

What passes for knowledge in our colleges of education bears very little resemblance to the received wisdom of the faculty lounge. I leave you with the following examples.

There we say that, "No matter how good or how poor a teacher you are, there are some students who can't be hurt and some who can't be helped. Spend your time working on the ones in the middle."

"Take your students where you find them and improve them as much as you can."

"For a student who, after eleven years of instruction still hasn't grasped the rudiments of grammar, making them redo the same lessons in the same way has the same prospect of success as shouting at a Parisian in the hope that the increase in volume will improve his English comprehension."

"Because you are outnumbered in the classroom by twenty-five or thirty to one, if you want to succeed you will have to rely on intelligence rather than force."

My hope is that parents, school officials, and politicians will heed this last bit of faculty-lounge wisdom before we correct the mistakes we made the last time we fixed the education system.

WHY HATH GODFREY WROUGHT?

April 17, 2000

Lewis G. Gatch

Why is it the middle children who test parental limits? Seldom the responsible, oldest child and rarely the youngest. In this case, Philip's rebellion shocked the family because it challenged the bedrock of their rural existence - their religion - their life in the Church of England. What would you do if your son

took up with a cult that held nighttime meetings in members' homes - meetings which ended with people shouting and being so overcome with religious fervor they sank to the floor - meetings during which extemporaneous praying took place - rambling prayers that were never the same?

Conduce learned with dismay that his son Philip had fallen under the influence of such a group. It was true that Philip was 21, but he still lived at home and therefore had to live by family rules. When challenged, Philip admitted he had attended a meeting at a neighbor's house. He compounded the problem by saying that it would do all the family good to go with him. His father exploded, "No, Philip. I won't have it. There isn't room for two religions in this house. I forbid you to become aMethodist!"

The year? 1772. The place? Baltimore. What hath Godfrey wrought. The short answer to that question is "a bunch of Gatches". There is no long answer - since Godfrey's frey are ever expanding - although the number of children per family has decreased considerably in the last century. My great, great, great, great, great grandfather Godfrey, born in the late 1600s, came to this country with his wife, Maria, from Prussia. They arrived in Baltimore with three sons, Conron, Nicholas, and Conduce. On December 26, 1727, Leonard Calvert, Governor of the Province of Maryland, granted a passport certifying that Godfrey "Gash" (spelled by reader) and Maria, his wife, were "free persons" and "under no sort of contract to any person or persons; suffer them therefore to pass and repass to all parts of this province without any lett Molestation or Interruption whatsoever, they behaving themselves according to law." Although the name was written G-A-S-H, as it may have been pronounced, all documents thereafter carry the current spelling.

Although his parents were free, Conduce, a young teenager, served bondage for some time to pay for his passage. According to his son Philip, Conduce suffered during his years of indenture. Philip writes in his memoirs that his father was beaten for no other offense than that of conversing with his fellow sufferers in

their native language. Philip does note that "by this restraint, he lost his vernacular tongue."

We know little of brothers Conron and Nicholas, but considerable about my great, great, great, great grandfather Conduce Gatch and his descendants, thanks to a genealogy written by his descendant Virginia Gatch Markham in 1972, and "The Methodist Trail Blazer" written about Philip Gatch by his descendant Elizabeth Connor in 1970, both of which I have drawn upon for this paper. Conduce married Presoscia Burgin of Burgundy. They had nine children. Their fifth child, Nicholas, born in 1753, is my great, great, great grandfather. The fourth child, the rebellious Philip, born in 1751, as you shall hear, would lead part of the Gatch clan to the Northwest Territory.

Philip's first encounter with Methodism was on January 7, 1772 when he and another youth out of curiosity attended a meeting at Nathan Perigos, their neighbors, six miles northeast of Baltimore Town. According to Philip's journal, Nathan had learned Methodism from Robert Strawbridge, a local preacher from Ireland who had settled sometime before 1776. Nathan had been "raised up" to become a preacher too, and was now introducing Methodism into his own neighborhood. Philip found himself near Nathan when he opened the exercises that first night. Accustomed as he was to the service and set prayers of the Church of England, Philip was much alarmed by Nathan's invocation. "I'd never witnessed such energy, nor heard such expressions in prayer before." Nathan, who was "possessed of great zeal and was strong in the faith of the gospel" by his prayer, awakened Philip to his sense of his own lack.

While Nathan was preaching from the text, "Come, Callous Man," Philip felt the Holy Spirit working with him. He wrote: "I was stripped of all my self-righteousness. It was as filthy rags when the Lord made me known to my condition. I saw myself altogether simple and helpless while the dread of Hell seized my guilty conscience." Weeping, he returned home. Three weeks later, Philip attended another meeting at the same place. Again, Nathan's preachings filled him with a desperate sense of his situation. His distress was

so great that at last, all his relatives perceived his overwrought condition, and then his father confronted him.

Conduce condemned the Methodists at great length. Philip thought that his father's objection was a poor argument, and that the Church of England had brought little religion into their home. Disobeying his father, and hoping to obtain relief for his "distress in sin," he went again to hear Nathan preach. After the meeting, a man who had already found peace followed Philip into the yard. "While we were conversing, I felt his words reach my heart. It was tendered, and I wept."

Even before Philip reached home, his father had heard what took place at the meeting, and was waiting with several relatives to attack him. "There is Frederick, your older brother; he has better learning than you and if there is anything good in Methodism, why does he not find it out?" Then, one after another, his father's supporters brought forth all the charges against the Methodists: "They were a set of enthusiasts, false profits and deceivers, and a deluded people; they created division in families and led people away from the Church; their meetings were noisy with wild displays of emotion; and worst of all, they had strange doctrines - how could a man know that his sins were forgiven, and how could he be born again?"

Strengthened by the third meeting, Philip now responded. For one thing he told them, he had no intention of leaving the Church of England. He was only learning to take religion seriously. He had discovered that whenever people become serious, they are called "Methodists" and their names are cast out as evil.

Before the wrangling ended, his father had threatened to drive Philip from his home. As a last resort, Philip persuaded the responsible Frederick to attend the next meeting. This time, Philip underwent a final change of heart which he later called a "conversion." He wrote, "I had no idea of the greatness of the change till the Lord gave me to experience it. A grateful sense of the mercy and

goodness of God to my poor soul overpowered me. Ere I was aware I was shouting aloud, and should have shouted louder had I more strength. I was the first person known to shout in Methodist meeting in these parts." Realizing that his younger brother had received "the blessing of justification", Frederick was also "powerfully converted" before the meeting ended.

The morning after the meeting, Conduce asked Frederick what had taken place the night before? Frederick told his father the particulars then wound up by saying, "If the Gatch family did not all experience the same change, they would go to Hell." This, wrote Philip, was a nail in a sure place.

Spiritual events moved rapidly. Philip and Frederick asked Nathan to preach at their father's house. The brothers seemed to lose all fear of their father. Conduce consented. Nathan came according to appointment and a "large crowd" attended, drawn partly no doubt, by the fact that Conduce Gatch, who had strongly opposed the Methodists, had consented to have preaching in his own house. After the meeting, Nathan spent some time and conversation with Philip's parents explaining to them the satisfaction experienced by those who were "born again of the spirit." Soon, Philip's father and mother, his brothers and two of his sisters "found peace to their souls." Young Philip had prevailed. Despite his promise, however, he eventually did leave the Church of England, and helped bring Methodism to the Northwest Territory, starting in the Little Miami Valley.

In early Methodist hierarchy, the bottom position was that of class leader who arranged the time and place of meetings and provided the refreshments. Next came the "exhorter," and then the local preacher. Philip wrote, "Local preachers have to labor like other men six days of the week, and on the seventh, they have to preach, which reduces their animal spirits more than common labor, but their reward is with the Lord." In other words, they didn't get paid.

By 1773, Philip had become an exhorter, but wanted to become a preacher. Francis Asbury and Thomas Rankin, Englishmen carrying John Wesley's message in

America, came to Baltimore for a quarterly meeting. On a Wednesday, a business meeting was held, followed by a general love feast - a religious service in which the members of the congregation partake of bread and water and relate their religious experiences. After the love feast, Asbury and Rankin read the rules for preachers drawn up at the Philadelphia conference in July, 1773. They then questioned the ten people seeking licensing as an exhorter, or a preacher. Philip came last. Rankin asked him a surprise question. "Can you travel in the regular work?" Philip, then only 22 years old, was small of stature and youthful in appearance, and was often called "little Phil Gatch." He tells us that in his humility, he had not thought of entering the organized work so soon. "This was altogether unexpected to me, but I dared not say no." Rankin asked if he had a horse, and he replied that he had. Next Asbury asked if his parents would be willing to give him up, to which he answered, "Yes." Rankin and Asbury then licensed Philip on the spot as an itinerate preacher, and Rankin advised him that his first circuit was to be "in the Jerseys."

With only a week's preparation, Philip gathered up his books and clothing, no more than would fill a pair of saddle bags, made his farewell, and set forth, crossing the Delaware from Philadelphia into New Jersey where he became the first regular itinerate. He preached many times in the same places and established classes and societies during the six months he remained there. The six months in the Jerseys were an ordeal of strength both physical and spiritual. Under his ministrations, 52 persons joined the societies and professed religion.

His next assignment was back in Maryland where he was given the Frederick circuit - including Fredericktown, Blandensburg, Georgetown on the Potomac, and the sparsely settled region in western Maryland where there were many Germans. He found the circuit laborious with long rides between meeting places and only 175 "in society."

Philip was then assigned to the Kent circuit on the eastern shore. Philip sometimes met trouble when he preached outside the circuit boundaries even though

these appointments were by request. On one occasion a man came into the meeting and wrestled with Philip over a chair, until people in the congregation threw the man out. On another, he was confronted by a minister in Episcopal garb, a Parson Keene, who challenged his authority for preaching. They went into an orchard where a platform had been erected for a preach-off. Philip took for his text Ezekiel, 18 through 27. Parson Keene then took the stand. He preached against extemporaneous prayer as practiced by the Methodists and urged the use of written forms alone, those contained in the Book of Common Prayer. When Parson Keene had closed, Philip again mounted the stand and read from the same passages about Christ and Nicodemus, "I observe that we could feel the effects of the wind on our bodies and see it on the trees, but the wind we could not see. So it was with the spirit and new birth. I had reason to believe that I was baptized with water when I was a child, but I knew I was not born of the spirit until the time of my conversion." To meet the objection to extemporary prayer, Philip gave the example of Peter who "when sinking did not run ashore to get a book to go to prayer, but cried out 'save me Lord, or I perish.'"

Philip returned to the Frederick circuit during the winter of 1774-75. Now, however, the cloud of war was forming over the colonies. Anyone with British connections was apt to be under suspicion. Because their leader was the Britain John Wesley, the loyalties of the American Methodists were often in question. Philip's first experience with physical violence occurred one Saturday afternoon when, on his way to his Sunday appointment, he had to pass a tavern. Quoting from his journal, "I heard a noise and supposed evil was on hand. I bore as far as I could from the house, but they either heard or saw me and two men pursued me on horseback. They soon overtook me and seized my horse by the bridle and stopped me. Turning me about, they led me back to the house with heavy threatenings and laid a cudgel on my shoulders often. After they got me back to the tavern, they ordered me to call for liquor. I refused. The tavern keeper whispered he would not make me pay for it. I still refused." While the men were drinking and arguing over how to dispose of their captive, Philip was able to slip away.

His severest test came one afternoon on the road between Bladensburg and Baltimore. After dinner he set out for his evening appointment attended by a large company of men, women, and children. Some of his friends had warned him that a man in the neighborhood, whose wife had come under the spell of another preacher, was planning revenge on the Methodists by waylaying Philip to tar and feather him. The young preacher "heard, but did not fear." Near a school house, Philip and his friends saw the man and about a dozen supporters approaching. Two of the men came up and demanded Philip's pass. He told them he was not so far from home as to need a pass. They seized his horse by the bridle and said he should go before a magistrate. They led the horse into the mob and, without further pretext, one of the men began applying tar to his face while he was on his horse. Philip's people then raised an uproar and the women were especially resolute. They dismounted and began to stone his enemies. It was only with much persuasion that Philip prevented his friends from using force, telling them that he could bear the attack for Christ sake. At length, one of the mob cried in mercy, "it is enough." The last paddle of tar was drawn across Philip's naked eyeball causing severe pain and partial blindness in the eye. The horse became so frightened that when they let it go, it dashed off with such violence that Philip could not reign it in for some distance. Perhaps that dash saved him from an application of feathers.

Despite the intimidation, Philip kept on with his appointments, and in the following year was assigned to the Brunswick circuit in Virginia. On this circuit he met Elizabeth Smith while preaching near Manakin Town. She was the daughter of Thomas Smith of Powhatan. They were married on January 14, 1778. Thomas Smith was a well-off land owner and slave holder. Elizabeth's father and many members of the Smith family were among the "first fruits of Methodism" in Virginia and thus approved of her marriage to the young itinerate preacher. Throughout the spring of 1778, Philip carried out his work on the Fluvanna circuit, but when the Conference met in May, he was not reappointed because of poor health (he once had small pox) and because of his marriage. While the Methodist

Conference did not demand celibacy of its early preachers, the opinion prevailed that it was not proper for an itinerate preacher to be encumbered with a family. Thus it was that Philip left the regular circuit, although he was called upon to preach locally on many occasions.

Freed from the rigors of circuit riding, Philip prospered as a farmer. He acquired more land. He built a larger home to accommodate a growing family. Life was good for the Gatches, except for two circumstances: First - the unhappiness of John Wesley and his British followers with the attempt of the American Methodists to become more independent. Second - slavery. The first problem eventually was resolved when the American Methodist Church established its own rules of governance and completely broke from the Church of England in 1794 in Philadelphia. The slavery issue took longer to resolve.

When Elizabeth and Philip were married, her father gave her a number of slaves - the mother of the family being named, "Deaf Jenny." Philip and Elizabeth soon talked of giving Jenny and her children their freedom, but they knew they could not do so. Although Thomas had given the slaves to his daughter, he had never transferred title to them, so legally they were still his. Even with title, Philip and Elizabeth could not have freed them until 1782. In May of that year the Virginia Assembly passed an Act authorizing the Manumission of Slaves by their owners by written instrument signed by two witnesses and approved in County Court. All slaves thus set free were given a copy of the instrument of emancipation, attested by the Clerk of the Court, for which the emancipator paid five shillings. However, any slaves not of sound mind, or younger than 21, or older than 45, were to be supported by those liberating them.

Thomas Smith died in 1786. He disposed of his property equally between sons and daughters. To Elizabeth Gatch, he left considerable acreage and the four slaves already in her possession. In Virginia, where primogeniture had existed until 1785, and where sons were usually favored above daughters, Elizabeth was thus better endowed than many daughters of

wealthier men. Since married women had no control over their property if their husbands were living, all of Elizabeth's inheritance became Philip's. The preacher had brought neither money nor land to his marriage. But Thomas Smith recognized his son-in-law's honesty and good business sense, and did not hesitate to commit his daughter's inheritance into Philip's hands, or to make him one of his executors. Magdalen Smith, the mother, survived Thomas by only a few weeks. In her will, final distribution was made of the Thomas Smith estate under which Elizabeth inherited five more slaves, Hannah, Sarah, Frances, Nancy and Phoebe (no last names given).

Finally ending what he described as an embarrassing situation, Philip manumitted the nine slaves in 1788 by a deed recorded in Powhatan County. The manumission of their slaves did not end their anxiety over the slavery question however, in fact, it put the Gatches in the forefront of the battle that raged over the issue.

Despite owning slaves, the Smith family was anti-slavery, and looked to Kentucky as a slave-free place to live. The older brother, George, had first ventured to Harrodsburg, Kentucky in 1776. He settled there in 1781, and had labored in vain as a member of its constitutional convention of 1792 to bring Kentucky into the union as a free state. After the failure of his brother's efforts, James Smith's interest in making Kentucky his new home faded in spite of the large family holdings. In the summer of 1797 James visited his property in Kentucky. He then rode north of the Ohio River guided by a new Methodist friend, Francis McCormick, whom he had met at a quarterly meeting in Kentucky. McCormick had already settled on the Little Miami River, just above the east fork. His cabin became James Smith's headquarters while he explored the new territory. The McCormick cabin that year became the site of the first Methodist class meetings in the Northwest Territory. The class grew, acquired a permanent home, and now is the Milford United Methodist Church.

Returning to Virginia, James stopped at Philip's home. The older children of Philip and Elizabeth never

forgot this visit. First of all, he brought news of friends and relatives, particularly of George Stovall Smith and his family, those far away Kentucky cousins whom the Virginia children had never seen. They gathered about James, eager to hear his story of the Ohio county "where the trees were the tallest and most beautiful he had ever beheld; the soil was deep and rich and free from stones; the springs were bold, good, and in considerable plenty; and the streams pure, clear, and rapid." Standing in front of McCormick's house, on a hill above the river, he had been able to see numbers of fish near the opposite bank. North of Columbia, the corn fields were extensive and luxuriant. Near Waynesville, he had ridden through wide prairies where the grass was higher than his head though on horseback.

James had visited Indian forts and earthworks. He had been apprehensive about encountering Indians, but discovered that since Anthony Wayne's victory at the Battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794, settlers north of the Ohio had little to fear from Indians. Philip asked about the state of Methodism and the regulations concerning slavery. James was pleased to tell him that Methodism was flourishing, and that slavery was forbidden in the Northwest Territory. The next morning James went on his way, but not until he and Philip had come to the momentous conclusion that they would move their families to the Northwest Territory in the fall of 1798.

During the winter of 1797-98, many persons came to the Gatch farm trying unsuccessfully to discourage Philip from leaving Virginia. Now came the hard part. Over the past twenty years, through diligence and inheritance, Philip had assembled a farm of 1,000 acres on which he had built a fine home. Good livestock, fertile crop land, and a well regulated work force combined to make him a wealthy man providing his family a luxurious living. Under the gun, he now had to exchange his Virginia wealth for assets of similar value in the Northwest Territory. Today you would call it a Section 1031 exchange, in which people swap "like kind" properties to avoid capital gains tax. Philip didn't have the tax problem, but he did have the like kind problem. Eventually, he made a deal with Clement

Read, a Methodist preacher living in Lunenburg County. In exchange for his farm and part of his livestock, Philip received two tracts of 1,333 1/3 acres each on the headwaters of Paint Creek. With cash, he purchased from Charles Scott of Prince Edward 1,000 acres on the White Oak. And by September, 1798, he had sold the balance of his stock, the grain, and miscellaneous effects to provide cash for moving expenses and to pay for provisions and improvements on his new land. Upon departure from Virginia, he had slightly less than \$1,000 and ownership of 3,666 uninspected acres. What kind of deal had he made? Let me put it this way. Imagine that most of your wealth is in a local soap company on which the tide has run out. You have seen your stock drop from 118 to 53. Compared to how Philip would feel when he inspected his new holdings, your state of mind could be described as ecstatic.

The Gatches and Smiths left Virginia on October 11, 1798 with the manumitted slaves for whom they were still responsible - 36 people in all. They had decided to go by way of the great Kanawha River. Crossing the Alleghenys was treacherous. As the wagons moved cautiously along the narrow roads, the men frequently had to use ropes to save them from being broken up by the rocks which obstructed their passage. When they arrived at a mountain summit, they cut large saplings and attached them to the wagons. These saplings, dragging behind, acted as brakes during the descent. When they arrived at last below the great falls of the Kanawha at the boat yards, they split up. Part of the party headed by Philip went by land. The rest floated down the river on a 12 by 40 foot flat boat, large enough to hold thirty persons and their household effects.

The boys who accompanied Philip on the land route, never forgot the excitement and interest of their first weeks in the Northwest Territory. Conduce was fifteen years old. His cousins, Thomas and John Wesley Smith, were fifteen and thirteen. For all of them, the ride on horseback across Ohio leading the other horses and attended by the dogs they had brought from home, was high adventure. Just after they had pitched their tents in Turpin's Bottom, (a spot known to listeners as Art Fisher's driving range) a boy came running down

from the station at Newtown to look over the new boys from Virginia. Conduce always remembered that some confusion resulted during which he was bitten in the leg by one of his own dogs.

They met up with the same Francis McCormick. Licensed as a local preacher, he had preached in both Virginia and Kentucky, but because he and his wife were opposed to slavery, they had moved to the Northwest Territory in 1797. Reverend McCormick had built a double wide log cabin, half as a home, and half as a meeting place for the Methodist Society described earlier. Part of the walls of this cabin can be seen in the basement of the house at the top of the Center Street Hill in Milford, once owned by Dr. John Crone.

The time had come for Philip to examine his property and decide where to build a home. Those of you who have driven east along the Appalachian highway know what he discovered. The White Oak flows from six miles southeast of Hillsboro through hilly land into the Ohio River at Higginsport. The Paint Creek with headwaters in Ross County runs southeast from Chillicothe and Washington Court House through terrain which makes the White Oak country-side look like a country club. Here's a clue - parallel to the Paint runs a creek named "Rattlesnake." Philip found the Paint Creek acreage covered with dense forests, inhabited by wolves, bears, and panthers. The nearest neighbors were at least 10 miles away. A discouraged Philip decided to swallow his loss, and purchase property suggested by McCormick on the Little Miami River near the McCormick cabin.

The seller was John Nancarrow, a Revolutionary War soldier who had acquired the property in lieu of wages in a grant signed by Thomas Jefferson and James Madison - a document you will see during our June outing. On January 16, 1799, Philip Gatch purchased the property from Nancarrow for \$290, with a down payment of \$230 and the balance to come from crop sales. Philip started to build his cabin. Until that was finished, the family lived in Newtown in a rented home. They were eager to move because the Newtown land they rented did not drain well. Mosquitoes were large and voracious. If you drive along Route 32 in Newtown

during the spring, you will notice that they have not yet solved the drainage problem. The acreage Philip bought from John Nancarrow for \$290 now constitutes the City of Milford.

Philip Gatch's decision to purchase the Nancarrow tract proved a good one, especially for his son, Thomas, who married Lucinda McCormick, a daughter of their new neighbor. Thomas and Lucinda had ten children. In 1815 Thomas built a stone house which can now be seen on Route 50, just east of Milford, marked by a sign "Gatch Farms Since 1798." That house is now owned by another Philip Gatch.

Philip took up where he had left off in Virginia, successfully engaging in farming, real estate activities, and preaching. His reputation in Virginia as a fair-minded person, a good businessman, and one opposed to slavery, preceded him to the Northwest Territory. Thus it was that when Arthur St. Clair, the governor of the Northwest Territory in 1800, proclaimed the establishment of a county by the name of Clermont, Philip was issued a commission as a Justice of the Peace for this new county. Court was held in Williamsburg. Few of the Justices of the Peace who made up these county courts had any training in law. As in Philip's case, they usually were selected for their native intelligence, experience, and common sense. A more important position was to follow. In 1802, Philip was notified of his nomination as a Delegate to the Convention authorized by Congress to form a Constitution for that part of the Northwest Territory which was to become the new state of Ohio. He and 34 members of the Convention completed and signed the Constitution in 25 working days. Ohio joined the Union as a slave-free state. In 1803, Philip was elected as a Judge for the Court of Common Pleas in Clermont County, in which capacity he served for a number of years.

He was a man of many talents - preacher, judge, farmer, and active in the real estate business, not only on his own account, but also for friends and relatives in the East. Suffice it to say that by the time of his death on December 25, 1834, at age 85, Philip Gatch had enjoyed a long and productive life.

To make sure that he and his descendants would have a proper resting place, he gave an acre of his ground for his burial - Greenlawn Cemetery in Milford.

But where does my branch of the family come in? Remember, I am not a descendant of Philip. Philip's younger brother, Nicholas, is my great, great, great grandfather. Philip was not able to persuade Nicholas to come to Ohio, but he was successful in luring Nicholas' oldest son, Lewis, my great, great, grandfather to make the move in 1810. Lewis was born on January 12, 1784 in Baltimore. Lewis, no doubt with the help of his Uncle Philip, bought land and became a farmer and real estate developer here. He and his wife, Maria Newtown, had eleven children. Farmers had to grow their own work force. His oldest child John, my great grandfather, appeared on June 7, 1813 the same year Lewis built a stone house on a hill in Milford, which stands today just east of the water tower on Wallace Avenue. Number ten child was Charles and number eleven, Oliver, who became a doctor. He and Charles fought in the Civil War. With wages due after discharge, they went to Washington to collect. They attended Ford's Theatre that night, and Oliver was the first physician to reach Lincoln's side. He pressed his handkerchief into the wound, staying with the President while they carried him across the street to the boarding house. A long-range project of mine is to locate that blood-stained handkerchief which some family member has tucked away.

My great grandfather, John, married Georgiana Hutchinson of the "sweet singing Hutchinson clan" on October 27, 1857. Like other Gatches, John Newton Gatch was a farmer. In 1849 he purchased from Judge John Pollock the stone house built in 1826 on Garfield Avenue on the outskirts of Milford. The Literary Club has had two June outings at this farm under the branches of the famous old bur oak tree which, alas, succumbed to old age, a poor repair job, and bad weather several years ago. Fortunately we were able to produce over 4 thousand board feet of lumber from the tree limbs, since used to make various pieces of furniture. Each of my grandchildren have, and will have, rocking horses from the old tree. Great grand dad was known as "Black John," not because of any

character defect, but because of a fondness for black coffee. When he died in 1891, Governor John Pattison gave his eulogy under the oak tree.

John and Georgiana had only eight children. The second oldest child born on July 6, 1860 was Lewis Newton Gatch, my grandfather. That Lewis married Mary Greeno, daughter of Colonel C.L. Greeno, who was among the Union troops who captured Jefferson Davis at the end of the Civil War. Colonel Greeno raised eleven children in a frame Victorian house in Milford which stands between Garfield Avenue and Mill Street. His daughter Mary and my grandfather Lewis, no longer working the farm themselves, had only two children - my uncle Loren, and my father, another John Newton Gatch, born in 1893.

Grandfather Lewis attended Woodward High School, traveling by rail each day from Terrace Park where he grew up. After graduating from Woodward he became a teacher. He then served as an apprentice to John W. Herron, a well known Cincinnati lawyer who became a federal judge and a member of The Literary Club. After clerking with Mr. Herron for a number of years, Lewis was certified as ready to sit for the bar exam for the state of Ohio, which he did successfully. Thus, without the benefit of college or law school, he became a lawyer in 1890. He was the first Gatch member of The Literary Club joining this august body in 1897, no doubt having been sponsored by Mr. Herron. Grandfather Lewis was joined in the practice of law by Uncle Loren, who became a member of The Literary Club in 1920, and my father, John, who joined The Club in 1922.

Both my father and uncle were attending Harvard Law School when World War I erupted. Harvard offered them a degree without completing their courses if they would join the army. They did, thereby dooming my father to a recurring bad dream in which he was to take a law school exam, but couldn't find the classroom - a dream he blamed on not finishing law school.

Lt. John Gatch served with the infantry in France. While there he met my mother, Orpha Gerrans, a Buffalo girl who had been pressed into the War effort as a USO worker by her father who had no sons. Soon after

meeting and being smitten, my father received two pieces of bad news. First, Orpha contracted a fatal case of double pneumonia. Second, they handed Dad orders to leave for the front lines. When he left, saying goodbye to Mother on her death bed, she pressed a key to the outside gate in his hand. (Pretty subtle, Mom). On the way out he placed an order with a florist to send her a bouquet of flowers every day until she died. As evidenced by my existence, when he returned from the front, he found her alive. After settling the florist bill, he proposed. They were married in France. My father and mother returned to Terrace Park, and later to the Milford farm to raise 7 children, the youngest of whom is your reader. If you have been paying attention to the growth of my branch of the family tree, you will have noticed that, starting with my great, great grandfather Lewis, sons thereafter were alternately named John, Lewis, John, Lewis, and you have met my son John. This system avoids the Jrs. and Roman numerals.

Although I am not a descendant of the Reverend Philip Gatch, there is one present tonight. Will the real direct descendent of Philip Gatch please stand up. I give you Charles Stuart Robertson, Jr. whose great, great grandmother was Ruth Gatch, fifth child of the Reverend Philip Gatch, born October 25, 1788 in Powhatan County, Virginia, who came to this territory by wagon and flat boat. See the resemblance? After all, Charlie and I have the same great, great, great, great grandfather - Conduce.

So you have heard the epic struggle of young, born again, Philip Gatch, breaking away from the Church of England, being a vital source of Methodism in Ohio. Despite the reader's upbringing in the Milford Methodist Church, while in law school, he reversed Philip's path and joined the Church of England. In a more complete reversal, Milton McCormick Gatch Jr., a direct descendant of Philip, and Francis McCormick, not only joined the Anglican Church, but earned a priesthood therein, and for a number of years served as Dean of the Union Theological Seminary in Manhattan. As a fitting way to mark Philip's odyssey - I quote two of the nine verses from a poem read at the funeral of

Benjamin Gatch, younger brother of Philip and my ancestor Nicholas, entitled "The Dying Christian."

O Jesus, sweet Jesus, thou balm of my soul,
Twas thee my dear Jesus that made my heart whole;
O bring me to view thee thou precious sweet king
In oceans of glory the praises to sing.

I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see,
My Jesus in glory appear unto me;
To heaven, sweet heaven, I am going, I'm gone,
O glory, O glory, it's done it is done.

BUDGET

April 24, 2000

1 - Doctors in the Family Louis M. Prince
2 - Mentors Taylor Asbury

1

Doctors in the Family

It is nice to have doctors in the family.

My family had always had a profound trust in the medical profession; we held doctors in very high esteem. For example, Mother advised me that to ask a doctor what the fee would be was in very bad taste; even worse was arguing about the bill after having received it.