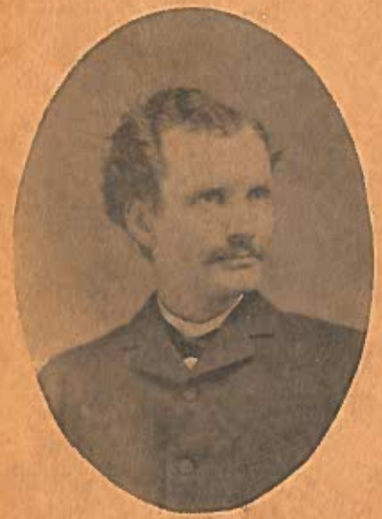

A History of the CHAPIN FAMILY

by

Roger E. Chapin

A

HISTORY OF THE

CHAPIN FAMILY

DEACON SAMUEL
1635

to

JOHN, CHARLES AND
DOCTOR SAMUEL
1965

BY
Roger E. Chapin

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1965

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Deacon Samuel Chapin as depicted in "The Puritan" by Augustus St. Gaudens

CHAPTER 1 FIRST GENERATION

Deacon Samuel Chapin

In "The Chapin Book," a genealogy of the descendants of Deacon Samuel Chapin, appears a quotation from Goethe which expresses my thoughts about the importance of family history.

> "Happy he, who with bright regard looks back upon his father's fathers, who with joy recounts their deeds of grace, and in himself values the latest link in the fair chain of noble sequence."

It is believed that all of the Chapins in this country who have received the name by inheritance have descended from Deacon Samuel Chapin, a Puritan who emigrated from England to America in the year 1635.

I am of the tenth generation of the descendants of this Puritan ancestor. The American family of Chapins is a vigorous one and in 1926 the living descendants numbered in the thousands.

I propose to set down here a record of such facts as I have been able to obtain about my remote ancestors and follow with facts within my own knowledge regarding my immediate family, and perhaps some about myself, in order to preserve the material I have gathered and possess for the information of my descendants.

The Chapin name is an honorable name. The descendants of Deacon Samuel have been honorable people; many of them have been distinguished. Among the descendants have been a President of the United States, William Howard Taft, a few United States senators and judges, numerous ministers, including Henry Ward Beecher, doctors, lawyers, college presidents, and a sufficient number of men otherwise prominent to assure all the other descendants that they are in good company. Some of our own friends are among them, including Fanny Holbrook (now deceased), Betsy Hudnut, wife of our former minister, William H. Hudnut, and Mary Prince Richardson. Mary claims she is twice as much of a Chapin as I am since she is a descendant from two different Chapin branches.

In 1954 in connection with our trip to Rochester, New York, to attend Sam's graduation from medical school Mother and I went on to Springfield, Massachusetts, the home city of Deacon Samuel, to find out what could be learned about my first American Chapin ancestor.

Our research in the city library with the assistance of Miss Catherine Howard Chapin, the director of the Art Museum, produced the following information: Deacon Samuel Chapin was born in Paignton, England. The date of his birth is not known but the church records in Paignton show that he was christened October 8, 1598. He was the son of John Chapin and Phillipe Easton Chapin. The Paignton church records also show that he was married to Cicely Penney on the 9th day of February 1623. Cicely Penney was the daughter of Henry and Jane Penney. Her father was a baker in the village of Paignton.

While they lived in Paignton there were five children born to Samuel and Cicely: David, baptised January 4, 1624, died August, 1672, Boston, Massachusetts; Catherine, baptised April 6, 1630, died February 4, 1712, Springfield, Massachusetts; Sarah, baptised April 6, 1630, died August 5, 1684, Springfield, Massachusetts; Josiah, born 1634, died September 10, 1726, Mendon, Massachusetts; Henry, date of birth unknown, died August 15, 1718.

After they reached America they had two additional children: Japhet, born at Roxbury, October 15, 1642, died February 20, 1712, Springfield; Hannah, born at Springfield, December 2, 1644

They first settled at Roxbury, a small village in Massachusetts, where they remained until 1639. While here Deacon Samuel was listed as the head of a household of eight.

In the year 1635 the General Court gave the citizens of the colony the right to move to any place they desired under the government of Massachusetts. Following this decree William Pynchon, one of the leading settlers, left Roxbury with a group and went to Agawan (later Springfield), where they settled.

In 1639 Deacon Samuel received enthusiastic reports from the new settlement and he decided to take his family to Agawan, a distance of perhaps 90 miles. They took one horse on which his wife rode, holding the baby. Deacon Samuel walked with the other children. The children took turns walking and riding. The family took with them a leathern bag of ground corn. This they parched in hot ashes and made into hoecakes as they camped on the way. They also caught fish and game along the way to supplement their meager fare of corn. It is not known how long it took them to make the trip but they arrived in Agawan in November, 1639.

Deacon Samuel had already known Pynchon and he was chosen to help lay out lands on both sides of the Connecticut River which flows through Springfield. Pynchon sold some of the land to pay his cost to the Indians. Deacon Samuel received 10½ Acres on the East side of the river and 1½ Acres on the West side. This area later became the downtown district of Springfield and the land Deacon Samuel received on the East side is now partly occupied by the large Forbes & Wallace department store. The fact was that this area did not become valuable until long after Deacon Samuel's lifetime. Springfield remained a small town until the Revolutionary War, when the arsenal was located there. Even then it remained a town for another 75 years and did not become incorporated as a city until 1852. Its greatest growth has been since that date.

In 1640 the name of Agawan was changed to Springfield, after the leading citizen John Pynchon's English home. The town was governed by a town meeting. In 1644 Deacon Samuel Chapin was appointed one of the selectmen, which office he held until 1652, when he was named magistrate. In 1651 Pynchon wrote a book in which he protested against the stern Calvinism of that day and declared, "God is a God of justice." This was regarded as heresy by the General Court and Pynchon and his family were sent back to England. It was then that Deacon Samuel Chapin and two others were appointed magistrates. They were ordered to lay out the towns which became Northampton and Hadley. They tried cases in these towns as well as in Springfield.

In 1656 Deacon Samuel shared with Mr. Holyoke and Mr. Burt the duties of minister and preached for several years as their regular minister had returned to England. In 1660 Springfield, Northampton and Hadley were constituted a county and Deacon Samuel was made one of three magistrates of the county. Deacon Samuel was one of a committee for assigning seats in the meeting house. The records show that Goodwife Chapin is to sit in the seat alongside Mrs. Holyoke and Mrs. Glover. Mrs. Glover was the minister's wife and Mrs. Holyoke was the daughter of William Pynchon.

The General Court allotted 200 acres of land to Deacon Samuel for his services. He retired in 1666 and soon afterwards he deeded to his son Japhet all the property in and around Springfield, subject to a life estate in one-half for himself and wife.

In October, 1675, near the close of King Phillip's war, Springfield was attacked by the Indians and burned. Deacon Samuel did not live to

see it rebuilt as he died the following month on November 11, 1675. His wife, Cicely, survived him by six years, two months and twenty-eight days and died February 8, 1682.

Deacon Samuel left an abiding impress of his character on the City of Springfield and his figure as depicted by St. Gaudens in the statue "The Puritan" has been chosen to symbolize the spirit of the city in its municipal flag.

The Title of Deacon

The office of deacon was first established by the Apostles and its duties included the distribution of alms and of bread and wine to communicants. The same duties devolved upon the Puritan deacons. In the English church deacons were ecclesiastics with a limited jurisdiction. Apparently in the case of our ancestor the church added to his duties as a Puritan deacon those of the English church which required him to assist the minister in conducting devotional exercises and to act as minister during the minister's absence. During the period when the church had no settled pastor (he having for some reason returned to England) Deacon Samuel was allowed pay at the rate of 50 pounds per year. Hence in the case of our ancestor the title "Deacon" carried a broader significance than its ordinary meaning, which perhaps explains why the title became so firmly attached to him. It is observed in the pamphlet "The Great Gathering," "In the Catholic church the deacon is an ecclesiastic, the second in the sacred orders and not allowed to marry. For some good reason, probably, no descendant of Deacon Samuel has ever become a deacon in the Catholic church."

The Statue

In Merrick Park in Springfield, just across from the library, stands the famous statue of Deacon Samuel Chapin, entitled "The Puritan." It is the work of the noted sculptor Augustus St. Gaudens, and is done in bronze in heroic size. I had long been familiar with this statue as it was frequently pictured in the daily press and various magazines. A replica of it stood for many years on the main floor of the Art Institute in Chicago, but about ten years ago the replica was moved to the basement of the Institute, the Director having decided to replace it with something more lively. Incidentally Betsy Hudnut has a small bronze

replica about 3 feet high, which her uncle bought at Tiffany's in the late nineties and left to her.

The statue was provided by Mr. Chester W. Chapin, Springfield's leading citizen of the late nineteenth century and its wealthiest one. He had started in business with a stagecoach line but later became President of the Boston & Albany Railroad, a director of other railroad and steamship companies, headed a bank which carried his name, and had also represented his district in Congress.

There was no portrait of Deacon Samuel and the statue is purely the sculptor's idea of what he looked like, gained from studying his life and the Puritan character. Doubtless the sculptor was also slightly influenced by the fact that the donor himself was a pretty stern character and believed that he bore close resemblance to the Deacon and posed for St. Gaudens several times during the progress of the work.

As a matter of fact the statue bears a striking resemblance to my own father except for the extra sternness. The figure is dressed in the winter garb of the Puritan with a long vest-like coat, knee breeches and a Puritan hat. He wears a great flowing cape and is carrying a large pulpit Bible in his left arm and a sturdy walking stick in his right hand. His jaw is set firmly and he appears to be watching the doorway of the Insurance Company of America just across the street in front of him. I have a feeling that his vigilance has materially reduced the embezzlement hazard of this company. If any official there ever toyed with the idea of helping himself and doctoring up the books to hide it the stern gaze of Deacon Samuel must have quickly brought to his mind the injunction of the Eighth Commandment and the strong impression that he would be caught.

While viewing the statue we fell into conversation with a dapper police officer who happened by. He ventured the suggestion that the town was still full of Chapins, all of whom were of high degree or high brow. Upon learning that we were Chapins he removed his hat and made haste to explain that what he meant was that they were all bankers, lawyers and professional people. I counted 72 Chapins in the city directory; some were listed as mechanics, filling-station operators, and truck drivers, and I assume that with these exceptions the rest were engaged in the undertakings our policeman friend had mentioned.

The statue was dedicated in 1887, after the death of Chester W.

Chapin, the donor.

The Paignton Parish Church

In 1955 when my wife and I were in England we went down to Paignton to see the old church, where Deacon Samuel was christened and where he was married.

The Paignton church is of historic interest aside from the meaning it holds for the Chapin family. The first church building on the site was an ancient Saxon church, which in the year 1100 was replaced by the Normans with an ill-lighted church building consisting of chancel and nave. The following parts of the old Norman church still remain: The North and South wall of the chancel and the Eastern piers of the nave arcade, the West doorway, and the baptismal font. The West doorway was removed intact from the ancient Norman church and inserted in the present tower. The four ancient doorways had special names: Priest's Door, Wedding Door, Christening Door and Norman Door. The Norman Door was the burying door and entered upon the church burying-ground.

The church has been altered and repaired at various times during the last 900 years but is today a very well cared for edifice with some fine furnishings, which include attractive stone transepts and screen and a beautiful pulpit. Like most ancient churches it has a goodly collection of statues of saints and angels. Many tombs have a recumbent statue of the deceased occupant on top of the tomb. These are beautifully carved in marble. Many of the statues in the church were brutally damaged in the religious strife of the 16th and 17th century, some say by the Puritans and others charge it to the Catholics. It doesn't matter much, as apparently each had a turn at it.

A modern reredos over the high altar was presented to the church in 1927 by the Chapin Family Association made up of the American descendants of Deacon Samuel. The reredos is done in what is known as beerstone and is an exquisitely designed addition to the church.

When there we registered in the large church register.. We turned back the pages to 1944 where we found the signature of our son John, he having visited the church while stationed in England during World War II. While standing at the register I pictured in my mind our own tall son standing there in his army uniform eleven years before. Then in my imagination I could see Deacon Samuel with his wife and five children

making their final appearance in the church 320 years previously, probably on the Sunday before their embarkation. Since then I have learned that my nephew, Edwin Chapin, registered in the same book during the war.

The vicar's wife learned of our visit and invited us over to the manse for tea. The manse is close by the church but in a separate yard. The vicar was not home that day having gone to Exeter to attend a meeting at the cathedral. Our visit was on a fine warm spring day in April. The windows and doors in the manse were all open and when Mother remarked on the absence of screens the vicar's wife inquired, "What are screens?" Upon having this explained she added the information that they did not have flies in England. After tea and a most delightful visit with the vicar's wife we bid adieu to the parish church and went on our way to Exeter to visit the cathedral.

Two months later, after visiting Scotland, France Switzerland and Italy, we sailed for home from Naples on the palatial S S Constitution. Our trip to America was 320 years after the one made by my first American ancestor and I could not help but make a comparison. It was a very different kind of ship he sailed on and a very different kind of an America he sailed to in that year of 1635.

We have no record of the particular circumstances which prompted Deacon Samuel to make what must have been a monumental decision for him when he determined to leave his native land and seek an abode for himself and family in the wilderness of America. We do know that they were Puritans and it is possible that the general plight of the Puritans in England at that time will throw some light on the question.

Puritans

The Puritans were those who thought that the English Reformation had not gone far enough in its separation from the Roman Catholic Church. To them the church was a means for advancing religious truth and it could not do this to the best advantage while hampered, as they thought, by useless, meaningless and unscriptural forms and ceremonies, especially when the observance of these was obligatory for all and was enforced by civil authority. This attitude had been regarded by the sovereigns Elizabeth, Mary and James as a challenge not only to the church but to the royal prerogative, and they first persecuted Protestants, then both Protestants and Catholics.

The Puritans at first objected mainly to the forms and ceremonies

but did not advocate separation from the church as did the Pilgrims. Later they objected to the Episcopal church as such, and advocated the Presbyterian form of church as the state church. Finally they came to believe and teach that the church was entirely independent of the state and should manage its own affairs. Charles the First came to the throne in England in 1625. He believed in the supremacy of the church and state and most of all in the supreme authority of the crown. However, the king was not personally inclined to the persecution of heretics, but he lived in an age of general intolerance and cruelty, an age when each sect not only wanted to worship as it chose but to compel all others to submit to the same beliefs and ceremonies.

A degree of tolerance was shown by the government for a few years after Charles the First came to the throne, but in 1633 he appointed William Laud as Archbishop of Canterbury. Laud was religious bigot who possessed a great zeal for persecuting heresy. He regarded all of the Church of England ceremonies and his own edicts as law from heaven. The stubborn defiance of these by the Puritans received his steady attention and the most rigorous measures were applied to enforce compliance. The penalties inflicted took the most cruel form and included the pillory, the clipping of ears, dragging behind the cart, hanging, burning, beheading, drawing and quartering, and also exile.

From this historical background it is not difficult to imagine the reasons that dictated Deacon Samuel's decision to leave England. The easy way for the dissenter would have been to conform to the ceremonies of the Church of England but there was in the Puritan character a quality composed of devotion, bravery, fortitude and stubborn perseverance that rebelled at compliance. Their self-discipline enabled them to suffer the severest cruelty or exile rather than to submit where matters of conscience were involved. We know that our ancestor possessed this quality with all of its attributes from the decision he made.

Before passing the subject of the Puritans it is interesting to note certain events that occurred in England after our ancestor left there in 1635. In 1644 the Long Parliament passed a bill of attainder against Archbishop Laud, charging him with high treason and he was condemned to be executed. In 1637, two years after the emigration of Deacon Samuel, the King's Council became apprehensive as to the consequences that might follow in the colonies from permitting so many disaffected persons to emigrate. On the recommendation of the Council four ships of emigrant Puritans were denied clearance from the harbor and their

passengers were compelled to remain in England. One of these passengers was a man named Oliver Cromwell.

Origin of Chapin Name

The origin of the Chapin name is unknown. Many theories have been advanced, the most plausible of which is that the name is of extremely ancient French origin, dating from the tenth century or earlier, and was given to the first bearer in the form of Capinatus because of his valor in a battle in which he received a severe wound on his head from a blow which slashed open his helmet. We do know that the Chapin name is more prevalent in France today than it is in England or Wales. We also know that beginning with the time of William the Conqueror men have gone from France to England, some to conquer, others to save their lives from French violence. Hence it is not unlikely that the name is of early French origin and that some bearer of that name settled in England and became the English ancestor of Deacon Samuel.

Genealogy

The descendants of Deacon Samuel have from an early date shown a modest pride in their ancestry. This fact appears from three different publications which I possess and which I will mention here.

The Great Gathering

On the 17th day of September, 1862, a memorable gathering of the descendants of Deacon Samuel was held at Springfield, Massachusetts and more than one-thousand of the Chapin clan attended. This meeting became known as the Great Gathering of the Chapin Family, which indeed it was. The proceedings of the meeting were published and a copy of them has come down to me from my grandfather through my father.

While it appears from the list of those who attended that the great majority were from Massachusetts and most of these were from Springfield, all of the New England states were nevertheless will represented, particularly the cities of Providence and Hartford. There were also a few registered from Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois. Oddly enough, among the registrants was a J. E. Chapin from Springfield, Illinois. The City Directory of 1860-61 lists a Jane E. Chapin, teacher at the High School, who boarded at the home of Rev. Albert Hales, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. It is not unlikely that Miss Jane attended the Great Gathering.

On the occasion of this gathering the main speech was made by Judge Henry Chapin of Worcester, Massachusetts and it disclosed that a great deal of research in the matter of Chapin genealogy had already been made. Some of the facts mentioned by him, particularly those in reference to Josiah, have been used in this history.

Included in the report of the meeting are some letters of regret from those who couldn't attend. Two are of particular interest:

William H. Seward, then the Secretary of State, had been invited because his wife was a descendant. In his letter of regret he wrote: "Just now I am engaged in an endeavor to preserve the integrity of a family even larger than the one over which you preside and one upon whose salvation the safety and happiness of all the domestic relations in this country depend, and therefore I am unable to be absent from the capital."

Henry Ward Beecher, another descendant, had expected to attend, found at the last minute that his annual attack of hay fever ("opthalmic catarrh") had not subsided, "making me unable to bear the dust and cinders of the cars." "All the Chapin blood in my veins rises up against this decision but in vain. I shall keep the day at home in my own way** I have therefore decreed to all of the blood of all of the families in my veins that tomorrow they shall do reverence to the Chapin blood."

Soldier Chapins of Three Wars

The second publication above referred to is a small book entitled "Soldier Chapins of Three Wars" published in 1895. The wars referred to are the French-Indian Wars of 1754-60, Revolutionary War, 1775-83, and the War of 1812-15. The book was compiled by Charles W. Chapin from family documents and official records of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, and the War and Navy Departments. It lists some 200 Chapin soldiers. Among those listed are my great-great-grandfather, Darius Chapin, who served in the Revolutionary War in 1777. We are sometimes inclined to think of the Revolutionary War as the point of beginning in American history, and it is therefore a little surprising to see it in true perspective. My Revolutionary ancestor, Darius Chapin of the sixth generation, was nearer to me in point of time than he was to Deacon Samuel.

The Chapin Book

The third publication referred to is the Chapin genealogy, published

in 1925 and entitled "The Chapin Book." This is a monumental work consisting of two large volumes with a total of 2750 pages. It gives the records of 7504 families, listing all of the descendants in ten gerenations and a few in the eleventh and twelfth. The task of preparing this work was sponsored by the Chapin Family Association of Hartford, Connecticut. The actual work of gathering the data, compiling and cataloging it, fell to Mr. Gilbert Chapin, a banker of Hartford, who became so absorbed with the undertaking that he retired from his business in 1905 and devoted the next twenty years to compiling the family record. Except for this publication the work of tracing one's Chapin ancestors through ten generations would be such a forbidding task that few would undertake it.

In dwelling on our Chapin ancestors I am not unmindful of the fact that we have many other ancestors. As I compute it we of the tenth generation have descended from Deacon Samuel and 511 other ancestors of his generation. Most of these lines of descent would now be impossible to trace. Therefore the service rendered by Mr. Gilbert Chapin, in making the line from which we inherited our name traceable, makes us greatly indebted to him.

By a neat plan of numbering and indexing any one of the descendants can by the use of this book readily trace his family back to the first ancestor. It may be interesting to describe the plan here. For illustration, on the page where the family of my father is tabulated his name is given in the caption and is followed by the numbers 1-5-7-4-7-2-4-5-2. These numbers indicate respectively that my father is a descendant of Deacon Samuel in the ninth generation. The 1 refers to Deacon Samuel. The numbers following indicate the child of the respective generation from which my father descended: he was the fifth child in the second generation, the seventh child in the third, the fourth child in the fourth, the seventh child in the fifth, and so on.

A rough idea as to how the descendants of Deacon Samuel multiplied is indicated by the number of pages between the listing of my ancestors in the genealogy. The families of my respective ancestors are listed on the following pages: First generation, Deacon Samuel, Page 1; second generation, Josiah Chapin, Page 5; third generation, Captain Seth Chapin, Page 23; fourth generation, Deacon John Chapin, Page 94; fifth generation, Solomon Chapin, Page 283; sixth generation, Darius Chapin, Page 628; seventh generation, Salma Chapin, Page 1177; eighth generation, William James Chapin, Page 1769; ninth generation, Edwin L. Chapin, my father, Page 2191.

CHAPTER 2 SECOND TO SEVENTH GENERATIONS

SECOND GENERATION

Each of the seven children of Deacon Samuel Chapin started branches of the family tree. My family descended from the Josiah branch. This branch had a particularly vigorous growth due at least in part to the fact that through Josiah it had a very broad base.

Josiah Chapin was the fifth child of Deacon Samuel and was born in 1634 in England and therefore must have been a mere baby when he was brought to America. When he was grown he first settled in Weymouth, Massachusetts and in 1658 he married Mary King of that town. He had eleven children by her; the seventh one, Seth by name, became the ancestor of our branch in the third generation. Josiah's wife, Mary, died in May, 1676 and in September of that year he married Mrs. Lydia Brown Pratt. He had four children by her. Lydia lived until 1711 when she died at Mendon, Massachusetts. Two years later in 1713 Josiah married Mehitable Metcalf of Dedham, Massachusetts, who died in 1724. Josiah outlived his third wife by two years and died at Mendon September 10, 1726 at the age of 92.

While Josiah by his three wives and fifteen children established quite a record even in his day and in the Chapin clan, which was known for large families, it must not be assumed that he was without other claims to eminence. The fact was that Josiah was a very useful and respected citizen during his exceedingly long life, as the following summary of his life will indicate:

After living for a time in Weymouth he moved to Braintree, where he resided for some twenty years. In 1668 his father transferred to him 200 Acres of land at Mendon which he had received for services rendered to the Massachusetts Colony. Josiah moved to Mendon about 1680 and spent the rest of his life there. During all of this period of nearly fifty years he was the town's leading citizen. Mendon of that day occupied a much greater territory than it did at a later date as much of its area was later incorporated into other towns.

In Judge Henry Chapin's address given at the Great Gathering, Josiah is progressively referred to as Sergeant Chapin, Lieutenant Chapin, and Captain Chapin. These titles doubtless indicate service in the colonial militia. He also served at various times as surveyor, selectman, chairman of the selectmen, representative on the General Court and Justice of the Peace. In the address above mentioned some two pages are devoted

to listing the public tasks which at one time or another Josiah was appointed to and which he performed. It is related that Mendon was long without a representative in the General Court on account of its poverty. The town preferred to be unrepresented rather than to carry the additional burden of paying a representative. Josiah was the first representative of the town in the General Court after King Philip's War and was chosen in 1692. It is further stated that for many years Josiah was the largest taxpayer of the town and in the year 1685 he paid one-twentieth of all the taxes collected in Mendon. Since this is one of the years when Mendon preferred not to be represented in the General Court I deduct that Josiah had a hand in it. As a final indication of his activity in his later years, it is recorded that he was again elected as a representative to the General Court at the age of 86.

THIRD GENERATION

Captain Seth Chapin, the fifth child of Josiah and Mary King Chapin, was born in Braintree, Massachusetts August 4, 1668. He was married May 23, 1689 at Mendon, Massachusetts to Mary Read, daughter of Samuel Read. His wife died four months later on September 12, 1689. His second marriage was to Bethiah Thurston, daughter of Deacon John and Mary Wood Thurston. She was born April 30, 1671, at Medfield, Massachusetts and died March 2, 1744, at Mendon. They had fourteen children, the fourth being John, my ancestor, born May 13, 1698.

In the Chapin Book it is reported that Captain Seth Chapin moved to Milford about 1680, where he became a large landowner and a distinguished citizen. He was an expert surveyor and did much to reclaim the virgin land, the earliest record of such development being in 1700. He owned several hundred acres of land at Milford and lived there until 1715 when he sold it to his son, Seth, and returned to Mendon to live near his venerable parents. He died April 1, 1746, at Mendon at the age of 76.

FOURTH GENERATION

Deacon John Chapin, the fourth son of Seth and Bethiah Chapin, was born May 13, 1698 at Mendon. He was married to Dorcas_____ in 1718. They had eight children, the seventh being Solomon Chapin, my ancestor, born June 4, 1733. The wife of Deacon John died August 22, 1767 at Mendon and Deacon John then married Miss Ruth Dayhill September 10, 1768. There were no children of the second marriage.

Deacon John was one of the twenty-six original members of the

church in Mendon who seceded and formed a second church in 1741. He was prominent in the second church and was chosen Deacon in 1749. His brother, Seth, Jr., lived just North of Deacon John's homestead in Mendon.

As a matter of collateral interest, his brother, Seth, Jr. married Abigail Adams, an aunt of John Adams, the second President of the United States.

Deacon John died August 3, 1770 at Mendon and his will was probated at that place on August 27, 1770.

William Howard Taft, the 27th President of the United States, was a descendant of Deacon John. The Taft line descended from Deacon John's sixth child, whose name was also John, while our line came down through the seventh child, whose name was Solomon.

FIFTH GENERATION

Solomon Chapin, son of John and Dorcas Chapin, was born June 4, 1733, at New Marlboro, Massachusetts. He married Joanna White, daughter of Samuel and Triall White, on the 28th of May, 1754. They had ten children, of whom the second was Darius Chapin, my ancestor, born December 11, 1756. Solomon Chapin died at New Marlboro, Massachusetts. The date of his death is not known.

SIXTH GENERATION

Darius Chapin, my grandfather's grandfather, was the son of Solomon Chapin. He was born at Uxbridge, Massachusetts, December 11, 1756. He was married April 22, 1779 at New Marlboro, Massachusetts, to Margaret Beaman. They had four children, the fourth being Salma, my great grandfather.

In the book entitled "Soldier Chapins of Three Wars" the following entry appears on Page 50:

> "Darius Chapin enlisted September 19, 1777 in Captain Sybanus Wilcox's Company, Colonel John Ashley's Berkshire Regiment, served in Northern Army, discharged October 19, 1777; was in Captain Adam Casson's Company, Colonel John Ashley's Regiment, ordered out by General Fellows, October 14, 1780."

SEVENTH GENERATION

Salma Chapin, son of Darius and Margaret Beaman Chapin, was born at Granville, New York, September 22, 1791. He was married to Lydia Strong, daughter of Elisha Strong, in the year 1812. His wife was born at Thetford, Vermont, January 7, 1787. There were five children born to Salma Chapin and his wife, the fifth being my grandfather, William James Chapin, who was born at Granville on September 21, 1821.

Salma Chapin remained in Granville until 1833 when he moved to Ontario, Wayne County, New York. In 1848 he came West and settled first at Aztalan, Wisconsin. He was a deacon in the Baptist Church at Ontario and was elected to the same office in the church at Aztalan. He afterwards moved to Milford, Wisconsin, and lived there until his death which occurred October 18, 1860 at the age of 70 years. His wife survived him and lived on in Milford until her death on February 23, 1867 at the age of 80. All five of the children survived her and were present at the time of her death. At that time her son, Nelson E. Chapin, was the minister of the Baptist Church at Aztalan, and her son, William, my grandfather, was minister of a Baptist Church at Bangor, Wisconsin.

The Chapin Book records that while at Granville Salma Chapin was Path Master in 1821 and was Overseer of Highways in 1822.

Among my father's papers is a birthday poem he wrote on the occasion of my grandfather's 62nd birthday in which is recited some family history and amont other things, he states that his grandfather, Salma Chapin, was a blacksmith.

CHAPTER 3 EIGHTH GENERATION

William James Chapin

The writing of a family history is filled with frustrations. Up to now I have been writing about ancestors I never knew and while I have been able to gather certain data regarding them I have been at a great loss to gather the kind of intervening facts necessary to fill in the gaps and make an interesting narrative.

Now when I am about to embark upon the generations of my grandfather, my father and myself I have such a volume of facts that a very different problem is presented. In endeavoring to assess these facts there is a temptation to lay most of them aside on the ground that they really do

MR. AND MRS. W. J. CHAPIN

not appear to be important, and set the rest aside because they are already known to my immediate family. I find myself asking (myself) the question, "Since these facts are known why write about them?" Most people have an inherent modesty that makes them hesitate to believe their personal history is worth recording. I suppose many of my ancestors have at some time in their lives reached the point when they indulged in similar cogitations and then proceeded to lay down their quills when they found no sufficient answer to the above question.

In my own case I have found what I regard as a sufficient answer by the answer to another question: Who is this family history being written for? I am writing it for my descendants - this includes my grandchildren and some day it will include great-grandchildren. Who can say what facts future generations my regard as interesting or important? The world has greatly changed in my own lifetime. The manner of life my grandfather lived when I was a small boy already seems ancient. The changes of the last fifty years have been so great that the manner of living in the 1890's was more like the 1690's than 1965. Change will continue to occur and may even be accelerated. The present age of fantastic advancement on the scientific side may be as obsolete in another fifty years as the world of the pioneers and if it is some of my descendants may find the common-place things of today interesting.

I think my grandchildren and their descendants may want to know what kind of people their Chapin ancestors of the eighth, ninth and tenth generations were. I know of no better way to tell them than by recording certain episodes that show what we thought, said and did, that show the kind of lives we lived and the nature of the times in which we lived them. I will therefore endeavor to lay aside the hesitancy I at first felt and in this history of the eighth, ninth and tenth generations will include a goodly sprinkling of unimportant items and leave it to my descendants to sift them for any historical jewels that may have crept in.

William James Chapin, my grandfather, son of Salma and Lydia Strong Chapin, was born September 20, 1821, at Granville, New York. When he was about 15 years of age his family moved to Ontario, Wayne County, New York, and after graduating from the public schools he attended the Academy at Marion in the same county for three years. His older brother, Nelson E. Chapin, had gone into the Baptist ministry and in 1844 my grandfather was licensed by the Baptist Church at Beamington, Wayne County, to "improve his gifts." This apparently meant that he should obtain more practice in "exhortation" - the style of

preaching regarded as essential in that day - for he mentions that after that he "did learn to exhort a little."

In the fall of 1845 he came west to Belvidere, Illinois, preaching as opportunity offered it. The next winter he taught school at Galena, Illinois, and then moved to Wisconsin. He was ordained to the ministry at Sun Prairie, Wisconsin, on November 3, 1847, and his brother, Reverend N. E. Chapin, gave the charge in the ceremony. He thereupon became a Baptist missionary-minister, organizing churches in various small communities and moving on to a new field after they became able to carry on by themselves.

He served Baptist churches in the following places in Wisconsin; Sun Prairie, 1847; Aztalan, 8 years, 1847-1855; Mauston, 6 years, 1856-1862; Reedsburg, 3 years; Bangor, 3 years; Fall River, 3 years, and other places.

In 1872 he came again to Illinois and served as a minister for a short time at Greenville, Troy, Edwardsville, Oak Grove, Mt. Zion, Pleasant Plains, Brighton, Auburn, and Chatham, all in Illinois. In 1877 he accepted a call from the Chatham church as its settled minister and continued as minister of that church until he retired in 1902 at the age of 81. Even after retirement he preached an annual sermon at the Chatham church each year, the last one being in September, 1909, a year prior to his death.

While my grandfather served as minister at Aztalan, Wisconsin he married Harriet L. Horton at Sun Prairie, Wisconsin on February 16, 1848. She was born March 10, 1825 at Vienna, New York. Two children were born to this marriage, Lucius Horton Chapin, born July 2, 1849, and Edwin Lorenzo Chapin, my father, born April 23, 1857. My father was born at Mauston, Wisconsin, and his mother died on the 23rd day of January, 1860, when she was but 35 years of age and when my father was two years and some nine months old. Harriet Chapin was buried in the cemetery at Mauston.

I have in my possession a letter which my father's mother, Harriet L. Chapin, wrote to her husband while she was on a trip from Mauston to Milford, Wisconsin to visit her mother, a distance of about 70 miles. The letter was written at Sun Prairie October 11, 1857, and was posted in Cottage Grove on October 14. The baby she refers to is my father, who was then about six months old. I quote it in full here as I think it gives a

touch of the kind of life people had in 1857 and how dependent they were on the horse in what is sometimes known as the horse and buggy days:

Sun Prairie, Oct. 11/57

Dear Husband:

We arrived safe to my Mothers yesterday after being out three nights. The first day we went to Dell Prairie. The horse began to lag before we arrived at the Pierce's but we put her up there, fed her well, then started for Dell Prairie. When we got there she seemed tired out. We found Mr. Traynor's people well, started the next morning. The horse went pretty well for ten miles. Then we were obliged to stop and feed her. We stopt to a Mr. Smiths (Baptists, fine folk), fed her well then started for Portage. She went very well if we would all walk through all the hard places and up every rise of ground, when we got to Portage she seemed so loth to go I concluded I had better go to Sun Prairie as direct as possible. I came on the road we went last winter, went that night seven miles, staid with a Methodist family by the name of Killgore. The next day went 18 miles to Mr. Combse, had to stop and feed before we could get there. Saturday morning came home. I left Mrs. Graves to Mr. Combse, he was going to Madison and there she would take the car. She paid three dollars and I would not have taken as much as that if I had plenty of money for she walked a good deal and tended baby all most all the way. I think the horse felt weak, this morning she is a little lame in one of her hind legs. Doct. Warren saw her, said it proceeded from the scratches, nothing that would hurt her probably. I shall go to Milford as soon as she gets well. I found Edwards folks about ready for a start to Missouri as you probably have heard. Ma wishes you was here today and so do I, it seems rather lonely without you. I hope you will be careful of yourself. I have worried about you on the account of the well for fear you would get hurt. Carrie has not concluded whether she will return with me or not, she will know tomorrow, they want her to teach at the grove, she says if they will pay her 4 per week and board her in one place she will teach, if not she will go with me. I shall write again as soon as I get to Milford, probably go Tuesday.

Yours truly

H. L. CHAPIN

When you get this you better write direct to Milford.

My father always entertained the most tender regard for the memory of his mother and each year provided for the care and decoration of her grave in the Mauston cemetery. In a newspaper notice of her death which someone has pasted in the family Bible it is stated:

> "All who ever had an opportunity to know will bear witness that she used hospitality without grudging. Her disposition was uniformly cheerful and kind, which shed a halo of joy around the social circle over which she presided. To her husband she was a kind and judicious counsellor, cheering him in despondency and sympathizing deeply with him under all of his discouragements."

My grandmother's older sister, Aunt Carrie, visited at our home several times while I was a small boy and I remember her quite well. She was a charming and kindly lady.

On July 11, 1860, my grandfather married Lucinda Marshall at Aztalan, Jefferson County, Wisconsin. There was born of this marriage one child, a daughter, on August 8, 1861, named Harriet Jane Chapin. The name Harriet was given her in memory of my grandfather's first wife, which is quite an unusual circumstance and indicates to me an understanding on the part of my step-grandmother which was greatly to her credit.

In one of my grandfather's writings he mentions the responsibility that fell on him in consequence of his first wife's death on account of his two small children, which situation made his second marriage a matter of duty. I know my own father accepted the view that the seeming haste with which my grandfather remarried was due to my father's infancy and his need for maternal care.

In 1877 when my grandfather moved to Chatham my father was 20 years of age and at this time he was a student at Shurtleff College, Illinois after which he studied law in the office of Judge Cyrus L. Cook, of Edwardsville, for three years from 1879 to 1882. My father then came to Springfield and completed the required course of study for the bar in the office of William F. Herndon. This was not the former partner of Abraham Lincoln, William H. Herdon, but a nephew of William H. Herndon.

My grandfather was a man about 5 feet 10 inches tall and in appearance was somewhere in between delicate and robust. He had a broad forehead, regular features, bright eyes, a shaved face except for chin-

whiskers, which perhaps made him look older than he was, but also served to give him a distinguished appearance.

My grandfather was 69 years of age when I was born and since my earliest recollection of him dates from about age 8 he was then a man of 77. His hair and whiskers were snow white and he wore the minister's garb of black, making a contrast that was complete.

A year or two after my grandfather retired he and my step-grandmother gave up their home in Chatham and went to live with my aunt Hattie Headley and her husband on their farm near Glenarm. For some time after this my grandfather made frequent trips by horse and buggy to Chatham, a distance of five miles, on business or to visit. The horse he always drove was a black mare named Annie, who was well known to me from my own visits on the Headley farm. She was their choice buggy mare and was safe and faithful but she came to an untimely end on one of grandfather's Chatham trips. He had apparently failed to hear the fast approaching train in the village and just as Annie reached the tracks the Alton Limited hit her, killing her instantly. After the train had passed the neighbors found grandfather sitting in the buggy hitched to the dead horse. He was not injured in any way and the damage to the buggy was confined to a badly shattered pair of shafts. After this the family concluded that grandfather's hearing was something less than it should be, and, this being before the day of electric hearing aids, it was decided that thereafter grandfather should have a driver on his trips.

His wife died in the early part of 1908. Shortly thereafter my aunt's husband, Columbus Headley, died on April 18, 1908, and in 1909 my aunt moved to Springfield in a house she had built next door to my father's home, and brought with her my grandfather and three girls she had taken to raise. My grandfather lived until the 23rd of May of the following year and died at the age of 89. He was buried in the cemetery at Chatham at the side of his wife and Columbus Headley. At the time of his death the Chatham paper said of him:

> "He preached for more than 60 years and during this time officiated at over 1000 weddings, baptised over 3000, preached upwards of 2000 funerals and delivered about 7000 discourses. If there was anywhere on this old earth he loved to be it was Chatham. He loved the town and its inhabitants. After making his home with his daughter, only a few days would elapse before he would return for a day's greeting with his old-time friends."

My earliest recollection of my grandfather is in connection with a visit our family made to his home in Chatham when I was about eight years of age. He lived near the depot in a white one-story rambling type house to which two or three rooms had been added from time to time. It was located in a big yard surrounded by a white picket fence and in the yard were fruit trees, grape arbor, flower-beds and garden. The house has long since disappeared, having been razed when the railroad widened its right of way.

Chatham is but 10 miles distance from Springfield, but in those days our trips to Chatham were always made by train and were usually made on Sunday. At the age of 8 the trip to Chatham was about the first travelling I had done and it was therefore an adventure to be remembered. The train left Springfield about 9:00 in the morning, so a lot of early hustling was necessary, particularly on my mother's part, to get breakfast and have us all properly attired and at the station on time. The train of one baggage car and three passenger cars was well filled. It made stops at Springfield Junction and also Woodside before reaching Chatham.

We arrived in Chatham in time for church and of course attended the service. I can distinctly remember the figure of my grandfather with his white hair and beard and his long black coat, standing in the pulpit but I haven't the least recollection of anything he said and I doubt if I had any understanding of it at the time.

My Aunt Hattie Headley and her husband, Columbus Headley, lived on a farm near Glenarm and they always attended my grandfather's church and came on this day. My uncle put up his team in grandfather's barn during his visit. The Headleys always brought a generous supply of food such as fruit, vegetables, jam, cookies, pumpkins and perhaps a boiled ham.

After church we all returned to grandfather's house and my brother Bill and I found various things to do during the hour interval before Sunday dinner. We went out to the barn with my uncle to feed and water the horses. The feed was obtained from a sack carried in the back of the family carriage, the water from the well in the back yard. We were allowed to divide the ears of corn between the two horses and I can still remember the strange but pleasant sound which echoed from the feed boxes as the horses bit off the corn from the ears and ground it in the deep recesses of their jaws.

After visiting the barn we of course had to wash our hands before

dinner and this was done on the back porch in a basin of soft water obtained from one of the rain barrels at the rear of the house.

Sunday noon dinner was the festive occasion of the day. After all were gathered at the table my grandfather requested my father as the guest of honor to ask the blessing. With all heads bowed he performed this rite briefly with solemn words distinctly uttered, and concluded with the usual "Amen." My grandfather then said a second "Amen", thereby indicating that he stood firmly behind my father and approved of the several requests that he had invoked.

After the blessing there was still a long interval of waiting while everyone was sumptuously served before my grandfather gave the signal that we could begin eating. By this time my mouth was fairly watering and I lost no time in responding. As a small boy I could never understand the seeming reluctance of my elders to begin to eat. Conversations continued as though no signal had been given and no one seemed to really apply himself to obtaining nourishment except Bill and me. As a result we were ready for second helpings about the time the talkative adults had only started. At this point my Mother quite properly registered embarrassment at the rapacity of her offspring and administered some mild admonishment as to our manners.. The fact was that we had three reasons for eating hurriedly: First, we were hungry, next there were exciting things waiting to be done when dinner was over and third, the grownups conversed mainly with each other and the occasional questions directed to us were not for the purpose of obtaining information but to test our manners and show us off, which we were anxious to avoid.

When the dinner was over the men adjourned to the living room to talk. My father was the only smoker among them but when he lighted his cigar he made smoke enough for all. The ladies busied themselves tidying up the dining-room and kitchen and in the meantime Bill and I scooted off to explore things 'round and about.' We visited both of the livery stables which Chatham supported in those days, and also the railroad station.

At the station we made the acquaintance of the ticket agent who also served as telegraph operator, mail agent and baggage man. The high point of interest there was a new invention for delivering the mail to fast trains which didn't stop. The mail sack was hung from a post near the track, suspended vertically by some attachment to the top and bottom. The fast mail train was equipped with a long fork-shaped hook which

could be raised by means of a lever inside the car so that the hook would grab the mail bag as the train passed the post. By another movement of the lever the bag could be swung into the car at the door and released. This device was very useful when it worked. We learned that evening from Grandmother of an occasion when it didn't work which made local history.

When we finally grew tired we returned to Grandfather's house where we were served an afternoon snack of cookies and milk and then started to exploring within. In the parlor there was a family album, plus an overflow of pictures that Grandmother would identify for us. There was also a stereopticon viewer with pictures of the Holy Land.

The living room which also served as my Grandfather's study was my favorite room. Grandfather had a very large cane-seated chair with a hinged arm which when raised served as a writing table. This chair had been given to him by his Church. His library of books was nearby and it was in this chair that he studied, composed his sermons, and wrote them out. On the walls were two large pictures which I still recall. One of these was a picture of a shepherd herding flock of sheep through a blinding snowstorm and in his arms he carried a lamb. Grandfather explained that the shepherd was taking them to the fold for protection. This picture aroused great curiosity and caused my brother and me to ask many questions: What is a fold? How far away was it? Why does he carry the lamb? Did the wolves get any of the sheep, and how does the shepherd know the way? Grandfather answered all of these questions satisfactorily but nevertheless I used to wake up in the night and wonder if he really made it safely. Then on our next visit we found the shepherd still there in the same predicament. The other picture I remember was of Pharaoh's three white horses.

Included in Grandfather's library was the family Bible which he later gave to my father and has now come down to me. In it were recorded in his own hand the births, marriages and deaths that had occurred in his family.

When evening arrived darkness kept us within doors and after the evening meal there were about two more hours to visit before train time. During this period Bill and I got plenty of attention. We related our afternoon experiences. . including the marvelous sight of a train taking on the mail without stopping. This prompted Grandmother to tell us about the historic mishap. A bagful of mail had been suspended from the post

but apparently improperly attached. When the train passed through town the hook tore the mail bag in two and the outgoing mail was scattered for a mile along the right of way. The whole town had turned out to aid in gathering it, but certain letters were never found. Rumors as to way, and as to who was suspected, whose letters they were, and what they contained, multiplied and according to Grandmother would have made material for an interesting book.

This story received such an enthusiastic reception from her small listeners that Grandmother was encouraged to recall other exciting events of the village - the great elevator fire, the runaway team that crashed into the front of the town drugstore, and the riotous celebration of the last Fourth of July.

After this night, Chatham, in my boyish mind, was a place of big events and excitement, and I continued to think of it in that light for many years.

My Grandfather served the church at a time when many pioneer customs were still practiced. One of these was to pay the minister rather generously in commodities - usually from what the members had a surplus of, and to even things up by paying him a very meager salary in cash. Gifts to the minister would include vegetables and fruit in season, firewood, canned goods, pork at butchering time, bread and cake or pies on baking days. They came from neighbors and other townspeople as well as church members. The gifts also included corn cobs by the wagonload. The elevator company kept his woodshed full. They made fine kindling and were good to heat up the stove in a hurry. Merchants did their tithing to the minister by giving him a discount on the things he purchased - even the railroads had a special 50% discount on tickets purchased by ministers - and I believe still do. My Grandfather accepted all of these gratuities and discounts as a just reward for the services he rendered - he accepted them as a matter of right - in fact, as a matter of necessity since he could not have lived on his salary.

My Father regarded this custom as humiliating. It seemed to him too much like charity. He believed that the servant was worthy of his hire in cash, and that churches should pay their ministers an adequate salary so that they would not be dependent on gifts and discounts. I recall an occasion when these two different views provided a slight embarrassment. My Father decided to present his father with a new

suit as a birthday gift and went with him to Myers Brothers to select it. Mr. Myers threw in a pair of suspenders, the usual bonus for buyers of a suit in those days, but forgot to figure the minister's discount. My Grandfather was quick to remind him of this oversight. My Father allowed that since he was making the purchase and was not a minister that there was no discount coming. Mr. Myers was too astute a merchant to side with my Father on this kind of an issue, but when he brought back the change there was the problem of whom to pay it to - my Father whose money it was, or Grandfather who was entitled to the discount. Mr. Myers solved this puzzle neatly - he suggested that the discount was just the right amount to buy Grandfather a new Stetson hat at the minister's discount. Everyone was now made happy, particularly Grandfather - he was not going to be deprived of his minister's discount by mere pride or timidity - it was due him as a matter of right. After this, my Father was a stronger advocate of adequate salaries for ministers than before.

One of my last recollections of Grandfather is of the occasion when he preached his 1909 annual sermon at the Chatham Church. He was then 88 years of age and while he had grown somewhat feeble he spoke vigorously and gesticulated unsparingly throughout his rather long sermon. As a result he overtaxed his strength and had to be helped from the pulpit. Some of the members supporting him by the arms ushered him to the house next door where he literally fell exhausted into a low chair. I feared that this might prove fatal to him but this fear was quickly relieved. In less time than it takes to say Jack Robinson one of the good ladies appeared with a glass of wine and held it to his lips. I expected to see Grandfather, a teetotaler, brush it quickly away but to my utter surprise he took it in his own hand and drank it without hesitation or protest. It soon revived him and with a little rest he was as good as before. He lived another year but he was not again very active. During the daytime he clung pretty close to his great hinged armchair. He gradually declined in vigor and in cold weather he draped a great shawl over his shoulders for additional warmth.

On the 23rd day of May, 1910, my Father and I went over to my aunt's house next door to see him. He had just laid down to rest after finishing his breakfast, and died while we were at his side. It was the first time I had ever witnessed a death and his was most peaceful and serene. He had lived a long life and a good one. His work was done and he was ready to go when the time came.

In closing the chapter on my Grandfather it may be of interest to

observe that during the first 88 years of his life his home was lighted by kerosene lamps and heated by stoves or fireplaces; a well furnished his drinking water and served as a place to keep the milk and butter cool. He only graduated to electric lighting, inside plumbing, a coal furnace and the telephone in his 89th year. He lived to see an occasional automobile but never rode in one. He never saw an airplane and he never even heard of any of the numerous conveniences which practically everyone enjoys today, such as radio, TV, electric refrigerators, deep-freezers, washers and driers, electric blankets, razors, carpet sweepers, and so forth. This past fifty years has indeed produced many changes which we all regard as improvements in our manner of living, but it remains to be seen whether these improvements have produced better men.

CHAPTER 4 NINTH GENERATION

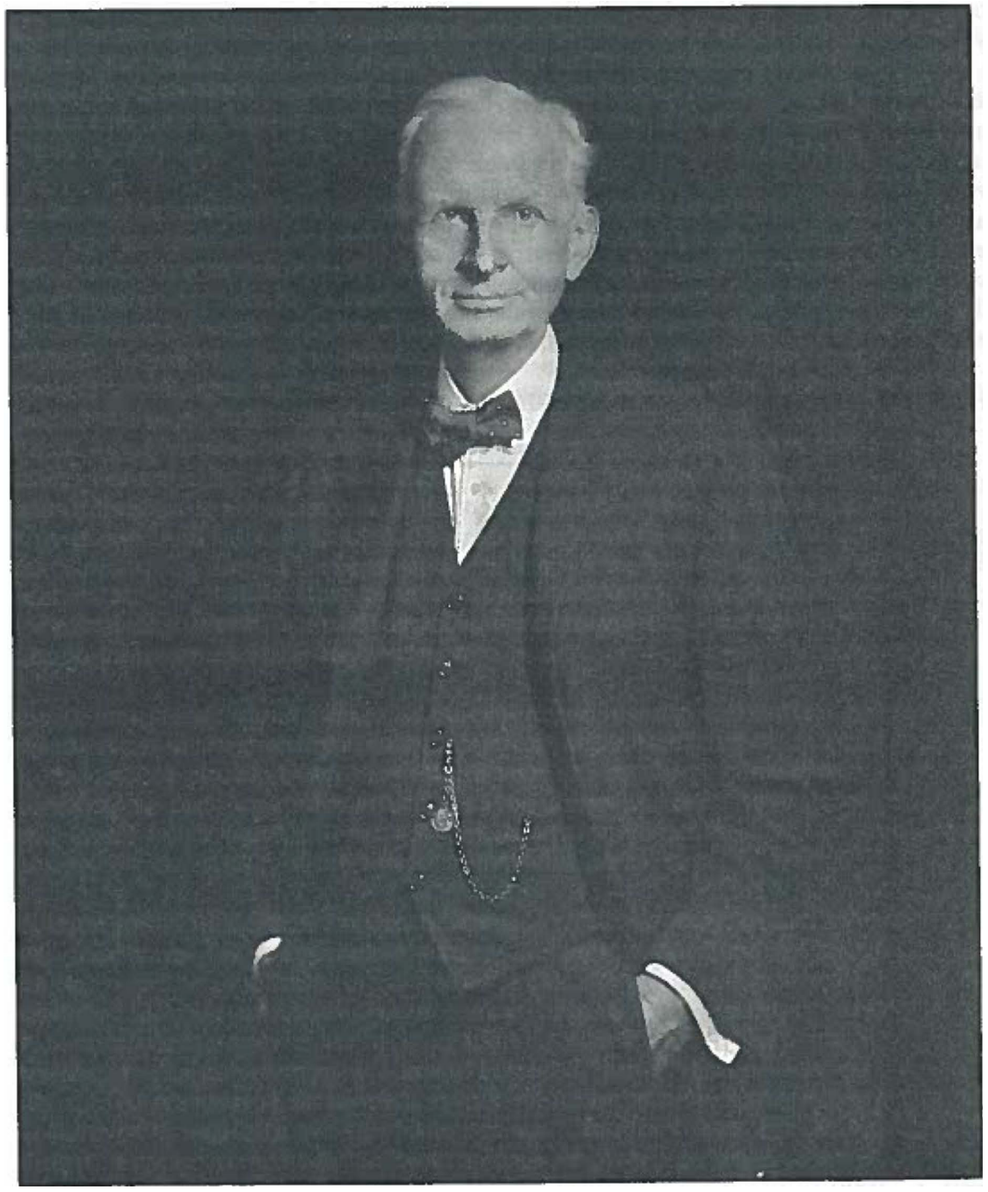
Edwin Lorenzo Chapin

My father, Edwin L. Chapin, second son of William James Chapin and Harriett Horton Chapin, was born in Mauston, Wisconsin, on April 23, 1857. Some of the facts about his early life prior to his coming to Springfield in 1882 are given in the previous chapter in connection with the biography of his father.

My father was admitted to the bar on May 17, 1883. From then until his death, a period of more than fifty years, he was actively engaged in the practice of his profession in the City of Springfield. In 1885 he met my mother, Mary Leber, who was then a teacher in the Trapp School.

My mother was the daughter of Joseph and Margaret Kessler Liber, both of whom were born in Germany and came to America with their respective families when they were quite young. Further mention of them will be made later.

My father and mother were married on the 8th day of June, 1887. They first lived in a house at 845 North Seventh Street and remained at that address until 1898. Five of their six children were born there: William Leber Chapin, born September 13, 1888, Roger E. Chapin, born July 16, 1890, Marion Ralph Chapin born December 2, 1892, Horton Joseph Chapin, born October 9, 1895, and Ella Irene Chapin, born February 23, 1897. My youngest brother, Chester C. Chapin, was born April 1, 1900 in the house on West Monroe Street where our family then lived.



Edwin Lorenzo Chapin 1857-1934

My father was a complete stranger in Springfield when he came here in 1882 to complete his study of the law, which he had started in Edwardsville. This required several months. He was admitted to the bar in 1883 and he practiced law continuously in Springfield from that time until the time of his death, January 21, 1934.

My father was a tall man, standing about 6 feet 3 inches. At the time of his death Attorney Henry A. Converse gave a memorial address regarding him before the Sangamon County Bar Association, and his description and appraisement of him was as follows:

"In personal appearance he was tall and erect, standing well above six feet in height. He was spare and wiry in build. He was ruddy of complexion with reddish hair inclined to be curly and bushy at the back of his head. He wore no beard. With his tall spare figure, with his clean cut clearly outlined somewhat classical features, he was a typical descendant of his Puritan Ancestors.

"He looked like a man who would sign the Declaration of Independence or sit in the Continental Congress or help to frame our National Constitution. He was an able public speaker with an imposing presence and a voice of good carrying qualities.

"He had a fine sense of humor and in private confersation or in public affairs, was wont to illustrate his points by apt and clean stories and anecdotes.

"He loved music, his taste running to religious hymns and like compositions.

"In a modest and unassuming way, he was charitable. He freely gave as his means would permit, to the support of his church and particularly to the advancement of the missionary cause in the foreign field.

"In manner he was at time somewhat brusque, but beneath the surface he was tender hearted and would not knowingly wound or injure the feelings of any one.

"He was a man of strong convictions and never hesitated to take a firm outspoken stand for what he believed to be right.

"He was what would be called a safe lawyer. He knew well his ground before he acted and his clients were always certain to receive sound advice and faithful service. His word was never questioned.

"He won and held the respect and confidence of the courts.

"He was courteous, clean in body and mind, firm in his convictions, courageous and of unquestioned integrity. He had a fine mind in a fine body."

With his growing family the North Seventh Street home soon proved inadequate and in 1898 he bought a large home with an acre and a half yard located on the Northeast corner of Monroe and Lincoln Avenue. Our new home was within the city limits but was a half mile beyond the limits for city water and electric lights so in these respects we were practically in the country until 1908. The lot extended the full length of the block from Lincoln Avenue to Illinois Street. The house then faced West. In 1908 the house was turned 90 degrees so it faced Monroe Street. My father continued to live in this house, which became known as 1145 West Monroe Street, until about 1920 when he sold it to a Mr. Eberly, who converted it into apartments and built four more houses on the rest of the lot. This house has not changed in any respect as far as outside appearances go since 1908. It is even the same color. I would not speculate as to what may have happened to the inside. In those days it was the custom to fence in yards and our yard was enclosed with a handsome picket fence.

Many of the sidewalks in our part of the city in 1898 were plank. People walked in those days more than they do now and many of the walks were narrow, requiring people to walk single file, but my father disliked narrow walks and had them removed and replaced with a 5 foot brick sidewalk laid on both the Monroe Street and Lincoln Avenue side.

Our Monroe Street house was about a mile and a half from town and my father usually walked to his office. Along about 1902 after bicycles had become quite popular my father bought one. His was a Columbia of the chainless type, the very latest in bicycles. He became quite a proficient bicycle rider and for several years the Columbia was his horse. He had a stall for it at home in the hall under the front stairs. His office in those days was over Buck's Hat Store on the North side of the square, and at the office end of the journey he carried the Columbia up the stairs on his shoulders each morning and parked it in an unused corner in the hall.

In my boyhood my father's manner of dressing differed from men of business and indicated his profession. He wore a gray worsted suit the coat of which was cut long in the manner of a Prince Albert. His shirts were stiff bosomed affairs with detachable collars and cuffs. The collar was the standing variety with a kind of razor edge but my father's collars were quite low to minimize the punishment on his neck. His tie was always a black bow. His hat was a light tan Stetson with generous brim of a style then worn by Western Congressmen. He wore high shoes that had an elastic insert in the uppers instead of laces. They were known as Congress gaiters. There was no variation whatever in my father's dress from the time of my earliest recollection until 1914. When he needed a new suit, hat, shoes or any other garment he merely reordered the kind he already had.

In 1914 I prevailed upon him to order a tailor-made sack suit. He was most reluctant to do so having come to believe that any other type of dress was unsuitable to a man so tall. The tailor did a very fine job for him and his belief was quickly dispelled. After that he wore the kind of clothes that other businessmen wore and not only looked handsome in them but was thoroughly pleased with the change.

During my father's practice he was associated with the following lawyers: In 1887 he formed a partnership with William Gard, who died within a year or so after, and he then practiced alone until 1892 when he formed a partnership with William F. Herndon with whom he had studied law. The Herndon and Chapin partnership was terminated when Mr. Herndon moved to California in 1894. In 1895 he formed the partnership of Chapin and Woodruff, with M. U. Woodruff, which was terminated on the election of Mr. Woodruff as mayor of Springfield in 1896.

In the year 1900 he and Sidney S. Breese became office associates but not partners and this association continued until the time of Mr. Breese's death in 1930.

In the year 1914 at the time I started to practice law, his office was still located over Buck's Hat Store on the North side of the square. Each of the three rooms which my father and Mr. Breese had for offices opened directly into the upstairs hall. There was no reception room. The stenographer occupied the third room which also served as a library. This office was typical of the law offices of that day and of the previous half century, and it may be of some interest to describe it in more detail. The general appearance may be generously described as plain. The floors

were made of tongue and groove boards of hard pine. Long wear and repeated scrubbing had made them rough, and shrinkage had widened the cracks so that they were not things of beauty. There were no carpets or rugs.

My father's desk was the most dignified piece of furniture in the office. It was a flat-top style and the top was covered with green billiard cloth. The felt was replaced occasionally but even when it was new it soon became dotted with ink spots occasioned from passing a dipped pen around to clients for signatures to documents being executed. The desk chair was a swivel one with a tall slatted back, but the rest of the chairs in his office were plain wooden chairs of miscellaneous variety, some with arms of the kind known as captain's chairs. If these became wobbly the wobble was removed by stretching baling wire crisscross near the bottom of the legs. The stretching was accomplished by twisting the wire which was double.

It was about this time that some genius whose name has not been preserved invented the flat vertical filing system which is still used today. Up to that time the accepted way of filing papers in a law office was to fold them up to about envelope size and pack them away in wrappers in a wooden case divided into large pigeonholes. Some lawyers merely packed them away on a shelf or threw them on the floor of a closet. A letter was refolded and replaced in the envelope in which it came and then filed. When a filed paper had to be examined an endless process of unfolding and refolding was required to locate the right document. Prior to 1904 only one step had been devised to simplify this procedure. This was to write a legend on the outside of the folded document stating what it was. Since such legends were written in longhand they were often unintelligible to anyone excepting the persons who wrote them, and after a while were quite a puzzle to him.

As of 1914 my father and Mr. Breese had discovered that legal documents and other papers could be filed flat in vertical files and this system had recently been adopted in their office. In spite of the obvious advantages of this system many lawyers continued to use the folded filing method for about twenty more years.

A word should be included regarding the filing cases of that day for legal blanks. The Coats thread people had for many years manufactured very neat cases for their thread and up to about 1905 every store that sold thread had several of such cases, each of which had four or five large flat

drawers. About this time the Coats company invented some other way of displaying and storing thread and the wooden cases theretofore used were abandoned. Lawyers bought all of these with the result that every law office had several Coats thread cases which were used to store assorted legal blanks. They were standard equipment in law offices at the time I started to practice. Most lawyers left the cases in the condition they were in when acquired, that is to say, with Coats labels on each drawer, but in my father's office the drawers had been painted so as to appear uniform and conceal their origin.

The most outstanding piece of equipment in the office was a large revolving bookcase which held about 240 volumes of the Illinois Supreme Court Reports. In 1914 there were 250 volumes of these reports. As of 1965 there are 477 volumes of the reports, including 32 volumes of the so-called Second Series. With this unique bookcase one could stand still or sit in one place and by revolving the case reach any book desired.

When I was a small boy the stenographer in my father's office did not have a chair but used a stenographer's bench. This was a little ornate affair with a plush upholstered seat which was hinged to the bench and served as a lid to a large box underneath where typewriter supplies such as tools, oil, type cleaner and brushes were kept.

The office walls were papered and the wall decorations consisted of from one to three large calendars advertising various local enterprises, abstracts, lumber, insurance, etc. If a calendar happened to be particularly attractive it might be left on the wall for an extra year.

Every lawyer was a Notary, and every Notary had to have a seal, and in my boyhood days Notary Public seals were large cast iron instruments varying in size and weighing from 10 to 25 pounds. As of about 1910 pocket seals were invented and the heavy Notary seal went out of style. You can still see similar ones in public offices.

It might be interesting to describe one other piece of equipment in the early law office. This was the letterpress. In my boyhood days carbon paper had not yet been invented and copies were made in the following manner: There was a letterpress book consisting of about 500 tissue paper pages carefully bound. At the close of the day's typing the stenographer would take each letter and dampen it with a wet brush and insert it in the letterpress book and turn down a tissue page over the top of it, then insert the next letter and turn down another page, until the

were made of tongue and groove boards of hard pine. Long wear and repeated scrubbing had made them rough, and shrinkage had widened the cracks so that they were not things of beauty. There were no carpets or rugs.

My father's desk was the most dignified piece of furniture in the office. It was a flat-top style and the top was covered with green billiard cloth. The felt was replaced occasionally but even when it was new it soon became dotted with ink spots occasioned from passing a dipped pen around to clients for signatures to documents being executed. The desk chair was a swivel one with a tall slatted back, but the rest of the chairs in his office were plain wooden chairs of miscellaneous variety, some with arms of the kind known as captain's chairs. If these became wobbly the wobble was removed by stretching baling wire crisscross near the bottom of the legs. The stretching was accomplished by twisting the wire which was double.

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day's letters were all inserted. The book was then closed and placed in the letterpress which consisted of a steel platform about a foot square at the bottom and a lid of the same size held in place by an iron bracket which was moved up and down by a central screw which had a hand grip on it. The lid was screwed down tight against the book, compressing it. After a short period an impression of the typing was transferred to the tissue paper over the letter and this could be read from the other side of the tissue page. The original letters were then withdrawn and allowed to dry before mailing. The use of the letterpress on a letter left a characteristic smear which did not much impair the letter's legibility but clearly indicated that a copy had been made.

Letterpresses had gone out of style in lawyers' offices by 1914 but Brinkerhoff & Company, a local realtor and insurance firm, used a letterpress up until about 1930. I can recall having received letters two or three times in the last ten or fifteen years which bore the characteristic letterpress smear.

Another custom of the early lawyer which might be of interest to mention here relates to what might today be regarded as a coffee break, although no coffee was involved. As previously noted the early law offices in Springfield were all on the second floor. Every lawyer had his own stairway, unless he shared the second floor with somebody else. This architectural disadvantage served to partially isolate the lawyer from the rest of the world. The number of people who called on lawyers fifty years ago was few compared to the present. The law business of that day was limited to law suits and a few office matters. The old-time lawyer was hidden away from the busy world in his second floor cave and he often grew lonesome.

This feeling reached a peak about 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon when he was driven to seek a change of scene and stretch his legs. He obtained this result by sauntering down his stairway and taking his station at the foot for a half an hour or so, during which time he watched the traffic pass and greeted anyone who would speak to him. If the lawyer was a sufficiently entertaining fellow he might gather a group of two or three passersby and regale them with a recital about some case he had recently won.

Something might be said here about a peculiarity in a lawyer's memory regarding cases he has tried. These cases fall into two categories - the ones he has lost and the ones he has won. For lost cases the extreme limit of his memory is about three days, during which time he

can't think of anything else. On the other hand, every detail of every case he has won makes a deep and permanent impression upon his mind. In fact for a case that was won a lawyer's memory often improves with age to the point that he may add a few extra details that could have happened even if they didn't, until finally the case becomes quite a legal landmark.

On a summer's day one might easily meet half the county bar by just making a trip around the square about 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon. He would observe some lawyers just standing and drinking in the sunshine and fresh air, and others, who had gathered an audience, quite busy relating the story of a recent victory. After about a half hour's relaxation the lawyer would again ascend his stairway and disappear into the semi-darkness of his office until about 5:00 o'clock.

My father never indulged in this stairway ceremony. He never learned how to loaf, and if his work became monotonous he changed to other work and he always seemed to have enough of it to keep him busy.

Another custom of the early days which might be mentioned was the use of the lawyer's shingle. In the walkup days of law offices you might know that Lawyer Jones' office was over Smith's Hardware Store, but this knowledge was not sufficient to get you there directly, as Smith's Hardware Store had a stairway on each side and only one of these stairs led to Jones' office. The other took you to an office over the adjoining building. This made it necessary for the lawyer to identify his stairway and the shingle was the means to used to do this.

The original lawyer's shingle was literally a wood shingle with a sign painted on it. By 1914 sheet metal shingles had entirely replaced wood ones. In size shingles were varied but were usually about 12 by 20 inches. They were hung from a long iron rod which extended out from the building so that the shingles could be easily read by persons passing along the sidewalk. The shingle had to be high enough to permit people to walk under it, and preferably at a different height from the shingles nearby so that it would not be concealed by them.

My father's 1914 office had the usual lawyer's shingle except his read "E. L. Chapin Lawyer" whereas most lawyers referred to themselves as "Attorneys at Law." My father favored the term "lawyer." He held that if you were a lawyer you ought not to be afraid to say so, but in case you had doubts about it the use of the phrase "Attorney at Law"

was justifiable.

Law offices in Springfield as of 1914 were not attractive places but they were not alone in this respect. All business places were pretty plain in those days and many were ugly and some were dirty. This included stores and banks as well. Business was run by men and most men didn't know or didn't care how things looked and the few who did were dissuaded from doing anything about it by a feeling that it would make them appear to be putting on airs. This attitude gradually changed after 1914, but the thing that gave the change impetus was the great increase in the number of women employed in business at about the time of the first World War. Since then business places have been completely transformed so that today most stores and offices are well equipped and clean and many are luxuriously furnished.

There was not room for another lawyer in the office over Buck's Hat Store and since I had planned to practice with my father it became necessary to seek a new location. A satisfactory one was found in the building then known as the Pierik Building, which is South of the Marine Bank on Sixth Street. There was one drawback which caused considerable hesitation in accepting this office. Access to the Pierik Building was had by an elevator and Mr. Breese was of the opinion that the public was so little acquainted with elevators that people would be reluctant to go to an office that had this means of access. He felt that clients would go elsewhere rather than undertake such a hazardous journey. The fact was that there were several buildings in Springfield at that time which had elevators, but nevertheless there were a great many people who had never ridden on one. No instance could be found however where anyone had refused to ride on one, and Mr. Breese after much deliberation acquiesced in the change. There was a second reason that made Mr. Breese reluctant to move to the Pierik Building. He (as well as other lawyers of that day) was proud of his shingle. It stood out on the street and told the public where his office was. Lawyers were very slow to give up their shingles and enter office buildings.

As usually happens, our move to new offices made additional furnishings necessary and brought about other changes. Rugs were provided for the floors, new desks and office furniture were acquired, all in golden quarter-sawed oak which was then having a great vogue. Additional filing cases for flat filing of legal-size documents were installed; the great revolving bookcase gave way to open wall shelves, and a few carefully chosen framed pictures took the place of the wall calendars.

Mr. Breese then became worried with a new fear that all this elegance was going to drive clients away. He felt that the clients' reaction would be to wonder if the cost of all of this "luxury" was going to be added to their bill. This fear was rather common to the thinking of that period and served to slow down the transition of law offices from crude to modern. As a matter of fact our new office was not elegant but seemed so because it was such an advance over the previous one.

It turned out, neither the elevator, the loss of a shingle, nor the modernized office proved detrimental to our law business. As of today when practically all stairway offices have been abandoned and when no one would choose to climb a stairs in preference to riding an elevator the prejudice of fifty years ago appears rather strange. Automatic elevators have been installed recently in our building and it is interesting to see country women get on and push the proper button as nonchalantly as the daily passengers.

About 1916 we moved from the third floor of the Workman Building to a more spacious suite on the fifth floor of the same building, which we occupied until January, 1921. This building is on the South side of the alley just across from the Marine Bank on Sixth Street. It was previously known as the Pierik Building and is now known as the Stern Building. In 1920 the building was sold to the Springfield Dry Goods Company which gave notice to all the tenants that they desired to utilize the entire building for merchandising as of January 1, 1921. At that time the First National Bank Building was in the process of construction and while it was not ready for occupancy until March 1, we nevertheless leased a suite on the South side of the ninth floor. During the two months interval from January 1 to March 1, 1921, we took temporary quarters in a storeroom owned by John Fogarty on North Sixth Street, near Jefferson, our firm and Mr. Breese occupying the rear of the storeroom. John Pfeiffer and Roy Seeley, who had an office adjoining ours on the fifth floor of the Workman Building, were in the same predicament about moving and they took temporary quarters in the front part of the Fogarty Building for the same period.

In March, 1921, we moved to the suite we had leased in the First National Bank Building. Mr. Breese died in 1930. About two years later the space immediately across the hall on the North side of the ninth floor became vacant and my father and I and Clifford M. Blunk, who was then associated with us, moved to our present quarters. As of now, 1965, our firm has been a tenant of the bank for 44 years during all of which time we have had the same address, Suite 919, and the same door, which we

took with us when we moved across the hall and thus saved the expense of new sign painting.

Strictly speaking my father never specialized in any particular branch of the law; he nevertheless reached the same result by a gradual process of elimination of certain branches of the law which were not to his liking. The passing years found him devoting more and more time to chancery practice, real estate and probate law, and during the twenty years which I was associated with him as a partner his practice was almost exclusively in these fields.

He always had a keen interest in civic affairs and was very active in such matters until the last few years of his life. He was for two years President of the Springfield Businessmens Association (1907-1908), which was the forerunner of the Chamber of Commerce, later changed to the Association of Commerce and Industry.

In 1908, after the race riots in Springfield, Judge Creighton appointed my father as foreman of the grand jury to investigate the crimes involved in the rioting. This grand jury courageously returned indictments against the instigators and leaders of the riot, but none of them were ever convicted.

He was greatly interested in the cause sponsored by the Anti-saloon League and supported that movement vigorously. He was also interested in education and for many years was President of the Bettie Stuart Institute, a private girls' school of high local standing in those days, and held this position at the time of his death.

Among my father's other activities which I recall are the following:

He was the teacher of a large men's Bible class at the Central Baptist Church for about 25 years, during which time the class established quite a record for the attendance of the teacher - I think my father was only absent twice in all this time - and a further record by the fact that it was for a time the largest adult Bible class in the city.

My father was a member of the Campaign Committee which raised the funds to build the YMCA in the year 1910. He was very active in this campaign. I think the amount raised was $100,000.00. The building was built on a tract previously occupied by a livery stable which had burned down. As of now this property has been bought by the First Presbyterian

Church and the 1910 YMCA has been razed. A new YMCA building has been built at the Southwest corner of Fourth and Cook. My father wrote an article about the YMCA Building Campaign of 1910 for the Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois published by Paul Selby in the year 1912.

One of my father's other activities was in connection with what the Central Baptist Church called its North Mission. The North Mission later became the Elliott Avenue Baptist Church and it has just completed a new and beautiful building on Elliott Avenue. My father was called upon so often to speak at the North Mission that he might just as well have been called its Assistant Pastor. For a number of years he went out there to talk on Sunday night about twice a month. I sometimes went with him. I still meet members of that church who remember my father with great affection. My father was also called on many times to speak on Sunday afternoon to the ladies at the Carrie Post Home. I went with him on several of these occasions when I was a small boy. At these meetings they always served tea and cookies. I didn't drink tea but I think it was the cookies that enticed me to go rather than the program itself.

My father was a member of the Central Baptist Church for 51 years, joining it upon his arrival in Springfield. From 1916 to 1919 he held the office of President of the Illinois State Baptist Convention, the highest office of a Baptist layman in the state. In his younger years he was active in lodge work and was a member of the Masonic lodge and also of the Knights of Pythias.

When I was about 13 years of age my father was asked to give the commencement address at Shurtleff College, a Baptist sponsored college at Alton, Illinois, which he had once attended. I accompanied him on this trip. On this occasion the college presented him with a degree of Doctor of Laws. The presentation included placing the Doctor of Laws degree hood on him which he did not much relish. I can remember the pleasure we children had afterwards with the hood by conferring degrees on each other. After my father's death I wrote to the college to get the date of this presentation. They advised that they could find no record of it. I hope they have improved their record-keeping since.

My Mother and the Leber Family

My mother was the daughter of Joseph and Margaret Kessler Leber, both of whom were born in Germany and had come to America as small children with their respective families.

My grandfather Leber was born in Baden, Germany, September 16, 1818. His father was Alexander Leber, a blacksmith, who brought his family, consisting of his wife and eight children, to America in 1834 and located at St. Louis, where he followed his trade until 1840, when he moved to a farm in the Northern part of St. Louis County. There he made his home until the time of his death in 1866. His wife had died six months previously.

My grandfather Joseph Leber was 16 years of age at the time he came to America. He had attended school in the fatherland. He remained with his parents in America until his marriage on October 25, 1845 to Margaret Kessler. After his marriage he opened a blacksmith shop in the Northern part of St. Louis which he operated until 1849, when he moved to Springfield. He carried on the blacksmith business in Springfield for three years.

Gold had been discovered in California and in 1852 my grandfather went out there, leaving his family behind, to look the country over with a view of making it his future home. On his return cholera broke out on the Isthmus of Panama and he became fearful of taking his family through the infected area so he gave up the idea of moving West. He then became employed as a blacksmith in the Wabash Railroad shops, which employment he followed for the next twelve years and until his health broke down. He then engaged in the grocery business which business he followed for eight years.

They had in all seven children; the ones with whom I was acquainted were Joseph Leber, Anna Leber, William Leber and my mother. The others, Charles, John and Sophie, died before I was born.

My Grandfather Leber lived on North Seventh Street between Reynolds and Carpenter. Originally his place occupied a half block but as the neighborhood grew he sold off parcels. He had been long retired when I first knew him. In the back of his yard he had a large shop well equipped with all kinds of tools. There he carried on a hobby of making and repairing things of all kinds, including toys for the neighbors' children. There is a biographical account of my grandfather in the county history entitled "Portrait and Biographical Album of Sangamon County" published by Chapman Bros. in 1891.

His brother Charles lived in St. Louis and often came to Springfield for lengthy visits. He and his brother Charles were great card-players

and would spend a whole afternoon playing cribbage and resume the game immediately after their evening meal. They were both pipe smokers and preferred the clay pipe to the briar. Clay pipes had a way of growing strong and this was overcome by each having several pipes in reserve.

My father also lived on North Seventh Street until 1898 and during this period my brother Bill and I often went to my Grandfather Leber's for visits. Saturday was our favorite day as it was Grandmother's baking day, and there was certain to be fresh baked cake or cookies on hand and often an onion pie. Onion pie is a delicacy seldom heard of nowadays but it was a favorite and delicious German dish.

My Grandmother died when I was about 9 or 10. My Aunt Annie then kept house for my Grandfather Leber until about the last two or three years of his life when he made his home with us. He died in October of 1908.

My Uncle Joe lived in the North part of the city and had a large family of children. He worked at the old watch factory most of his life and after his retirement served on for some years as night watchman. His children were all good people but we did not know them very well as we for some reason did not visit much back and forth. Those who survive are Kate McGrath, Nellie Lamkenand Charles Leber.

Kate was married to Martin McGrath, who was a watchmaker here for many years. When the Illinois Watch Factory closed down Kate and Martin moved to Waltham, Massachusetts where Martin was again employed as a watchmaker. After Martin's retirement he and Kate came to Springfield. Martin died two years ago and now Kate is planning to take an apartment in Chicago so she can be near her only child, her son, Joe, who lives there and has a very good job but I do not recall what it is.

Nellie Leber married a man by the name of Ralph Lamken. I recall that in their early married life Ralph tried to homestead on a farm in one of the Western states and had a pretty rough time of it for a while. They later came back to Springfield. They have five children all married and about 15 grandchildren. I am not acquainted with Nellie's children. Ralph died some years ago and since then Nellie has been working. She was a saleslady at Westenbergers until it closed in the early part of this year.

The other child of my Uncle Joe is Charles Leber, who lives in

Peoria. He was born in 1879. He has been a railroad official for many years. He at one time was secretary of one of the Chicago railroads and later moved to Peoria and was secretary of a railroad located there. Kate McGrath just recently showed me a clipping from a Peoria newspaper dated August 10, 1965, received from her brother Charles reporting on the fact that his son, Charles B. Leber, had just been elected Vice President of the Caterpillar Tractor Company by its Board of Directors on August 9. I do not know Charles B. Leber but his picture is in the paper and from it he is quite a handsome man.

My mother's sister Annie never married and was the old maid of the family. She was a great favorite of the Chapin children when they were little. She lived at the home of her parents most of her life. She did baby-sitting, dressmaking, and housekeeping for members of the family and sometimes for others and finally entered the Carrie Post Home as a resident. She died there about twenty years ago.

My mother's youngest brother was Will, whom we knew of course as Uncle Will. He married Minnie Dewey. When we were small children they lived on North Seventh, later on South Seventh. He was a foreman in the old Wabash Shops here. When the shops were moved to Decatur Uncle Will and his family moved there too. Uncle Will had four children all of whom are now dead. The oldest, my cousin Charles, died at the age of about 6. He was the first playmate of mine who died and I can still remember seeing him in his child-sized coffin.

Uncle Will's second son Albert followed his father as an employee of the Wabash Railroad. He was a pattern-maker. He was married but had no children and he died about twenty years ago. Uncle Will's daughter Bertha married Robert Jones. They had two or three children whom I have lost track of. I'm sure they are now married. Bertha died some ten years ago. Her husband Bob worked for the telephone company and was a very reliable fellow and a good husband and father.

Uncle Will also had a daughter Edna who died without descendants. My Uncle Will's wife was a sister of Mrs. William Bulpitt. When I was small the Bulpitts and the Will Lebers used to have their Christmas celebrations together at the Leber house and they made a great occasion of it. My brother Bill and I used to join them for an hour's visit on Christmas afternoon. We called Mr. Bulpitt Uncle Will and his wife Aunt Blanche - that is where I got the designation "Cousin" for their daughter Blanche, who married Dr. Leslie Lambert, the dentist. The fact that we had two Uncle Wills at the same party did not cause any confusion that I

recall. The one addressed was the one we were looking at.

Uncle Will Bulpitt was the agent for the White Sewing Machine Company and he became the first local dealer for the Edison phonograph. I remember a Christmas about 1896 when he brought one of the phonographs to the Leber house to demonstrate it. The sound was amplified with a big brass horn about 4 feet long that was suspended from a chain on a tripod. The records were made of black wax in the shape of cylinders. I cannot remember what the programs on the records were but I know that they included band music and then there was a record of a Negro minstrel doing a talking comedy stunt. By today's standards these records would be considered very poor reproductions but as of that time they seemed so wonderful that we thought them nearly perfect.

Social Life of my Father and Mother

The social life of my father and mother was centered around the church and their family. In my boyhood the church frowned on dancing and card playing and looked even more severely on drinking and cigarette smoking. The smoking of cigars or pipe by male adults had the church's approval. My father and mother lived and brought up their family in strict obedience to these taboos.

In my boyhood the biggest social event of the year at our house was the annual lawn party which my parents gave for the members of the church. It was called an annual lawn party although I think it was perhaps repeated only four or five times. The lawn party required a great deal of preparation. The large yard was lighted with hundreds of Japanese lanterns and for good measure we always borrowed two locomotive headlights from the Wabash shops. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and lemonade were provided and occasionally some kind of music.

The guests started coming about 7:30 and the party continued until about 10:00, and during this interval there was an ever changing group of people. The guests came from all parts of the city, many in their own horse-drawn vehicles, but most of them came on the streetcar. At the height of the evening the streetcars on both the Washington Street and Governor Street lines were loaded with Baptists on their way to or from the Chapin lawn party.

We had the usual round of birthday parties, but in between such activities our family furnished its own entertainment in a variety of ways which included pets, games, reading, music, shop, homework and chores.

My Mother and Father with their children Horton, Ralph, William, Roger, and, in front, Ella and Chester.

For many years my father was much in demand as a speaker for Bar meetings, civic banquets, patriotic celebrations, church dinners and occasional political rallies. My mother usually accompanied him on any of these occasions when ladies were invited.

My father was a great Bryan man and in the campaign of 1900 he was the chief speaker at a Democratic rally which was held at Glenarm. I was enabled to attend this particular occasion through the intercession of an ex-slave. I had gone to my father's office after school on the evening of the meeting on some errand and while there I learned that he and two other Bryan supporters were leaving at 5:00 o'clock to go to the meeting. What interested me most, was the information that the Party had provided these guests with a livery team and surrey to make the trip. Such a trip was not a common occurrence and I begged for permission to go along. My father explained that I couldn't go without my mother having notice and there was not time for me to go home and tell her and get back again.

The only telephone in our neighborhood in those days was at the school house. The janitor at our school was an elderly Negro who had once been a slave. He lived next door to the school and we often went to his house to hear him tell stories of his slavery days. I knew by his schedule of work that he would still be busy in the schoolhouse and it was barely possible that he might be close enough to the telephone to hear it ring. After two or three tries I finally heard old Mr. Ricks' kindly voice say "hello." Yes, he would be glad to convey the message to my mother.

I have no recollection at all about anything the speaker of the evening said but I vividly recall many of the things that were more important to a small boy - the long drive to Glenarm in the cool of the evening, when I was allowed to hold the reins for a part of the time; the stop we made at the halfway water trough to water the horses; the torchlight parade through the village to the speaker's stand. The whole village was alive with people and was surrounded with horses and teams hitched to buggies, carriages, spring-wagons or carts. I recall the great applause from the crowd whenever the name of Bryan was spoken or mention made of the American flag. After this meeting I felt certain that Bryan was as good as elected. I later learned that the Republicans had been having some McKinley torch-light meetings too which had apparently been better attended than the Bryan meetings if we were to judge by the election results of that November.

Headley Farm

My father's half-sister, Harriett, lived with her parents at Chatham

until the time of her marriage in March, 1896. She was married to Columbus C. Headley, a well-to-do farmer who lived about a mile and a half Northeast of Glenarm. Soon after her marriage the Headleys invited our family to spend a Sunday with them and the invitation was accepted. This visit for me was a memorable occasion for several reasons - it was my first visit to any farm, and it was the beginning of an acquaintance with the Headley Farm that included many visits, some extended ones, during the next twelve years. My memories of this farm are all pleasant, vivid, numerous and varied and even today they bring a feeling of nostalgia about the days spent there.

As a small boy I had an extraordinary curiosity about farms but until this visit my information about farms was derived vicariously, principally from the farm pictures in a Sangamon County history book which we had at home. The farms pictured in this book were always beautiful. The fields and pastures were neatly divided by trim fences and a great white farm-house always stood in the center with spacious barns and other outbuildings to the rear. In the pastures were blooded cattle or sheep and along the road buggies and carriages were high stepping horses and horseback riders were going to and fro. My other sources of information about farms included the exhibits of livestock, buggies and carriages at the State Fair and these served to confirm the pictures in the history book. In anticipation this was the kind of a place the Headley Farm had to be. Surprisingly enough, in my boyish eyes it fully measured up to my expectations.

We went to Glenarm by train and were met by my uncle, who escorted us over to the family carriage to which was hitched a team of beautiful gray horses. I managed to get a place on the front seat and we were soon travelling along the most winding road I have ever known. As we neared the farm my uncle pointed out the house - a big white one just like those in the picture-book. As we approached nearer we were confronted with a sign of elegance that even the picture-books had not portrayed - this was a new patented "self-opening" gate of rather lavish dimensions all painted white. It was unmistakable evidence of the high standing of the farm it served. My uncle drove the horses right up to the closed gate. This brought him along-side of a stick suspended from an overhead pulley. By pulling sharply on this stick the gate was thrown open. The carriage then passed through and stopped again at a second overhead pulley and by making a pull on another stick the gate was closed. By this invention we were able to enter the fenced farm without the necessity of anyone getting out of the carriage.

My uncle's house was a big two story frame house which stood back from the road about half of a city block. In the rear and to the side were barns, sheds, bins, carriage house, chicken house and other buildings. The other buildings included the old log cabin that my uncle's father had built in 1849 when he first settled on the farm, and like many pioneer farmers he had moved the log cabin to the rear to serve as a shed when he had reached a stage of affluence where he could build a frame house.

My remaining impressions of my first visit to Headley Farm have become blended with impressions of other visits and I will therefore endeavor only to give general impressions gained over the twelve year period.

My deepest impression about Headley Farm pertained to its owners and their manner of life. My Uncle Columbus was a hard working, devout, religious man. He and my aunt had broad, generous ideas of hospitality. Their home was hardly ever without one or more overnight guests and their noonday meal, which they called dinner, usually included anyone who happened to be in the neighborhood at the dinner hour. Their house guests from time to time included a wide variety of people but those with religious affiliations preponderated - ministers, church workers, social workers, missionaries, organizers of orphanages - all found a warm welcome at Headley Farm, for as long as they wanted to stay, whether it was for a day or a week. The dinner-hour guests often included a travelling salesman, a medicine man or a windmill salesman. My aunt and uncle had no children of their own, but they raised three orphan children and from the time of their marriage they were never alone.

My uncle did not let his hospitality interfere with his work. He was the busiest of men and his time for visiting with guests was limited to the breakfast, dinner and supper hour. In between meals he had to work hard to provide the wherewithal to keep the farm going. Between meals the guests entertained each other. Those seeking financial aid for their respective causes seldom left without some small contribution from my uncle

After my Grandfather Chapin retired from the ministry he and my grandmother went to live at Headley farm. My Uncle Columbus usually employed one or two cooks and one or two hired men, all of whom, except the cooks, ate at the family table. My father's family included six children so we were used to seeing many faces around the dinner table, but our family table seemed small compared with the dinner table at the Headley

Farm.

My succeeding visits to Headley Farm included parts of several summer vacations, Fair Weeks, and short visits in between. My Uncle Columbus died in April 18, 1908. In the fall of that year I became the teacher at the Drennan School nearby and lived at the Headley Farm from September to January when my aunt moved to Springfield.

My Uncle Columbus typified all that was good in the early-day farmer, industry, kindness, generous hospitality and frugality in all other things.

Among my other impressions of Headley Farm is one regarding the morning worship. In the summertime the family always arose at daybreak. While the men did the chores the women prepared the breakfast. The chores included many things - getting the horses in from pasture, currying, feeding and harnessing them, milking the cows, feeding the cattle and hogs. When the chores were completed the entire household, family, guests and help, assembled in the big living room for morning worship. My uncle read a chapter from the Bible and then all present knelt on the floor with their heads bowed while he offered a prayer. Later when my Grandfather Chapin made his home at Headley Farm he was given the honor of conducting the morning service.

When the service was completed the cooks hurried to the kitchen and the rest of the household to the table. Grace was said, then the cooks came on with steaming platters of food, ham and eggs, pancakes, hot cereal, or such other menu as might be the order of the day.

Other impressions include: All fires were wood except for an oil stove used in the kitchen during the summertime. Firewood and stovewood were consumed in great quantities. Great storage piles of both kinds were kept on hand. The men always spent their rainy days cutting more wood so as to replenish the portion used. Milk, butter and other things that needed to be kept cool were kept in buckets which were hung in the well on long ropes.

I have said that my uncle was a kindly man. He was kind to people and to animals as well, but his kindness to animals was limited as to cows. The farmers of his day raised many types of livestock. Caring for the stock came under the heading of chores. During the crop season the time for doing chores was pretty much limited and the farmer had very little

patience with any critter that needlessly added extra work and cows came in this category. Their mischievousness included kicking and breaking out of the barn lot, and other maneuvers. My uncle would never permit anyone to whip or strike any of the other animals but he exercised little restraint in protecting an unruly cow and on occasions he would himself administer the rod on one with much vigor.

My uncle's favorite team were the grays that brought us from Glenarm on the occasion of our first visit. They were a high spirited pair, one a gelding named Ned and the other a mare named Glennie. He always drove this team himself and used them for all kinds of work. They were equally good on the road or in the field.

Among the many rides I had behind them I recall one on a threshing day when my uncle was using a haywagon with loose tires. To tighten the tires he drove down to the creek and then into it to wet the wheels. Ned and Glennie didn't care for this maneuver and would have as soon gone into fire, but with my uncle's steady commands and quiet encouragement he soon had them and the wagon in the bed of the creek. There was much lunging and splashing in getting out but this treatment swelled the wood wheels enough to set the tires and postponed the wagon's trip to the blacksmith shop until after the threshing was completed. This creek episode occurred in the pasture just North of the covered bridge over Sugar Creek in the area which Mrs. Nelch has recently conveyed to the County Historical Society for use as a Park.

Glennie's work did not interfere with her raising a fine colt each year. Ned outlived his master and in the inventory of my uncle's estate there appears in the list of livestock on hand "One grey gelding Ned, 17 years old, value $50.00."

I have recently read an account of how the pictures in the county history books were made and I am glad that my illusion about these pictures was not spoiled by learning of the facts in my boyhood. According to this story the salesmen promotors of a county history would set up a studio in the county seat with a competent artist in charge. The studio was supplied with an assortment of various sized coats and dickeys, which were stiff starched white shirt bosoms with collar and tie attached and which were tied on at the rear. The salesmen then obtained an interview with a farmer prospect and secured the biographical facts for the article they wanted to write about him.

The salesmen then brought up the subject of a portrait. The farmer's

stock excuse for refraining from this indulgence was that he was not properly dressed to have a picture made and did not have sufficient time to change. The salesmen then explained the facilities available at the studio - how the artist could take a subject right out of the field and make a picture that would show him clean shaved, hair combed, and dressed in his Sunday go-to-meeting clothes. Usually the salesman quickly succeeded in getting the farmer in the buggy and having him on his way to the county seat.

If the farmer happened to be a particularly susceptible prospect the subject of doing a picture of his farm was brought up. If the farmer hesitated the salesman often could bring about a favorable decision by various suggestions which might include the following: "Now our artist will be here next week and he can make a beautiful picture of this attractive farm. It would be even more attractive if the house was back a little further from the road. Our artist can easily move it back a little and maybe while he is at it make the barn somewhat bigger. You're probably going to replace this old rail fence in front of the house with an attractive picket fence in a year or two anyway and our artist can put the picket fence in now when he draws the picture. Our artist is very good at drawing livestock and your farm would look much better with a few shorthorn cattle in this pasture, and you'll probably be going in the shorthorn business soon anyway and our artist will give you a fine herd of shorthorns in this pasture without any extra charge."

I have no doubt but what this story is reasonably accurate and at least in a measure accounts for the extreme beauty and neatness of the farms illustrated in the county history.

Headley farm was sold a short time after my Uncle's death and later came into the possession of the Frank Nelch family, who still own it. It has deteriorated much since the days of my boyhood and if one were to look at it today it would be difficult to imagine the beauty it once had and the sentiment it aroused in me.

My Aunt Hattie later remarried and moved to Chatham and then to California. She died there in about the year 1940.

My father's brother, Lucius H. Chapin, for many years published a newspaper at Hudson, Ohio. He retired about 1925 and moved to Long Beach, California. He left a widow and two children, Ray, who never married, and Lerna, his widowed daughter, whose married name was Kelly. My Uncle Lu's widow died in the late thirties and the last I heard

from Ray or Lerna they were still living in Long Beach.

My father at the age of 76 and while still in the active practice of law suffered a stroke from which he died 24 hours later on January 21, 1934. He was buried in the family lot in Oak Ridge Cemetery. My mother survived him by 15 years and died September 25, 1949, at the home of my sister, Ella Taylor, who at that time lived in Minneapolis. My mother was buried by the side of my father in Oak Ridge Cemetery.

CHAPT. 5 TENTH, ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH GENERATIONS

My Early Life

I was one of six children in my father's family and we were of the tenth generation of the descendants of Deacon Samuel, I was born July 16, 1890, in the house where my parents then resided at 745 North Seventh Street. We lived at this house until 1898. Among my recollections of the time our family lived on North Seventh Street the following are included:

The North Seventh Street car passed our house. I recall the loaded trolley cars passing on the way to and from the fairgrounds during Fair Week, also trips by trolley car to Washington Park (transferring downtown) to see the water fowl on the same duck pond which our children and grandchildren have gone to visit in subsequent years.

I also recall the occasion when my brother Bill and I, who were then age 5 and 3 respectively, had pieces to recite at the Baptist Church Christmas party, and we got into a scuffle on the platform as to which one was to speak first. My brother Bill's piece was supposed to have been spoken first but at the last minute for some unknown reason I decided that I would change this order of things. I was still wearing a dress at the time and I can recall the humilation this little skirted garment caused me and can only account for my unexpected conduct by a desire to show some dominating trait to offset the impression given by my girlish attire. It is my recollection that I came off second best in this addition to the program.

I recall soldiers marching by our house on their way to Camp Lincoln at the time of the Spanish-American war. Also the G.A.R. parades on Decoration Day when my brother Bill and I each took a bucket of water and a tin cup over to Sixth Street and gave the hot tired veterans drinks as they passed in the parade. I recall seeing General McClernand many times sitting on his front porch, on my way to and from school.

The fire chief who lived in our block drove a beautiful strawberry

roan horse to a handsome red runabout fitted with brass trim and a large brass bell which were always kept polished. We often went to gaze in wonder at his rig when it was tied in front of his house and on a few occasions the fire alarm sounded while he was at home and I recall how he left at a gallop with his bell clanging.

Then there was the magic lantern which my father showed on winter evenings. One of the slides showed a burglar entering a house. This slide always gave us the creeps and later bad dreams but we insisted on having it shown.

In 1898 my father moved to his home on West Monroe Street where I lived until 1917 when I was married.

My schooling included the first and second grades at the Teachers Training School, a public school of that day located at Sixth and Enos Avenue, and the other six grades at the Dubois school. I attended Springfield High School for four years, graduating in 1908. I then spent two years teaching a country school, one year in my father's office studying law, and I then attended the University of Michigan law school at Ann Arbor for three years, graduating in 1914.

In our family there was no such thing as a child's allowance. Money was something you earned or went without. There were also many household chores which had to be performed and which were assigned on an elective basis. No one was paid for doing chores - these were considered part of a child's family obligation.

At about the age of 10 I drew the chore of looking after the family cow which included milking twice a day. I was soon allowed to purchase the feed and assume full responsibility. As the head of the cow department I felt quite important and took my duties very seriously. The cow continued to be my chore until I reached high school age when it was passed on to one of my younger brothers.

For spending money we took various jobs, some furnished by my father and others by outsiders. From time to time these included picking berries and fruit at a neighbor's fruit farm. This same neighbor had a Saturday butter route and for a time I served as his horse-holder at 50¢ a day. I was also the driver, but I performed this part of the work gratuitously.

One summer I had a paper route, another summer my brother Bill

and I worked at the Illinois State Register mailing-room in the early morning hours. I was always enamoured with farm life and at the age of 12 I spent one summer at my uncle's farm and later I spent my summers working on farms, including three on the J. H. Maxcy farm.

During my high schools days I had a job after school each day distributing papers to carriers and newsboys at the Springfield News, an evening paper of that day. For a time I also worked at the News on Saturday soliciting want-ads. This was largely done by telephone and consisted in calling up the want-ad advertisers who used the Journal and Register and suggesting to them that they give the News a trial.

One of the customers I procured in 1907 became a daily want-ad customer until the News ceased to be published in the 1920s. This was a Mr. McGraw who ran a small grocery at the Northwest corner of 4th and Madison Street. McGraw was one of the last of the small grocers who specialized in carrying home produced products. In season he had such things as sorghum molasses, maple syrup, walnuts, hickory nuts, horse-radish, hominy, sauerkraut, hams, sausage, rabbits, vegetables, poultry and eggs. Some of these were always on display on a sidewalk bench in front of the store. The bench was protected from the weather by a permanent awning or sidewalk canopy.

City life has changed so much in the past fifty years that there are few chores left for boys to do. A boy of today would doubtless feel much imposed on if required to do the chores of former days. We did not have city water at our house until 1908 and the chores included looking after the coal furnace, bringing up coal for the kitchen stove, filing the coal stove reservoir, bringing in a bucket of well water, caring for the large yard, and helping my mother in numerous ways about the house.

Our family was strong on pets and in the course of my boyhood I at one time or another owned chickens, guinea hens, pigeons, rabbits, dogs, crows, a burro, a pony and a horse.

I bought the burro when I was in the sixth grade. The asking price of the farmer who owned him was $5.00 but by negotiation it was reduced to $4.00, this being all the money I then had. Our burro was a perfectly gentle animal and well broken to ride and drive. We drove him to a second-hand cart in the summer and a home-made sled in the winter. As a draft animal he had remarkable endurance. When it came to riders it was a different story. He had a time limit for carrying a boy on his back. When this limit was reached he would lie down and no amount of persuasion

could get him up until he was ready. At first his time limit was sufficiently generous so that his trick was not especially vexing, but he gradually reduced the limit to a point where he started to lie down while the rider was getting on him. By a series of experiments we found a satisfactory remedy for this problem. It consisted in carrying a broomstick one end of which had a few nails driven into it. The nail end was placed under the burro's side just as he started to lie down. The gentle pressure of the nails in his hide never failed to bring him up smartly and he quickly learned to have great respect for the stick. After that it was only necessary for the rider to have it with him.

The novelty of the burro lasted through most of a year, then he was disposed of. I should relate the method used to advertise him for sale. Bill and I placed him up against the barn, then traced with chalk an outline of his head on the side of the barn and added "For Sale" lettering above. He was sold the following day.

My brother Bill and I attended the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904. We were there a week chaperoned by Mrs. James R. Kincaid, a friend and neighbor. Her daughter Grace and her friends Mary Winchell and Marie Drennan were also in the party. Up to this time this was the farthest I had ever been from home. Bill and I made a trip to Chicago in the summer of 1905. I can still recall how near I came to being sick while visiting the stockyards. I also recall a steamship trip we took to South Haven, Michigan. This was on the steamship Eastland which some years later capsized in the Chicago harbor when loaded with Western Electric Company employees ready to start on a holiday trip. There were 2000 or more deaths from this accident..

In high school days we had military training on a voluntary basis in an organization called the High School Cadets. A retired Army Colonel named Campbell was in charge and he succeeded in organizing and training three companies of cadets to such proficiency that they could each put on a pretty respectable show in the manual of arms and various marching exercises. My experience as a cadet led me to later join Troop D of the First Cavalry of the Illinois National Guard. My term of enlistment in this organization extended over three years, beginning at the age of 15. The activities of our troop included weekly drills, rifle practice at Camp Lincoln on weekends, a two week summer encampment each summer, and it was concluded with ten days active service in the Springfield race riots in 1908.

After graduating from high school in 1908 I decided to teach school

to earn money to go to college and procured the position as teacher at the Drennan School, a one-room country school located about 2½ miles South and an equal distance East of Chatham. Up to that time my experience with country life had been limited to summer vacations. As a teacher I became a part of a country community on a ten months basis. Country school teachers held a position of responsibility and were accorded much attention and respect by the community. My teaching job was my first experience at regular full time employment and I took the position quite seriously.

The Drennan School had eight grades and 42 pupils from about thirty different families. The work of a teacher in a one-room school was strenuous but also involved some pleasant social activities including birthday parties, hog killings, sleigh rides, sugar-bush parties and taffy pulls. At the schoolhouse we often had social gatherings of our own such as box picnics and occasional programs for parents and friends.

From the teaching standpoint the teacher had to prepare and teach some thirty classes a day, grade papers and do some home work to keep ahead of the students. The teacher also had janitorial duties morning and evening. School hours were from 9:00 to 4:00 but the teacher's hours were from 8:00 to 5:00. In the wintertime he arrived at an ice cold schoolroom. The first task was an obvious one, building a fire in the big stove. Then while the schoolroom was warming up he did the dusting. The children began arriving at 8:30 and his responsibility for them continued until 4:00 in the afternoon.

Each child as well as the teacher brought his own lunch. Some children had neat tin lunch buckets or boxes but most of the older boys carried their lunch in a newspaper in order to be free of the empty bucket when going home. The children's lunches of that day would gag a modern dietician. Pork was the staple meat of the farmer's diet, with fried chicken taking its place in the early fall of September and October. Hence the little lunch buckets were filled with such tempting children's food as fried sausage, fried pork chops or thick strips of sliced fried bacon, plain or in sandwhiches, and sometimes fried chicken. I remember one boy whose sandwiches were always buttered with lard, which he accepted as commonplace. The meat sandwich was augmented by a jelly sandwich and usually by a boiled egg and a piece of pie or cake; occasionally an apple or a banana was also included.

The children ate their lunches at their desks without the aid of any beverage, but usually hastened to the pump as soon as their lunch was over.

To have suggested that these children had to have plain or chocolate milk in the middle of the day would have brought a laugh from them as well as their parents. The teacher's lunch was much of the same thing, but I was always hungry and the lunch tasted like a banquet.

After the children had departed the schoolroom had to be swept and wood and coal brought in for the next morning. The sweeping out of a one-room schoolhouse may sound like a simple matter to anyone who has never tried it. The school furnishings included some fifty desks each of which had four legs screwed to the floor. On a rainy day the amount of mud that would be brought in was amazing. On such days sweeping out required so much poking and jabbing with the push broom that an observer might well have thought that he was watching a rat-killing contest.

The first semester I lived with my Aunt Hattie Headley on the Headley Farm and after she moved to Springfield at Christmas-time I boarded at Mr. Will Drennan's house. Both my aunt and the Drennan family treated me with the greatest of kindness and consideration and I have always had most pleasant recollections of these farm homes.

I had a horse and buggy during my first half year of teaching. My horse was used both for riding and driving but was best for driving. She had great endurance, was fast and had style, but I concluded that the matter of maintaining my own horse was too expensive a luxury for a teacher on my salary and so with great reluctance I sold her. From that time on I depended on trains, interurbans and shank's pony (a term then used to indicate walking) for transportation.

While the experience of teaching was an interesting one I always felt a great sense of relief on Friday evening with two non-teaching days ahead. Some of the teachers in the south part of the county organized a Literary Club which met once a month at Divernon. I belonged to the club about a year. On club night I took a 6:00 o'clock train from Glenarm to go the five miles to Divernon. After the club meeting I came home on the Illinois Central's Midnight Special. The Midnight Special stopped at Divernon only on flag. I shall never forget the thrill of flagging it. I would arrive at the closed station a few minutes before train time, which allowed me time to prepare a large bundle of crumpled newspapers which I held in readiness. When the engine headlights showed up in the distance I lighted a newspaper which I waved until it was half burned, then lighted another and continued this procedure until I saw sparks flying from the sides of the train as the engineer applied the air-brakes. It takes a lot of braking to bring a train travelling at 60 miles per hour to a gradual

stop and I believe it involved about 2 miles of travel. When the train had completed its stop the porter opened up the car and I got on and nonchalantly took my seat. When the conductor came through a few minutes later I paid him my fare in cash, 36¢, as the station was always closed at this hour and no tickets were available. I would estimate that my cash contribution just about offset the railroad's extra expense for coal in getting the train under way again. This allowed nothing for the wear and tear on the brakes, the wheels and the tracks in bringing that mighty train to a stop.

During hunting season I stayed in the country on Saturdays to hunt but most of the other weekends I went home.

My experience in teaching was a rewarding one in many ways but not conspicuously so financially. My salary the first year was $45.00 per month; the second year I received the highest salary the Drennan School ever paid, $65.00. The Drennan School has long since disappeared as have most one-room schoolhouses in the present age of consolidating school districts.

On February 12, 1909, the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, the Lincoln Centennial Association held the greatest banquet Springfield ever had. It was held in the Arsenal and a kitchen was set up in a tent adjoining. President Taft, Ambassadors Bryce of England, and Jusserand of France were among the guests. The price of the dinner was $25.00 which included wine — an unusual thing in that day - and the guests were all men. Wives got a complimentary ticket which permitted them to sit in the gallery to see and hear. I was appointed as one of the ushers to seat the ladies in the gallery. At the conclusion of the program the ushers were permitted to appropriate any bottles containing wine (it would perhaps be more accurate to state that they were not restrained from appropriating such bottles) and the ushers had quite a party of their own.

While in high school I had set my mind on becoming a lwayer and after two years of teaching it seemed to me that the time had arrived to direct my efforts to this end. By this time I had ascertained that I might have gray hair before I saved enough money to go to college on from school teaching. I therefore decided to skip college and to study law by the office study method as my father had done, and was about to enter his office as a student when two events occurred which temporarily delayed putting this decision in action.

My brother Bill was then the Secretary of the Springfield Businessmen's Association and through him I met the Immigration Agent for the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, a Mr. J. N. Anderson. This acquaintance resulted in Mr. Anderson inviting me to go with him as his guest (excepting the railroad fare which amounted to about $30.00) on a two weeks homeseekers' excursion through Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana. In those days all of the Southern railroads were endeavoring to induce people to settle in these states as well as in Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma and Colorado, and the Immigration Agent was the officer in charge of promoting this endeavor.

On this trip we stopped at various cities in the states mentioned where we met local officials, real estate men and hotel men, to discuss the railroad's immigration problem. Mr. Anderson was on a generous expense account and entertained freely at the best hotels and bars and I think accomplished much success in his endeavors. From my standpoint the trip was a pleasant one but the thing that impressed me most was the lavish rate of spending money. I had never been a witness to this kind of spending before and couldn't quite get adjusted to the idea of seeing one man spend more each day for entertaining than my highest month's salary had been.

Land in Arkansas then sold at $5.00 an acre which price seemed to be such a bargain that I bought 140 Acres near Little Rock. My brother Bill went in partnership with me on this purchase. After several years of paying taxes and finding that we had acquired only overflow land, it was traded for some heavily mortgaged Springfield property and the profits we made just about paid for the interest on the money we had borrowed to make the purchase and a pittance of a profit for our trouble. I concluded from this experience that real estate investments should be made at home.

About this time Burke Vancil, a Springfield lawyer, was in charge of establishing a new system of assessing real estate in Capitol Township, known as the Sommers System. The installation of this system was a complicated operation and required a large office force, and Mr. Vancil asked me to help with it for a three months period, which I did.

I then became a student in my father's office to take up the study of law. Neither my father nor Mr. Breese were teachers but both offered to help me and tried to do so. My first assignment was to master a large volume entitled Moore's Justice. This work was really a textbook on practice before Justices of the Peace. It included some text on a wide

variety of subjects but it was not exhaustive as to any one of them and for the beginner it served more to confuse than enlighten. It was my father's and Mr. Breese's theory that this general background was a preliminary requisite for the study of individual subjects. Following this I took up several individual subjects from various textbooks or the encyclopedia.

The collection business which came to the office during this period was turned over to me and it brought in enough income to provide for pocket money. I also attended trials, but became dissatisfied with the lack of progress I was making.

Some of the younger lawyers at the bar at that time had attended law school at the University of Michigan and through their influence and with my father's financial help I decided to go to Ann Arbor the following fall. This was a decision I never regretted. In contrast to the office method I had pursued, Michigan used what was known as the case-book method of teaching law. This method consisted in studying selected cases in a particular subject which illustrated the application of a rule of law and you learned the rule from its application rather than as an abstract formula. In my experience there is no substitute for a teacher and the University of Michigan had some of the best. Law school had the added advantage of affording an opportunity for students to discuss their lessons with each other.

Soon after going to Ann Arbor I was invited to join the Phi Delta Phi legal fraternity. This had the effect of surrounding me with a group of most agreeable men but it also tended pretty much to limit my contact to this particular group. I gladly accepted the advantages of the fraternity system but was not unmindful of its disadvantages.

When I came home for summer vacation after my first year at Ann Arbor I was perplexed as to what job I might find to earn funds during the summer. This problem was unexpectedly solved on the following evening when my friend J. N. Anderson of the Missouri Pacific called me on the phone to inquire if I could come down to St. Louis for the summer to serve as an assistant in his office. He explained that my work would be mainly devoted to answering inquiries for information by home seekers and he assured me that practically all of the inquiries concerned matters that were covered by the railroad's printed booklets and pamphlets and that what was really required was an intelligent, courteous covering letter enclosing pamphlets that answered the inquiry.

This job paid $90.00 per month together with railroad passes, which was big money for those days. It proved to be very interesting work but after paying board and room in St. Louis my net was so substantially reduced that I would have done better to have gotten a job at home at half the money.

My work included an overtime assignment that may be worth mentioning. All of the Southern and Western railroads at that time had homeseekers' excursions which left St. Louis every Tuesday and Thursday evening. By a campaign of national endeavor the railroads had thousands of people arriving in St. Louis on these days mainly from the East, all of whom would be taking outgoing excursion trains on the evening of their arrival. The Missouri-Pacific homeseekers were bound for Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado and Texas. In many cases these people came in organized family groups, some containing as many as forty of fifty people. Many of them were foreigners who spoke little or no English but usually in such case they had a leader who did. It was my duty and that of another assistant from Mr. Anderson's office to be on hand at the Union Station to assist such of these immigrants who were going on the Missouri Pacific and get them on the right train. We both wore Missouri Pacific trainmen's caps.

As to some groups we had advance information about their arrival and in such cases we met them at their incoming trains, called for their leader and gave whatever aid we could to these tired and often bewildered travellers. I have often wondered since what became of all these people. Some of their descendants I have no doubt are now members of Congress from Kansas, Oklahoma or Texas.

My father thought he needed me in the office during my summer vacations after my second year of law school and I spent them there in the capacity of clerk and assistant.

I graduated from law school in June, 1914. At that time the State of Michigan admitted law graduates from the University to practice without further examination. On the day of our commencement most of our graduating class availed themselves of this opportunity to become Michigan lawyers although very few of them intended to practice there. By going to the Circuit Clerk's office, taking the oath and paying $2.00 I obtained a Michigan license. At the time I thought this was $2.00 wasted on vanity but as it turned out in the 1930s I had a will case to try in Detroit with a Detroit lawyer so my Michigan license proved useful after all.

For those of us who expected to practice in Illinois a different problem was presented. The Illinois bar examination came in July and in that day we did not have the commercial review courses that now are available. After graduation a classmate, Richard Skinner of Princeton, Illinois, invited me to go home with him for the purpose of reviewing our courses together preparatory to our examination. As it turned out there was a great deal of social activity at Princeton which kept us from working overtime at our studies, but we usually managed to devote several hours to the task daily. I took the bar examination in Chicago and then there was an anxious month before I learned of the result. Early in August, 1914, I received the good news that I had passed and in due course my name was enrolled upon the Supreme Court records as a practicing lawyer in the State of Illinois.

Many of my classmates were undecided at the time of graduation as to where they were going to practice and were involved in making various kinds of surveys to assist them in making a decision. In my case this question never arose. I liked the city where I had been born and raised. My father was practicing here, he wanted me to join him and I had for years looked forward to doing so. The idea of taking any different course was never considered. So, when I obtained my license my father proudly suggested that we should mark the occasion by creating the law firm of Chapin & Chapin. He was careful to explain, however, that he thought our partnership should at least in the beginning be a nominal one, which in effect meant that while we would share the expenses on a basis very favorable to me, each partner would retain the fees he earned.

It should be explained that in those days the services of young lawyers had little monetary value to older practitioners and in cases where they were put on a salary it was universally at a rate of $50.00 per month. As I viewed my prospects in 1914 my future fees would be sure to amount to several times that amount. The arrangement offered by my father had many other elements to recommend it, such as promoting the industry and independence of the junior partner. While the arrangement proposed by my father ultimately proved very satisfactory and was in fact continued throughout our partnership I am bound to admit that my optimism about the first two years' fees was greatly dampened by the actual experience.

The Practice of Law - Changes During my Years of Practice

Each era produces the kind of men essential to its needs. The

farmers of today differ widely from their predecessors. Each generation serves the needs of its day according to the methods of that day. The same is true of lawyers. The pioneer lawyer of Illinois was strictly a trial lawyer. By 1914 the office lawyer was making his first appearance but most law practice was still trial work. Many lawyers did nothing else. This fact was reflected in the individual members of the bar. Trial work attracts and develops a special variety of talents. These talents were evident in the voice, manners, gestures, thinking and language and even in the general appearance of those who possessed them. In short, the trial lawyer was a kind of an actor and often he was somewhat of a ham actor. The bar of 1914 included many lawyers who fitted this description, men who were characters and stood separate and apart from the rest of the business world and from each other - men who couldn't possibly have been mistaken for anything but lawyers. This type of lawyer has entirely disappeared from the scene.

By way of contrast the lawyers of today are better trained and more efficient, but they are also more alike. In any large gathering of men today it would be impossible to pick out the lawyers from among them. As the lawyer's work has taken on business duties the lawyer himself has taken on the appearance of business and he has discarded or lost those unique qualities and eccentricities that formerly served as a badge of his profession. Many things have contributed to this change in the law business and in the lawyer.

First of all, the people themselves have changed. Pioneer days produced a rugged people who at first settled their differences with their fists or with a gun. As a community became more settled it took on more civilized methods. The settlers gradually consented to let the court settle their differences. They were more easily persuaded to this step in part from the fact that the court offered a new arena where they could see their fighting done by hired professionals. At this period they willingly risked the issue at stake on a jury's decision and generally accepted the result, win or lose, like men. In those days they would have been as ashamed to run away from an opponent as to negotiate with him. When they hired a lawyer to fight a case they hired a fighter. In the early days if a lawyer ever suggested a settlement his client would have fired him. This attitude has entirely disappeared in our community. Law suits here are no longer considered entertainment by the litigant. He wants to avoid them if possible and where they can't be avoided he wants them settled out of court if they are susceptible of an honorable compromise. This fact develops a very different type of lawyer than existed in the

early days.

The early day attitude toward law suits however still exists in Southern Illinois and we had an interesting example of this in the Van Cleave case about ten years ago which may be interesting to relate. This case arose from the following facts: Colonel Van Cleave, who lived here, owned 160 Acres of mineral rights in Pope County which he ceased paying taxes on in 1930, presumably because he thought it was no longer of any value. This property was sold for taxes and eventually a tax title was acquired by a man named Newt Parkinson, who leased it to the Ozark-Mahoning Mining Company.

Ozark made tests and discovered that the property contained very valuable fluorspar deposits. Before commencing mining Ozark attempted a title clearing suit to wash out all claims of previous owners and particularly Van Cleave and his heirs. Some time after the suit was completed Helen Van Cleave Blankmeyer learned about it and came to us to see what could be done.

We brought a proceeding against Newt Parkinson and the Ozark-Mahoning Mining Company to reopen the case and to declare Newt's title void. There were enough technical weaknesses in Ozark's title to worry them and we had many to worry us too and after considerable pleading, taking of evidence and other skirmishing Ozark offered to settle by paying the Van Cleaves about 60% as much royalty as they had agreed to pay Newt.

Newt had a good lawyer and through his efforts Newt was not required to make any contribution to the settlement but was to get the full amount of his agreed royalty. When the day came for entering the settlement agreement for record Newt indignantly refused to be a party to it. He told the Judge that he felt betrayed, that the Van Cleaves had come down here (Golconda) and asked for a fight. "I hired this lawyer and fee'd him (paid him a fee) to give 'em a fight and I want what I paid for. Let him either give me a fight or give me my money back so I can hire a lawyer who will fight." Eventually the order of settlement was entered over Newt's protest.

Another surprising aspect of this case to me was that notwithstanding Newt's antipathy to settlement and his disgust with his own lawyer he was always extremely friendly with Chick and me and repeatedly pressed us to spend the night at his farm on the Ohio River

so that he could show us the most beautiful sunrise in all the world the following morning. There are no characters like Newt left in Central or Northern Illinois, but I understand there are still quite a few such non-settlers in Southern Illinois.

Among the other things that have created changes in the practice of the law have been the following:

The Workmens Compensation law has transferred many personal injury trials from a jury to an industrial board. Many other administrative agencies have developed. Businessmen have gradually become aware of the fact that most differences can be settled honorably and with less expense through the office services of a lawyer than by exhausting their remedies in court. The lawyer too has profited from this development and while he receives a smaller fee in the case of a settlement he has spent considerably less time on such a case, and his client having learned the value of this kind of help has sought his advice on numerous business problems that the client had previously solved by making his own best guess.

The Income Tax law has perhaps contributed more than any other one factor in producing this change. It has caused the development of accounting from mere bookkeeping to a full professional status. As of today every business transaction has its Income Tax implications and every businessman must, in advance of taking action, study the potential tax liability of the things he proposes to do. His decisions are frequently dictated solely by the tax liability involved.

Federal tax work has built up a whole new field of work for lawyers and accountants. It has resulted not only in bringing tax work to every law office but it has developed a whole field of tax specialists, an entirely new breed of lawyers who devote their entire time to taxes.

Hence during the period of my practice trial work has noticeably decreased and office work has tremendously increased, with the result that the practice of law today calls for very different abilities than it did a generation ago.

My Brothers and My Sister, Their Spouses and Descendants
(As of 1965)

My brother Bill attended the University of Illinois after graduating from high school. He then became Secretary of the Springfield Business-

men's Association for some years. Afterwards he entered the garage business in Springfield and at this writing he is still in it at the age of 77. Bill married Lucille Hall of Mechanicsburg in 1912. They had two children, Edwin and Virginia. Edwin became an electronics engineer and now works for the Douglas Aircraft Corporation and lives in Los Angeles, California. He is married to Rae Reiffler, a girl who lived across the street from us. Edwin and Rae have two children, Virginia and Edwin, Jr. Edwin's sister, Virginia, married Gene Howard, who is now Superintendant of Schools at Norridge, Illinois. Gene is also doing some work for the Kettering Foundation of Dayton, Ohio. They have a daughter whose name is Patricia. My brother Bill and Lucille were divorced in the 1940's and each now lives happily, Bill with his second wife, Margaret Carraro, and Lucille in single bliss.

My brother Horton chose salesmanship as his vocation and although he is now past 70 he is still pretty active at it. He married Ida Crowder of Springfield. They moved to Rochester, where they have lived for many years. They have two children, Dan and Margaret. Margaret married Kenneth Gill. They now live at Wheeling, Illinois. Ken is Principal of the school there. They have two children, Michael Jon Gill, born September 15, 1952, and Diane Lynn Gill, born September 9, 1954. Dan lives in Rochester. He married Sarah Woollen of Rochester and they have two children, Rhonda Rae Chapin, born April 26, 1954, and Dennis Daniel Chapin, born June 29, 1955.

My sister Ella married Wilbur Taylor. Wilbur was a chemical engineer and worked in vegetable oils for Archer-Daniels-Midland Company in Chicago and later General Mills in Minneapolis. Wilbur retired about 1955 and they then moved to Delray Beach, Florida, where Ella died June 21, 1957. She was buried in the family lot in Oak Ridge. We hear from Wilbur occasionally usually about Christmas-time.

My youngest brother, Chester, married a Rochester girl, Ruth Hunter. Chester is an osteopathic physician and he and his family live in Little Rock, Arkansas. They have one son, John Hunter Chapin, who is a medical doctor. John also lives in Little Rock. He was married last year and has a stepdaughter but I believe has no children of his own at this writing.

My Family

In the summer of 1914 war broke out in Europe. We read the

news about its progress in America with a sort of detached interest, never dreaming then that the war would continue and extend until in another three years it would become worldwide and include our own country as an active participant.

In 1915 I became engaged to Mildred Armstrong, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wilber P. Armstrong of this city, and we were married two years later. We had been high school classmates and she was the girl I had chosen to take to our senior class dance, the most important occasion in my social life up to that time. She had gone away to school immediately after graduation from high school and we had seen little of each other until my senior year in law school, which happened to be her senior year in college.

The two year gap between our engagement and marriage was due to the fact that the 1915-1916 income of the young lawyer was entirely insufficient to support a wife. During this period every effort was made to improve my business and in the practice of new economies to save what was made. Even vacations were eliminated except for one in the summer of 1916 when I was invited as a guest to visit the Armstrong family and my future wife for two weeks at their summer home at St. Ignace.

In the same year I was appointed to the office of United States Commissioner, which position might be described as a kind of a Federal Justice of the Peace. The duties involved holding preliminary hearings in cases where arrests had been made on Federal offenses to determine whether the defendant should be bound over to the grand jury, or discharged. It was a part-time office and did not interfere with my other practice and added by a few hundred dollars each year toward the nest-egg I was accumulating.

In April, 1917, America entered the war and soon began drafting men for service in the armed forces. This event could have disrupted our plans about marriage at any time but fortunately it did not do so. On October 2, 1917, we were married at a house wedding at the home of my wife's parents, which was located at Sixth and Cass Streets on the Site where the tall Franklin Life building is now located.

We went to Ann Arbor on our honeymoon, then settled down to housekeeping in a small apartment located at 619 East Edwards Street. This was a new apartment building and all four of the tenants were newlyweds like ourselves.

At the time of our marriage my wife and I began attending the First Presbyterian Church, but did not formally join until the following year.

Speaking of our church I want to digress from family matters to mention that our church has had three ministers since we joined in 1918 and we have loved them all. John T. Thomas was the minister at the time we joined and served from 1918 to 1940, when he retired and moved to his old home in Knoxville, Tennessee. He was a lovable man and one of the finest story tellers I ever knew. William H. Hudnut came next, serving from 1940 to 1946. As I believe I have previously mentioned his wife Betsy was a Chapin descendant. Both Bill and Betsy were among our dearest friends. They moved to Rochester, New York, in 1946 where Bill became minister of the Third Presbyterian Church. Then in 1946 came Richard Paul Graebel with his wife, Dorothy. Dr. Graebel has now been with us 19 years and I hope he stays another 19.

I recall with some pride and satisfaction that I had a small part in getting him here in the first place. Dr. Graebel's previous charge had been at Ottumwa, Iowa. I was co-chairman of a committee in charge of selecting a new pastor and our committee received a report that Dr. Graebel might be available. Bob Irwin, a member of the committee, and I and our wives drove to Ottumwa in the early fall of 1946 on a Saturday and attended the First Presbyterian Church service on the following morning, where Dr. Graebel was preaching. I liked him from the start and quickly made up my mind to be for him. He of course was not aware nor was anyone else that we attended this church for the purpose of stealing their preacher if we liked him. As Mil and I were leaving the church a very nice man and his wife greeted us and upon learning that we were from Springfield they graciously invited us to have dinner with them. I felt somewhat like a thief in the henhouse. I didn't want to accept their hospitality without being frank with them as to the purpose of our visit and I didn't think it discreet to do any disclosing at that time. We had agreed to meet the Irwins at the Ottumwa Hotel for a noon dinner and we used this as an excuse to decline the Ottumwa invitation. I've often thought of this kindly couple who extended this gracious invitation and wondered what they thought when they finally found out what those nice people from Springfield were there for.

I have tried to think of some better plan and a less embarrassing one for choosing ministers but have not been successful. It is the way churches have always attained their ministers and it seems to work.

When my conscience bothers me for what we did to the Ottumwa church I can readily ease it by acknowledging that I would stoop to far more devious strategy to get a man like Richard.

In 1918 there were several other events that affected our lives. The United States was at war and I felt obligation to volunteer in some capacity. When the Navy in June announced the opening of an officers' training school at Great Lakes I applied and went to Chicago to take my physical examination. To my great surprise I was informed that I had a bad heart murmur and was rejected. Upon my returning home Dr. Armstrong, my wife's father re-examined me and explained that the naval doctor had mistaken a metallic ring, which indicated a vigorous heart, for a murmur and declared that the naval doctor was a professional idiot. This was comforting to hear but I could not avoid the suspicion that possibly my father-in-law was tempering his diagnosis with kindness. In order to get the matter settled in my own mind I applied for additional life insurance and told the medical examiner, Dr. Don Deal, what had occurred. He agreed with Dr. Armstrong, the insurance was granted, and I became satisfied with my heart, in spite of the Navy.

In the meantime I had been elected to the County Board of Supervisors, which was my first step in politics. The G. H. Maxcy family invited us for a couple of weeks visit at their farm during the summer and this was our 1918 vacation.

On August 4 our first son was born, whom we named John Roger. About the same time the state's attorney, C. F. Mortimer, offered me a position in his office as assistant on a part-time basis beginning September 1st. This was accepted.

Shortly thereafter the Army announced the opening of a new Artillery Officers Training School at Camp Taylor near Louisville, Kentucky. I had then been granted draft deferment as a father but I felt that fate had already been sufficiently generous with me so I made an application to enlist in the Artillery School and was accepted. Some time in October I left for Camp Taylor at Louisville in a group of other Springfield men, including several of my friends, among them DeWitt Montgomery and George Irwin. Amos Richardson and a few other friends were already at Camp Taylor. My wife and small son were left behind in the apartment, dependent on a small bank account and what the Government might provide by way of allotment.

At Camp Taylor we underwent the most arduous kind of training but

fortunately this did not last very long as the Germans suddenly and unexpectedly signed an amistice on November 11th which brought the fighting if not the war to an end. The troops at Camp Taylor were discharged as soon as Army paper work would permit and on the 1st of December I was back home again.

In the spring of 1919 we decided that our apartment was inadequate and that our small son should have a yard to play in and a sandbox. In order to provide these luxuries we moved to a rented house at the Northwest corner of Spring and South Grand Avenue.

That summer we bought our first automobile, a used Buick touring car known as a D45. By today's standards it had many shortcomings but we were quite tolerant of them then. The novelty of travelling faster than a horse more than offset the difficulties encountered, from frequent punctures and from roads which were either deep with dust or mud. We never used the side-curtains except in case of rain and no one ever thought of objecting to the cold.

In the fall of 1919 we decided to buy a home of our own and acquired the property at 1919 South 4th Street. After making a few alterations we moved into it a couple of days before Christmas.

About this time we began to build up a small library and had reached the point where an encyclopedia was to be added. This required a substantial investment and the advice we received as to which encyclopedia was best was contradictory and confusing. We decided to do our own research. We made a list of various subjects and spent several evenings at the library comparing the treatment given each by the different publishers. After tabulating our results we determined that the Americana Encyclopedia answered our purpose best. It has now served us for about 45 years and has been in almost constant use during this time. While it must be admitted that there are by now a few important subjects which are not included in it this is not too much against it. It covers thousands of years of human knowledge and only omits the last 45.

The yard of our Fourth Street house had a fine garden plot and in 1920 we took up vegetable gardening in a serious way. Our next door neighbor, a Major Russell, was an excellent gardener and he and I tried to outdo each other on producing the first crops of lettuce, spinach, onions, peas, beans and tomatoes, or the biggest specimens. One of my garden specialties was spinach and I have always maintained that

our sons outgrew me because of the generous rations of home grown spinach they received as children. It was while we were living in this house that our second son, Charles Armstrong, was born, his birthday being February 27, 1921.

In 1920 I was reelected to the Board of Supervisors and was elected as the Chairman for that and the following year.

In the spring of 1921 the Probate Judge resigned his office to take a position with the State government and I became a candidate for the vacancy when a special election was called. I was elected without opposition and took office in June for an unexpired term which ran to December 1, 1922. Following this I was twice reelected to two full terms and served in all 9½ years in that office.

The salary of the Probate Judge in those days was small but there was then no rule or custom which precluded the Judge from carrying on a private law practice. Had it been otherwise I could not have accepted the office, as the salary ($3500.00 per year, increased to $5000.00 in 1926) was not sufficient for our living expenses. At that time I was general counsel for an automobile insurance company which I had helped to organize and this practice alone brought in about as much income as the judgeship. The duties were largely administrative and office work and permitted me to keep regular court hours. My private practice during the period of holding the office of Probate Judge was largely limited to this one client. During the time I was Probate Judge the nominal partnership with my father was dissolved but I continued to maintain my private office.

During the 1920's and the early 30's I was quite active in various civic organizations and in other civic affairs. Among other things I served as President of the following: The County and Probate Judges Association, 1922; Auto Club, 1924 and '25; Kiwanis Club, 1926; Mid Day Luncheon Club, 1928; Sangamo Club, 1930; Sangamon County Bar Association, 1931. In connection with my Auto Club activities I drafted a municipal traffic ordinance which carried the first restriction on street parking, limiting free parking in the downtown area to one hour. Great was the clamor that went up over this invasion of the individual's rights to do what he pleased.

During my term as Probate Judge our County Judge, Eugene Bone, became seriously ill and called on me to assume the work of the County

Court. I accepted this assignment and served in the County Court as well as the Probate Court for about a year and a half, during which Judge Bone died. The work load during this period together with any other duties made some very busy days and was about all one man could carry. Oramel Irwin was then elected County Judge at a special election.

In the meantime our children were growing up. When John reached the velocipede age and Charles took to riding a kiddie-car they were no longer satisfied to be confined in their backyard pen which we referred to as Deer Park, as sidewalks were necessary for them to enjoy their vehicles. Traffic was heavy on our street and we considered sidewalks unsafe as a playground for children, so in 1924 we decided to build in Orendorff Place and we have never regretted the decision. The experiences we had in carrying it out were all interesting and pleasant. Among my memories of that operation are included the choosing of the lot, planning our new house with the architect, Murray S. Hanes, and the contractor, Fred Gehlman, and the courteous and friendly workmen, including the carpenters, bricklayers, electricians, plumber and others who helped construct the house.

I recall the delight of John, then age 6, when the excavators permitted him to drive their team in and out of the hole which became our basement, and later the frustration of Charles, then age 4, who went wading up to his knees in the mortar box filled with white plaster.

Our new home was completed in November, 1924, and we moved in on the day Calvin Coolidge was elected President. We have now lived in it 41 years.

John had started to school while we lived on Fourth Street and he now transferred to Butler School where the other children later attended.

At that time there were but few houses in Orendorff Place and much of the vacant ground was still in its native state of rolling wooded land. The boys with their neighbor friends marked out Indian trails, built log houses and indulged in other pioneer activities in the woods, recreations unavailable to the neighborhood children of today.

Our third son was born on his mother's birthday, May 13, in the year 1927. We named him Samuel James, Samuel after Deacon Samuel, and James because we thought it sounded well with Samuel and because my Grandfather Chapin had it for his middle name.

In December, 1929, while my term of office as Probate Judge still had another year to run I decided that I had been there long enough and announced that I would not be a candidate for re-election. Subsequently I conceived the idea that a term in Congress before returning to my practice of the law might be a helpful experience and in the spring of 1930 announced myself for this office.

We lived in a Democratic district and a Republican needed either a landslide or a miracle to get elected but occasionally one had succeeded in doing so. I had always run well in county elections and this fact encouraged me to enter the contest.

Herbert Hoover was then President and while the great depression was not yet clearly visible a few signs of it began to appear in 1930. There was increased unemployment and greatly depressed farm prices with the result that people became quite dissatisfied with the Republican administration. On election day I found that there had been a Democratic landslide rather than a Republican one.

I lost to J. Earl Major, who had been elected to Congress two previous times and who was a very energetic candidate. This was the same J. Earl Major who later became United States District Judge and Judge of the United States Court of Appeals.

The election results fixed the time of my returning to practice as 1930. During the summer of 1930 Mr. Breese, who had long been associated with my father and myself, died. Mr. Clifford M. Blunk, who had been first employed to help me in connection with the campaign, then took over some of the work in the office, including the unfinished work of Mr. Breese, and he continued as an associate in the office until 1944, when he received an attractive offer to take over the practice of Mr. Robert Matheny, who was retiring. Conrad Noll followed Clifford Blunk in our office and stayed until John arrived home.

When I returned to private practice I still had as a nest-egg the general counsel work of my insurance company client, but this company soon entered into a merger with a Chicago company and moved to Chicago leaving very little law work behind. Consequently in 1931 I found myself starting from scratch to reestablish my law practice. This is not an enviable situation at any time and it was filled with plenty of difficulties in the pre-depression year of 1931. On the whole I felt that my experience with elective office had been a valuable one, but the difficulties of

re-establishing my practice in the depression years was an experience that I did not ever want to repeat and I have since then turned a deaf ear to all suggestions to become a candidate for anything.

The law business has its own ups and downs which usually parallel the general business cycle. Certain fields of practice are increased by adverse business conditions and during the depression we experienced an increased amount of bankruptcy, liquidations, foreclosures, and execution sales. When general business is prosperous a different and more agreeable type of law business is created, including land development and all the various types of agreements and planning in connection with an expanding economy.

Chapin Farm

I bought the Chapin farm in the summer of 1936. Its part in the life of our family is far more important thanthe Headley farm was to me as a boy. I therefore give it a separate chapter. It with three other farms was being sold at auction by The First National Bank to settle the estate of a Sarah E. Brown. On the morning of the sale I went out to see it out of mere curiosity. It consisted of 100 Acres, about half tillable and the other half in wooded pastures, one of which was so attractive that it had served as a picnic ground for a crowd of Springfield people for many years. The tenant on the farm had a large flock of sheep and they had mowed the grass and weeds down to a stubble so that the pastures looked like mowed brown lawns. All lawns were brown in the summer of 1936 because of the dry, hot weather.

Farm land was still suffering in price from the depression and I knew that with all this pasture this place would sell cheap. If I was going to buy a farm at this time this was the first essential. For my purpose the unproductive pasture would bring the price down but it put the desirability of the place up. It was not too far from the city, it had plenty of water, both wells and a creek. In short, I decided right there that if it sold within my budget I would buy it.

This was the year after Lake Springfield had been completed and this improvement had had a great effect on Springfield people. Springfield had always been a city of landlubbers and now almost overnight we were close by an inland lake. All of a sudden everyone was thinking about getting out in the country, mostly about getting out to the Lake, about building a house, about camping, and fishing or swimming or sailing a

boat. While all of this urge was taking place the Chapin family was suffering from a kindred urge, to get out of town, but our urge was for dry land activities, camping, picnics, hiking, hunting, and so forth.

This farm had a tenant house of rather unusual construction which involves a little history. The tenant house consists of three separate two-room frame houses which had been joined together in a manner so as to make one six-room house out of it. This strange fact calls for some research and the answer is not a hard one for a lawyer to figure out. In pioneer days the early settlements were all along the creeks. Here the pioneers found wood, game, water and soil that was easy to till. In the early days they did not have a plow suitable to break the prairies and prairie land was therefore shunned by the first settlers. Settlement on the prairie had to await the manufacture of a steel mold board plow.

Another characteristic of the pioneer settler was that he could only manage a small acreage, usually 10 or 20 Acres, some part of which touched a creek. A look at an early county atlas will tell the story. In every township the tracts along the creeks are so small and numerous as compared to the prairie land that the boundary lines cause a kind of shading of the map along the creek areas. The county atlas for 1874 shows that at that time our farm was divided into seven or eight ownerships. Lick Creek touches the farm on the West side as well as on the North side and this fact provided for creek frontage on an unusual number of tracts. Later on as the country became more settled, and particularly after the prairies were tilled, there was a general tendency to consolidate the small tracts along the creeks into larger farms. When I was a boy it was generally considered that a farm should be 160 Acres if it was to support one family. Today a farm must be about 400 Acres to justify the tremendous investment required in machinery and equipment.

The consolidation process worked on our farm as well as others. It doubtless resulted in having a number of empty houses, at lease we know it resulted in having three empty two-room houses, none of which were big enough for convenient farm living. The cheapest and therefore the most natural solution to the housing problem was to move two of these houses to the one that was best located and then join them into one larger house. This is obviously what had been done on our farm some time in the latter part of the previous century.

It is difficult to recall the excitement aroused in all of us by the possession of such a charming place for camping, picnics and other outdoor

activities. We decided immediately to put up a cabin where we would have shelter and a place to stay overnight if we cared to. Mil and I went out several times to determine the best site for the cabin. We did this by taking chairs and sitting a while in the different spots while we drank in the several landscapes. When the site was determined upon we immediately got Roscoe Niccolls to build a big brick fireplace and then got our dear old carpenter, Ira Sanner, to build the cabin around it. Our vacation began while he was still working and we moved in before he had finished.

This was the year we included horseback riding for all. The boys brought out their two horses, Menardy and Kate, and we rented three horses from John Woods, including Roanie, who had been sold to him the year before. Incidentally John Woods was the husband of Grace Brunk and her father, Joseph C. Brunk, was then the leading Morgan horse raiser in Sangamon County. He had gone to Shurtleff College with my father back in the 1880's.

I am sure the neighbors for miles around our farm concluded that some very queer people had moved into their midst when they saw us daily galloping down the roads. The neighborhood probably hadn't seen five horseback riders in one group since the Civil War.

For the next fifteen years the cabin and the grounds around it served as a place for all kinds of outings both for the adults and their friends and the children and their friends. We used it for steak dinners and chili suppers, for parties, and for hunting. For about ten years we had an annual all-day picnic for about a dozen friends on Armistice Day. On this day we had a great outside fire as well as inside fires. We had what today would be called a brunch, a very hearty breakfast served at noon.

Mil and I often stayed out at night but the boys were hardier than we were and they stayed more often. The cabin was equipped with a wood-burning heating stove, a wood-burning cookstove and a fireplace, and on a cold winter night it was far more comfortable if one of the fires was kept going, which usually required that somebody bring in firewood about every hour or two. One peculiarity of our cabin that we never quite conquered was the insufficiency of air in the cabin to keep three fires going full blast and sometimes we had to open the front door and let in cold air for draft in order to get more heat from the stoves.

A word might also be added about the roads of this period. While

the oiling of roads had been started in Sangamon County in the early twenties, it had a great setback in the thirties and I don't believe that as of 1936 the road from Route 4 to our farm had ever been oiled. There were not enough Democratic voters living on this road to have the necessary influence with the Road Commissioner. This stretch of road was therefore exactly like it had been 100 years before, that is to say, in dry weather the dust was three or four inches thick and in wet weather the water all drained toward the road and stayed there and made travel very uncertain. In dry frozen weather the ruts were deep and the space between them was rough and treacherous. After a snow which had drifted the roads were impassable by cars for a day or two until teams and wagons and trucks had made a path. The result was that travel was somewhat hazardous and uncertain except in summertime when the roads were dry. We frequently travelled through water and mud up to the hubs of the car and many times we had to be towed out by neighbors' teams, by passing trucks, or tow trucks. In those days such incidents were accepted as one of the hazards of living in the country and we thought they added to the pleasure and excitement of living there.

Coon hunting was one of the activities of the farm men and boys around the neighborhood and I went coon hunting with them once but I found this to be a little too strenuous for a man who had led a sedentary life as long as I had. It takes a hardy man to walk up and down hills and through brush for three hours and every few minutes during this time to cross and recross a creek on whatever size log happens to have fallen in it.

A couple of years after acquiring the farm we built a dam in the cabin pasture out of logs and old fence and dirt fill. The fill was done with a team and scraper which was somewhat like doing it with a teaspoon compared with doing it with a latter day bulldozer. While the dam didn't last more than two or three years it did serve to show that an attractive pond could be made at the bottom of the hill which would add to our view from the cabin porch. Our first pond proved to be equally attractive to groundhogs and they built a network of burrows in it. Although we tried to repair this damage the groundhogs always seemed to keep ahead of us and we finally abandoned the project.

Many years later when bulldozers came to be used for building farm ponds I built a pond in the middle pasture for utility purposes and then built the present pond in the South pasture just for the view. I made one serious mistake in building this dam. I was reluctant to believe that the ensuing

pond would be as large as the bulldozer man calculated and therefore hesitated to take out several large oak trees that later became submerged. Since Chick has had the place he has made substantial improvements on the dam and now has a large year-round pond which turns into an ice-skating rink in winter.

I was so greatly impressed by the mowing job the sheep had done in 1936 that I got interested in having it repeated in 1938. At this time we had a new tenant named Halbert Cox. Both Halbert and his wife were good people and they tried hard to please. Halbert however was no livestock man and was free to admit it. He didn't want to invest in sheep but if I wanted to buy a flock he was willing to look after them. I had acquired a whole drawerful of farm bulletins from the U.S. Department of Agriculture. In fact my collection included every farm subject except the raising of tobacco and sugar-beets and the Department advised they were temporarily out of these volumes but they would be sent later. I waded through these until I came across the one on the care and raising of sheep. I studied this for two or three evenings and didn't find anything which could be said to be a firm warning against a lawyer going in the sheep business. On the other hand it asserted that many a farmer without any previous experience with sheep had begun with a small flock and by giving them a little loving care soon added substantially to his yearly income.

I have found that most people including myself have previous leanings in certain directions and sometimes everything they read and hear confirms these previous views, while on the other hand, those with opposite leanings are by reading or hearing the same facts confirmed in their opposite views. I wanted a flock of automatic lawnmowers and this booklet seemed to sum it all up with a call of "Go ahead, what have you got to lose?"

I acquired a flock of 15 Oxford ewes (blackfaces) pronounced "yoes" in Curran Township. From another source I bought a fine young Oxford ram who had been an orphan and raised as a pet. Very shortly I began learning about sheep from actual experience. First I learned that sheep are very sensitive creatures and if you scold a ewe real hard it breaks her heart and the next morning you have a ewe to bury. I also learned that while they have sense on some subjects they have none whatever on others. They will follow a leader, even a dumb leader, over the sheer side of a hill without hesitating but will refuse to go in a barn in a snowstorm if the leader decides she would rather die in a snowdrift. I also learned that if a ewe looks ill she will be dead the next morning whether you have a veterinarian or not. Another lesson learned was that every

neighborhood is visited annually by sheep-killing dogs and that such dogs can dispatch a lot of sheep in a few minutes. The Township fund for reimbursement is never quite adequate for this purpose and so the sheep loser gets only his pro rata share.

Another thing about sheep is that lambs come in February, usually in the deepest snow and at lambing time you always lose a few lambs plus a ewe or two. Finally I learned never to trust a pet ram. Our ram had a very cute trick that should have gotten him in the circus but instead it got him in a truck headed for the stockyards.

Our ram, whom we called Bill, was gentle as a lamb while you were petting him or looking at him, but if you turned your back to him he would make a run at you with his head down and upset you if he could. The cutest part of Bill's trick was to walk away from him and just after he started for you, if you suddenly whirled around and faced him he would stop instantly and look very ashamed as if he didn't want you to know what he had been up to.

When Halbert told me about this accomplishment of Bill's he said Bill had already upset him twice and a neighbor once but Halbert didn't seem to be too much concerned about it. I decided however that Bill should have a cowbell strapped on his neck so as to give warning when he was in the act of running someone down. I practiced with Bill several times. I would take an armful of hay and walk away from Bill and when I heard the cowbell clanging I would whirl around and Bill would stick his feet in the ground like a quarter-horse and stop instantly. I felt pretty proud to be the owner of such a clever ram. When Easter vacation came John and Chick were home from school and we planned to give a family demonstration of Bill's accomplishment one Sunday. Mil's father, mother and brother were driven out by Milton, their family chauffeur, and I took our family out in our car. When the appointed time came I took some hay and walked down the hill away from Bill listening all the while for the bell, but I didn't hear any bell at the time when it should have been ringing so I turned around anyway. Bill was coming at me full blast and was right upon me so close that he couldn't stop. He caught me sideways and I was on a cane for some weeks thereafter. By this time John and Milton were out of the cars and on their way to help me. Bill took after them and they dodged behind some farm machinery for protection. Bill decided to keep them there. After some minutes Milton got tired of hiding and he tried to sneak back to the Armstrong car but Bill caught him on the way square in the stomach and knocked him out. John then used a football tackle on Bill and brought him down.

This ended the demonstration and it also ended the sheep business. Halbert shipped Bill to the stockyards the next day and sold the ewes and the lambs to a neighbor. Since then the grass at our farm hasn't been so neat but the walking around the farm has been safer.

At the time I bought the farm I think it had more fences per acre than any place I ever knew, hedge as well as wire. While since then farms have grown bigger, the custom has grown up to leave many fields unfenced. This permits farming up close to the boundary line and saves the expense of fencing. Our hedge and excess wire fence has been gradually removed and Chick has now got the place fenced down to his actual requirements.

The farm holds many memories for each of us, some of which are rather humorous and some rather awesome. One of the pleasant memories is of our garden. It was both flower and vegetable garden and we had it for many years. We used to go out and tend it twice a week and it paid us handsomely. The garden was for me what golf was for many of my friends. In my game if you made a good score you could eat it or put it in a vase to beautify a room. I recall that one of the things we planted was an envelope of zinnia seeds which Miss Emma Leeser gave me. This was planted more as a duty than from real desire. The result was most amazing. We had a city size lot of zinnias in all the colors imaginable. One peculiar thing about zinnias is the more you pick them the greater the next week's crop is and this continued away up into the month of October.

Then there was the time when with much snow on the ground we decided to have a chili supper and coasting party at the farm. Mil and I went out early to get the cabin warmed up and everything in readiness. Suddenly while we were there a terrible blizzard came up. The snow fell heavily and drifted so that we soon found ourselves completely snowed in. Our tenant had no phone and I concluded that we had better head on foot to Shutt's, which was the first house East down the Chatham Township line road, where we could phone for help or if necessary stay overnight.

On the way we encountered drifts waist high and we then took to the fields where it was rather rough going, particularly with the blizzard raging so that it was hard to see our way. Mil finally became completely exhausted and fell down in a drift and was unable to get up. "I can't go any further" she said. "You go ahead alone and save yourself. Take good care of the boys and tell them how much I love them." I let her

rest for two or three minutes then dragged her to her feet and by making short spurts and resting often thereafter we finally made it. That was an experience neither one of us ever wanted to repeat and to this day it gives me chills to think of it.

A more amusing experience occurred one spring when we were staying in the cabin overnight. Our bed was in the corner of the room. I happened to wake up in the early daylight and there I saw the head and neck of a big gray farm horse sticking through our window right above us. In some way he had managed to push the screen out of the window and he seemed to like the inside air better than that on the outside.

In case any of my descendants should ever wonder what is so wonderful about the country they will find my answer in the following paragraph: The country has space and the city hasn't. In the city you can't see the real beauty of a sunrise or a sunset because of the trees and houses. You can't see the stars and moon at night in all of their glory because of the competition from street lights. A view of the sunrise or sunset from our cabin was one of the great marvels of nature. It is something to remember. A stroll in the moonlight was another great experience. Anyone who has never seen one of these wonders from a place in the country has missed a great deal. I must admit that there are many hardships connected with the country but there are offsetting advantages for each of them for a true country enthusiast.

I mentioned that an older generation of Springfield people used to use our cabin site for picnics.

We have found two Indian arrowheads under the topsoil. My guess is that long ago the Indians used the same site for their picnics and probably broiled dog or bison steaks instead of beef.

In 1962 Chick and Nancy built their home at the Chapin Farm on the exact site where our cabin stood. The cabin was moved to the barn area and now served as a tack-room. It is probably one of the few tack-rooms in existence that has a fireplace built by Roscoe Niccolls. From their house they can now see both the sunrises and sunsets that I have been speaking about - not at the same time of course. They can also see wood-ducks and at times other water fowl on their pond.

Perhaps some further history of the Chapin Farm should be written sometime but it will be up to Chick to write it.

Our Children and Grandchildren

In 1936 John graduated from high school and we were poised on the threshold of a part of our lives that was to last until 1954, the education of our children.

After much consideration and thought it was determined that John would attend Carleton College, a small coeducational college at Northfield, Minnesota, about 40 miles South of Minneapolis. When John went off to Carleton in the fall of '36 we did not realize that both of our younger sons would subsequently determine to study there. John graduated in 1940, Chick in 1942 and Sam in 1949. During that period of time we became intimately acquainted with Dr. Donald J. Cowling, the President of Carleton for many years, and with Mrs. Cowling. Dr. Cowling visited in our home on at least one occasion and we had dinner with the Cowlings in Northfield at the time of John's commencement.

John entered the University of Michigan Law School in the fall of 1940 where he graduated in June, 1943, passed the Illinois Bar examination of July, 1943, and entered the Army in August. He served overseas in Europe for two years and returned home to practice law in March, 1946.

Chick graduated magna cum laude from Carleton in 1942 and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He left for active duty in the Marine Corps in two months. He served four years in the Marines and later attended Michigan Law School, receiving a JD degree there in 1949.

Sam's education at Carleton was interrupted by service in the Navy. He served in the Navy from 1944 to late 1945, then returned to Carleton and graduated in 1949. He entered the University of Rochester School of Medicine at Rochester, N.Y. where he received his MD degree in 1954. After that Sam interned at Cleveland City Hospital and was a resident at the Cleveland Clinic for two years.

In 1955, having gotten all of our sons educated, we took a trip abroad. We were gone about ten weeks and visited England, France, Switzerland and Italy. We did it all first-class and had a real lark. We went over on the Cunard liner Mauretania and returned on the American Export Line's Constitution. We enjoyed this trip so much that after it was over I was sorry we hadn't gone sooner. We then hoped to go again but the next year I broke my leg in an automobile accident and I haven't been much interested in trips which require a lot of walking.

We have made a few short trips recently but have discovered that Springfield is a pretty good place to be and as of now I feel kind of sorry for the people who have to take long trips and endure the hardships of travel.

This brings me down to the point where I think I should show an inventory of our children and their families. Our grandchildren now number eleven, some of whom I feel sure are already tentatively entered as Carleton students.

John married while he was in law school on October 2, 1942, to Mary Elizabeth McNally, a Carleton girl from Minneapolis, who is affectionately known to all of the family as Betsy. They now have five children, Thomas Jonathan, born December 5, 1948, James McNally, born September 28, 1950, Mary Elizabeth, born July 14, 1952, Catherine Armstrong, born September 21, 1954, and Patricia Marshall, born December 30, 1960, and they reside at 1324 Holmes Avenue.

After graduating from Carleton, Charles served a year or more at Quantico teaching mathematics and gunnery and was then transferred to Camp Pendleton in California. He left for the Pacific in 1944 and joined the 1st Marine Division in the Russell Islands. On Easter Sunday, 1945, Chick was in the invasion of Okinawa. Okinawa required about 90 days of fighting before it was subdued during which time we at home anxiously awaited the news from day to day. After the defeat of Japan in August, 1945, Chick was stationed some time in China and returned home in 1946 and entered law school in the fall of that year. He graduated in 1949.

John entered the office upon his discharge from the army and Chick upon his graduation from law school and they have been here ever since.

Chick was married on June 26, 1958, to Nancy Lanphier, a girl whom we had known since her childhood as she came from an old Springfield family and her parents are friends of ours. Chick and Nancy now have three children, Anne Edmands, born July 15, 1959, William Lanphier, born May 14, 1961, and Sarah Armstrong, born June 24, 1963. Chick and Nancy built their home on the Chapin farm near Chatham which they now own.

While in Rochester Sam was married to Marjorie Thomes of Utica, New York, and they moved back to Springfield in 1957. Sam and Marj also have three children, the oldest, Mark Samuel, was born June 18, 1957, in Cleveland. David Thomas was born in Springfield June 20, 1959, and

Stephen James February 16, 1962. Sam is now associated in the practice of internal medicine with Drs. Gershom K. Greening and Noah M. Dixon and lives at 1601 South Douglas Avenue about four blocks from our house.

Each of our sons has been extremely fortunate in choosing his wife and I want to pay my sincerest respects to each of these daughters-in-law. They are each good wives to their husbands and excellent mothers to their children, with the result that each presides (or helps preside) over a happy and harmonious home. We are very fond and very proud of them.

A couple of years ago I met an Englishman and was explaining to him that we had three sons two of whom lived close to us but the third, Charles, lived at some distance. He wanted to know how far and I told him about 10 miles. He replied, "Now really, that doesn't seem very far to us. Our daughter and only child was married last summer and she and her husband live in South Africa." Since then if anyone asks me where our children live I reply, "Well, they all live close by."

July 16, 1965, was my 75th birthday. We have three birthdays in a row in July. My granddaughter Mary was 13 on July 14th and my granddaughter Anne was 6 on July 15, and then comes me on the 16th. We had three days of birthday dinners, one at John's house for Mary and me, one at Chick's house for Ann and me, and one on July 16th with my brother Bill and his wife Margaret.

The jollity of this birthday period was saddened considerably in the news received on the 14th of the sudden death of our good friend, Adlai Stevenson, United States Ambassador to the United Nations. He died from a heart attack while walking down a street in London. The ceremonies for his death started in London on Thursday the 15th, next his body lay in state Friday in Washington, then again here at the State House on Saturday and Sunday with the final funeral service in Bloomington on Monday, where the President, Vice-President and several members of the Supreme Court attended.

He was one of the great men of our time and inasmuch as all of our family had come to know him well I think it relevant to say something about him here.

We first became acquainted with Adlai when he served as our Governor from 1948 to 1952. During most of this period his sister, Mrs. Buffie

Dr. John T. Thomas, Dr. Richard Paul Graebel and Roger E. Chapin, at the time of celebration of the 125th Anniversary of the First Presbyterian Church in 1953.

Ives, acted as his hostess. She and my wife became very warm friends and from this association we were several times dinner guests at mansion parties, at the Stevenson home in Bloomington and once the house guests of the Ives at Southern Pines, North Carolina. In return both Buffie and Adlai were dinner guests at our home on several occasions. Adlai had a great capacity for friends. I think his Springfield friends were perhaps nearer to him than any other he had. Among other friends was our minister, Richard Paul Graebel. We have all closely followed Adlai's subsequent career. Our minister conducted the funeral services in Washington and Springfield.

The last time we saw Adlai was on Lincoln's Birthday in 1964. He came here to speak at a banquet of the Abraham Lincoln Association which opened a campaign to convert our Court House (the old State House) into a Lincoln shrine. The Chapin family were all present on the occasion of this banquet and all of us had a few words with Adlai after the meeting.

In 1953 I wrote a history of our Church covering its first 125 years and in it made some references to Adlai Stevenson, who attended there while Governor. It may be of interest to quote a page from that book:

"Our church again came into national prominence when Governor Adlai E. Stevenson was nominated by the Democratic party for the office of President of the United States.

"The United States had become the strongest power among all the nations and on its leadership was to depend the fate of the world. Who was to furnish such leadership, and what manner of man the candidate of the Democratic party was, became a matter of the greatest public interest and concern, not only to Americans but under the circumstances to the whole world.

"Governor Stevenson conducted his presidential campaign from Springfield, and during the period between his nomination and the election this city became a Mecca for many people of high rank, including senators, governors and leaders of political, religious, labor and other groups. The national press services, foreign press, and many individual newspapers were represented by a large corps of correspondents and photographers whose duty it was to report fully on the candidate, picture his background, and every detail of the local scene.

"Governor Stevenson regularly attended Sunday service when he

was in the city. When he came to church the press corps came too, notebooks in hand and cameras loaded. It would not be accurate to say that the correspondents and photographers followed him like bird-dogs, for in many instances they arrived ahead of him and thereby foretold his coming. So eager was the demand for news about him that what the minister said in his presence was frequently reported in the national news, sometimes producing responses of bricks and sometimes bouquets for the minister.

"Adlai E. Stevenson was not elected in 1952, but he demonstrated that he bears the stamp of greatness, and it would not be amiss for the Trustees to nick the pew now which he occupied, against the day when pilgrims to the church may demand to see the place where he worshipped. It is significant of the church's leadership that twice in times of great crises in the nation's history an aspirant for the presidency came here to worship and to seek divine guidance."

I have now brought this history down to a period that is as familiar to my sons as it is to me and I think this is as good a place as any for me to finish. As I look back over a life of 75 years I can only conclude that I have been fortunate far beyond my deserts and beyond all reasonable expectation. I feel a little bit like my wife's Uncle Henry did when someone asked him if he would like to live his life over and he replied, "No - I'd be afraid I wouldn't do as well the next time."

When I consider all the things that have contributed to this happy status I must place at the top of my list my good fortune and excellent judgment in choosing a wife. From this has grown a family of three fine sons and eleven fine grandchildren. When I consider further I am also aware of the part good fortune plays in the lives of people. A thousand things might have happened to mar our happiness but in some mysterious way we seem to have missed them all. For all these blessings I am duly thankful and pray that we may continue to receive them and if possible, to deserve them.

My grandchildren are of the twelfth generation of the descendants of Deacon Samuel. The world they are going to live in is a far different one from the world of my boyhood. Now that men have learned how to destroy a whole country with a few bombs it is not a safe place to live, and it cannot be made safe for any of us unless it is made safe for all.

Our greatest hope lies in the United Nations - a vastly stronger United Nations than we now have, one that will be able to effectively outlaw

war and immediately put down violence wherever it may arise. The United Nations has survived some pretty tough going in its first twenty years and it has more supporters today than ever before. This gives real ground to believe that it can continue to grow until it becomes a truly sovereign power of a truly united world. Then and then only the present and future generations of Chapins and all other people may be able to develop a civilization that can live in peace and apply its energy to endeavors that will promote the welfare and happiness of mankind. With this sincere hope for the future I will close my history.

Dr. W. P. Armstrong in front of his residence at the NE Corner of 6th and Cass Streets, where the Franklin Life Insurance Company is now located; taken about the time I became acquainted with his daughter, Mildred.

APPENDIX

Armstrong Family

My descendants will doubtless be as interested in their Armstrong ancestors as in the ones whose name they bear. It is possible that some day one of them may desire to do some research along this line. There has recently come to my possession a copy of an outline of several generations of the Armstrong family of Sunbury, Delaware County, Ohio, which includes my wife's father, Wilber P. Armstrong. The following three paragraphs concerning James, David, and John Armstrong are taken from that outline which was prepared by Henry Armstrong Brevoort in 1934.

James Armstrong (1742-1815) emigrated from Northern Ireland to Chester County, New York about 1865. He was married to Amy Dickson (1744-1833) in 1774 and moved to the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania in 1781. They had three sons, James, Jr., Joseph and David and a daughter Nancy, who married James Kennedy. James and Amy Armstrong are buried in the Old Cooper (or Blanchard) burial ground near No. 14 Breaker, Exeter, Pennsylvania.

David Armstrong (1780-1864) was married to Sarah Draper (1787-1860) and moved from Pennsylvania to near Sunbury, Ohio in 1806-07. He is said to have built one of the first frame houses in Berkshire Township about 1818, all the residents having lived in log cabins up to that time. David and his sons operated a store in Cardington in Morrow County where his wife died. He then moved back to Sunbury. David and Sarah had nine children. Their sixth child born in 1820 was named John.

John Armstrong (1820-1900) was married to Caroline Van Dorn (1825-1902) in 1851. She was a daughter of Gilbert and Magdaline Van Dorn who settled in Vans Valley near Sunbury in 1851. The Van Dorns were descended from Jacob Van Dorn who came from Holland to New Jersey before 1700. John and Caroline Armstrong had two children, Charles V. who later lived in Johnstown, Ohio, and Wilber P., the father of my wife.

Dr. Armstrong was born December 20, 1860, in the old brick family homestead at Sunbury, Ohio. This house is still standing and is now owned by H.P. Zieschang, who lives there. This house has an

interesting history. It was built in 1817 by Gilbert Van Dorn, and was purchased by John Armstrong, some time in the 1850's. It had previously been a tavern, inn, store, post-office, and had also served as one of the stations on the underground railroad which helped slaves who had escaped from the South to proceed on their way to Canada and freedom. I believe that Dr. Armstrong lived in this house during all of his boyhood and until he left home to go to college. There was an interesting story about this house published in the Sunbury News under date of September 16, 1965.

There must have been some farm or pasture-land connected with the house because I remember a story the Doctor told me as to how he came to study medicine. According to this story his father and mother and brother Charles each had some business to attend to in Columbus and they put off the trip until there was a circus in Columbus. They assumed of course that little Wilber would not care to go since he had never been to a circus and besides there were thistles to be hoed in the pasture. Thistle hoeing was always boy's work on the farm since they couldn't get any grown-ups to do it. It was on this hot August day of thistle cutting, being nearly out of breath and while leaning on his hoe and contemplating the quiet of the rural countryside, that the future Dr. Armstrong decided that when he reached the age of self-determination he would give up all the charming advantages of country life and devote his talents to the ills of mankind. This was a decision he carried out and never regretted.

After his graduation from medical school and receiving his license to practice he practiced for a brief period in Ohio, then for seven or eight years in Lincoln, Illinois, where he met Anna Stecher and married her. Their two oldest children, Margaret and Mildred, were born in Lincoln. About 1892 they moved to Springfield, where the two younger children, Anne and Wilber P., Jr. were born. Dr. Armstrong was one of Springfield's leading physicians and he was actively engaged in the practice of his profession until about 1937. He died on the 7th day of July, 1940.

Dr. Armstrong was a very kind man with a quiet dignity that distinguished him in any gathering. He had a dry wit that was delivered with what actors call a deadpan expression, meaning a serious one, to the end that it was not always recognized as wit.

During the early years of our married life we usually had Sunday dinner at the Armstrong house. Sunday dinners in those days were something like banquets and they always included some special delicacy such as homemade apple pie, for example. While the delicacy was being served

the good Doctor would invariably remark to me (in a kind of undertone as though it was secret but just loud enough for Mrs. A. to hear it), "Roger, we have the most generous neighbors." Sometimes the wording of this statement varied but the idea conveyed was always the same.

Mrs. Armstrong was always fearful that the remark might be construed by me or some other guest to reflect on her department of the household and she was quick to chide her husband for such deportment and to explain that the delicacy referred to was concocted in the Armstrong kitchen, usually from a Stecher recipe and under her guidance and direction.

This episode was always concluded amicably and with the full understanding by all of those present that the good Doctor had meant no reflection on anyone and particularly on the one who had so ably explained the matter. All was tranquility until the next family gathering and the next serving of a delicacy.

In those days there were only two kinds of callers who might be expected at Sunday noon, patients or tramps. If the caller asked for the Doctor he assumed it was a patient and answered the door, but since the Doctor's name was prominently displayed on a silver plaque on the door sometimes a tramp asked for the Doctor. When he returned to the table the rest of those present were always filled with curiosity as to what had occurred if it was a tramp. The Doctor had pretty much the same story, which went something like this - "Why, this audacious fellow was a tramp working on our side of the street. I told him that this side was mine and to go and work the other side of the street." For all I know, these reports by the Doctor were truthful and accurate but my own guess is that what really happened was that the Doctor gave the tramp half a dollar and said "Now my good fellow I hope that will be used to buy you a good warm, nourishing dinner, but don't you come back again as we keep a very vicious dog at this house."

Dr. Armstrong had a little gimmick he often used as a conversation piece which was interesting and unusual. I have never heard it used by anyone else. Often upon greeting me he would remark, "Roger you get around downtown more than I do and I like to keep up on things, and I was just wondering if you have heard of any new cases of honesty being uncovered lately. There never seem to be any such items in the papers."

Mrs. Armstrong's maiden name was Anna Stecher. Her father and mother had been born in Germany. Her father was a Lutheran minister.

They had several children, Louisa Zwerg, of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, Martin, who was an engraver in Chicago, Fred, who organized a large cosmetic business in Cleveland, Henry, who was a banker in Cleveland, and Paul, who was a jeweler in Ogden, Utah. Their father had died early and their mother lived with the Armstrong family until her death in 1920. She was affectionately known in the family as "Grossie," this being the diminutive for grandmother in German. She was a kindly person and I shall never forget her nightly goodnight message. Grossie retired early and as she was heading for the stairway she always called to us and urged, "Well have a good time all." All of her children visited here frequently to see their mother as well as the Armstrongs.

Uncle Fred died before we were married. His wife was Mil's Aunt Lue, who was very fond of the Armstrong girls. They each visited her quite often. Uncle Fred's son is Dr. Robert Stecher of Cleveland. Robert has devoted his career to research and the advancement rather than the practice of medicine. He is also engaged in writing a history of the Stecher family. Uncle Henry is Mil's Stecher uncle whom I knew best. At the time I joined the Army in World War I he told me not to worry about finances for Mil and our son John, that he would see that they were taken care of it anything happened to me. A few years later he urged me to keep a lookout for a good real estate buy, one that was well located and would advance in price; when I found one to let him know and he would send me the cash required. Uncle Henry was never called on to perform on either of these generous offers but nevertheless it was comforting to know that he had made them and was willing and able to carry them out. Uncle Henry had three children, Henry, Helen and Martha. They are all now deceased. Henry, Jr. left a daughter, Helen left three children, and Martha had no descendants.

Mrs. Armstrong's first ambition and desire was to wait on her husband and to take over any household responsibility that would aid or relieve him from work or worry. She had a pleasant and dominating personality which was always directed toward her family's welfare. I always admired her for what she was and because she had raised the daughter who if not perfect was nearly so in my eyes. One does not choose his parents-in-law. They come as the name suggests by marriage, but if parents-in-law were acquired by making a specific choice I do not know how I could have acquired more satisfactory ones.

The family into which I married has always been a very closely knit family and has continued so throughout the years, and so I think I should

extend this appendix to bring them down to date.

Margaret, the oldest daughter in the Armstrong family, was in the same high school class with Mil and me. She was musical and played the piano well. She always played at the music hour in the high school when the whole school assembled in the auditorium. At most parties the crowd insisted on Marg presiding at the piano and she really had no choice about it. Picnics were then very popular summer and fall amusement and in our younger days Marg was the instigator of many picnics.

After high school both Marg and Mil went to a seminary at Red Wing, Minnesota for a year or two. Marg then attended the Women's College at Western Reserve in Cleveland. She graduated in 1914. While at Western Reserve she met Clayton A. Quintrell, whom she married in 1917, about a month after we were married and while Clayt was in the Army. Clayton is a lawyer and a very good one, and became associated with the firm once headed by Newton D. Baker. He has remained with this firm throughout his career. Their present title is Baker, Hostetler & Patterson. Marg and Clayt were once enthusiastic horseback riders and have always been great dog lovers. They have one child, a son, Thomas, who is about the same age as our Charles. Tom is also a lawyer but not in the same firm with his father. This is due to some rule in the Baker office which prevents nepotism or whatever you call it. It is a rule that prevented the Baker offices from getting a very good lawyer.

We and the Quintrells have visited back and forth over the years and have always felt very close to them. Tom married a Cleveland girl, Ella Hornickle, a very delightful girl. They live on the East side of Cleveland about 15 miles distant from the elder Quintrells. Tom and Ella have four children, a son, Lute, and three girls, Margaret, Ella and Edith.

My wife, formerly Mildred K. Armstrong, attended Western College at Oxford, Ohio, for two years. Then she transferred to Northwestern University from which she graduated in 1914. She belonged to Pi Beta Phi sorority and she made Phi Beta Kappa at Northwestern.

Mil's younger sister Anne went to Western College for four years. She then taught school at the Chatham High School. This was at the time we were living on South Grand Avenue, when John was about a year old. She came home from Chatham on the interurban and usually got off at South Grand Avenue so as to have a visit with John before going home.

Anne so doted on all of our children that I did not think she would ever have any affection left over for her husband, but I was greatly mistaken on this point. She later taught at Williamsville High School. When she started going with Edward Marples of Evanston, he was employed by the Jewel Tea Company in some travelling supervisory capacity. I always insisted that he drove one of the Jewel Tea wagons from which the driver-salesman sold tea and groceries from door to door. We used to listen every Saturday night and claim we heard the clop-clop of Ed's horse coming toward the Armstrong home. We never saw the horse, however. I think Ed used to tie him up over on Fifth Street somewhere, then claim he came in on the train. When Anne was going with Ed she didn't talk about anything else. One day her father said to me, "Roger, I have a suspicion that our daughter Anna is going with a young man but I've never heard her mention it. I was just wondering if she had ever mentioned anything of the kind in your presence."

The Marples were married in 1929. They first lived in Park Ridge, Illinois, but because their son George suffered from Asthma they later moved first to Tucson, Arizona and later still to Altadena, California. In California Ed became a manufacturer of all kinds of small gears for such things as adding machines, fishing rods, war material, and so forth. The Marples had two children, George and Jean. George is a physician and practices in Pasadena. He has two sons. Jean married Paul Hammond. They now live in Portland, Oregon. Paul is a Professor at the University of Oregon. The Hammonds have three children.

The youngest Armstrong child was Wilber P. Armstrong, Jr. My first recollection of him was at a high school track meet at the Fair Grounds along about 1906 or '07. The audience filled the grandstand and some enterprising car dealer thought it would be a good opportunity to show off a few Springfield automobiles, so they had an auto parade on the racetrack. In the parade I suddenly saw an electric phaeton going around the track seemingly without a driver. In some miraculous way it seemed to keep in line and when it had about completed the circle and was therefore coming toward me I saw a cute little red-headed boy driving it. He was so small that he didn't show through the back window.

My next contact with Wilber, Jr. was when I used to call on his sister. On these occasions he always hid my hat and then went out for the evening. If Marg and Anne also had callers, which was frequently the case, he hid all the hats and then went out for the evening.

Then there was the time that Clayton and I visited the Armstrong family at St. Ignace in 1916. Wilber, Jr. put on a fireworks show for us and just prior to lighting each item he would loudly announce the cost thereof so as to get the maximum amount of appreciation. He wound up his show by shooting Roman candles at Clayton and me. For this mischief Clayton and I decided to throw him in the lake and were about to do it when his mother declared that anyone who threw her boy in the lake could never marry one of her daughters. This slowed us up a bit and we finally and reluctantly called off the ducking. Although some fifty years have now passed he is still rather mischievous and still needs a ducking, but now Clayt and I are no longer able to give him one, and besides I think the ghost of his mother would interfere. He has always seemed to me more like a younger brother than a brother-in-law.

Wilber went to the University of Illinois and graduated from there in 1920. He then attended Harvard medical school and graduated from there in 1924. He interned at the Peter Brent Brigham hospital in Boston and returned to Springfield in 1927 to practice medicine with his father. Doctor, Jr. is also a surgeon and has had a very busy practice from the start. The Armstrong office has an interesting history. It is a brick building and Doctor, Sr. built it on the Southwest corner of Sixth and Capitol Avenue on ground he then leased from Harris Hickox. Later Hickox wanted to build on this ground and refused to renew the lease. The Doctor then looked around for another location. He was unable to buy a lot nearby and he finally leased one from Dr. Charles Ryan at 616 East Capitol Avenue about a half block away. He moved this brick building to the new location and now after about 65 years Doctor, Sr. and later Doctor, Jr. have continued to lease this ground.

Doctor, Jr. was not only very busy with his practice but he was made more busy by his extensive travelling, his weekending and his playing the part of the city's most eligible bachelor that he didn't have time to get married until 1948. He then married a Minneapolis girl, Muriel Bassett. They have a daughter, Frances, who is now 17 and is a senior at Dana Hall. Frances is an excellent student and also a good pianist. The Armstrongs also have a son, Richard, who is now aged 13.

All of the Armstrong children exchange letters weekly so that each knows as much about the others as though they lived next door. On any given day I can tell what Marg and Anne are planning to do, what dress they are going to wear and what they did the day before. In the Chapin family my brothers and I exchange cards or small presents at Christmas-

time and we occasionally have a visit in between. Both methods seem to work and you can take your choice.

R. E. C.
1965