

— DEDICATION

TO MY CHILDREN AND MY CHILDREN'S CHILDREN TO THE
LAST GENERATION AND TO OUR FOREBEARS WHOSE COURAGE
AND INITIATIVE AND CHRISTIAN CHARACTER HELPED MAKE
OUR COUNTRY GREAT, AND THEIR LIVES A SOURCE OF
INSPIRATION AND PRIDE FOR ALL OF US COMING AFTER.

- LOOPER -

A FAMILY HISTORY

and

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

HARVEY SPURGEON LOOPER

This is a book of my own remembrances of significant events, relatives, friends, and associates of more than three score and ten years, 1889-1963; a period of great changes throughout the world, and affecting profoundly all peoples in many ways, including our own family.

My descendants have the right, and I hope the desire, to look backward through the years to the days of their forefathers; and learn something of their personalities, character, living conditions, and environment; and the stamina, courage, and deep religious faith which governed their lives. Perhaps they may not only be edified but inspired thereby.

This chronicle may be justified further by the fact that so far as now known to me, there is no other genealogical data or compiled information concerning our own immediate family history available if in existence, or being prepared or contemplated.

There are no available records of any individual members of the Looper family prior to their first coming to the American Colonies, believed to have been in the early 1700's.

However, certain facts are known concerning the family background in general, during the early ages prior to the migration to America, which taken together with family legends and information passed on from generation to generation over many years--even centuries--make conclusions possible which appear not only plausible, but are believed to be dependably authentic.

Because of the ease in changing the spelling of the name, undoubtedly there have been many branches of the Looper family with various differences in the name spelling, both in the United States and Mother countries abroad, over the years. Some such instances are known, but only the one branch with the same present name spelling as known for seven generations immediately past in our family is considered in this chronicle.

Three facts established by documentary proof and word of mouth, father-to-son information over many years, furnish the key to earliest Looper family background history:

1. The Loopers were Normans and a part of the "Great Scandinavian Exodus" of 800 to 1000 A.D., involving the best of the Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes of the Teutonic branch of the Aryan race north of Europe and northeast of the North Sea, settling at Ranen first in Northern France and extending to include all of the Provinces of Flanders and, later, Normandy.

Later these Norman Loopers were a part of the Norman invasion and conquest of England under William the Conqueror at Hastings in 1066, and the government of England for eighty-eight years during which time a strong centralized government was established and England was made a strong kingdom advancing art, science, and general culture and more intimate relations with European nations.

There is a family tradition that a Looper was a half-brother of William the Conqueror, who was an illegitimate son himself. They were the sons of Richard Duke of Normandy. William was one of the greatest of English monarchs.

2. The earliest known record we have of the Looper family is the authenticated Coat-of-Arms, which originated in the Province of Flanders in northern France. Verification of the Looper Coat-of-Arms is found in J. B. Rietstap's "Armorial General" Volume II, page 95, published in 1887, and generally accepted as historically accurate by Heraldry experts. Our copy of the Coat-of-Arms was reproduced by International Heraldic Institute, Ltd., Washington, D.C., in 1953, who wrote me/as follows:

"You will be pleased to know that we are in a position to furnish you with an authentic reproduction of the Coat-of-Arms of the Looper family anciently seated in Flanders, and personally verified by our office from J. B. Riestap's "Armorial General". The arms are very attractive, consisting of three blackbirds, each perched on a turnip, lying horizontally, leaves to the dexter, all on a gold shield. The turnip is in natural colors. As requested:

d'or a trois oiseaux de sa., perches chacun sur un navet
d'arg., pose en fasce, feuille de sin., le feuillage a dextre.'

"If we can be of service in anyway, please let us know."

(Signed) J. A. Backstrom, Assistant Director

3. The Loopers were unquestionably "Scotch-Irish". This fact is attested to by all the family history, legends, and genealogical data from every source bearing on the matter of the family lineage without exception.

From these three basic facts or foundation cornerstones it becomes possible to trace the family history with believable accuracy from early Aryan-Teutonic-Scandinavian beginnings down across the North Sea ("The Great Migration") into northern France (800-900). Here, previously pagan, they received and accepted Christianity and were a part of the Era of Chivalry which was the flower of Feudalism. Turbulent, violent as was the feudal aristocracy of Europe, it performed the great service of keeping alive the spirit of liberty while it colored all events and enterprises of the latter half of the Middle Ages 1100 to 1500 A.D.

Great movements, intermingling, and development of the peoples of France, England, and Scotland occurred during this period.

During the next century, of greatest significance and involving the Looper family, was the movement into Scotland of Protestantism, mainly the Calvinist-Presbyterian branch of the Reformation from 1492 to 1600. During this period the great struggle for religious liberty was directed against the absolute control of government and the people by Roman Catholic rulers.

This period, known as the English Reformation, was in the end

successful; but, unfortunately for the freedom loving descendants of the Teutonic-Normans-Calvinist Presbyterians, (by this time predominating in most of Scotland) Catholic monarchs were succeeded by rulers determined to force Episcopacy upon the people as the only form of religious worship to be tolerated--and again the Protestants of Scotland were in open and bitter rebellion.

It was during this 16th century that the union of England and Scotland was established and King James VI of Scotland was crowned King of England and Scotland as James I in 1603.

As a result of the intolerable situation then prevailing in Scotland in the early 1600's, and under the orders and direction of King James VI, a great migration from the lowlands of Scotland to northern Ireland occurred. The objective was to overthrow the Catholics in control there and to attempt to secure religious freedom even though under the English Crown (and English landlords).

After many hardships, these Scottish immigrants managed to achieve a measure of success for about 100 years then they were once again made to feel the iron heel of oppression, this time from the great land-holding English landlords. On the expiration of leases which covered the productive lands, rentals were doubled and trebled. And again these sturdy people refused servility and oppression, and in waves of thousands in the early years of the 1700's migrated to America, where they were known as "Scotch-Irish". They included the first known individuals of our Looper ancestors in the American English Colonies, although there may have been, of course, others unknown to us in our branch of the family.

First Looper Ancestors in America

The First Period-1715-'28 to 1765, About 50 Years

We have no definite family records of the time of arrival in America of the first of our Looper ancestors. From all available historical data, however, together with oldest family legends, and earliest known family birth dates and places, there seem to be plausible grounds for the belief that the first of our own branch of the Looper family first arrived and lived for a period of years in southeastern Pennsylvania along the east side of the Susquehanna River, a section which in May 1729 became Lancaster County, the fourth in the state at that time, along with relatives and friends of the Scotch-Irish immigrants. The time may well have been in the 1710-'30 period when large numbers of Scotch lineage were arriving from Northern Ireland. At that time, settlers from England, predominately, were along the southeasterly part of Pennsylvania; west of these were the Germans; and west of them the Scotch-Irish.

As the years passed, the Friends, or Quakers, continued to be the predominate religion of Pennsylvania, but Presbyterianism was strongest among the Scotch-Irish and growing fast. There was difficulty with the Indians on the western frontier and as these pioneers began crossing the Susquehanna with pressures from the East, intermingling with the English and Germans occurred, and groups of all three settlements were soon to carry the ideals of the Scot into the Shenendoah of Virginia and along the Old Wilderness Trail on south to the western Carolinas.

Many settled in Virginia for a few years, some permanently. The temporary sojourners from Pennsylvania in Virginia moved on south into southwestern North Carolina and northwestern South Carolina. These included our earliest definitely known individual Looper family ancestors. This occurred possibly in the period 1750-1760 or about that time judging from earliest known family birth dates.

In the first United States census of 1790 are listed two families of Loopers in Pennsylvania, one family in North Carolina, and five in South Carolina. Undoubtedly, others, related, were in various settlements in these areas and in Virginia but missed in this first census for various reasons due to the primitive conditions then prevailing along the western frontiers especially.

Earliest Definitely Known American Ancestor

The earliest paternal ancestor in our immediate family, whose birthplace and date is definitely known to my knowledge, was my Great Grandfather, Joseph Looper. According to our family records, and verified by the 1790 census for South Carolina as to place of birth, he was born in North Carolina in 1765, but was living in the 96th District, Pendleton County, NW South Carolina in 1790. Family records show that Grandfather, William Looper, Sr., was born in South Carolina August 1, 1797. He was, therefore, seven years old when the 1790 census was taken so the family is thus known to have lived in South Carolina for more than seven years and probably for ten years or more. Actually, the predominately Scotch-Irish pioneer community of that SW North Carolina-NW South Carolina area was on both sides of the state line, and not a great many miles on either side in this pre-Revolutionary period. District 96, Pendleton County, NW South Carolina was only about thirty miles from the North Carolina line. Great Grandfather, Joseph, born in SW North Carolina in 1765, may well have grown to manhood there, married, and then about 1789 moved over into South Carolina and established his residence there. His oldest son, Magness, was born in North Carolina in 1788, but second son, Samuel, was born in South Carolina in 1789 or early 1790, before census was taken which shows two males under sixteen. The 1790 census for South Carolina also shows another Joseph Looper family also in District 96, Pendleton County. In his family are listed two males, sixteen and over; three males under sixteen; and four females; or, himself, wife and seven children. It is believed that he was an uncle of the younger

Joseph, my great grandfather.

A few years after the 1790 census was taken, another party of Loopers arrived in this NW South Carolina section from Virginia via North Carolina, settling about sixteen miles north of Pendleton in Pickens County, the county seat, Pickens being about fourteen miles from Greenville, South Carolina. In this group was Jeremiah Looper who is believed to have been a younger brother of Great Grandfather, Joseph. Jeremiah and wife, Mary, had a large family of four sons and three or four daughters. One son, Thomas, was a minister, another Joseph had sixteen children! And one of Joseph's grandsons, another Joseph, had eight children, one of whom Thomas Lee Looper we had the pleasure of meeting personally for the first time and having as our guest for a day in our home in Frasier Meadows Manor, Boulder, Colorado, in May 1963. He was attending as President of the North Carolina N.R.T.A., a National Convention of the National Teachers' Association in Denver from his home in Gastonia, North Carolina.

Before retirement, he had been principal of Gastonia Elementary Schools for many years. He is a graduate of Furman University, his wife, Christina, a graduate of Duke and two sons and two daughters, all college graduates. Both sons were star athletes of Duke, and daughters, as well as their husbands, graduates of Southwestern Baptist Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky. Tom, a third cousin, is a delightful person to know even at a late date for the first time.

The descendants of Jeremiah, first Looper settlers in Pickens County, South Carolina, who was my great granduncle, were sturdy, long-lived, pious, and respected people of large families. Most of them remained during their lifetimes in this same area where Loopers have controlled

for the past 150 years, a large part of what is now Pickens County, South Carolina. The rather large estates have been handed down from one generation to another; and old homesteads are still known as: The Joe Looper Place, Tom Looper Place, Sam Looper Place, etc. As far back as we have any record or legendary handed-down traditions, Biblical names have been characteristic of the Loopers, predominating so definitely as to be a valuable guide in tracing family relationships.

Whether Great Granduncle Joseph Looper of the 1790 South Carolina census went back into North Carolina in the early 1800's or remained in the northwestern South Carolina area is uncertain, as there is no record known to me of his later whereabouts nor of his individual family descendants. According to County records of Pickens County, South Carolina, in 1807, a Joseph Looper sold to one John Freeman of North Carolina, 200 acres of land, and in the same month he sold to Jesse Copeland of North Carolina 110 acres. These sales, probably, were made by Great Granduncle Joseph Looper, and possibly preparatory to moving back to North Carolina where Copeland and Looper families were long time close friends.

Great Grandfather Joseph was "long" interested in hunting and took numerous "long" hunting trips before moving to Tennessee to remain permanently, and to explore new country in search for cheap productive land for his sons and their descendants. Possibly he may have received land warrants for service as an official guide into the new country to the west in Tennessee. We have been told that he was a "Long Hunter" as many of the Western Carolina's Mountaineers and early day explorers were called.

First Loopers in Tennessee

Among the Early Settlers in Overton County

It is known that Colonel Stephen Copeland, one of the old families of south and southwestern North Carolina, accompanied by his son were the first white settlers in Overton County, Tennessee. In the spring of 1799 they pitched camp in Roaring River Valley near where Livingston, later to become the county seat, is located. They cleared some land and planted corn, raising a crop of garden vegetables the first year. After the first work of clearing and planting was done, they went back to eastern Tennessee and Carolina and brought back other members of the family and belongings in the early fall to establish a permanent house and harvest their first corn crop. Young Joe Copeland was a hunting companion of Great Grandfather, Joseph, and married a North Carolina girl, later establishing his home five miles south of later-to-be Livingston in a beautiful little valley to become known for all time as "Copeland ^oCave". He was a large man of great ability and influence. "Big Joe" Copeland was widely and favorably known for many years. Undoubtedly, his friendship and influence were factors in the decision of great grandfather in following these family friends, the Copelands, to the new frontier in the Cumberlands a few years later, and initially to the east branch of Roaring River not far from the Copelands.

And in 1808 Great Grandfather, Joseph Looper, with his wife, Mary, and four sons: Magness, 20; Samuel, 17; William, 11; and Joseph, Jr., 8 with all their possessions via a few pack horses moved from their home in Buncombe County, North Carolina to Overton County, Tennessee to make their permanent home. There are some grounds for the belief of some

descendants many years later, that there were one or more daughters but no substantiating records have I been able to find.

There is no record of the specific items of their possessions at this time; possibly a little above that of the average immigrant family, but still extremely meager.

Consider what these pioneers--including our own flesh and blood--looked like in dress; how they moved themselves and few possessions how they lived, and what they did. Remember, there were no roads or bridges, no wheeled vehicles--only Indian trails--so they moved entirely on foot or horseback. Their scanty outfit of household goods about as follows: handmade clothing and bedding (bed "ticks" to be filled with straw or feathers), a large pot, pot hooks, a "Dutch" oven, skillet, frying pan, a hand mill to grind grain, a wooden trencher to make bread in, a few pewter plates, cups, and other dishes: some axes and hoes, the iron parts of plows, a broad axe and a froe, a saw and an auger. Added to these were seeds for field crops, garden vegetables and fruit trees. The pioneer who had all these things was thought to be very well furnished indeed. many did not have half so much.

When the family reached the place they wished to make their home, the men and boys cut trees and built a log house, split boards with the froe and made a roof which was held on by weight poles since they had no nails or place to get them. They split logs and hewed the sides flat and smooth to make a floor and door shutters, built a chimney of logs and split sticks covering/inside with heavy coats of clay to keep the wood parts from taking fire. They finished the house by filling the spaces between the logs of the walls with clay mortar to keep out the cold wind.

The cabin was rough and not very handsome but strong and warm.

They made rough, strong bedsteads, tables, benches, and three-legged stools, drove pegs into the walls, and fastened up deer horns for use as racks for clothing, guns, and other articles. Later the father employed the best mechanic he could find to make a spinning wheel and hand loom for his wife and daughters to use.

The family is now settled and all that are old enough go to work. The horses and cattle are turned into the woods to eat grass in summer and cane in winter, and they need little or no feeding, but are taught to come home at night to get salt and a little grain.

The father and sons cut the small trees and bushes from a piece of land, pile the brush and burn it, and they have a field ready to plow and plant. After the first crop has been raised, there is usually plenty in the settler's cabin for his land is new and very rich.

The mother, and daughters if any, spun, wove, knit, cooked, washed, dressed skins, and made clothing for the family. Wild game furnished all their meat and maple sap their sugar. They got water from natural springs and all the cooking was done on the fireplace.

There were no schools, no churches, no towns - only the vast wilderness filled with wild animals, Indians, and here and there a few white settlers. It required brave hearts to live there, but that our pioneer forbearers had and many of them lived grand and noble lives. They were neither stupid nor ignorant. They loved liberty more than luxury, and sacrificing ease for independence they laid for us the

foundation for a great country and left us a precious inheritance.

It is a matter of deepest regret to me that there are no records I have been able to find concerning the life, personality, and character of Great Grandmother Mary Looper. She must have been a most remarkable woman. Consider just the few meager data we have. As was her husband, Joseph, she was born in North Carolina in about 1768. We have no authentic record of any daughters, so she was a lone woman with her husband and their four sons in the new home in Tennessee in 1808. Since Grandfather William was then only eleven years old and Joseph eight while Mangess was 20 and Samuel 17, it would seem most likely that the two older boys worked daily with their father while the two younger were their mother's helpers. Now remember there were no schools, no churches, and yet each of the sons had working knowledge of the 3R's - the rudiments of an education - and the family was one of deep religious faith. There are known to have been two much-used books - the Bible and Webster's "Blue Back Speller".

In any event, if he were the "provider" for the family, it is doubtless true that his faithful wife and many years companion, Mary, was the inspirational guide and teacher. She had participated in the moves from North Carolina to South Carolina and return, then the greatest move of all from their native state and long-time home, North Carolina, to the new and unknown frontier in Overton County, Tennessee. Even here, and after establishing the new home near Livingston, great grandfather wished to move again into the mountains to the east where the game was more plentiful so the family, after a few years, moved about fifteen miles

southeast up to a new homesite on a beautiful mountain stream soon to be known and which still continues to be known to this day as Looper's Branch. Here the family lived and prospered until each of the boys were married. Three of them established homes less than ten miles from the home on Looper Branch; William in the Sunk Cane area; and Magness and Samuel on the west fork of the Obey River, a few miles below. Great Grandfather Joseph and Great Grandmother Mary, and these three sons and their families continued to live to the end of their lives and those of their many children and children's children in this same general area of mountains and narrow valleys of eastern Overton County.

Family reports down through the years are that Great Grandfather Joseph's handwriting was good but no further information concerning his education was available. Family ties in those early pioneer days were close and each of the three sons were, undoubtedly, assisted in every way possible in the procuring and establishing of their first individual mountain and valley farm homes. In the later and declining years of the parents, it is known that the three sons, in turn, jointly procured and gave to them a farm home known as the Old Cisco Farm in the same area and between Sunk Cane and Three Forks. Here Great Grandfather Joseph died on April 9, 1858 and Great Grandmother Mary passed away the following year. They were buried side by side in the Magness Speck Cemetery near Three Forks and only about two miles from their last farm house.

Youngest son, Joseph Jr., soon after marriage moved west, first into White County near Sparta where he acquired considerable land and engaged in fruit production. It was after 1850 that he moved into Arkansas where he raised a large family and his many descendants have been prosperous

and respected citizens of the Clarksville area for many years to the present.

Each of the four sons had a large family, lived to a ripe old age, acquired considerable property, and was influential and highly respected throughout the home community.

Grandfather William (check with latest data of 1965) established his home at Sunk Cane (not a town but school and meeting house in later years) where he lived for more than sixty years until his death in 1883 at the age of 86. He was married twice.

Grandfather William Looper

- And His Descendants-

My Own Branch of the Looper Family

Grandfather William was born in 96th District Pendleton County, South Carolina about twenty-five miles southwest of present Greenville, South Carolina and about twenty miles due south of Pickens County Seat of Pickens County home of the South Carolina Loopers for 175 years past, August 1, 1797 and moved with his father and family to North Carolina about 1800 where from Buncombe County in or about 1808 the long move was made to Overton County, Tennessee with possible brief stop in Jefferson County, southwest of the first Watauga Association Settlements and a few miles up the Holston River northeast of Knoxville. He was eleven years old when the family reached the place selected for the first home near Livingston. Undoubtedly, at this age he was his mother's helper in the making of clothing, preparation of food, attending to livestock such as they had, milking cows if any, and doing much of the vegetable gardening work.

In spite of the daily work to be done, it is certain that he was enabled to acquire the rudiments of an education, probably in the main with his mother's teaching and guidance, but possibly with some help also from his father. This meager educational foundation acquired entirely at home and without text books as such, was to be of inestimable value to him in later life and to the whole community in which his entire adult life was spent. It fell to his lot to be general advisor and "Home-Made"

lawyer for neighbors and friends as well as the family relatives. He wrote deeds for lands, wills, and other legal papers, crudely drawn, no doubt, but so far as known never questioned in court or elsewhere.

The family moved from near Livingston, their first Overton County home after only a few years there, to the new homesite fifteen miles southeast up into the mountains on Looper's Branch. Here a more permanent home was built, and grandfather grew to manhood.

He was married to his first wife, Amy Thompson, while still at home here, probably about 1818 when he was twenty-one. Family records show their first daughter, Rebecca, was born March 4, 1820. Soon after his marriage he established a home at Sunk Cane a few miles away, and below Looper's Branch, but still in the mountains and narrow valleys general area. Sunk Cane was not then or since, a town, village, or even a post office, but simply a locality where small valley areas or "depressions", later to be in cultivated crops, were then covered with heavy growths of cane, a type of bamboo growing sometimes as high as ten to fifteen feet. The stalks were hollow joints a few inches to more than a foot apart and one inch to two inches diameter at the base. Excellent when dead and dry for fishing poles and for other uses such as chair bottoms, baskets, lattice work, etc. Not the same at all as the sorghum cane, which was planted and grown for a much used and delicious food sugar syrup. The soil of the "cane breaks" was very fertile and when cleared off, very productive for corn, wheat and all vegetable and other crops.

This may have accounted, in part, for grandfather's selection of "Sunk Cane" as a home site (also Cherokee Indian, Standing Stone Water and trails, etc.). Here he was to live for more than sixty years.

There was a small one-room building, "Sunk Cane", a short distance from grandfather's residence which was used for church and community meetings and later for short terms of "subscription" school before there were any public organized schools in the county. (42 slaves, 1,000 acres of land or more, dominant community leader).

It is regrettable that very little is known by descendants from grandfather's first marriage concerning personality traits of his first wife who had been Amy Thompson nor of her parents or other relatives. It has been said and repeated down through the years that she was one-half Cherokee Indian. Interestingly enough this report, believed to have been true, never carried the slightest stigma or disparagement or revulsion of feeling. On the contrary, many whites of highest family standing were quite proud of any Cherokee Indian blood that may have been in their own lineage. The young women of the Cherokee were often attractive as evidenced by the fact that marriages in the early pioneer days on the frontier were not uncommon between white men and Indian women.

The Cherokee who occupied all of eastern Tennessee and parts of adjacent states prior to the Revolutionary War were by far the most important Indians in the early Tennessee country. They were in many respects a most remarkable people. They claimed some 40,000 square miles - a vast territory - extending from the Ohio River on the north to Atlanta on the south and from Statesville, North Carolina on the east to the Mississippi River on the west. All these lands were in time ceded to the white settlers as a result of numerous treaties.

Without ability to read or write, yet the Cherokee adopted a form of civilized government as early as 1820 - a pure democracy. The tribe never had a King. Each of their towns had it's own council house where meetings were held for the good of all concerned. Every such town had its own leader or chief who was nominated by the women and when elected served during good behavior - without salary. At times, all the leaders of their various towns met at their capital city to go over and decide matters of concern to them and their people. These meetings were similar to a State Legislature or the National Congress. All questions were freely discussed and the majority vote prevailed, which is the foundation of democracy, and the Cherokee Indians adopted this plan of government of their own accord! A close approach to Woman Suffrage was practiced by the Cherokee one-hundred years before it was in general effect by whites over the country.

The Tennessee Cherokees were most advanced of all Indian tribes in agriculture and some of the arts. Unusual pieces of pottery, decorated and engraved, have been dug up in various parts of Tennessee and pronounced the finest specimens in America.

Indian corn was their principal food crop. But also beans, pumpkins, squash, potatoes and melons were grown; and nuts, fruits, and berries also were in their food fare. Tobacco was also grown and used with some solemnity in the making of treaties as a token of friendship, etc. Tobacco was a sacred plant given by the "Great Spirit". Stone pipes of various designs were found in many places throughout Tennessee.

The life of married couples was usually happy and of high standards as there was no promiscuity for the Cherokee possessed nobility of character.

Religion: The Cherokee never worshiped idols.

One Great Spirit made the world and all that's in it.

In every object, an indwelling spirit.

These spirits to be approached through prayers, promises, and gifts. Their idea of the other world:

Indian's life there to be in harmony with what he had accomplished on earth.

They believed in a life beyond the grave "The Happy Hunting Ground".

They were in Tennessee when first white settlers arrived and remained until driven west by the United States government in violation of unquestionable treaty rights in 1838 - "A Century of Dishonor" in the history of our country.

Mention should be made of another white man-Cherokee marriage, that of Nathaniel Gist, a highly respected Indian trader and of a leading Baltimore family who married the half-breed daughter of a prominent chief. Her Indian name was "Wuttch". To this marriage was born a son whose Indian name, "Sequoyah", The Lamé One, was also known in later years as George Guess. Sequoyah was born in 1770 and was greatly influenced and encouraged in early training by his mother. He grew up to become spokesman for the Cherokees and was one of the famous men of America. He

is honored by the giant trees that bear his name, the stately Sequoias of California. He fought in the war of 1812 and was fascinated by observing for the first time the written messages sent by the white men. If they could do this for their language, he determined it could be done for his. With bits of charcoal and pieces of bark he set to work. He continued his task for years and finally became the only man in the world to perfect, single handed, a system of writing and reading of a language, in his case that of his own people, the Cherokee. He invented 86 characters from each sound of the Cherokee language, a single letter for a syllable; and taught his daughter, Ah-yokah, six years old, to read this alphabet. He finished his work in 1821 and it was adopted by the Cherokees. In 1823 he was awarded a silver medal by the General Council of the Indian Nation. This medal, made in Washington, D.C., had two pipes on one side and a head on the other. The inscription on one side in English and the other in his own Cherokee alphabet.

Sequoyah died in 1843 at the age of 73 on a trip to Mexico from the new National Reservation in Arkansas in search of possible Cherokee kinsmen of pre-historic ages, loyal to his people to the end. Today his statue stands in the United States Capitol - erected in 1907 by the new state of Oklahoma for the Cherokee genius.

In 1824 Atsi completed a translation of the Gospel according to St. John into Cherokee. The following year, 1825, David Brown a full blooded Cherokee completed his translation of the rest of the New Testament. In 1828 the Cherokee Nation had a national press, a national newspaper, and a national magazine. It had set up a system of national schools, with regular standards of teaching and learning. The Cherokee Nation rewarded

Sequoyah with an income of \$500 a year derived from the working of a nation owned salt bed near Sallisaw. This was the first and probably only purely literary pension ever awarded in the history and within the boundaries of the United States.

At the time of grandfather's marriage to his first wife, Amy Thompson, about 1818 the only roads were the Cherokee Indian trails which were, of course, used a great deal. Among important Cherokee towns and tribal centers were Crab Orchard and Crossville, the latter an intersection point of major trails, the east and west Cumberland Trace, and a branch of the north-south Chicamauga Path. Monterey, only about six miles southwest of Looper Branch was the location of the widely known "Standing Stone" trail marker, and a smaller "Standing Stone" marker was in the front yard of grandfather's and Amy's new home in Sunk Cane. It was standing there still as late as 1961.

Great Grandfather's good friend and hunting companion, "Big Joe Copeland", established his home and owned considerable timber and cultivated land at the head of Copeland Cave for whom the cave was named and where years later I was born on father's adjacent farm. Big Joe's father, Colonel Stephen Copeland, who established the first white settler's home in Overton County in 1799, hunted many days and camped many nights that first year with the famous Cherokee Chief, Nettle Carrier, for whom the creek near Livingston was named. He was always remembered as a kind, devoted friend, congenial companion, and nobleman by nature.

In their Sunk Cane home Grandfather William and wife, Amy, lived a happy and fruitful married life for about 31 years until her death January 8, 1850. To them was born one son, Sam H., and five daughters, Rebecca, Amy Anninda, Serena, Polly Jane, and Mary. Each of the children

adulthood, married, and had families with the possible exception of Mary, concerning whom I have no information other than the date of her birth, July 13, 1827. They were all highly respected members of the community.

The only son, Sam H., was an outstanding and successful man. He married Elizabeth Speck and to this union was born seven sons and one daughter. One son, Andrew Jackson (Jack), said to have been a fine young man, fought with General Jellicoffer in the Civil War and was killed in the Battle of Fishing Creek in Kentucky. He was buried in the Confederate Cemetery in Middlesboro, Kentucky. There is no available information concerning son, Cortess; but all the other six children grew up, married, and there were numerous grandchildren, exact number not known.

It was my pleasure and privilege to know personally Grider Looper, grandson of grandfather's daughter, Rebecca, who married a Looper of another branch of the family. Grider was in the U. S. Postal Service for many years, a splendid man of high intelligence and pleasing personality. He was also quite interested in Looper family history and supplied me with many interesting and useful data. Grider's son, Joe Bill, is a University of Tennessee College of Dentistry graduate with a successful career.

The feeling and attitude of the white people of Tennessee and the south toward the Cherokee Indians was in such sharp contrast to the status of Negroes in the social structure as to seem incredible to outsiders not intimately acquainted with the two races which are so vastly different in almost every way. Color of skin is only one of many and by no means the major difference. In fact, numerous Cherokee Chiefs in the 1800-1840 period

had negro slaves in varying numbers as did many of the pioneer white
settlers in the Cherokee country.

Grandfather Williams' Second Marriage and Second Family

About eighteen and one-half months after the death of his first wife, Amy, grandfather married Nicey Bowman, July 22, 1851, my grandmother. She was one of the twin daughters born to Samuel and Elizabeth ("Betsy" Stillwell) Bowman, February 6, 1830. At the time of their marriage grandfather was 53 years, 11 months and 21 days old and grandmother's age was 21 years, 5 months and 21 days.

53	11	21
21	5	21
32	16	42

The earliest Bowman (often spelled Boman) family to settle in Overton County was that of Josiah who arrived in the early 1800's. He was born in North Carolina and was of German lineage. He came from a large settlement of Pennsylvania Dutch in SW North Carolina whose ancestors came from southeastern Pennsylvania.

History records that large numbers of German immigrants settled in southeastern Pennsylvania in the early 1700's adjoining the English settlements on the east, and that of the Scotch-Irish on the western frontier. From each of these three early colonist groups considerable

numbers within a few years migrated southward through Virginia to southwestern North Carolina. Some stopped for a few years or permanently in Virginia enroute; but large numbers of the Pennsylvania migrants arrived in south central and southwestern North Carolina to establish large settlements there. In this migration and after settlement in North Carolina, the English, Germans, and Scotch-Irish were associated together to a considerable extent, and there was intermingling and intermarriages as was the case in all the colonies as the years passed.

The German settlers in Pennsylvania who remained in the general area of first location became later known as "Pennsylvania Dutch" and their descendants there as well as in other states in many instances continue to be so designated to this day.

In the 1790 census for North Carolina, there are listed eight Bowman families. In all probability some or all of them were closely related to Josiah Bowman, my maternal ancestor, who migrated west into Tennessee and Overton County.

It is definitely known that Bowmans, Specks, Leas, and Allreds of later Overton County family connections with the Loopers, all trace their ancestry to earlier close family associations in the western Carolinas, and in many cases from there back through Virginia to Pennsylvania where they were a part of the great early 18th century migration from England, Ireland, Scotland and Germany - all Teutonic in racial origins.

Josiah Bowman had one daughter, Polly, who married William Stout and four sons, one of whom was Samuel, who was born in North Carolina before the family moved to Overton County, Tennessee. Samuel married Elizabeth

(Betsy) Stillwell who was also born in North Carolina. Samuel and Betsy established a home in eastern Overton County not many miles from the Loopers and the homestead of Grandfather William Looper, Sr. They prospered and accumulated considerable land and other property. Samuel was a skilled mechanic and gun maker. To him and Betsy were born three sons and four daughters. One of the twin daughters was Nicey, my grandmother.

To Grandfather William Looper and Grandmother Nicey were born four sons and two daughters. They were Delia Ann, born June 15, 1852, who married Magness Speck to which union were born six sons and seven daughters all of whom lived to adulthood and most of them after marriage had large families. Joseph, Jr., born November 11, 1855, married twice and had one son and three daughters. He died in early life at the age of thirty nine. William Thomas born January 3, 1858, my father, and whose life will be discussed in some detail later in these memoirs: Magness _____?

("Uncle Hunt") born April 20, 1862, married Alice West and to them was born one son and two daughters. He died of tuberculosis at the age of thirty-four. Anthony Center ("Uncle Ruff") born July 7, 1865, married Sarah Ann Allred and to them was born two sons, William and Chester. He died, also of tuberculosis, at the age of thirty-one. Lee Ann born July 6, 1868 married Pierson Allred and to them was born one son, Charles Ernest, later to be for many years a faculty department head at the University of Tennessee. She died tragically at the age of twenty-one.

Grandfather and Grandmother Looper lived full, fruitful and eventful lives together for thirty-two years, one month, and three days until grandfather's death on August 24, 1883. During the more than sixty

years of grandfather's life in the Sunk Cane, from the time his first house was established there until his death, he acquired extensive land and hardwood timber holdings - more than 1,000 acres - and must have been by the standards of that day, a wealthy man. It has been said that at one time he owned forty-two Negro slaves. It is certainly a known fact that he was a considerate, benevolent, kindly friend of these Negroes who depended on him entirely for food, clothing, shelter, and protection in health, sickness, and death. Moreover, this warm relationship is further attested by the fact that none of these Negro slaves who had been under his care and protection so long were willing to ^{leave} ~~have~~ their homes after the Emancipation Proclamation until forced to leave by the Carpet-baggers.

Grandfather's mountain and valley farm lands were sufficiently extensive for him to present each of his five sons a debt-free farm or equivalent when they were married as well as comparable assistance to the daughters when married. One of his grandsons made the statement that ten miles could be traveled down the valley of the West Fork of Obey River in eastern Overton County without getting off farm lands owned in the mid 1800's and later by Loopers, Bowmans, and Allreds. A large portion, extending up into the timberlands and including the Sunk Cane area was owned by grandfather for years. His two brothers, Samuel and Magness and their offspring, were well-to-do valley farmers also and most of them in this same general region.

Grandmother Looper was a most remarkable woman in many respects. Married at twenty-one, as the second wife of a prominent mature man

thirty-three years her senior, with no personal financial resources at all, and no formal education whatsoever, she nevertheless was a marvelous personality and one of the most widely known, admired, and respected women in the whole region for many years until her death in 1914 at eighty-four years of age.

Quite contrary to what might be expected, or feared, in modern times, these grandparents had no marital difficulties to warrant even mentioning within or outside family circles then or in later years. Apparently they supplemented each other exceedingly well. Grandfather was the stabilizing, managing factor of mature good judgment. Grandmother had youth, good looks great courage, initiative, and a world of energy and vitality. When things needed doing, she got them done quickly. She must have been about 5'-1" or 2" and normal at maybe 110 or so, blue eyes, brown hair, but not red or auburn. One description of her, a little bundle of dynamite!

Tennessee, as was Overton County, was a major battleground of the Civil War throughout its long duration and aftermath. Grandmother's oldest child, daughter Delia Ann, was born in 1852 and her youngest Lee Ann in 1868. In 1864, possibly the most terrible year of the war, her oldest child was twelve, next a son nine, next a son six, next a son two. At that time grandfather was sixty-seven and not in robust health. It is not possible to think of any mother at any time in American history who could have had a more difficult, dangerously terrifying ten years than grandmother had in the 1858-68 period. Constant raids for food or shelter by ~~razzias~~ scouting parties, army detachments, and later and worst of all the Carpetbaggers, outlaws and criminals. No law protection of any kind, isolated, and any

food supply at all necessarily so carefully and ingenuously hidden as not to be quickly found by raiders always in a hurry. All livestock of every kind and poultry in sight taken whenever seen or found. Small amounts of gold and silver, the only money possessed of any value she had, was carried in a "money belt" on her person and hidden in bed mattresses. Whatever may be said about the Ku Klux Klan, it is simply an indisputable fact that as conditions existed in Overton County certainly, as well as many other similarly situated localities in the south for a time in the late 1960's, this organization of vigilantes was the only protection whatever local people and disfranchised citizens had from lawlessness, unbelievable brutality, and utter chaos. There was, of course, some assistance from the Negroes in procuring food, especially home-grown vegetables, until they were driven away by the Carpetbaggers. Neighbors were mostly similarly situated women and children, also alone during the war period and in many cases afterwards as a result of war casualties.

It is very hard for people who did not live in that period to understand the conditions. The battles and raids and marches to and fro of both armies had destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. Horses and mules had been taken away, hogs, milk cows, and all cattle killed for meat, grain and hay wasted and hauled away. Stores and residences robbed and burned. Wagons and farming tools destroyed. The people had very little money to buy anything and were almost without food and clothing. Thousands of the bravest and best men of the state had been killed in battle, and thousands more were maimed for life. Desolate homes over the land; churches and schools had been converted into hospitals and many were burned when abandoned - some to prevent spread of diseases, others from plain destruction.

tive meanness - ashes, grief, desolation everywhere.

But the pioneers of Tennessee were not of a stock to sit down in despair. They were a brave, patient, hardy race of whom their descendants are justly proud. They went to work with what they had in every way they could to rebuild their homes after four years of war and devastation. In the spring of 1865 at the end of the war the picture was dark indeed. But between 1865 and 1870 the men and women of our family along with the others of Overton County and the state began the revival of their resources in this difficult reconstruction period.

It was particularly difficult for grandfather and grandmother because of his age and limited physical strength and the ages of the children. The loss of the labor of the Negroes could not immediately be replaced. Certainly every member of the family was a full-time worker, and did anything and everything he or she could do that had to be done. Father told me of plowing at the age of ten which would have been in 1868. The "power" pulling the single or double shovel homemade plow I do not know. It might have been a mule or even a milk cow! By that year Uncle Joe was thirteen and doing a full-time man's work. Grandfather, undoubtedly, made many of the farm tools in the blacksmith shop as well as articles of furniture and building materials.

And so the fortunes of the family were slowly and steadily rebuilt until the children reached adulthood, married, and left the parental home. Grandfather passed away in 1883. Aunt Delia Ann had been married long before in 1868; Uncle Joe about 1878; Father in 1882; Uncle "Hunt" about 1883; and Uncle "Ruff" and Aunt Lee Ann in 1885. These data indicate that it was only three years after father's marriage until grandmother was at last alone in the Old Sunk Cave home. 35

Father's three brothers were intelligent respected men of pleasing personalities and attractive appearance. They married women of good families and their children likewise were attractive and intelligent. Each of them died while still young men; Uncle Joe at 39; Uncle Hunt at 34; and Uncle Ruff at 31 years of age. Tragically, in each case the contributing causes were said to have been alcohol and tuberculosis. In that period of terrific stress; exposure in inadequate clothing to all kinds of inclement weather; hardships of extreme severity; and worries and frustrations constantly, it is little wonder that both these destroyers of life were widely prevalent and death rate very high. Distilleries for making "white mule" whiskey from corn, and others for making brandy from apples and other fruit were numerous in the mountains and along the many pure water spring "branches". Legal controls and restrictions were ineffective or largely ignored for years after the war, and there was no social stigma to drinking which was commonplace at all meetings and gatherings except within churches. Nevertheless the great majority of people were deeply religious, and well aware of the evils and dangers of excessive or even moderate habitual drinking of alcoholic beverages and strongly opposed the habit.

There is no record of grandfather himself being a teetotaler but certainly he was not a "drinking" man. My father never used tobacco nor alcohol in any form at any time.

Soon after grandfather's death in 1883 his estate and personal property was divided among the heirs according to his will and the old house disposed of, each of the children already having an established home elsewhere. Grandmother depended on father entirely for the management of every detail of her business affairs. She trusted him implicitly and he visited her as often and as long as he lived.

After the settlement of grandfather's estate, father purchased for grandmother with her assets a farm of 116 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres. This farm was bounded on the south side by West Fork River. Actually the entire acreage extended from a high river bank of 100'-200' or so upward along a rolling and rapidly rising slope for one-quarter mile or more into heavy timberland to the north boundary line. More than half the land was rough pasture unsuited for cultivation, possibly a fourth timber and twenty to thirty acres cropland, producing usually corn, oats and clo-timothy hay. The location was conveniently near the homes of Aunt Delia Ann, Uncle Joe, Uncle Russ, and Aunt Lee Ann, each of whom were within four and one-half miles and all along the West Fork River Valley. Father's home in Copeland ^Cave was four miles west, toward Livingston, and Uncle Hunt's home was about seven miles farther west in Hartsoe ^Cave.

The buildings were quite adequate for grandmother's use. The residence was big enough but not too big with a large living room and very large chimney fireplace; a large bedroom, large kitchen-dining room with chimney-fireplace for wood fuel, and large wood burning kitchen range. The house was L-shaped with full length wide covered porch along the inside of the L, overlooking the river below and mountains beyond to the east. There was, of course, the usual separate building "Smoke house" for meat curing and storage, a large vegetable and fruit cellar; and a barn for a work team of horses, saddle horse and two milk cows (alternating, one giving milk while the other "dry". The dwelling was of logs and lumber construction, well built and quite comfortably warm in winter and cool in summer. The setting was picturesque and beautiful. Grandmother lived here alone for thirty years until her death in 1914 at 84 years of age.

Of course, I never knew grandfather who died before I was born, but from the time I was about six to seventeen years of age I knew grandmother very intimately - an exceptionally close relationship - and unusual for a young boy and elderly lady, even a grandmother. Possible explanation - grandmother's deep love for father (he was everything to her) and I was his only son. And for my part the isolation of living conditions meant I had very few or hardly any playmates of my own age. So there were frequent trips with father and mother, via horseback, once or twice a month for years to go over to West Fork for a visit with grandma!

Always a big event for me. There were chickens all over the place, and a big fried chicken dinner always on the "porch" in summer, and in style - the best linen tablecloth and blue willow china - and hot biscuits and honey and jam, big layer cake, and strawberry pie or apple pie!

And then grandma and I explored the place many times just us two alone. She showed me the "crops" and the hired man she had to fire - "triflin' no good scalawag" - "not worth gulley dirt"! Wouldn't work! And then all the fruit trees in the orchard - each one a little different from ours at home - the big vegetable garden and berry patch - some times a little calf from one of the cows or a newborn colt from her saddle mare - the big spring at the foot of the hill below the house near the river bank. And she showed me her "secret" gold and silver cache in her bed mattress - a real treasure and told me of many happenings during the war years and soon after - and of the Negroes in old long past days - one young Negro "George" was given father at three or four years of age as a sort of "bodyguard" as well as playmate!. She showed me her wool carding "tools", the spinning wheel, weaving loom, and quilting frame and carefully explained to me how they

were used by her for many years. She still had and wore homemade, from the raw wool, "linsey" dresses in winter and still made wool socks for son, Tom. I can see her yet in vivid memory going to church, her church Shiloh Cumberland Presbyterian - beautifully handmade black dress trimmed with much black lace, the cutest little black hat - a long black riding skirt, quickly detachable - the mounting stool at home and another at church. She was devout and dedicated in her religion, and to her "hypocrites" were an abomination! At most of the "Camp Meetings" and "Revivals" there were both morning and afternoon services with enormous quantities of home-cooked fried chicken, pies, cakes, eggs, ham, home-grown vegetables - everything - served on long tables under the trees at noon on the church grounds at Shiloh.

On these occasions grandma's big well-filled basket always brought by her on her saddle mare was a center of interest for the quality of her cooking was known "far and near". And it was here that her vital energy and forthright "missionary" spirit had its greatest effect. She was all over the place seeing to it that everyone had plenty to eat - except the loafers and hangers on, pushing in for a big free meal with no intention of going inside the church door. To each and all of these gentry she often made a few personal "evangelistic" remarks about what going to church should mean - food for the soul as well as the body. I loved her warm gentleness - and also her courage and razor-sharp directness when the occasion demanded; and I honor her memory.

She was buried in the little hilltop family cemetery plot a few hundred yards above and overlooking her home for so many years, where also are buried her oldest son, Joe; her youngest daughter, Lee, mother of Charles Ernest Allred; and son, Tom, my father, and his first born Cora, my sister,

who died at the age of three years, six months.

(What about "Standing Stone"? ie Park Livingston-Standing Stone - Monterey and in grandfather's front yard - at Sunk Cave and probable Standing Stone grail?

My maternal grandparents were James Harvey Speck and Rebecca (Lea) Speck who were both born and lived their entire lives in Overton County, Tennessee, and in or within a few miles of Livingston, the County Seat.

The earliest references we have to the family name "Speck" is in Bardsley's Dictionary of English and Welsh surnames (page 72) and a burial record 1642 of Joane, wife of Zackary Speck, St. Michael, Cornhill. From all available family records and word of mouth legends passed on over the years, the assumption seems justified that our earliest Speck ancestors to reach America were a part of the great migration of English-German and Scotch-Irish arriving and first settling in southeastern Pennsylvania and New York in the early 1700's. From there they became a part of the migration southward, slowly and with numerous stops in west central Virginia, along the Great Wilderness Indian Trail into south central and southwestern North Carolina where they are still living today, numerous descendants of these pre-Revolution Speck family pioneers.

My maternal Great Grandfather John Speck was born in North Carolina October 3, 1812. His wife, Great Grandmother Nancy (Ashburn) Speck, was born May 3, 1818. They moved to Overton County, Tennessee either before or soon after their marriage in the early 1800's. It is probable that the first Speck family to arrive in Overton County from the North Carolina Settlement was grandfather's father whose given name I do not know but whose wife my

maternal great great grandmother's name is believed to have been Barbara and listed in the 1850 Overton County census as having been born in North Carolina in 1779. Great grandfather John had a brother Morgan two years younger, and possibly other brothers and sisters who either came with their father's family from North Carolina or were born in Overton County, Tennessee after arrival.

Great grandfather John and wife Nancy had twelve children, five sons and seven daughters, all of whom lived to adulthood and eleven of them married and had a total of fifty-two children! ~~Two sons and a daughter~~ each had nine children! Great grandfather's brother Morgan married Lila Looper and they had eight children! With this characteristic of the Specks of the early years to have large families their numbers increased rapidly so that their contribution to all phases of the life and development of this section of Tennessee in the 19th century was substantial and important.

Grandfather James Harvey was born in Overton County July 17, 1837. His wife, my grandmother, was Rebecca Lea who was born February 20, 1841 also in Overton County. They were married June 16, 1859 and to them ^{were} was born eight children all of whom lived to adulthood, four sons and four daughters. Their names, in the order of birth were: James Malachi who married Mary Adeline King and to whom ^{were} was born four sons and five daughters Leona Ellen, who married William Thomas (Tom) Looper, and to whom ^{were} was born one son and two daughters; Burr L., who married Hettie Mitchell, and to whom was born one son and one daughter, John W., who married Lou Moore and to whom was born two sons and three daughters, Dr. George E. Speck, a splendid young man of great promise who died unmarried, the week of his

graduation from Medical College of meningitis; Annie Louise (a twin) who married James Walker and to whom was born two daughters; Nancy Vorine, who married Ben Bowman, no children; Nora, who married Aubrey Dale and to whom was born one son; and Amy who married Walker D. Guthrie, and to whom was born one son and two daughters.

For many years, and while all the children were growing up Grandfather and Grandmother Speck owned and operated the well-known "Harve Speck" farm in central Copeland Cave, which is a small oval valley about three and one-half miles long, east and west, and one and one-half miles wide, north and south, entirely surrounded by mountainous foothills covered with a variety of timber-oak, poplar, hickory, walnut, sugar maple, red cedar, and other trees - and located five miles south of Livingston, the County seat. From the valley floor the surrounding timbered hills appeared high, rugged and almost impenetrable, but actually this valley or "Cave" and surrounding river extending for miles in all directions, was and is quite representative of the greater portion of Overton County, the eastern portion of which rises in altitude as the whole foothill area extends on eastward and upward into the Cumberland Mountain range.

The Speck farm, centrally located in the Cave, was one of the best and most productive in the area with some 100 acres or more of level crop land and timbered acreage bordering on the north and south. A fine flowing spring of pure soft water emerging from the hillside "in the woods" just above the farm buildings on the north side of the farm was a great asset, providing an abundance of pure water at all times not only for domestic use but for year round livestock use as well. As was the case with productive farms of Overton County, middle and eastern Tennessee in the 19th century

the primary objective was "a way of life" - freedom of movement, of religious worship, of personal property ownership rights, of close association and cooperation with neighbors; and the production of all essential foods for the family at home. Beyond this, there was livestock-cattle, hogs, and dairy products for cash sales and barter for clothing, food additives-spices, sugar, coffee, etc. If, in a very good year, there was a little extra cash or livestock, that was the opportunity to buy or trade for additional crop or timber land or better quality breeding stock in livestock.

All members of the family had regular assigned duties and work to do daily and seasonally, but there were many opportunities for recreation and fun within the family and community - big family dinners and relatives get-togethers, competitive sports, horseback riding and racing, marksmanship and hunting - a full life for all.

The Tom Looper farm where I was born was little more than a mile from the Speck farm but while over there many times, strangely enough I actually spent very little time there, mainly because in 1891 when I was two years old Grandpa and Grandma Speck retired from farming, turned the farm over to Uncle John to operate under their direction, bought a 12-acre tract in Livingston, built a home on it and moved to town. A little later Uncle John married and to him and wife Lou was born five children. During the subsequent period of some ten years, they lived on and operated the farm. During my pre-school years these cousins were too young for regular playmates.

In 1891 when grandpa built the home on the 12-acre tract which had a frontage on Broad Street and was only one block, Courthouse Square, Livingston was just a small sprawling pioneer country town with about a dozen

business houses around the Square facing the Courthouse, which was enclosed by a heavy "log chain" about four feet above ground threaded through 10" x 10" hardwood posts spaced about twenty feet apart - the "parking" place for saddle horses + and an occasional mule - these being the only means of transportation at that time, for back country roads were often impassable for even carts or buggies in wet weather and too rough in dry!

Grandfather had no thought of "retiring" in the modern sense. Instead he developed and improved a complete miniature farm with a hundred hives of bees - Apiary - and strained honey and beeswax his "cash crop". His motive power was his sturdy (and for Sundays, saddle and/or buggy) horse "Old Lloyd". He had a full line of one horse size implements - turning plow, harrow, cultivators, hay mower, rake, etc. There was a very complete little barn with hayloft, grain bin, two "stalls" for horse and a milk cow, and inside shelter for the buggy. Down below on the creek was a pig pen for two pigs which were fattened each year and butchered - and replaced - in the late fall. Spring Creek, a small but year-round flowing stream of soft water through town, was the natural drainage channel and ideal source of livestock water for all residents. This stream bisected grandpa's little farm, and with a fenced lane from the barn down to the creek he had no water problem at all in caring for his horse, cow, and pigs - and there was, of course, a chicken house and yard adjacent to the barn. This area around the barn and down to the creek, about two acres, was grass pasture for horse, cow and sometimes chickens; and about thirty feet inside the property line was a large black walnut tree which produced more than enough nuts for all the family and their close friends. The vegetable garden was large and in its varieties and quality was a special source of pride to grandpa and

grandma - they always had something very special from the garden for all visits to and from the "children" in season, as well as from the big storage cellar in winter. Fruits from the orchard were in abundance, especially apples.

The bees and Apiary involved a special yard and building and equipment. One end of the long building was a wood shop where grandpa made all his hives while all his farm and garden and orchard equipment, lumber, tools, and surplus hives were stored in the other end. Actually for that day grandpa was an expert in the production of honey and certainly the outstanding producer in the County. He was intensely interested in the honey bee and learned everything he could about them by experience and from written material from the A.I. Root Company, one of the largest Apiaries of the country. He bought "pedigreed" Queen bees of the improved lighter colored, easier to handle, Italian variety from this company and constantly improved his whole colony. In his later years, while continuing the wearing of his "Bee Bonnet" and gloves while working among the hives, actually he knew them so well - and they knew him, or at least were so undisturbed by his manner of handling them, that he could and did go into any of the hives for any time for any purpose and very rarely if at all suffered a bee sting. He could have expanded into a larger commercial business probably had he been younger and more primarily interested in making money, but he kept his colony size to one he could handle himself alone; and he handled it well and derived a great deal of happiness in doing so. Even with only one-hundred hives the yearly honey harvest was a sizable event and extended over two or three weeks. A hand-operated centrifugal machine separated the honey from the comb, and then came careful straining and getting both the honey and

those "harvests" there was a lot of honey - all over the place for days!

My comments concerning Grandpa Speck are made as a result of the extremely close personal relationship I had with him during much of the last seven years of his life from 1897, my first year in school, to his death on December 25, 1904.

There was a short four or five months "subscription" school each year about a mile from our farm home in the little "Frog Holler" Schoolhouse, a lady "teacher" being secured who would have free board and room among the patrons something like a guest, and be paid a small monthly fee by them for her services. But father and mother wanted me to have a better educational foundation than this arrangement afforded. When I was eight years old (January 26, 1897) I had learned the alphabet and to read the First Reader quite well at home. At that time there were two schools in Livingston, one, Overton Academy in town, and the other, Good Hope Institute, a mile east of town. Good Hope was the better building, serving also as a Community Baptist Church. And with Professor Andrew Jackson Taylor recognized as the best disciplinarian and qualified teacher in the area as "Headmaster", it was decided that I should go to Good Hope. Grandpa and grandma's two youngest children, my Aunt Nora (21) and Aunt Amy (18) were still unmarried and at home, but there was more than plenty of room in the house and with Nora chief cook and Amy official dishwasher and room cleaner and grandma general overseer of the household, I was admitted to the inner family circle for a relationship that was to last seven years, for the school term of each year. There was a small problem at the outset regarding Good Hope. Here was a green, pint size kid, first time away from home and acquainted with

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were bullfrogs, were an education in themselves. Squirrels, opossums, and partridges were around as were a few hens with their own brood of chickens running around loose in the orchard - each old hen tied to a stake in a shady spot - all sorts of fascinating things in and on a little farm - and so many discoveries - beautiful butterflies and beautiful flowers - an old man who thoroughly enjoyed being a boy again and a boy eternally asking questions. Strange, but a fact. I participated in and enjoyed all school ground games from marbles to baseball; but after school I always went directly home and never loafed or played games around Courthouse Square or on the streets and never went over into town after supper, although even in those days many boys did. Grandpa did not drink or use tobacco in any form. He read the Bible a great deal and was for years much interested in all passages referring to the Devil. He believed in a Personal Devil - The Evil One - everlastingly working against the spirit and purposes of God. He rarely if ever attended Church services although a devout Christian.

He died December 25, 1904 at the age of sixty-seven years, five months, and eight dys, mourned by all relatives and a host of friends - with no enemies. His passing was a great loss to me but his memory a treasured heritage. He had enlisted in the 25th Tennessee Infantry Company D organized at Livingston June 1, 1861 and became a 2nd Lieutenant. He participated in a number of important battles in Tennessee including the Battle of Shiloh, but he was extremely reluctant to talk about the War and never did at any time with me. The horrors of that period described to me by Grandma Looper made it easy to understand why as an active participant he did not want to relive the war years in conversations with anyone.

Grandma (Rebecca (Lea) Speck was quiet and nonaggressive, devoted to

husband and children. She was never quarrelsome and while not a strong character was completely loyal, peace-loving, and a lovable person with no bad habits or serious faults. "Your Pa" was the greatest man in the world to her.

Her father was Malachi Lea born in North Carolina April 15, 1816 and died in Overton County, Tennessee March 14, 1870 - at nearly fifty-four years of age. Her mother, Amie Cox before marriage, was born in North Carolina February 8, 1822 and died July 1915 at the age of ninety-three. To them ^{were} born thirteen children five of whom died in early life. Three sons and five daughters grew to adulthood, married, most of them having larger families, born, reared and living their entire lives in Overton County.

The Lea family lineage was English and the spelling of the name antedated the later spelling "Lee" in this country by most branches of the family, all, however, having a common early English ancestry. It is said that General Robert E. Lee spelled his name "Lea" when he first entered West Point. Name is derived from the local "At the Lea" a meadow or grassy plain, as Richard Lea of the Lea Company, Cheshire, England 1563 and William de la Lea Company O of England 1273A. The first Lea families to reach America settled in King and Queen, and Essex Counties in the Dragon Swamp Neighborhood, Virginia, sometime prior to 1700. Some of them moved on south into North Carolina. The 1790 United States census lists eight families of Leas in Caswell County, North Carolina, one of which was that of Captain John Lea, undoubtedly, a Revolutionary War officer. In North Carolina the Leas were associated with the Loopers, Bowmans, and Specks of our family ancestry, some migrating into eastern Tennessee. Great grandfather Machi and others of his near relatives

influence of Uncle George Speck and Professor Hatfield particularly served to change desire to determination.

There were many talks with father during these months together and while he pointed out the opportunities near home in real estate, timber, and agriculture, it was his desire that I make my own choice of a life career. He had told me many times that if it had been possible for him in his own early life to secure a college education in preparation for a profession, his choice would have been medicine, which he regarded second only to the ministry as the greatest of all the major professions in the service of mankind. I was quite dubious of my own basic qualifications for that profession, my only noteworthy aptitude so far in school, if any, having been math. However, we were in complete agreement that I was too young and inexperienced to make a final decision this early anyway, so we agreed that I would make my best efforts in Cookeville High School to be able to meet college entrance requirements, and, if successful, I would try for admission the following year to Peabody College which at that time was the academic division of the University of Nashville from the Medical College of which Uncle George had graduated. And if all that worked out, I would take a pre-medical course for one year at least, and then decide whether to go on into medicine or not.

The summer of 1905 was a happy one. My own gaited, bay saddle mare "Lena" was my pride and joy. Father had bought her for me while a young colt, and she had never required "breaking" in the usual sense. I handled her hours at a time when at home and was riding her when less than a full year old. (I probably weighed less than 75 pounds myself then). She was

a beautiful animal with lots of style and action. By now, at 16, while still small for my age, I had grown into adolescence during the past year or so, and was very much interested in several Livingston girls already and quite clothes conscious. And so Lena provided the outlet this summer vacation time for my big "show off" when going into town on dates or hoped-for dates. Going down Main Street (not paved) on Lena - sleek as a ribbon - at her full speed single foot gait, horse and rider were maybe about equally excited - quite a show! - for us anyway. But the round trip was about ten miles and by shortest was over the mountain the rough road two hours was the time required so these trips were infrequent.

September came quickly and I was in Cookeville with a warm welcome from Professor Proffitt and his wonderful wife who made me feel at home and among friends at once. Two days later I was duly enrolled in the twelfth grade classes with special emphasis on college entrance requirements. Immediately I was squarely up against the necessity for personal adjustments - as I would have to face frequently for the lifetime ahead. I was among total strangers in the classrooms and on the grounds. Classes were far larger than I had ever been in before and teaching directed more to the group than directly to individuals. Even so, and scared stiff, I got through the first day better than I had expected. As a "new transfer" student each teacher did say a few kind words of reassurance, and I was quick to note that a few classmates were at least curious about the newcomer, and later I was to find that there were several other student transferees from neighboring counties. Mainly, though, what really saved the situation from unbearable homesickness and rebellion against it all, was the full

realization of why I was there at all. To stay and dig in was tough - at least for the first few days - but to quit and let father and mother down, as well as myself, was simply unthinkable. For awhile then I gave everything I had to the teachers, and no thought at all to which one I "liked" or didn't like immediately. Very quickly I found as had always been the case before, that I was going to prefer math to everything else. But here I had more help in the classroom and more incentive to work on assignments, for instance in English, than before at home. I did have an unexpected bonus in math in personal relations. Bob Lee Maddux from Buffalo Valley was in one of my math classes and his brother, Sam, in another. Both were math "sharks" also away from home for the first time, and both exceptionally fine, clean-cut fellows. Bob Lee and I saw "eye to eye" in math, were keenly competitive and soon became the closest of friends, and continued to be the entire school year - a little later in the social circle we were in.

Many things happened in this most significantly important year in Cookeville, and from sixteen in September on into seventeen in January, I was "growing up" fast not only in age "book learnin'" but also in some small degree bigger town "sophistication". Keenly aware of the high school set girls now, suits, shirts, socks, ties, and hat must be exactly the latest styles of the season - shown by Pincus Brothers, haberdashers, comparable to the smartest shown in Nashville! This was the era of "peg top" pants i.e. 22" knees, 15" bottoms, open 1/2" welt side seams, and double breasted 32" long coat for 5'8" height with side vents in back! Hat, fur in winter, and stiff brim and crown straw sailor, summer, with 3" brims; side button tan oxfords days, black always, evening; high collars close-fitting,

socks and handkerchief matching shirt and/or tie - all this for high set dress-up parties! But no dancing parties yet in the younger set, although already in vogue in all collegiate circles and elaborate Christmas dances as Vanderbilt University of Tennessee boys and Belmont and other college girls returned home. It was to be three years later before I learned to dance! But parties increased with the coming of spring and weekend "strolling in the park" and worlds of romance!

I sang in the First Baptist Choir - and, of course, there was an attractive young lady there too. The weeks were full! I took music and violin lessons from an excellent, though elderly, lady and final class recital in the spring was really quite a creditable affair. I have always keenly regretted not managing somehow to continue music and violin practice and study. After this first year it seemed impossible to do so.

Associated with school work and English literature there was an active Literary and Debating Society - with social overtones! - in which I participated, winding up as one of the Commencement Senior Class Speakers. This affair was attended by a sizable group from Livingston, but father didn't come and with a sharp pang I felt sure the reason was his fear that his "best" suit might prove embarrassing to me. He had gone all out for my own wardrobe without question or hesitation. I am glad to be able to say that with full freedom of unrestricted associations and activities my worst (?) offense while in Cookeville as duly reported in Livingston by another Overton County student was being seen playing a game of pool in the rather respectable billiard parlor located on Public Square less than a block from Professor Proffitt's residence! The high school set was made up very largely of an exceptionally fine group of young people from cultured

Christian families and I never saw or heard of one of the Senior Class group either drinking or smoking at any time.

Professor T. K. Sisk, superintendent, whom I had gotten to know personally and to like and respect was himself a graduate of Peabody College in Nashville. Before the end of the school year he wrote a personal letter to his old friend Dr. Little who was Director of Admissions, re: Me and my desire to enroll in Peabody and, if possible, take special pre-medical work and explained to him my college credit status as he expected it to be, and warmly recommended my admission. Clearly I was lacking in full University credits required for Liberal Arts enrollment, but Dr. Little was as cooperative as he very well could be and wrote to Professor Sisk and to me upon receipt of my formal application that: 1. I would be accepted as a "special" student: 2. That I would take both English and first year Latin in Peabody Prep on the Campus; and 3. I would take the desired pre-medical courses in the college proper, i.e. second year Latin and Medical College required Physiology (a big thick text book). Of course, everyone concerned was appreciative and so the next step ahead was Peabody after three months at home.

This was to be my last summer on the old home farm in Copeland Cave, with father in full active charge. While as always I thoroughly enjoyed the farm and everything on and round about it, it had to be many years after before I could fully realize how deeply ingrained in my whole nature and personality and affections were these early years so intimately close to everything and everybody associated with the old farm and farm life of boyhood years. It was an exciting though carefree summer. Horseback trips to

town were frequent and there were parties with new Cookeville friends present. Already there was an uneasy feeling that our old Livingston schoolmates were "old fashioned" and outclassed by the more sophisticated closer-to-Nashville socialites! Then too the going-away-to-college-this-fall planning and excitement dominated all conversations and served to add materially to "status".

Quickly the summer passed and it was September and the "big city" and Peabody. Another boy from Overton County was enrolling as a Freshman also and he and I decided to save expenses by rooming together so we secured a double room just off the campus in a rooming house at 19 1st Ave. South where also were a number of first year Med. college students.

The University of Nashville College of Medicine was not on the Peabody Campus although only a few blocks away, both being in south Nashville, separated from the business section of the city by the large low-lying area along the Cumberland River known as Black Bottom, a heavily and densely populated Negro district.

The George Peabody College for Teachers was Founded.

This college was founded in 1875 as Peabody Normal College with \$12,000 from Peabody Trustees, and buildings and ground furnished by University of Nashville. Only sixty students were enrolled the first year. Later an annual contribution of \$20,000 was made by the State and there was steady growth until 1909 when the college was endowed with more than \$2,000,000 and became the George Peabody College for Teachers, with new grounds and new buildings. The new campus was established nearby that of Vanderbilt University in west Nashville. At that time the trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund gave \$1,000,000; the City of Nashville \$200,000; Davidson Company \$1,000,000, and the State of Tennessee \$250,000. There were other large gifts but over all the years from the beginning in 1875, the great benefactor was America's first great philanthropist and the South's great friend George Peabody. And today as for many years past George Peabody College for Teachers is the great teacher training institution of the South and one of the greatest in the Nation. In later years the endowment has been about \$13,000,000.

The University of Nashville Medical College was merged with that of the University of Tennessee in 1908 located in Memphis, and the Nashville plant was taken over by Nashville City Hospital.

My year, or most of the school year 1906-7, was educational, broadening, interesting, and, undoubtedly, worthwhile. I learned something of college life, city life, and to make new social contacts and relationships. But of most immediate importance to me, I learned that I very definitely did not

like the parrot-memory type of intensive study necessary in the College of Medicine. This meant gradually reaching the decision that I would not go on into Medical College so continuing with pre-med could not justify the cost in time and money.

Early in March I received a letter from Uncle Burr Speck, president of Hawkins-Speck Lumber Company, offering me the job of bookkeeper for the firm and requesting an immediate reply as the matter was urgent and another applicant was being considered. This offer of a job at home at just this time of decision re: Medicine, seemed almost providential and I accepted at once subject only to privilege of study - in Nashville - first-hand - of accounting method in use by one of the large lumber companies in the city, and to be allowed to order for the account of Hawkins-Speck Lumber Company a full set of books necessary to do the job in the best approved methods of accounting. The company wanted this done anyway so within a few days I had "checked out" of Peabody and Nashville and was back in Overton County and starting another chapter in the book of life.

The new job was interesting and I really liked it. I had grown up in hardwood timber country and the smell of the woods - and of freshly cut lumber would never lose strong appeal for me throughout life. But I knew from the start that for me this new job could be only for a few months at most. There was never any thought of permanance. I might add here that my "salary" was \$35.00 per month for the first two months and then \$40-\$50 depending on work requirements i.e. volume of business! And that, for the record, was a good job and a good salary! As clerk in a store, no matter which store, at that time the salary would have been about \$15.00 per month! But this was soon after the 1893 depression when father sold fat hogs for

3¢ a pound and a fat calf for \$8.00.

As soon as I reached home I realized, what had not been told me or even hinted at, in letters, that father was not at all well. He had been very ill for several days in February but now was up and still doing ^{virtually} ~~xxxxxx~~ all the farm work as always, but to me there was a startling difference. He ate very little, was extremely thin and clearly there ^{was} some serious abdominal trouble, but what? And what to do about it? He needed dental work badly but there were no really good dentists available and besides father simply would not spend money on himself for any purpose if possible to avoid. I did induce him to see a doctor and get some medicine but no thorough examination or diagnosis. This went on until July and he could no longer be up and around-and, at work. And I resigned my job, went home and took over-too late, and eternal regret could never change that. At first his illness did not seem to be actually critical. I had two doctors out for an extensive examination and held out hopes for recovery after treatment. After a few days without improvement I had four doctors (one of them from Cookeville) all out there together for further examination and consultation. They were there fully two hours but they were all Internal Medicine men and it might have been that surgery only could have helped. After the lengthy consultation our own Dr. Breeding came into room where I was with father and slowly shook his head ever so slightly that was all. The joint diagnosis was "chronic gastritis". Of course it might have been cancer. But he lived for several weeks until August 29, 1907 when he passed away.

During those weeks and for months thereafter it was necessary for me

to assume responsibilities and to make and carry out decisions of a mature adult while only 18. I did my best. And there was plenty to do daily and continuously. First, to do everything that could be done or thought of as having a possibility of benefit for father being done. This job was mine largely alone. About the first week in August¹⁹¹⁴ only sister Carrye 12 years old, became critically ill with typhoid fever, temperature 103-105, delirious and at point of death for days. A special nurse was secured at once from Nashville, Miss Rucker, a splendid nurse, mature and competent. She took complete charge of Carrye and lived in the house for weeks and was largely responsible for her life being saved. Mother did all the cooking and laundry and house work. She was too emotional and near a breakdown herself to take care of father. We had no refrigeration so every other day I made a fast trip to town for ice and supplies. Uncle Ben Bowman whose farm was 1 1/2 miles down the Cove came every day and took care of the livestock and necessary farm work. I stayed in the room with father day and night almost continuously except for the hurried trips to town. He did not suffer a great deal of pain; was fully conscious when awake which was much of the time; and he never complained. He was fully aware of the approaching end, his voice was distinctly strong, and his mind remained clear to the very last. His deep religious faith sustained him without faltering or the slightest bitterness. He wanted to live if possible, but when the doctors said they could do nothing more, he was very quiet without words for awhile and then his own verdict was simple-if it is God's will that I go on before that's the way it will be now. But we'll be together again a little while later, have no doubts about that. During those last days we were together alone many hours and he did most of the talking-always about his great hopes for me in the years ahead and his complete confidence that I would come

work out a crop rotation program of his own for his corn-hogs production to insure the increase of soil fertility with red clover - timothy hay as a legume; and Turkey Red hard winter wheat, high bred white dent corn - with field whippoorhill peas seeded in the corn before last cultivation and this crop pastured by hogs in late fall and plowed under and seeded to winter wheat. Many years later in close observation of methods of hundreds of the best farmers of the country I have never seen the small scale ~~objectives~~ objectives of sound farm practice used by father essentially improved upon.

In religion he and mother were members of the Missionary Baptist Church (later years the Southern Baptist Convention). But he was not narrowly sectarian and had no complaints to make of other Protestant denominations. To him the Bible was the sole rule and guide of Faith. Local churches were widely scattered and our family did not attempt regular weekly attendance at any one of them. We did from time to time attend services at Bethlehem (Methodist) nearest to us two and one-half miles, Good Hope (Baptist) four miles, and Shiloh (Cum Presbyterian, Grandmother Looper's church) seven miles. Sunday at our home was a day of rest, visiting, Bible reading and "special" big noon dinners. No farm or other work was ever done on Sunday unless in emergencies such as storms, illness or accidents to livestock.

Father had many friends who liked and respected him, but few intimate. He was not a "hail-fellow-well-met" or back-slapping, life-of-the-party type of personality, but quiet and reserved, with firm convictions and sound well-reasoned ideas. He enjoyed stimulating conversations and discussions with friends of like interests. Our home was always open to relatives and

through and be a Man- educated, clean character, clean habits, close to God. He advised me regarding caring for mother and sister and carrying out the terms of his will-all of which was henceforth my responsibility. He never asked me to make any pledges or promises. He simply trusted me implicitly. . There were a few times in these intimate hours when in spite of every self-control effort, I went to pieces. Each time it was father who put his hand on my head and restored composure. Inability to take and assimilate nourishment meant steady loss of weight and strength and on August 29th in the afternoon, only a few minutes after he'd been talking to me clearly and distinctly and I had turned him over in bed, his great heart stopped and he was gone. And yet not gone either for he was to be the greatest steadying influence of my life: the pattern by which I measured all other men, the finest character I have ever known. Over the years I have blundered and stumbled and made many mistakes, but in every trying situation I have never lost the spirit of my father looking at me steadily and directly, without a word, but with the sadness of disappointment at a wrong step, or the warm glow of approval of a right decision or action made.

He had very little formal education, but he was well informed concerning current events and had a wide range of interests from improvement of schools to politics to religion to livestock and agriculture. In politics he was definitely "Conservative" as evidenced by his strong support of Grover Cleveland and the Gold Standard as opposed to Bryan and Free Silver. In livestock and agriculture, "The Southern Agriculturist" was his "text book" and he thought through every recommended improvement practice to its application on his own farm. He was one of the first in the county to use pure bred boars to improve the quality of his hogs. among the first to

friends day or night and whether invited or not. Many times mere acquaintances enroute to Livingston from the back country to attend Court would stop overnight with no thought of either invitation, advance notice, or compensation!

His Bible reading comprised both the Old and New Testaments but he was particularly devoted to Psalms and Proverbs. So well I remember when a small boy, sitting on the front porch in father's lap while he read to me the Proverbs of Solomon or the stories of Ruth and Job and Moses and David and Noah -- by the hour, on Sundays in summer when there were no visitors. Father not only did not use profanity, but I never at any time heard him utter a dirty or obscene word. If in town or elsewhere while talking in a group there was vulgarity or obscenity or an off-color story started, he would as quietly and unobtrusively as possible find it necessary to be somewhere else and leave.

Could such a man in those early days or now actually be a well balanced personality and live a thoroughly wholesome normal life? Yes there could be and can be, and my father was such a man. Perhaps I over idealize him but if so I can only say that my appraisal comes from years of first hand knowledge, and from close association with a great many other individual men over many years.

Father was not a sour puss or blue nose at all. He had a fine sense of humor, enjoyed fun and had fun in full measure. He enjoyed competitive sports too - in those days mostly involving tests of strength or speed or endurance. He was a small man, about 5'-7-1/2", and never as much as an one hundred and fifty pounds in weight. But he had exceptionally strong

heart, lungs, and shoulder and arm muscles. He was one of the few men I ever saw who could chin himself (going clear down) repeatedly with one hand and arm only. On occasions like the castration of aged boars or bulls no longer desired for sires, or the "breaking" of two year old mules, or the cutting of dead hardwood trees for firewood, or transfer of the hay crop from the meadow to the barn loft by hand power only - corn huskings, "pulling fodder" and the clover and wheat harvest - these were all farm jobs for men of skill and stamina and there was very little mechanization, and even that of the most primitive kinds. Throughout the community men were known for what they could do from sunup to sundown, and outstanding individual skills were lauded and there were competitive thrills and enjoyment along with the hard work. Most work requiring a crew of several men such as barn "raisings" (i.e. building) or timber clearing or grain threshings were done on a neighborhood volunteer work-swapping basis. This involved "big" noon dinners at each host farm by the ladies for everybody who worked and that was everybody, but here again these were highly enjoyable occasions and far removed from any thought of drudgery or privation. These were self respecting freedom loving Americans, 100% self supporting, with the liberty they and their forbearers had worked and fought for, for centuries. May their heritage be forever preserved!

Father, of course, was human and had faults. He was inclined to be impatient with laziness or careless sloppy work of any kind. He was intolerant of waste whether of money or time, and he had little use for drifting aimlessness. This general attitude of high aims and dislike for failure may have given the impression sometimes of harshness and lack of

compassion for people lacking in ability or ambition, and it is true that his best and most understanding friends were those who knew him best. Then he had the very unusual fault of actually neglecting his own physical well being too much. His health was quite possibly impaired by lack of medical and dental services. Money was scarce, farm products extremely low in price and his expenditures were almost entirely for others, mainly sister and I and rarely for himself, even clothing.

After father's death, sister Carrye's recovery from typhoid continued slowly for several weeks but was complete. My cousin Burr Speck, close to my own age, son of Uncle Jim and nephew of Uncle Burr, volunteered to help me with the corn and hay harvests and other farm work while all farm livestock as well as machinery and equipment was being sold as rapidly as possible. He lived with us for several weeks and his help was invaluable. Of course, there was no thought of money compensation - expected or offered. His father and large family some months later moved to northwestern Texas near the Oklahoma line (few years later to permanent location - 480 acre farm, twelve miles ²). Over the years since, Burr and I have kept in contact or renewed contact with each other from time to time with warm affectionate interest. His home for many years has been Altus, county seat of Jackson County southwestern Oklahoma where he and wife "Hassie" ^{Flossie} raised an outstanding family of two sons and five daughters. Burr himself, long district manager - Woodmen of the World, served eight years in Oklahoma State Senate, and ten years in Lower House and is one of the most popular and highly respected men in his County of Jackson.

As I fully intended to continue my education in college, my personal

operation of the farm was out of the question. As executor of father's will at age of eighteen, there was an immediate question concerning the legality of my sales of property, particularly real estate. The procedure carried out, whether unprecedented or not, was certainly most unusual. Of course, all county court officers had known father all his life and also had known me from infancy, so to validate all real estate sales, the county judge told me he would accept my personal bond to insure that I would execute all deeds necessary to fully legalize all contracts-for-deeds I had made immediately after my 21st birthday. A full record of all cash sales of personal property would be and was submitted to him for examination and approval. Bond was made, not through any bonding company, but by the personal endorsement of responsible Livingston business men, well known to the court. There was no refusal or hesitation to sign by anyone to whom I asked and told my problem, and I am glad to be able to say that no sale or settlement I made of either personal property or real estate was ever questioned then or afterwards.

The estate was not large although there were many items of personal property to account for. Father's will written by himself was brief and simple but clear and entirely adequate. He had divided the farm into two parts of approximate equal value. One part, including the residence and all other buildings, was given to sister Carrye. The other, including more than half the timber and cultivated land was given to me. Definite boundaries were specified for each. Mother's legacy was a cash sum plus one-third of the proceeds of all the personal property, the remainder one-third each to sister and myself. There were no debts and only a small cash balance in the bank. The personal property, largely livestock, current

year's crops, and farming equipment, was sold rapidly at private sales for cash, and practically all except household furniture, had been disposed of before the end of the year. Prices received were low but full values in line with current sales of comparable items. When in doubt regarding an item, I would consult with more than one qualified close friend and then use my own best judgment. There was no necessity for undue haste in selling the two farm parcels and it was several months before this sale was made to an adjacent farm owner.

It was in this same year 1907 that Uncle Burr who was executor for Grandpa Speck's estate decided to divide the Livingston home property among the heirs either in cash or equivalent in a portion of the property itself. This suited us perfectly and mother, only one of the heirs in need of a homesite immediately, had first choice of cash or property and so on my advice she agreed to take the full northwest quarter of the property as her full share of the estate. She then had a tract of 1.4 acres bounded on the north by University Street, on the south by Spring Creek, on the west by Dougherty Street, and 230' wide - one of the choicest and best located tracts and locations in town, three blocks from Courthouse Square and private access to Spring Creek running water the year round.

Our new home residence, planned, designed (mainly by me with mother's concurrence), and construction begun in late 1907 and completed in early spring 1908, faced University Street on the north. All building materials were available to me at extremely low prices. A single very excellent carpenter builder with one parttime helper and a stone mason chimney builder did all the construction work and my responsibility was the prompt delivery

of all materials on site as and when needed. The house had total floor space of about 2500 square feet, of which 640 feet was front L around northeast front and 190 square feet back porch southwest corner in which was a deep pure soft water well. Living quarters and hall of about 1670 square feet consisted of living room and three large bedrooms each with well built, stone, wood-burning fireplace. All floors were number one choice full thickness white oak, and kitchen was finished with entire walls and ceiling choice quarter-sawed oak. East of the house was a driveway extending from University Street south to a well-built small barn. Below barn to Spring Creek and west to Dougherty Street a horse and cow grass pasture lot, 44 acres 80'x230' approximately. This home-in-town complex, while not lavish, was quite ample for the needs of mother, sister, and I. Buildings and improvements cost probably 10% or less what would have of been comparable labor and materials cost sixty years later. Mother's legacies were more than enough to cover all cash costs of the new home so it was possible for her to be sole owner of the property debt free, as was my desire.

The work incident to the new home and the disposition of all property formerly owned by father, including the sale of the farm early in 1908, and the accounting to the court of all money received by me from all sources, and its exact division to the three legatees as authorized by the will and final settlement report to the court (approved in every detail, subject to later validating real estate deeds) altogether made the full year, September 1907-August 1908 one of the "busiest" I have ever experienced. But, while the responsibilities were heavy, the business experience was invaluable, as

were the lessons learned from personal dealings with different kinds of people. There was not a great deal of time for recreation and social activities, but all old friends were near and always ready to be helpful.

Early in 1908 I decided to apply for admission to the University of Tennessee in Knoxville, College of Engineering. Of course, I learned that the work I had done at Peabody was of very little benefit toward entrance requirements. But my credentials were accepted for admission to the Freshmen Class in Engineering with, however, a condition in English. This "condition" could be made up by taking any extra Freshmen English Class in the College of Engineering. This arrangement, while tough, was extremely fortunate for me. The chips were down and the future would be strictly up to me. Moreover, I knew my greatest weakness was English and here was the greatest possible opportunity to make up my deficiencies quickly - if I could do it! My first cousin, Ernest Allred, who was to enter the University College of Agriculture as a Freshmen also in the fall, spent some time with me in the summer and we arranged to have adjacent rooms in Humes Hall, one of the University's resident halls for men, "On the Hill", which is the main campus in a big bend in the Tennessee River, on one of the larger of the seven hills of the City for which Knoxville is well known, and between Cumberland Avenue and the river.

The University of Tennessee had its beginning in 1794 as Blount College probably the first non-sectarian college chartered in the United States.

Impressive and beautiful indeed was the university campus in 1908 when I first saw it with the great elm trees and winding graveled roads around the Hill to the top crowned by Old Main and Science Hall and Ayers Hall on each

side near the top. Estabrook Hall, the Engineering Building near the bottom of the Hill on the river side, and other buildings all around the Hill, including Barbara Blount Hall for co-ed activities, two or three fraternity houses, Humes Hall, YMCA Building, Chemistry, Law, and others. These buildings and campus were quite adequate for a student body of less than 1500, but much too small for 20th century growth, even with the College of Medicine, itself a large campus, located in Memphis. It was not many years until a fine separate campus was developed for the College of Agriculture in Knoxville but some distance from the old Main Campus, and later it became necessary for whole blocks of excellent residence property to be purchased for extension of the campus for new buildings north of the Hill across Cumberland Avenue. To all old grads and early years' former students, however, throughout their lifetimes a great nostalgia and deep affection persisted for the "good old days" when the beloved University was all on the "Hill". More than 10,000 students were enrolled in the Knoxville College of the University in 1964 with Liberal Arts, Law, Engineering, and Agriculture, in particular, continuing to carry on the high standards of excellence consistently maintained over the years.

Of course, I quickly found everything quite different than Peabody; faculty, students, traditions, social life - everything! Freshmen were called "Fish" (i.e. should know what to do and how to do it in case dunked into the Tennessee River!) and cousin Ernest and I learned about "hazing" firsthand and the hard way! Just for stamina and skills (?) try swimming prone, face down on the grass encouraged by Sophs wielding, not so gently, traditional paddles designed just for Fish - or backward climbing big elm trees (back to the tree of course)! There were five men's fraternities

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with a total membership of less than 200 or less than a fifth of the men students, but largely from wealthy parents and graduates of exclusive privately endowed prep schools. They were snobbish and unpopular with the great majority of students known as Independents or "Barbs" but they dominated the upper strata social life of the University on the campus and in the city. Girl students - co-eds - at that time were relatively few in number - about 150 or less, with four national sororities and possibly 75 members. Most of the outstanding students in scholarship athletics and leadership were, from choice, "Independents". Generally speaking, at that time girls from the wealthier families of the state attended special colleges or "Finishing Schools" for girls specializing in Music, Languages, and the Arts - cultural courses.

Fortunately for me, my full schedule required all my time to the exclusion of virtually all social activities. I took the job seriously from the start and my study rule was simple - in each class prepare the teacher's assignments, each one, regardless of the time necessary, working often far into the night. I soon found this paid off in more ways than merely class grades. It began to mean getting the viewpoint of excellent instructors, becoming genuinely interested in subject matter and learning something about what it was all about. In Liberal Arts Freshmen English Literature, constant parallel reading of classics and theme writing was required. Liberal Arts Senior girls graded all papers, blue penciled corrections with comments, and returned with grade at next period. Dr. J. Douglas Bruce, noted author and great teacher and scholar, was Head of the Department and occasionally checked personally on Freshman work. One day he came barging into the classroom, waved a theme paper in the air and thundered:

"Look at this thing! And just listen to this!" And with the ultimate in sarcasm read certain "choice" portions! Well it wasn't my paper, but it was terrible and might have been mine. And he was actually a grand person and so clearly right about the theme that everybody who had any idea of passing the course, got the point. It was a tough year of hard work, but the best school year I ever had before or since. I couldn't have divided my time with any other activities and done the work. My average of all grades for the three terms of the year was 94.5% and I was awarded the Second Faculty Scholarship for high standing in the Freshman Class, which meant exemption from all University fees for my Sophomore year 1909-10.

Summer vacation at home in Livingston in 1909 was greatly enjoyed and badly needed. I had lost weight and was quite fagged out. Social affairs at home and in the nearby towns of Monterey and Cookeville, resting and enjoying our new home made vacation pass quickly.

Outstanding event for Livingston was the taking over of the city school system by the Christian Women's Board of Missions of the Christian Church, by mutual agreement, resulting in the erection of a fine up-to-date elementary and high school building and a large modern dormitory building to accommodate students of remote sections of the county previously without adequate school facilities. Probably no other event since the formation of the county was of greater importance than this great foundation for education established by this fine Missionary Church organization which also built a beautiful new brick church this same year, with a very popular young ex-football star, Leland Cask, as minister. The Superintendent of Schools, also a minister, Professor Henry J. Derthick, was one of the most dynamic and

effective churchman as well as educator I've ever known. First he visited^s and got personally acquainted with every family in town. Next he got unanimous agreement for all school age children to attend the Sunday School of their choice every Sunday, attendance to be credited and recorded the same as school attendance. Then the whole school system was completely re-organized with full staff of qualified teachers, supplementing public school funds with grants from the Christian Women's Board of Missions as needed.

Personally, I had never become a church member, mainly because I thought the Baptist requirements too narrowly exclusive and restrictive. The Christian Church as of Professor Derthick's "creed", if any, required sincere repentance, public confession, conversion, and baptism (in this like the Baptists, by immersion). But there was no "joining" the Church as such and communion was offered to all who cared to partake. I was baptized by Professor Derthick in a deep clear water pool in Spring Creek under a large tree over the pool and a bend in the creek on our own home grounds in Livingston. I've never known whether my name was on the church "roll" or not. It was never mentioned to me by anyone. I was a Christian, having publicly confessed my faith in God - and that was that, at least for a beginning of Christian life and service.

Returning to Knoxville in September I immediately faced new teachers, new responsibilities, new opportunities, and an entirely new campus life.

Sophomore Engineering at the University of Tennessee was possibly the most difficult on the Hill - and certainly fatal for anyone getting "behind" with classroom assignments. This year, too, social life came into the picture, along with campus "politics". Many "Independent" students re-

sented the high hat snobbery of the Frats and their domination of class offices and activities. They were determined to do something about it, and soon after registration, word was secretly passed to every dependable Barb on the Hill to attend closed-door caucuses for each class at designated times and places - with doorkeepers and secret "passwords" to prevent any outsiders getting in. At these caucuses full tickets were agreed upon for every class office for each class. The Frat men quickly sensed that something most unusual was going on but their "spies" simply couldn't get into the meetings. The job of each Independent known to be completely trustworthy was to see personally each Barb he could vouch for and see that everyone voted and no split tickets or compromises. The following week printed ballots were all over the Hill by both sides. Frats realizing they were far short of votes frantically tried to promote compromises give and take ballots. But they had a lesson to learn and they could only learn it the hard way. They did not have the best men, and not a single Frat man was elected to any class office. It was well organized "steam roller" politics but was, in this case, justified. It broke up for all time the domination of campus social life and activities by a small minority of mediocre snobs. Not long afterward other strong national frats granted charters to outstanding student groups of the University and a new era began with the fraternity system becoming an important part of undergraduate life.

With wider personal acquaintances on the Hill; active membership in one of the two Debating-Literary Societies; membership in two of the Dancing Clubs (following dancing lessons at an uptown studio and personal "guidance" by an excellent dancer); and the status boost of election as President of the Sophomore Class, I was soon involved in social affairs to

to the full limit of time available. The schedule was full but rather strictly rationed with four nights per week college work-studies, two nights social affairs and on Sunday night two hours for church, balance rest and sleep.

Professor R. C. (Red) Matthews, hard-boiled, highly efficient teacher of Descriptive Geometry, really was just about the determining factor in my survival in engineering. He was dynamic, intolerant of excuses, but knew his subject thoroughly and when convinced that I was really working, his help and encouragement was invaluable to me. He was for many years National Secretary of Tau Beta Pi with headquarters in Knoxville.

My other Sophomore engineering courses all required sustained effort but "Descriptive" was the real "brain washer" for me with Analytics and Calculus close behind. My average of all Sophomore year grades was 85.6%, a sharp drop from my Freshman average, but my "extra-curricular" activities gave me a broadened experience badly needed, particularly in group leadership and so probably worth the price.

During the second half of the year it was my privilege to be intimately associated with an exclusive non-fraternity group known as the Mogul Club. This group was composed entirely of men each of whom held some elective office of leadership and honor on the Hill. It included class presidents, major athletic team captains and/or managers, editors-in-chief of the Orange and White (student weekly) and U.T. Magazine. YMCA president and others.

The group had no formal organizational setup and membership was simply by invitation and unanimous approval. Meetings were before all meals and a few informal minutes before and after in dining and waiting rooms over a food store at the foot of the Hill on Cumberland Avenue and served by a

Member/^{ship}was around twenty this year, fellowship was clean, stimulating, and most enjoyable. Two or three years later from the Mogul Club came the nuclei of the local group which became Tennessee's Alpha of Sigma Phi Epsilon, the national organized in 1901 at the University of Virginia as a protest from the very beginning against snobbery and wealth in university life versus all-around worth, character and ability - even if a member-to-be were working his way through college entirely by his own efforts.

Of course, when I left my old room in Humes Hall after final exams in June 1910, I wished a happy vacation to all classmates and friends and waved goodbye to the old Hill, I had no idea in the world that I would not be back as a Junior in September, and that I would not even see Knoxville again for many years if ever, and it was better that way. My two years under the Orange and White of my own native state university had been exciting, and happy and rewarding days and months filled with memories never to be forgotten - friendships always to cherish.

It was not until I got home and after a few days "let down" and relaxation, that I realized I was very, very tired and unable to snap out of it after several days rest and sleep. It was now apparent too that I had lost weight in recent months and that lately I had developed a nagging persistent cough. After reunions and visiting with relatives and friends for awhile it became obvious that I was really ill. So I called on good friend and our family physician, Dr. Wm. Breeding, who gave me a rather complete physical checkup. And while in his office a strange thing happened which was to affect and change my whole life thenceforth. I suddenly coughed sharply and before I could cover my mouth with a handkerchief a small particle, maybe less than the size of a pea, flew out of my mouth and

landed on the office floor. Dr. Breeding saw what happened and immediately picked up the particle carefully and took it into his laboratory. In a few minutes he called to me to come in, he had something he wanted me to see. The small particle of sputum thinly smeared on glass was under his powerful microscope. He said "Now look very carefully. Do you see scattered but numerous thread-like particles?" Yes I certainly did, like minute tiny pin angleworms. Then he said, "Those are Tubercle Bacilli, the cause of Tuberculosis" (locally always called "Consumption" and also locally always regarded as fatal). Of course, the roof had fallen in on me. But Dr. Breeding was a friend as well as doctor and without emotion we had a second checkup re: where am I now and what if anything can be done about it? Dr. Breeding was my kind of a guy and he didn't waste time on fuzzy generalities. He said

1. Continuation of my education at least for a long time to come - definitely out.
2. It was not a fact that all cases of TB are unavoidably or always fatal.
3. Complete rest, as nearly as practicable in the open air, is essential so long as fever persists.
4. The use of tuberculin injections has been found beneficial in many cases.
5. Successful treatment is easier in a drier climate and some isolation from too many visitors, relatives, or others might be helpful rather than detrimental.
6. Every effort must be made to take as much easily digestible nourishing food as possible to avoid further loss of weight and strength.
7. There must be constant use of sputum cups and all sanitary precautions to prevent danger of spreading the disease to others.
8. Immediately, go home, have a bed moved out on the back porch, go to bed and remain there until further orders.
9. Present examination (more extensive after Tubercle Bacilli found) indicates upper lobes of both lungs affected, but cavities more extensive and deeper in left lobe.

A. M. Q

This report, of course, was a great shock to mother, sister, all relatives and close friends: and as usual there were differences of opinion about Dr. Breeding's diagnosis and recommendations with many personal "remedies". What was done was the carrying out of the doctor's orders as exactly as possible beginning at once - and I was out in the quickly improvised hospital quarters on the back porch before the end of this day of shattered ambitions, hopes, and plans - but at least with something to try to do about it. Actually, I strongly felt on that day of crisis as on many others since, the whole matter has to be in the hands of God, as and when I do the best I can myself and I will take what comes without rancor or self pity. After all father passed on when only 49 and only three years before this, and it is not given to us in this world to know all the reasons why. We have the right and responsibility of free choice and wrong or right decisions, and we must take the consequences of our own mistakes; but the firm support of the Everlasting Arms is always about us in every extremity, when after we have done or tried to do the best we can, and corrected our errors when known to be wrong, we can place our trust completely in the Father of us all and leave it all in his hands.

After a few weeks of the new regime I had gained a little weight but still having some afternoon fever. I was quite restless one day so got out of bed, dressed and walked over to Dr. Breeding's office to talk things over and another strange thing happened. Out of a clear sky Dr. Breeding said,

"I think I have something for you. I learned yesterday that Louis Lacey and Rich Copeland (I knew them both well as boys about town, maybe 21 or 22

years old, no bad habits but no particular skills or objectives, raised on farms but now no farms) are leaving for Colorado next Monday to file on 160-acre homesteads. They have a letter from a lady ex-school teacher from around here who went out there and now has one of these homesteads on which she is now living. And she enclosed some material from a realtor there explaining the whole layout, I looked them up, told them about your situation and asked them about taking you along. They both said, fine, glad to have you go along, and they would look after you in every way they ^{could} and if you got worse in health they'd put you on a train for home. Now, this might be your best chance for recovery and the dry climate and sunshine as well as separation from friends and relatives your best assets. So if you'd like to go to Colorado this is your opportunity. The boys are leaving Monday - and this is Thursday. You have three days to get ready."

At that time about all I knew about Colorado was that Pike's Peak and the Rocky Mountains were out there and Denver the state capital. Mother was shocked and deeply concerned about my going especially in view of my serious illness; Uncle Burr for the first and only time tried persuasion and then the "riot act" in no uncertain terms. Nobody advised the decision to go except Dr. Breeding and once again a far-reaching decision was up to me alone. Next two days I was packing my trunk, and making necessary business arrangements, Sunday was goodbyes to a host of all relatives and friends within reach, and Monday the three of us were on our way to the high plains of Eastern Colorado.

- COLORADO -

The train journey, two nights and most of two days, day coach, L&N and Missouri-Pacific Railroads was uneventful, but west of Nashville it was all new country to each of us and so the daylight hours were excitingly interesting. Companions Louis and Rich ~~XXXXXX~~ handled all our baggage and food and drink details and during this long journey together a warm enduring friendship was established between us. I was happy to find that while their care for all my physical needs was invaluable to me, that I in turn could be of service to them with their plans and financial problems. At about 10:00

A.M. Wednesday, August 10, 1910, our train crossed the western boundary line of Kansas and we saw the beautiful vast eastern plains of Colorado for the first time. Fifteen miles and thirty minutes later we were "landing" bag and baggage on the little depot platform of Sheridan Lake, Kiowa County, Colorado, a village of some 150 or so population, which was to be our "headquarters" and mailing address for the next fourteen months.

Sheridan Lake did have a rather nice but very small hotel just across the one street of the town from the "Howard Gamble Sells Everything" general store, which also housed the post office. Next door to the hotel was a small two room (office in front bedroom-rear) neatly painted building with sign over the door in large letters: - S. R. SMITH-REAL ESTATE. Mr. Smith was a small dynamic, all business and no foolin', ex-lawyer - also in Colorado for health reasons, immaculately dressed every day - and obviously just as out of character in a western cattle ranch country as a tenderfoot newly arrived from Tennessee - which was some consolation to me.

Soon after arrival we called on Mr. Smith and were quickly informed concerning the local real estate situation. In Kiowa County there was considerable U. S. Government land in tracts of 160 and 320 acres scattered among the large acreages of privately owned ranches and lands under lease to ranchers, which had in recent years been thrown open to homestead entry. Filing requirements, in addition to citizenship and payment of filing fee, was in the case of the 320 acre homesteads actual residence on and proof of consistent improvements of the tract for three years before title (i. e. U. S. Land Office Patent) would be granted. The 160-acre tracts were handled differently. Known as commutation homesteads, it was stipulated that if actual residence was established and maintained for a period of 14 months and exclusive of any other place of residence during this entire period, and if further adequate buildings for bonafide residence were constructed and a substantial portion plowed for cropping, commutation proof could be submitted and patent issued upon payment of a fee (as I recall) of \$1.25 per acre. A few entrymen had for various reasons abandoned or relinquished their 160-acre tracts and alert Mr. Smith had secured from them legally executed relinquishments which he had in his possession and the government did not have, as yet. He would show us the tracts he presently had control of, for our consideration, and if we each selected a tract he would take us to the Government Office at Eads, the County Seat, and arrange for all the details of our replacing the former entrymen. And for doing all this Mr. Smith's "commission" was quite modest, less than \$300 I believe it was - but this was in 1910!

As I was still having afternoon fever and coughing a great deal, next

day I remained in the hotel and rested while Rich and Louis went out with Mr. Smith to see the available tracts. They soon returned and reported with enthusiasm that they had chosen two adjoining 160's for themselves so they could do all building themselves, have a common cistern, and kitchen, etc. But the next 160 available was a mile away from theirs. Another decision to make - and this time I had to decide on acquiring a farm, under circumstances which to most people, undoubtedly, would have meant an immediate and unhesitating no as the answer. But instead I said Yes I'll be glad to take this 160-acre homestead even though a considerable distance from the nearest neighbor and five miles from town. At that moment I must have been the least qualified prospective rancher-farmer in the entire state of Colorado. But, contrary to all predictions back home, I was not homesick at all and I was in love with the great cattle ranches, the vast expanse of Buffalo-Gramma-Blue Stem grass sod pasture, the widely scattered ranch buildings enclosed by beautiful trees and gardens irrigated with water pumped from deep wells by windmill power, and big herds of whiteface cattle from the first time the great panorama came into view. Besides, I had taken Dr. Breeding's advice in coming to Colorado at all, and I had a job to do if by the help of Divine Providence and my own efforts I could do it.

Next was the routine trip to the land office - and I had possession of 160 acres of Colorado land - topography, gently rolling to flat, not a tree or bush or shrub on it but covered with beautiful green grass as was all the terrain in sight on all sides. Next, on advice of Ki Albright, big cowboy son of hotel owner, Mrs. Albright, I discussed immediate problems with Pete Meyer, the town's livery barn proprietor and horse trader.

boarder, and wrangler, rough and ready but competent and friendly. Pete knew everybody and the country from A to Z. It quickly became apparent that I was a new breed of tenderfoot to Pete and my dialect amused him no end so we sort of took to each/^{other}- for our mutual benefit. Right off I needed someone to build me a house to live in. Pete got me the man to do it and strongly urged a half dug out as most practical for wind protection, and I proceeded to make a drawing and specifications. One-room but large enough for all necessities - about 16'x18' and 4' deep below ground surface. Concrete floor, walls and cement top shelf 18" wide on three sides with concrete steps to outside and slanting outside door. Side walls about 3-1/2' high outside to gable shingled roof and five windows (four sides and one larger end). All top construction insulated and as weather protecting as possible. A concrete water cistern was constructed about 5' diameter and 7-1/2' deep to hold about 1200 gallons of water, and a small two stall shed roof barn for saddle horse and milk cow. A horse and cow pasture of about 20 acres was fenced with good three wire fences.

This was the extent of building improvements, requiring two men about three weeks to complete. During this construction a minimum of new and secondhand furnishings was purchased. Combination heater-cookstove coal burning range, bed, springs, mattresses, two chairs and rocker, small round dining table, bookcase.

Next, saddle horse and saddle and here new friend and advisor, Pete Meyer, really "took me for a ride" as a tenderfoot! I had never seen a western stockman's saddle nor did I know anything about bronc saddle horses - so Pete got together for me a completely outfitted white cowpony, "Dink", smooth mouth cowboy saddle and blanket, long used, pair of spurs and bridle and halter. Old Dink was certainly "gentle" enough and I later

learned he had been "retired" for several years by XY Ranch whose brand he displayed, left hip, one of the large cattle outfits several miles away. I knew he was smooth mouthed so could only guess he was quite old. But Pete was "reasonable" and made me a package price not very high in dollars and only about double current sale prices. At that, while everyone around thoroughly enjoyed the process of my "education" as I did myself, I never regretted the deal. Old Dink was far from being a dead horse. He was in fact a well trained cattle horse, and in later months he took me home across the prairie -- time and again -- in the darkness or moonlight, no roads and completely lost myself. I became very much attached to Old Dink. Pete also located a very good milk cow for me, black, grade Holstein, several years old, gentle and giving 2-3 gallons milk per day.

I moved out to my farm just as soon as my half dugout was habitable and, of course, there was no horseback riding and very little exercise of any kind for several months. I had gotten through the long train trip and business and building arrangements in connection with the homestead (which called "Green Horn" Ranch, with big steer horn painted a vivid green over door), fairly well by resting as much as possible each day at the Albright Hotel where I lived about a month.

Soon after arrival in Colorado I communicated with a number of TB sanitariums in the west and southwest to get all information possible re: their treatment of patients in detail. Also I subscribed for the "Journal of the Outdoor Life", official publication of the National TB Association. Then getting settled down on the "Ranch" I reported fully to Dr. Breeding who wrote to me often and sent me tuberculin regularly along with words of good cheer, and I began my Colorado "treatment" and continued it as carefu

and exactly as possible. Louis and Rich brought my mail and groceries and coal out for me at least once a week or oftener. Of course, I had to prepare my own meals entirely but this was not too bad at all. I only weighed 112 pounds and my appetite was very poor, but fortunately I had no distaste for milk or milk products in any form, so fresh milk and butter from my own cow "Blackie", as much as I could take at meals, and milk as a beverage between meals was the foundation food in my bachelor diet. For breakfast pancakes with lots of butter and honey or cereal and bacon or ham and eggs if I could take a full meal which at first was not possible as I couldn't eat eggs or ham and bacon at all! To get around this loss I found that I could swallow one or two eggs in a glass of grape juice without nausea and this became a standard breakfast additive for a long time. From noon to 1:00-2:00 o'clock my "big" meal became a sort of experimental food laboratory and my game with myself everyday was:-- 1. Try to think of something, anything I might like to eat, then 2. Fix it, but each time with some variations, additions, or subtractions. I had fun with beef or pork or chicken stews. I soon learned that the payoff is: 1. Quality of main ingredient must be choice, and 2. Plenty of butter and whole milk invariably improves flavor and palatability with sometimes a little flour stirred in for thickening into a combination stew and cream soup, and 3. Never have anything half cooked least of all any kind of stew. Then the game of choices continued with potatoes, sweet or Irish, baked or mashed or hash-browned Irish or soup. Beans, string or dry, cooked four hours with fat salt pork with cornmeal hoe-cakes! Tomatoes, fresh or canned, Spanish onion, cooked or raw, and so on for each meal, each a contest with appetite and often only two real meals a day, late breakfast

and 2-3 o'clock dinner but lots of fresh milk anytime. I was sleeping quite well at night plus an afternoon nap. And doing a great deal of reading and writing. My correspondence was a real time consumer and the most extensive ever experienced, before or since. A full grown black cat had arrived from some unknown port and immediately solved the surplus milk and garbage disposal problem. He was obviously widely traveled and wise in the ways of the world, but having taken over Green Horn Ranch he had no intention of leaving and didn't. He was an alarm clock, playmate, comedian, and ideal demonstrator of the great health asset of complete and prolonged relaxation - quite a cat! And soon just about indispensable in the general scheme of things at Green Horn Ranch.

There were days at a time when not a living soul was seen or spoken to. Occasionally a dozen, more or less, antelope would be grazing quite near even within a few hundred yards of the house. Only rarely was there a passerby, generally on horseback coming by, but each such time stopping for a short visit - and a new friendship began. It was most fortunate for me that these first months on the "ranch" were during the warm, relatively dry, late summer and fall months; for my illness "treatment" could proceed under the best possible conditions while living habits and adjustments, drastic and revolutionary in character, were being made. Unbelievable as it may seem, I was determined to make the best of the situation from the first, and by organizing each day into periods to fill the whole waking period - light reading for amusement, serious study and religious books including the Bible, genuine new found interest and fun in planning and preparing meals; writing many letters; and pleasant diversion with Old Dink, Blackie the Cow, and the irrepresible cat - it is an actual

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fact that I not only was able to avoid boredom, any bitterness or self pity at all or even rarely any degree of discouragement - but on the contrary was able to thoroughly enjoy much of the day to day happenings in this new life where each little minor unusual incident often became an event.

Such an incident and/or-coincidence occurred one morning when a big white tail jackrabbit made the mistake of not only invading a private cow range but getting within gunshot range - and the Green Horn Ranch had its first homegrown meat to eat. Just as this "meat animal" was in the process of being properly "dressed out" - away from the house in the open - just then of all times comes along the road to town in front of the house - (prairie trail rather than real road), two young men in a two pony pole tongue light spring wagon, who stopped for a visit and to get some directions and information re: homesteads and land for sale. And so I had a "party" and guests for dinner - and the main course was jackrabbit stew - and culinary history was made! All concerned had time to spare and it was my day to rise and shine for dear Old Green Horn and I made the most of it. The stew with much rich seasoning cooked on and on for hours while its success was doubly assured as the guests got hungrier and hungrier. They were from Kansas or some other not too far away part and quite at home in bachelor quarters. The stew went over - or in - with loud acclaim; at worst it was certainly fillin', and at best grading it was really quite delicious - for anyone partial to jackrabbit stew! The boys left in the late afternoon and the little new ranch had joined the great ranches of the plains in the dispensing of true western hospitality! And a good time was had by all.

At the end of three months on the new "ranch", and strict adherence to all the prescribed rules and recommendations relating to diet, rest, open

windows, relaxation and absence of worries, I had gained 25 pounds in weight, the afternoon fever was gone, and coughing and expectorating greatly reduced, almost gone. Of course, I was greatly encouraged - so much I bought a secondhand bicycle for exercising! Soon after that I went to Pueblo nearest city, 139 miles west, and had a complete checkup by a TB specialist. His findings were also encouraging, his verdict being that I was now an arrested case making good progress, but not pronounced cured as yet so all elements of treatment must continue for months - indefinite in total time as of now. But bicycle to be disposed of at once - riding it one of the worst things I could possibly do!

Within reasonable limits it was permissible now to ride horseback so more and more I rode Old Dink over for short visits with friends Rich and Louis and into town to get the mail, small items at the store, or just for the ride.

Also on some Sundays I rode into town to attend church and have dinner at the hotel afterwards. There was only one church building in Sheridan Lake, a small membership, single, small room Methodist Church, which, however had an organ, very nice pews, and regular Sunday School and preaching services conducted by a fine, young minister who also served small churches in nearby Towner on the east and Branden on the west. Mrs. Gamble, wife of the General Store "Howard Gamble Who Sells Everything", a talented musician and ardent, faithful Methodist and church worker was really the spark plug of the little church, which accounted for the freshly painted building and neatly finished interior. She was also organist, Sunday School superintendent, etc., etc. It might be well at this point to record that she and her merchant husband were the parents of one son, ten, and a daughter Madge,

about 18, who attended Pueblo Centennial High School and was away from home most of the school year. Already I was looking forward to meeting the young lady during the Christmas season when she would be at home.

Winter was approaching and I had some apprehension concerning my adjustment to a much colder climate than ever before experienced, and the adequacy of my half dugout shelter in a Colorado blizzard and subzero weather as described to me by local natives. So I began preparing for a hard winter, early. Big pile of lump coal and kindling wood; woolen blanket from home; heavy clothing from mail order catalog recommended for "extreme cold" including fur lined cap and blanket lined corduroy coat, etc. In full regalia when the first snow did arrive I, undoubtedly, looked more like an Eskimo than a Colorado cowboy. Even so none of the longtime residents went into the winter months unprepared, and my safety-first measures were much better than foolish risks would have been. Of course, I learned that my first Colorado winter had many days of sunshine and moderate temperatures as always the case, but also some snowstorms and very cold weather at unpredictable intervals and that overall I really liked the crisp dry cold of Colorado better than our cold winter rains, mud, and icy sleet back home.

The Christmas-New Year "social" season in Sheridan Lake and surrounding area for miles around was highlighted with the big annual Woodman's Ball - New Year's Eve. Prior to this elaborate event I had from time to time met a few local "cowgirls" at the hotel and at church. And more recently I had met Madge Gamble, home for the holidays, when Mrs. Gamble had very kindly invited me to have Christmas dinner with them along with a few other guests including the young Methodist preacher. At this dinner party I "dated"

Madge for the Woodman's Ball! And this, my first adventure in Colorado society - on the range - was really something to write home about. I learned that the invariable custom in those days was for attendance at the not too frequent dances to include people within a radius of twenty miles or more, most of whom came by horseback and most of the men wore their boots as usual, - and danced with them on as a matter of course. The dancing began about 9:PM and at midnight stopped for an hour featured by quite an elaborate informal feed or supper served picnic style in the dance hall and/or nearby hotel. At 1 AM dancing resumed and continued all night, ending always with the Home Sweet Home waltz exactly at sunup! The music was by old time hoe-down fiddlers, banjo and guitar and the order of dances varied little from two quadrilles or square dances followed by waltz, then two-step, then Schottische, and repeat all, etc. The quadrilles were most helpful to me as rest periods! And I sat out half or more of the others, but I was actually in there for "Home Sweet Home", slept all the next day in the hotel and suffered no serious ill effects so far as I could tell.

Three or four of the girls from Towner and big ranches were excellent dancers and I thoroughly enjoyed dancing and talking to them all. I was a little flabbergasted to find that I was already known via the grapevine round about as "that college feller from Tennessee up here for his health" - but I was warmly welcomed and accepted by all. Madge was my lucky star of the evening and not only then but later a most interesting and charming personality. She had danced very little in her life and was a very poor dancer. But she was a vivacious, sparkling, witty, irrepressible Irish lassie; she knew everybody, and she made it her first order of business to

introduce me all around and then tell me about Pueblo, Denver, Pikes Peak and Colorado. Come summer she would show me some of the nearby big cattle outfits firsthand with a weekend at one of them and she did just that.

Actually the Gambles had come to Sheridan Lake in the first place several years before because of Madge's health - TB - and while improved enough to resume school, she was by no means robust. She was fairly tall about 5'4", slender, blue eyes that sparkled, attractive, but not particularly "pretty". A few years later she married a druggist in Pueblo but her health failed soon after and she passed away while still in her twenties.

The Gambles extended innumerable favors and courtesies to me during my fourteen months on the little ranch, adding much to the many pleasant memories relating to that extraordinary period of my life.

By the summer of 1911 I had been encouraged further by another examination by the Pueblo specialist who found no remaining indications of active TB at all, although there was considerable loss of upper lobes lung tissue, now scarred and calcified, permanent but not necessarily lethal, ever, in the future. Following this favorable medical report I decided definitely not to return to Tennessee but to try to finish my engineering education in Colorado. Accordingly, at my request, a transcript of my credits was forwarded from the University of Tennessee to Colorado University at Boulder and I was accepted for full Junior standing and admission in October to the College of Engineering. This arrangement was not to be consummated, however, due to another strange intervention of fate or inexplicable coincidence which affected by whole future in Colorado and the years to follow. One day soon after my credentials were accepted by

Colorado University I chanced to be having dinner at the hotel in Sheridan Lake and on that same day, Herbert L. Seaman, YMCA Secretary from the State College of Agriculture in Fort Collins, was also having dinner there and we became acquainted very quickly. He was, of course, familiar with Colorado Colleges and Universities, and became immediately interested in my problems and future possibilities. After an extended discussion and question and answer period, Mr. Seaman in brief said: "You have found our high, dry Colorado climate beneficial to your health so have decided, wisely to complete your education in this State. But what then?--Colorado University's Civil Engineering course is fine but your first job might well be RR location or other such work in the East where more people are. Now Irr. Engineering which is a branch of Civil Engineering has a great future in the Arid West, and the college in Fort Collins has the best course in Hydraulics and Irr. Engineering in the United States. Why not go to Fort Collins right away now during the vacation period and talk this whole matter over with Mr. ^{Cohen} V.W.Cone, Director of the U.S. Hydraulics Laboratory at the college and see firsthand what they're doing and what the Irr. Engineering grads are doing immediately after graduation? I'll gladly give you a letter of introduction."

Herb Seaman, a fine young Christian worker of warm pleasing personality obviously had no axe to grind other than that of helpfulness, his mission over the state at this time being to induce high school grads to continue their education by going on to college. His advice to me made sense. I did go to Fort Collins within a few days, met Mr. Cone who showed me the big Lab and Exp. Sta., as well as the Engineering building and campus, corroborating all I had been told by Mr. Seaman. And so another major decision was made a

I requested, soon after, a re-transfer of my university credits from Colorado University to Colorado State College of Agriculture (later Colorado State University) in Fort Collins and a new era in my life was soon to begin.

The summer of 1911, while still living on the "ranch" and in my half dugout home, passed quickly and pleasantly. My standardized TB "treatment" had become a way of life and was continued without difficulty. Gradually there was more and more horseback riding, walking, and occasional dancing parties. A weekend visit to one of the big cattle ranches was particularly enjoyed, for here I saw for the first time the genuine working western cowboys in action and learned why branding was necessary and how it was done.

At this time there were only a very few automobiles in the County and not many even in the cities. Howard Gamble had just acquired his first auto and the family planned a ten day to two-week vacation trip to Royal Gorge, Canon City Skyline Drive and a beautiful little mountain resort town, Rye, west of Pueblo. I was invited to go along with no expense other than my own meals and lodging and personal incidentals, so I gladly accepted, and was richly rewarded in seeing some of the finest of Colorado's Rocky Mountain scenery, a profusion of wild flowers, shrubs, trees and wild life of the high country, all new and interesting to me - altogether a thoroughly enjoyable outing.

My Tennessee friends and neighbors, Rich Copeland and Louis Lacey, were now quite at home in Colorado, and enjoying life and had made numerous new friends. Rich was catcher-pitcher on the Sheridan Lake baseball team and his experience of several years back home, and all-around ability as a player at any position, made him a valuable and popular addition to the

local pickup team (one of several in a small eastern Colorado "Bush" league). But they were both planning to return to their former Tennessee homes as soon as they had completed the required fourteen months continuous residence on their 160-acre homesteads, submitted proofs and acquired patents or title from U. S. Land Office. Rich later married a Colorado girl he had met in Sheridan Lake and they made a home on a farm in Overton County, Tennessee, had several children and were successful respected citizens. I never learned anything of Lacey's later life after his return to Tennessee. They were both "friends-in-need" to me and will always be warmly remembered for their good fellowship and innumerable kindnesses in our first months together in Colorado.

Just before the fall opening of college I went to Fort Collins and arranged for a Junior Class schedule somewhat less rigorous than ordinarily full requirements. My thought was that if I could do the Junior and Senior years' requirements in 2-1/2 or 3 years with continued improvement in health and avoid another breakdown, I would be happy and consider myself very fortunate. I also had to return to Sheridan Lake for a few days in October to terminate my fourteen months' residence on the homestead and submit proof of residence and compliance of legal requirements for Government Patent. Actually sometime later my proof was contested by someone hoping to acquire the tract by re-entry. This resulted in a formal Government "Hearing", necessitating another trip to the U. S. Land Office. Fortunately, the "Hearing" resulted in the contest being thrown out, and in due course I received patent and full legal ownership of "Green Horn Ranch".

With the decision to enter college again and now arrangements made for a fairly light schedule for the fall term I rented a small, two bedroom,

renting our home in Tennessee for a year, mother and sister, Carrye, came to Colorado and joined me in Fort Collins. The 1201 Pearl Street house had a screened and secluded back porch which was converted into an all-weather open-air sleeping room; and again a new adventure in living began.

At the beginning, we were favorably impressed with Fort Collins as a clean, attractive small-city of churches, schools and friendly people, with no saloons, and high moral standards, beautifully situated near the mountains. But the college, as a whole, was a big disappointment to me. True, the Department of Hydraulics and Irr. Engineering was impressive in being at the top in its field, but everything else on the campus was in such sharp contrast to the University of Tennessee that I had to realize for the first time in Colorado that I was terribly homesick. More than anything else, I think it was the great difference in the student bodies that made the big shock. At Tennessee everyone wore work clothes in the Labs and shops, but were always immaculately dressed outside on campus or in meetings and classrooms. To see men students wearing dirty, greasy corduroys and nondescript flannel-shirts strolling around campus between classes with co-eds who seemingly must have had the idea that "clothes do not make the man" and so couldn't care less, was a jar to me that would take a long time for adjustment.

Later I was to find from close intimate association some of the best friends and finest personalities at "Aggies" I had ever known. And yet from the extreme informal dress of the early Rancher-Cowboy-Miner type westerner to the sloppy Beatnik type of half a century later, (widespread over the country) I have continued to favor the well-dressed person, man or woman, stylishly, becomingly groomed but never conspicuously extreme: for it is

a fact of life that well-fitted good quality artistically chosen clothing does play an important part in "making a man" and molding a personality.

But more than ultra informality in clothes was the seeming lack of cultural backgrounds and a crudeness in everyday manners even in social affairs such as the "college" dances. But here again I later found offsetting plus qualities preponderant among Aggie students in their relative maturity, seriousness of purpose and high concentration in working toward definite objectives. They were in college for a specific and clearly understood primary purpose, and everything else whether recreational or cultural was secondary. Generally they had very limited money resources and so were in a hurry to qualify for responsible post-graduation employment in their chosen fields, and their aims were high.

In brief, at this time Aggies was essentially a vocational workshop on the college level and in Forestry, Veterinary Medicine, Civil and Irr. Engineering, Home Economics, and Agriculture and Animal Husbandry, graduates were well trained and prepared for effective leadership almost immediately after graduation, and were widely recognized as such throughout the Rocky Mountain and western plains area.

There were no National Frats or Sororities on the campus at this time but college enrollment was increasing each year including transfer students from other out-of-State universities and colleges who were members of National Frats or Sororities. So it was only a few years before National Frats and Sororities were granting charters to campus local petitioning groups. In 1911 there were only five local frats and two sororities, but within two years two more had been organized. In 1914 the first national charter was granted by Sigma Nu to local AKE, and the following year, 1915,

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Alpha of which group I was a member and corresponding secretary during the petitioning period. An interesting sidelight of early day fraternity embryonic development was that TA, second oldest local, was first organized by a group of Juniors while out on annual upper class field camp during the summer of 1905. They called themselves "The Royal Order of Infernal Tree Apes" colors: blood red and funeral black! Hence, the later "Tau Alpha" - but not for several years during which time the "Tree Apes" were mostly engineers, dominated football and baseball teams, ranked high as ROTC Officers and in scholastic grades but delighted in scandalizing all attempts by "pantywaist" elements toward formalizing college social functions! Definitely the more or less "uncivilized" "He-Man" type vogue - but how different from the Beatniks of fifty years later!

The college year '11-'12, with limited schedule, was completed with fair grades and no failures. No re-activation of TB occurred and back porch outside sleeping continued, with weight still sub-normal and only very moderate exercise and slight social activities. Mother adjusted to new Colorado city living quite well, in part due to the friendly people of the First Baptist Church, as well as nearest next door neighbors, John Sortori, wife and daughter, Anna, on Laporte Avenue, and the Charley Crane family on Pearl Street. Charley and wife, two daughters, Nellie and Florence, and son, Elmer, teenagers all, Southern origin and most cordial and helpful. Sister Carrye, now 16, and a beautiful girl, presented suddenly unforeseen "problems": She still lacked two years of high school work, and I was in the quite new role-for-me - of being councilor and "social scout" as well as disciplinarian to some extent. At this time there was offered by the college a "School of Agriculture" two year course for 11th and 12th high

school advancement students mainly from Colorado farm families who desired practical short courses in irrigation agriculture without later taking college work towards a degree. The college campus and buildings were made available to these students of both sexes who wore distinguishing uniforms and were generally referred to as "Short Horns". Actually the type of students in the School of Agriculture (which was discontinued a few years later) was quite high and the academic courses fully standard quality, and so I arranged for Carrye's enrollment for better supervision, instead of Fort Collins High School, and association with somewhat older and more mature students. She made passing grades but her top interest was the social life dates and boys! She was popular from the start and I was constantly "involved" in the choice of date bids and vetoing all dates except weekends, and then urging preference for her Baptist Church attending new boy acquaintances. One of these was a college freshman, Carl Bay. Carl's parents were "pillars" in the church and he was a member and regular attendant. He was a fine athlete both in football and track in the 100 and 220 sprints. He also was a member of Σχ Frats, a local whose membership did not include a single one who smoked! With no fault to find in this new friendship, I was rather pleased than otherwise in being relieved of some of my "supervision", but not at all prepared some months later to learn of the extent and consequences of this friendship.

At the end of the college year full-appraisal of the whole situation again had to be made with new decisions. By this time my total cash resources were alarmingly low, two more years would be necessary for graduation, and my physical condition made employment possibilities very limited, if, in fact, there were any at all. If mother and sister were to live

permanently in Fort Collins and the west, the home in Livingston would have to be sold and I would have to go back there and spend the time necessary to find a responsible buyer and complete the sale. Accordingly, it was decided that mother and Carrye would return to Tennessee at once, prior arrangements having been made for occupancy of our home anytime desired, and I would join them there in a few weeks.

It later became evident that these "few weeks" involving a long round-about "detour" via California and badly needed money expenditure were futile and ill advised. But my purpose was mainly two things: to try at a number of brief stops to find out whether light employment could be secured, and to have a thorough chest examination by TB specialists at two different sanitariums, while keeping traveling expenses at an absolute minimum. About the entire month of June 1912 was taken from Fort Collins, Colorado to Livingston, Tennessee. I first stopped at Sheridan Lake to investigate possible sale of my 160-acre dry land homestead with no results unless at giveaway price. Next by train to Modesto, California, a new "planned" booming town in upper San Joaquin Valley, a fast developing wine grapes area near Stockton where I spent a few days but no demand for clerical or office help, particularly an arrested TB case! From there two days in San Francisco and on south to Los Angeles via one of the twin Yale-Harvard boats, the Yale. My first and only ocean voyage and view of the Golden Gate. While in Los Angeles for three days, I went out to the famous Pottinger TB Sanitarium and a thorough chest examination by Dr. Pottinger himself - most interesting and enlightening to both of us! He found the heart moved over to the right 1-1/2" due to the loss of both upper lobes lung tissue from deep cavities; but the disease definitely arrested and calcified scar tissue

well along in formation. His conclusion: a 50-50 chance for complete recovery if I entered a good sanitarium for continued observation, convalescence, and treatment as might be needed. Not a very cheerful outcome but extremely valuable in my planning ahead with alternatives fewer and fewer. No intention at all of entering a sanitarium for obvious reasons.

From Los Angeles I started east towards home via ^{So. Pacific} SoP Pac (?) to Phoenix but stopping a day at the desert town of Banning, California to see Dr. King, a University of Nashville medical graduate and head of King's TB Sanitarium. Very pleasant visit with Dr. King who told me in essence about the same thing Dr. Pottinger had. Arriving in Phoenix I got a room in the old Adams Hotel and then spent several days job hunting in this warm day Arizona climate. Whenever I got as far as filling out an application blank, that was the end of the interview! "Lungers" were thick as flies in Phoenix, and their services not considered at any price. And that was that and I had had it! I found a total stranger friend who assisted me in getting a check cashed so I could buy a ticket home. And I was on the last lap of my detour from Colorado to Tennessee.

Strangely enough I was not at all "crushed" by the trend of events and I was glad to have some facts from which again to face the future with faith and unafraid. I knew now that I must graduate in Engineering, the Lord willing, and manage to work out the money problem some way and I would get back to Colorado and tackle the problem as soon as possible.

Soon after arrival home and greeting friends and relatives the last of June, mother and Carrye broke some wholly unexpected and startling news: Carrye was engaged to Carl Bay, mother's consent had been given, and they

wanted to be married December 24th in our home in Livingston! And that wasn't all the shocks to me, especially. Carl had decided to quit college and had rented 80-acre irr. land only about one-half mile from his father's farm in the edge of Fort Collins from which he could borrow some horses and machinery and he was already planning for a 1913 crop of sugar beets and farming on his own! Before their going to Colorado and while I was still at Sheridan Lake, I had made plans for Carrye to attend Ward-Belmont Junior College for Women at Nashville after finishing high school. And it never occurred to me at all that she might get married and not even finish high school. I knew a serious mistake was to be made, but after the interchange of letters, parental consent secured, and definite plans already being carried out, about all left for me to do was approve the plans for the formal wedding-to-be invitations, and to postpone my own return to college for another year.

Sale of the Livingston home was delayed until after the wedding at earliest, and after that was not pressed during the winter as there was no urgency under the circumstances and there was a real problem in finding a responsible buyer without too great a sacrifice in price. The home wedding occurred as planned on December 24th, the bridegroom having arrived a few days before. It was a beautiful and impressive ceremony with the house full of relatives and lifetime friends. The newlyweds left soon after for their honeymoon and future home in Colorado.

This last winter in Tennessee was extremely cold, wet, and dreary. There were bitter cold rains or sleet and slushy snow every day in January except one; and February and March both still wet with the saturated soil and unpaved roads and streets so muddy that traveling anywhere was difficult

even by horseback! Of course, there are always compensations in every situation and a silver lining for every cloud; and in Tennessee this is gloriously shown by the outpouring of the inexpressibly gorgeous beauties of April and May - the Dogwoods pink and white - and Azaleas - millions of flowers unaccountable kinds-filling the woods and gardens along the roadsides - everywhere! And the disagreeable features of the past winter forgotten in the blessings of the present.

The home was sold in the early spring to an old friend and local attorney, so there was no selling expense and the terms were quite satisfactory. Household furniture and personal property not suitable for shipping were disposed of and the remaining personal effects packed and shipped to Fort Collins. These last months in the old hometown were not without warm social contacts continuously and friendships and affections always to be cherished in memory.

Mother and I left Tennessee to arrive in Fort Collins in late May 1913. Carl and Carrye were nicely located in a rented house near the 80 acres he was already preparing for sugar beets and other crops. We each had a room with them for brief periods, until I had arranged for a room in the Tau Alpha Fraternity house (upstairs front porch, canvas three sides, unfurnished, rent free to "room"mate Ed Murray, mechanical engineer '16, from Fort Morgan and I, we to "furnish" -- at less than \$10.00 total!); and mother later to her own little home, one-half block north of the college campus on South Mason Street where she was to live alone for 32 years until her death July 3, 1945. Her new home was comfortable and debt free, but barely so!

The summer '13 for the next twelve months was to be the most difficult