denver city directory. At the time of the 1900 U.S. census his occupation was listed as salesman; but again he was not employed at the time of the 1910 census. The “Smith Genealogy” records that he “was [a] clerk with an apartment hotel in Denver, Colorado.”

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Of the children of Roberta Covington Smith (1877–1945) and J. Lathrop Mack (1877–1952):

**JAMES LATHROP MACK, JR. (1905–1970)** was known as Lathrop. He studied journalism and graduated from the University of Illinois. Professionally, he was the City Editor for the Evening News in the Chicago area, about 1925. Later he was employed by the Associated Press in Chicago, Cleveland, Columbus, and New York. He later worked for the Music Corporation of America, New York, and was a salesman for the National Broadcasting Co., New York. He married three times: first, to Nadine Thompson Howk; second, in 1938 to Doris Pulliam; and third, in 1947 to Ethel Jackson Bell.
ELIZABETH MACK (1906–1990) was the Smith family historian after the deaths of her parents and her uncle, Edward S. Smith. She was educated at the Chicago Normal School and after beginning with summer classes at the University of Chicago was graduated in 1928 from the University of Illinois, 1928. She was a teacher in the Chicago public schools and at the Georgetown, Illinois, High School. In the Michigan City, Indiana, High School she taught English and Debating. In addition to these notes, Edward S. Smith added in his “Smith Genealogy”:

After her husband died, Elizabeth and her sons returned to Michigan City where she went back to teaching, until she married Robert Cushway Munger of Hart, Michigan, on August 7, 1949. His father had extensive cherry orchards of young and older cherry trees and was interested in processing the fruit for the market, and he assisted his father, Dr. Munger. Robert Munger died November 12, 1960, and Elizabeth has returned to teaching and also has been very busy settling the Munger affairs at Hart, which are extensive and varied. This summer (1962) she took a trip to England and Scotland which she enjoyed thoroughly. She stopped with us for a few days on her return but had to hurry back to Hart because of business. She plans returning to teaching in Michigan City.


ROBERTA MACK (1909–1995) was known as “Bobbie”. She earned a B.S. degree in Home Economics from Perdue University in 1930, where also she was a winner of the Flora Roberts Award, which is given to “a senior woman student for outstanding scholarship, leadership, character and service to the university community.” She was a registered dietician, first as an intern at the Philadelphia General
Hospital, then Assistant Dietician at Chester County Hospital in West Chester, Pennsylvania. She was Head Dietician at several institutions: St. Luke’s and Children’s Hospital in Philadelphia, State Teachers College in West Chester, and the University of Maryland.

During and shortly after World War II, she served as a dietician in the Women’s Army Corps. In 1945 she is noticed in her mother’s newspaper obituary as Lt. Roberta Mack, then serving in England. A history of the Army Medical Specialist Corps includes a staged photograph (left) of 1st Lt. Mack, dietetic coordinator, looking into a cook vat in a spotless military kitchen. The text notes:

With the war’s end and redeployment of dietitians came the problem of staffing the hospitals of the army of occupation. An estimate of 44 dietitians was made. 1st Lt. Roberta Mack became the new dietetic coordinator in the Chief Surgeon's Office, European theater. By mid-July 1946, every general and station hospital in the European theater had at least one dietitian assigned, the larger hospitals had the requisite number according to the table of organization while the smaller ones were assigned only one.

She married in 1949 Luther Francis McCollum (1904–1979), with whom she had two children, Louella and Jack. After she married Roberta held various positions including home economist with the Gas Company of New Mexico, dietician at the Landsun Home, and teller at the Carlsbad National Bank. After her retirement, she continued actively in church and civic organizations. She was a Field Distributor for the publications placed by the Swedenborg Foundation, Inc., New York. She was a member of the Church of the New Jerusalem and, later, the First Baptist Church of Carlsbad, New Mexico, with which she organized numerous trips across the country with her fellow parishioners.

Luther McCollum was the chief of police in Carlsbad, New Mexico, at least around 1952, but just when he served is not known at this time. In July 1958 he was noticed briefly in an article in The Albuquerque Tribune: “Luther McCollum, former police chief at Carlsbad, has been hired as a state liquor inspector. He tried for the state police but didn’t make it.” Edward S. Smith’s “Smith Genealogy” stated only that “He is a security officer in a large plant”, which was around 1960. A newspaper clipping from an unidentified source shows a photograph of Luther supervising security officers at the gate to a plant; the caption reads:
The name, “Gnome” reveals the nature of the facility. This was Project GNOME, the first underground nuclear detonation of Project Plowshare, which investigated peaceful uses for nuclear explosives. “Shot GNOME”, as it was called, was detonated on 10 December 1961 near Carlsbad, New Mexico in a natural formation of bedded rock salt. The test was expected to provide data on the retention and transfer of heat that could be utilized in the development of steam- or hot-gas turbine electrical generation. Other expectations of the test were insights into the utility of recovering radioisotopes from the melted materials in the shot-containment cavity. The explosion was supposed to self-seal the shaft, but it vented radioactive steam to the atmosphere for about a day. There is a monument at the site today, which reads:

The first nuclear detonation in the Plowshare Program to develop peaceful uses for nuclear explosives was conducted below this spot at a depth of 1216 feet in a stratum of rock salt. The explosive equivalent to 3,100 tons of TNT was detonated at the end of a horizontal passage heading from a vertical shaft located 1,116 feet southwest of this point. Among the many objectives was the production and recovery of useful radioactive isotopes. The study of heat recovery, the conduct of neutron physics experiments, and the provision of seismic source for geophysical studies.


Herbert Fisher, known as “Herb”, was a graduate of Pennsylvania State University and maintained great pride in the school for the rest of his life. He worked with the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Chicago, Illinois, for nearly 20 years. An address book of Earle C. Smith (predating 1964) lists the Fishers’ address in Forest Park, Illinois. Herbert Fisher later transferred to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he was in charge of the division office. In their retirement years, Herbert and Grace Fisher were “snowbirds”, spending their winters in Tucson, Arizona. They later moved permanently to Tucson.
ELISABETH COVINGTON SMITH (1916–2007), named for her mother, was the one child of Earle Smith (1885–1965) and Elisabeth Drummond (1888–1916) to survive to adulthood. She was known as “Betty” in the family all during her youth and adulthood, until she married Stephen Bronson Dewing (1920–1996) nearly at the age of 50, when she became known as “Bess”. She led a remarkably independent life. She had no children of her own.

Elisabeth C. Smith was born at 1709 Green St. in Philadelphia. The significance of this address is not known at this time; her father’s address at the time was 5312 Malcom St., which is a short distance from the South St. Bernard Street address of her grandparents. One or more of the Tafel relations to the family earlier had a residence in this block of Green St.; perhaps Elisabeth’s birth address belonged to them. Her father may have been absent when he daughter was born because he had just begun work in Youngstown, Ohio; we do not know. For some reason, her birth certificate was a delayed birth record, filed a month later, which in 1942 created problems in documenting her birth; she recovered her birth record from the state capital, Harrisburg. At her grandparents’ home, 820 South St. Bernard Street, she was baptized on 28 May 1917 (more than a year following her birth) by her grandfather (Rev. John Edward Smith) and Rev. Charles W. Harvey, was the pastor of the family’s church, the New Jerusalem Church at 22nd and Chestnut Sts.

Elisabeth was raised principally by her maiden aunt, Mabel Smith, at “820” (right). That Elisabeth’s father was not often present during her formative years was difficult for her to accept, a disappointment that remained with her all her life. Their relationship never held the father–daughter care that one might normally have expected, but neither were they estranged, as family photographs when she was grown show them together in various places and times. Earle Smith was also present at his daughter’s wedding to Dr. Stephen B. Dewing in 1965, and after her death her effects revealed that she had meticulously cared for her father’s important papers.

She was educated first at the Henry C. Lea School (an elementary school in West Philadelphia also attended by my sister, Carol, and, not counting kindergarten, me for just a couple of days). During 1928–1934 Elisabeth attended and graduated from the Friends Select School, a private school based on Quaker values. During 1934–1938 she attended the University of Pennsylvania’s College of Liberal Arts for Women, on a four-year “Mayor’s Scholarship”. She majored in English literature, graduating in 1938 with a B.A. in Liberal Arts, with Major Honors in English. During the summer of 1937, she also took a course in sociology at the Pennsylvania State College (now Penn State University), the credits for which she transferred to the University of Pennsylvania. While at the University of Pennsylvania (which is called “Penn”, not to be confused with “Penn State”), she participated on the basketball team, and for a year
was in the choral society. She was a member of the Beta Alpha Chapter of the Chi Omega fraternity and was for one year its house manager.

After graduating from college, Elisabeth earned money during the summer and fall of 1938 so that she could attend business school. She worked as a waitress at the inn at Russell’s Cabins in the White Mountains in Kearsarge, New Hampshire (right). This was a resort also known as Russell’s Cottages that was an accumulation of structures run by the Russell family. The inn building still stands. During several months in 1939 she attended the Philadelphia School of Office Training at 2100 Chestnut St. where she completed work in shorthand, typing, secretarial office practice, and office machines (bookkeeping, Dictaphone, and mimeograph). She also completed an 18-week course in introductory advertising from the Philadelphia Club of Advertising Women.

She continued to reside with her Aunt Mabel and others of the family at 820 South St. Bernard Street at least until August 1942, when she moved to 1015 S. 46th St., Philadelphia, a short distance from South St. Bernard Street. At the end of February 1944 she moved from there to a home of one of the Tafel family, who are relations. During this time, during fall 1943 to spring 1944, she attended the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania, receiving credit for a course in psychology on Clinical Tests and Measurements.

During World War II, Elisabeth Smith worked for a short while as a service representative in a business office of the Bell Telephone Company, but she felt the need to find greater challenges. On 21 March 1944, she enlisted in the Women’s Army Corps (WAC) in Philadelphia and was called for duty on 4 April. Her basic training took place at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, after which she was assigned to Air Corps Duty Stations in Atlantic City, New Jersey; Bowman Field in Louisville, Kentucky; and Lackland Army Air Base (later Lackland Air Force Base) in San Antonio, Texas.

Evidence preserved in family photographs shows that while Elisabeth served at Bowman Field she was promoted first to the rank of Corporal, then to Sergeant. A photograph from March 1945 (while visiting in New Mexico) shows her with Sergeant’s stripes, and a photograph among those taken while she was stationed at Bowman Field is inscribed from a fellow WAC who acknowledged her rank as Sergeant. She was also present at the 71st running of the Kentucky Derby, in Louisville, Kentucky, 9 June 1945, where a photo shows her in sergeant’s stripes. In Spring 1946, while at Lackland Army Air Base, she was quartered in Barracks 3877 (as noted in the annotation of one of her photographs). On 27 October 1945, while stationed at Lackland, she was promoted to First Sergeant. At this time she lived in off-base housing with her WAC friend, Iris Brooks, and her Aunt Smith; in summer 1947 they resided at 119 Lowell St., San Antonio.
During Smith’s service at Lackland Army Air Base, the U.S. Air Force was created as a separate military service on 18 September 1947, supplanting the U.S. Army Air Corps. Seven months later, on 27 April 1948, she was one of nine women in the Army Air Corps appointed Temporary Warrant Officer, and she remained at Lackland AFB until November 1948, when she was transferred briefly to Francis E. Warren Air Force Base, Wyoming, then to Lowry Air Force Base, Colorado. (Coincidentally, Warren AFB is the site of Fort D. A. Russell, where Elisabeth’s father was discharged from the Army after World War I.) She took the examination for Regular Warrant Officer and, because the new U.S. Air Force did not use the rank of Warrant Officer, she was appointed to the Regular Army on 28 April 1949. While at Lowry Air Force Base, Smith purchased a new, 1949 Ford automobile, which two weeks later she drove to her next assignment in Virginia.

In August 1949, Smith was assigned for one year to the newly created WAC Training Center in Fort Lee, Virginia, for instruction in personnel work. In August 1950 she was accepted as a student in the Graduate School of Business at Columbia University, but then due to the Korean hostilities she was assigned to Japan in September 1950, departing from the U.S. on 14 September. In Japan she served at General Headquarters in Tokyo (Gen. MacArthur’s headquarters), then at Headquarters Camp, Yokohama. While in Japan she continued her U.S. Army education by completing a course to be an instructor in management training, which was given in Akamizu, Kyushu, by the Far East Air Forces under the U.S. Air Force, and a supervisory management course at Camp Yokohama under the U.S. Army.

She returned to the U.S. on 5 October 1953, which seems to embrace the only interruption in her military career, when apparently she was hospitalized. Her pay record, which she collated for a later claim, notes that she was (officially) in the Station Hospital at Yokohama from 13 September–5 October.
1953, during which period she was not paid. From 6 October–11 December 1953 she was (officially) in the Army hospital at Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, during which time she was “Paid for month of December 53 as casual by Fin Off, VFAH, Phoenixville, Pa, while on 30 DDALV”. The nature of her hospitalization is not known.

After a six-month assignment at Fort Knox, Louisville, Kentucky, Elisabeth Smith was assigned in 1954 to Fort George G. Meade, Maryland. Her next official assignment was to the Pentagon outside Washington, D.C., where she served in the office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff J-2 (the Intelligence Secretariat), where she remained for nearly three years during 1956–1958. At this time, she resided in Alexandria and Arlington, Virginia. She was then assigned for three years to Fort Ord, California, and then to Orleans, France, where the Army maintained a post-World War II presence coordinating transportation and supply in Europe. Her father’s address book lists her address in France as “105 Rue de La Gare, Orleans, France”. She returned to the U.S. and was stationed briefly at Ft. Belvoir, Virginia, where after serving for a little more than 20 years and 6 months she retired in 1964 at the rank of Chief Warrant Officer 4, the highest peacetime rank for warrant officers. During her service, Elisabeth Smith’s duties were mostly related to administration and personnel; other assignments were in the fields of intelligence, operations and training, logistics, and assignments under the Inspector General.

Elisabeth Smith was awarded a Bronze Star in Japan, for “meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the U.S.” (that is, North Korea at that time). A photograph of WO Smith receiving the medal from Brig. Gen. Frank A. Allen, Jr. (right) appeared on page 2 of the family’s local Philadelphia newspaper, The Evening Bulletin, on 10 August 1951. She also had received the Army Commendation Medal for service when she was First Sergeant at Lackland Air Force Base in Texas. Other decorations included service medals for American Theater, World War II Victory, National Defense, Korea, Army of Occupation, Japan, United Nations, and a Department of Defense service badge for duty with the Joint Chiefs.

Her service in the military was exemplary. Selections from her U.S. Army Personnel Records file testify that her work in administration and support was superior, particularly during interagency work in NATO conferences in the 1950s.

Elisabeth Smith’s world tour with the Army also gave her the opportunity for recreational travel. While stationed in Japan she went to India. And when she was stationed in France she traveled in Europe.
It was during a cruise to Greece that met her future husband, Dr. Stephen Bronson Dewing (1920–1996), a radiologist whom she married after retiring from the Army.

**Stephen Bronson Dewing (1920–1996)** was educated at Princeton University (B.A., 1942) and the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University (M.D., 1945). He completed Radiology Board examinations in April 1963 and thereafter specialized in radiology. During 1945–1948 he had been a Captain in the U.S. Army Medical Corps, and then until 1951 was associated with the New Jersey National Guard. He had an earlier marriage, in 1943 to Millicent Laubenheimer (1909–1997), with whom he had a son, Andrew Ogden (1948–), but they divorced shortly before Dr. Dewing’s marriage to Elisabeth “Bess” Smith. When he married Bess (right) he was then taking up a position as an Associate Professor in the College of Medicine in West Virginia University; and they lived in Morgantown, West Virginia. Dr. Dewing stayed in this position only for a few years, becoming discontented with “other people’s” regulations (as Bess described it).

When Dr. Dewing obtained a department head position in two nearby hospitals in Maine, the Dewings moved to a large mountaintop home on Baker Hill, between South Waterford and Norway. Their Baker Hill home (below) was originally built in the 1700s, and added to, with a shed connecting to a large barn. A small farm area was not planted, but was a haven to wildlife. The house, in addition to a reasonably modern kitchen, had a large, traditional colonial hearth with a cook-in fireplace and adjacent ovens. The road from South Waterford to Norway was paved only as far as their home; on the other side it was steep, unimproved gravel. (Today, all of the road is paved.) Snowplows would clear the paved road to the Dewing home and use their driveway to turn around. Bess would invite the drivers in for coffee, hot chocolate, and something tasty.

The Dewings also owned a small cottage on the east side of nearby Mcwain Pond, a lake about two miles long and a half mile wide. On a visit to the Dewings with my sister, Carol, and our aunt, Katharine S. Spamer, Carol and I took a canoe across the lake, where we could clearly hear our aunt. Upon returning we mentioned this, which “Finn” (as she was known to us) did not believe until we repeated the topic of the conversation.

Some time before Dr. Dewing’s death Bess and Steve moved to a more convenient location in South Paris where he could receive medical care in a home situation with Bess. After he died Bess moved...
to an apartment in Norway. In the latter part of 1998 she bought a small house at 76 Oxford St. in South Paris, where she remained until her death. She remained determinedly independent until her final, brief illness in January 2007. Her cremated remains were accompanied by a military honor guard when she was placed next to her husband in Elm Vale Cemetery in South Waterford, Maine. The flag was presented to the Dewing family.

The Dewings can trace their ancestry to the 1600s in Massachusetts, from where early generations dispersed to Connecticut, Rhode Island, and California. Stephen B. Dewing’s parents were Henry Bronson Dewing (1882–1956) and Eunice Dewing (1888–1954), who were half first-cousins. Henry was a professor of Classics, having received his Ph.D. from Yale University in 1908. He taught at Princeton University, the University of Texas, Bowdoin College, and Athens College in Greece where he was the school’s first president during 1927–1931. Athens College is a private elementary and secondary school for boys and girls established by Grecian and American philanthropists. Begun in 1925 in a small, rented house with borrowed furniture, by 1928 it held its first classes on its present campus of 35 acres in suburban Psychico, which had been the gift of school benefactors. After returning to America, Henry Dewing was a visiting professor of ancient and modern languages in Colorado College and a visiting professor of Latin in the University of North Carolina.

Of the children of Elouise Smith (1891–1979) we take note of HELEN MONTGOMERY (1916–) because of her devotion to family history. She has been a traditional source for historical information pertaining to the family, to the point that if another very reliable person were asked for some information, they would refer me to Helen; and when she was asked Helen would refer me to that person in turn! Regardless, she is a reliable font of information. She of course was raised with the family traditions, but she also accompanied her uncle, Edward S. Smith, during numerous travels throughout Delaware, Maryland, and Pennsylvania in search of family information. The two of them, Edward and Helen, are just as much responsible for what we know today as also are those they credit for the information.

Helen married three times: first in 1940 Harry Archible Cook (1922–), with whom she had two children: Patricia (1941–) and Harry Frank (1943–). She married, second, in 1952 Wilbur ‘‘Wib’’ Oliver Mummert (1905–1984), with whom she had a daughter, Susan Irene (1954–). She married, third, in 1992 Paul David ‘‘Dave’’ McCarraher (1916–1995).

Harry A. Cook served in the U.S. Navy during World War II.
Wib Mummert was, early on, a laundry truck driver in Philadelphia. Later, for much of his career, he was a supervisor in the huge Du Pont chemical plant on the New Jersey side of the Delaware River across from his home in New Castle, Delaware. During his retirement years with Helen they moved to an adult community in Clayton, Delaware.

Helen’s son, **HARRY FRANK COOK (1943–)**, served in the U.S. Army; an address book of Earle C. Smith in 1964 lists him at the rank of Specialist 6 with the 6th Missile Battalion. He later went on to a very responsible position as a computer technician executive for IBM, from which company he retired. He married, first, **Janet Stanley**, from whom he was divorced. He married, second, in 1963 **Katy Takaida** (ca. 1930–2003) during his military service in Germany, with whom he had two children, Barbara Lee (1964–) and Beth Ann (1966–); they, too, were divorced, and Katy had previously been married to a man named Potenza. Harry married, third, **Mary**.
Here I also take brief note of a couple of Helen Montgomery McCarraher’s grandchildren and great-grandchildren who I find interesting because they extend our family back around the world, not to Europe or the southern hemisphere as other branches have done, but to Japan.

One of Helen’s granddaughters by her son, Harry and his second wife, Katy, is Barbara Cook (1964–). She married, first, Yamaguchi, with whom she had a son, Loui (1984–). She married, second, Fujimoto, with whom she had a daughter, Saki (1987–). During these times she lived in Japan. She married, third, Geoffrey Bright, of North Carolina, with whom she had two children, Acacia and Adam.

In concluding this narrative I will take the opportunity to bring to the reader’s attention three families into whom various Smith descendants have married: Van Zyverden, Asplundh, and Gyllenhaal. I might normally have overlooked them because they are among the numerous and far-flung members of our present generations, most of whom (as I explained in the introduction) I have chosen to overlook because they are covered (usually briefly) in the Spamer–Smith Genealogy. But I am reminded that each one of these three family groups was mentioned casually to me for the interesting stories that attend to individuals in these families. These oral traditions were noted with apologies for not knowing the details. Inasmuch as I was interested to understand more of the details about them, I think it only fair to present and future readers not to keep them “dangling”, too. I offer these few additional details so that future family members will not have to bear the same partial story and apology.

One of the children of eighth-generation Gilbert Haven Smith and Nora Potts was Nadia Forrest Smith (1925–2009). As already noted, she married Sig Synnestvedt, with whom they had five children, among whom is Steven Arthur.

Steven Arthur Synnestvedt (1959–1963) married in 2003 Dora Van Zyverden (1963–), with whom he has a son, Alexander Charles (2007–). Dora earlier had been married to Paul Frank Luebbe (1961–). It is the Van Zyverden family that offers up an interesting history of international entrepreneurship in the flower trade.

The Van Zyverden family has been traced back to Willem Zyverts (1583–?) of The Netherlands, from whom an extensive genealogy is known. The thirteenth generation from Willem Zyverts included the brothers, Dirk (1873–1943) and Corstiaan Van Zyverden (1887–1946). In The Netherlands they founded the Van Zyverden Co., an international distributor of flower bulbs. Originally cattle farmers, they capitalized on a growing industry beginning in 1915. Dirk Van Zyverden’s sons, Cornelius and Jacobus (“Jack”), joined the company and Jack began selling their products in the United States. Dirk and his two sons then started the Van Zyverden Bros. company to sell to the American market, which company eventually Jack took over for himself. During World War II, when travel prohibited Jack from attending to the business in the U.S. and Canada, a Canadian partner assumed the American business for the duration of the war. In turn, Jack’s own sons, Dirk and Paul, entered the flower bulb business in America.
through other firms. Eventually, business expanded for the Van Zyverden Bros., reaching into the southern United States. Bulb production continued in The Netherlands, which was overseen during the summer months by Dirk and Paul. Jack retired in 1966. In 1969, the firm was incorporated in Mississippi as Van Zyverden Bros., Inc. In 1972, Van Zyverden Bros. was divided into Flower Bulbs, Inc., run by Dirk, and the Van Zyverden Bros. business mark run by Paul (in The Netherlands as Amsterdam Bulb Co.). In 1980, Paul bought out Flower Bulbs, Inc., from Dirk, and in 1983, his company acquired Brown Bulb Ranch, which operated on the West Coast. In 1989, the firm incorporated in Delaware, and in 1995 changed its name to Van Zyverden, Inc. By the end of the 20th century, the firm was owned and operated by Jacqueline Van Zyverden Hogan and Robert A. Van Zyverden, which includes the European subsidiary of Van Zyverden, B.V. The firm continues a vigorous sales program, shipping bulbs annually to all fifty states and Canada.

Another brother of Dirk Van Zyverden, Catharinus [Charles] Van Zyverden (1894–1942) emigrated to the United States and settled in the New Church community of Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania. He married in 1923 Mary Alettha Robinson (1895–1978) who originally was from New York State. The Van Zyverden family continued to marry into many New Church families; Charles’ son, Gerald Dirk Van Zyverden (1932–1983) married in 1956 Nina Hyatt (1932–), and one of their children is Dora, who married Stephen Synnestvedt.

●     ●

Another one of the children of eighth-generation Gilbert Haven Smith and Nora Potts was Alice Mary Smith (1910–2003), who married Donald Geoffrey Gladish (1899–1967). One of their daughters is Neva Carolyn.

NEVA CAROLYN GLADISH (1951–) married Edward “Ned” Boyd Asplundh, Jr., with whom she had four children: India, Aaron, Quinn, and Rhys. The reason I bring up Neva and Ned Gladish is because of another family business entrepreneurship.

Many Americans will instantly recognize the orange utility trucks alongside highways and in powerline rights-of-way, emblazoned in large, black block letters, ASPLUNDH. And for this reason I think it deserves a historical note; a typically American success story, and a business model if there ever was one. The Asplundh company’s website contains a historical page from which the following information has been condensed; the website is far more detailed and informative. Based on the information provided there I was also able to trace some of the Asplundhs through the U.S. censuses and other sources.

The Asplundhs trace their ancestry to Carl Hjalmar Asplundh (1862–1903), who emigrated from Europe to the United States. He married Emma Steiger (1867–after 1920), who had come from Switzerland. They settled in the New Church community of Bryn Athyn and had nine children. One of their sons, Oswald Eugene Asplundh (1890–1955) began work as a gardener and then opened a landscaping and tree surgery business. He trained his younger brothers Griffith (1896–1948), Lester (1901–1984), and Carl (1903–1967), by which occupation the brothers earned money for their college educations. On 28 August 1928, Griffith, Lester, and Carl created the Asplundh Tree Expert Co., capitalizing on their uniquely combined experiences in arbiculture, landscaping, electrical engineering,
and business management. (Appropriately enough, Asplundh in Swedish refers to “grove of aspen trees”.) The firm specifically targeted power companies of the Pennsylvania–New Jersey area who required tree pruning along powerline rights-of-way; and the business grew from there, and process that would include the development of training schools that financially assisted the company through the Depression years (along with the brothers working without salaries). Oswald left his business in 1936 and joined the Asplundh Company, expanding the business into the Midwest. During the manpower shortage of World War II, the company introduced herbicidal “chemical brush control” as an alternative means of maintenance in power line rights-of-way. In 1939, the firm had grown to the point that a new headquarters location was established in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania.

During the 1950s, seven sons of the founders began working in the field and office, beginning a second generation of the family-run business, which expands into New England, Florida, and the Pacific Northwest. In 1953, the first sessions of the Asplundh Supervisory Training Program were started, which continue to day to provide technical and professional development for the business’s general foremen. The two hurricanes of 1954, Carol and Hazel, which affected the northeastern U.S., brought about a formalized emergency procedure for the company’s response to storm damage.

The Asplundh Brush Control Co. was formed as a subsidiary company in 1956. Its specialization is in right-of-way clearing and maintenance of rights-of-way.

In 1958, Lester Asplundh developed the first fiberglass-boom lift trucks, which greatly improved field safety and accessibility to power lines. The product soon became an industry standard and a manufacturing plant in Chalfont, Pennsylvania, became the Asplundh Manufacturing Division. Thereafter, the firm diversified further, introducing services for underground utility construction in the Mid-Atlantic and Southeast. In 1967, the Infrared Services Division pioneered commercial inspection services using thermographic and infrared devices.

By 1968, the sons of the founders began to take positions as officers and directors of the company. In this year, the firm opened its own commercial truck dealership, Asplundh GMC, to provide the company with cost and supply advantages. In 1972, the Asplundh Street Lighting Division was started, providing for the inspection and maintenance of municipal street lighting systems. Two years later, in response to growth and overcrowding in the Jenkintown facility, a 12-acre site was acquired on Blair Mill Road in Willow Grove, Pennsylvania. A year after that, the Asplundh Railroad Division was created to branch into a new services market for the nation’s railroad rights-of-way; and the One-Call Division was inaugurated, whereby contractors and member utilities were served by a single source for communicating information about excavating near underground utilities (“Call Before You Dig” notices are seen everywhere today).

In 1984, the company began international operations by expanding into Ontario and Alberta. The GMC dealership is expanded this year, and the Asplundh Manufacturing Division moved to Creedmoor, North Carolina. Also this year the Municipal Tree Division was established to facilitate public-sector agencies in their needs to contract services.

In 1987, the first of fifteen third-generation Asplundh family members completed internal and employment programs to manage the growing company. In 1988, Asplundh finally reached all 50 states with operations in Hawaii, and established Asplundh Canada, Inc. In 1990, joint ventures took the
company to New Zealand and France, and national expansion continued with the acquisition of construction companies. In 1992, the Asplundh Manufacturing Division was sold to Altec Industries, Inc.; and an established tree service company in England was acquired. In 1996, the Pole Maintenance Division was made a new subsidiary, Utility Pole Technologies, Inc.; a meter services division was also made a subsidiary, Utility Meter Services, Inc.; and Underground Utility Locating, Inc., was acquired by the company.

The company continues to expand through diversified management and acquisition of service-management providers.

Another one of the children of eighth-generation Gilbert Haven Smith and Nora Potts was Arnold Mather Smith (1916–1987), who married Jocelyn Olds (1921–1990). One of their sons is Willard Dale.

**WILLARD DALE SMITH (1952–)** married **Constance “Connie” Gyllenhaal (1953–)**, with whom he had four children: Tama Charlotte, Nathan Joel, Logan Dale, and Caithlyn Adele. The marriage of Willard “Will” Smith into the Gyllenhaal family links our family to a long lineage from Sweden who later had connections with the New Church in America and to another entrepreneurial family in the business of landscaping. In addition, the Gyllenhaal family includes several notable individuals in the acting professions, and for all of these reasons another historical note is in order.

The Gyllenhaal family can trace its ancestry to Gunne Olofsson Haal (?–ca. 1634) who was from Härene parish, Sweden. A son, Nils Gunnesson Haal (?–1680/81) was raised to peerage of Sweden by Queen Christina in 1652, with the surname Gyllenhaal. A great-great-grandson of Nils Gyllenhaal was Leonard Gyllenhaal (1752–1840), who was an avocational researcher in entomology. Leonard was a student of the pioneering taxonomist Carl Linnaeus in 1769. Following the footsteps of several of his ancestors, he entered military service and retired in 1799 with the rank of Major.

A grandson of Leonard Gyllenhaal was Anders Leonard Gyllenhaal (1842–1905), who emigrated from Sweden to Chicago in 1866 and entered newspaper work. He married in 1880 Selma Amanda Nelson (1861–after April 1930), with whom he had eight children. A biographical sketch of Anders Leonard Gyllenhaal was prepared in 1908 for the *History of the Swedes of Illinois*:

Anders Leonard Gyllenhaal was connected with the Swedish-American press of Chicago for about thirty-one years. In April, 1874, he was engaged on the staff of “Nya Svenska Amerikanaren.” The following October, when that paper changed from Republican to Democratic, Gyllenhaal, who was a staunch Republican, resigned and at once was added to the editorial force of ‘Hemlandet.’ On Jan. 1, 1891, he joined the staff of ‘Svenska Tribunen’ and remained with that paper until his death, which occurred Oct. 17, 1905. Gyllenhaal pursued no independent authorship, limiting himself entirely to the routine of the newspaper office, editing the news, writing editorials and compiling and assorting the miscellaneous contents of the paper. He was a model in this way, prompt, methodical and faithful in his work to the highest degree. Since his entry into journalism, his life was rather uneventful.
He was born July 1, 1842, in Vestmanland, Sweden. After preliminary studies at the elementary school in Östersund he entered Upsala University, taking the bachelor’s degree in 1860. He went to sea for two years, then returned to the university for post-graduate work, but was prevented by lack of funds form completing the course. In 1866 he came to this country and for several years engaged in a variety of occupations. He was in the employ of the Western News Company in Chicago for five years just prior to going into journalism. Gyllenhaal came of noble Swedish stock. He was married in 1880 and with his family lived in a New Church settlement at Glen View [Glenview, Cook Co., Illinois], he himself being a firm believer in the teachings of Swedenborg.

Anders Leonard Gyllenhaal’s father-in-law was Swain Nelson (ca. 1828–after 1912), who immigrated from Sweden in 1854. Swain and a son, Seymour Gabriel Nelson (1858–after 1920), began a tremendously successful business in landscape gardening. Both of these men are noted in the 1912 book, *Chicago: Its History and Its Builders: A Century of Marvelous Growth*:

> ... Swain Nelson was a native of Sweden, who came to America in 1854 and two years afterward removed to Chicago, where he established a landscape-gardening business which developed later into a nursery and landscape-gardening enterprise that is now conducted by his sons under the name of Swain Nelson & sons Company, of which Seymour G. Nelson is the president. The father was closely identified with the improvement of the park system, having made the plans for Union Park in 1865 and for Lincoln Park in 1866, receiving in competition for the latter a prize awarded by the board of public works. Later improvements of the parks were made under his supervision for many years. One of the first steps which he took in connection with the development of Lincoln Park was to rent adjoining property on which to establish a nursery. There were in those days no landscape nurseries in America, so he imported from England and Scotland large numbers of elms, maples, lindens and other shade trees and the product of his nursery was for many years used exclusively in the planting of Lincoln Park. At the time of the great Chicago fire many hundreds of families found refuge in this nursery, the leaves of the trees offering them the only protection from the elements. In the earlier years of the park construction work he removed quite a large number of full grown ash and other trees from where the lagoons were dug, planting them in other parts of the park, where they are growing and flourishing today. Successful in moving these trees, Mr. Nelson soon hauled in other specimens of similar size from the woods in the vicinity—undoubtedly the first large trees in America to be moved and transplanted thus for ornamental purposes. The product of his nursery was used exclusively in the completion of his contracts for the park. A few years later he established a second nursery at River forest, stocked partly with trees removed from Lincoln Park nursery and partly from new sources. This nursery was established primarily because of his contracts for planting the west side parks and later its product was used to a considerable extent in the planting of private grounds. Many of the most attractive estates around Chicago bear testimony to his skill. In his work he always followed the idea of ‘landscapes without waiting,’ using trees and shrubs that would show immediate results. He took the contract for landscape improvements in Graceland cemetery when it was first projected and in addition the grounds around many of the finest homes of this city and the northwest. He is now eighty-three years of age and for a number of years has lived retired.

Seymour G. Nelson pursued his education in the graded and high schools of Chicago and following his graduation in 1876, pursued a business course. He afterward spent some time in traveling and while thus engaged made a special study of landscape gardening. His early training in that direction was received under his father and soon after his graduation he became his father’s associate in the business, in which he still continues, being now president of the company. In 1894
they established a nursery at Glen View, Illinois, seventeen miles from this city and six miles west of Wilmette, comprising now one hundred and fifty acres. They have made the plans and carried out the work of improvement for numerous parks, cemeteries, state institutions and private grounds throughout the northwest and occupy a foremost position in connection with this branch of business. Seymour G. Nelson is also an officer of the American Park Builders, a corporation recently organized for the promotion and development of the parks of American cities. Its object is to further the park and playground movement by planning and developing for municipalities and private individuals the most practical and artistic grounds without losing sight of business-like economy.

On the 25th of December, 1881, Mr. Nelson was married at Chicago to Miss Annie E. Magnuson, a native of Sweden, and they reside in Glen View. Mr. Nelson belongs to the American Civic Association of the United States and the Hamilton Club of Chicago. He is also a member of the Immanuel church (Swedenborgian) of Glen View, in which he is serving as a member of the council. He is a member of the executive committee of the General Church of the New Jerusalem, which is the national organization of that sect. It is true that in his career he entered upon an established business, but in enlarging and developing the enterprise many a less resolute spirit of more limited outlook would have failed. He has not only been a follower but has also been a leader in his chosen life work, oftentimes displaying an initiative spirit which has enabled him to accomplish results before others had considered the advisability of following the new ideas which he instituted. He is perfectly familiar with all the scientific phases of his business and with its practical side as well, and long experience and study have given him knowledge that has won for him a distinctive position as a landscape artist.

A great-grandson of Anders Leonard Gyllenhaal is Stephen Roark Gyllenhaal (1949–), who is a Hollywood film producer and writer. He married in 1976 Naomi Foner Achs (1946–), with whom he had two children: Maggie Ruth (1977–) and Jacob Benjamin (1980–). Readers today may recognize the names of Maggie Gyllenhaal and Jake Gyllenhaal, both of whom are film actors of some renown. (In 2006, Maggie and her companion, Peter Sarsgaard, had a daughter, Ramona Gyllenhaal Sarsgaard. In 2009, Maggie and Peter married in Brindisi, Italy.)

Another great-grandson of Anders Leonard Gyllenhaal is Hugh Anders Gyllenhaal (1951–), who is known as Anders. He graduated from George Washington University and held jobs at newspapers in Virginia, New Jersey, and Florida. In 1991 he joined The News and Observer of Raleigh, North Carolina, becoming in 1997 its editor. In 2002 he was named editor and senior vice president at the Star Tribune in Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minnesota. Since 2001 he has been a member of the board of the Pulitzer Prizes.
ADDENDA
Introductory Notes to the Digital Disk and Family Trees

The digital disk that accompanies The Smith Family from Maryland narrative includes a digital copy of the narrative and several comprehensive family trees. There is no index to the narrative because the digital version is fully searchable.

Also included on the disk is the “PDF Edition” of the complete Genealogy and Historical Notes of the Spamer and Smith Families of Maryland (2008) and their “Additions & Corrections” compiled between 2008 and 2010. A “Date” file on the opening level of the disk will indicate the currency of the disk and the updatable files that are on it. (Earlier releases of the complete Genealogy were in dual PDF and Word for Windows formats, but this has become cumbersome to update and for users to navigate. Inasmuch as PDF is a widely used file-reading program by most computer users, I now restrict releases to this much more stable file structure.)

All files on the disk are recorded in PDF format, which requires Adobe Acrobat Reader that is available without charge from Adobe.com. The PDF format is widely used by computer users around the world, and Acrobat Reader is a standard that should continue to be supported and used for some time. (Obviously, if you are reading this on your computer you already are using Acrobat Reader; this note is included for those who read this in one of the hardcopies that have been produced.)

Throughout the disk are various “Read Me” files. These I have included where I thought necessary so as to explain the contents of the files to which they refer. The initial “Read Me First” file in the opening level of the disk is in text-only format (.txt) in the event that a user unfamiliar with the disk opens it without realizing that the remainder of the files on the disk require Adobe Acrobat Reader. This is explained in the “Read Me First” file, as also are other important considerations.

As part of the “PDF Edition” of the complete Genealogy there are numerous illustration pages, which include far more illustrations than are present in this narrative. These pages are designed to be interleaved throughout the text files; page numbers employing alphabetical suffixes (for example 350A, 350B) indicate where they belong. There is also a very comprehensive index to the texts, which beyond its obvious utility will be useful if hardcopies are created from the digital text and illustration files (bearing in mind that the total pagination will probably exceed 3,000 pages). The disk also includes extensive family trees; for the main branches, of course, but also for the hundred or more collateral families (those who married into the main branches). And the disk adds PDF copies of several older, original family histories prepared by other researchers, and a few documents prepared by some of the earlier members of our family.
The family trees that accompany the narrative are comprehensive; they include everyone in the direct lines of descendancy who are mentioned in the full genealogy. Thus these trees include many people who do not appear in this narrative, *The Smith Family from Maryland*, for reasons I more completely explained in the Introduction. I think they will be more useful, too, in that if some individuals and family branches are noted on the tree but who do not appear in the narrative, the reader will then know that information will be located in the larger, complete Genealogy.

There is one tree each for the Smith, Spamer, Sevil, Potts, and Martel families; the latter four are discussed in separate chapters of this narrative. The trees are arranged in such a way that if the pages are printed out they may be fastened together, left to right, to create a large scroll. The Smith tree is in 82 pages; Spamer in 45 pages, Sevil in 27 pages, Potts in 28 pages, and Martel in 13 pages. Even though this makes very wide charts, they are neatly arranged, one generation per line, connected by straight lines. Single lines (—) connect descendants; double lines (==) connect marriage partners.

The trees were produced from the genealogical database that I maintain using Family Tree Maker. As with any commercial software product it has its advantages and disadvantages. I point out that the date ranges for individuals may not be wholly accurate. One of the downsides of the automatically produced charts is that if a date is “about” or “after” a given date, the qualifiers (which are in the database and do get used in reports generated from it) are not included in the tree printouts, giving the illusion that the dates are precise and certain. Users should not rely on the trees as displaying documented dates.

The opening level of the digital disk includes a guide (table of contents) to the disk, which also includes the texts of all the “Read Me” files on the disk.
Earlier Family Historians and Their Contributors

WE ARE fortunate to have had before us several individuals who doggedly pursued the genealogy of our family branches. But unfortunately, only two typescripts were prepared from all of their work. These were written in the closing years of the writers’ lives, when failing health began to impede progress, thus their work probably would have been far more expansive had the authors been afforded much more time in good health.

In 1984, Adolph Milton “Andy” Spamer (1914–1986) distributed a typescript “Genealogy of the Spamer Families of Baltimore”. It is a typewritten family tree, with almost no narrative explanations, but it is partly illustrated with charts and facsimile reproductions of some early German church records. It is restricted mostly to the direct descendants of the Spamer immigrants who came from Germany in 1832. Andy Spamer had benefited from earlier genealogical work by his sister, Frances Delena Spamer (1913–2002), who abandoned her efforts around 1982 and turned over her papers to her brother. Andy took up the work in earnest and finished his typescript in less than two years. He distributed copies to family members with whom he had been in touch during the time he was researching the family; and he sent copies to the Maryland Historical Society and to the Library of Congress. A PDF copy of Andy Spamer’s typescript is on the digital disk of my own Genealogy (mentioned above). Neither Andy nor Frances Spamer had children. No one else in the Spamer family is known to have pursued genealogy.

The Smith family is more fortunate by having a number of individuals who worked over a longer period of time on the family’s genealogy. In 1963, Edward Seville Smith (1880–1963) distributed a couple of carbon copies of a typescript, “Smith Genealogy and Some Reminiscences”. While the disposition of the original typescript is not now known, I have one of the carbon copies, the one that Ed Smith had originally given to his brother, Earle Covington Smith (1885–1965). How many carbon copies were made is also not known, but pragmatically—those who remember typewriters and carbon paper—it probably was not more than two or three (greater numbers being not only impractical to produce on a manual typewriter but also their print becomes increasingly “muddy” and difficult to read).

Xerographic reproductions of Ed Smith’s genealogy also have been made and distributed widely in the family. A retyped version was also prepared by an unidentified family member, for distribution at a Smith family reunion in Chestertown, Maryland, in 1994. Ed Smith’s text is strictly a narrative, into which he included a few lists of children of various parents. It is, however, rich with stories and anecdotes, at least about his immediate family (that is, the common ancestors of many of us of the family today). Ed had also prepared, by hand, an impressive but scribbly family tree on a scroll of paper.
measuring about 3 × 6 feet, which in turn has been reproduced mechanically for redistribution in the
family. An undetermined number of copies of Ed Smith’s text and family tree are scattered among family
members; he is not known to have deposited copies in any public institution. PDF copies of Ed Smith’s
typescript, and the retyped version of 1994, are on the digital disk of my own Genealogy (mentioned
above).

Ed Smith greatly benefited from earlier genealogical work done by his sister, Roberta Smith
Mack (1877–1945) and her husband, Joseph Lathrop Mack (1877–1952, who went by “Lathrop”).
Beginning in the 1920s and continuing for years, the Macks canvassed the family with queries and delved
into available genealogical records, amassing a considerable amount of data about individuals of the
family. Regrettfully, neither of them ever prepared a genealogical summary for distribution. After their
deaths, their daughter, Elizabeth Mack Munger (1906–1990) continued researching the early, historical
branches of the family’s history, but neither did she ever prepare a genealogy or narrative for distribution.
Around 1960, Ed Smith had taken many of the Macks’ notes and incorporated them into his 1963
typescript, which, while it was distributed it was neither edited nor corrected.

Ed Smith further relied on a great deal of existing research and added to it personal recollections
of his own upbringing while his family moved from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, to Florida, to
Pennsylvania. But he also conducted a good deal of research himself, in public legal records (he was by
profession an estate and corporate lawyer) and in the field. With his sister, Elouise Smith Montgomery,
and his niece, Helen Montgomery Mummert (now McCarraher), they conducted field work on the family
history, traveling throughout the Delmarva peninsula, southeastern Pennsylvania, and southern New
Jersey. With only a little exaggeration, Helen said that they visited “every” cemetery on the Eastern
Shore. Helen likewise must be singled out as having always been the Smith family Oracle—even when
she had said to ask others, those others usually said to ask Helen!

In fairness, I should extend the credit for earlier work to all those who assisted Andy Spamer, the
Macks, and Ed Smith. They acknowledged their contributors by name, many of whom will be mentioned
later in the present narrative.

In addition to his sister, Frances, Andy Spamer acknowledged Lilly Agatha Spamer, Velmore
Spamer, and Katharine S. Spamer.

Lathrop Mack, in notes on behalf of himself and his wife, Roberta, acknowledged Mina Smith
Newman, Julia Ann Baynard Martin, Edwina Martin Hoyt, Samuel Howard Holding, Emerson Bryan
Roberts, Edward Slaughter Graham, James Jesse Thomas Graham, Margaret Slaughter Smith, Cooper
Tarbutton, Sanford E. Spry, Eva Spry Hunter, Mollie Price Tucker, Cornelia Reeves Price, Nellie Temple
Carmine, Carroll Fisher Leverage, Elizabeth Starkey, Kate Tarbutton Battis, Edward Walls, Mrs. W. K.
Benson, Mrs. Aaron Tarbutton, Emma Moore Beck, J. Fletcher Rolph, Mrs. Hiram Goodhand Tarbutton,
Edwina Martin Hoyt, unspecified members of the Graham family, “and,” he concluded, “hope none have
been omitted”.

Edward S. Smith’s acknowledgements in his “Smith Genealogy and Some Reminiscences” did
more than thank people by name; they are specifically informative enough to make it worth quoting him:
Our cousin, Emerson Bryan Roberts, in addition to family Bibles and other family sources, did much searching of Land Records and Wills, which resulted in the establishment of our Progenitor to be James Smith and Margaret, his wife.

Julia Baynard Martin contributed much information and family tradition, as did her daughter, Edwina Martin Hoyt.

Samuel Howard Holding gave much encouragement, as did Mr. John McKenney, owner of “Upper Heathworth”.

Mrs. Hiram Goodhand Tarbutton (Mrs. Mary L. Himmelwright) supplied the names and dates and contributed to the proper placing of the Tarbutton and Graham descendants and their collaterals and showed marked interest in this work. Mrs. William K. Benson supplied information of the Fisher family.

Mina (Elmina-Wilhelmina) Newman, Anna Cacy Smith, and Margaret Slaughter Smith were very, very helpful.

Mother [Ella Seville Smith] and her brother, Abel Sevil, aided in many ways from varied sources; and so did Gilbert [Smith] and Nora [Potts Smith], with information of the Potts family and of their lovely family. Mr. Willard Saulsbury contributed as to his family.

A. Coopman Bryan gave much helpful information.

The Spamer–Smith Genealogy and this narrative benefit directly from all of this previous work.
The Spamer–Smith Genealogy and Its Contributors

AS I MENTIONED, the “Genealogy and Historical Notes of Spamer and Smith Families of Maryland” was first distributed in 2008, and I continue to append additions and corrections (far more additions than corrections, thankfully). I have accrued a huge list of those whom I wish to acknowledge for their help. While this pertains to the Genealogy as a whole, I am repeating my thanks in this more condensed narrative because even those whose work is not represented in the narrative are very much significant contributors to this overall effort.

The project began about 2003 when my wife, Jane Anderson, was working on her own family genealogy. She discovered the trove I had in the earlier Spamer and Smith genealogies, and Ed Smith’s scroll with its scribbly, convoluted family tree (I call it a “Chutes and Ladders” chart, referring to the children’s board game of that name). After Jane had incorporated all the basic information into a genealogical database, I took over. I researched more and more family relations, adding whole marriage lines and finding out information about people and places. Of particular interest to me were many non-family people, places, and events mentioned in Ed Smith’s narrative; mentioned without any further information. This sent me on long, challenging, and rewarding hunts; and I included background notes on all of these for the benefit of readers of my Genealogy. Yet despite the thousands of hours I poured into the project, and the expenses Jane and I incurred in our enjoyable vacation travels hunting for ancestors, a tremendous amount of information also came from the diligent work kindly contributed by others.

By early in 2007 I began to think that the years of accumulated research were not of great use to the family if no one had access to it. I was (and am) fortunate to be spared ills that can beset a person, which at any age can devastate good progress in one’s work. I was also not willing to wait years to make a “proper” genealogy a “retirement project” and so sit on useful information for a long time; so I began to work on the large product that became the Spamer–Smith Genealogy. The final incentive to move ahead was news of a Smith family reunion to be held in July 2008 in Tucson, Arizona; and I wished to complete something to make available to the family. Although I did not attend the reunion myself (the summertime being the busiest time for me at work), I sent a copy for examination and for two of our western relatives to keep. I included a new family tree, generated from the computerized database, that was a single sheet of paper high, but its ten or so generations flung out, tidily, across thirty feet of paper.
To demonstrate just how far-reaching the help of others is in a work such as this, I will repeat here my acknowledgements from the Genealogy. Some of these people or the genealogical subjects to which they pertain may not appear in the present narrative, but all of these people contributed to building the Spamer–Smith Genealogy as a whole, and so their contributions should be acknowledged without separating any one of them. In any case, everything can be found in the much lengthier Genealogy, which has a comprehensive index.

Naturally, family traditions were passed down to me, mostly when I paid attention to the family history less than I do now. Indeed, there were numerous people who were just names talked about while I was growing up, but who today, although they are deceased, are much more personable and vibrant thanks to the research collated in the Genealogy. Still, I had been attentive enough to recall some of the things that were said. My mother, Jeannette Blouin Spamer (1920–1987), and her mother, Palmina Martel Kears (1901–1987), offered many traditions while they were alive. In the 1970s they tried to identify for me numerous people in photographs from the Martel and Blouin families of New England, mostly without success given the passage of time, but often providing significant ancillary information. My aunt, Katharine Seville Spamer (1901–1985) was a flowing fount of information; some of her recollections remained with me for years, waiting for me to draw upon them. Her school-teacher’s memory and attention to detail were keen to her last days. My sister, Carol Ann Spamer, six years my senior, has helped tie together some of the things upon which I was too young to remember; and recalled with me some of the stories and reminiscences.

Several more recent contacts in the Spamer family have been a great boon for the Genealogy. Among the descendants of Baltimore Spamers I thank my new-found extended family members Linda Watters Amoss, Phyllis “Phyll” Eddy Beach, Sara Whiteford Giles, Nancy Spamer Mickey (pronounced like “McKey”), Charles “Chuck” V. Pierpont, and Kathleen Sheldon. Each has opened up Spamer and collateral lineages in ways I had not expected; and their willingness to share their information is greatly appreciated. I am particularly indebted to Nancy Mickey, one of the Spamers of the Spamer homestead in Baltimore County, “Rockland”, for so generously sharing her family’s traditions and many interesting records and photos. And Linda Amoss offered up her own family history, which she had compiled for a family reunion in 2000, which served greatly in the compilation of my Genealogy.

John Frederick Albert “Al” Fischer, III, provided much information about the Rehberger branch of the Spamer family, and I had the pleasure also of talking with him at length about his family when he visited my office in Philadelphia one day in 2004.

Sherry Marshall contributed a wealth of information relating to the American branch of the Tafel family, a collateral genealogy in the Smith side of the family.

James vonWaldeck Price informed me of an extensive Norwegian genealogy relating to the Borchsenius family, collateral to the Synnestvedt line that is a part of the extended Smith family. Similarly serendipitous connections from both within and outside of the extended family have contributed information and links to valuable data. Each person has added immeasurably to the understanding of our more extended relations.

Philip Gant shared his database relating to the thor Straten family, related collateral to the Spamer family.
I particularly thank Anton “Ton” Spamer of The Netherlands. He was a contact known to Andy Spamer during the 1970s, whom I fortuitously located again through the Internet in 2007. Some of Ton’s research on the Spamer ancestors of 15th- to 18th-century Germany he generously shared with me, and he has been an engaging correspondent whose English is so comfortably colloquial that I have never feared for ambiguity or misstatement from him. Ton is related to our American Spammers through ancestors of the 15th and 16th centuries.

Other very distant family relations have been helpful, too. Bonnie Spamer of California and Carl Spamer of Wisconsin, each unrelated to the Baltimore Spammers except through ancestors in Germany, have contributed information relating to our Spamer heritage, all of which plays an important role in understanding our history. Karla Kellner of Germany has contributed likewise; and an acquaintance of hers, Manfred Thon also of Germany, a distant relation to the wife of one of our Baltimore Spammers, has provided useful information.

The late Coenrad “Coen” Spamer of South Africa, whom I had not even known about until after his death, left a remarkable accounting of his modern-day visit to the ancestral Spamer homeland in Germany. His generosity through public postings of information on websites has provided new perspectives of our German relations. Our family’s own Carl Ober Spamer had likewise visited the Spamer hometowns, in 1911, and he left a priceless accounting that is quoted in my Genealogy.

On the Smith side of the family, quite a lot of information—including numerous photographs and documents—were obtained from Nadia “Nadine” Smith Synnestvedt and her niece, Jacqueline “Jackie” Ross Kline. Nadine similarly was a primary source of information on the Potts, Watson, and Faulkner families of England, including their American-immigrant members. Jackie has been the indefatigable documenter of the Smiths closest to her family. She introduced me to Raymond “Hap” Halloran, the navigator of a bomber that was commanded by Jackie’s uncle, Edmund Gilbert Smith, during World War II. Edmund and Hap were shot down over Tokyo and held prisoners of war. Hap has written about their experiences and has so very generously shared his records with both Jackie and me—even to the point of entrusting some of those records through the mail to me (and safely returned to him). Hap likewise has revisited Japan, even meeting the pilot who shot them down. Hap’s experiences have been widely noticed in the media in both nations, and are documented in his book, *Hap’s War*.

Wilbur Edward “Ed” Smith, a descendant of my great-great-grandparent Smiths of the Eastern Shore, is a Colorado native who has lived in Washington State since World War II. He has provided me with an invigorating series of correspondences about his family history and his own experiences serving our country in the U.S. Navy during World War II. His expertise in photography—with conventional and digital alike—provided me with many useful references.

Elisabeth “Bess” Smith Dewing, daughter of my granduncle, Earle Covington Smith, had professed that family history was “past” and thus of less importance than present concerns. Of course she was pragmatically correct, but upon her death her effects produced a trove of family information—that I observe she kept very carefully. These included important pieces of evidence that offered details about family that, to me and others now alive, were little more than undocumented and unspecific anecdotes. Bess was a career Army woman from the earliest days of the Women’s Army Corps (WACs), rising to the rank of Chief Warrant Officer 4. Her organizational and procedural spirit shines in the materials she left: carefully organized papers, photographs marked with exact dates and places, and preserving the
many pieces of evidence of what was “only” the past. She was embittered by not having been raised by her father, who like her worked far afield, but she had not distanced herself from him—and she kept many of his records and artifacts. Some of these I received from her while she was alive. As for the things from Bess’s effects, I am grateful beyond words to Nancy Dewing, Bess’s step-daughter, for having had the presence of mind to set aside these family treasures for me. What was given to me opened up parts of the family history in ways that no one now alive has been able to do.

I am indebted to André Martel of Montréal for his investigations of the Martels and some of the Blouins, who are my mother’s direct ancestors. Without André’s assistance I would know nothing of the Blouin family earlier than my mother’s father, Arthur Blouin, and of the Martel family earlier than her maternal grandfather, Joseph Martel. The entire Martel genealogy earlier than my great-grandfather, Joseph Martel, is attributable to André, with great thanks. Additional Martel information, particularly the Labrie family, was passed along to me by Sharon Martel Latture of Dover, New Hampshire.

For information on the Watson and Faulkner families of England, collateral relations of the Potts line, I acknowledge the kindness and perseverance of Alan Misson of London. Without his research, very little would be known about these branches, at least among our American relations. The Archives of the Academy of the New Church, in Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, contains some of the family and ecclesiastical papers of Rev. John Faulkner Potts and members of his family and the Watson family, which were drawn upon heavily for parts of my Genealogy.

Clay McQueen is a good example of where things can lead unexpectedly. I had first contacted him through the suggestion of one of the Smith family, whom I had asked for assistance with the Van Zyverden family, collateral relations of the Smiths. Clay provided me with access to his online database, which in turn led to additional information about other collateral branches of this family.

One wholly unexpected turn was the discovery that the Worden family was associated through the Tafels (yet another collateral branch)—and I had for years been friends with Gretchen Worden, curator of a medical museum in Philadelphia. A few years ago, Gretchen died unexpectedly—precisely at the time when I discovered that she had been associated with the New Jerusalem Church at 22nd and Chestnut Streets, coincidentally next door to the medical museum where she worked, which had been the church of many of my family members, Spamer and Smiths alike. I had sent her an email inquiring about her connection to the church, but she passed during the week or so that my message awaited her attention, so in this life she never knew of my interest in the church. Then, through Clay McQueen’s database I discovered that the Worden family was in fact distantly related to our family through the Tafel line. To our fortune, Clay put me in touch with Gretchen’s sister in Iceland, Muff Worden, who in turn delivered important details of the Worden family and some other relations—just weeks before her sudden, untimely death of natural causes while traveling in the Faroe Islands.

Other, scattered family members offered bursts of information, often on the fly, of which as much as possible was captured before I forgot it. A few of these people, not already mentioned, are from all branches of our far-flung family, including Neva Gladish Asplundh, Roland Chretien, Dottie English, Gerry Bacon King, and Constance “Connie” Gyllenhaal Smith.

A few people not in any way related to the family also graciously assisted. In addition to Hap Halloran, already mentioned, there is Domenic “Dom” Gabrielle, who as an Army captain was the
physician in the engineers unit to which my father was attached during World War II; and Edward L. Hughes, who informed me of the fate of grave markers at Bryn Zion Cemetery, in Delaware.

Finally, and very importantly, my companion and wife, Jane Anderson, was the inspiration for this Genealogy. Jane’s sister, Bonnie Baumgartner, who is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, had prompted Jane to work on the genealogy of their family. With the momentum thus begun, Jane took notice that my own files contained a trove of information about my family—the Spamer and Smith typescripts by A. M. Spamer and Edward S. Smith, and a copy of the large genealogical scroll on which Ed Smith had scribbled his extensive family tree. Jane took the initiative to enter the basic family data from the typescripts into a genealogical database; then both of us systematically cross-checked the complicated and difficult-to-read Smith scroll against Ed Smith’s typescript, eventually with success. Thus armed with a genealogical database and access to far greater resources than I had imagined were available today, I picked up on Jane’s work and expanded upon many branches of the Spamer and Smith families. Inspired and infatuated, I followed numerous collateral genealogies through marriages, too. To follow these paths I used public records, published works, and Internet resources that I evaluated to be reliable. Jane sat with me through meetings with family members, where we gathered copies of photos and collected information.

Jane and I traveled to many places of family interest—several times each to the Eastern Shore, to Baltimore, Washington D.C., and Gettysburg and other locales of family interest in Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. We extended our genealogical travels into New England, passing through Vermont on the way home from a vacation trip to Niagara Falls. On another trip, in the historic mill town of Lowell, Massachusetts, my mother’s home town, Jane had the presence of mind to suggest we stop at the public library to examine the city directories—the very library, incidentally, that my mother surely visited, the wealthy architecture of which is designed for inspiration. Fortunately, the library’s “genealogy room”, with infrequent hours, was open on the day of our visit, and the resources there yielded some hitherto unknown information about my mother’s family. Jane and I also walked and drove untold miles through Philadelphia, visiting and photographing locales of significance to my immediate family and extended relations alike. On two occasions we went to Hoover Dam, astride the Arizona–Nevada border in the Colorado River, and nearby Boulder City, where we visited the historical sites relating to the work of Earle Covington Smith. I know I have to return, now, because recently I received a remarkable genealogical index of Hoover Dam workers from Judith Irons, which provides documentary sources of information about Earle Smith and his (second) wife, Dorothy, while they were at the “Boulder Canyon Project” from 1930 to 1936.

In the process of this genealogical research, bookshelves and boxes of organized documentation and reference materials accumulated, and thousands of photographs organized and documented, paralyzing an already crowded situation in our study, a difficulty that we jokingly attribute to Jane’s sister, Bonnie. Occasionally, Jane objects to certain claims of distantly removed collateral lines, that they are “only related by marriage”—to which I as easily reply that so are we!

While it might be desirable to cut off research at some arbitrary point closer to the main family line, so much interesting material was coming to light that I felt bound to share it with present and future generations. I also felt that this task was not likely to be one repeated any time in the foreseeable future. The work has been simply a service with no gain beyond its intellectual pleasure and the thought that
spuriously stray facts, one or the other, may be of use to someone today or generations from now. I have no pretention that anyone other than an impulsive family historian will sit down and “read” my Genealogy through, probably in some distant time. I compiled these bits and pieces so that a few of them at a time can be sought out. The thousands of pages that comprise the Genealogy simply mean that it is all in one place. Were it not for the kind assistance of so many people (not to fail mentioning also the marvelous research resources and tools that seem so modern today), we still would be limited to the laudable but limited typescripts of Andy Spamer and Ed Smith—and to them again, thank you.

Only one grateful thought is really sufficient for all of my contributors: thank you.

And to those whom I should have remembered to acknowledge: thank you.
About the Compiler

SO, FINALLY, about me. I am sure that many readers will not know me from the Man in the Moon. They may wonder, too, how I may be proficient enough to do a reliable job of our family’s history. I am presumptuous, of course, that someone will want to read something about me, and I do so mainly for our future family members, or a family historian, when I can no longer speak for myself. I do wish that the earlier family genealogists had written up longer sketches about themselves and their work (or in some cases anything at all); alas they did not.

Genealogy comes relatively recently to my life, but it continues my professional and avocational preoccupations as a kind of messenger—an archivist and bibliographer. I have had access to the family histories for years, and I have heard many stories since childhood, but only during the past seven or eight years have I deeply indulged myself in them, seeking and in some cases finding probably more than my family ever knew, at least since the times that these people were alive. My wife, Jane, began compiling data using a commercially available genealogical database on a computer. Once I took over from Jane’s initial work (she continues to work on her family), I used my professional experiences to design and fill out the large Spamer–Smith Genealogy. So, I offer here a description of those experiences that now encourage me to hunt for records and facts that contribute to the Genealogy and now to this narrative.

For nearly forty years I have been a compiler and distributor of information, having worked as a museum technician, research collections manager, technical writer, editor, bibliographer, reference librarian, and archivist. Also during this time I have enjoyed the luxury of writing dozens of publications of my own; most of them, written for professional audiences, are not fireside reading, but a few were crafted for the enjoyment of casual readers.

I earned a degree in geology when I was a “professional student” at Rutgers University, dragging out my time there by taking every course the department offered, and then some. I went into publishing for a while, writing about mainframe computers mostly, at the very time that personal computers were invented and marketed for the first time. Then I was mercilessly laid off and landed a short-term position in the New Jersey State Museum practicing what I had gone to school for. After a couple of years of that I
landed another short-term position, this time in the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, where I was mercifully later taken on in a more permanent position, which led to ever more greater opportunities.

I was a manager in several research collections of natural history specimens (preserved animals and plants of all kinds, and rocks and minerals) kept in the Academy of Natural Sciences; in that capacity for some 18 years. This time had actually been preceded by 15 years more, during which I was a volunteer and a luckily but very infrequently paid student research assistant.

As I mentioned, I earned my degree in geology, but much of my practical experience was learned in all fields of natural history. At the Academy I learned something about the biology of many kinds of organisms, and the ecological framework in which they live. I had wonderful opportunities to take these experiences into the field, too; most notably and enjoyably, work in Grand Canyon and Yellowstone National Parks. The fruits of my work in the collections of the Academy even got me an invitation to the White House, too.

The Academy of Natural Sciences is the oldest natural history research institution in continuous operation in America, since 1812. Since then it has conducted research into the biology, ecology, and evolution of organisms found around the world and throughout geological time. For government and private agencies it conducts contract work on environmental conditions. The Academy’s public museum function began some years after the institution was founded, and today its halls are filled with exhibits that span the globe and delve into the geologic record.

I learned the museologist’s trade at the Academy, but mostly I worked behind the scenes in the collections of preserved animals and plants that scientists from around the world use as reference and study tools in their work. There I also was editor and managing editor of the Scientific Publications department for seven years; it comprises the oldest natural history publications program in America, uninterrupted since 1817. I drew upon previous experience both as a volunteer editor and typographer, as well as about six years working professionally for technical publishers in those same capacities. I was privileged to oversee the Academy’s publications program through the transition of the year 2000 coinciding with the 150th volume of its mainstream journal, and also in producing the Academy’s first electronic publications. And for the last five years of my employment at the Academy I was the Archivist of the institution. (The photo of me on the previous page shows me in the archives there during a visit I paid in 2009.) To earn the credentials needed for that position I completed graduate courses in Archives and Manuscripts. During all this time I witnessed (admittedly with some trepidation) the transition from records that were exclusively on paper to those now exclusively in electronic media.

My time at the Academy found work in many collections that have both scientific and historical importance—just for example, the fossil collection that had been Thomas Jefferson’s, and plants gathered and pressed by Lewis and Clark. All of this work required of me to dig deeply into the shelves of the Academy’s library, one of the finest natural history libraries in the western hemisphere, which led me down many historical paths. During my final position as Archivist of the Academy, I again inherited the use of and responsibility for magnificent collections; this time, collections of paper, art, photos and film, a broad documentary palate spanning centuries.

After leaving the Academy of Natural Sciences I first worked as a Reference Librarian in the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia. Presently I am the Reference Archivist in this
institution, where I also coordinate the Library’s fellowship program for scholars. The Society was founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1743 to serve somewhat as an American analog of England’s Royal Society, one of the great “think tanks” of the world. The American Philosophical Society takes its name from the 17th century definition of “philosophical”, which embraces the study of just about anything that relates to the natural world, the universe around it, and the history and productions of mankind (real and intellectual); it does not embrace “philosophy” in our modern sense of that intellectual pursuit. Those of us who work here today are not members of the Society; we support them and carry on the mission of the founders by saving and making available the research tools that new and established scholars alike need in their work.

The American Philosophical Society did not come into its own, internationally, until it published important astronomical observations made by Philadelphia’s David Rittenhouse in 1769. (He, incidentally, succeeded Franklin as President of the Society after the founder’s death in 1790.) Today the Society makes available to scholars tremendously significant research collections in a broad range of disciplines in history, science, and medicine, comprising the personal papers of paramount scholars and influential individuals, men and women alike, over centuries; to which is added hundreds of thousands of books, thousands of which alone date earlier than 1750. (A tiny sliver of the collections held by the Society includes, to use the same names I dropped a moment ago, one of Thomas Jefferson’s own drafts of the Declaration of Independence as scribbled out and edited before the real thing was arbitrated and signed in 1776, and most of the original field journals of Lewis and Clark, which document their travels and travails enroute to the Pacific Ocean and back more than two centuries ago.) The membership of the Society, today as it always has, comprises men and women around the world, elected by their peers, in diverse fields including mathematical and physical sciences; biological sciences; social sciences; the humanities; and professions, arts, and public affairs. A great number of them have won a Nobel Prize. It is more or less an honorific membership, staked each year by semiannual meetings at which some of the world’s great scholars address their peers on subjects that can range from Islamic art, to human rights in anthropology, to biochemistry in bacteria, to the moons of Saturn and life in the universe—just about any subject under the sun, including the sun. The daily routines of the library and other collections of the Society support the work of visiting scholars and students and through fellowships and grants for work conducted elsewhere. The Society’s mission, written by Benjamin Franklin more than 260 years ago, is simply, “For Promoting Useful Knowledge.”

Since the mid-1970s I have vested a tremendous amount of time compiling the Bibliography of the Grand Canyon and the Lower Colorado River, a project that is hosted by the non-profit Grand Canyon Association. It compiles a list of books, articles, and audio-visual and digital publications that are about or at least take note of the Grand Canyon and the lower part of the Colorado River down to its delta in the Gulf of California, embracing a period of 460 years now. The bibliography went through two conventional editions in print, in 1981 and 1993, and is now continuously updated on the Internet (website http://www.grandcanyonbiblio.org). As far as I have been able to determine, its 38,000 citations (as of 2009) make it by far the most comprehensive bibliographical tool for any area overseen by the National Park Service and the U.S. Department of the Interior. This probably is more remarkable given the number of significant historical sites—like Independence National Historical Park, or Gettysburg National Military Park, for example—for which one would assume there would be prominent,
comprehensive, modern reference tools for the use of the public and government alike; but there seems to be nothing of the kind.

It should come as no surprise that I enjoy working with voluminous records, and I enjoy working with paper and computers alike. Entrusted with the enthusiasm that comes with working with truly national treasures I found myself falling into genealogy with ease; a natural progression in the study of things, as well as an ever-growing, late-flowering appreciation for the family’s history. One of the great 19th–20th century historians of the American West, Elliott Coues (pronounced “cows”), was also a bibliographer about birds of the world. He said about that work, “It takes a kind of an inspired idiot to be a good bibliographer.” I think the statement applies fairly also to genealogists, but in the case of genealogy there is an extra reward, that of recovering and preserving a family’s heritage.

In this hunt, I sit here at the desk that belonged to my great-grandfather, Rev. John Edward Smith, where he wrote the notes for his sermons and fiddled with inventions inside an “impenetrable” cloud of cigar smoke. Today, a computer now glows cleanly atop it. I can search the world for the traces of people long gone, wonder about our past generations, correspond with people around the world, cup of coffee at hand, and all the while muse what Rev. Smith, and our earlier family historians, would have thought of such marvelous and productive convenience. His desk is also complemented by another one nearby; that one had belonged to my great-grandfather, Henry Spamer, who helped lay the cornerstone of his church in Baltimore, labored as a shoemaker, and lost a couple of small fortunes to misfortune. Perhaps he would have wondered about the cost return of hunting for people who were long past the uses of this world. And from another one of my four great-grandfathers, Joseph Martel, I have no desk but I have a memory of meeting him; a man who seemed to me so terribly old, though he wasn’t all that old, really. He was worn out from years of making boxes in the cotton mills, then when the mills declined he took up farming as had his ancestors, and he made things with his hands. He was not too literate and I fear that he would think all this work on family history was far beyond the practical needs of a family. The point is: we are all composed of different cultures, different personalities, different opportunities, and different kinds of luck. A family history strings them all together not to show them off like a blue-blooded matron’s diamond necklace but to assure that they are kept in one place, gems and glass beads alike.

I learned to hunt for things that could not be found on the first (or second, or third) attempt because that is the kind of thing I have done for a living for a long time. Yes, it is something that only someone who is a glutton for tedium can love, but there is also great satisfaction that comes with the chase, like a good mystery story. The subject must be a “fun” one, and the products useful even if only for a small audience; I am not a mechanical workaholic, feigning fascination in work for its own sake. I suppose one has to be born into it, which means only that I was not born to do things that other people do so well and love it. “To each his own,” as the saying goes. Of course, none of this is possible without pressing all the keys on a keyboard to record the raw data in the first place. The magic is what comes of those data. I do wonder—often—what would have Andy Spamer, Lathrop and Roberta Mack, and Ed Smith have thought of the tools and resources in front of me today! (And I wonder what I would have loved to have had available to me that will not come along until long after my time.)

This narrative, as I have mentioned, is a condensation of the much more ponderous Spamer–Smith Genealogy; a few hundred pages as compared to a few thousand. The Genealogy presents all the documentation; I spare the reader of this narrative from all those distractions. The Genealogy also
presents all the people, even if all I knew was their name; but in this narrative almost no one from our recent generations is represented. This is a matter of both judicious editing as well as my wish to avoid being embarrassed about not knowing anything about the more recent generations—about many of you. It is, instead, our common history; a lot of it in the words of those who lived it. I hope different branches of the family will add to it, each in their own way and in their own time.

So, that is the background for my training in research methodology. I hope that these are credible reasons to approve my decision to work on family history. Still, I am fallible. In the Genealogy (and so also in this narrative) there are bound to be unwitting errors, mistakes of interpretation, and unrecognized misconceptions; never mind inconsequential typographical errors. I caught some mistakes of all kinds in editing the Spamer–Smith Genealogy to create this narrative; surely there are others. I hope to learn of corrections rather than be dismissed for the oversight. I have not benefited from an outside editor; but then, who among us can be exhaustively knowledgeable about every part of the family? Left to my own devices, the Spamer–Smith Genealogy would have been perpetually in the process of editing and revision—it still is, actually—but unavailability would not make what I had in hand useful. Eventually, this work will pass to someone else, and anyone today is welcome to any part of it. The revision of this work, and the remediation of oversights that escape, me will have to be the task of another family historian.

Last, a few brief personal notes. I was born in Philadelphia in 1952, the youngest child of Edward Lawrence Spamer (1909–1955, descended from our Spamer and Smith ancestors of Maryland), and Jeannette Leda Blouin (1920–1987, descended from Canadian French ancestors). My sister, Carol Ann Spamer (1946–) has lived in Tucson, Arizona, for more than 30 years. I was named for a grand-uncle, Earle C. Smith (shown at left about 1960 with me and my sister). I was married twice; first in 1977 to Donna Alvin of New Jersey, who divorced seven years later; there were no children. In 1995 I met my present wife, Jane Anderson of Ohio, a widow; we married in 2005 (right, at Philadelphia’s Franklin Institute). We were introduced by a mutual friend, with whom I had studied geology at Rutgers, who went on to graduate school at Kent State University where he and Jane were in the geology program there; and then ten years afterward Jane came to the Philadelphia area from Texas, when we were introduced.
The narrative I have presented in these pages is as good a portrait as I have been able to draw with the time and resources given to me. It is a summary, written to be read rather than searched for meticulous facts, and preferably read at leisure. I cannot completely avoid the ramble of names and dates; but regardless, lots more, in far greater precision, can be found in the complete Spamer–Smith Genealogy, if one dares to brave the blizzard of facts and notes.
To the Future Family:

I have had a marvelous time working on our family’s extended history. But, as I’ve said probably a few too many times already, were it not for the earlier family historians who worked on the core of this work, my larger work surely would never have been done. I cheated, as it were; I think the really tough parts were already done! All I can hope for is that my work will be as usefully informative as was the work of my predecessors. And I hope that a future family historian or two will see this work as some of the “tough parts already done” and will take the understanding of our family to levels that I can only imagine.

My work has been somewhat at a disadvantage, actually. While growing up I had a very small nuclear family. My father died when I was three years of age. The household then comprised my mother, my sister, and me. Living elsewhere were one grandmother and one maiden aunt. There were no more grandparents or aunts, no uncles or cousins. There was a pantheon of grandaunts and granduncles, and their numerous children; but they were all far away. I met only some of them, hardly kept in touch with any of them. Most of those whom I had heard about were “mythical” uncles and aunts, known only through family conversation and things overheard. They may just as well have been men and women of the moon.

By 2000, most of the pantheon was gone; only my sister and a scattering of the distant relatives remained. It was only then, early in that decade, that I set out into that diminished world to work on the family genealogy. That was thanks to my wife, Jane Anderson, who rediscovered the treasures that I was sitting on—the family genealogies, one typed up by my granduncle, Edward S. Smith, and the other by a distant cousin whom I never met, A. M. “Andy” Spamer; and hundreds of photographs, many of them from the 1800s even. It was time to take a long, new look at these things, which comprise the testimonial to our family’s heritage. There was, I learned, far, far more yet to learn; and there still is plenty of opportunity to scratch my head and say, “Who’s That . . . ?”

So, what am I leading up to? Let’s take photos for example. Like many families, the collection of my own family’s photos were kept in a hodge-podge of photo albums and shoeboxes. Most photos were not identified, left to the memories of oral tradition. And with each passing generation, the people in those photos began to become more and more anonymous. Even when I sat with my mother and her mother and pored over albums of photos that were taken during my grandmother’s childhood and young adulthood, almost none of the people came away with identifications.
Some thirty years later, I went through the hundreds of photos that I either had grown up with or inherited from those who had passed, capturing as much as possible of “who”, “where” and “when” as I could muster—accurately. Most sobering of all was the realization that, for a respectable number of the photos, I was the last who would have remembered the facts that I sought to preserve; so many of the photos were at that last step before anonymity. I sought not to just preserve family memory, but also to help ensure that this collection would be additionally useful as insights into lifestyles. A photo may only show your aunt and uncle in their kitchen in 1968—not so long ago, and what’s the value in that?—but were this a photo from a kitchen in 1868—now that’s a different story. The longer these are kept, the more value they accrue.

This leaves me with a few requests to everyone who reads this; particularly those of the future.

As a professional archivist, I’m tempted to “lay down the law” about “how to do it right”. But pragmatically, carefully rehousing collections of photos and papers in archivally stable albums and containers is not something that most people will want to do if only for the expense that can be involved. I will, however, take the opportunity to quickly say that the worst possible place to store your family valuables like photos and letters is in the cellar; the second worse place is in the attic.

It is of far greater importance to be sure that the information in things does not disappear. The hazards of storage and improper handling can be dealt with at any time. Lost data is a loss for the family. Nothing is so disheartening as something that is not identified, or which has an identification that means nothing now. And it doesn’t have to be a “family historian” who is so disappointed, either; it could be your children—or their grandchildren.

I ask a few simple things of you; and by and large it will cost little more than some good and useful time.

The first thing pertains to everything:

1. What may seem to be “not very old” and perhaps “not of much interest” today will, someday, be old and interesting. Keep things! Actually, this is not a standard view in a professional archives; it is, though, my own experience from having worked with so many old collections of all kinds, not just those in archives. Someday that photo (or letter, or whatever it is) will be 140 years old, and in time it will be 280 years old. I write this in 2010; imagine how you would feel about something in your house that was from 1730. Consider giving your oldest photos and letters to a historical society that collects the subjects they entail, particularly if those things document the lives and times of people long gone and places long changed. These are gold for scholarly researchers and genealogists alike. Trust me on this; I work with these people.

About those photos:

2. Label everything! Please don’t rely on collective family memory. There will be people in the future who don’t know who the people are in the photo, or where the photo was taken, or when. When identifying people in a picture write down their names in the order they appear in the photo, with question marks for those you don’t know.

3. Write down people’s real names. What may upset future generations is the kind of photo that is marked, “Grandma and Cousin Willie” (whose grandma was she – the person owning the photo? – or
the person for whom the photo was annotated if it was sent to someone?); or, “Great grandfather” (which one of four?); “Bud” (if his name really was “Morris” a future historian may not know who to look for in old census records); and so on, and on. You may know who the people are; your great-granddaughter very well may not.

4. Write dates! The year helps most.

5. Identify places. “Aunt Millie’s place”, “the house on Abington Ave.”, or “Uncle Frank’s farm” may not mean much in a few generations. Where are these places?

About the way things are stored—just some basics, easy to follow:

6. If you store your photos in albums, do not use those with the “magnetic” type of pages that allow the photos to be positioned without special holders or tape. These degrade very quickly, in a matter of years. They lose their semi-sticky adhesion abilities and turn the adhesive to something that attacks the photos. The plastic cover sheets degrade, too, becoming useless and harmful. And once the adhesive decays, the cover sheets no longer stick and the photos can fall out, which is bad if you have labeled the pages rather than the photos. If you use these albums, get rid of them. Even a shoebox is better for your photos.

7. If you store anything in plastic sleeves or in an album made of synthetics, and it begins to feel “tacky” or “gooey”, remove the photos and throw it away. There are very good and sensible chemical reasons why this is happening; none of which are good for the photos or for you.

8. If removed photos have any kind of adhesive on the back, place a piece of paper behind the photo so it does not stick to the front of another one if they are stored in a box.

9. If you have digital images, migrate them to newer media when those technologies become available. If you do not do this, a time will come (sooner than you expect) when your digital files can no longer be read; either the hardware or the software (or both) needed to do the job will no longer exist.

And about that family:

10. Draw a family tree. You don’t have to “go back to Adam”; just put down what you know. Include as many people in as many generations as you can. Use their real names (avoid nicknames unless that is all you know), and insert dates where you know them. It doesn’t have to be pretty; just useful.

11. Use the family tree to jog your memory. Jot down notes about any and all whom you knew or were told about; where they lived, what they did. You are writing for the unborn.

Do everything you think you can to avoid saying, “You know, my grandmother would have been able to tell you, but . . .”
Appendix 1

From page 292.

We had not known what became of Mary C. Gettys Spamer after the death of her husband, George Washington Spamer, in the cholera epidemic of 1866 in St. Louis, Missouri. No children are known from her four-month marriage. But recently a marriage record has been found for Charles A. Witte and Mrs. Mary C. Sparmer [sic], 22 February 1872, at Christian Church, Charles and 14th Sts., St. Louis; officiated by Rev. D. P. Henderson. Unfortunately, we have not been able to find Charles Witte with certainty in U.S. censuses because of conflicting data. Because this information has been located after this narrative was completed and copies prepared, page 292 was partly rewritten. So as not to affect pagination of the main part of the document, additional information follows here (paying special note to similarities and discrepancies):

The 1870 U.S. census for the 17th subdivision of St. Louis lists one household with three families:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Birthplace</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wittler, C.</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>Huckster</td>
<td>Hanover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>Keep house</td>
<td>Prussia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casper</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
<td>Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td>Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christina</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td>Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td>Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Witte, Casper</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>Contractor</td>
<td>Prussia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>Keep house</td>
<td>Prussia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christina</td>
<td>16</td>
<td></td>
<td>Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry</td>
<td>13</td>
<td></td>
<td>Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
<td>Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dina</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td>Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pothoff, Conrad</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>House carpenter</td>
<td>Prussia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christina</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>Keep house</td>
<td>Prussia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catharine</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
<td>Prussia</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The 1880 U.S. census for the 16th enumeration district of St. Louis lists the following household:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Individual</th>
<th>Birthplaces</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Witte, Chas.</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>Traveling salesman</td>
<td>Ohio</td>
<td>Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>Keep house</td>
<td>Prussia</td>
<td>Prussia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casper</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>Varnisher</td>
<td>Missouri</td>
<td>Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Errand boy</td>
<td>Missouri</td>
<td>Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christina</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>At school</td>
<td>Missouri</td>
<td>Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annie</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>At school</td>
<td>Missouri</td>
<td>Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ida</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td>Missouri</td>
<td>Ohio</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Even though the “Witler” family of the 1870 census is spelled thus, note also the “Witte” family residing with them (perhaps the household of an older brother?). In 1880, the first family’s name is spelled “Witte”. That “C.” or “Chas.” Witler/Witte is listed with nativity in Hanover (Germany) in one census and Ohio in the next is surely a registration error of some kind, which is often encountered in census records. The disparity in ages between the two censuses is not unusual in census records, which are not absolutely reliable. The fact that all the children appear in sequence in the two censuses is an indication that this is the same family.

Inasmuch as we have the marriage record of Charles Witte and Mrs. Mary C. Spamer in 1872, we cannot be certain who Mary is in the 1870 census. Mary Gettys Spamer may have resided, as a widow, with Charles Witte in 1870, or Mary Witte in 1870 is a first wife, and it may be possible that one or two of the younger children may belong to Mary Gettys Spamer born out of wedlock, though we have no way of ascertaining this one way or the other. It is just as likely that the 1880 census taker mistakenly attributed all of the children to Mary Gettys Witte since he has reiterated the Ohio and Prussia facts for the nativity of the children’s parents. Certainly the elder children are from an earlier marriage. We may be sure, though, that Ida Witte, is a daughter of Mary based solely upon her age. Simply for the sake of propriety, which usually holds, we should assume that all of the children but Ida belonged to Charles Witte’s first wife.

It seems from this information that Mary Spamer may have been born in Prussia, but her age in 1880 (29) would indicate that she was born about 1851, which if correct (and there is no surety of this) would indicate that she was about 15 when she married George Washington Spamer in 1866. If “Mary” in 1870 is the widow Mary Spamer, aged 23, a birth year of about 1847 would be indicated for her, and thus an age of about 19 when she married G. W. Spamer. Again, census data are rife with inconsistencies and outright errors; all we can do is point to the data and surmise from there.

Neither Charles nor Mary Witte have been located in censuses later than 1880, nor has Charles been surely identified in any St. Louis city directories. An examination of census records elsewhere than St. Louis, in years after 1880, are likely inconclusive. Again we have lost touch with Mary C. Gettys.