

OUR STORY

A TRUE HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF
THE DREW & FAIRBANKS FAMILIES
OF FLORIDA THROUGH THE LIFE STORY
OF A GREAT-GRANDSON

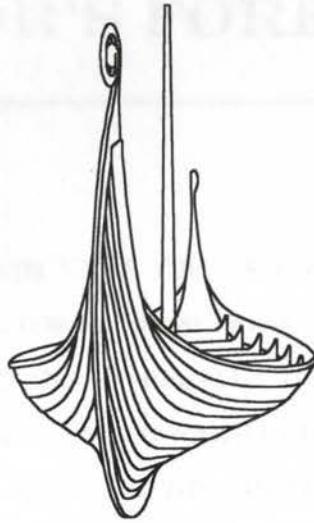
EIGHTH CENTURY - TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY, A.D.



BY
HORACE RAINSFORD DREW, JR.

A GIFT
from
Linda L. Smith





OUR STORY

~

BY

HORACE RAINSFORD DREW, JR.

Horace Rainford Drew, Jr.
May, 1999

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OF HISTORY

BY

HORACE RAINSFORD DREW, JR.

Horace Rainsford Drew, Jr.

1998

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

OF VIKING DESCENT WITH NAME FIRST KNOWN AS "DROGO", THE AUTHOR PRACTICED TAX LAW IN FLORIDA FOR 53 YEARS PRIOR TO HIS RETIREMENT IN 1994. AS A FOURTH GENERATION FLORIDIAN, HE RECALLS THE FLORIDA OF THE TWENTIES, THIRTIES, AND THE EXCITING ERA OF WORLD WAR II IN THIS SAGA OF TWO FAMILIES:

" THE DREWS AND THE FAIRBANKS. "

ALTHOUGH ACTIVE IN LAW PRACTICE AND AS A LT. COL. OF THE ARMY RESERVES FOLLOWING THE WAR IN WHICH HE SERVED IN AN INFANTRY DIVISION FIGHTING IN THE EUROPEAN THEATRE OF OPERATIONS, THE AUTHOR'S FIRST LOVE IS A CITRUS GROVE SITUATED AMIDST THE WILDS OF FLORIDA, AND HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES THERE SINCE 1919. A FULL APPENDIX DOCUMENTS THE STORY.

TAKEN TOGETHER THIS ALL MAKES FOR GOOD READING!

HORACE RAINSFORD DREW, JR.





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INTRODUCTION

My purpose in writing these family memoirs is to place on record a little of the history of the families Drew and Fairbanks for the benefit and enjoyment of our descendants.

In compiling this family history I have necessarily relied on my memories refreshed by the family records passed down to me by our forebears together with the records and photographs accumulated by my father, Horace, my mother, Louise, my wife Shelley and myself during more than a half century of our marriage. Much credit goes to Shelley for her work in assisting me with this manuscript.

Inspiration for this writing came from my lovely daughter-in-law, Dr. Maxine McCall Drew, who, although a loyal native of Australia, expressed her desire for some "Roots from America".

Only through the continuous, dedicated work and artistic inspiration of my dear friend Elizabeth Ann Maldonado has "Our Story" come to fruition.

Especially I want our beloved grandchildren, Daniel McCall Drew and Caroline McCall Drew, to know something of their family history to guide them toward the arduous paths of their own adulthood.



My Mother & Father



Margaret Louise Phillips Drew

FIG. 1-1A



Dr. Horace Rainsford Drew

FIG. 1-A

Jacksonville, Florida





245 West Third Street ~ Jacksonville, Florida

The Early Years

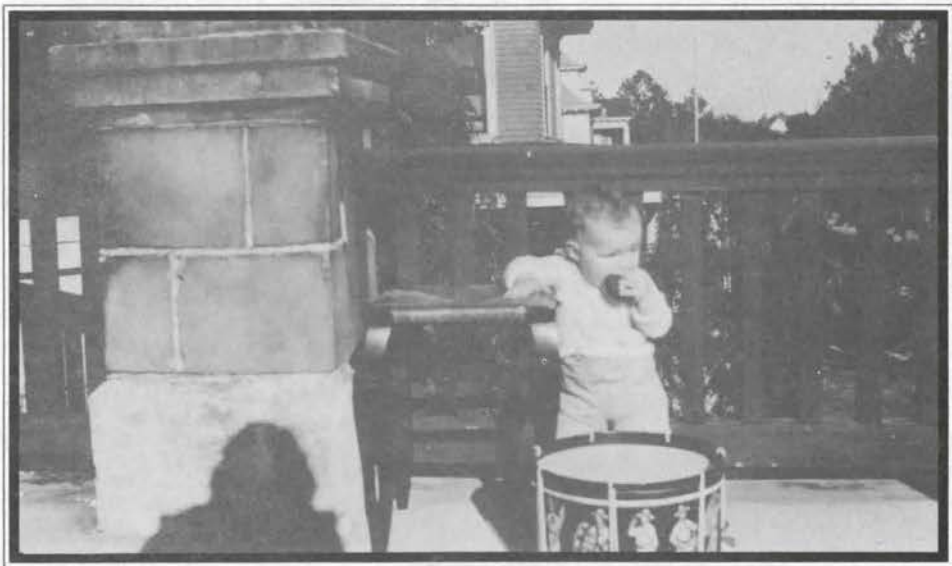
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Part I

Childhood and College

FIG 1-1B



HORACE RAINSFORD DREW, JR & FATHER
"NEW CHRISTMAS WAGON"



HORACE RAINSFORD DREW, JR.
"CHRISTMAS"
1920

Childhood and College

At 1:00 a. m. on the frosty winter night of January 1, 1918, I was born to Dr. Horace Rainsford Drew and Margaret Louise Phillips Drew of Jacksonville, Florida. It was New Year's Eve and the nurses and doctors were all out celebrating, thus my father ushered me into the world without assistance. Our home was located at 245 West Third Street.

As an only child, I was from the beginning overly-protected. I went to West Springfield Grammar School and although I was a grade ahead academically, having learned to read at home, I was way behind in the rough and tumble of life and school. On my first day of school as I walked to West Springfield Grammar School, my dear loving mother followed me on the other side of the street to ensure my safe arrival. I wouldn't let her walk with me, or on the same side of the street, for fear of being branded a "sissy." Several fights and years later, and with a few boxing lessons from a fine old professional fighter named John Piombo, I was mostly able to "hold my own."

Romance budded early. I "became sweet" on a little doll of a girl named Katie Belle Kenyon in my 7th grade class at Kirby Smith Junior High School. Once a week, when they were in season, I would cut Magnolia blossoms from the trees in front, put them in water colors to dye them blue or pink, and take them to Katie Belle. We went to a school party or two together and held hands.

The Early Years

Today we continue to be good friends. She is now Mrs. Katie Sykes, wife of Brigadier General Vernon Sykes, Retired Commander of the Florida National Guard.

We are talking here of the 1920s when life was much simpler. Jacksonville was a small town of perhaps 40,000, and we had many friends. Mayor John T. Alsop (nicknamed the Baby Kisser), presided over the city. The city's clock, "Big Jim", kept time with its thunderous announcement of the hours of 7 a.m., 12 noon, 1 p.m., and 5 p.m., as it does even today. I recall that Mayor Alsop was a perfect gentleman, and kissed many babies as was the custom for politicians back then.

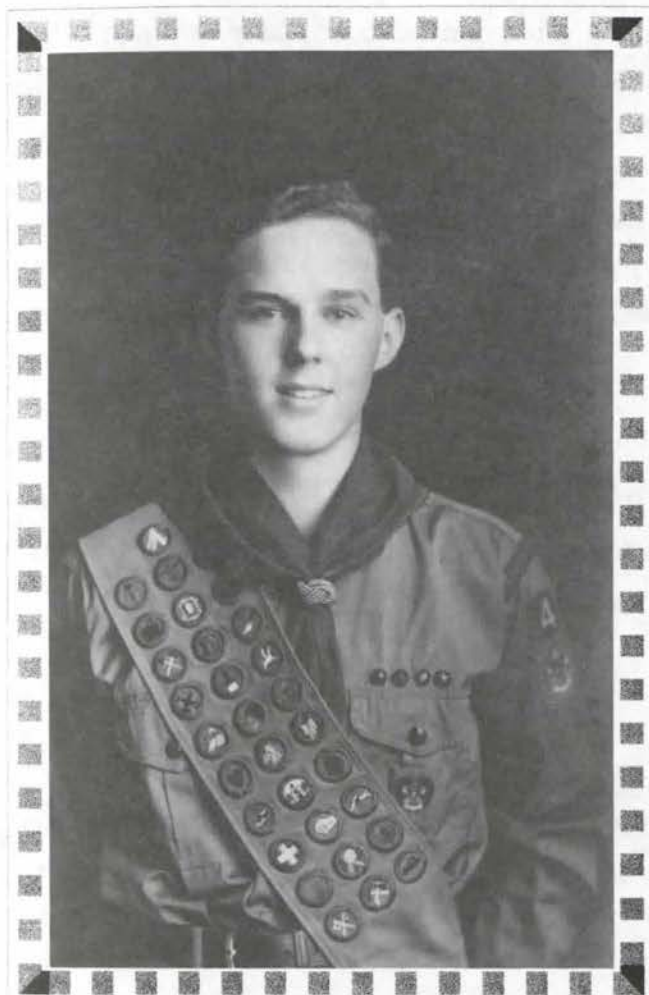
Our home at Third and Pearl Streets overlooked Springfield Park and Hogan's Creek. There was a lot of open space to play ball and to explore the creek. My boyhood friend, Langdon Barker, lived two houses away on Third Street. Together, we managed to get into as much mischief as two young boys could in those days of the twenties.

Our cook, Dora Bright, practically raised me. She made delicious meals of steak, fried chicken, and homemade ice-cream (there was no other kind) on Sunday. In reward for handturning the ice-cream and packing the rock salt around, I got to lick the remnants from the ice-cream container. *Mmm-mmm!* I can still remember the taste today!

I had a typical boyhood including being a member of Troop #4 of the Boy Scouts of America. I remember that our troop was sponsored by St. Johns Episcopal Church (Now Cathedral) and that we won many awards for excellence in various competitions. I was very proud when I became an Eagle Scout (the highest level) in 1933 and still consider it to be one of my top achievements.

My years at Kirby Smith Junior High and Andrew Jackson Senior High School went by quickly. A stint on the Andrew Jackson football team was interrupted by an Appendectomy in the Fall of 1934. This then major operation by Dr. Edward Jelks of Riverside Hospital required several months for recovery.

The Early Years



HORACE RAINSFORD DREW, JR.
1935

"EAGLE SCOUT AWARD"

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
TROOP #4
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

FIG 1-2

While there were parties and pretty girls at Andrew Jackson, most of my social life was in the Riverside-Avondale-Ortega area.

My mother and her sister, Mrs. Cecil Phillips Butler (Mrs. J. Turner Butler), were very close. I grew up with the "two Butler girls," Elizabeth and Cecil. The Butler home was at 1828 Powell Place in Riverside near St Vincent's hospital.

Elizabeth married Jonathan (Jack) W. Warner, CEO Gulf States Paper Company.

Cecil Married Ernest G. Williams CEO Florida Paper Company. The "Butler Girls" live in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and we visit them on a regular basis.

Those were the pre-World War II years of the thirties. Times were hard, but everyone had a good time anyway and no one took Mr. Adolph Hitler very seriously at the time.

In the fall of 1935, I began my college career at the University of Florida in Gainesville. I remember having a monthly college allowance of \$45.00, paltry by today's standards, but a real sacrifice for my dear parents. Out of the \$45.00 dollars, twenty-five dollars was for food, ten dollars for room, and ten dollars for books, transportation, fraternity dues, and social functions. There was ,of course, never enough to go around!

The Early Years

During that first year I lived in a boarding house near campus. I have fond memories of my roommate, Bill Stanton, also from Jacksonville, and later killed during World War II. diving a Navy Hell Cat Bomber on a Japanese held Guam Airfield till he ran out of Petrol.

After Bill and I joined SAE, we both moved into the fraternity house, which was then situated on the Southeast corner of University Avenue and Northwest 13th Street. The Law School was just across 13th Street to the west. Other fraternities adjoined SAE on all sides. The PKA (Pike) fraternity house was located across University Avenue to the north.



I enrolled in Business College for the first three years and earned my BSBA (Bachelor of Science in Business Administration), and then attended Law School for another three years.

I graduated in July 1941, with B.S.B.A. and LL.B. Degrees.

My law college degree in the summer of 1941 was largely attributable to Mrs. Ila Pridgen, Law School Librarian and Secretary to Dean Trussler. Without her encouragement, and help, I would not have made it.

My uncle, Senator J. Turner Butler, was my role model for a law career. This legal education did little, however, to prepare me for the ensuing five years of my life, not as a lawyer, but as a soldier in the United States Army. In those treasured days, Patriotism ran high, and, unlike today, the role of Draft - Dodgers and Traitors was a shooting offense against the Country.



The Early Years

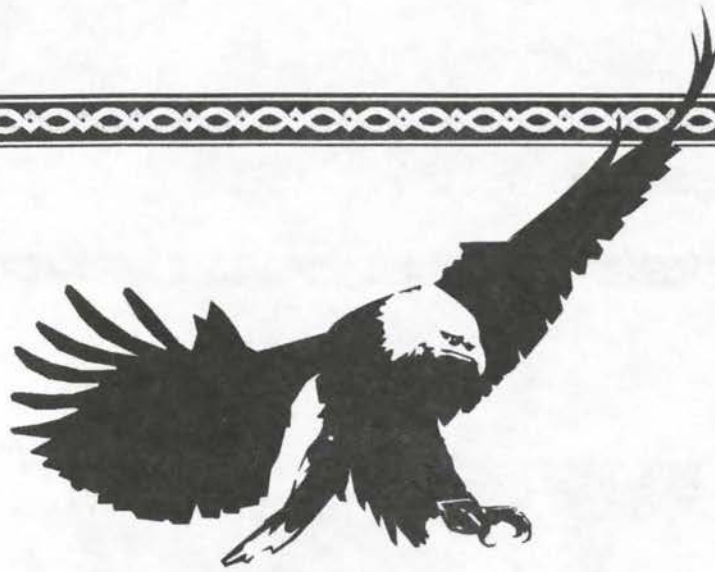


CADET

HORACE R. DREW, JR

1938

FIG 1-3

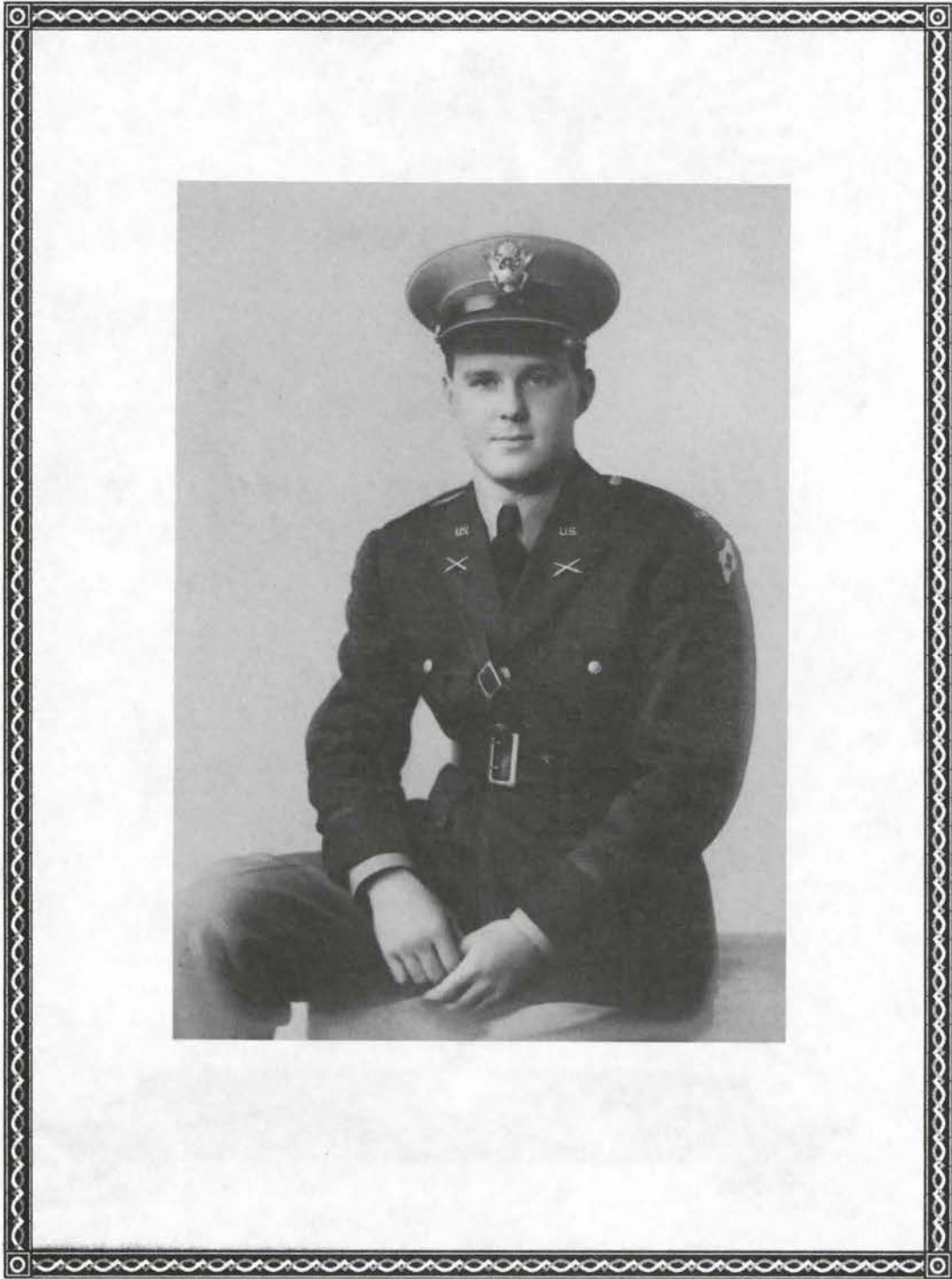


Military Training and Life

Chapter II



The Early Years



Lt. Horace Rainsford Drew, Jr.

Chapter II

~

MILITARY TRAINING AND LIFE

I had enrolled in The ROTC (*Reserve Officers Training Corps*) when I first came to the University of Florida. After three years as a trainee, in the summer of 1939 (My fourth year), I was given a six weeks Officer's Training Corps course at Ft. Benning, near Columbus, Georgia.

This advanced course was popular then for several reasons that varied in importance: the handsome boots and uniform, the compensation, (small though it was \$75.00 a year), the prestigious Military Ball held in March each year on campus, and, finally, and most important, it was seen as one's patriotic duty during a time when national pride ran high.

It was 1940 and President Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Democratic Congress had allowed our military strength to dwindle to almost nothing. We trained with wooden rifles and 1903 Springfields. Our artillery was the ancient Horse-Drawn "French 75" of World War I vintage. Very rarely were we allowed live ammunition because it was too costly. So we drilled, drilled, and drilled with *dummy* weapons!

I was put in the horse artillery where riding soon became a way of life. Many of our horses were "remounts" from Texas and required some breaking in.

The Early Years

Our sessions instructing the recruits on riding, however, were pure pleasure! On weekends we would select our favorite mounts and ride through the forests and game trails around what was then rural Gainesville.

My only serious girlfriend at the time was Lydie Nesbitt, a pretty, vivacious blonde from Jacksonville. We went on many dates (swimming, parties, and horseback rides) together. We thoroughly enjoyed each other's company. One weekend, however, Lydie informed me that she had decided to marry a boy, Tat Thompson, an Engineer from Tampa. On Sunday she returned my fraternity pledge pin, then equivalent to an engagement ring, to me and we parted tearfully. She was ready to marry, but as a first-year law student I was not. I was devastated! Even now, I dolefully remember the continuous playing of "Gloomy Sunday" that day on the fraternity phonograph.



By 1939 it was clear that Mr. Hitler meant business when he invaded the "low countries" in Europe (Holland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Belgium). After graduating from law school in the summer of 1941, I was immediately inducted into the Army as a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery.

HORACE R. DREW, JR.

"Second Lieutenant"

1940

FIG. 1-4

The Early Years

An old family friend, Lieutenant Colonel Ellicott Freeland of the Regular Army, was instrumental in getting my first assignment to the Fourth Corps Area Headquarters in Jacksonville, where I continued until America declared war on Japan and Germany on December 7, 1941 after Pearl Harbor. I then went to Camp Blanding briefly, and then to Camp Carabelle (later Camp Gordon Johnston) situated south of Panama City on the Gulf of Mexico, an amphibious training camp.

Following a number of months at Camp Carabelle, I was assigned to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, for intensive officer training in the artillery. Next came an all-summer camp at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, on the artillery ranges. There I learned how to shoot artillery from every angle and under combat conditions. The summer temperatures on the Fort Sill ranges averaged about 110 ° Fahrenheit , in the daytime, and it was common practice to fry eggs on our steel helmets! The salt from our bodies formed like snow on the shoulders of our fatigues in the intense dry heat!

Following this vigorous training I returned to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to take over Company A of the Artillery Training Corps there.

After several months at Fort Bragg, I was sent to Camp Shelby in Mississippi and assigned to S-3 operations of the 881st F.A. Battalion of the Division Artillery, Sixty-Ninth Infantry Division. I believe this was in the early spring of 1944.

One day I was called on to fire from our Observation Post on the Artillery range under the supervision of my battalion commander, Lt. Col. Brooks. The target consisted of several small pine stumps situated on a small hill a mile or more away - barely visible through field glasses and an almost impossible target. I was unaware that while I was issuing the requisite commands to the gun battery, Brigadier General Robert Maraist, our 69th Infantry Division Artillery Commander, had driven up to the O.P. in his jeep and was quietly watching.

Military Training and Life

Through a series of lucky commands my airburst on *"Fire for Effect!"* exactly bracketed the pine stumps that represented dug-in enemy infantry. Typically, there was no comment from General Maraist at the time.

The following week I was suddenly assigned to Division G-3 (Operations) under Colonel Conran. This assignment was a real promotion. I believe it came about by a combination of lucky shooting and fact—. General Maraist needed another artilleryman in Division HQ. to help him obtain *"more ammo"* for his beloved artillery. This Assignment later had a profound and beneficial effect on my survival during combat in Europe, where I otherwise would have been in a foxhole with the Infantry directing our artillery fire as a Battalion Forward Observer.

In the Spring of 1944 the Division went on war maneuvers in the DeSoto National Forest, situated between Camp Shelby near Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and the Gulf of Mexico. These war games closely simulated combat and were extremely vigorous and realistic.

To break the tension, we were given the night off once in a while to cool down. On this particular occasion, Lt. Colonel Quinn, the Division Communications officer, and Lt. Colonel Thurman, Division G-2, accompanied me. We were not allowed in town, so we stopped at a restaurant on the outskirts of town. Little did I foresee what would next occur with its profound effect on our future and progeny:

The restaurant was down in the cellar of this establishment. When we entered, Colonel Quinn immediately went over to a table occupied by several female officers and enlisted personnel. They explained that they were "fraternizing" with their enlisted people outside of Camp (enlisted and officer personnel were not officially allowed together socially under the army regulation of the time) in order to say goodbye to the enlisted girls who were being shipped overseas.

These charming little beer parlors and restaurants were referred to as "jooks" in the vernacular of that time.



The Early Years

In any event, we managed to get a good-looking blonde (Lt. Monty) and a good-looking redhead (Lt. Shelley) over to our table for a drink. After some socializing and a drink or two, I managed to make a date with Shelley, a first lieutenant and Signal Property Officer at Camp Shelby, for the following weekend. Colonel Quinn knew Shelley well since they were both in signal.

As it turned out, by the following week-end, I had developed an enormous infection on my left thigh that only got much worse under intense field conditions. We finished with the war maneuvers on Saturday and returned to Camp Shelby. After the grime of months in the field, I immediately headed for the showers.

While basking in my first good shower in months, the Division Surgeon happened to join me. He took one good look at my badly inflamed left thigh, and ordered me at once to the base hospital. I did not even have a chance (or a phone) to call Shelley and let her know that our date was off. She managed, however, to send word by her friend, Colonel Quinn: "Tell that Captain {referring I think to me} to call me before noon or our date for tonight is off!" Shelly was quite indignant over the broken date; however, when she later heard that I was in the base hospital with a serious thigh infection, she relented somewhat.

The next Sunday I was playing a little poker (winning as I recall, three straight hands at a modest profit) on a blanket in the sunshine outside the hospital, when I notice a gorgeous redhead, in this red and white checkered dress (leaving little to the imagination) coming up the hospital entrance with a big pitcher of ice cold grapefruit juice in one hand and a book of poetry in the other. I guess she figured that if I couldn't come to her, she would come to me!

As she came closer I recognized First Lieutenant Shelley Berger and wondered just who she had come to see. I was truly dumbfounded when she marched up to my hospital bed in all of her civilian female finery! (By then I had been warned and had returned to my sick bed before she came in.) Well, one thing led to another, and during the summer of 1944, we had a number of dates. *Clearly, Shelley's grapefruit juice entrapment had worked!* So much for female intuition! She didn't know I had been raised on an orange grove.

The Early Years

In October 1944 our Division was ordered to combat with a scheduled departure date sometime in mid November, 1944. It was a closely guarded secret as to whether we would be sent to the Pacific or European Theaters.

Shelley and I had grown quite close by then and we discussed this new development and what it would mean for our relationship. We finally decided to get married before I went overseas rather than wait. I sent for my parents, and we were married on October 28, 1944, in the Episcopal Church in Hattiesburg. Colonel Eric Storm, two of Shelley's army friends, and my parents served as our witnesses and attendants. My parents thought they were coming up only to pick up my car and were surprised and shocked to learn of the impromptu wedding. Shelley and I then enjoyed an all-too brief honeymoon at the then famous Edgewater Gulf Hotel in Biloxi, Mississippi.

A native of Poland, Shelley had emigrated to the United States with her father in the twenties after her mother died of Typhoid Fever. As the pictures evidence, she was/is beautiful as well as intelligent.



FIG. 1-5

The Early Years

The War was quickly becoming an intrusive part of our lives. This was brought home by an incident that occurred shortly after Shelley and I were married. I sent a Red Cross Telegram from Camp Shanks, New York (our departure point under a communications "blackout" at the time) to Shelley, and was later reprimanded for my breach of security. I merely wired her a request for ten dollars, but Division G-2 thought it was a prearranged code between Shelley and me. Unfortunately it was not! Despite all of this, while the wire didn't work, through our Division Red Cross Officer, I was able to entice my bride of three weeks to New York. Wartime restrictions limited hotel stays to one night, so we were forced to stay in several different hotels for the few days before my Division departed. Although the time was terribly strained by what we all knew was to come, the occasion was still a joyous one and will never be re-



placed in my memory.

Although my new bride's given name is Rae, her nickname was "Shelley" and it is by this name that I have called her for all of the wonderful years of our marriage

Her godfather, who gave her away when we were married, was Colonel Eric Storm of Vermont. Colonel Storm was a dear and close friend to us both and met with us during our brief second honeymoon in New York. I felt better having him available at Camp Shelby to look after my new bride after I left for Europe. He was in charge of the Signal Corps at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, where Shelley was assigned as Signal Officer. We both looked upon him as a sort of foster father, but in truth, he was much more!

The Division departed by train for the New York Port of embarkation from Camp Shelby and on or about November 9, 1944 at 4:00 a.m. Shelley and my parents saw us off in a tearful farewell.

W*e truly did not know whether we would ever see each other again!*

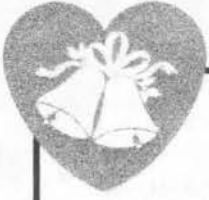
Military Training and Life

During the first month I was gone, Shelley, in honor of her marriage, decided to learn to drive. She picked as her victim a new jeep from the motor pool at Camp Shelby, and set out to break it in. When she came to a curve, instead of following the bend, she continued to go straight and struck a large pine tree, doing great damage to the jeep. Apparently, through the influence of Colonel Storm the later Military Board of Inquiry, in some convoluted fashion, determined that the pine tree had absolutely no business growing where it did, and was therefore solely at fault in the accident.

I still kid her about this "court-martial." She was completely vindicated in the course of the proceedings, and the pine tree was the one indicted.

POOR Pine Tree





The Edgewater Gulf Hotel

~

Biloxi, Mississippi



Hotel where Shelley and I enjoyed an all-too brief
honeymoon before scheduled departure sometime
in mid November, 1944.

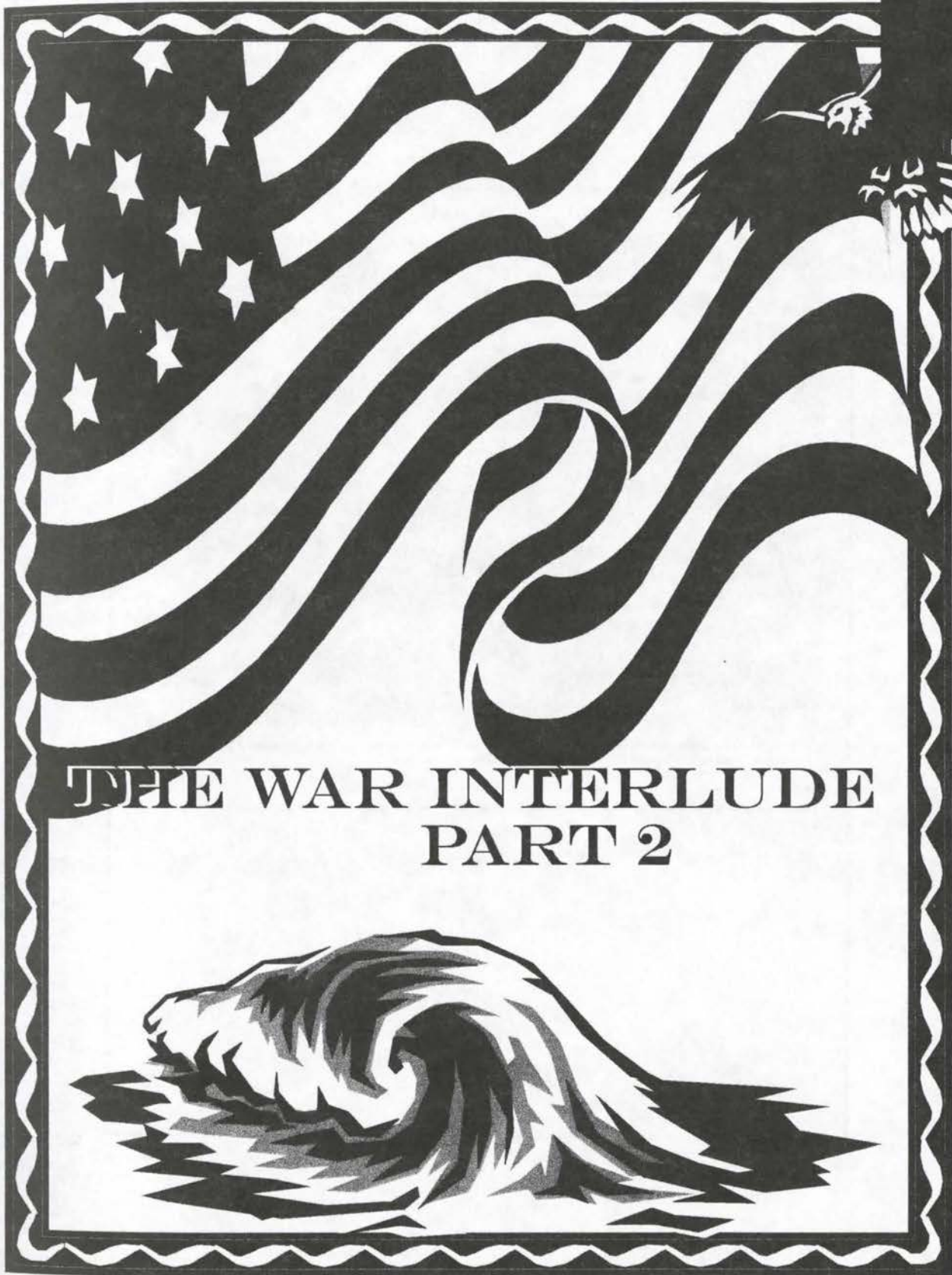
"Our Wedding"



Left to right
Col. Eric Storms (Best Man) Judy Godch (Bridesmaid)
Bride & Groom, Rev. Morgan, Louise Phillips Drew & Horace R. Drew, M. D.
October 28, 1944



Horace Rainsford Drew & Shelley Rae Drew



**THE WAR INTERLUDE
PART 2**

The War Interlude

The Big Three



The Big Three set overall Allied strategy. They were Soviet leader Joseph Stalin, (left), U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt, (center) and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, (right).

National Archives

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Chapter I

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On The High Seas: The Kungsholm

It was Thanksgiving 1944. The Mid-Atlantic was at its worst. Mighty 35 foot waves broke over the bow of the *SS Kungsholm* sweeping the ship from stem to stern. The 60-ship convoy, of which the *Kungsholm* was the flagship, pitched, rolled and wallowed on either side and behind us.

Because the seas were so tumultuous, we knew that the ever-present German wolfpack was unlikely to attack, and our normal zig-zag pattern was modified to a forward motion. The 3,000 soldiers of the United States 69th Infantry Division packed on board had gotten over much of their seasickness during the first three days from New York. However, many of the men enclosed tightly below ship were still very ill and the stench was unbearable below decks.

The *Kungsholm*, or *John Ericsson* (as it was also known), was reputed to be the luxury flagship of the Swedish Merchant Marine. We were told that she was built before the war by the King of Sweden for the Swedish movie actress Greta Garbo. Her fittings were in gold and ivory and the ship probably would have been luxurious under different circumstances. However, we were cramped with six officers in a small stateroom and enlisted men stacked six deep in hammocks below deck.

We were bound for Southampton, England, and we all knew our chances of getting there were not that good. The German wolfpacks had been preying heavily on the Allied Convoys to England.

Our only real diversion from fear, seasickness and the rough weather was a baby Canadian "flattop" carrier, that rode the waves only a few hundred yards astern of the *Kungsholm*. Her sole distinction was that she carried on board some Canadian WACS.

The War Interlude

Even in their stiff woolen uniforms it was a welcome sight to see them come out on the landing deck and strip down for their morning exercise in view of the entire convoy. At that point, much of the work on board would cease, and everyone would get out their field glasses to enjoy the view astern.

The small destroyer escorts flanking the convoy would go entirely out of sight between the monstrous waves, and we on board this 20,000 ton ship felt great sympathy for the sailors on those small vessels and the hardships they were enduring in those mammoth seas. We were most grateful to them for keeping company with us and in deterring the wolfpack attacks in the absence of the larger convoy destroyers that had been called to even more urgent duties.

The signal lamps from our flagship constantly signaled the other sixty-odd vessels of the convoy to remain close to guard against a U-Boat attack. In these very heavy seas, the skippers were reluctant to do this for fear of collision, so there was a constant "sheep-dogging" of the lagging old liberty tankers and other vessels whose top speed did not exceed ten knots, and who held the convoy down to the speed of the slowest of them.

We all came to dread those rare interludes when the rough weather abated and the seas became relatively calm. It was at this time that the wolfpacks would move in and the sky would be livid with burning oil from the tankers on our flanks who received hits. At these times, the individual ships of the convoy were each pretty much on their own, and would spread out in order that each ship could do a zig-zag pattern in irregular directions so as to avoid the torpedoes.

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The War Interlude

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Chapter II~
WINCHESTER

We finally made southern England after Thanksgiving 1944, and the convoy broke up. The **Kungsholm**, with advance elements of the Fighting 69th Infantry Division on board, made her way up the Thames (Tems) River some 20 miles to the southern port of Southampton. There we disembarked and went up to Winchester, the ancient capitol of England, some 60 miles south of London.

In Winchester those of us comprising the advance division headquarters gathered the elements of the 69th Infantry Division around us for final training and equipping. The Division Headquarters was situated in the Boys School at Winchester. The old British families still situated near the ancient capitol did their best to make us feel at home. There were several weekend dances and I remember that a favorite dance was the "*Lambeth Walk*." The great-grandson of Alfred Lord Tennyson was one of our hosts. I remember him well; he was a jolly fellow with a bulbous nose and usually tipsy. He closely resembled the actor W.C. Fields.

Although the area was muddy and not suitable for the housing of a division, even under field conditions, everyone made the best of it, and the British did their best for us during the short time we were there.

I spent only a few days in Winchester. Then as a Division G-3 Liaison Officer, I was sent to the U.K. Base, Eisenhower's Headquarters at Grovesnor Square in London. (In war, G-3 controls division combat operations.) Along with other liaison officers from other units of the United States Armed Forces, I was briefed daily in the War Room at U.K. Base, and in turn relayed this information in person or by courier to my Division in Winchester so they would be up to date on the battle situation in Europe across the Channel.

The War Interlude

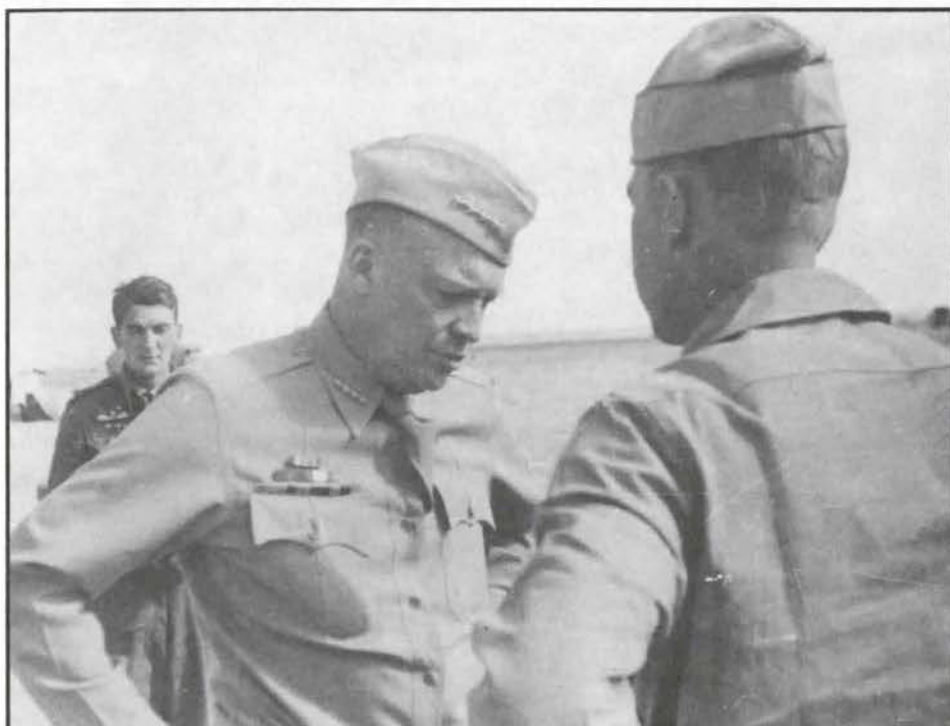


Photo of

General Eisenhower & Fellow Officers

Taken by

Lieutenant Rae Berger
Early in the war ~ 1942

The War Interlude

Bombing of London



The bombing of London, called the Blitz, began in September 1940 and caused much ruin. Londoners sought safety in subway tunnels during the nightly raids. In May 1941, Germany stopped trying to bomb Britain into surrendering.

UPI/Corbis-Bettmann

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Chapter III

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London At War

The first night I arrived in London was cold, foggy, and memorable. It was in early December 1944. I was given a billet in an old English house about six blocks from Grovesnor Square that required an hour to find in the war Blackout and heavy fog. The Irish landlady had endured several years of intense air bombing and obviously had little respect for newly-arrived American soldiers. The rockets and other weapons Hitler used were aimed directly at London.

Displaying typical British hospitality, however, my austere landlady guided me to my room and dutifully followed with a cup of tea. We had barely settled in our seats by the window when a V-2 (Vengeance 2) rocket from across the Channel came in and hit a few blocks away. Those blocks were completely destroyed. The large window at my elbow suddenly burst inward with the blast, and debris followed. We both ducked to the floor. This was my initiation to war in England. My landlady and I suffered only minor cuts and abrasions from the V-2 Blast and continued our tea. However, the poor American WACS in the Selfridge Annex a short distance away were not so lucky and were obliterated. *What a relief it was to know that Shelley was safe in the States.*

During my succeeding weeks in England, the V-2s continued to come in, usually around 4:00 a.m. in the morning. The first sound you would hear would be this enormous blast that would take out several city blocks, and then seconds later a sound like a nearby freight train approaching at full steam. This was the following sound wave behind the V-2 rocket traveling faster than the speed of sound.

The War Interlude

Just to keep things interesting, the Germans interspersed the V-2s with the infamous V-1 or "Buzzbomb," at all hours of the day and night. British Ack-Ack on the coast did their best to shoot these V-1s down, but invariably some got through. These little, unmanned planes would fly over us at considerable height and were completely safe to the watcher until they ran out of petrol, and then they would take a straight dive to the earth. *Woe be to anyone unfortunate enough to be beneath a V-1 when this happened!*

As harassing and annoying as the V-1s and V-2s were, with the uncertainty of their targets, they were nothing compared to the previous saturation bombing of London that had taken out the old part of the town and the City Docks completely. *During that earlier period, much of London gathered in the underground (**The London Subway**), far below the surface of the city and waited the destruction out.* Even when I arrived, many Londoners still lived and slept in the underground, but most took their chances going about their everyday duties since the V-1s and V-2s were, for the most part, like lightening, unannounced by the air raid sirens.

At the United Kingdom Base in London I was given secret intelligence information for the Division from a huge war map in the top secret War Room of the Base daily. This room was kept under constant guard. We were admitted only briefly each morning to view the disposition of all the troops on both sides fighting on the European Continent, and to be briefed and make our notes to our respective Divisions.

Around December 8, 1944, it became apparent to most of us from the war maps that the Germans were building up a heavily armored force just east of the Ardennes in preparation for some sort of strike. This turned out to be all too true, and on or about December 16, 1944, German General Von Rundstedt lunged through the Ardennes to try to reach Antwerp on the Dutch coast and to establish a new port and supply line for a beleaguered Germany. This later became known as "**The Battle of the Bulge.**" For the next few weeks, it was the Allies' bad luck that the weather closed in preventing the use of our superior air power against this powerful German ground force.

Unhampered from the air, the German armored forces made great progress through the Ardennes and trampled our troops to bloody smithereens in the process. Some divisions, such as the 99th Infantry Division (which my Division supplanted), were almost completely wiped out, leaving only a few units and cooks and bakers to fight alone against the approaching *Mighty German Panzer Divisions*.

I have learned only recently that my good friend John Drummond was with the 99th Division when it was struck by Von Rundstedt. He was in one of the surviving units that succeeded in deflecting the German advance southward.

By Christmas 1944, our own Division troops were scattered around the fox farms and small villages on the perimeter of Winchester during final training. It was about this time that two regiments of the fully combat-loaded U.S. 66th Infantry Division, while crossing the English Channel, fell victim to Hitler's midget German submarines. This attack was part of Hitler's ploy to interrupt the arrival of our supporting troops.

During this time my Division was required to supply about 2,300 Infantry reinforcements to the 99th, 2nd, 106th and 28th Infantry Divisions that had been decimated in the "Battle of the Bulge" on the Continent. Thus it was that our engineer battalions and replacements were suddenly retrained as combat infantry to replace the vacancies so created in The Infantry Regiments of our own Division. *This caused a momentary pause in our progress toward the European front and the Siegfried Line.*

It was not all work in London during the month or so that I stayed there.

The War Interlude

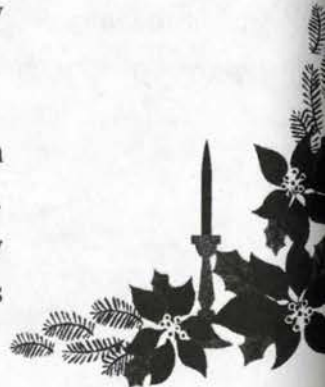


On Christmas, 1944, I remember going to a cricket match outside London on the Underground, and on other occasions, to several good British plays in *Piccadilly*. The progress of these plays was very often interrupted by the air raid sirens announcing the German “*buzz bombs*” or the *V-2s*. When these sirens sounded, all of the audience managed to quickly find a place on the floor of the theater, and the players would also hit the deck on the stage, leaving a quiet lifeless theater during the continuance of the air raid. The British seemed used to this and the show would go on just as soon as the air raid warnings stopped howling.

I clearly remember seeing an excellent performance of the play “*Blythe Spirit*” starring the famous actors *Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine*. These seasoned actors would show their disdain for Hitler by continuing the play uninterrupted despite the air raids. This was theater at its best! *I enjoyed it all the more because these were rare interludes in a bitter and bloody war.*

During our G-3 training visits to the English fox farms for supervision of the Engineers’ Infantry Combat training, I remember how grateful our British hosts were. They not only welcomed us, but fed us bountifully and, on occasion, even offered us a night with their wives. These ladies were usually somewhat older than us and although I did not find this situation appealing personally, I could not help but be profoundly grateful for their complete and generous hospitality.

In January 1945, all of these good things in London came to an end and I was assigned to an advance unit of the 69th Infantry Division. Our assignment was to cross the English Channel and spearhead the way to a designated fighting area of the Siegfried Line for the Division’s advance there.



The War Interlude

Photo of
John Ericsson
swinging into midstream
at Le Havre to
avoid mine
fields

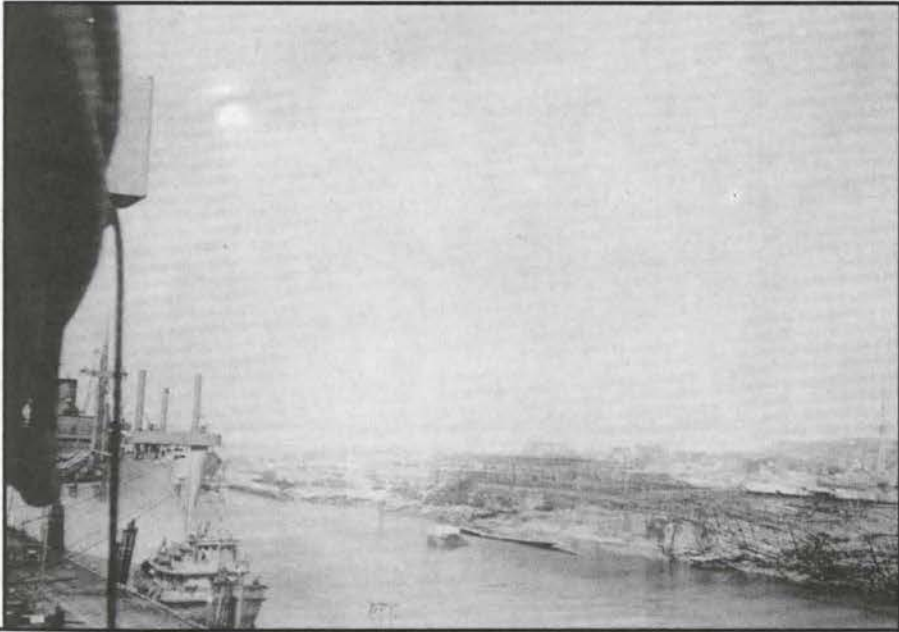
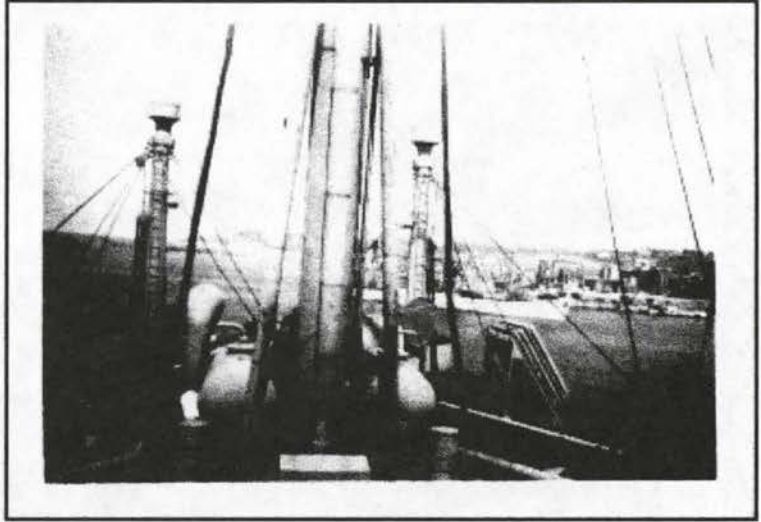


Photo of
Ruined docking at Le Harve
Picture taken from the deck of USS Ericsson

The War Years



CAPTAIN DREW

Standing on a captured German Artillery

*Picture taken by driver "Edmunds"
Combat Jeep appears at right*

FIG. 2 - 1

Chapter IV

On To The Siegfried Line

Our small advance party of the Division went across the Channel, which was kicking up 30-foot waves at the time, in a leaky British landing ship (*dubbed "LST"*) on a stormy night. We landed at war-torn Le Havre and disembarked with our equipment, Armor and, running gear. After a very difficult march over icy, slippery roads and through a blizzard, we came to the small town of Forges LesEaux in north central France.

There was a contingent of the 82nd Airborne at the local tavern. Our Division managed to drum up a fistfight with them just to let off some of the old fighting spirit that we all had built up. The 82nd Airborne started the fracas when they contended that any one of them could lick any ten soldiers from any other unit. They then went about to prove their point quite handily. *In any event, we had a damm good fight and everybody went away with no hard feelings and very satisfied for having vented our anger in a fairly harmless, though bloody, sort of way.*

The altercation was no doubt aided by Calvados, a distilled, 120-proof French brandy that was rather potent. My jeep driver, Edmunds, managed to get a snootful of this one night and was "**bat-blind**" for three days afterward.

The next day going into Belgium was the worst I had ever experienced. A blizzard produced a fine driving snow the consistency of beach sand that managed to filter into every part of your clothing and boots and into the jeep itself. Our lunch was a canned C-ration warmed on the jeep radiator. We all shivered and shook from the extreme cold. The temperature was well below zero and there was no break in the blizzard that blew continuously across these icy, snowy fields of Northern France.

The War Interlude

From Forges Les-Eaux we made our way through the howling blizzard to Luxemburg, Belgium and the German border where the Division entered the Siegfried Line at the little German town of Helenthal. We supplanted the 99th U.S. Infantry Division which had been chopped to pieces by Von Rundstedt in the December attack ("The Battle of the Bulge"), and had only cooks and bakers and a few surviving units remaining to do the fighting at the end. The land was chewed up with dead cattle, horses and broken German and American tanks everywhere, with bodies lying around in between.

I will never forget the night we approached the Siegfried Battle Line. It had stopped snowing and the moon was out. The snow was quite deep on both the roads and the landscape. *The constant thunder of artillery in the distance and the glare of continuous explosions across the entire Eastern horizon to our front looked like the end of the world and perdition itself!*

While we hesitated at a crossroads in deep snow, trying with the aid of a shielded flashlight to decipher our battle map, we heard a noise that was to become quite familiar during coming days. *"Sewing-machine Charlie" was coming over from the German side for Aerial observation by moonlight.* Before he had gotten overhead, we had doused all lights and hit the deck so that he would not observe our location. Detection by the Germans meant immediate destruction. *"Sewing-machine Charlie" had a uneven rhythmic sound like the old fashioned sewing machines for which he was nicknamed, and you could distinguish the noise of his engine anywhere along the front.*

From that point on, my memory is somewhat blurred. I do remember being sent on repeated liaison missions at night with my driver and jeep down very dangerous, deeply rutted roads, complete with snipers and minefields, to the neighboring 28th Division (**The Bloody Bucket as it was called**) situated at Heartbreak Corner in Belgium. The daily password changed before we arrived the first time and we were nearly shot in the darkness by the Commanding General of the 28th Division because we didn't know the right password. *Our rudimentary knowledge of American baseball was all that saved our skins that night!*

The War Interlude

Within perhaps a fortnight, the Bloody Bucket was supplanted by the Second Infantry Division (code name "*Ivanhoe*") at Heartbreak Corner. I remember they were commanded by a fine combat general by the name of Robertson. They were a fine and efficient outfit and a pleasure to work with.

In our frequent journeys down deeply-rutted roads at night, *through the mud and stench of the German countryside and minefields*, we would frequently encounter snipers and dead German soldiers lying where they had fallen on the ground and on fallen trees along the road. Recognizing the constant danger of our mission, we carried a dozen hand grenades rolling around on the bottom of the jeep plus automatic weapons and our general issue of 30 caliber carbines.

My driver, Edmunds, was a good shot, as was I, and we usually managed to get through unscathed. These forays took their toll, however, and after a week or so, we were still pretty nervous about these night-time liaison trips. I remember that whenever we encountered a dead German soldier, Edmunds would dryly remark, "*There's a goodun'.*" During the war, it was us or them and so we all felt much as Edmunds did.

We sometimes sought shelter from the brutal weather, deadly German snipers and German Artillery fire in a steel-reinforced concrete German bunker at Heartbreak Corner. Although the bunker had some safety features, a major disadvantage was that whenever there was any "*incoming mail*" (in the form of artillery or small arms) from the Germans, the bunker rang like a thousand church bells and reverberated in your ears for days afterward. Often during these times, I would think about the combat training I'd received in the States and how it prepared me for the War in which I now fought.

The War Interlude



“Moral Booster”

~

Received during
World War II

~

Belgium

“1945”

ODE TO MY FELLER

Now that my bars have turned to silver
I will love you just the same;
I still will call you darling
Though I've attained a little fame.



It won't be majors or colonels
Who will occupy my time;
It will always be a certain captain
That I'd rather call mine.



You may have your silver bars
Your leaves of gold and eagles so rare and few;
The only thing I want
Is a captain named Drew

Shelley

Chapter V

~

Heartbreak Corner and the Siegfried Line

The Second Division was located at “Heartbreak Corner”, which was an intersection of roads so named because it had been taken and retaken from the Germans so many times and with so many casualties that everyone had lost count.

When we first approached Heartbreak Corner, the Allies were in the process of retaking it from the Germans. This was evident by the rifle fire popping through the forest all around us. Edmunds and I immediately sought protection in the German concrete bunkers to keep from being mowed down in the firefight. We finally located a well-camouflaged dug-in tent where we checked in and made our report on the location of our own 69th Infantry Division to the Second Division G-3. That night we holed up in yet another cold German *bunker that rang like a clarion* each time a German artillery shell came into the area. However, we were so tired that we still managed to grab a little sleep in the early morning hours anyway.

Curiously enough, the Germans who’d inhabited the bunker before us had left behind a considerable number of German postage stamps, both old and new. **Thinking of my father**, an *avid stamp collector*, I managed to gather some of them from the floor of the bunker where they had been blasted by a shell, put them in a large envelope and mailed them to the United States. My father later acknowledged them with a great deal of enthusiasm, not knowing the hazardous circumstances under which they’d been found. Of course, our heavily censored letters could convey no information as to our location or real situation in combat.

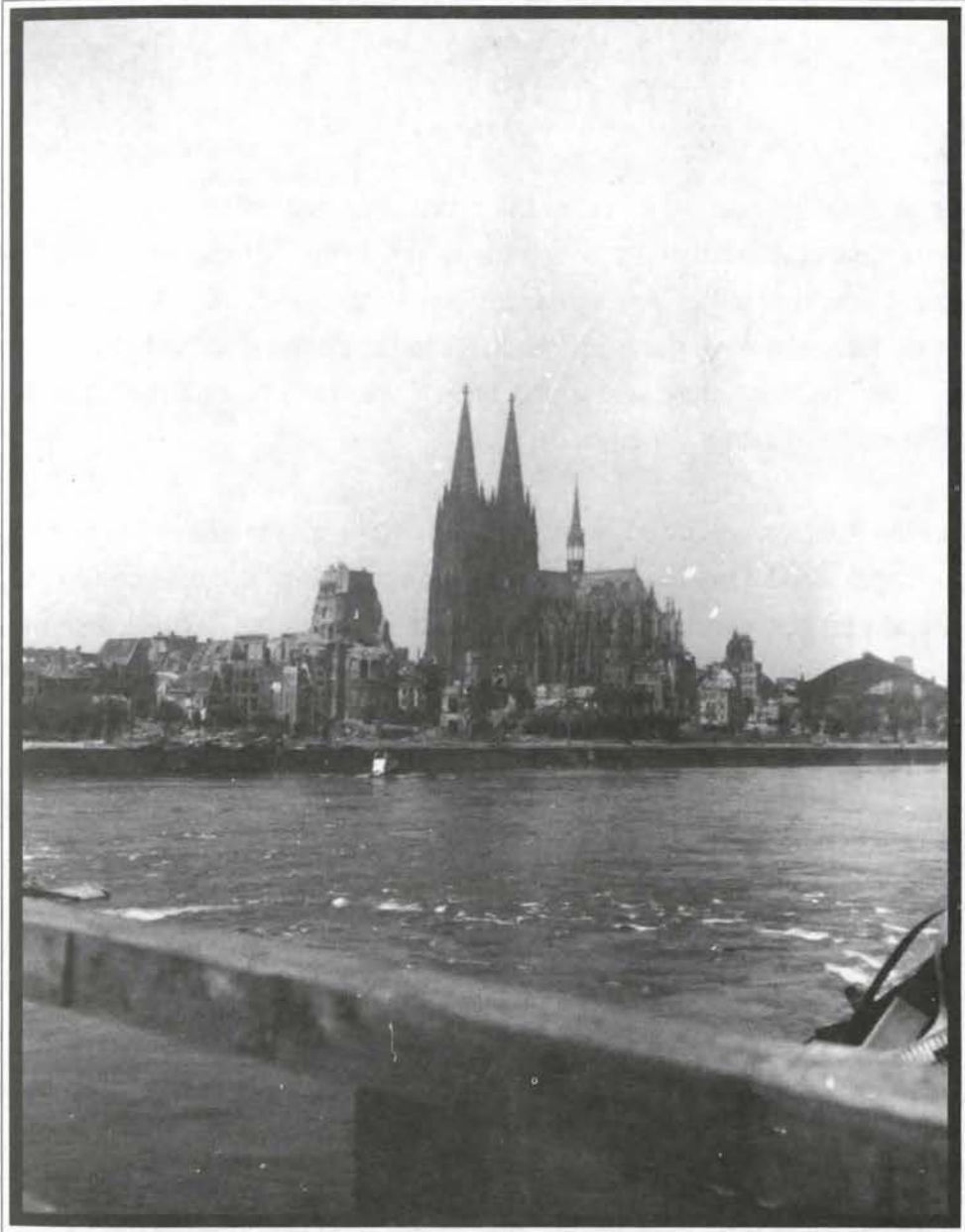
The War Interlude

Our trips at night back and forth between our Division and the 2nd Division with orders and locations of our troops were fraught with danger. There was the constant threat of snipers and mines along the deeply-rutted, muddy road. We never knew when we would make it and when we wouldn't. We, of course, traveled without any lights and this made the trip even more hazardous. Liaison officers were especially at risk because a sniper could lie in wait and capture the valuable intelligence documents they carried. This scenario happened often, making the longevity of a liaison officer pretty short.

Going back to our first night at the Siegfried Line at Helenthal, we found it fairly uneventful. There was a German counter attack the next night however, and some of our soldiers were taken prisoner. *The Germans made these hapless men a liability to us by shooting each one carefully through both kneecaps.* When we counter-attacked the next morning and found our captured troops in that condition, it became very difficult for our Division Intelligence Officer to have any live German prisoners brought to him for a number of weeks. Quite understandably, our soldiers just couldn't seem to return German prisoners without shooting them first.

Around late February, 1944, the Allied line facing the Siegfried line, beginning with Montgomery and the British in the North, began to peel off from the North following an intense and prolonged artillery bombardment during which the very ground shook under our feet. It was hard to imagine a single German soldier being left alive after such intense preparation of artillery fire. Sure enough, early morning came and we found the Siegfried Line sparsely populated by Germans; they had strategically retreated behind the Line because of the artillery fire and the flanking movement by the British from the North. We then fought our way through the Siegfried Line and made our way to the Rhine River. Despite pockets of resistance, our movement was fairly constant although with casualties.

The War Interlude



Crossing Rhine River
Cologne Cathedral in background

Chapter VI

~

The Rhineland And On To Leipzig

One moonlit night we came to the Rhine river and crossed over in a leaky naval landing craft we thought was going to sink before we made it across. So did the naval lieutenant who drove it. The German artillery to the south of us lit the scene eerily. I remember they were shooting white phosphorus that lit up the river and sky like fireworks. Nevertheless, we made it safely across and then it was time to ride the tanks of the 2nd Armored Division to speed up our advance.

After the Ruhr was encircled, we started to advance on the axis of Madgeburg, Kassel, Naumburg, Leipzig, and Dresden. Kassel was an automobile manufacturing city that also produced wonderful gin, which we enjoyed en route on occasion. *At one time we assigned one 2 ½ Ton Truck just to carry our supply!* However, the German resistance was still heavy and there were many fire fights. The SS Troops, in particular, were fanatical fighters.

Some weeks later we fought our way across Germany to Wizenfelds, a suburb of the much larger city of Leipzig (**"The City of Music"**), where we paused to regroup. I was in the Division command tent one night with our Commanding General when the well-known war journalist Hal Boyle came in and began to encourage our General "Ducky" Reinhardt (successor to General Charles G. Bolte) to attack Leipzig at night.

We all knew that our troops were not familiar with night attack maneuvers and the Germans had a nasty habit of using panzerfaust, a wicked, hand-thrown anti-tank grenade, from the tops of buildings. Boyle was with our Division because the 2nd Division was in disfavor with First Army through some mishap and had been assigned the more difficult job of

The War Interlude

attacking Leipzig from the East, whereas we had the easier Western approach.

While there was no particular hurry at this point, our General finally caved in to the demands from First Army Headquarters and pressure from "General Hal Boyle", and to the disbelief of his troops, decided to attack at night. *Our losses were more severe than they might have been during a day attack.* In addition to the heavy toll taken by the panzerfausts, the Germans turned their powerful 88-millimeter anti-aircraft guns to ground level and blasted our troops and tanks unmercifully.

My most pleasant recollection along this advance was a brief overnight stop at Bad Nuennahr in the Rhine Valley where the German baths were available. These were very elaborate steam baths constructed over hot springs along the Rhine River in an enclosure attended by German civilians of both sexes. The baths were in deep pools or tubs in the manner of a sauna today and the water was bubbly as champagne. To relax in one of these deep tubs with the bubbly warm water flowing around you after the fear and grime of combat for all that time was a complete and utter luxury. The attendants furnished us with plenty of soap and towels and assisted in laying out our clean clothes. I had nursed one set of clean combat woolens in my pack for a long time and I brought these out in celebration of the occasion. In short, when I climbed out of the baths and went back to duty, I felt like a new man for the first time in a long time.

This euphoria was short lived. The heavy snow came down again. The liaison work became heavier and more hazardous than ever. The main difficulty was to maintain communication between our fast moving regiments.

Chapter VII

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ACHTUNG! *MINEN!*

I recall vividly one rainy, snowy afternoon when Edmunds and I were bringing a dispatch from the Second Division to our own 69th Infantry Division. The countryside was bleak and the Germans had largely fled in the wake of our advancing troops. It was a dangerous time because there were scattered areas of resistance (in the form of SS troops) and a lot of sniper fire. We had over-run Army maps and were using maps supplied by the U.S. Air Force. These were rather sketchy since the Air Force uses a much smaller scale than Army due to their wide-ranging planes.

On this occasion, we had not been over the terrain before and we found that the only road back to the Division had been blocked by fallen trees caused when the Germans exploded dynamite "necklaces" around the large trees lining the road. We noticed the tell-tale tracks of the small German carts used to move land mines from one area to another. We discovered that, through careful examination of the road ahead of us, we could determine the holes where the mines had been laid because the road was open and it was clear that no other vehicle had used the road since the mines were laid. After some discussion with Edmunds, I got out in front of the jeep in the rain and sleet and *carefully guided the jeep through the mine field on foot*, in many cases straddling the mine holes in the road. In a couple of places, there were trip wires stretched across the road which we cut, causing detonations. When this happened, we would duck down behind the shoulder of the road for protection.

After going about a block or so, we discovered that the mining wagon tracks and the traces of mines disappeared. Not trusting our foes, we nevertheless continued to follow our

The War Interlude

same careful pace with me leading the jeep foot by foot until we could be sure that we were out of danger. Finally, we were able to get back in the jeep and find our way to our Division.

In our attempt to avoid sniper fire and the mines placed on the road by the Germans, Edmunds and I did not give a thought to warning those coming behind us that the road was mined. There was no sign, of course, except the tracks left by the German wagons and these were undoubtedly erased by the rain. In any event, our division cannon company commander Captain Trudell and his first sergeant, we understand, came along a short while later in their jeep and failed to see the tracks indicating the mines on the road. They had gone only a short distance when a mine blew up under their jeep and killed them both instantly.

In retrospect, I deeply regret that we did not mark the road in some way to warn our troops that it was mined. Under the stringent circumstances of the moment, this thought simply did not occur to us, but we have wished many times that it had.

Chapter VIII

~

Operation "Werewolf"

During these fast moving days of our advance across Germany, there was, of course, no thought of where you would spend the night or whether you could even afford to stop. *The German SS had devised a terror tactic of dropping troops by parachute disguised as wolves to kill and terrorize* the advancing Allied forces. This was known in Allied Intelligence as "**Operation Werewolf**". We had been alerted to this new danger.

One night we were lucky enough to have a chance to rest in a small German town named, coincidentally, Wolfhagen (which means "*house of the wolf*" in German). My driver had dropped me at a little farmhouse which had a crude bedroom on the first floor and a hayloft on the second floor.

Heavy snow covered the area and there was no one else in sight. I was so tired that I threw my bedroll on the featherbed and was immediately asleep. I was awakened around midnight by the banging of a door and what sounded like footsteps. The mystery and fear of the werewolf legend was vivid in my mind and I grabbed for my carbine and hit the floor. This action was not unwarranted since Allied soldiers were being killed every night by terrorist German troops.

After lying on the dirty farmhouse floor for some time in the dark and bitter cold, I finally realized that the slamming of the door was caused by the wind that had arisen during the night.

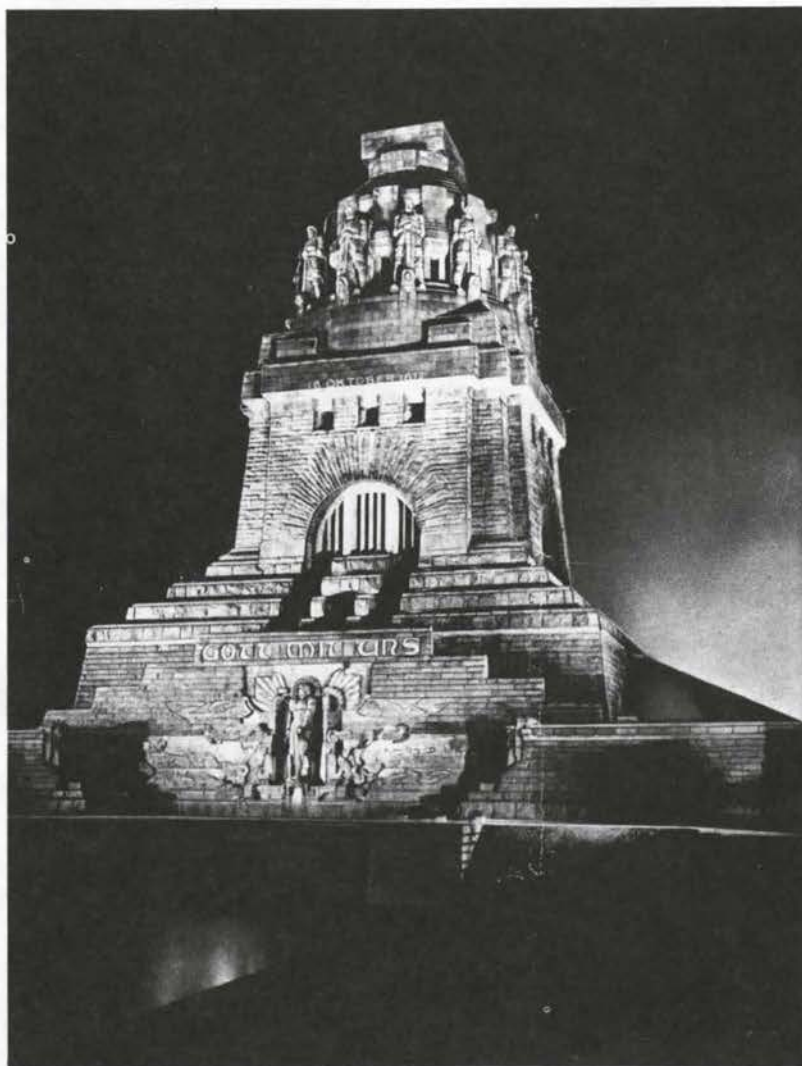
The War Interlude

It also occurred to me that large farm rats in the hayloft above me were responsible for the sound of footsteps that I thought I heard. Looking back on this little episode, it seems rather amusing now, but under the stress and constant fear of the time, this episode was pretty hair-raising especially because of its metaphysical aspects. Needless to say, I did not sleep any more that night. We hit the liaison trail early the next morning in search of our troops.

The Nazi SS were most conniving in trying to impede our advance across Germany. Mines, Fireights, Artillery and Tanks were not enough, nor were the werewolves! So the devious and clever SS arranged to *stretched thin wire cables across the roads intended to sever the necks and heads of their advancing enemy.*

In thickly wooded areas and at night these wires were practically invisible and actually decapitated many of our troops driving in open jeeps with the wind shield down. Thank God our engineers had an answer in the form of a metal A-Frame attached to the front of the jeep with a sharp edged apex to sever the deadly cables before they beheaded the occupants of the vehicle! In practice this worked very well, and these decapitating cables were soon obsolete.





D Leipzig,
freundliche Lindenstadt,
Dir ward
ein leuchtendes Ehrenmal:
So lange rollet
der Jahre Rad,
So lange scheint
der Sonnenstrahl,
So lange die Ströme
zum Meere reißen,
Wird noch
der späteste Enkel preisen
Die Leipziger Schlacht
E. W. Arndt

VÖLKERSCHLACHT-
DENKMAL

Napoleon's Monument
Leipzig, Germany

FIG. 2-2

Chapter IX

~

Leipzig

There were a number of such episodes, some more scary and bloody than others, as we moved across war-torn Germany towards our ultimate rendezvous with the Russians at Leipzig. Life became even more miserable when the snow that had been falling steadily turned to cold rain and sleet, leaving us not only cold and scared but also wet, hungry and miserable most of the time.

Edmunds and I were on the road most of the time. I employed several devices to survive the tough conditions under which we traveled. One was to sit on my plastic map case in a sometimes futile attempt to keep at least my bottom dry. Another device was to develop the habit of cat-napping while en route from one unit to another. This was not easy to accomplish because the deeply rutted roads tossed the occupants from side to side and made riding in an open jeep a precarious situation. (*Seat belts in combat were unheard of.*) Also, we were constantly on the lookout for mines and snipers lying in ambush. To this day, my darling wife wonders how I can doze off while sitting up and in less than comfortable circumstances. Believe me, I come by this ability honestly!

One of the most spectacular elements of the attack on Leipzig was the attack on Napoleon's Monument on the outskirts. This was a beautiful monument to the Emperor Napoleon built with a waterway on either side and a mammoth bell about two-thirds the way up.

The War Interlude

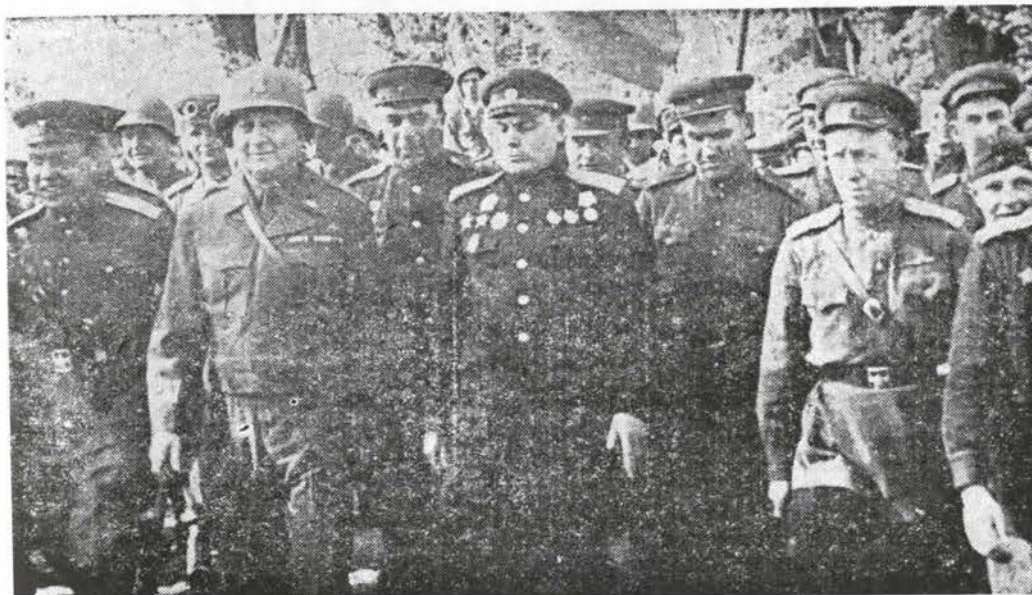
The Germans decided to take cover in the Monument. The SS Troops took the best positions as usual down below in the Monument, making the very young and very old soldiers in the German Wehrmacht to rim the outer unprotected defense perimeter where they were more vulnerable. Throughout the night our American artillery slammed into the Monument. *Though the Monument continued through the shelling, the enormous gong in the top rang constantly from artillery fire, like the sound of doom itself.* **The Monument itself sustained extensive damage.** The Germans surrendered and this was the end of the organized resistance at Leipzig, except for some holdouts among the fanatic SS troops, and, the German women fighting over food.

Elements of our 273rd Regiment under Col. Craig met the Russian Army East of Leipzig to much fanfare and celebration. This occurred at Torgau on the Elbe River in April 1945. This momentous event was covered by **The Stars and Stripes** in Europe, all world newspapers and again in Camp Shelby's newsletter, **The Reveille**. I proudly sent the article from **The Stars And Stripes** to Shelley, who turned it over for publication in her Camp Shelby paper, **The Reveille**. FIG. 2-3.



THE REVEILLE

69th and Russians



This is a scene at the great moment when troops of the Shelby-trained 69th Infantry Division met Russian troops on the Elbe east of Torgau, Germany. Maj.

Gen. Emil F. Reinhardt, commanding the 69th, stands beside the commander of the 58th Russian Infantry division. The photo was special to The Reveille

—that is, it was sent to Lt. Rae Drew, signal supply officer, by her husband, Capt. Horace Drew, and forwarded to the paper.

CIVILIAN CHATTER

SUPPLY DIVISION

We vote Leona Fezell, purchasing, the happiest girl in the Supply Division. Her fiancee, Capt. C. F. Rose, of the 5th Air Force, missing in action the past ten months, has been found to be safe and sound in a Philippine hospital.

Dottie Powell, purchasing, is vacationing with her parents and friends in Mobile, Alabama.

Mrs. Clara Stangl, Quartermaster Sales Office, is furloughing in St. Louis with hubby.

Quartermaster Sales Office welcomes two newcomers: Mrs. Ruby C. Moore and Mrs. Virginia B. Rogers.

Sympathy is extended to T. E. Miller, quartermaster Ice Plant, upon the recent death of his sister.

A speedy recovery to Miss Edith (Honey) Reber, Sales Office, who has been ailing the past week.

Lt. Judy Gooch, sales store officer, has been pinch-hitting for Capt. William A. Ross, Sales Officer, who is gulf-coasting.

Mrs. Ruth Smith, Signal Corps Repair Shop, and husband, Sgt. Frank Smith, 601 M. P., are in New York City.

Mrs. Lola Tyner, Chief Clerk of Signal Property and her son, Fred Jr., roughed it for two days in Putman Fishing Camp on Pascagoula River.

We thought we would be able to announce the blessed event in this publication, but Mickey and Minnie, Signal pigeons, have disappointed us again.

Capt. and Mrs. Jack Gibbs, Engineer Troop Supply, entertained with a cocktail party, held at their new home just up the hill from us.

The Thortons, he of Quartermaster Warehouse, D-6, announce the birth of a son, William Henry.

Capt. William T. Gwin, before his departure to Camp Gordon, Ga., bid his Quartermaster Property crew farewell with an ice cream party.

Capt. Thomas Fowler, who has been overseas for the last 28 months, is the new Assistant Transportation Officer.

Lt. Ursula Alexander, Asst. Transportation Officer, owns half interest in "Buck," one of the twin pups that has moved into the WAC Officers. The other 50 per cent of "Buck" belongs to Lt. Margaret Marks, Post Hqs., and "Nick," "Buck's" twin brother is owned by Lt. Mike Hancock, Reception Center.

We just heard that Mrs. Killian Shappley, a former employee of purchasing and wife of Sgt. Shappley of Reception Center, are lullabying a baby girl.

Lt. Rae Drew.

Chapter X

~

The Furstenhoff Hotel

Following this initial meeting on the Elbe River, arrangements were made for the Russians to meet with General Hodges and his staff at the Furstenhoff Hotel in Leipzig. So we in Division Headquarters were allowed to take a room and, for the first time in many months, have a hot bath and a good meal.

I clearly remember being greeted in my room by a beautiful blonde German girl as I emerged from my bath. *She was standing there holding a towel out to me. She reminded me of Blond Betty Grable, a popular movie star and G. I. pinup of the time, who, as I distinctly remember, also had lovely physical proportions.* This girl presented herself as much more than a hotel attendant, however. She went over to the queen-sized bed and sat down. She then cozily patted the cover next to her indicating that I should join her. And although no one has believed me to this day, **I told that beautiful girl to “Rausch!”**, which is the German word for “scram.” She looked amazed and disappointed, but complied with my stern order and left my room. In all honesty, I was disappointed too, albeit physically, but with the wonderful memories of my recent marriage fresh in my mind, I could do no less!

Later I was glad that I had resisted the beautiful German Fraulein’s invitation because the next day many in our Division were being court martialed or threatened with court martial for “fraternizing” with such German women. The desperate and clever German SS troops had recruited quite a large corps of unusually beautiful German women whose instructions were to use their feminine wiles to demoralize and distract our advancing troops.

The War Interlude

It was an ingenious ploy and in some instances worked quite well just like the mines, “werewolves” and stretched wires.

I recall that one evening a meeting and formal seated dinner was set up at the Furstenhoff Hotel between General Hodges, Commander of our own U.S. 1st Army, and General Zukov, commander of the Russian Ukrainian troops on the eastern side of the Elbe River. The Russians arrived 4 hours late in captured German vehicles pushing each other in boxcar fashion because they had run out of gas. Despite this ludicrous entrance, however, they were spiffy in their dress uniforms. After formalities and toasts between the two Generals, there was a session of drinking vodka and gin in toe to toe “toasts” with the Russians. As the evening progressed, the party grew more rowdy and we were entertained with some wild Russian dances by the Russian troops. I felt sorry for the poor Leipzig orchestra who entertained us that night at the Furstenhoff Hotel because they were quite pale with terror of the Russians. Nevertheless, they made good music all evening and by and large the occasion came off in good humor despite a few fights at the end between the feistier members of the two Armies.

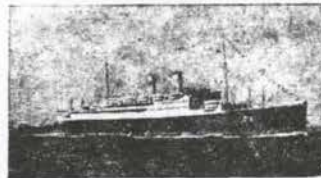


M. S. "John Ericsson"

United States Lines Company



Captain John W. Anderson, Master
Colonel Ward L. Schrantz, Transport Commander



This is to certify that

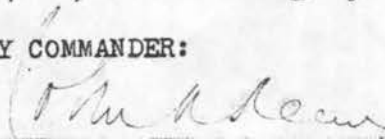
Captain
Rank

Horace R. Drew Jr.
Name

0-379891
Asn

has returned to the New York Port of
Embarkation from overseas service on the
M. S. "JOHN ERICSSON"
which left France on July 28, 1945

FOR THE ARMY COMMANDER:



Organization Commander

Chapter XI

~

The End of War and The Road Home

We had not been in Leipzig long when the War ended on May 7, 1945. I received orders to leave the Division and report to the Headquarters of General Simpson's Ninth army in Maastricht, Holland. I was furnished with a jeep and driver to make the trip. I recall the day I arrived in Maastricht. I was still dressed for combat with weapons and shoulder holster filled and loaded, combat fatigues and boots, steel helmet, and all the other regalement of a combat soldier. The people of Maastricht had long since reverted back to civilian status and were somewhat repelled and shocked to see an American soldier dressed for combat in their midst. I quickly stored my shoulder holster and other weapons and changed my uniform to Dress Woolens to be more presentable to our Dutch Allies.

Though Maastricht had been devastated during the War, the industrious Dutch townspeople rebuilt it in a fairly short time.

After two months in Maastricht, I returned home via LeHarve, France on the S.S. Kungsholm, the same ship that had brought me to Europe nearly a year before. Most of my possessions and loot from the war were lost when the landing net carrying my footlocker onto the Kungsholm broke and the contents were spilled into the harbor. The excitement of going home, however, dulled any pain I suffered from this unexpected loss.

After a rather uneventful trip across the Atlantic, I arrived at the Port of Debarkation in New York City. From there I was sent to Fort Bragg, North Carolina where I was given two weeks leave in the latter part of July 1945.

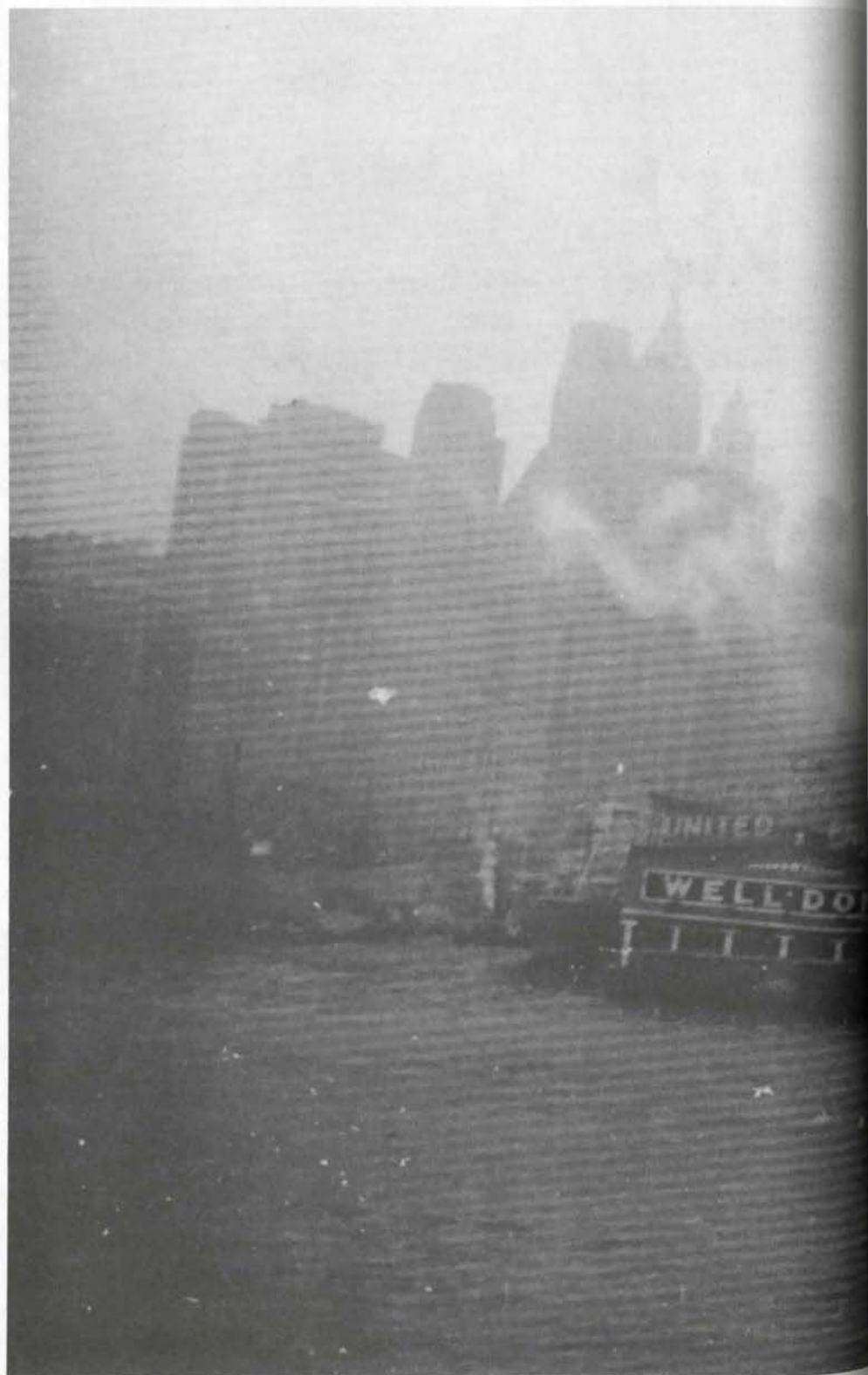
WELCOME



JULY ~ 1945

“HOMECOMMING”

Welcome by
New York City
for the Ninth Army
to which I was assigned
after the war



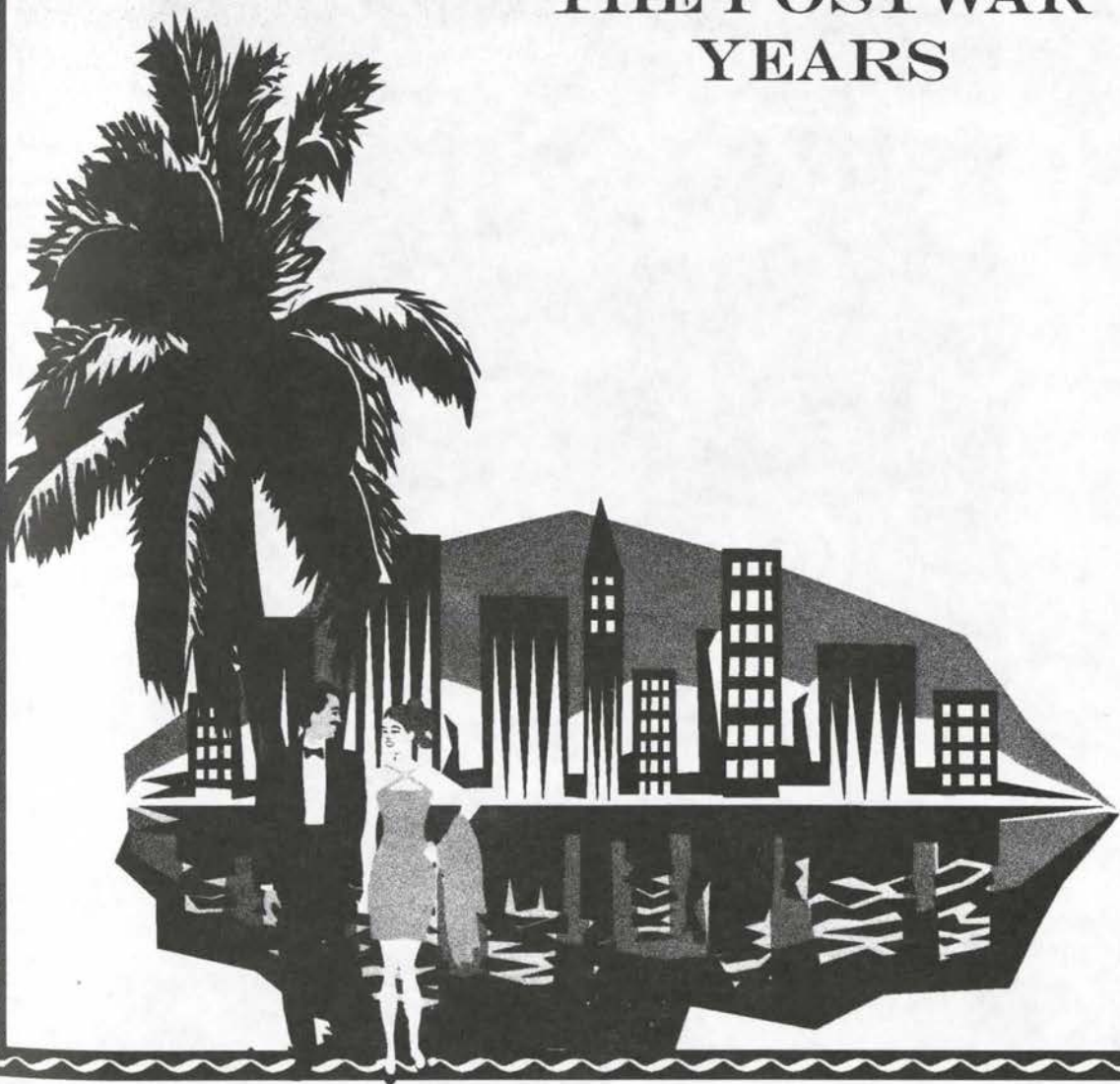
BACK



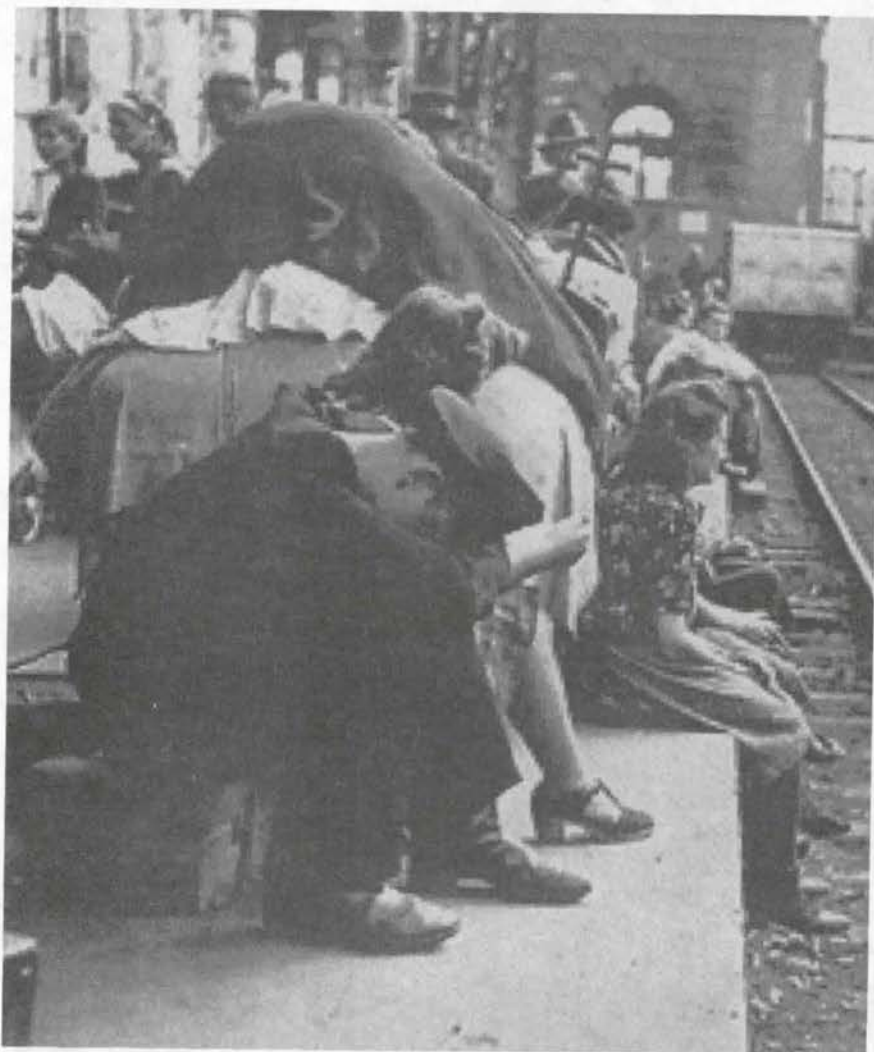
PART 3



THE POSTWAR YEARS



Homeless Germans



The human suffering caused by World War II was enormous. Cities lay in ruins, and millions of people had to be resettled. These homeless Germans reflected the widespread despair.

Keystone

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Chapter I

~

The States and Family Life

World War II ended in Europe on May 7, 1945. Germany was in shambles. Displaced persons (D.P.'S), clogged all the roads, many had no homes to return to and others appeared to be dazed and perpetually on the move.

On my return to Ft. Bragg about July 30, 1945 we were given all of the honors of returning war heroes and veterans, plus a thirty-day leave. I made fast tracks to Camp Shelby Mississippi where my lonely bride of nine months awaited me eagerly.

We chose a cottage at the old Clearwater Beach Hotel on the Gulf of Mexico in Florida and continued our honeymoon which had been cut short by the War. We swam and fished, but mostly we made up for lost time! After enduring blizzards in Europe the Florida sunshine never felt so good! We both got badly sunburned! In these golden moments we didn't even notice time or sunburn, and the thirty-day leave went by all too quickly.

We were both aware that I would be summoned to war again, this time as part of the planned invasion of Japan. However, prior to my returning to duty, while we were still opening our wedding presents in Jacksonville, Florida, President Truman gave the order to bomb the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The Japanese forces surrendered shortly thereafter. *I believed then, as I do now, that **President Truman's decision** was completely appropriate under the circumstances.* Many of us in the military were convinced that had we mounted a land attack on the main island of Japan, many many thousands of lives on both sides would have been lost.

The Postwar Years

Instead of returning to the War, I was ordered back to Ft. Bragg, North Carolina, to be mustered out as a Major in the Army Reserve. I then returned to civilian life in Jacksonville to seek a living for my family.

Shelley was still in the Army at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. I helped her obtain a medical discharge in January, 1946, getting her "in a family way". Our daughter, Shelley Louise, was born on May 9, 1946, at Riverside Hospital in Jacksonville, Florida.



The Postwar Years

RESTRICTED

TCT - Transportation Corps will furnish the necessary transportation.
 UTD - Upon completion of this TDY will return to proper station.

RESTRICTED

ARMY SERVICE FORCES
 FOURTH SERVICE COMMAND
 HQ. CAMP SHELBY, MISSISSIPPI

SPECIAL ORDERS)
 ;
 NO.,,277.....)

E X T R A C T

14 November 1945.

9. 1ST LT. RAE DREW, L201330, SC (WAC), AUS, is granted leave of absence for a period of one (1) month, effective 15 November 1945, is held for atchd unasgd Pnt Det, Sec I, 1473 SCU, Sta. Med. Reg. Hosp., this sta, and atchd unasgd Separation Center, Fort Dix, New Jersey (for record purposes only, no travel involved in connection thereto) during terminal leave and placed on DS for a period of six (6) days for TPA. 1ST LT DREW WP her home, 1491 Metropolitan, New York, New York, so as to arr not later than 21 December 1945, at which time she will be discharged from Army of the United States, and AUS apmt is terminated. Discharge is not by reason of physical disability. Officer entitled to DD AGO Form #53-97. DP. TPA. PCS. TDN 601-31 P 431-01, 02, 03, 07, 08, 4212/60425 3 99-999. Auth: WD Cir 404, 44; 1st Ind Hq Cg Shelby, Miss.; and Ltr SPIEF 30044 Travel Orders, Hq 4th SvC, dated 4 April 1945. EDCMR: 15 November 1945.

BY COMMAND OF BRIGADIER GENERAL HALLGRAN:

R. HIPPELHEUSER
 Lt. Col., A.G.D.
 Adjutant.

OFFICIAL:

R. Hippelheuser
 R. HIPPELHEUSER *Sh. G.*
 Lt. Col., A.G.D.
 Adjutant.

DISTRIBUTION:

Pnt Det	12
Registrar	10
Lt Drew	12
Ft Dix	2
Mil Pers Br	10
Maj Hodgkinson	1
Intelligence	1
CO Reg Hosp	2

RESTRICTED

3 - 1 -

RESTRICTED

Shelley's Medical Discharge

FIG. 3-1

Our Honeymoon

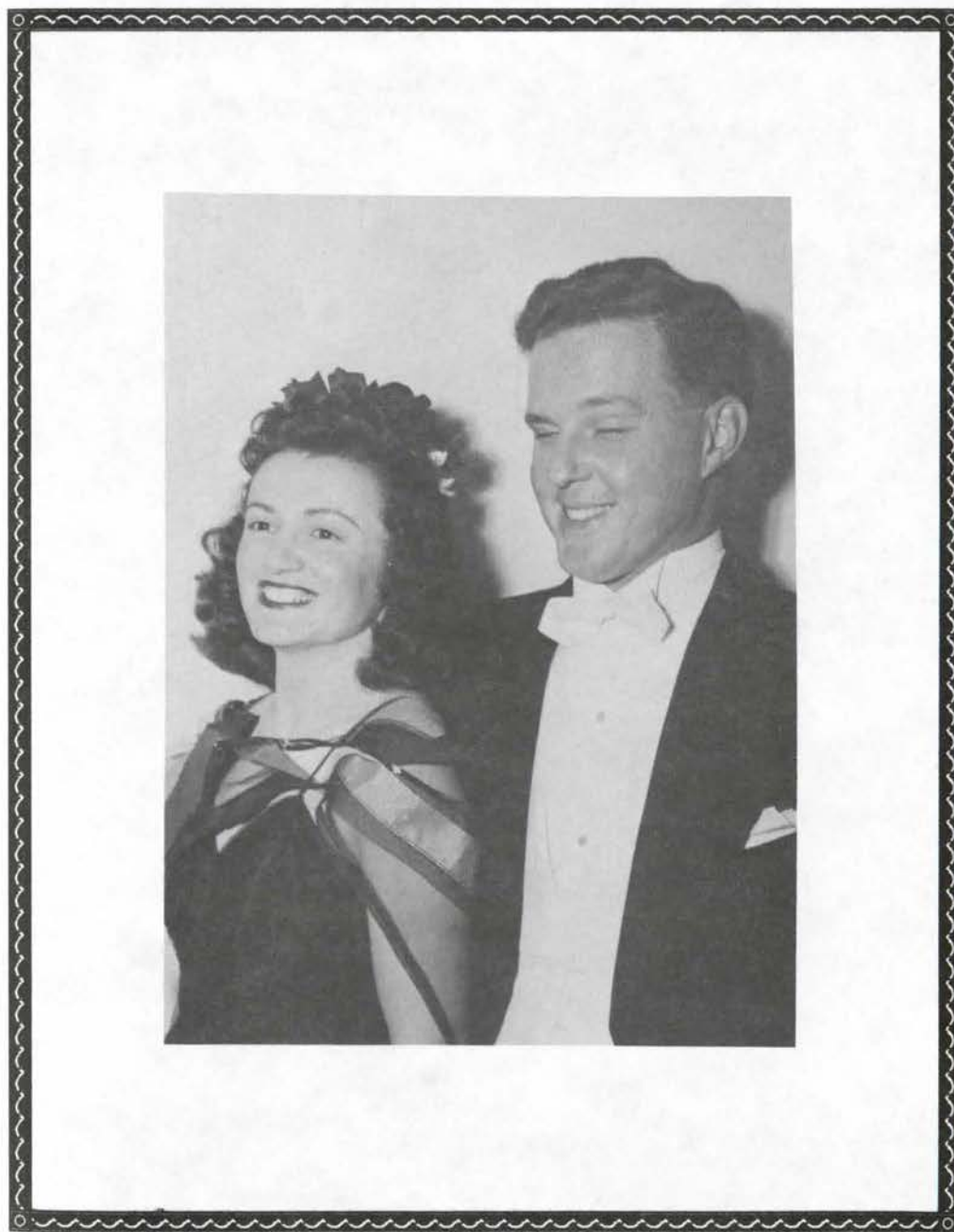


Clearwater Beach Hotel

*Gulf of Mexico
Florida*

We continued our honeymoon which had been cut short by the war. We swam and fished, but mostly we made up for lost time! After enduring blizzards in Europe, the Florida sunshine never felt so good!

The Postwar Years



"Formal Dance"

THE FLORIDA YACHT CLUB



Christmas - 1948



The Children





Shelley Louise
in France, 1966



FIG 3-2

Chapter II

~

The Children

Despite the discouragement by the Army (See FIG. 3-12, INFRA) as tangible evidence of our deep and abiding love for each other, *Shelley and I produced three beautiful children* - Two boys and one girl - following World War II. **“Our Story”** would be incomplete without a brief story of each child’s life to this time.

Shelley Louise

Named after her mother Shelley and her Grandmother Louise, Shelley was a beautiful red-headed child with an abundance of energy. Shelley was greatly loved by all and especially by her grandfather, and often helped him with his stamp collection.

Shelley was an excellent student who attended Hendricks Avenue Grammar School and Landon High School, graduating with honors in 1963.

During the summer following graduation, Shelley participated in a foreign student exchange program and lived with a Mexican family in Mexico City. She made many friends and learned the Spanish language fluently. We later hosted for a year Beatrice Clavel, a daughter of the Mexican family with whom Shelley had lived with in Mexico City.

The Postwar Years

Shelley entered Hollins College in Virginia the following fall. Her studies there included a year studying at the Sorbonne in Paris. After she finished her studies at the Sorbonne, Shelley, along with fellow students from Hollins, toured Europe.

*Shelley earned the **Diplome Superieur d'Etudes Francais** in 1966 from the University of Paris and a B.A. from Hollins in 1968.*

During her return to the United States in January 1967, the ship on which Shelley was a passenger, the S.S. Bremen, ran into a monstrous storm in the North Atlantic Ocean. She called us from the ship, where the 40-foot waves cut off our telephone-linkage while the Bremen was down in the wave troughs. Shelley told us later that the ship took on a great deal of water as the seas broke over her because most of the glass panels in the dining salon were smashed, allowing water to pour into the ship. All we could do over the phone was pray for Shelley's safe return.

When she returned to the United States, Shelley had an article on her travels done by the local paper. (FIG. 3-3) She then completed three years of graduate work at Hollins College in romance languages and business administration. She was also a language instructor.

With her language degree from Hollins, Shelley first intended to serve as an interpreter for the United Nations. That career did not pan out, so after graduation she taught French at a Jacksonville high school for a few years, then went into social work. From 1973 - 1978, she was a Vocational Rehabilitation's Counselor for the State of Florida. Since 1978, she has been employed by the United States Labor Department in Jacksonville as a Federal Wage and Hour Investigator.

Like most young people, Shelley enjoyed an active social life and dates over the years.

The Postwar Years

Although the young men were most attractive, one of whom was a cousin of President Ronald Reagan, Shelley did not seem to take them seriously until 1987. In April of that year, we learned that Shelley was serious about a fine young man (Michael Jonathan Tipping) a Welshman and Environmental Engineer for the International Firm of SCM GLIDCO in Jacksonville.

A wedding was planned at St. John's Cathedral, our patriarchal parish. However, the Dean of the Cathedral advised us that because Michael was once divorced, he and Shelley would have to undergo a year of church counseling. We were a little disgruntled with this edict because it came from the same church that sanctions same-sex marriages and ordains homosexuals into the ministry!

So we finally gave up the notion of a church wedding altogether and arranged to have the wedding at our home at 861 Waterman Road. To perform the ceremony we called on our old friend Circuit Judge Harold Clark, and he willingly and ably obliged. We invited close friends of Shelley's, our favorite neighbor Betty Jones and our beloved maid Josephine and her husband. The wedding was held on April 4, 1987.

"Shelley and Michael have been very happy, and we are happy for them."



E-8 The Florida Times-Union/Jacksonville Journal, Jacksonville, Sunday, April 19, 1987

WEDDINGS

*In honor of
Shelley Louise Drew
and
Michael Jonathan Tipping
who were married the fourth of April
nineteen hundred eighty-seven
Mr. and Mrs. Horace R. Drew, Jr.
cordially invite you to a
Cocktail - Buffet Reception
on Sunday, the seventeenth of May
nineteen hundred and eighty-seven
from seven to nine o'clock in the evening
at the
San Jose Country Club
7529 San Jose Boulevard
Jacksonville, Florida*

Tipping - Drew

Shelley Louise Drew and Michael Jonathan Tipping were married at 5 p.m., April 4 in the home of the bride's parents.

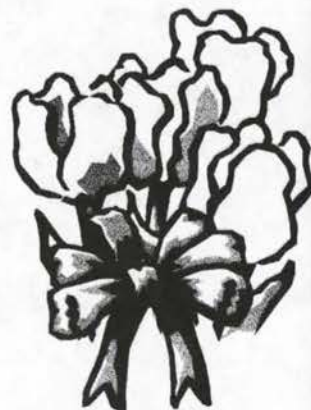
The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace R. Drew Jr., was graduated from Hollins College and the University of Paris. She also did graduate work at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She is employed by the U. S. Department of Labor as a compliance specialist.

The bridegroom, son of Mr. and Mrs. Derrick Tipping, Letchworth, United Kingdom, was graduated from the University of Wales and is employed by SCM Glidco as manager of environmental affairs.

Barbara Chochran was the brides honor attendant.

The couple will reside in Jacksonville.

FIG. 3-5



The Postwar Years



Left to right. Judge Harold Clark, Shelley Louise & Michael

Shelley Louise Drew & Michael Jonathan Tipping

~
April 4, 1987
FIG 3-4



Jacksonville Journal On Local Front

Monday, January 30, 1967

Page 11

Soviet Friendliness 'Hard To Believe'

By KEN GOLDMAN
Journal Staff Writer

"Peace and friendship."

"Everywhere in Russia, people were taking out translation books, pointing to the words and saying in their native tongue, 'Peace and friendship.'"

"Then they would point and say, 'Let us work for a united world.'"

"I saw it but I still find it hard to believe. The Soviet people are fanatically for peace."

Honor student Shelley Drew, having just completed a year's study at the Sorbonne in Paris with 49 other coeds from Hollins College, Va., was in Jacksonville this weekend visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Drew Jr., 861 Waterman Road. Her father is an attorney.

It was a between-semester tour of 14 European countries. In addition to five Communist lands, which she explicitly recalls.

The Hollins Aboard students mined Austrian salt mines; worked at a farm school in Greece; "guzzled" beer with University of Bonn students; became lost bicycling in Copenhagen; swam nude at the famous saunas bathhouses in Finland; and auditioned original lyrics to the song, "Don't Fence Me In" at the center of Moscow.

"I'll always think only friendly thoughts about the Russian people," Shelley said. "I'll always thank kindly of them. In many villages, they would greet us with flowers, they sincerely want you to like them."

Russian youths would show their friendship by buying you mail pins, she noted. "Soon we decided to have a contest or pins. We tried to bribe the youngsters with candy. They weren't interested. But for bubble gum, they would do anything."

The Soviet people are considered only America's "small life class" could travel abroad and that the majority of the U.S. population are slaves, the former London High student stated. They would ask, "How many slaves does your father own?"

They believe the Hungarian people called for the Russian army in 1956, "after the Americans seized control of the government."

"Are you going back to your

country and slander us?" one elderly peasant innocently asked as the American tourists prepared to leave.

While in Leningrad, the group visited a museum of religious history. Inside were photographs of a priest playing a fiddle in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York while his congregation danced.

The museum's highlight is a "great progress chart," showing that since 1920, Leningrad's population has doubled while its churches have decreased from 465 to 19.

"Russia claims to have religious freedom but only a few older people attend church. The youths know that attendance would mean the end to any career and personal betterment."

Despite the cold war propaganda, the Russian people displayed no ill will toward American tourists, Shelley said. "They are a very submissive people. They would like to reconcile with both the West and the Chinese."

The submissive attitude does not carry over in the satellite countries. In Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and especially East Germany, many remember what their country was like before communism and are discontent, Shelley asserted.

"West Berlin is like a modern American city, while East Berlin still has ruins from the war."

"Some approached us to help them out of their country. But there was nothing we could do."

Getting into Russia is almost as intricate, the pert, brown-eyed Jacksonville native learned.

"We tried to enter through the Rumanian border," she recalls. "The guards searched the bus for more than three hours until, about midnight, they announced the Russian border was closed."

"They said, 'You'll have to go back,' but the closest town was 300 miles. Instead, in freezing weather we pitched tents."

"The next day, the Rumanians repeated their three-hour search. Then the Russians demanded to examine everything. That took another five hours."

"After that reception and after having not eaten for about 24 hours, we were apprehensive over what to expect as we approached the first Russian village," Shelley said.

"But the welcome we received there and throughout Russia will always remain vivid in my memories."



SHELLEY SHOWS SOME OF SOUVENIRS

Journal Photo

It's All Work —And Strikes

Attending school French style often means crowded classrooms and some "striking" behavior, Jacksonville's Shelley Drew says.

The French schools provide no varsity athletics, no social life. It's all work, work, work. In the truest democratic fashion, the students rebel by striking. They strike against anything and everything. Sometimes the professors strike.

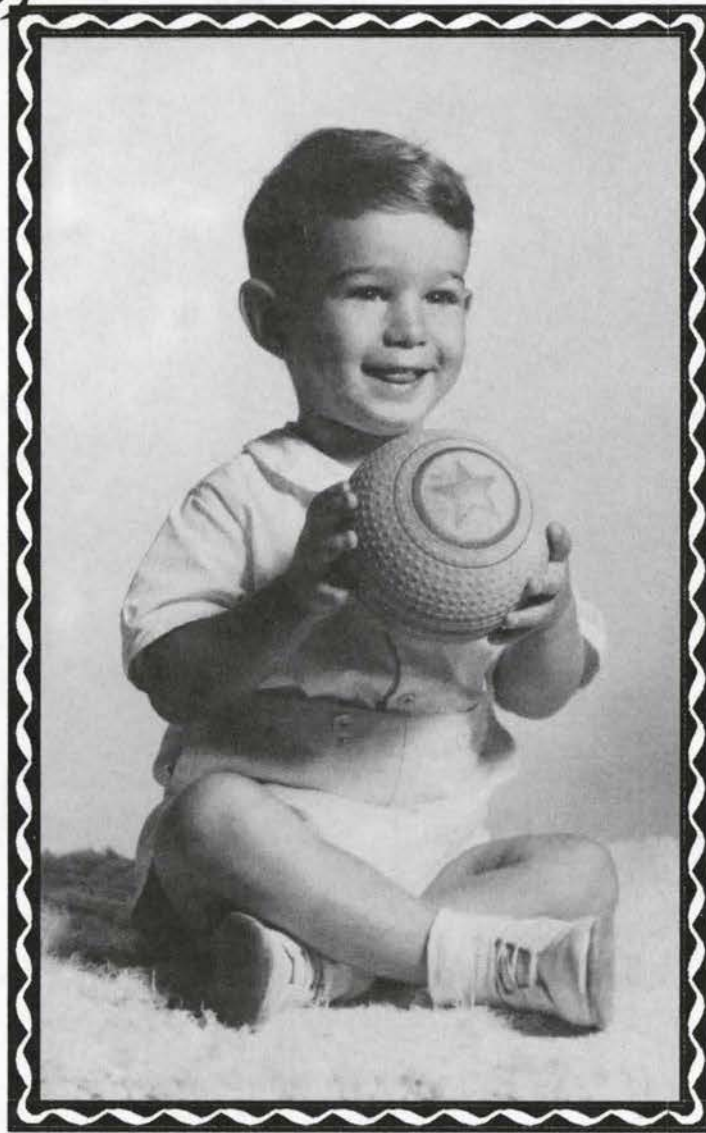
Shelley recalls that she was one of 3,000 who enrolled for a course at the famed Sorbonne

in Paris. The building holds only 1,000.

The first day, students continued to pour into the edifice, an amphitheatre, until it could hold no more. They demanded the class be held at two separate times. The professor refused. A strike was called.

Hearing of it, 3,000 other students on campus struck in sympathy. Soon more than 5,000 chanting students swarmed the amphitheatre. Meekly, the professor revised his decision.

The Postwar Years



Robert Fairbanks Drew

~
1948 - 1982

FIG 3-6

Robert Fairbanks

Our second child, Robert, came into the world on August 3, 1948, at Riverside Hospital. He was delivered by Dr. Champ Taylor. Shelley was in labor for several hours and Robert was cyanotic (blue from oxygen insufficiency) when he arrived.

A pretty little baby with dark hair, he seemed okay at first. He was an active child and enjoyed our family excursions to the beach and fishing.

However, when Robert reached five, he began to lag behind other children in his age group. On the advice of our pediatrician, Dr. Joel Fleet, we took him to Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, for a week-long evaluation.

After a thorough examination, doctors there told us that Bobby had suffered brain damage, probably at birth, and his IQ was around 50 as a result. We were heartbroken at the news, but decided to do all we could to help Bobby live a normal life.

At first we entered him in a local school for disadvantaged youngsters. He did not progress there, so we tried a rather expensive school in Atlanta where Bobby remained for several years, until the Director regretfully advised us that there was nothing further she could do for Bobby.

After some further research into the possibilities, and conferences with our medical advisors, in 1960, we entered Bobby in the Sunland Training Center in Gainesville, a home for retarded children run by the State of Florida.

Bobby seemed to do very well at Sunland for many years. One advantage was that we could swing by Sunland on the weekends and take him over to the grove. He loved Shelley's good cooking and fishing in the ponds, riding the tractor and playing with the animals around the grove. He also had a chance to be and play with his sister and younger brother, Horace III

The Postwar Years

Periodically, we would take Bobby home to stay with us in Jacksonville. These visits required constant supervision of him, much like a two-year-old child.

His Grandmother, Louise Phillips Drew, tried hard to teach him, but without too much success. The Sunland arrangement worked very well for many years. Bobby seemed happy there with the children who were his peers.

After 22 years at Sunland, on the morning of May 19, 1982, we received a call from an employee at Sunland who told us they were "*having a problem with Bobby.*" On further inquiry by us as to the problem, we were told that Bobby had choked on a pancake that morning and died. *We were shocked and griefstricken!* This did not seem possible! We immediately went to Sunland where we found the staff very defensive concerning their lack of life-saving techniques. Apparently none of the staff had been trained in the use of the Heimlich Maneuver, a method of dislodging food or other obstruction from the throat of a choking victim. I could not believe this!

I conducted my own investigation and interrogation of the Sunland medical staff. My Finding was of gross negligence. I considered a suit for wrongful death against the State, and consulted several trial attorneys toward that end.

With further, more mature, consideration, however, it was apparent that none of this would bring our Bobby back to us. Moreover, if we were successful, we would be taking much needed funds from the rest of the needy children living at Sunland.

In the end we did nothing beyond reprimanding Sunland and writing governor Graham about the situation in the hope that it would help others.

The Postwar Years

I went to Kyle McLellan, Inc., our old funeral director and arranged for a grave-side funeral in our Drew Burial plot on Haughton Road in Evergreen Cemetery. Dean Don Wimberly of St. Johns Cathedral conducted a most appropriate funeral service at graveside. Many of the staff from Sunland attended, as did many friends and family. He was buried in the Family Plot near his grandmother who loved him so.

"Bobby was 33 years old at the time of his death."



FIG. 3-7

I pray for Bobby every night.

We all loved him very much and will always miss him

HORACE R. DREW, JR.
FURNACE, N. WIS.
FREDERICK H. SMITH, JR.

LAW OFFICES
BUCK, DREW, ROSS & SHORT
SUITE 400 THE GALLERIA
333 LAURA STREET
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA 32202-8878
904/384-8808

LAWRENCE A. BUCK
PHYSICIAN TO THE KING

December 3, 1982

Governor Bob Graham
Governor's Mansion
Tallahassee, Florida 32301

Re: Robert Fairbanks Drew, Deceased

Dear Governor Graham:

My son Robert Fairbanks Drew (Robert) choked to death because of "cafe coronary" while a patient at Sunland Training Center, Gainesville, Florida, between 7:00 a.m. and 7:30 a.m. on May 19, 1982. While the facts leading up to his death are not all available to me, those facts that are available indicate a negligent disregard for this patient's life by the Sunland Health Services Director (Director) through the medical policies established by him at Sunland.

Robert was admitted at the age of 11 to Sunland on May 26, 1960 and died there on May 19, 1982 at the age of 33 years. On admission, Sunland records show him "to be a well-nourished, well-developed white male, ambulating without assistance" with some speech. The records further show that:

An initial evaluation of the Stanford-Binet Intelligence Scale Form L was done on May 19, 1960 which revealed a mental age of 6 years and 2 months, and an I.Q. of 52. The following years, the test was done on Form M which showed a gradual deterioration of his I.Q. and it had deteriorated to a profound level.

Despite this profound and alarming deterioration in Robert's I.Q. after admission to Sunland, he was continued there as the best facility available for Robert. With the exception of the medical situation existing at the time of his death, I am satisfied Robert received very good care at Sunland throughout his 22 years there, and I am most grateful for this.

Governor Bob Graham
December 3, 1982
Page Two

During the year prior to his death in 1982, Robert had suffered several food-choking episodes and at least one was serious enough to require the Rescue Service to be called. Because of this, and an underweight condition, the Director, during my talk with him at Sunland on September 4, 1981, stated that Robert had been put on a "Triple Portion Diced Diet supervised full time". Pancakes were stated definitely not to be a part of this supervised diet.

On the morning of his death, the facts show that Robert was eating his breakfast at about 7:00 a.m. in the Sunland cafeteria and that he choked on a pancake. Further facts show:

- (1) The pancake was not on his diet.
- (2) His diet was not supervised.
- (3) No physician was present, "on call" or available in accordance with the stated policy of the Director.
- (4) No one was immediately available to administer the Heinrich Method, the established treatment for cafe coronary, despite Robert's repeated and recent history of food-choking.
- (5) Inadequate efforts at revival and resuscitation were applied from 7:15 a.m. to 7:29 a.m.
- (6) All efforts ceased and Robert was pronounced dead at 7:29 a.m. by a physician's assistant (no physician being present or available).
- (7) Sunland staff physicians have seriously questioned the cessation of all efforts at resuscitation after 14 minutes and the declaration of death by other than a physician. They have also questioned the policy of not having a physician on 24-hour call.

FIG 3-8

Governor Bob Graham
December 3, 1982
Page Three

- (8) Under the foregoing circumstances, Robert died by choking and asphyxiation.

During my interview with the Director in September, I learned from him that he was the Chief Physician at Sunland but considered himself only an administrator and had no personal contact with Robert or any other patient at Sunland. This is difficult to comprehend since there is a shortage of physicians at Sunland and more were needed to treat the patients, according to the Director. It was his stated policy (over objection from some of his Staff Physicians) that no physician be on 24-hour call at Sunland. Moreover, he appeared rather unconcerned over one more death among Sunland's retarded patients. Reflecting his general attitude, he remarked during the conference that some people do not believe in even attempting to revive a retarded child.

Obviously, nothing we can do will bring Robert back, nor is it sensible to bring any legal action when a recovery would only go to reduce the limited funds now available for the retarded living.

I do make this appeal to you as Governor to rectify this situation literally threatening the lives of the remaining retarded patients at Sunland, and to place at the medical helm there a physician of ability, education and compassion who will effectively render medical services to these retarded persons who cannot speak for or help themselves.

I will be most pleased to hear from you at your convenience.

Respectfully,

Horace R. Drew, Jr.

HRD:jrls

cc: Ms. Donna W. Flournoy
P. O. Box 1260
Gainesville, FL 32601



BOB GRAHAM
GOVERNOR

STATE OF FLORIDA
Office of the Governor
THE CAPITOL
TALLAHASSEE 32301

January 3, 1983

Mr. Horace R. Drew, Jr.
Buck, Drew, Ross and Short
The Galleria, Suite 400
333 Laura Street
Jacksonville, Florida 32202

Dear Mr. Drew:

Thank you for your letter concerning the tragic death of your son, Robert. You have my deepest sympathy.

I would like to apologize for any misunderstanding that may have arisen from your talk with Dr. Williams, but I am confident there was no intention to leave you with any impression of unconcern on his part. I have been advised by members of the management staff at Sunland that, after several years of service, they consider him to be a highly dedicated physician in whom they have great confidence.

It is my intention, however, to ask Secretary David Pingree to review the Sunland policies on physician coverage, as well as staff training in emergency life saving techniques, so that situations such as the one involving your son can be minimized.

Your expression of concern is appreciated, and you are in my thoughts and prayers.

With kind regards,

Sincerely,

Governor

BG/rlk



Horace Rainsford Drew III

B. March 20, 1955

FIG 3-9

Horace Rainsford Drew III

Horace Rainsford III, our third and last child, was born March 20, 1955, at Baptist Hospital.

Horace was a handsome child, also a red head. Our maid, Josephine Daise Davis, adopted Horace as she had the other children. There was a strong bond between them until Josephine's passing in 1996.

A new church school at Grace Chapel Parish was begun about this time, and we arranged for Horace to get his primary education there. He was a superior student as evidenced by one teacher's comment: "Horace has done superior work in all areas . . . he does well on anything he undertakes." Her only criticism was the "illegibility of his handwriting", and "a tendency to try to run things." She then congratulated Horace for making the Headmaster's List with "A's" in all academic subjects. Shelley and I consider ourselves fortunate to have children who adopt the learning disciplines so easily.

In 1966 while in the seventh grade, Horace applied to Jacksonville Episcopal High School and was accepted as one of their first students in December 1966. He continued to do well there as evidenced in a 1970 JEHS report which showed Horace as having "an average grade percentile" of 97 percent.

One of the more memorable highlights of Horace's high school career happened in 1971 in an article he wrote for the school paper entitled, "*Chapel Approach Should Be Traditional*". He pointed out that it was the clear intent of the school founders to have a traditional service at school chapel, and that the new format brought "*distracting confusion uncharacteristic of religious worship.*"

The Postwar Years

Although Horace's article was widely applauded and approved, the School Chaplain, Canon Bertram Herlong, (Now Bishop of Tennessee), the instigator of the "new service", was much offended, and called Horace to task for his temerity. *Horace spent several weekends washing school windows in penance.* While in our view this was unjust, we thought the humility of window washing might be good for him.

Horace graduated from Jacksonville Episcopal *Summa Cum Laude* and went on to obtain his B.S. in Chemistry from Davidson College in Davidson, North Carolina in 1976.



Horace completed his doctorate work at California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, California, and earned his Ph.D. in Chemistry in 1981, at the age of 26.

Not all was scholarship. Horace and I became "offshore fisherman", beginning around 1966, we first fished in an 18 foot Fiberglas with two twin 40 HP out-board evinrudes. With no shelter from the sun and rain we fished everywhere. We trailed to Ft. Pierce, to Clearwater, to Welaka, to Mayport and to Islamarado, Key West to name a few. We went many miles out into the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. We were caught in storms. Once with my dear friend Campbell ("Cam") Logan with us, we limped into Mayport on one engine, using a twisted Beer can for a propeller! Nearly always we brought back lots of fish.

About 1969, we graduated to a 23 foot Almand, sporting a head, a canopy, a forecas-
tle with two bunks, and powered by a 225 H.P. Inboard-Outboard OMC engine. Each of our boats bore the name "Shel-Ho" for Shelley and Horace. With this boat we could leave Good-
bys Creek Marina at 6 a.m. and be fishing 20 miles offshore by 8 a.m., after a hearty breakfast at Monty's Marina, at Mayport along the way!

The Postwar Years

Horace often invited Eli Sleiman, Jr. or one of his other friends along, and we would troll for King Mackerel, Cobia and Dolphin all day long. We nearly always came in with a full locker of fish. These were days we will always remember and cherish!

With these boyhood memories in mind, Horace frequently takes his son, Daniel McCall Drew, fishing in Australia. When Daniel some day may have a son, no doubt the love of fishing will be perpetuated in him by Daniel.

*Is it not possible
that our strong Viking Heritage propels us to
this avid love of the sea ?*

Horace was then invited to Cambridge, England where he joined a renowned Molecular Biology Laboratory established there by then Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Mrs. Thatcher gathered brilliant chemistry doctors from many countries around the world, including England, United States, Italy, Japan, France, Australia, and South Africa. The Laboratory was headed by Dr. Aaron Klug of South Africa, the 1982 Nobel Prize Winner in Chemistry.

During his years at Cambridge Horace literally met his match in Maxine McCall, a fellow chemistry doctor from Perth Australia. We met Maxine during our trip to Cambridge in May 1985 and were very impressed. We did not know at the time however that she would ultimately become our daughter in-law.

That fall we received a call from Horace announcing that he and Maxine had married on November 18, 1985 at Ripley Castle near Cambridge. When they visited the States while job hunting, we held a formal reception for them at the San Jose Country Club to announce



A WEDDING PARTY

~

Max and Horace are getting married
on Monday, November 18, 1985.

Please come to our place and celebrate
with us in the afternoon, 5 to 8 P.M.

We live at 28 Courtland Avenue, near the
east end of Cavendish Avenue, Cambridge.

No presents, please, but champagne, salad
or dessert would be appreciated.



FIG. 3-10

The Postwar Years

Ripley Castle

Nr. Harrogate, North Yorkshire



DINNER PARTY

to celebrate the wedding of

HORACE DREW & MAXINE McCALL

on

Saturday, 23rd November, 1985

The Postwar Years

The newly weds then interviewed for faculty positions at the Universities of Florida, Arizona, and Florida State. They were well received, but found to their dismay that the U.S. with all of its bureaucracy under the National Health Administration was many years behind both England and Australia in Molecular Biology and DNA. Maxine was pregnant with their first child, Daniel McCall Drew (Born February 23, 1987) at the time.

In 1986, Horace and Maxine were both offered positions as molecular biologists working with SCIRO, the National Health Organization in Sydney, Australia, and they then left Cambridge for Sydney.

They bought a home in Australia and after Daniel, had a second child, Caroline McCall Drew, (Bearsy) who was born on September 3, 1990.

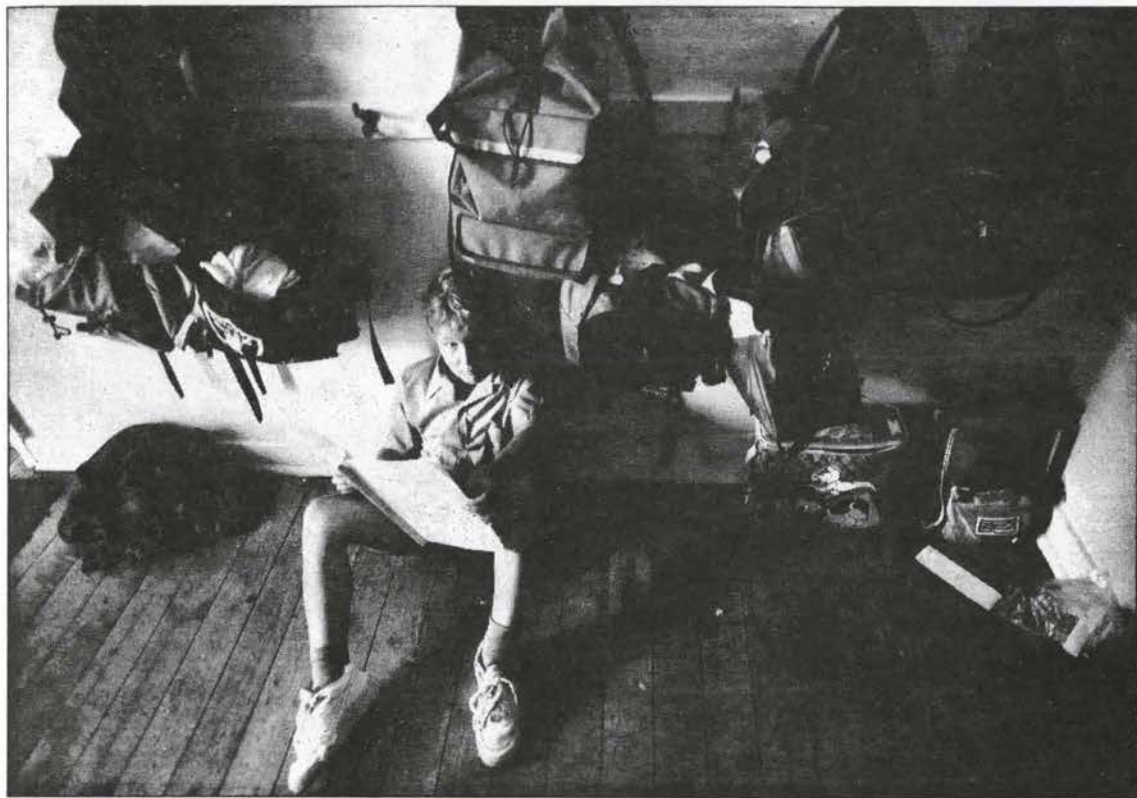
They have been quite successful thus far in their field: Maxine is a Principal Research Scientist and *co-developer of Gene Shears, a multimillion-dollar cure for cancer, AIDS, and the common cold, now in the **Field Testing** stage.*

Horace is a Principal Research Scientist in the Division of Molecular Engineering at CSIRO. He has published a widely accepted book entitled **Understanding DNA**, now being updated, and many scholarly articles.

Not to be outdone, their son, Daniel *at age seven years* published a book entitled **The Computer Inside Me** for use in teaching 12-year-olds the rudiments of DNA.



DNA? It's as easy as ABC for budding, young scientist



Today a DNA book, tomorrow the world . . . Daniel Drew with his book.

Photograph by ELIZABETH DOBBIE

By JO ARBLASTER

Daniel Drew wants to be a scientist. Not only does he know where he's going, he knows where he's come from, too.

The seven-year-old's interest in science led him to write a book on DNA, *The Computer Inside Me*. Written with help from his father, Horace Drew, principal research scientist in the division of bio-molecular engineering at the CSIRO, the book took about a month to complete. His mother, Maxine, who is also a scientist, did the illustrations.

Mr Drew had wanted to write a children's book about DNA but realised he couldn't do it "because I don't think like a child".

So Daniel took up the challenge, admitting his father helped him "a bit".

Mr Drew said: "I let him work out a rough draft and my wife and I finished all his ideas."

Daniel, who attends Beaumont Road public school, presented a seminar on DNA at the CSIRO earlier this week. He hopes the book will help children understand how DNA is in every living thing.

"Trees, like over there, have DNA, plus even fruit has DNA," Daniel said. Asked what didn't have DNA, he said bluntly: "Bricks".

The Computer Inside Me is being considered by a publisher.





Drew Family Residence

Built in 1909 by Architect Leroy Sheftall

for

Dr. Horace R. Drew

~

245 West Third Street
Jacksonville, Florida



Chapter III

~

Return to Civil Life

From 1946 to 1949 we lived with my parents at 245 West Third Street. We were most grateful to my parents for this temporary shelter for the family, as well as for all of their love and affection shown to us and the children, Shelley Louise (born May 9, 1946) and our two sons, Robert Fairbanks (born August 3, 1948), and later Horace Rainsford III (born March 20, 1955).

After several years in the Army during the War, neither Shelley nor I felt equipped for civilian life. Shelley had her hands full with the children and did not go back to work until the children were older. However, she did later return to college, (F.S.U. University of Florida and J.U.) where she earned her Ph.D. in English and Humanities, and later taught High School and College in these fields.

I had earned my law degree before entering active service, so I went through the interview process with a number of local law firms. The field was crowded with young lawyers after the War, so competition was keen!

I recall that at the prestigious Jacksonville law firm of Fleming, Jones, Scott and Botts, I was interviewed by none other than the senior partner himself, Mr. Frank Fleming. After about an hour, Mr. Fleming offered me a job as an associate for \$100.00. I asked if that figure was weekly, and he quickly replied, "***Oh no!*** *One-hundred dollars per month!*"

The Postwar Years

A hundred dollars was meager even back then and as the father of a growing family, it was difficult for me to imagine supporting them on such a small salary, so I respectfully declined his offer, Thanking Him. Mr. Fleming also confided in me that "I have wasted half my life being on time for conferences"!

Later, I was offered the position of "Trust Officer" at the Newly organized Trust Department of the Barnett Bank by Mr. Warren Jones, who was Mr. Fleming's partner and later a Justice on the U.S. Fifth (Now Eleventh) Circuit Court of Appeals. I consulted with my uncle, Senator J. Turner Butler, about the offer, which seemed suitable enough to me. Uncle Turner advised against taking the position, however. He felt that the Barnett family, the owners of the Bank, at the time were too unstable and that the job's future was questionable in light of this.

I had hoped to enter law practice with Uncle Turner after I returned from the War, but this did not prove feasible. Uncle Turner did, however, arrange for me to meet Mr. Harley Howard, the Internal Revenue Agent-In-Charge for Florida, and apply for the position of Estate Tax Examiner. I remember having a number of interviews with the Civil Service Board, who made no secret of their dissatisfaction over the fact that I had a law rather than an accounting degree!

Finally, after much bureaucracy, and three months' training in Washington, D.C., I was accepted as an Estate Tax Examiner in the Jacksonville office, then located in the George Washington Hotel Annex.

Curtis P. Wilcox was in charge and made sure that I was given a small number of cases to examine as I was initiated into the ways of my new career. *I was assigned a desk alongside other Estate Tax Examiners and was expected to examine, prepare a report on, and close no less than five major estate tax returns a month.*

The Postwar Years

This sometimes required travel to various towns in north central Florida and overnight stays away from my family. The salary was only about \$2,910.00 per year but at the time, compared favorably with my offers from local law firms. **See Opposite Page.**

In addition to my job, I continued active in the U.S. Army Reserve until my retirement in 1960. Shelley had wanted to join the Reserves too, because as she said, "I don't see why I can't be in the Reserves too!" She applied on May 2, 1950, and finally received a reply over four months later on September 21. In addition to misspelling her name (Ray), the letter declared her "ineligible for further consideration for appointment in the Officer's Reserve Corps due to the fact that you have two dependents under 18 years of age." The crowning insult, however, was the last paragraph of the letter which read:

"In the event you have surrendered all rights to custody and control of such children through formal adoption or final divorce proceedings, you may resubmit your application together with documentary evidence of adoption or final divorce decree."

Certainly this response would not be considered "politically correct" in today's climate, and we thought it was outrageous at the time also!

Thankfully, Shelley was less than ecstatic about either divorce from me, or putting little Shelley and Robert up for adoption, so she never became an Army Reservist. Too bad, for she would have surely become a general! In today's world of women's rights and political correctness, we have to wonder how this blatantly discriminatory policy would now be viewed.

After all, I was the children's father and my eligibility for the Reserve on this factor was never even considered!

The Postwar Years

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY
FORT McPHERSON, GEORGIA

21 September 1950

Mrs. Ray E. Drew
861 Waterman Road
Jacksonville 7, Florida

Dear Mrs. Drew:

Reference is made to your application for appointment in the Officers' Reserve Corps dated 2 May 1950.

Recent changes in Officers' Reserve Corps regulations limit appointment of female personnel to those without dependents under 18 years of age.

A review of your application indicates that you are ineligible for further consideration for appointment in the Officers' Reserve Corps, due to the fact that you have two dependents under 18 years of age. Therefore, your application is returned herewith.

In the event you have surrendered all rights to custody and control of such children through formal adoption or final divorce proceedings, you may resubmit your application together with documentary evidence of adoption or final divorce decree.

Sincerely,



AL H. STUCKEY
Captain, Inf
Actg Asst Adj Gen

1 Incl
Application
w/allied papers

Chapter IV

~

Our Own Home

Although my mother and father seemed to enjoy our prolonged stay with them, in time we felt that in all fairness we should acquire our own home. So it was that in 1948 we bought a lot on Waterman Road on the south side of Jacksonville in an area known as "Colonial Manor." We cleared the timber ourselves and built our house using plans we drew up ourselves. We found a fine contractor named J. R. Cordell and he was able to complete the house for less than \$12,000.00 (You can pay at least that much for a car these days!) and in 1949 we moved in. I did the painting myself during my time off (saving a couple of thousand dollars in the process). We loved our new home and have made several additions to it over the years. We are proud to still call it home 50 years later.



861 Waterman Road
Jacksonville, Florida
FIG. 3-13

*Chapter V**Government And Law Careers*

My tax investigations for the IRS during those years required considerable travel to various towns in Florida, thus I was often forced to leave my new family on their own for up to a week or so at a time. There were little or no security problems in those golden days and I did not worry too much about them being alone.

One morning however, as I was preparing to leave on one of these trips, Shelley asked, “*Why can’t we come with you?*” It seemed a good idea, so from then on the children and Shelley would, when appropriate, go with me when I traveled on government business. This was a particularly attractive arrangement when business took us to places like Daytona Beach, where we could rent a motel room on the Atlantic Ocean for about \$6.00 a night for the whole family. We would swim, picnic, surf, and fish together in the evenings when my work day was done. It was a great solution, because the government didn’t mind so long as my work was done, and it gave us more time together as a family.

As a young lawyer, however, I longed to “*try my wings.*” At the time, the government didn’t have much to offer in the way of a rewarding long-term career.

In 1949 I was given the task of examining the estate tax return of Mr. Clarence Camp of Ocala. Mr. Camp had owned extensive real estate, timber and mineral interests at his death and the audit was complex. Lucius A. Buck was the tax lawyer for the Camp Estate that was represented by Mr. Billy Rogers of Rogers, Towers, Bailey & Jones, and I worked with him and my good friend senior estate tax examiner named Alex J. McDonald, Jr. We had a number of intense conferences concerning the Camp Estate and by the end of 1950, managed to complete our audit report.

The Postwar Years

Several months after the Camp case was concluded, I received an invitation to lunch from Mr. Buck. During the meal he proposed that we together start a law firm. This was the chance I'd been waiting for, so I resigned my government position on April 1, 1951, to establish the tax law firm of "*Buck and Drew.*"

I soon learned that I had stepped "*from the frying pan into the fire*" Mr. Buck had previously been the Senior Tax Associate with the nationally prominent law firm of Davis, Polk and Wardwell in New York City until he became a key intelligence officer with the U.S. Forces in Europe and Africa during World War II. He was both a perfectionist and stern disciplinarian! We worked around the clock six days a week and very frequently on Sundays as well. *Practice was a constant challenge!* Opinion letters to clients and briefs filed with the courts had to be thorough and perfect, no matter how many hours and how much laborious legal research were required to make them so! The resulting fatigue and pressure was enormous, but we were successful. We managed to attract several major clients from the South and even from the North.

Lucius' old law firm in New York referred clients to us and we also received clients from other contacts that we made in West Palm Beach (Winters Firm) Tallahassee (Ausley Firm) and Jacksonville (Rogers, Towers Firm). Our practice grew rapidly and we quickly gained a good reputation in the tax law field. Consequently, we sought associates to assist with the work. The first of these was Theodore W. Glocker Jr., a Harvard law school graduate who had clerked for Judge Bruce in the U.S. Tax Court. The firm later changed its name from "Buck and Drew" to "Buck, Drew and Glocker," and it remained so for a number of years. In the mid-seventies, Mr. Glocker went on to start his own practice and we proceeded to associate several young lawyers over the ensuing years, some of whom became partners.

Our firm continued to prosper, some of which was no doubt due to Lucius Buck's appointment as Chairman of the newly created Jacksonville Expressway Authority in 1955, by our friend, then Florida Governor Leroy Collins, law partner of Mr. Charles Ausley of Tallahassee.

The Postwar Years

Although this prominent position was nonpaying, it paid off in the sense that we gained clients and prestige and *Jacksonville enjoyed the first completed Expressway in the Southeast due to Mr. Buck's firm leadership.*

After an illustrious career, Mr. Buck retired in 1986, and Mr. Frederick R. Short Jr., one of our other then partners, left to join another firm.

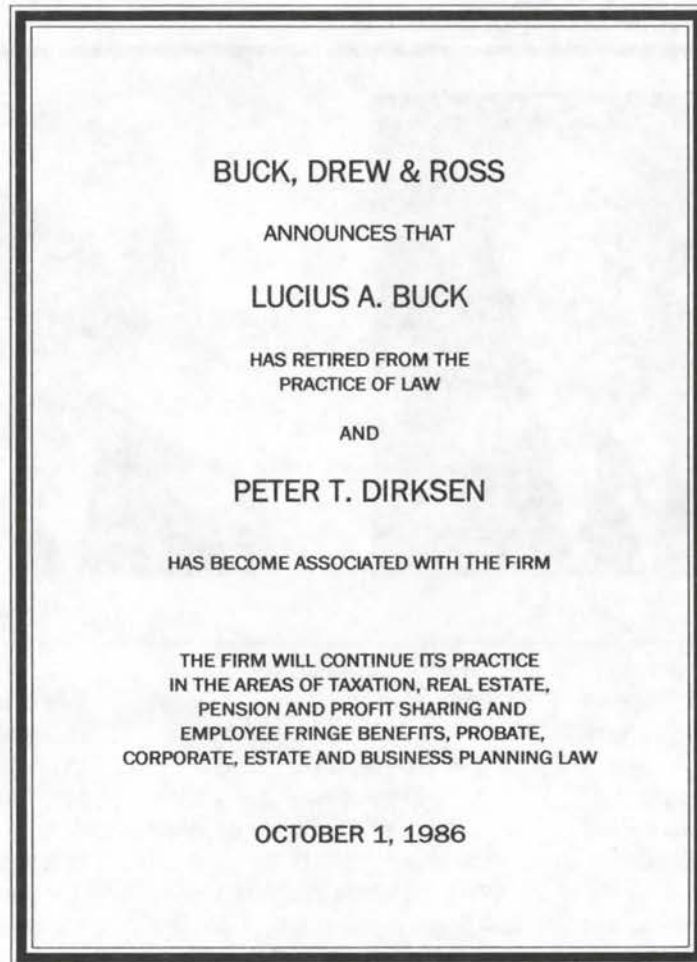


FIG. 3-14

Mr. Peter T. Dirksen (Nephew of the Senator Everett Dirksen) became an Associate of the Firm in 1986.

Two local attorneys among 50-year Bar members

FINANCIAL NEWS & **Daily Record**

Monday, June 17, 1991
Vol. 79, No. 120
One Section - 35 Cents

JACKSONVILLE'S ONLY DAILY BUSINESS AND LEGAL NEWSPAPER — ESTABLISHED 1912



Drew



Beakes

Two Jacksonville attorneys are among 31 Florida lawyers to be honored as 50-year members of The Florida Bar.

Ordine Beakes and Horace Drew Jr. will be recognized June 28 at the Bar's annual convention.

Drew has been active in The Florida Bar as former chairman of the Tax Section and of the Estate and Gift Tax Committee. For the Jacksonville Bar, he chaired the Committee on Taxation.

A former partner with Buck & Drew (now Buck, Drew

& Ross) is currently with the recently formed Hand, Drew, Carithers, Showalter & Mercier firm in Baymeadows.

Drew fondly remembers the days when lawyers made house calls.

"I think lawyers should still make house calls. If a client is disabled or can't drive themselves to the office, I'll go to their place anytime," he said.

Without being critical of the Jacksonville Bar, Drew said he is discouraged that many lawyers today are in the field solely to make money. "One major change from professionalism to a business only approach.

Drew is a retired Army lieutenant colonel, retired Judge Advocate General, and served on the United States Court of Military Appeals.

He has been active in the community as past chairman of the Southeastern Region Special Liaison Tax Committee, a founding member of Episcopal High School, a founding member of The Southern Academy of Letters, Arts and Sciences, a trustee for the Columbus Drew Trust and a commodore at San Jose Yacht Club.

Drew and Beakes will celebrate their anniversary at the annual convention in Orlando.

The Postwar Years

Mr. Jack Hand, a long time friend and superb Real Estate Lawyer, and I had long discussed a possible merger of our respective firms. During 1990 Mr. Kimball Ross departed the firm and became manager of Daytona Budweiser for a Client. Mr. Peter Dirkson was called by his uncle, Senator Howard Baker, to join his Tennessee firm. This set the stage for a merger with Jack Hand's firm effective January 1, 1991, under the name of Hand, Drew, Carithers, Showalter, Mercier and Kelly, where I continued to practice as a partner until retirement on June 30, 1994.

These rich and rewarding final years were truly a wonderful culmination of a fifty-three year Law Practice!

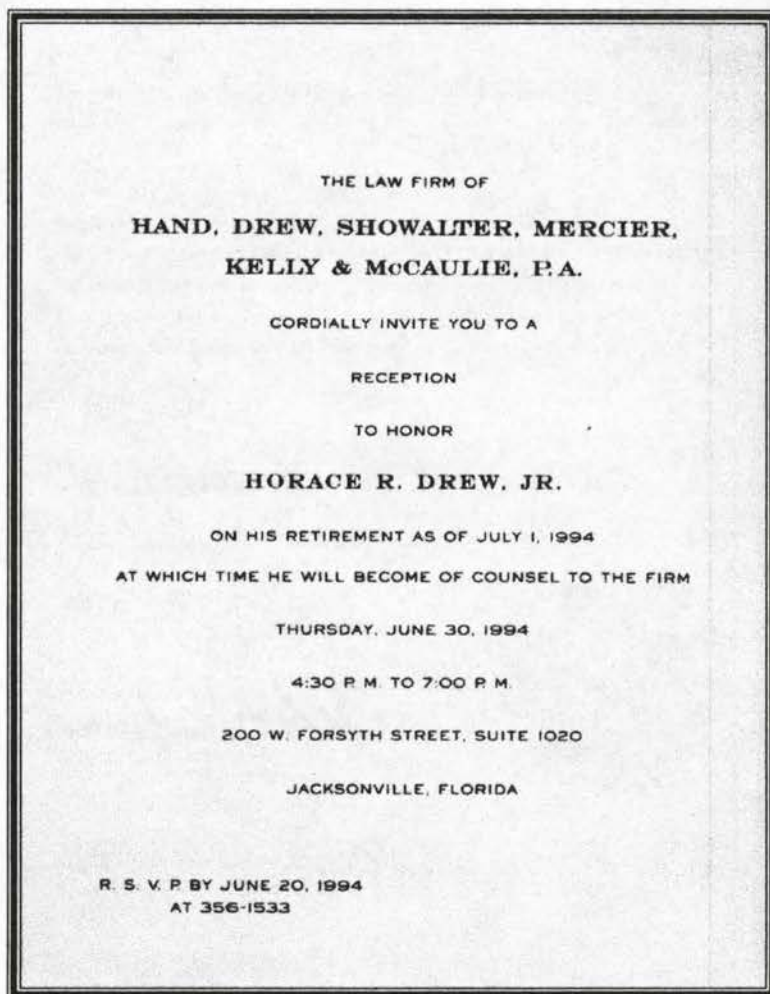


FIG. 3-15

The Postwar Years

Resolution

Whereas, Horace R. Drew, Jr. has served the public and the legal profession of Florida for 53 years with honor and distinction, and

Whereas, Horace R. Drew, Jr. has petitioned the Board of Governors of The Florida Bar for permission to retire as an active member of The Florida Bar,

Now therefore be it resolved that the petition of Horace R. Drew, Jr. is granted, that he is placed on the rolls of retired members of The Florida Bar, and he is hereby commended by the Board of Governors on behalf of the entire legal profession of Florida for the distinguished and honorable service which he has rendered to The Florida Bar and the public through his long service as a lawyer and counselor.

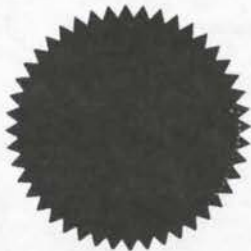
Dated this 11th day of November, 1994.

THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS
OF THE FLORIDA BAR

By

William F. Blews
WILLIAM F. BLEWS
President

John F. Harkness, Jr.
JOHN F. HARKNESS, JR.
Executive Director



Chapter VI

~

Retirement

In the late 1950's I was diagnosed by the great Dr. Webster Merritt as having an irregular heartbeat. During a 1970 visit to The Medical Center in Birmingham, Alabama, recommended by our wonderful family physician, Dr. James Strachan, an angiogram disclosed some clogged arteries. A fitness and diet plan supervised by Dr. James Strachan, helped control the condition until 1981, when I underwent triple-bypass heart surgery by Dr. Bob Karp of the Birmingham Medical Center. The operation was successful and after a few months of recuperation, I returned to practicing law. Everything was fine until 1991, when another clogged artery was discovered and cleared during a successful angioplasty.

In early November 1993, however, after returning from a family reunion to the island of Maui, Hawaii, with our Australian and American families, Shelley and I threw a party at the Grove for about 35 guests, including clients and lawyers and secretaries from the Firm. I had inadvertently gone without lunch other than a number of gin and tonics, and ended up in Baptist Hospital two days later with a runaway heartbeat known as "Fibrillation". The cardiologist did an ill-timed angiogram combined with an electronic wire to the heart to stop the heart fibrillations. Sunday, two nights later, I suffered a "mild" sensory stroke of my left side and arm at Baptist Hospital with no doctor available to help.

At first I attempted to continue working as much as I had previously, despite the tiring effects of the stroke. My partners patiently observed my diminished energy for several months until finally, in February 1994, Mr. Hand recommended that for my own sake I retire.

The Postwar Years

During the following months, I went about putting my law work in order, and on June 30, 1994, officially went into semi-retirement. I was 76 years old and had practiced law for 53 years. Of course, there was an initial sense of deep loss, but I quickly turned to other activities.

Because I am only "semi-retired," I continue to go into the office part of a day each week to counsel my partners and clients and to counsel, and assist in the transfer of their cases to my partners. My doctors at Mayo had advised me to "lighten up!" and I took their advice to heart as I went about streamlining my affairs, so that I could "take it easy."

Toward the end of simplifying my life, after talking with the children, I sold 240 of our 257 acres of our citrus grove (Fairbanks Grant) property on December 27, 1994. In addition, I paid more attention to our other properties: in particular, a 44-acre tree farm on New Berlin Road, a potential industrial park, and my wife's interest in a large Trailer Park at Welaka, Florida.

I also devoted some time to working with Mr. Horton Reed in rebuilding the Southern Academy of Letters, Arts, and Sciences, Inc., originally founded by Mr. Lucius A. Buck, eighteen others and me around 1971. *See Founders Plaque on wall of University Club.* This splendid non-profit organization is dedicated to the recognition of Southern writers, artists and scientists. Last, but far from least, I spent a lot more "quality time" with my lovely bride of fifty years, Shelley.

The sale of 93 percent of the acreage comprising the grove and our old business dwelling, built in 1928 on Orange Lake, necessitated building a new business dwelling to be completed by June 30, 1995, when our reserved right to stay in the old dwelling would end per our agreement with the buyers, John and Suzanne Swietnicki.

Recognizing the need for haste, I quickly hired a builder, (Robert Blakeslee) but we neglected to factor in the Alachua County bureaucracy!

The Postwar Years

Also, we still had to clear the site and have geodetic and boundary surveys both performed as required by the bureaucracy. As a result of these requirements, we were not able to obtain a building permit until March 13, 1995, only 3 months before we had to vacate the old house! After a 30-day extension by the buyers and further delays, we finally were able to move into our new business headquarters known as "Island House" on July 31, 1995, in the middle of Hurricane Irene, no less!

To clear the land we surrendered cutting rights to Jerrie Baldwin's foresters over the timber in the immediate area. To lay the foundation we had to cut through a million year old coral reef where the house was to go. To get a permit we had to have not only a topographical survey, but a geodetic survey extending all the way north to Hawthorne, 15 miles away. To get rid of the mosquitoes, we had to dredge the fourth of the spring ponds, Lake Michael, where, like the other lakes, the waters go down to an 80 foot spring! This required the services of two separate backhoe operators plus a final bulldozing to grade the slopes for grass.

It was all worth it in the end, however, because Shelley and I love our new business dwelling, despite the hassles involved in building it.



Island House
Drew Grove
1995

FIG. 3-16

The Grove

Part 4



Drew Grove

~

1922

Horace Sr. & Horace Jr.

“PICKING”

"The Grove"
Horace Rainsford Drew, Jr.



Horace Rainsford Drew, Jr. & Dan

~
CIRCA 1923

The Grove



"Looking over the Grove with the family"



*Left to Right
Shelley, Horace
Bobby, Shelley Louise & Grandpa Horace*

The Grove

"The Grove" Originated in our family as a part of the Fairbanks Grant of my great grandfather, Major George Rainsford Fairbanks, of the Confederate States of America.

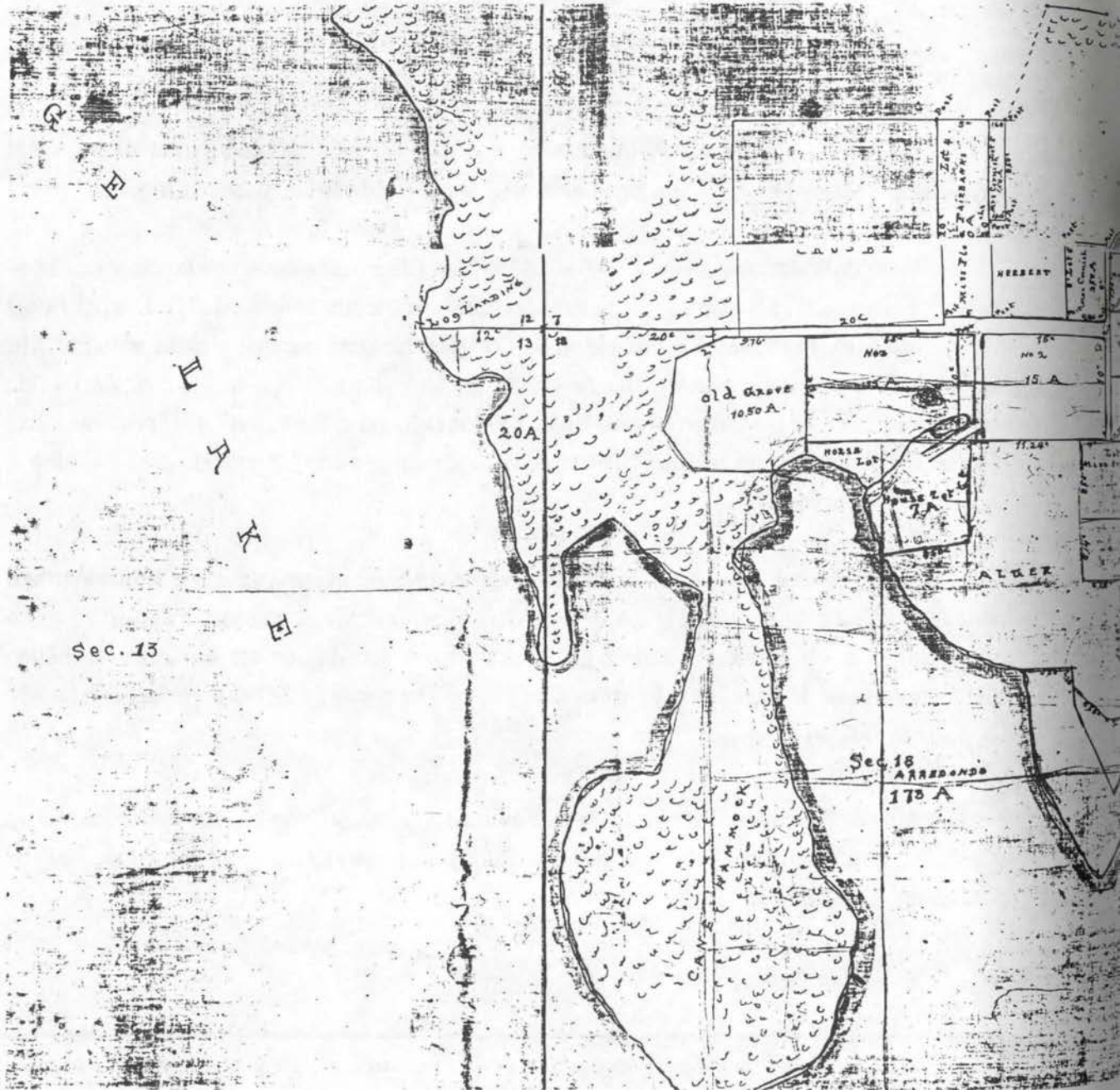
Born in Watertown, New York, in 1820, Major Fairbanks came to Florida about 1840 as a young lawyer in his twenties to become the Clerk of the newly formed U.S. District Court in St. Augustine in the territory of Florida. There he met and became a close friend of Mr. David Yulee, who later became the first U.S. Senator from Florida in 1845 when Florida became a state, and his father, Moses Yulee (Yulee is Spanish for "Levy"). The Yulees had acquired a large portion of the 1810 Arredondo Grant from Spain intending to establish a Jewish colony in Florida.

Family legend has it that the Yulees were interested in surveying and legalizing their vast Florida estates, particularly the Arredondo Grant, and Major Fairbanks agreed to assist them with this. In return the Yulees gave Fairbanks thousands of acres in Florida, including the Orange Lake acreage we refer to as "the Grove", as part of a 2,000 acre package known as the *"Fairbanks Grant."*

Major, Fairbanks died in 1906 in Sewanee, Tennessee, at his log home known as "Rebel's Rest," built in 1865, and still used today as a guest house on the campus of the University of the South.

History shows that the legality of the 1810 Arredondo Grant was litigated for many years. It was not finalized until 1838, when Supreme Court Chief Justice John Marshall upheld the Grant as valid in an erudite opinion of the U.S. Supreme Court. See title standards of Chicago Title on closing of December 27, 1994 in files of Jack Hand, Esq., Closing Attorney.

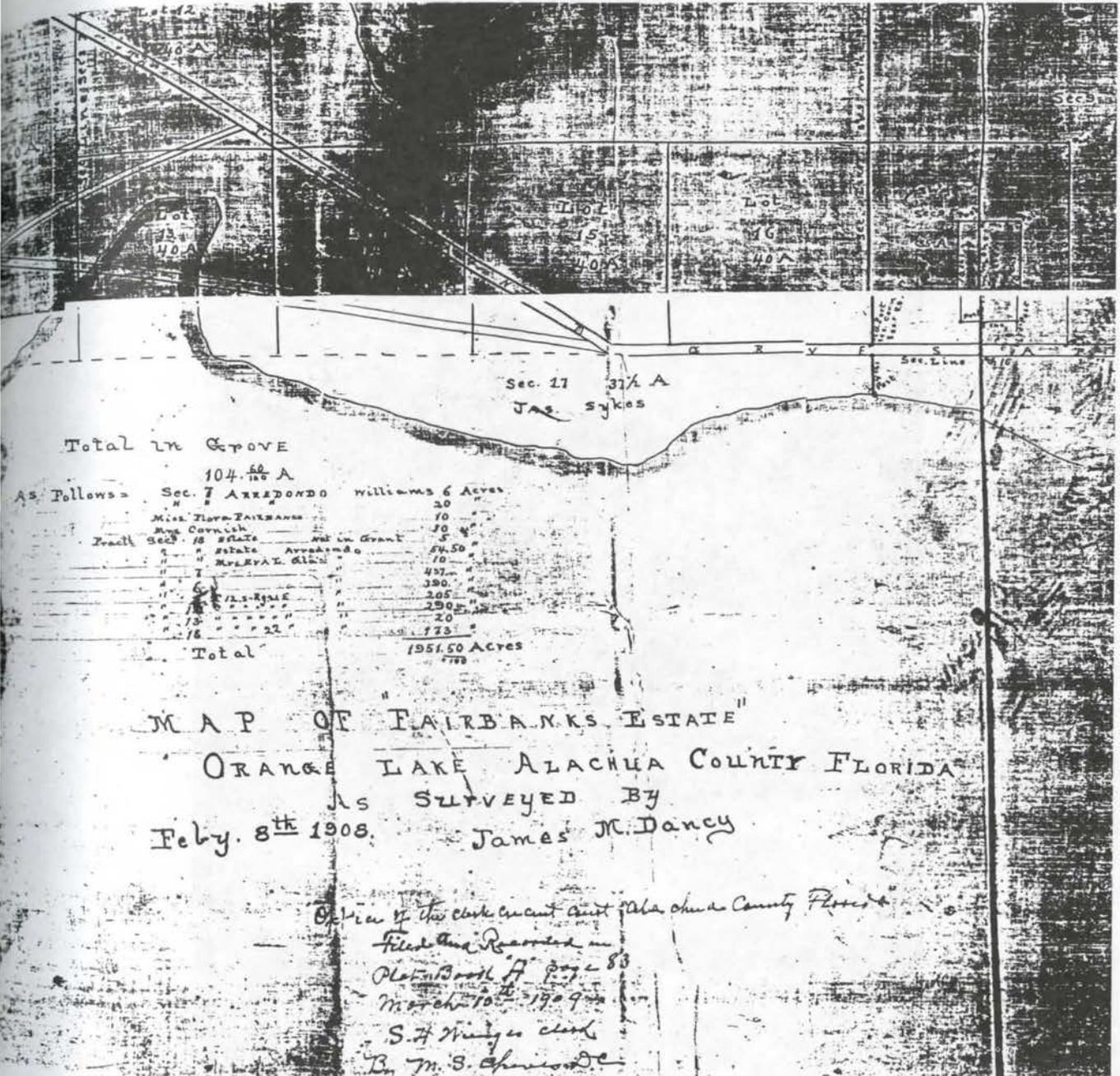
Map of Cane Hammock



A 1908 survey by James M. Dancy shows some 2,000 acres in the Fairbanks Grant on Orange Lake.
FIG-4-1

The Grove

Fairbanks Grant



THE "FAIRBANKS ESTATE"

Orange Lake Alachua County Florida

The Grove



"My Grandmother"

~

Gertrude Fairbanks

The Grove

After Fairbank's death in 1906, the Fairbanks Estate continued in trust for 13 years. In 1919 the Trustees divided the property among the Fairbanks' heirs. I was told by my father that this division occurred around a round, wooden folding table before the fire in Fairbanks House at the Grove. We still have this folding table as well as "*Fairbanks House*".

Fairbanks and his first wife, Sarah Catherine Wright (1818 - 1858) had five children:

Drew House
(1928)

FIG 4-2



Florida (Fody) (1848 - 1931), Charles Massey (1850 - 1881), George Ward (1852 - 1853), Gertrude (1854 - 1893) and Sarah Catherine (1858 - 1918). Florida Fairbanks ("*Fody*") died without children. Gertrude married my grandfather, Horace Drew, and produced several children including my father, Dr. Horace Rainsford Drew, and his brother, Routledge Drew.

In the 1919 Grove division, Routledge selected a cleared tract containing seven prime acres of citrus. My father, an avid hunter and fisherman,

chose one-half of the Orange Lake peninsula known as Cane Hammock, which had mostly wild citrus, but was abundantly populated with game. He also chose a smaller tract of the present-day citrus grove known as the "House Lot and the Horse Lot", the site of the original Fairbanks House (built in 1879).



Fairbanks House
(1879)

FIG 4-3

The Grove

All of the old surveys and Alachua County tax appraiser's records show a total of 430 acres in the Grant tract selected by my father. A 1994 actual survey on our 1994 sale, however, revealed that the area known as the Grove actually consisted of only 257 United States acres of land and water. It was determined that the discrepancy was due to the fact that the Arredondo sections were following the old Spanish usage, measured in chains rather than feet, and were much smaller than the traditional 640 acres which comprise normal Florida land sections. In any event, most of the difference lay under the waters of Orange Lake in Section 19.

Thus, it was on the division of the Fairbanks Estate in 1919 that "The Grove" originated in our immediate family. It has now been in the Fairbanks & Drew families for six generations spanning some 150 years.



Routledge Drew
Horace R. Drew (In auto)
Dr. Horace Rainsford Drew
Two Hunting Dogs
(CIRCA 1924)
"The Grove"

The Grove

My dear parents first visited the Grove in 1919, following the Fairbanks Estate Division. As a baby I went along on a Pillow. The only paved road at that time was made of brick and ran one lane from Jacksonville to Baldwin. From Baldwin south the road was all sand and consisted of only one lane with many mud holes.

I particularly recall a mud hole at the foot of a hill south of Waldo, where a mule team driver supported his entire family for years by pulling foolhardy drivers like us out of the mud morass that existed there. If you were lucky you could make the drive in a full day. If you were in too much of a hurry you might end up spending the night in the woods with your car axle wedged in a pine stump. This happened fairly often when two cars attempted to pass on the one lane roads; one car had to take to the woods in order for the other to get by.

During the Florida rainy season, when the roads were virtually impassable, my parents understandably chose to go by train to the Grove. Our hunting dog, "Dan," a beautiful red and white English setter, rode in the baggage car. The trip, with lengthy stops at White House, Baldwin, Maxwell, Lawtey, Hampton, Waldo, Orange Heights, Highlands, Hawthorne, Lochloosa, and, finally, Island Grove, took a full day or more.

The engine, propelled by "let off steam." This cloud of be in the vicinity or you would the most part, very friendly, route, the weather, politics, and, cattle and deer that got on the tracks and slowed our journey from time to time.



steam, huffed and puffed, and at the stations, steam was extremely hot and you'd better not be scalded! The train conductors were, for often chatting with the passengers about the on occasion, cussing the herds of



We ate our meals during the longer stops at one town or another since there were no dining cars then. As I recall, the usual lunch stop was midway in a town called Lawtey.

The Grove



"1921" Left to Right Horace Drew Sr. & Horace Jr.
John Roe Coon Hound and "Nellie"



John Roe, our grove manager would be waiting with our old horse, Nellie, and the buckboard at the Island Grove Train Station to transport us the three miles through the Florida hammock to the Grove. While at the Grove, we shared Fairbanks House with Mr. Roe, his wife, and their two daughters, Alberta and Thelma. We divided the house in half; we took the northern half (The Front) and the Roes took the southern half (The Rear). Although this was a bit crowded at times, no one complained.

A story from the old days says Lawtey was so named by an old Negro woman who, on first seeing the tiny, ancient-looking town, sighed "Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy! Lawtey continues today on Highway 301 North of Starke.

The Grove

Water came from a pitcher pump situated in the back yard that was common to both families. This hand-driven well was only ten feet deep, but the water was clear and potable, though heavily laced with sulphur and iron. In the typical fashion of the time, there was no "Plumbing" to speak of in the house other than pitcher, wash bowl, and bucket. If possible, we went out to the outhouse located some distance from the back of the house. But when the mosquitoes or weather were bad, which was most of the time, or when the panthers were screaming at night, we kids managed to get our business done in the house in the bucket provided.

Duck, deer and turkey were abundant, and we often had my uncle, Senator J. Turner Butler, his wife, "Cecil", and others, as overnight hunting guests, using the two small bedrooms upstairs to squeeze in all the people. When I look back on it now, I wonder how we ever managed to squeeze everybody in such a tiny space, but somehow we did!

On one occasion, I remember Uncle Turner lost a part to his shotgun he was cleaning late at night and proceeded to prowl around hunting for it for several hours. Aunt Cecil, who was trying to sleep despite the mosquitoes exclaimed in disgust, "*Turner, if you're gonna do your hunting in the house, we might just as well have stayed at home in Jacksonville!*"

The Grove back then was wild and uncleared for the most part and duck and turkey hunting was a favorite pastime. After a duck shoot on Orange Lake, the men would return to Fairbanks House to clean, cook, and eat the ducks. In the evenings, we would all go down to the little creek that ran from a pond, (now "Lake Maxine") out to the Lake and build a big fire. Everyone was then enjoined to "*grab a duck and start pickin'.*" With no legal limit then, there might be anywhere from fifty to a hundred ducks or more to be picked and cleaned. First, we would pull off the feathers and then one or more of the men would clean the ducks in the creek.



The Grove

Many stories of the hunt and the woods were told around the fire. One night all of us were having a good time listening to stories around the fire when the *loud human-like scream of a panther, drawn by the scent of the blood from the ducks, rent the air. It was followed by the nearby scream of his mate.* We children wasted no time hightailing it for the house, followed closely by the women!



In those days of the 20s and 30s the Grove was all fun and no work for me. We hired a Negro preacher named Robert James at forty cents an hour, and later his son, Isaiah ("Ike" as he was known). They lived over in "Buzzards Roost" in south Citra, a little town on the south side of Orange Lake. These were the depression years of the 1930s and Robert would tackle almost any job given him, from "lively-ladding" the grass in the yard to taking up a stump or clearing land for new citrus trees in the Hammock. I clearly remember one five foot diameter gum stump remaining in the yard after the top had flattened our barn during a hurricane. When asked if he could remove it, Robert scratched his head a bit, circled the stump, and finally admitted, "*It can be did.*" His tone implied that anyone in his right mind would let the old stump stay there and rot in a year or less, which it would. When urged to remove it though, he did so in less than a day, probably thinking that his labor could have been used more productively elsewhere. Even today, I quote Robert's assertion, "*It can be did*" when we come to an unusually tough job.

On rainy days we would get caught in the rain at the tool shed down in the Hammock, and Robert would unfailingly try out his Sunday sermon on us, his captive congregation. A friend of mine, six-year-old Langdon Barker, confided in me once: "*I ain't never had so much religion at one time in my whole life.*"

Langdon and I kept busy during our time at the Grove. At one point we built a somewhat rustic bridge as well as a small waterwheel out of palm stalks and fibers over the little creek that ran into Orange Lake. Years later, a young neighbor of ours at the time, Jake Glisson, commented on how impressed he was with our engineering feat to our mutual friend, the actor Rip Torn, during the filming at the grove of the delightful movie "Cross Creek" taken from the book of that name written by our neighbor, Majorie Kinnan Rawlings (Baskin).

The Grove

We were too young to hunt, so Langdon and I fished instead. First, we would go down to the stable where old Nellie the horse was and dig in her droppings with a hoe for earthworms. When we had a good supply we would stash the worms in an old rusty tomato can and head for the pond with our cane poles to catch bluegill and catfish for supper. We didn't have the luxury of a dock or boat from which to fish. Instead there were two wobbly boards laid side by side leading out to a sunken log about ten feet from the shore, and we would take turns standing at the end of these boards fishing. Sometimes it would take several hours to catch enough bluegill and catfish for supper. We would string them on a palmetto leaf stem as they were caught and leave them in the pond edge near the bank to keep them alive and fresh. After doing this a number of times, Langdon protested to my mother, saying, "*Mrs. Drew, I like to fish, but I don't like to fish all the time.*" From then on, we varied our activities.



While attending the University of Florida, I found the Grove to be a great place to relax for the weekend. My parents would pick me up on Friday nights and we would all spend the weekend at the Grove. Sometimes I would bring a favorite girlfriend or fraternity brother to the Grove with me.

In 1928, we had built a new house on a point down on Cane Hammock about a third of a mile down from Fairbanks House, which we left for our manager's use. An old carpenter and his son built the whole house (about 2,400 square feet) for a cost of \$1,700.00. Of course, in 1928, this was considered a lot of money. There was no electricity or plumbing for 23 years after the house was completed. Around 1948 the Rural Electrification Agency (REA) Clay Electric Cooperative in Keystone Heights some 35 miles to the north, was organized through President Roosevelt's prior actions, and gradually extended its electric lines to our area by 1951.

I continued to enjoy the Grove even after I was called to Army active duty in August, 1941. Since I was stationed in Jacksonville for several months and had managed by that time to purchase a 1941 Plymouth (my first car), I came to the Grove frequently to relax on my time off.

The Grove

Much of our Grove life centered around the original house we lovingly called "*Fairbanks House*." We believe this fine old house was constructed around 1879 or 1880. Fairbanks wrote to his daughter "Eva Lee" on November 8, 1879:



"Fairbanks House" (1879)

Restored to original colors in May 1997 by
Herman Cole

You will enjoy going there (to the grove) very much one of these days when we get things a little more comfortable. The man who lives there (the Fairbanks caretaker) is putting up a comfortable frame house. We'll have a spare room or two.

The Grove

GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS

To His Daughter

~ Eva Lee ~

Gainesville, Florida

November 8, 1879

My Dear Child

It seems very odd to write you a letter any where except at Sewanee, but you will now have plenty of correspondence. I suppose you got through safely but found your last night in the cars very tiresome as we did.

I should wished to have had you with me on my recent trip to the Orange Grove. I went to Micanopy first and looked at your sister Flora's trees and found ten of them bearing some oranges and all looking very well. It is a beautiful little grove and had in the middle of it an immense Live Oak in the center from which the long moss drops and waves in the wind. I packed a box of oranges from my Grove yesterday and sent home, but you will not get any of them.

After leaving Micanopy I went to stay over night on the shore of the Lake at a very pretty Orange Grove and covered the Lake in a Boat. The Grove has a great many trees with oranges on and several thousands had been picked. The crop will be a fair but not large one this season but next year promises to give a large crop. I came back in the boat, but will next time go to the Grove in the Steamboat which is now running on the Lake and connects with the R.R. You will all enjoy going there very much one of these days when we get things a little more comfortable. The man who lives there is putting up a comfortable farm house. We will have a spare room or two.

I have no doubt you are enjoying yourself very much. Give much love to all.

Father

Eva Lee at School in Baltimore, or Ellicott City

FIG. 4-4

The Grove

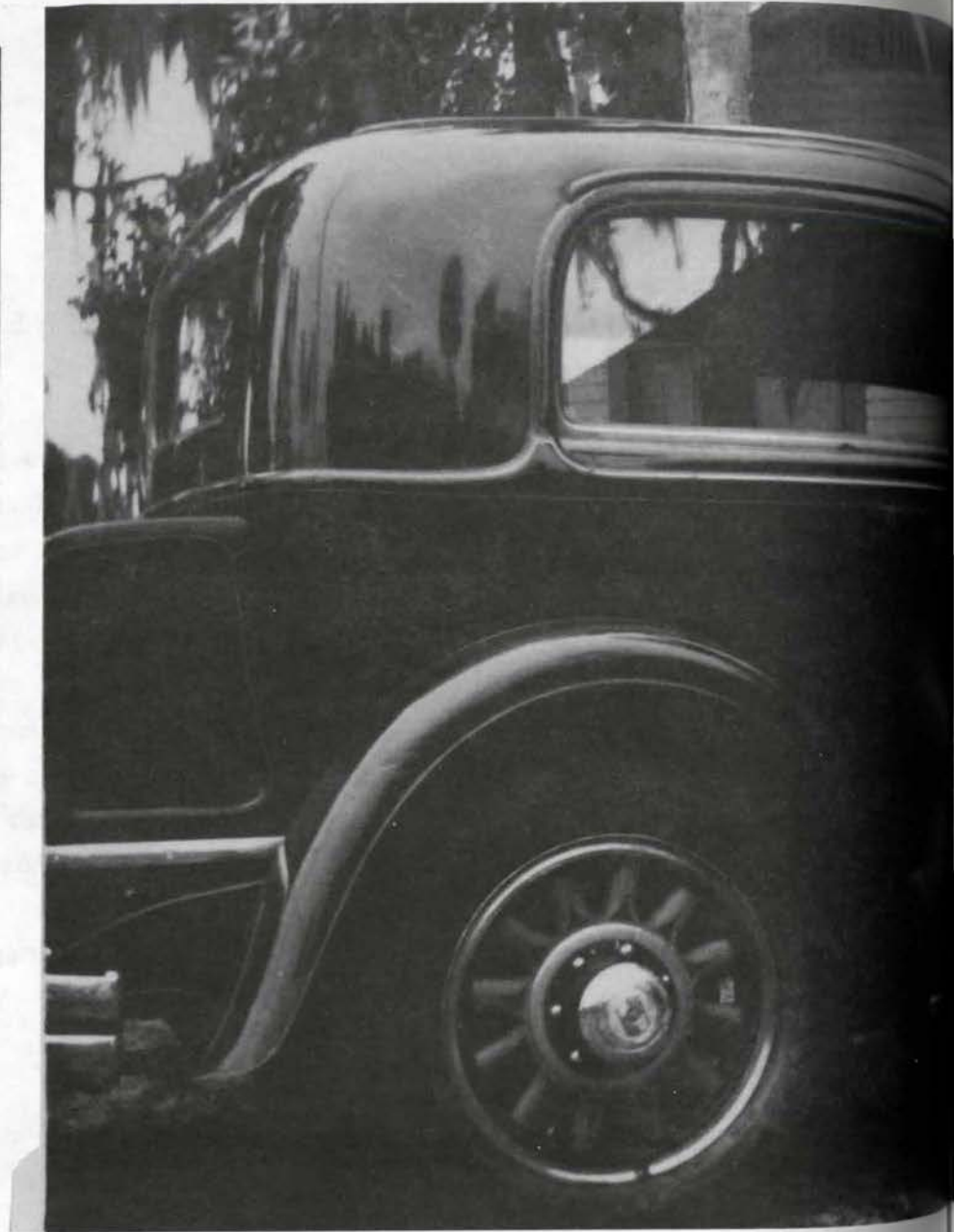


HORACE
DREW
SR.

&

HORACE
DREW
JR.

A nice string
of ducks





The Grove



Shelley & Shelley Louise
Picking oranges at the grove



“Bath Time”
~
Robert & Shelley Louise



**Shelley & Shelley Louise
Getting water at the "Pitcher Pump"**

The Grove

Fairbanks was right in futuro. His future grandchildren and great grandchildren loved the Grove. However, it is doubtful that his daughters, Rene, Eva Lee, Gertrude and Florida ("Fody") ever spent a night there.

After World War II ended, we spent even more time at the Grove. The roads were paved by then, so the trip was a lot quicker and smoother than before. We would usually visit the Grove at least two weekends a month. My father enjoyed the Grove until his death in April 1951. At first Shelley wasn't too keen on spending time at the Grove, but after plumbing and electricity came in 1951, she enjoyed the Grove as much as the rest of us.

Gradually with the aid of a better tractor we cleared Cane Hammock and planted citrus trees adding to the wild grove the Indians had planted there. The rich soil produced oranges superior to any others! Orange Lake, which borders the orange grove on all sides, affords good cold protection. By 1980-81 we were producing 10,000 boxes annually for a gross profit of \$60,000. This and earlier profits enabled us to improve the grove, the barns, houses, and machinery, and to add a grove managers house on Lake Tool in 1976.



Our first Grove manager was Mr. John Roe. He left about 1941 and we brought in Mr. Dannelly. After Mr. Dannelly there were a succession of managers until about 1946 when Mr. Dewey Tool became manager. Mr. Tool retired in 1977 and was succeeded by Mr. Leo North and his wife Inez. The new house on Lake Tool was occupied by Mr. & Mrs. North as the new Grove manager, and they continue there as this is written. Mr. North, as in the case of Mr. Tool before, has played a major role in developing the grove to its present productive status.

Alas, our success was short-lived! We had had several bad freezes over the years, and were more or less accustomed to them. But on January 13, 1981, the temperature dropped into the low teens. We knew the damage was severe, but we didn't know how severe.



Shelley and I worked around the clock picking oranges day and night with the picking crews because, after a freeze, oranges must be processed within two to three weeks before they spoil. Prices were way up and so we were able to make a fair profit despite the freeze. However, the trees were severely damaged, and had to be cut back with chain saws.

We then set about rehabilitating the Grove as we had always done after a freeze. However, this was not entirely successful because many of the trees were dead or damaged "below the bud" and required rebudding. For older trees this is a long and laborious process, so most growers prefer to pull and replant instead. However, not all the news was bad:

HOLLYWOOD

pro -

came knocking in the form of the

ducers of *THORN - EMI* looking for

locations on which to make a screen version of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' Epic Book, *Cross Creek*. One of the stars of the film, actor Rip Torn, noted the abundant wildlife of deer, panthers, gators, and coons and rented our Grove home for the duration of the film production. In addition, we were also able to lease the Hammock Road to the film company for the entire filming period. Rual Elmore (Rip) Torn was from East Texas and found the Grove nostalgic.


Half of the movie was made at Silver Springs and the other half was filmed at the Grove, with some location shots around Micanopy. Rip was very good in his role and it is unfortunate that the movie wasn't more successful commercially because it does a fine job of highlighting the beauty of the Grove and surrounding areas as well as what life was like in the 1930s in Florida.

While the movie was being shot, an incident occurred that I'm sure Rip Torn will never forget. One morning, while he was on his way to the set in Cane hammock, Rip was accosted by a hostile, nine-foot gator about half a mile from our house, near a spot known as "Squirrel's Nest."





No cityslicker, it was reported that Rip quickly ran to Grove manager Leo North's house and borrowed his single-shot .22 caliber rifle. Well, he dispatched that **Old angry gator** with a single shot and removed its skin. The hide was put in Shelley's refrigerator with laundry soap to "cure".

Well, in June 1982, after the filming had ended and we moved back into our home, we found an odor (from the gator skin) that was so bad that we thought the house would have to be destroyed. After some further thought, we decided to use the money we'd received from the leasing of our business dwelling and property for the movie to renovate instead. In addition to complete renovation, and a new refrigerator  we added two baths, an office and utility room, a covered garage, and an attached barn.

The gator hide ended up being buried in the old barn as word got around. Later I dug it up and hung it on the wall of our new barn wall, where it hangs still. *Of course, no one has any idea of who shot it!*

Maintaining the Grove was a full time job and in my quest to "lighten up," in 1994, I had to consider turning the reins for the major part of the operation over to someone else. Neither my son Horace in Australia, or daughter Shelley in Jacksonville were in a position to take over, even though they both love the Grove and wanted to see it continue and prosper.

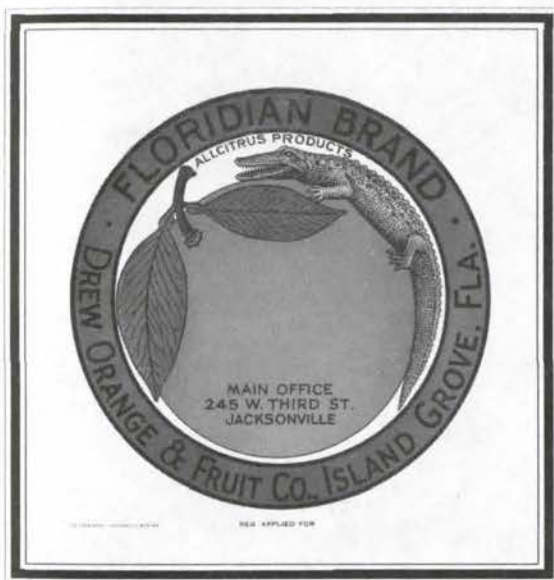
Around this time, we were paid a visit from a couple that had once been our tenants in Fairbanks House in the 70s while attending the University of Florida. They told us they were looking to purchase a working farm. Shelley and I looked at each other. "Well," Shelley said, "We're thinking of selling part of the Grove and it surely is a "working farm"!"

John and Suzanne were immediately interested and we began our negotiations that strung out over all of 1994. We had decided to keep 17 acres. After long negotiations, the deal was finally closed on December 27, 1994 by my law partner Jack Hand Esq.

The Grove



Though we cut back some when we sold the 240 acre property, Shelley and I were determined to continue the citrus business, so Leo North and I are planting citrus trees on every available square foot of the 17 acres we still own, which will supplement the 8 acres of citrus already there. Shelley swears that *“we will end up with more trees than we had before the sale!”*



*U*nder the trade name “Drew Orange & Fruit Co.”, and the “Floridian Brand”, logo designed by my father, my mother, Louise in 1928 put together a small citrus packing plant in the basement of our Jacksonville home at 245 West Third Street. From there, she shipped a goodly number of boxes to the New York markets at Christmas. These were hand packed fancy fruit

boxes complete with multiple citrus varieties and a jar of Citrus Marmalade.

The small orders went fine and the Business seemed well established until in 1929 mother received an order for 500 boxes from a New York customer. Despite the inadequate size of her cellar packing plant, mother faithfully attempted to fill this large order resulting in her nervous breakdown. This was the end of her ambitious and otherwise most successful endeavor!



Part 5

Drew and Fairbanks Ancestry

According to legend the name "Drew" began with our Viking Forebears circa 8th century, A.D.

Originally the name was "Drogo" or Dreaded Warrior in the Norse Dialect. When these fierce Vikings raided the coast of France they found the country inviting, and later established ("Norse Country") their Province of Normandy.

Since all Vikings were fierce and dreaded warriors by then, the name "Drogo" became redundant, and was shortened to the French "Dru" by the 10th century.

In the year 1066 AD the Vikings banded together under their leader known as "William The Conqueror" to invade and settle in the British Isles.

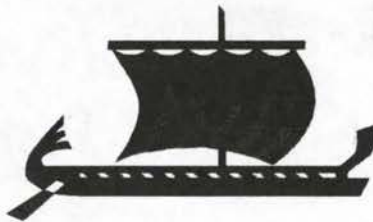
By the twelfth century the name in Anglo-Saxon speech had become "Drewe" and thus it Remained until about the 17th century when it was shortened from the British "Drewe" to the American "Drew" as it continues even today.

Drew

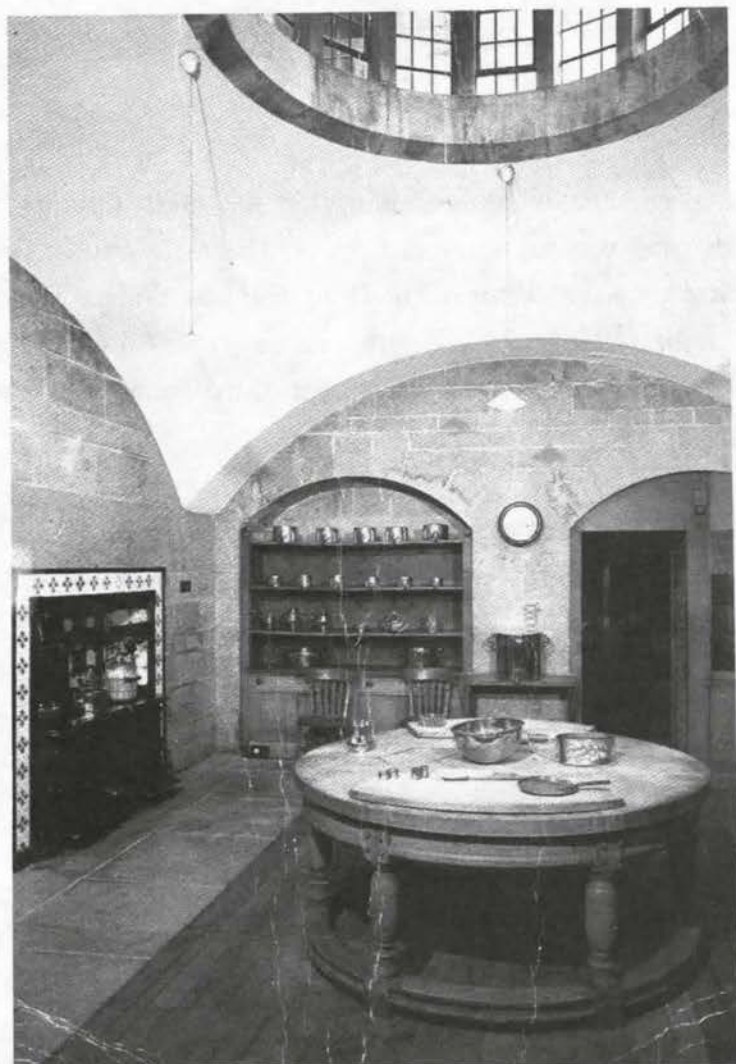
The name originated with the Vikings in the ninth Century when they invaded Normandy, and was known variously as “Drogo”, “Dru”, “Drea”, “Drought”, or “Drewe”. The earliest known ancestor of the Drew line was William Drewe, “who married an heiress of Prideaux in the 14th century.” Another ancestor, Sir Edward Drewe, was knighted in 1589 by Queen Elizabeth I. The present British seat of the Family was erected by Sir Thomas Drewe in 1610.

It is perhaps easiest to start with my own father, Horace Rainsford Drew (1876 ~ 1951). His father was Horace Drew, (1854 ~ 1926), the “H” in the once-illustrious H & W.B. Drew Company of Jacksonville, Florida. His mother was Gertrude Fairbanks, daughter of Major George Rainsford Fairbanks.

My father’s great grandfather (my great-great grandfather) was Solomon Drew. According to a manuscript detailing the family’s origin, Solomon was “Born in Helstone, Cornwall, England and died in Washington, D.C. Buried in Congressional Cemetery. These words were found inscribed on a manuscript by Julius Drew, grandson of Solomon and brother of grandfather Horace Drew. According to Julius, the manuscript was “found in a trunk belonging to grandfather Solomon Drew.”



Castle Drogo

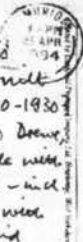


12 April 94

Did you vis it this
amazing place, built
by Julius Drew 1910-1930
He changed name to Drew
to be more compatible with
his presumed ancestors - and
Drogo, who came over with
Wm Conqueror. Splendid
architecture - castle built
entirely of solid granite (but
trouble with leading roof).
Architect was Leutgen's, etc.

CASTLE DROGO, Devon
The Kitchen
Alan Nicholas Turner

Language: English
+Oak



AIR MAIL



The Drews
115A Morrison Road
Gladesville
2111 NSW
AUSTRALIA

Devon, England

~
"The Kitchen"

Family History

Julius Drew had an excellent sense of history. Sometime between 1910 and 1930, he built or reconstructed Castle Drogo in Devon, England. A postcard of this castle was later mailed to my son, Horace Rainsford Drew, III in Australia by a friend. (*See opposite page*)

My great-great grandfather, Solomon, was descended from Edward Drew, "Archdeacon of Cornwall and Canon Resident of the Church, who died December 17, 1693, aged 70."

Solomon and his wife, Elizabeth Gluyas (b. 1775), emigrated to the United States in 1818. Elizabeth was the daughter of Richard and Susanne Gluyas of Penzance, England. The couple settled in Washington, D.C., where Solomon became a naturalized citizen in 1824. They also lived in Alexandria, Virginia, where on January 6, 1820, their son, Columbus Drew was born. Columbus died on July 8, 1891 at age 71 years, and was buried in Old City Cemetery, Jacksonville, Florida, (section 2, lot 53). Stone reads: **Age 71. Bet. 297, Born VA. Came fr. D.C. to operate Whig newspaper, "The Florida Republican." Founder H. & W.B. Drew Co. 1855.** Solomon died in Washington in 1852 at the age of 71.

Columbus was educated and trained in printing and journalism in the District of Columbia. His early training was in the office of the National Intelligentsia, first as a proofreader and later as an editor. In 1847, he edited The American, a Washington newspaper, with his partner, Mr. Davis.

In 1844, Columbus married Marietta Hume Robertson of Richmond, Virginia. A portrait of her hangs in the den in our home in Jacksonville. Their first son, Columbus (Jr.) was born in Richmond, Virginia, on December 3, 1847. "Uncle Lummy", as he was affectionately referred to by my father, became a doctor of medicine and practiced in an office at the corner (SE) of Bay and Main streets over Bettis' Drug Store in Jacksonville, Florida, until his death in 1922. He left a Charitable Testamentary Trust in his will naming The Florida National (now First Union) Bank as corporate trustee. For a number of years Edward Drew, Sherwood Drew Robinson (children of Hodson Drew) and I have kept in touch because of our joint services as individual trustees of The Columbus Drew' Trust.

Family History

Columbus Sr. and his wife, Marietta, produced five sons and two daughters: William B. Drew (the youngest), Horace Drew (my grandfather), Julius Drew, John Graham Drew, Columbus Drew (Jr.) M.D., and daughters Elizabeth and Alice Drew. See original picture of the five Drew brothers, SUPRA, FIG 5-6.

Columbus, Jr., is noted as being the first specialist in ear, eyes, nose, and throat area in Florida. He was quite prominent as can be seen in an article written by Dr. William H. Houston, M.D. (See article published in Jacksonville Medicine, March 1955, P. 194) APP.1.

At the urging of two wealthy and distinguished friends, Mr. Edward Carrington Cabell of Tallahassee, and Mr. S.L. Burrith of Jacksonville, Columbus Sr. took his printing expertise from Washington to Jacksonville, Florida. The first edition of his Whig newspaper appeared in May 1848 as the *Jacksonville Republican* with Columbus serving as the editor-proprietor. On April 5, 1854, the plant where the newspaper was published was one of the buildings that burned during the famous Jacksonville fire of 1854 caused by sparks from the steam ship "Florida". However, Columbus did manage to publish hand-printed edition the day after the fire and we are proud to have a copy of the lead story in our family album. (Fig 5-7)

Friends loaned Columbus \$500 which he used to buy a used printing plant in New York City. In rented quarters at Bay and Newman Streets, he established a print shop under the logo: "Columbus Drew, Books, Stationery and Printing." This venture led to the formation of the later well-known "H. & W.B. Drew Company", by two of his sons, Horace and William B.

An ardent Whig, Columbus initially opposed Secession. However, once the War for Southern Independence broke out, he joined the Confederacy and was ardently loyal to the South, working in Richmond for President Jeff Davis. His son, Columbus, Jr. not to be outdone, joined the Confederate forces as a drummer boy.

Horace Drew (my grandfather) was born to Columbus and Marietta on January 20, 1854. When Jacksonville became a garrison town for the Yankees during the War's later years, the

FLORIDA REPUBLICAN, EXTRA.

FIG. 5-7

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, APRIL 6, 1854.

GREAT AND DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION

JACKSONVILLE IN RUINS!

SEVENTY HOUSES CONSUMED!!

Loss over \$300,000

TWO PRINTING OFFICES DESTROYED

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.,
April 6, 1854.

Yesterday, at 1 o'clock p. m. the alarm of fire was given in this town, and in four hours afterwards all the business portion of the town was in ruins. The fire originated in S. N. Williams's hay shed, on the wharf, communicated, as it is supposed, by a spark from the Charleston steamer "Florida." It extended with astonishing rapidity in every direction, spreading first along the block of stores on the south side of Bay street, between Newnan and Ocean streets; thence communicating with the square opposite on the north which was all consumed; thence with the store of A. M. Reed and the Bank agency adjoining on the west side of Ocean street, which were both destroyed; thence with the square east of Newnan street and fronting on Bay, which contained the large and handsome block known as Byrne's building; nearly the whole square being consumed; at the same time with the buildings on Bay street east of the point at which the fire originated, and of Newnan street, which was at once swept away.

This was principally the course of and the area which has been devastated by the devouring element.—The wind was blowing strongly at the time, and caused the course of the fire, at first, to be to the westward by which several private dwellings at the extreme west end of the town, and several stores, Moody's, Holmes's, and Fairbanks' Mills, and the new hotel of Messrs. Day, were set fire, but extinguished before any material damage was sustained.—Still, the intense heat from the first block was so great that that of itself ignited the squares on the opposite side, and on the east, and the immense amount of goods thrown from the stores along the whole of Bay street, formed from

the same cause, an immense conflagration of spirits, oil, paints, &c.

By this fire, seventy buildings are entirely destroyed. Of these, twenty-three were stores, of the following persons, viz:—

F. Waver & Co., provision; C. D. Oak, and Wm. Grothe, jewelers; S. N. Williams, grocer; J. P. Sanderson, dry goods and provision; Bloodgood & Bowse, do.; H. Timanus, do.; T. Hartridge, do.; J. Mode, dry goods; James Hanham, grocer; Mr. Hernandez, tobacconist; C. DeWaal, auctioneer; L. Capella, fruit store; J. Santo, do.; A. M. Reed, dry goods and provisions; M. Keil, do.; A. B. Hussey, grocer; Mr. Moore, fruit store; J. L. Hogarth, tinner; Amblear & Hoeg, dry goods and provisions; J. L. Ripley, clothing; J. C. Brown, fruit store; L. B. Ametman, dry goods; T. McMillan, druggist; T. G. Myers, grocer; A. C. Acosta, fruit store; J. B. Howell, grocer; Joseph Hernandez, tailor; C. DeWaal, Bakery; Geo. Flagg, Jeweler; R. H. Darby, Tailor; C. Pootting, Boot and Shoe Maker.

The Law offices of Geo. W. Call and G. W. Hawkins, and the office of F. C. Barrett, Notary Public, &c., in the Byrne Block, were also destroyed—a portion only of their legal and official documents being saved.

The office and warehouse of Mr. Joseph Finegan and the furniture store of L. M. Fulsom, destroyed.

McRory's Insurance Agency office in the Sammis Block, also went by the board, together with a portion of his papers.

The Custom-house, Mr. McIntosh's Law-office, Capt. Willey's residence, J. Hanham's store and dwelling, J. Mode's Clothing store, the elegant residence as also the Law-office of P. Fraser, Esq., we note among other buildings destroyed.

The two and only Printing offices of the place—the REPUBLICAN and the NEWS, were consumed, the latter entirely, and but enough of the Republican material has been gleaned from the harvest of the terrible Reaper to furnish this Extra! We shall order new type and a press however, by the mail for the north, to-morrow morning, and hope to be fully "on our feet" again in the course of a month; and in the mean time shall en-

deavor to issue copies enough of our paper for our exchanges on a foolscap sheet, on an improvised press!—our two iron hand presses being utterly wrecked. We therefore throw ourselves upon the indulgence of our advertising and reading patrons "for a little while," being determined not to desert the "burning ship"—being utterly opposed to any species of "ratting."

As we are doing advertising for merchants in Charleston and Savannah, we request our contemporaries in those cities to note our situation.

The steamer "Florida" was lying at her wharf at the time of the fire, and drew off into the stream as it progressed; the "Seminole" from Savannah, bringing the mail, (the Gaston being taken off the line,) had passed up the river. Every exertion was made by the citizens, firemen, and even the ladies, who were found here and there lending assistance, to arrest the fire—the negroes also laboring faithfully to do their utmost. But the fire became unmanageable, and as the intense heat extended itself, confusion and exhaustion rendered human exertion less efficient. A portion of the fire apparatus unfortunately fell into a situation which brought it in contact with the flames, and it was lost.

Upon the amount of property lost, it is estimated that one-half is insured, some in New York and New England offices, and some in Georgia. The two printing offices were insured—our own for a little more than half its value. We lost all the printing paper, and a large quantity of letter, which we had on hand for jobbing. Our "set up" forms have run into a molten mass.

Mr. Andres Capova was severely burnt and is disabled, and Mr. J. C. Hemming was severely stunned and for some time hurt, but he is now better. We regret also that the family of Mr. Phillip Fraser, who were ill were forced to remove.

Our edition of the Republican of this date, was off the press, but few copies of which, however, had been taken from the office or mailed.—Its non-receipt by the greater portion of our subscribers is, we presume, sufficiently and satisfactorily accounted for by the intelligence which this "extra" announces.

Family History

Drew family fled to Lake City with all of their belongings. Horace, then nine years old, drove the wagon. After the War, Horace Drew returned to Jacksonville and the printing business.

Horace married Gertrude Fairbanks of Sewanee, Tennessee, daughter of Major George Rainsford Fairbanks, whose numerous books on Florida history Drew had published or co-published.

Three children were born of this marriage: My father, Horace Rainsford Drew (1876), John Graeme Drew II (1877) and Routledge Dorr Drew (1879).

Gertrude died suddenly in 1893. Family legend is that she fell down the steps at the Riverside Drew home on Riverside Avenue (where the Florida Times Union is now) while pregnant with her fourth child.

Horace married again in 1895 to Mary Lydia Hodson, and two children were born of that marriage: Marguerite Hodson Drew and Eugene Hodson Drew. Hodson's children are Margaret, Sherwood, Hodson, Jr., Edward and Horace.

A biography of Grandfather and my father, Horace Rainsford Drew is beautifully done in Mr. Phillip May's 1955 Article (see Appendix 2).



The Sons of
Columbus Drew
~
Jacksonville, Florida





Left to Right

*William B.
Drew*

~

*Columbus
Drew, M.D.*

~

*Bottom
Left to Right*

Horace Drew

~

Julius Drew,

~

Graham Drew

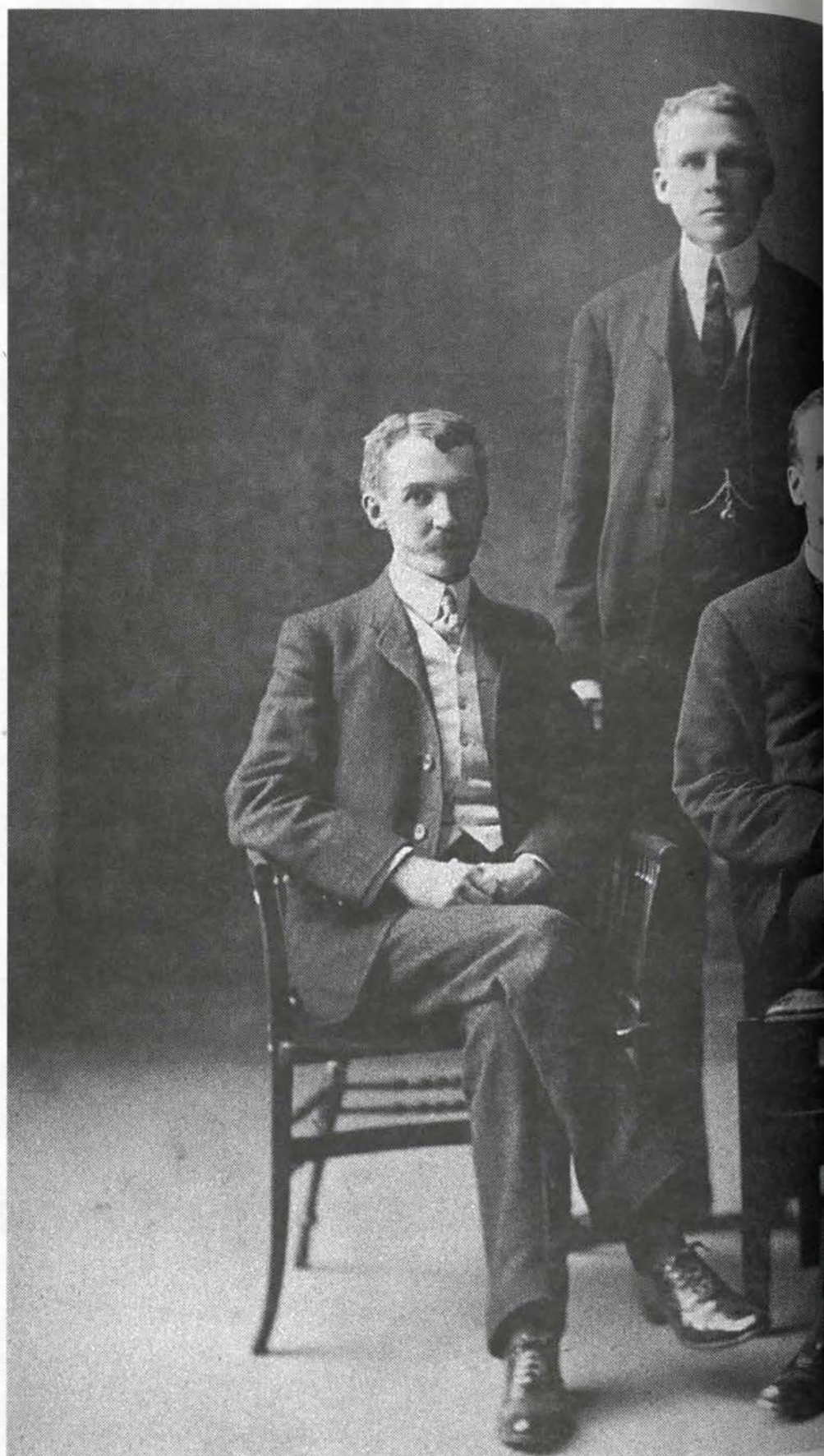


FIG. 5-6



Family History

My present recollection of my father is of a gentle, loving family man and an excellent, dedicated physician. He would sometimes take me fishing after his office hours during the summer months. These are treasured memories for me. With mother we would usually go to Captain Canova's Fish Camp on Trout River. We went out Main Street north from our home about five miles till we came to the camp. For fifty cents we would rent a rowboat, a cane pole and live shrimp to fish for trout. Mother and I fished with hand lines wound on a wooden holder. Almost always we caught a skilletful of delicious fish - red bass, croaker, trout, flounder, sheepshead, and drum. All were abundant in the salt waters of this then beautiful pristine creek branching from the St. Johns River and the Atlantic Ocean. (See Appendix 3) The Most Unforgettable Character.

At the Grove we had a bass boat and, fishing and hunting together as a family, enjoyed great sport.



Family History

Our family was very close. Mother and Dad were completely devoted to each other, and passed this deep love on to me, their only son.

Born in 1876 my beloved father lived for 74 years, having practiced medicine in Jacksonville for 50 years. A lifetime smoker from age 16, he died of emphysema of the lungs, under care of Dr, T.Z. Cason, on April 1, 1951, at age 74 years.

My dear mother, Louise (Margaret Louise Phillips Drew) had come to Jacksonville from Danville, Kentucky, with her sister Cecil Phillips Butler and her mother, Elizabeth (Miss Betty) Bradford Dillon Phillips in the early 1900s. Miss Betty's husband, Benjamin Franklin Phillips (b. 1844) died in Danville, Kentucky of pneumonia on September 26, 1899, at the young age of 55.



With two young, pretty and marriageable daughters on her hands, Miss Betty (as she was affectionately known by all of her many friends) moved from their old home in Danville, Kentucky, to Jacksonville. They first lived in the Oakdale Apartments on May Street in the old Riverside area. Louise and Cecil soon became popular belles in Jacksonville. In addition to attending dances and parties, they both ably played the violin in the local society orchestra that regularly played in the popular Mayflower Hotel Roof Ballroom. There Cecil (b. February 27, 1893) met and married James Turner Butler on June 30, 1915. The wedding was held at the Presbyterian Church in Danville, Kentucky, where the old Phillips home was (and still is) located.

My mother, Louise (b. July 10, 1891), not to be outdone, the following year on June 28, 1916, married my father, Dr. Horace Rainsford Drew (b. July 6, 1876), in Jacksonville, Florida.

My father, a successful physician and my uncle, Senator James Turner Butler, a successful lawyer, Judge and Politician were perceived to be great "catches" for these two lovely Kentucky belles, much to the envy and dismay of the local young women who also set their caps for these two eligible and successful bachelors. Miss Betty was content!

Family History

My dear mother, Born in 1891, lived to age 66, when she died suddenly of a heart attack in 1957 while living with us on Waterman Road. She is buried in Evergreen Cemetery beside my beloved father, her husband Dr. Drew. She lived a wonderful Christian life. As the only son of Horace and Louise (Cecil and Turner had two daughters, Elizabeth Sophronia Butler and Cecil Louise Butler), I demanded much and much was demanded of me! With no brothers or sisters to depend on I have always been "on my own". But if you find yourself in this posture, do not despair.

It has been said that single children build character from this simple fact!





Fairbanks

Interpretation Of The Arms Of Fairbanks

~

Silver doth represent white, and so it may be said to be emblematic of Light. Silver doth signify of virtues and spiritual qualities, Humility, Temperance and Truth; of worthy good qualities, Gentleness: of planets, the Moon; of the elements, Water; of trees, the Palm; of flowers, the Fleur-de lis; of beasts, the Ermine, which is all white without a spot; of the parts of man, his Brain; of the period in man's life, that in which his faculties and his experience are most ripened and complete.

“It hath been stated by a learned Spanish authority, that he who beareth a Silver shield is obliged to render relief unto Maidens and Orphans in distress.

“A Fess, or band athwart the middle of a shield doth represent a waste-belt, or military girdle, a bearing which has ever been held in high distinction by the brave Warrior, since it was bestowed by the Sovereign upon his most faithful knights. The Hurts or Globes, represent gun-stones, it is said, and were used by cannoneers before the invention of iron balls. The stone of which they were fashioned was often of a bluish or grey color. Still, being blue in their tinctures, some will have it that these Hursts do signify wounds or contusions of the flesh honorably received in battle, and which often turn of that color.

“A Bezant was the current coin of Byzantium, now called Constantinople, the seat of the Turkish Emperour, and was introduced into Coat Armour by those who were in the Crusades to the Blessed Holly Land, being still borne by their descendants.

“Arrows are of honorable significance in Heraldry, because that they annoy and gall an unrighteous enemy, and suffer him not to approach to endammage the Archer. They are also the symbols of keen perceptions, since it requireth a quick eye and a skilled hand to put them to effective flight against an enemy.”

Motto: FINEM RESPICE



FAIRBANKS

The Fairbanks Family has been intentionally interwoven with the Drew Family throughout this manuscript as are their Viking genes in their descendants.

The oldest wooden family dwelling in the United States is Fairbanks House located in the small town of Dedham, Massachusetts, a few miles west of Boston. Shelley and I have visited there where I became a Life Member of The Fairbanks Family of America. Our Fairbanks Line is much more complete than our Drew lineage.

For example, Fairbanks takes us back though twelve generations of families to Jonathan, our first American forebear. While Drew may predate, the line is less complete, subject to further research. See APP. 7.

Jonathan in 1636 constructed Fairbanks House partly from his ship's timbers that he reportedly carried on his back from Boston Harbor, some six miles east of Dedham.

Through the years after first settling in America the Fairbanks, like most other Americans of that day, moved westward away from the ocean. Thus, Jason Fairbanks in 1808 moved over to Watertown, New York. Jason was seven generations down from Jonathan, and was the father of George Rainsford Fairbanks born 1820 in Watertown.

It was from Watertown that George ventured into the untamed wilderness known as the Territory of Florida in 1840 to St. Augustine to Clerk of the District Court of the Territorial Government of Florida. This was five years before the Territory attained Statehood in 1845.

By far the most distinguished Fairbanks in the last two centuries, Major George Rainsford Fairbanks (George) is recognized far and wide for his many achievements.

Samuel Proctor, eminent Florida historian, in his preface to the Bicentennial Republication of Fairbanks', "The History and Antiquities of the City of St. Augustine" Florida Press - 1975, states at the outset:

**FLORIDA'S PRE - EMINENT NINETEENTH CENTURY
HISTORIAN WAS GEORGE RAINSFORD FAIRBANKS.**

Proctor goes on to state that "Fairbanks mastered the Spanish language so that he could read the history in the language of the original adventurers." From these translations he wrote "The History And Antiquities of the City of St. Augustine, Florida," Lippencott & Co. and Drew Press (1871).

From his Florida beginning as clerk of the Territorial District Court of Florida in 1841, George met Moses Yulee and his son David, who was the same age as George - 21 years.

In 1856 George and David and friends during a meeting in a St. Augustine store organized "*The Historical Society of Florida*", now known as ***The Florida Historical Society***.

On July 4, 1857 George gathered with other church leaders to organize The University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn. Although the original campus buildings were destroyed by the Yankees during the war, Fairbanks and friends rebuilt the campus after the War. His own home, a log structure known as "Rebel's Rest", is still situated on the campus of the University of the South just across from the chapel. (Shelley and I spent a night at Rebel's Rest recently, sleeping in Gertrude Fairbank's old bedroom. Quite a spiritual experience!) In 1905 George published through H. & W. B. Drew Co., his "History of the University of the South."

George had graduated from Union College in 1839 at age 19, and after reading the law in a local law office was admitted to the New York Bar in 1842. Apparently through his assistance to the Yulees in finally securing the legality and surveyed ground location of their portion of the 1810 Arredondo Grant, in about 1856 George received some 2000 acres of Alachua County land and water designated "The Fairbanks Grant", and thereby became a Florida citrus grower.

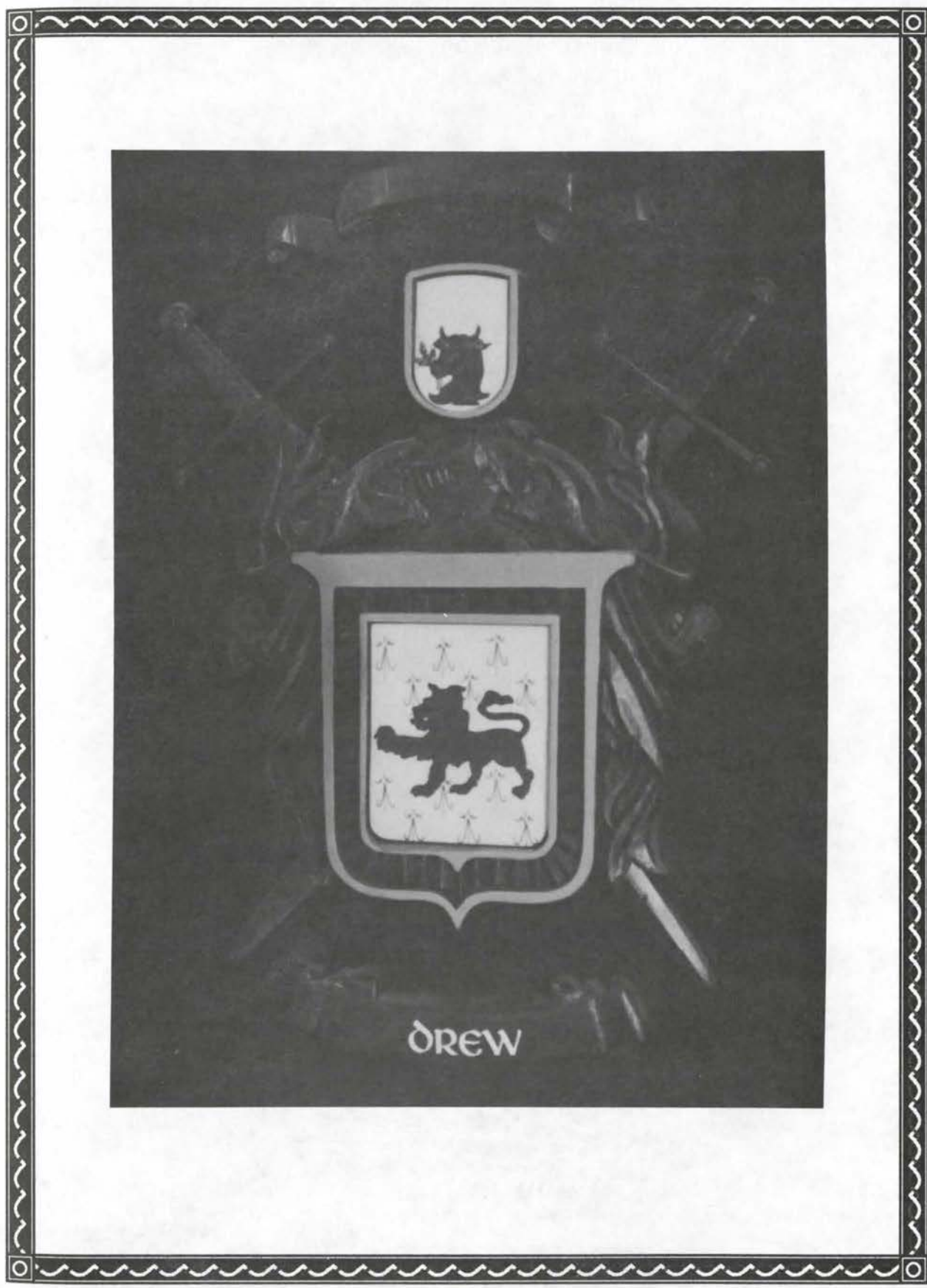
During the War Between The States, George served as a Major in the Quartermaster Corps of Jefferson Davis in Atlanta.

George lived mainly at Sewanee and St. Augustine. However, not foreseeing the value of the railroad, he became convinced that Fernandina as a natural deep water port, rather than Jacksonville, handicapped as it was by the sand bars at the mouth of the St. Johns river, would become Florida's leading community. So he became editor of the Fernandina Mirror for many years, and there built a beautiful large home for his wife, who would never live in it. His home was thereafter known as "Fairbanks Folly," and continues today as one of Fernandina's prime tourist attractions.

Thus we can say that George, *inter alia*, was an Editor, Lawyer, Scholar, Writer, Soldier, Citrus Grower, Historian, Builder, Founder of Colleges and Historical Societies and a Father and Grandfather. In all quite a figure in our history.

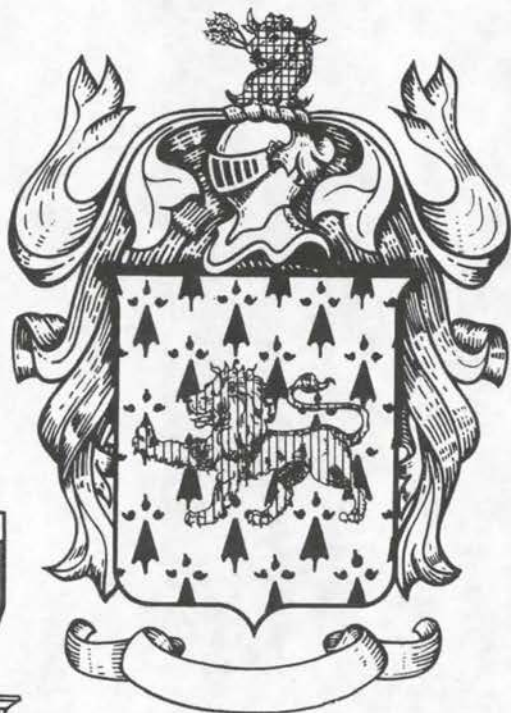
A Picture of George and his entire family, taken in 1905, rests in the library of Island House, Drew Grove. APP - 8

Thus it was that my great grandfathers Columbus Drew and Major George Rainsford Fairbanks, each born in 1820, came to Florida at about the same time in the 1840's, the first to establish a printing and stationery business, and the second to be come a soldier, scholar, editor, citrus grower, historian and landowner, and thus it was that these two great lines merged as outlined in this manuscript.



DREW

Coat of Arms



Drew

Historiography

The Drew Coat of Arms illustrated left was drawn by a heraldic artist from information officially recorded in ancient heraldic archives. Documentation for the Drew Coat of Arms design can be found in Burke's General Armory. Heraldic artists of old developed their own unique language to describe an individual Coat of Arms. In their language, the Arms (shield) is as follows:

"Erm. a lion pass. gu."

When translated the Arms description is:

"Ermine: a red lion walking."

Above the shield and helmet is the Crest which is described as:

"A bull's head erased sa. in the mouth three ears of wheat or."

A translation of the Crest description is:

"A black bull's head jagged, in his mouth three gold ears of wheat."

Family mottos are believed to have originated as battle cries in medieval times.

The Motto recorded with the Drew Coat of Arms is:

"DROGO NOMEN ET VIRTUS ARMA DEDIT"
(Drogo Gave Us Name, And Virtue Arms)

Individual surnames originated for the purpose of more specific identification.

The four primary sources for second names were: occupation, location, father's name and personal characteristics. The surname Drew appears to be patronymical in origin, and is believed to be associated with the English, meaning, "descendant of Drew, Dru (carrier) pet form of Andrew (manly)." The supplementary sheet included with this report is designed to give you more information to further your understanding of the origin of names. Different spellings of the same original surname are a common occurrence. Dictionaries of surnames indicate probable spelling variations. The most prominent variations of Drew are Drue, Dru and Drews.

Information available to us indicates that in 1971 there were approximately 4800 heads of households in the United States with the old and distinguished Drew name. The United States Census Bureau in 1970 estimated that there were approximately 3.1 persons per household in America which yields an approximate total of 14,880 people in the United States carrying the Drew name. Although the figure seems relatively low, it does not signify the many important contributions that individuals bearing the Drew name have made to history.

No genealogical representation is intended or implied by this report and it does not represent individual lineage or your family tree.





YOUR NAME AND YOUR COAT OF ARMS -- -- Priceless Gifts From History

Until about 1100 A.D. most people in Europe had only one name (This is still true in some primitive countries today). As the population increased it became awkward to live in a village wherein perhaps 1/3 of the males were named John, another sizable percentage named William, and so forth.

And so, to distinguish one John from another a second name was needed. There were four primary sources for these second names. They were: a man's occupation, his location, his father's name or some peculiar characteristic of his. Here are some examples.

Occupation: The local house builder, food preparer, grain grinder and suit maker would be named respectively: John Carpenter, John Cook, John Miller, and John Taylor.

Location: The John who lived over the hill became known as John Overhill, the one who dwelled near a stream might be dubbed John Brook or perhaps John Atbrook.

Patronymical: (father's name): Many of these surnames can be recognized by the termination---son, such as Williamson, Jackson, etc. Some endings used by other countries to indicate "son" are: Armenian's---ian, Dane's and Norwegian's---sen, Finn's---nen, Greek's---pulos, Spaniard's---ez, and Pole's---wicz. Prefixes denoting "son" are the Welsh---

Ap, the Scot's and Irish---Mac, and the Norman's---Fitz. The Irish O' incidentally denotes grandfather.

Characteristic: An unusually small person might be labeled Small, Short, Little or Lytle. A large man might be named Longfellow, Large, Lang, or Long. Many persons having characteristics of a certain animal would be given the animal's name. Examples: a sly person might be named Fox; a good swimmer, Fish; a quiet man, Dove; etc.

In addition to needing an extra name for identification, one occupational group found it necessary to go a step further. The fighting man: The fighting man of the Middle Ages wore a metal suit of armor for protection. Since this suit of armor included a helmet that completely covered the head, a knight in full battle dress was unrecognizable. To prevent friend from attacking friend during the heat of battle, it became necessary for each knight to somehow identify himself. Many knights accomplished this by painting colorful patterns on their battle shields. These patterns were also woven into cloth surcoats which were worn over a suit of armor. Thus was born the term, "Coat of Arms."

As this practice grew more popular, it became more and more likely that two knights unknown to each other might be using the same insignia. To prevent this, records were kept that granted the

right to a particular pattern to a particular knight. His family also shared his right to display these arms. In some instances, these records have been preserved and/or compiled into book form. The records list the family name and an exact description of the "Coat of Arms" granted to that family.

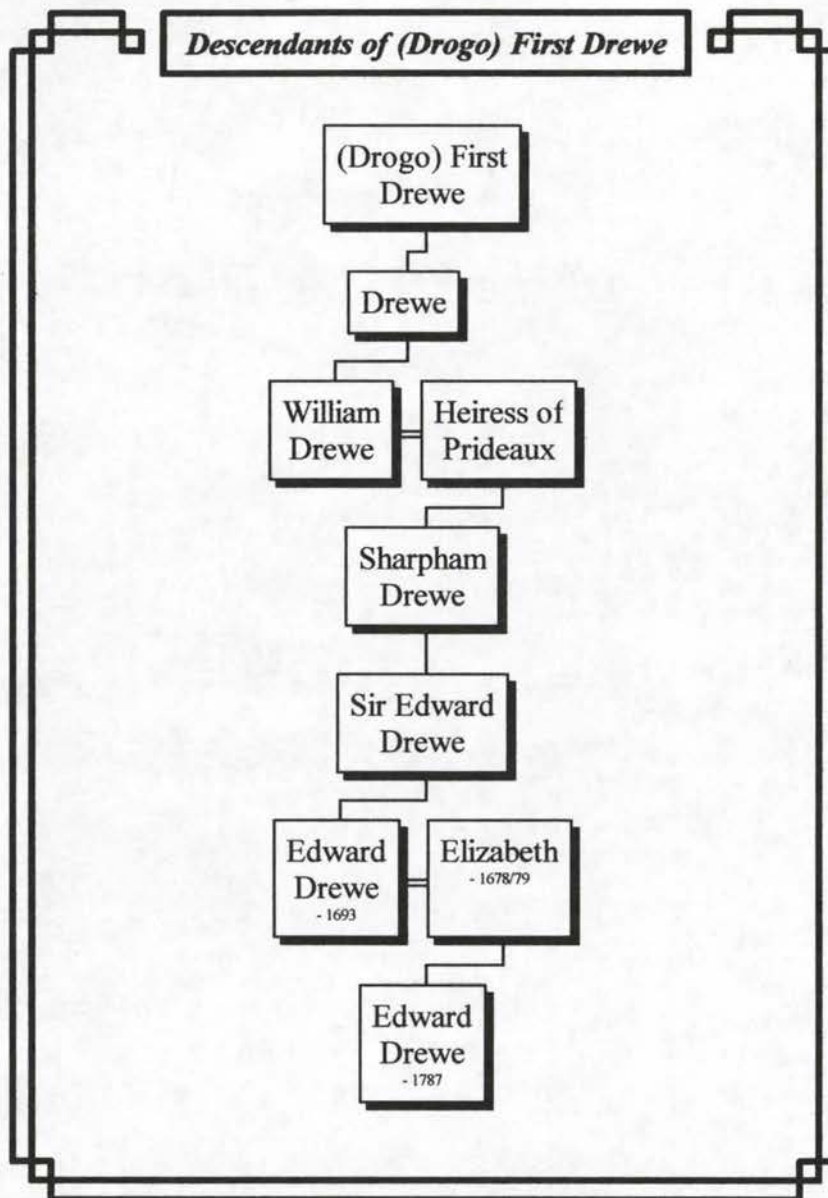
Interest in heraldry is increasing daily. This is especially true among people who have a measure of family pride and who resent attempts of our society to reduce each individual to a series of numbers stored somewhere in a computer. In our matter-of-fact day and age, a "Coat of Arms" is one of the rare devices remaining that can provide an incentive to preserve our heritage. We hope you'll agree that it is much more than just a wall decoration.

If you are interested in a more in-depth study of the subject of this paper, may we suggest you contact the genealogical department of any fair-sized public library. We especially recommend the "Dictionary of American Family Names" published by Harper & Row and also "The Surnames of Scotland" available from the New York Public Library as excellent sources on the meaning of surnames.

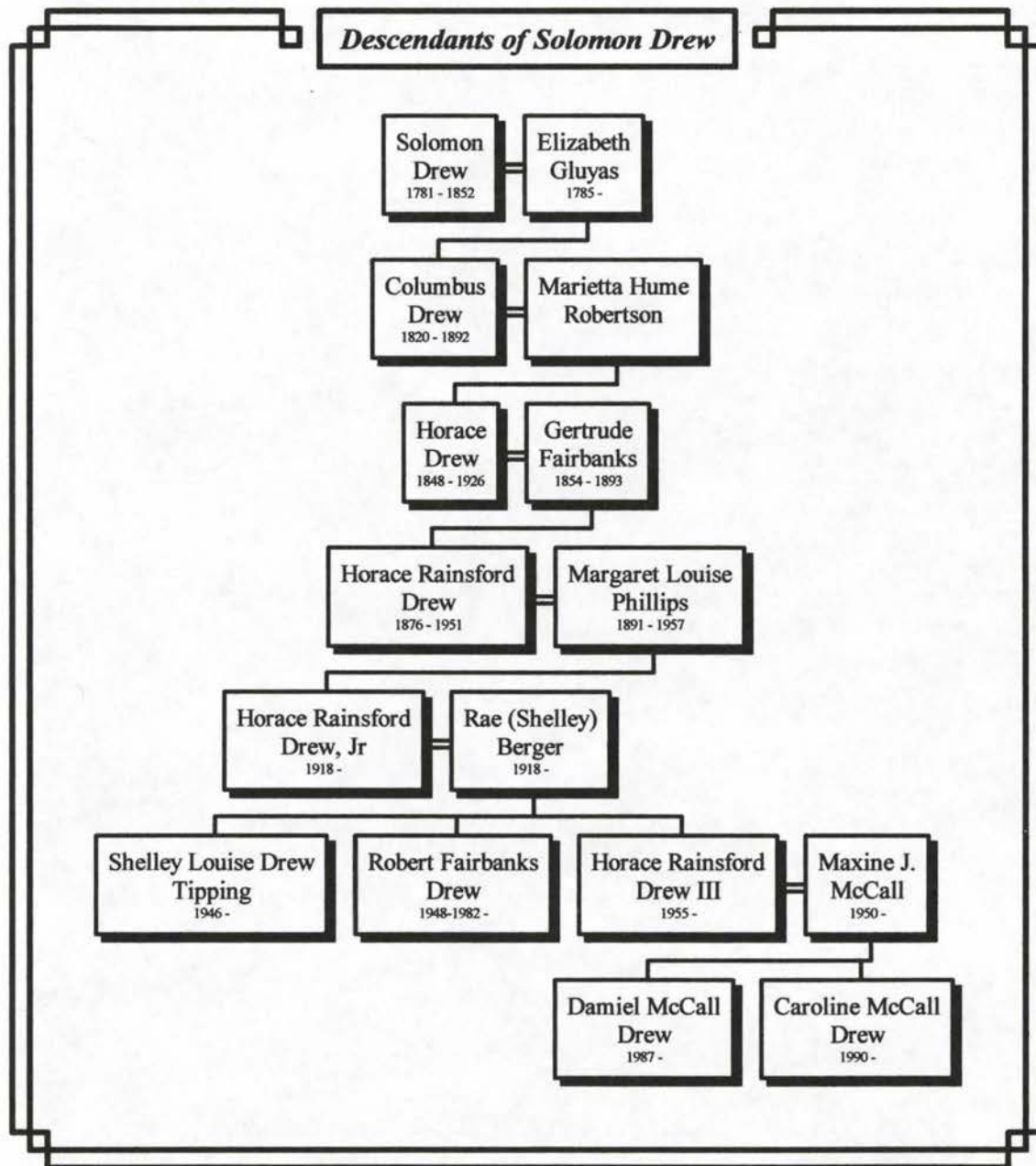
Nancy L. Halbert
Nancy L. Halbert



Drew and Fairbanks Ancestry



Drew and Fairbanks Ancestry



Part 6

~ Conclusion ~

The gentle reader will observe that OUR STORY encompasses both family history coupled with the adventures of man.

Beginning in the Eighth Century with the Norse (Viking) Conquest and settlement of what we now know as Normandy, we next find our forebears circa 1066 with a Warrior known as William The Conqueror crossing the Channel to the Ancient British Isles to supplant, subdue and ultimately merge with the Druids, Gaellics, Welsh and other tribes then there residing.

Six centuries later in the Seventeenth Century these same adventurous descendants came across the wide Atlantic Ocean to America to conquer the native Americans and to settle here. When we consider that the only method of travel in those days was in a frail leaky wooden boat, beset by monstrous storms and driven only by wind in the sails, it is hard for us even to imagine the intensity of purpose of these adventurous spirits in leaving their homes to undertake an unknown fate in a strange and alien world.





At the least, we trust that "Our Story" will entertain the reader as well as shed some light on these histories of the Drew and Fairbanks Families for our dear descendants.

As we develop from children to adults we do seek to find a sense of ourselves and our origins. If "Our Story" does no more than whet the reader's appetite for more, it will truly have accomplished its purpose. And certainly there is much more out there to be learned!

Thus may this manuscript lend some guidance to you our future generations in a new century and a new millennium.

*May God bless you, be gracious unto you and make his face
to shine upon you.*

July 20, 1998

HORACE RAINSFORD DREW, JR.

Appendix

OUR STORY

~

BY

HORACE RAINSFORD DREW, JR.

History of Ophthalmology in Duval County

William H. Houston, M. D.

APP - 1

History of Ophthalmology in Duval County

William H. Houston, M.D.

Established in 1916, Ophthalmology was the very first specialty "Board" Small wonder, as the first organ transplant was that of a cornea in 1789 in France. That procedure was predated by the first recorded extraction of a cataract in 1748 also in France. "Couching" of a cataract was a procedure reported in the most ancient Arabic and Hindu writings dating back several thousand years. This brutal procedure involved pushing a long sharp thorn into the eye and displacing the cataractous lens backwards into the vitreous. No anesthesia, of course. The degree of patient satisfaction with this procedure has not been recorded.

The story of Ophthalmology in Duval County must be told through the personal stories of those individuals who gave eye care. Unfortunately, the Florida Medical Society and the Duval County Medical Society records were destroyed in the disastrous Jacksonville fire of May 3, 1901 so we will never know with certainty just who performed the first real eye care in this area. It is with concern that I realize that this report may not include a few physicians that well deserved to be mentioned. No one was purposely excluded but a few may have been missed because of the nearly total absence of information on who did what in the early days of medicine in Duval County.

In these days of specialization and super-specialization it is all too easy to forget that in the not too distant past all physicians were DOCTORS--general doctors who did a little of everything. Even when specialization began to be wide-spread, the eye training was incorporated into Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat and this combination residency did not cease until circa 1950. A few straight Ophthalmology training programs were available in the early 1920's, but almost all residencies were EENT.

So who were the first real eye care physician in Duval County, and when? Their stories will be told in chronological order.

The earliest record that I have been able to find of real eye care is reported in a paper by *Columbus Drew, M.D.*, of Jacksonville and dated 1893. There is a second paper by the same author dated 1895. These papers astounded me as they were expressed in a language peculiar to the present day ophthalmologist and were remarkably accurate in their descriptive terms. Except for the treatment recommended, these two papers could well be thought to be dated 1993!

A similar paper by *E. Andrade, M.D.*, of Jacksonville was published in 1906 with language and anatomical description that would fit well into our current journals. *F. P. Hoover, M.D.*, of Jacksonville published a paper in 1910

that is as lucid or more so than some writings seen in today's journals. These three men certainly were superb examples of "learned physicians" of that era—or of any era. From these sparkling examples—and there were others—we must infer that Duval County has been blessed with far above average eye care for at least the past 100 years!

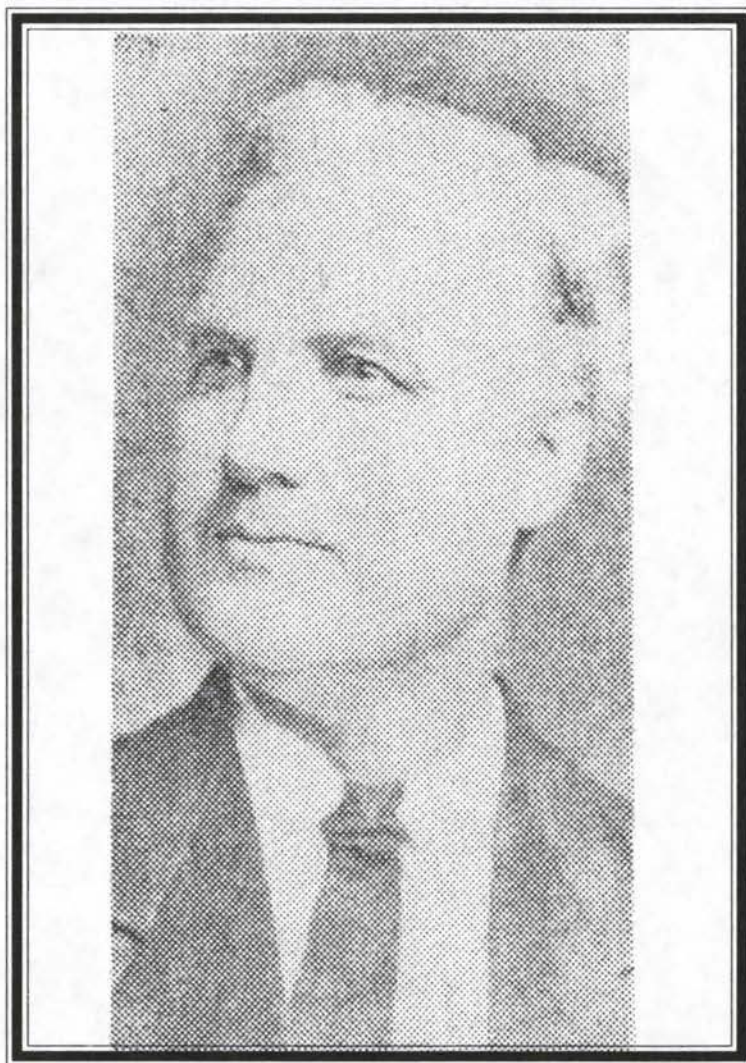
All we really know of *Columbus Drew, M.D.*, is that he was born in 1847 and is said in the literature to be Florida's first true EENT physician. He began practice here in 1870 and retired in 1912. He was a charter member of the FMA and was its oldest member when he died in 1922.

A nephew of Columbus Drew, M.D. was *Horace Rainsford Drew, M.D.*, who like most others of that time did general medicine and eye care. He was born in Jacksonville on July 6, 1876 and received his M.D. degree from the University of the South in Suwannee, Tennessee in 1901. He is said to have had the first x-ray machine in Jacksonville. He served with distinction in World War I and later served as the Chief of the Medical Staff at St. Luke's Hospital. He became a certified hero during the Jacksonville fire of 1901 as he and several friends manned a fire brigade continuously and hosed down the famous tourist mecca, the St. James Hotel, and saved it from the flames. He retired in 1950 and died in 1951 at age 74 years. His son, H.R. Drew, is a practicing attorney in Jacksonville today. Over the last 100 years, the impressive Drew family has given Jacksonville many business, legal and medical leaders. The 1905 Duval County Medical Society roster lists three active Drs. Drew, Columbus, Stanton and Horace.

COLUMBUS DREW

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BOOK SELLER - STATIONER - PRINTER
AND A CENTURY OF AMERICAN HERITAGE



APP - 2

COLUMBUS DREW

**COLUMBUS DREW
1820 ~1891**

**BOOK SELLER - STATIONER - PRINTER
AND A CENTURY OF AMERICAN HERITAGE**

In the year 1886, a distinguished citizen of Jacksonville, wrote a letter to three of his grandsons who were spending the summer with their mother in the mountains at Sewanee, Tennessee. They were visiting in the home of their maternal grandfather, Major George R. Fairbanks, a distinguished lawyer, Confederate soldier, churchman and educator who served many years as Treasurer of the University of the South.

The letter reads in part as follows: "You know how hard your dear father and his brothers work to attend to the duties of the business. I suppose it must be expected to "tell on them" sometimes, as the expression is. I often look at "you boys" and feel a wish that after a while you may be in the store helping in the business. And I wish this, that you may look forward for some certainty for yourselves in life and, on my account, that I may know that the business which I started so many years ago is still, or will be in the hands of my sons, grandsons, my great grandsons, or as far as you can extend the Gs. You know it always gives respectability to the business (particularly is this the case in England) that is passed along in the same name from Father to son."

Though the particular grandsons to whom the letter was addressed chose other fields for their business and professional activities, the hope expressed in the letter has been and is now being fulfilled by his grandsons and his great grandsons with the prospect that generations to follow will carry on.

The writer of the letter was Columbus Drew, who was born in Alexandria, Virginia, January 6, 1820. His father was Solomon Drew, a native of Helstone, Cornwall, England, who came to the United States in 1818. His mother was Elizabeth Glyuas, born in 1785, of Richard and Suzanne Gluyas of Penzance, England. They settled in Washington, D.C., and then in 1824, he became a naturalized citizen of the United States. He died in Washington in 1852 at the age of 71 years.

COLUMBUS DREW

The family is of ancient English lineage, the name being derived from Drogo or Dru, probably Norman in origin. The first proved ancestor of the family was William Drewe, who married an heiress of Prideaux in the 14th century. Another ancestor, Sir Edward Drewe, was knighted in 1589 by Queen Elizabeth I. The present British seat of the family was erected by Sir Thomas Drewe in 1610.

Columbus Drew received his education and early training in Journalism and printing in the District of Columbia. In his youth he was employed in the office of the National Intelligencer, first as a proof reader and then as an editor. In 1847, as a partner with a Mr. Davis, he edited the American, a Washington newspaper.

He was married in 1844 to Marietta Hume Robinson of Richmond, Virginia. Their first son, named for his father, was born in Richmond on December 3, 1847.

In 1846, the voters of Florida elected as a member of the 30th Congress, Edward Carrington Cabell, of Tallahassee. Mr. Cabell was born in Richmond in 1816. He was a student at Washington College in Lexington, later Washington and Lee University, and graduated from the University of Virginia in 1836. He settled in Tallahassee in 1837 and became immediately active in politics as a Whig. He remained a staunch member of that party during the three terms in which he represented Florida in Congress. A strong personal and political friendship developed between Mr. Cabell and Mr. Drew who was also a devoted Whig. At the instance of Mr. Cabell, aided by the Honorable S. L. Burritt, a wealthy and distinguished citizen of Jacksonville, Mr. Drew was induced to make his home in Jacksonville for the purpose of establishing here a Whig newspaper. (It is interesting to note that Robert H. Burritt, a successful and popular young Jacksonville businessman, is a direct decendent of Mr. Burritt.) The first issue of the Whig paper with Mr. Drew as editor-proprietor appeared as the "Jacksonville Republican" in May of 1848. The name was later changed to the "Florida Republican" in May of 1848. An incomplete file of this publication is available in the P.K. Yonge Library of Florida History at the University of Florida, Gainesville, of which Jullien C. Younge, the editor of the Florida Historical Society Quarterly, is director.

COLUMBUS DREW

The plant of the "Florida Republican" was destroyed by a disastrous fire which occurred April 5, 1854, in which seventy buildings were consumed. An historical account of that fire was reported in an extra of the "Florida Republican" published April 6, 1854.

Mrs. Marguerite Drew Bardin, a granddaughter of Mr. Columbus Drew, is the owner of an original copy of that extra. A facsimile of it is reproduced on page 26 of the "Hundredth Birthday, Duval County Medical Society, 1853 - 1953," edited by Dr. Webster Merritt, a former president and one of the most valued members of our society.

Following the destruction of his newspaper plant, Mr. Drew abandoned the field of journalism and the paper was taken over by Mr. John C. Blanchard.

With \$500.00, offered to him as a gift by Mr. Burritt and another friend, but accepted as a loan, subsequently fully paid, Mr. Drew went to New York and purchased a second-hand printing plant. In a rented store at Bay and Newnan Streets, he established his print shop and hung out his sign "Columbus Drew - - - Books, Stationery and Printing."

At a time not identified, the business was moved to 60 West Bay Street, and later to 49 W. Bay, on the site now occupied by the Department Store of Senator Fletcher Morgan. The name, "The H. and W. B. Drew Company" still appears in the tile entrance to Senator Morgan's store.

Columbus and Marietta Drew were the parents of five sons and two daughters; Columbus, Horace, Julius, John Graeme, Mrs. Elizabeth Drew Williams, Miss Alice Drew, and the youngest, William B. All of them lived to ripe old ages. The last to die was John Graeme in 1941. All except the daughter, Alice, married and except for William B., had children. All of these, except the father's namesake now have living descendants.

As an ardent Whig, Mr. Drew opposed secession, but, once the die was cast, joined the Confederacy and was loyal to the struggling South. Because of his business ability, personally recognized by President Davis, the Confederate administration called him to Richmond where he was connected with the Treasury Department in a responsible capacity during the greater part of the war. His son, Columbus, joined the Confederate forces as a drummer boy, shortly after the outbreak of the war.

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Horace, the second son, was born in Jacksonville January 20, 1854. When the family refuged in 1863, Horace, then only nine years old, drove the wagon which hauled the family and their most precious possessions to Lake City. With his father and elder brother in the service of the Confederacy, Horace became the man of the family and was of considerable help in managing its affairs and keeping the business together.

Columbus Drew, Jr., came to Jacksonville with his parents when he was less than a year old and lived out his life here. He began the study of medicine in 1865 and attended the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore from 1867 to 1869, when he graduated. He also graduated from the University of New York in 1879. He was married to Miss Marian G. Carr of St Augustine in 1872. They had a son Staunton, who followed his father in the medical profession. Staunton married the daughter of Baron Von Lundershan (?), a German Nobleman who had an estate on Lake Sante Fe in Alachua County, to which he brought many exotic plants from the Orient. The Baron's descendants still maintain a nursery there where some of the original azalea plants brought from India still live. Staunton died without issue in 1908.

Dr. Columbus Drew began the practice of medicine in Jacksonville in 1870. He was named County Physician in 1877 at a salary of \$25.00 per month. In that capacity he had the care of the patients in the Duval County Hospital and Asylum.

He became a member of the Duval Medical Society which had been organized in 1853 in the office of Dr. William L'Engle in the Florida Republican Building on the corner of Bay and Market Streets. Thirty six years later, Dr. Columbus Drew became its President. It is the oldest medical organization in Florida and sponsored the founding of The Florida Medical Association in Jacksonville on January 14, 1874. Dr. Columbus Drew was one of the charter members.

In his Century of Medicine in Duval County, Dr. Webster Merrit wrote " During the early 1880's Dr. Drew studied approximately 900 fever stricken patients whom he treated in Jacksonville and Duval County." He carefully recorded much medical data at the bedside of each patient. His chief object was to determine the causes of the various types of fever and to ascertain the proportionate number of residents and non-residents affected by each type." The rather detailed and

COLUMBUS DREW

technical report of his studies is recorded in the proceedings of the Medical Association for 1882 and 1883." According to Dr. Merritt, Dr. Drew won the distinction of being Florida's first eye, ear, nose and throat specialist. Quoting again from Dr. Merritt's book, a portion of his philosophy was summed up in a bit of advice to his young nephew, Dr. Horace Drew, who began the practice of medicine after the turn of the century: "If you do your work and do it well, collections need not concern you." That nephew later became President of the Duval Medical Society. There will be more said of him later in this paper.

Dr. Columbus Drew retired from the practice in 1912 and died ten years later.

Returning to the original subject of this paper, Columbus Drew, the father: At the end of the war, he returned to Jacksonville and resumed the operation of his business as book seller, stationer and printer. His son, Horace, continued his education in the schools at Jacksonville, spending much time also in his father's store and print shop. He later entered the University of the South from which he graduated in 1875 when he returned to Jacksonville and entered the employ of his father.

One of Governor Drew's appointments which gained wide spread approval was the selection of Mr. Columbus Drew as Comptroller. They were not related. Mr. Drew served effectively in this position throughout Governor Drew's administration. In order to give his undivided attention to his responsibilities in Tallahassee, he sold his business to his son Horace who had already demonstrated unusual business acumen and ability. Upon completion of this service as Comptroller in 1880, Mr. Drew returned to Jacksonville and resumed his full-time residence here. Mrs. Drew died in 1878 during his service in Tallahassee. He thereafter devoted his time principally to the management of his real estate holdings and several public responsibilities. His real estate consisted principally of unimproved suburban property. He lived out the remainder of his life in the home on Monroe Street at the corner of Laura, which he had erected in 1852 and he died on July 8, 1891, following a heart attack suffered about a year prior to his death. The funeral services were held the next day in St. John's Church. He was buried beside his wife in the old City Cemetery.

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Horace Drew, first married Gertrude Fairbanks, the daughter of Major George Rainsford Fairbanks. By this marriage he had three children, Dr. Horace Rainsford Drew, John Graeme Drew, II, and Routledge Dorr Drew. His first wife died in 1893.

John Graeme, II, was born in 1877 and died in 1918 without issue. Horace Rainsford was born in Jacksonville on July 6, 1876. His primary and secondary education were received in local schools. He became a member of the Jacksonville Light Infantry and attained the rank of Sergeant. He was a student at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, his father's alma mater, at the time of the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. He served with the Jacksonville Light Infantry which became a part of the United States Army. He played football on the highly rated teams of the University of the South and the J.L.I. At the end of the war, he resumed his studies at the University of the South from which he obtained a degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1901. The next year he began to practice medicine in Jacksonville, specializing in internal medicine. After forty-eight years of successful practice here, he retired in 1950. He was an active member of the Duval Country Medical Society and served as its President in the year 1908.

He was a member of the Florida Medical Association for 46 years; 35 as an active member and 11 as a life member. He was also a member of the American Medical Association. He was a citrus grower by avocation and successfully operated a grove near Island Grove, Florida, on a portion of the land which his grandfather, Major George Rainsford Fairbanks received as his fee as attorney for the successful claimants to the famous Arredondo Grant, covering a large portion of Alachua County, including Orange Lake. For many years, Dr. Drew was prominently identified with Jacksonville cultural and social activities.

He was a member of the Florida Historical Society, the Seminole, Lions and Florida Yacht Clubs and the Delta Tau Delta social fraternity. With the majority of the members of the Drew family, he was a communicant of St. John's Church, now St. John's Cathedral. He was married in Jacksonville on June 28, 1916 to Margaret Louise Phillips, daughter of Benjamin Franklin and Elizabeth Bradford Phillips of Danville, Kentucky. He was survived by his widow, a son Horace Rainsford Drew, Jr., who has become one of Florida's outstanding attorneys, specializing in Federal

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Taxes, a granddaughter, Shelley Louise Drew, and a grandson Robert Fairbanks Drew. A second grandson Horace Rainsford Drew III is now nearly a year old.

Routledge settled in Island Grove on a portion of the property formerly owned by his grandfather Fairbanks. He has three children and two grandchildren, all of whom reside in Florida.

On February 26, 1895, in Baltimore, Maryland, Mr. Drew was married to Mary Lydia Hodson, daughter of Dr. Eugene and Celestia Ann (Bromwell) Hodson.

Mary Lydia Hodson was a direct descendant of John Hodson who came from England to Dorchester County Maryland in 1664 and settled in a village named Hodson on Little Choptank River. Her paternal grandfather, Colonel Thomas J. Hodson, came to Florida in 1843 for the purpose of settling the estate of a cousin, Samuel H. Hodson. He lived here for approximately ten years. In 1845, he was appointed Registrar of the Federal Land Office in Tallahassee, in charge of the sale of public lands. He was related to Presidents John Tyler and James K. Polk. During his residence in Florida, he formed a friendship with Prince Murat and wrote the epitaph on the tombstone of Prince Murat in Tallahassee cemetery.

Two children were born of this marriage; Marguerite Hodson and Eugene Hodson.

Marguerite Hodson Drew first married Robert Overton Groover, a son of the late Frank C. Groover, who was one of Jacksonville's most successful, honored and beloved citizens. Of that marriage there were born five children, all married; Margerite Freeman, Martha Dearing, Francis Ewing, Robert O. Groover, Jr., and Mary Gobbel. The five Groover children have ten children. Mrs. Freeman resides on Long Island, New York. Her husband is engaged in social service work in New York City. He is the son of a distinguished foreign missionary. The Ewings live in Greenwood, Mississippi, where her husband operates a radio station in a family chain of radio stations originating in New Orleans. The Ewings have four children, the eldest of whom is Fayette Clay Ewing V.

Robert O. Groover, Jr. resides in Winter Park, where he is Assistant Principal of Winter Park High School.

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Marguerite Hodson later married Karl Bardin by whom she had two children, Karl and Molly. Karl is a student in Science at the University of Florida where his sister is now a Sophomore.

Hodson Drew, who is currently president of the H. & W. B. Drew Company and has served in that capacity twenty years, was born in Jacksonville, August 8, 1900. He attended public high school here in Jacksonville, the Sewanee Military Academy from which he graduated in 1917 and the University of Florida, from which he received a degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1921. He served in World War I with Motor Supply Train No. 412 in the 1st Division and was overseas 18 months. He was honorably discharged in August 1919. In October 1921 he was married to Jessie Sevier De Belle, a descendant of two old and distinguished Tennessee families. They are the parents of five children, Edward De Belle, Horace, Hodson, Jr., Sherwood (now Mrs. Charles T. Robinson) and Marguerite Hodson. The three boys are all in the employ of the corporation. The eldest son is Secretary of the corporation, Horace is in the Sales Department of the Jacksonville Plant. Hodson, Jr., is with the Miami Branch of the firm. Hodson Drew's connection with the H. & W. B. Drew Company began in 1921, when he entered the first of the many departments in which he served and thoroughly learned the business. Through these experiences and under his father's guidance, Mr. Drew acquired a complete knowledge of the technical and business phases and gradually assumed more responsible positions in the organization. When in college, Mr. Drew became a member of Kappa Alpha and Sigma Phi Omega Fraternities. He is also a member of Florida Yacht Club and of St. Mark's Episcopal Church.

Julius Drew, born in 1856, the third son of Columbus, also attended the University of the South and later took a law course at Columbia University. He practiced law in Georgia and later had a position with the Federal Government in Washington. He was married to Sara Catherine Dixon in New York October 19, 1882. They had three children of whom two daughters are still living - Mrs. Charles Wightman and Mrs. Walter S. Rice, both of Jacksonville. Mrs. Rice was formerly the widow of Arthur T. Williams, Jr. She had a daughter and James Drew Lucas of Miami, 13. Mrs. Wightman has three children, two of whom live in Florida. The first, and so far, the only sixth generation descendant is Mrs. Wightman's great-grandson, Charles Edward Wightman IV.

COLUMBUS DREW

Both Mr. Wightman and Mr. Williams are members of distinguished Florida families who have contributed much to the civic and economic development and the cultural life of Duval County.

Julius Drew returned to Jacksonville in 1894 to take a position with the company and subsequently served as Secretary. He developed Drews Legal Forms which became standard for use throughout Florida. He kept them current with changing laws and times until his death in 1919. The company has recently given its consent to a large San Francisco publisher of law books for the use of many of these forms in one of its forthcoming publications.

The fourth son, John Graeme Drew, was a loyal and valued employee of the firm during his whole business life. He was survived by a son, three daughters and his widow, Mrs. Virginia Drew, who admits to 94 years and is the oldest living member of the Drew family. The son, Graeme Columbus Drew, has also been an employee of the company during his entire business career. The son has one daughter. One of two sisters had 2 daughters and 2 grandchildren.

Mrs. Elizabeth Drew Williams had two daughters, Mae, who was married to Joseph H. McLaurin and Rosa, who married William Bostwick, Jr.

Mr. McLaurin was a prominent and successful wholesale groceryman in Jacksonville who became President of the American Wholesale Grocer's Association and served in that capacity for many years. Mr. Bostwick was a well known and successful Jacksonville lawyer. He served ably for many years as a member of the Board of Bond Trustees, the predecessors of the Jacksonville City Commission.

Mrs. McLaurin had one daughter, Mrs. Neal Borum and Mrs. Bostwick had one daughter and four sons, all of whom reside in Florida. One Bostwick son is childless, the other four each have two children.

Miss Alice Drew for many years conducted a private school which was highly successful and patronized by Jacksonville's best families. Miss Drew did the family and the public a great service by editing a book published by the Drew Press in 1910, entitled, "Columbus Drew, Something of His

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Life and Ancestry and Some of his Literary Work." Her father possessed a nature that was gentle, likeable and unaffected and was loved by all who had the honor of his acquaintance. Miss Clara E. Davidson of 424 East Monroe Street, whose grandfather, Royal C. Boulter, settled here about 1835, remembers him as a kindly gentleman of great dignity, well groomed and handsome with a heavy shock of fine gray hair.

Miss Davidson's mother was a bridesmaid in the wedding of Mr. Columbus Drew's daughter Elizabeth. He was a discriminating reader and contributor of note to magazines. Many of his choicest poems are included in the book which his daughter edited. Among these is "The Prayer of Milo Cooper." It was based on the story of the pilgrimage to death bed of Jefferson Davis by a former slave of Mr. Davis, who, upon learning of the illness of his former master, journeyed from Orlando, Florida to Beauvoir, only to find that Mr. Davis had passed away. He fell upon his knees beside the death bed and prayed aloud for the departed.

Horace Drew, when he acquired the family business in 1876, was a young man filled with ambition and many constructive ideas for the development of the business and the city in which it was located. The youngest brother, William B. after graduating from Eastman College of Business, entered the employ of his brother. His contributions to the progress of the business were substantial enough to justify his becoming a partner in 1886, when the business name was changed to H. Drew & Brother. It was then operated in a large building known as 49-51 West Bay Street, which was erected by the owner of the property in accordance with plans drawn by Horace Drew.

In August 1893, the business was incorporated under the name, The H. & W. B. Drew Company. It has since continued to operate under that Charter with several amendments. In 1923, the stock structure of the corporation was changed. The amendment provided, among other things, that any stockholder desiring to sell his stock must first offer it to the corporation or its directors before it could be sold to an outsider. For a brief period in the 30's, outsiders obtained a substantial stock ownership, though control remained in the family, Substantially all of the stock is now owned by the children and grandchildren of the late Horace Drew.

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About 1910, the company published "A Brochure From the Drew Press" in which was reproduced a splendid portrait of the founder of the business. Following is an excerpt from the text of the brochure: "The other day a gentleman expressed his surprise at finding so large and complete a printing press in this part of the country as the one we operate; but then he was a stranger here and did not know that we had been established for more than half a century. It may be there are others with whom we have been acquainted for a longer time who do not know of the variety and volume of our business and with such we shall be pleased to form a closer acquaintance.

Being established so long a time does not mean that we are "back numbers" or that we are in our decline with antiquated ways of doing business in a plant that is filled up with old and worn out machinery and type and other materials that are not to be found in a first-class and up-to-date establishment. Some business houses are like some persons in that while they may be very old, yet they are very young. In other words, we are more than 50 years young.

It has always been the aim of this company to keep abreast of the time and to think out ways and means of assisting the businessman in conducting his business from the printer's standpoint, to assist him in arranging his business literature to suit his particular needs. For the man who has his work already planned, it is our pleasure to carry out all of his wishes to the letter. Our high standing in the business world is not only recognized by those for whom we have been doing work for many years past, but also by the printers supply houses throughout the country; and recently, when one of the great type founders had finished designing their latest type face, they asked permission to call it the "Drew". This booklet is printed from the "Drew" type, and you will no doubt agree with us that it is of a distinctive and beautiful design.

In 1920 the company purchased the building at 22-30 West Bay Street for the use of its wholesale department, its general offices and the printing and warehousing departments. After the discontinuance of several retail departments, including books, toys and photographic supplies, all of the activities of the corporation were concentrated in the building known as 30 West Bay Street. In 1927 a large four story steel and reinforced concrete building was erected to house the printing plant which has since been considerably expanded. This building now fronts on the new waterfront parking area.

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Horace Drew's thorough knowledge of all branches of the business, his broad vision and progressiveness, his personal magnetism, enabled him to build up a remarkably efficient and loyal organization which in turn helped him develop his business into the largest plant of its type south of Philadelphia. There are now 23 employees of the corporation who have been with the company for 25 years or more.

The House Journal, issued by the Drew Press for December 1948 paid tribute to Miss Anna S. Campbell, who in that month rounded out 50 years of continuous service as an employee of The H. & W. B. Drew Company. She retired in 1953 with an assured income from the company. When she came with the company on December 16, 1898, there were 15 employees in the store. The total now employed in the Jacksonville plant and the branches in Tallahassee established in 1926, and Miami, established in 1945, is 1955.

One hundred separate machines are used in the Drew Press for the manufacture of its varied products. Eighteen tons of type metal are in circulation at all times through the various processes of manufacturing, and eventually melted back to bar form and ready to be used over again. More than 3,000 lithograph plates and negatives, and more than 5,000 copper plates and steel dies are kept on hand for repeat orders which are constantly coming in. The corporation maintains a complete art department and complete camera and plate making departments.

The principal products of the Drew press are: Engraving, Printing, Lithographing, Ruling, Book Binding, Rubber Stamps, Notary Seals, Corporation Seals, Special Seals, Stencils, Blue Line Prints, Black Line Prints, Photostat Prints, Photostat Prints on paper or cloth.

The printing plant also produces steel engraved bonds, color post cards, calendars, brochures, folders, books and all types of advertising material. The Drew press has the only cylinder die press in the Southeast capable of manufacturing engraved bond faces. There is no single printing plant in the Southeast which affords the wide variety of facilities available in the Drew press. The Drew Company handles at wholesale and retail, a complete stock of office supplies, furniture and equipment, artist supplies, engineering supplies and equipment, and service organizations for the repair of such articles.

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While Horace Drew's chief interests outside of his family was the business established by his father, he devoted much time to public affairs in the latter years of his life. He was a charter member of the Rotary Club organized in Jacksonville in 1912. He was prominent in the activities of the Rotary Club and other civic organizations which promoted the establishment of Camp Johnston at Black Point during the First World War. He was a Governor of the Chamber of Commerce and served as Vice-President of Jacksonville's first Tourist and Convention Bureau.

The old Board of Bond Trustees of the City of Jacksonville was abolished by Act of the Legislature of 1917. After Mr. Horace Drew's health failed, he continued for many months to direct the affairs of the Drew Company from his bed. He died January 4, 1926.

His widow served as Chairman of the Board from February 17, 1943 until her death April 9, 1947.

The whole life of William B. Drew was absorbed in his devotion to his wife whom he married in New York and in the promotion of the family business enterprise. Many hours of over-time were spent at his desk and in the store.

During business hours he usually was to be found near the entrance greeting customers as they came in and making sure that their wants were promptly and courteously served. The personal experience of the author of this paper was invariably to find "Mr. Willie" at the door and to receive from him a most gracious greeting every time he entered the Drew Company's store. It was he who established the tradition that the Drew company ought to meet the wants of every customer and if the article desired was not immediately available that it should be obtained for him at the earliest possible moment. It was usual at the store that Mr. Willie was the first to arrive in morning and last to leave at night. Tradition has it that he went to work so early in the morning and stayed on at the store so late at night that, on frequent occasions, when he started out to work in the morning he met himself coming home from the previous day's work. William B. Drew died November 22, 1929.

Having no descendants, his considerable fortune passed to a charitable Trust of which St. Luke's Hospital and St. John's Cathedral are the principal beneficiaries.

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There are now living, 66 direct descendants of Columbus Drew, 50 of whom reside in Florida, including 24 resident in Duval County. None bearing the name of the founder has left Florida to reside permanently elsewhere. Of the 66 descendants, Horace Drew was the progenitor of 36. Now living in Jacksonville are 2 grandsons and 1 great-grandson of Horace Drew who bear his name.

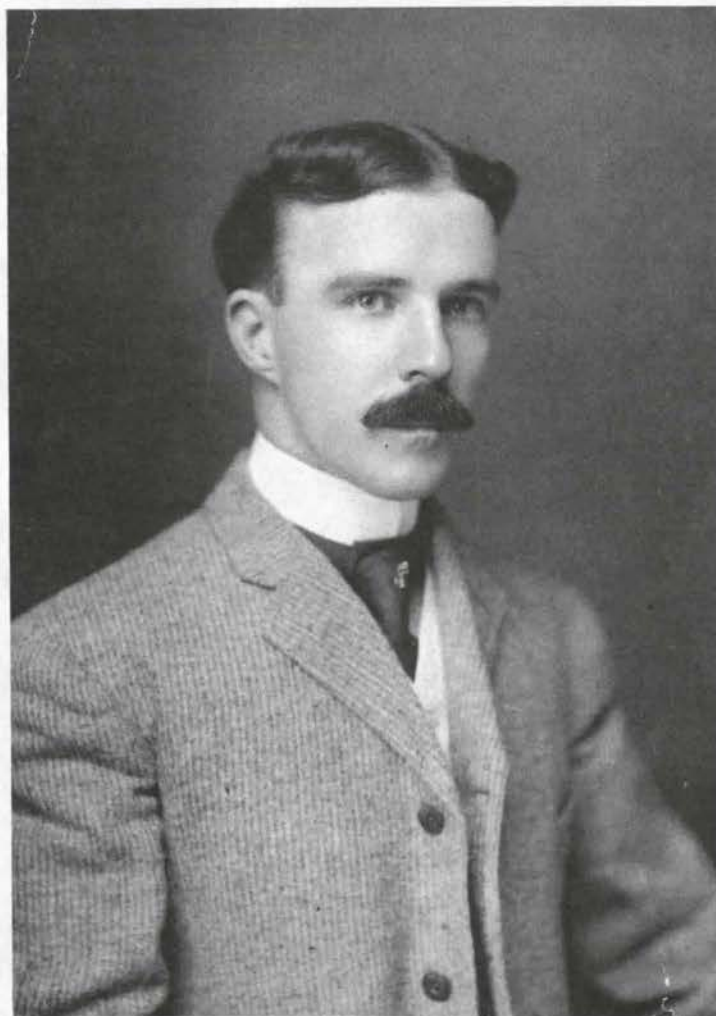
PHILLIP S. MAY
NOVEMBER 16, 1955

"Ducky Drew"



Horace Drew
Holding the football
A-3

DR. HORACE RAINSFORD DREW



"A TRULY DEDICATED PHYSICIAN"

A - 3

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

~

This is the story of a truly dedicated Physician ~ Dr. Horace Rainsford Drew.

He was born on the banks of the St. Johns River on July 6, 1876 and was raised in the then sleepy little town of Jacksonville, (formerly known as Cowford) Florida.

His paternal grandfather, Columbus Drew, had come to Florida from Washington in the 1840's to publish the first Whig newspaper, The Florida Republican, and to found a printing company. His maternal grandfather, Major George Rainsford Fairbanks, was a historian and his works included the first published History of Florida.

In the early 1890's he joined the newly-organized Jacksonville Light Infantry (J. L. I.), at that time more social than military in nature. The War with Spain over Cuba came in 1898, and my father felt obligated to volunteer with the J. L. I. against his father's desire that he attend college. The brief duration of the Spanish-American War caught the J. L. I. at the port of embarkation at Tampa without war casualties other than the considerable number who died the victims of yellow fever and unsanitary camp facilities.

Cut off from funds through his father's continuing ire over his war service, he attended medical college at Sewanee, Tennessee (the University of the South) with the help of Major George Rainsford Fairbanks, his grandfather and one of the School Founders.

Small, light and fast, he became the star halfback on the then famous football team of the University of the South. These were the early days of football when the "flying wedge", the "statue of liberty", and other famous plays now obsolete or outlawed were the order of the day.

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

Fights between teams and spectators of opposing sides occurred frequently. Passing was unheard of and ground could be gained only by running and kicking.

**Note "Rainsford" derived from "Reindeer Ford", of Viking origin.*

"Ducky" Drew, as he was called by his teammates, devised a unique play. When all else failed, he would have his teammates throw him bodily with the football high over the heads of their opponents.

On his return from Sewanee, my father introduced football to Jacksonville, and organized a Jacksonville team to play other communities. This aroused much feeling in the participating communities, one of these being Savannah, Georgia. On the first game with Savannah, "Ducky" Drew and his teammates gave them a severe beating, and Savannah vowed revenge in a return game. In the second game the Savannah team "ganged up" on "Ducky", and he bore the scars of the game the rest of his life.

On May 3, 1901, a hot dry west wind was blowing over Jacksonville. The Spring had been a dry one and the buildings, grass and trees were tinder dry. A moss-mattress factory caught fire in the western part of town and pieces of burning moss spread out ahead of a roaring wall of flame moving across the town. My father, then just graduated from Sewanee Medical College, went out ahead of the fire to help where he could. At the prim home of his Maiden Aunt Alice he finally convinced her to flee for her life and asked what she would most like to save. She replied the many family portraits hanging on her walls. When he went around swiftly pulling the portraits down she scolded him severely that he would "ruin her walls". Of course, neither the walls nor the house were standing a few minutes later.

At St. John's church, he found the Bishop astride his favorite horse with Bible and shotgun cradled on his arm, admonishing his family to get across the St. Johns River to safety "the best way they could."

People everywhere were throwing their belongings and furnishings into the streets hoping that they would be saved, so that it was extremely hazardous to be on the streets at all. Guarding the family treasures at one place in the street there sat a large Negro "mammy", her voluminous skirts piled high around her from which many spirals of smoke emerged from small burning holes. Terrified,

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

she called to passersby to "outen me, please outen me!" My father quietly scooped up a few handfuls of sand from the sandy streets and poured sand into each hole until the fires were smothered.

A little further up the street my father saw a small fire burning merrily on the shingled roof of a three-story house facing Hemming Park, next to the Methodist church. He entered and on the third floor found a drunk taking a bath, heedless of the conflagration all around. My father filled a pitcher with water from the tub, walked out on the roof and put out the fire. Miraculously, that entire block escaped the fire, and the house he saved stood until just a few years ago when the house was razed and Morrison's built on the site.

The most spectacular incident occurred at the large St. James Hotel, then the renowned tourist resort in Jacksonville. Flames roared all around the Hotel, but the Hotel itself was not yet on fire. The heat was intense and the painted wooden walls were smoldering. The Fernandina Fire Department had picked the Hotel as a place to make a dramatic stand against the fire, and were playing their hoses against the building in an attempt to cool it off. They did not, however, try to cool off the overheated side in the alley behind the Hotel where the heat was most intense. My father wet his coat and, putting it over his head, found that the heat there was just bearable. He returned to the cooler side, gathered some of his football teammates around him, and called: "Come on boys, let's take the hoses away from them!" With that the big Chief of the Fernandina Fire Department dived for my father, and the football team dived for the hoses. My father, in true halfback fashion, dived between the legs of the large surrounding crowd and escaped to assist his teammates in hosing down the hot side and saving the great Hotel.

Although largely destroyed by the great fire, Jacksonville in a few years was rebuilt better than ever. My father began his medical practice in a small office over a drug store.

He made his house calls by horse and buggy. The financial ability of a patient was never a factor. Whether rich or poor and without regard to color or creed each patient received the same careful treatment. No patient was ever refused, regardless of the hour of day or night; and even alcoholics and drug addicts were treated with inexhaustible patience and kindness.

Although not outwardly a religious man, my father possessed a deep devotion to God which carried him through a life dedicated to the service of others.

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

For as long as I can remember he kept his same modest office in the St. James Building, an office building later constructed on the site of the great tourist hotel he had helped save from the Fire. During the Depression most of his patients were unable to pay him in money and many couldn't pay at all. Some, however, would show their appreciation in live chickens, fish, and vegetables, and these he would bring home to feed his family.

X-ray techniques were in a pioneer stage, and dangerous to the physician because of his constant exposure to the deadly rays. Nevertheless, my father recognized the urgent need of x-ray for proper diagnosis, and owned and operated his own machine for many years of his early practice. The scars evident on the backs of his hands and arms bore mute testimony of this further selfless sacrifice he made for his patients' welfare.

In the years of the Roosevelt and succeeding Administrations following the great Depression of the early thirties, other physicians and professional people increased their fees to match the ever increasing inflation of the dollar. Many of my father's patients were "little people", and he maintained his minimal charges for an office visit and a house call until he retired in 1950. One patient might require only a few minutes for a visit and another several hours, but the charge would be the same: \$2.00 for a Office Visit and \$5.00 for a House Call. The proper diagnosis and treatment of the patient was always uppermost in my father's mind, and billing was kind of a necessary nuisance.

This is not to imply that my father was independently wealthy, for he had been left nothing by his father and had only what little he was able to save from his services as a physician.

Honors and recognition there were, both from government and from his own Profession, but my father's real satisfaction in life came only from his inherent dedication to heal his fellow man. This was his REAL compensation.

Realizing the dangers of smoking, my father consistently warned his patients (and his family) against tobacco. Although a strong character in every other way, he himself was unable to stop smoking, and he died in 1951 at the age of 74 years of emphysema. His thoughts were for the welfare of others right up to the end - this was typical of his whole life.

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

January 1, 1960

Horace R. Drew, Jr
(His Devoted Son)

I TRULY LOVE THIS LAND

ATLANTA JOURNAL, NOVEMBER 12, 1995

APP - 4

Around South

'I truly love this land'



Winter can be cruel, but Horace Drew still grows oranges

A special place: Growing up, he knew novelist Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, who lived three miles down the road, as "a good neighbor, a nice woman."

By Jeff Klinkenberg
St. PETERSBURG TIMES

Horace Drew Jr. believes he probably first set eyes on the orange grove while lying on a pillow on his mother's lap, in his daddy's Buick roadster. He does not remember the exact moment so many decades ago he was 6 months old at the time - but he has heard the family history, a family history whose roots go deep into the soil of a special place.



Young Horace and his father, Dr. Horace Drew, rest on the running board of the Buick after hunting ducks.

The place is North Florida's Island Grove, where Horace grows oranges like his kinfolk before. For more than a century, Drew blood, sweat and tears have nourished the tender trees against the harsh elements. Now Horace is 77, Florida is modern and almost all of the old citrus growers who farmed here are dead or gone.

Sometimes, at night, when he walks through his grove, he can hear them, their voices, their sighs, their stories. "This place hasn't changed much, like the rest of the state has," he says. "It's their voices, their sighs, their stories." "This place hasn't changed much, like the rest of the state has," he says. "It's old country. I think the old spirits are just comfortable here."

As another winter approaches, the Drew grove is in good shape. Horace has tried to make sure. He practiced law in Jacksonville for more than five decades, but in his heart, and on weekends, he was a citrus farmer. Now he lives there for half the week, to better keep his eyes on his fine trees. He walks among them, shirt plastered to his back by sweat, talking about them as much to himself as to visitors. Look here. This is a good tree: See the green?



In 1979, age 61, Horace Drew surveys one of his groves. He never tires of eating oranges. "I think it adds years to your life. It peps you up."

Green tells you a tree is healthy. But look at this! Leaf curl!

He hunkers down, takes out the worn pocketknife and cuts away a dead leaf.

"I know every one of these trees," he says, waving freckled arms.

He planted them. He watched over them. He has loved them. Too often he has watched them wither and die from the cold. Virtually all the other citrus growers, here and elsewhere in North Florida, have gone out of business, headed south or passed away.

Horace Drew Jr.'s roots go too deep to abandon the land. His trees, about 750 of them, are heavy with fruit. Fall is here, the air seems drier by the day, and soon the oranges will be ripe and marketable. Yet looking north, anticipating winter, he has to wonder. Will he lose everything again?

Three times during the last decade he lost everything. In 1983, a once-in-a-century arctic cold front dropped grove temperatures to 14 degrees.

Still growing

For more than a century, Horace Drew Jr. and his kin have grown oranges in North Florida.



Onto whatever survived he grafted new buds and began again. In 1985, still another couldn't happen again cold front barreled through, and again, he had to start from scratch.

By 1989, he had a promising crop and allowed himself some optimism. A few days before Christmas, it snowed. Ice covered the roads and hung from the trees and wires. Electricity went off, and he couldn't pump water to insulate his orange trees against the chill. In the grove, temperatures never had fallen so low. "Eight degrees," he wrote into his diary.

"Lost everything we had," He'll tell you now with dignity. "There is nothing as demoralizing as dead orange trees."

He and his caretaker Leo North, tore the dead trees from the earth with bulldozers, formed great piles and ignited them. Everything he loved - the trees, his little business, his family's history - seemed to disappear in the black smoke.

A government grant, designed to assist farmers after catastrophes, helped put him back on his feet. He planted some cold-hardy persimmon trees as a hedge against winter, but of course, being a Drew, he had to put new orange trees into the ground.

Drews do not know when to quit. The Spaniards brought oranges to what they called the Land of the Flowers in 1565. Indian people ate the oranges, spitting seeds as they moved inland. When William Bartram, the famous botanist, explored the territory in the late 1700s, he found orange trees scattered about interior North Florida.

George Rainsford Fairbanks, Horace Drew's great-grandfather, acquired the family land in about 1855. He was a historian and lawyer who lived most of the time in St. Augustine, but his love was growing oranges. Anyone with good land seemed to grow them in those days. The nearest body of water was called Orange Lake, and the two nearest towns were named Cross Creek and Citra. Oranges were a cash crop, as good as gold.

Horace's daddy, who acquired the family grove in 1919, was a doctor in Jacksonville. Like Drews before him, he loved oranges, and the grove became his refuge from his big-city patients and urban life.

Horace got to spend boyhood weekends there, hunting and fishing. He caught black bass by the bucketful. Some mornings, his mother sent him out with his gun, and he'd bring back a squirrel for breakfast. He'd hike to the lake, hide in the grass and wait with his shotgun for the dawn. As the sun came up, ducks blotted out the sky.

As Horace matured, he helped in the grove. His father's farm, known as the Drew Orange and Fruit Company, produced the famous "Floridian Brand." Horace has the old label that were pasted onto crates shipped north. The trademark was an alligator basking on an orange.

Horace graduated from the University of Florida law school, got married and experienced combat during World War II. In 1951, after his father's death, Horace took over the farm at Island Grove. The nearest paved road, a country mile away, is across a hayfield and through a deep oak hammock. Bald eagles patrol his sky. As he works in his grove, deer watch from beneath a cathedral of pines.

The air smells sweet, and his ponds are filled with gin-clear water. Over in his house, his wife, Shelley - he calls her Momma - assembles her book of citrus recipes, compiled during their last half-century together.

"I love this land," Horace says. "I truly love this land."

Over decades, many people have fallen in love with this land. Among them was a struggling writer named Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. She arrived in 1928, wrote stories on her front porch, drank moonshine and learned to shoot,

cuss and grow oranges. She lived three miles down a dirt road from the Drews.

"I was a boy," Horace will tell you "but I remember Ms. Rawlings. She was a good neighbor, a nice woman. She helped another woman, Zelma Cason, conduct the census. They'd come on horseback. Ms. Rawlings like the coffee and the company." A movie, "Cross Creek," was made of Rawlings' life some years ago. It was filmed in part on Horace Drew's land.

Horace no longer owns that part of the property. He sold more than 200 acres last year, including some prime orange groves, after he suffered a minor stroke. He has recovered, but his doctors advise him to spend less than his usual 12 hours a day tending trees. Now he owns about eight acres. "It about killed me to sell any of my grove," he says. He sold it to a man who used to help him in the grove decades ago. That man is married now to a doctor, and they say they want to grow oranges too, and keep the orange business going, the Lord and winter willing.

When Horace passes from this world and joins his kin in the next, the Drew family's tradition in the orange business is likely to end. His children wonderfully successful in life and in commerce far away, have no interest in growing oranges in a place that most modern farmers say is too cold.

"You feel the history here," Horace Drew says. At noon he sits on a bench near a pond and looks at his groves and beyond them to the oak hammocks where Indians hunted in the last century and where he hunted in this one. "You feel the spiritual ties to the land and the people who were here. I don't talk about this much. It's more like a religious feeling than something you can explain with your mind." *As he awaits another winter, Horace Drew may be the last of his kind.*



In 1934, Drew rides around with his father's farm manager. The Spaniards brought oranges to what they called the Land of the Flowers in 1565.

Special

GEORGE RAINSFORD FAIRBANKS (1820 - 1906)

By: WILLIAM PORCHER DUBOSE, OCTOBER, 1906 ~ SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

APP - 5

 George Rainsford Fairbanks

George Rainsford Fairbanks was born in Watertown, in northern New York, July 5, 1820, and died at his summer home at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, August 3, 1906, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. Entering the Sophomore Class of Union College, Schenectady, New York, at the age of sixteen, he graduated with the class of 1839, at nineteen. The notable Dr. Eliphalet Nott was then President of the College, in the fullness of his prime, and Dr. Alonzo Potter, afterwards Bishop of Pennsylvania, was a member of the faculty. While at college he was a member of the parent chapter of the Sigma Phi fraternity, founded in 1827, one of the first and oldest of the organizations that constitute the Greek letter society system, in our colleges, now spread over the United States. Later he received the degree of M.A., both from his alma mater and from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. In 1842, upon the cessation of the internal wars in Florida, that territory offered special attractions to immigrants, and in the same year the young man of twenty-two removed from New York State to the Southern Territory. This was three years before Florida was admitted to the Union, and he remained a citizen of the latter Territory and State for the next sixty-four years. A long span of years, as American history goes ---born under James Monroe, he was a citizen of Florida from the administration of John Tyler to that of Theodore Roosevelt.

He first settled in historic St. Augustine, but later made his home in Fernandina. He became closely identified with the State of his adoption. For four years (1842-46), during the territorial days, he was clerk of the United States Superior and District Courts for the northern district of Florida; and the year after Florida's admission to the Union in 1845, he was a member of the State Senate (1846-48). He held other positions and was a one time President of the Fruit Growers Association of the State.

Early attracted to the romantic history of Florida, he became the historian of the State. His first published book, expanded from a lecture, was the "History and Antiquities of the City of St. Augustine, Florida, Founded A. D. 1565. Containing some of the most interesting portions of the Early History of Florida. By George R. Fairbanks, Vice-President of the Florida Historical Society. New York, Charles B. Norton, Agent for Libraries, 1858."

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This volume of two hundred pages was "Respectfully inscribed to Buckingham Smith, Esq., United States Secretary of Legation at Madrid, to whose efforts in the Discovery and Preservation of the History and Antiquities of the Spanish Dominion in America, a grateful acknowledgement is due from American scholars."

This edition becoming exhausted, after the Civil War, apropos of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of St. Augustine, a new chapter (XIX) was added, "St. Augustine in its Old Age, 1656 - 1868," and the volume was re-issued in 1868, under the title, "The Spaniards in Florida, comprising the notable settlement of the Juguenots in 1564, and the History and Antiquities of St. Augustine." The new volume was published in Jacksonville by Columbus Drew, and the author was further described on the title-page as Honorary Member of the New York Historical Society and Lecturer on American History in The University of the South. This institution had just opened that year, in 1868.

This was followed in 1871 by the more ambitious "History of Florida, From its Discovery by Ponce De Leon, in 1512, to the close of the Florida War in 1842 [the time of the author's arrival in the Territory]. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott and Co., and Jacksonville, Columbus Drew." A third edition of the "History and Antiquities of St. Augustine" was published by Horace Drew, Jacksonville, in 1881. Always interested in *The Sewanee Review* Major Fairbanks contributed to the number for November, 1895, a paper, apropos of John Fiske's "Discovery of America," on "Americus Vesputius and the naming of America." On the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of the first discovery of Florida still another work by him was published by H. and W. B. Drew, Jacksonville, in 1898. This was "Florida, Its History and Its Romance. The oldest settlement in the United States, associated with the most romantic events of American History under the Spanish, French, English, and American flags, 1497 - 1898." A third edition brought down to 1903, including an account of the Jacksonville fire, was issued as a special School History for Florida in 1904, when the author was eighty-four years of age. A year later, still indefatigable, he wrote and published his "History of The University of the South."

When Florida seceded in January 1861, he believed it his duty to throw in his lot with the State and the Confederacy. With his experience and practical sense he served from 1862 to the close of the war in the Commissary Department of the Army of Tennessee, with headquarters chiefly at Atlanta and Macon, ranking as Major -- a title, ever afterwards, according to Southern

George Rainsford Fairbanks

custom given to him even in private life. Acquiescing in defeat, he sought at once in a broad and liberal spirit of reconciliation to obtain the best and to do the best for the rehabilitation and recuperation of the Southern States.

An ardent member of the Episcopal Church, he was continuously a delegate from the Diocese of Florida to the General Convention of the Church from 1853 on - ever since Florida had been organized as a separate diocese in 1851 - and it was his pride that he had never once failed in attendance during his long life. The one exception - if exception it be - was when, owing to the existence of a state of war, the delegates from Florida met with the representatives from the sister Southern States in a General Council of the Church in the Confederate States. At the Convention meeting in 1904 in Boston he was specially singled out as the oldest representative of that body, in unremitted attendance for over half a century. In the same year he attended a celebration at his *alma mater*, Union College, on the sixty-fifth anniversary of the graduation of his class of '39, naturally the only survivor at the distance of time.

In 1857 on July 4, the national holiday, on Lookout Mountain, the plan of The University of the South had been promulgated and formal organization effected at a notable meeting of representatives of ten Southern States - the conception of what was intended, transcending all State lines, to be the first great inter-State institution for the higher education of the youth of a granddivision of our country. Such a plan naturally fired the feelings of a man with Major Fairbanks training and instincts, and from that time on it may rightly be said to have become the leading interest and aim of his life to which he devoted unceasing energy. He was appointed at once delegate and trustee from Florida for the proposed institution; and it was a point of honor that he had been present in session at every meeting of its Board for forty-nine years, including the one in 1906, before his death.

He was a staunch believer in the fundamental principles of The University of the South - a federated institution representing the interests of several States and covering a large extent of territory. He shared in the first splendid planning, and endured the fearful blight that came upon these prospects when everything was swept away through the tragedy of war. Together with Charles Todd Quintard, Bishop of Tennessee, he became the chief agency in the revival of its plans and in its noble history from the humblest beginnings in 1868.

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Interestingly enough, and representative of the catholic spirit in the University's origin and development and the cosmopolitan character that has always adhered to it, the two men to whom was primarily due the refunding and reorganization and hence the actual existence of the University of the South, were both of Northern birth and education - Quintard from Connecticut, and Fairbanks from New York State. Quintard had settled first in Georgia and then in Tennessee, had been present at the original corner-stone laying in 1860, had gone through the war in the dual capacity of chaplain and surgeon, and in the first Church Convention held after the war was chosen Bishop of Tennessee to succeed Otey who had died in 1863. In 1860 Major Fairbanks had already built a cottage at Sewanee, together with two of the original founders of the university, Bishop, and later General, Leonidas Polk of Louisiana and Bishop Stephen Elliott of Georgia; but all these cottages had been burned by soldiers' raids in 1863.

With all endowment swept away - three million had been in sight and the first five hundred thousand pledged - and with nothing but bare land, woods and rocks left, and these in danger of loss by reversion unless soon utilized, the great idea of the University still exercised its spell. Shortly after the close of the war, in September, 1865, when all hearts and minds in the South were anxiously busied with rehabilitation and reconstruction every where, Fairbanks, with another Trustee, and Quintard, the Bishop soon to be, met on the train not far from Nashville, going to the Convention that made Quintard a bishop. The project of the University of the South at Sewanee was earnestly discussed, the collapse of old plans and hopes, and the possibility of still cherishing and restoring the ideals of the founders, which alone had not perished. The result was that the very next summer, in 1866, both Fairbanks' house, made of the native timber sawed at the ends and firmly cemented together, still remains after forty years in sound condition, an interesting portion of the present attractive home. The courageous act of planting these two homes and the particular location of the two houses determined not only the new birth and the realization of the University, but the precise location of the official buildings and all later structures. From 1867 to 1880, during the first years of the laying out of the University domain and the period of its early wooden buildings down to the time of the erection of the first two stone structures, Major Fairbanks was the University Commissioner of Buildings and Land.

George Rainsford Fairbanks

Major Fairbanks had been for many years the sole survivor of the original founders of the University before the War. Half the year he would spend in Florida and the other half at his summer home in Sewanee. As late as his eighty-fifth year, when many men would have rested, he completed a "History of The University of the South, From it Founding in 1857 to the year, 1905," the earlier chapters of which he alone could write from personal knowledge, even though he had not the same intimate command over the details of later years. This work was noticed in our pages by Dr. DuBose in the number for October, 1905, under the caption, "The Romance and Genius of a University."

He had been honored in recent years by being made President of the new Florida Historical Society in 1903 and Historiographer of the University of the South in 1905, and just before his death, representing Union College at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the University of Alabama in June, 1906, he was awarded the honorary degree of LL. D. His library on early Florida history and spanish relations has been willed to the University of the South. He was buried in the cemetery at Sewanee near the grave of his neighbor and co-worker, Bishop Quintard.

Major Fairbanks being thus identified with interests in many states, North and South, it is believed that the tribute paid him by the senior member of the Sewanee faculty before the students of the University of the South may be fittingly published in these pages, as a memorial of a characteristic patriotic and high minded citizen of our Republic, who served his country modestly, yet conscientiously and devotedly, in State and in Church, in historical interests and in educational endeavor, as seemed always to him best and right. Faithfulness to duty and firmness in principle were strikingly marked traits in an exceptionally long life in which he was associated with many stirring events and many notable men

JOHN BELL HENNEMAN

In the providence of God a moment has come to us in the history of this University and of this community which we may not let pass without reflection and without, if possible, interpretation and appropriation to ourselves of its lesson. I describe it inadequately when I speak

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of it as the passing of the last of our founders. I find myself this morning the oldest official in any way associated with this institution. There is not, I believe, a member of our Board of Trustees or our Faculties, or our business management, the origin of whose connection with us I cannot easily remember. I have been made to recognize the propriety of my undertaking to be the interpreter of the occasion that draws all our hearts so close together to-day. On Friday afternoon Las there was in this chapel, and in the offices of this University, one to whom I was but a child, - not so much in years as in length and depth and devotion of service and of sacrifice for Sewanee.

I was scarcely more than a school boy when I first heard of the conception of the University of the South. The story of its founding was a part of the romance and poetry of my youth. It was a large part of the conditions, aspirations, and hopes of the time that first drew my heart and thoughts into the ministry. While I was yet only a young dreamer of far-off things. Major Fairbanks in the very flower and prime of his early manhood was one of the very first to lay his hand, and to consecrate his life, to this great enterprise. No one know how great it was, in the conception and in the intention of those first founders. Major Fairbanks was probably the youngest of them, and he was a layman. But from the beginning it was not only his dream, his deepest interest and concern in life, it was his religion. It was the form which all his public spirit, his service to his country, his time, and his God, took and kept with unrivaled devotion and fidelity to his last breath, within just these few months of the inauguration of our second half century. Like Moses, his eyes were permitted to look from the Pisgrah of our present hopes beyond the borders of the promise that awaits us, but his feet shall not enter with ours into the land that lies before. God has prepared for him a better country; he died not having received the promises to which he so looked forward here, but being still convinced of them. Let his faith fall to-day as a mantel upon us, and let it re-enforce and strenghten our faith to wait and at last to inherit.

In consequence of the completeness of his identification with the project of the University, Major Fairbanks became the intimate associate of all the great Bishops and others whose names are bound up with our history. He was never absent from a single meeting; he became guardian and keeper of all the records. He was saturated with all the traditions, all the ideals, all the plans. He came to be the incarnation or embodiment of the original meaning and intent of Sewanee. His last labor of love was to write its history, at the age of over four -score years.

George Rainsford Fairbanks

After our great civil war, forty years ago, some of us made it a matter of principle and of loyalty to the lost cause to stand very close, in life and in death, to the person of our one Confederate President. We felt that whatever more or whatever else might be said of any other, he was the man who incarnated the cause. We had the feeling that if his heart could have been taken out, or could ever be exhumed, there would be found inscribed upon it the Confederacy, for which he lived and suffered, and for which he would have died. That one great expression or embodiment of our common devotion was all we remembered, and our right arm should lose its cunning if ever we forget it. We need not to exhume the faithful heart so late furred from our sight, to know what is written upon it, and while Sewanee remains true to her origin, her traditions, her ideals, her destiny, the longest, the most constant, the most single-minded and pure hearted expression and embodiment of faithfulness and loyalty to her cause will not be effaced from her memory.

It might seem to some of you a very easy and simple thing to have retained so long and so faithful a devotion to the best interests of Sewanee. Perhaps there are many of us who feel that we ourselves would have done the same. Well, I have seen a little bit myself of what it was for a man like Major Fairbanks to keep faith and heart in this University, and to preserve a steady, even, straight way through some of the stages of its his story and of his own experiences - and I want to say that I do not believe there are many of us who could have come through as he did, and been to the last the man, who knelt with us here last Friday, and passed out of earthly consciousness with mind and heart and hope and faith so full of all that makes for the peace and good of this institution. We must remember that our plans and our hopes here have undergone death and resurrection, and that these are not words, grammatical vocables, and nothing more. We must remember that our resurrection was not to the fullness and abundance, and to the strength and vitality and hopefulness of the old life to which we had forever died. We must remember, too, that the great ideas and conceptions and plans which had become so large a part of Major Fairbanks' very mental, moral, and spiritual constitution, had not only to experience resurrection but to undergo revolution. The institution that was ready to start before the war was not the institution that started after the war. To have set out with the largest, completest, most ideal conceptions, and with the possession and expectation of the amplest means of executing and realizing them; and to have to come down to the paltriest beginnings and the total absence of any means at all; to feel the needs, intellectual and spiritual, greater and more pressing than ever, the conceptions truer, the ideals more vital and more matter of life and death with us in our

George Rainsford Fairbanks

adversity that ever they had seemed in our prosperity; and then year by year to be made to experience only more and more the inadequacy of faith and endurance alone for the achievement of results that of necessity must be more tangible and material, if their ends were ever to be accomplished; all this may have been very needful discipline for results as yet hidden in the impenetrable future; but they were not easy to endure or to survive at the time. But this was not at all the worst.

In the attempting great things with little or no means, there inevitably come about this difficulty and evil: in doing the thing we can, we will sometimes not only fall short of but actually contravene and contradict, or seem to contradict, the thing we should and would if we could. A conflict ensues between the impracticable better and the practicable lesser or worse. The man who has to do the acting is charged with sacrificing the higher ideal to the lower expedient. The man who does the criticizing or leads the opposition is charged with being a traditionalist, or reactionist or obstructionist, or with being visionary and unpractical. There is more or less of truth and justice in both charges, and exaggeration and excess on both sides. The representative of the possible, and the expedient, and the "best that can be done" will come not unnaturally to weaken in his sense and appreciation of the high claims of the other side, the ideal and impracticable. And the latter will underrate the necessities of action, and the reasons for the merely possible best, or best possible. Poverty and weakness in the days that are past have rendered us liable to such troubles. There have been questions of principle and questions of policy, and all sorts of questions, upon which there have been differences. Major Fairbanks was never outside of any question that involved the interests or the character or the meaning and purposes of this University. He was not always agreed with or listened to; he was not always understood or appreciated; it goes without saying the he was not always right in his opinions or positions; this University has worn out and killed many a good man in the making of it, but through it all Major Fairbanks lived out his life in and for it, and died at last still fully alive and wide awake in its service. More and more his silent endurance and survival of all the trials that beset himself or assailed his trust; his consistency, his integrity, his fidelity, won him the assured place which he has honorably occupied for years past - the patriarch of Sewanee, the conceiver of its traditions, the exemplar of its undying faith.

I have spoken of Major Fairbanks wholly in his relation with the University, and the University in connection with him. It is due to some of us to say something of him in his

George Rainsford Fairbanks

relation with this community, the old permanent community of Sewanee. He was the first of us here, living or dead. He established, I believe, the first home on this domain, the first before the war, and when that was destroyed, then the first again after the war. This may not be literally true, only in case he was not before, but only side by side with, Bishop Quintard in this matter. It was his peculiar distinction that he was always side by side, and up with, the second Founder of Sewanee, as he had been with the first. But he was the builder of the first home now standing in our midst, and what ought the logs of that old home to mean and be to us! Has there been another built since that - that through all these trying and faithful years could better stand with us for all the best our old home life ever was, for all we should pray and hope our home life may ever continue to be!

Friday evening before the last, as I said, Major Fairbanks knelt with us for the last time in this chapel. He was the builder of it and the author of every change it has undergone in its eventful history. On his way home he met the Vice-Chancellor and by his time-honored capacity of counselor or and adviser. His hand was upon the maps of the University, its business in his head, its interests upon his heart, when the change came which forever closed his consciousness to terrestrial affairs. In the old home, the first Sewanee home, he lay for several days, only just aware of the love that enveloped him by day and night, and of the sacred offices that ministered to him for the last time here the bread of life and commended his soul to God who gave it. On Friday evening he was borne into this chapel once again for his last office in it. Well might it, and most appropriately utter along with him its *Nunc Dimittis*. Like him it has performed its part and what a part What is there of it that he did not put here? When was he ever voluntarily absent from one single service in it? His remains were borne by reverent and loving hands into that cemetery that yearly grows more sacred to us. What is there that does not speak to us of him? As of everything else that meets our eyes on this mountain, he was more than all the rest of us put together, the layer out and maker and keeper of it. There is nothing here that did not know and own him in it. There is nothing here that does not and will not feel and mourn his loss.

WILLIAM PROCHER DUBOSE

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH ARCHIVES

BY GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS/ND

The committee on order and discipline to whom was referred the matter of reporting regulations for the use of automobiles on the University Domain report:

That it is greatly to be regretted that automobiles should have been introduced here. The location of the University upon this Mountain was intended to secure entire freedom from the noise, bustle and traffic of cities and towns, occupied for business purposes. The Automobile, mainly the pastime of the wealthy classes, and as yet in use in only the centers of population, and in suburban neighborhoods where there are wide avenues and graded roads, is out of place in the streets leading to the University buildings, where its use is a disturbance to the quiet and comfort of family homes, a menace to the lives of our children and an occasion for frightening horses entirely unused to it, depriving the free use of the ordinary vehicles, and every way unsuitable to Sewanee avenues and winding roads laid out for pleasant drives. It is particularly objectionable that the automobile should be placed in the hands of students, who, under the impulse of youth with little discretion, creating a clear distinction of wealth, excite the envy of other students or youth, turning our classic place into pleasure grounds for the few to the detriment of the many. For these and many other reasons, it seems important that in this early stage of the irruption here of the automobile, firm steps should be taken to discourage the further incoming of these dangerous machines, by regulating their speed and if necessary excluding their use altogether.

REPORT ON THE AUTOMOBILE:**GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS**

Your Committee find full authority for such action in the provisions of our charter conferring full power "to establish police and municipal regulations as may be necessary for the preservation of order and the enforcement of the By-laws of the University, on our domain. Our large area of territory, owned exclusively by the University, was intended to secure for us immunity from the entry upon it from the outside world; of all injurious or undesirable persons and things, as well as to enforce regulations within the domain for its security and welfare.

The Committee have there fore proposed and recommended the passage by the Board of the following ordinance in with the ordinances of the University.

DREW ~ LINEAGE



**IN THE NORTH AISLE OF THE CHOIR
DIOCESE OF EXETER, DEVONSHIRE**
Richard Polivhele, volume 2

Drew ~ Lineage

DREWS OF GRANGE

~

IN THE PARISH OF BROAD HAMBURG

The name is derived from Drogo or Dru, and is supposed to be Norman.

The first proved ancestor of the family, however, is William Drewe, who married an heiress of Prideaux of Orcheston in this Country, and appears to have lived about the beginning of the 14th Century. His son was of Sharpham, also in Devonshire.

The present seat was erected by Sir Thomas Drewe in 1610. Younger branches of this family were of Drew's Cliffe and High hayne, in Newton, St. Cyres.

See Lysons, CXIII and 266; Westcote's Pedigrees, 582 - 3, and the Topographer and Genealogist 11,209, for the Drews of Ireland, descended from a second son of the House of Drew's Cliffe, who came to Ireland and settled at Meaniss, in the Country of Deny, in 1633.

See also, Prince's Worthies, 1st ed. p. 249

ARMS. ~ ERMINE, A LIONPASSANT GULES

Present Representative, Edward Limcoe Drew, Esq.
Shirley's noble and Gentleman of England, page 68

Note* Copied from manuscript found in trunk of Grandfather, Solomon Drew, born in Helston, Cornwall, England. Died in Washington, D.C. Buried in Congressional Cemetary.

By: Julius Drew



**IN THE NORTH AISLE OF THE CHOIR
DIOCESE OF EXETER, DEVONSHIRE
MANACAN VICARAGE, IN CORNWALL**

~
JULY 1, 1797

Richard Polivhele, vol 2

Here lyeth ye body of Edward Drew, Archdeacon of Cornwall and Canon
Res. of the Church, who died December 17th, 1693, Aged 70

Also, Anthony, his 2nd son, who died A.D. 1714, Aged 16

Here lyeth ye body of Elizabeth, the wife of Edward Drew, Archdeacon of
Cornwall, eldest Daughter of the R. Reverent Father in God, Anthony, once
Lord Bishop of this Diocese and afterwards of Norwich. She died the 18th of
March, 1679

~
Here lyeth ye body of Mary, the Daughter of Edward Drew, Archdeacon of
Cornwall and Canon of this church who departed this life the 2nd day of
January, Anno. Dom., 1678.

~
Also Thomas, son of Francis Drew, Esq., who died the 27th of November,
1704, Aged 9 weeks.

~
Here lyeth the body of Elizabeth, Daughter of Francis Drew Esq., who died
ye 20th of March, 1702/5, Aged 18 months.

~
Here also rests the earthly remains of Edward Drew, Barrister at Law. He
was married in 1740 to Philippa Anne, Daughter of John Cholwich, Esq, of
Farringdon and again in 1747 to Dorothea Juliana, Daughter of George
Treby, Esq. of Plympton; by the last of whom only he had surviving issue.
His decline was gentle, his resignation that of a Christian. On Monday De-
cember 10th, 1781 having nearly attained his 74th year, he quietly gave his
Soul unto God, and now sleeps in peace with his Forethers.

FAIRBANKS LINEAGE

1600 ~ 1998



APP - 7

FAIRBANKS LINEAGE**FAIRBANKS LINEAGE****GENERATION**

1. Johnathan Fairbanks (b. 1600 - d. 1668)
 Married Grace Lee, (d. March 3, 1676)
 Came from Sowersby, in West Riding of Yorkshire, England, to Boston, Mass. , in 1633. Settled in Dedham, Mass. in 1636. (Fairbanks House, Dedham, Mass. Oldest wooden residence owned and lived in by one family, in America. Now owned by "The Fair Banks Family in America, Inc.")
2. John Fairbanks (d. 1684)
 Married Sarah Fiske
3. Deacon Joseph Fairbanks (b. March 10, 1656 - d. January 14, 1734)
4. Joseph Fairbanks (b. April 26, 1687 - d. 1755)
 Married Abigail Deane (b. June 12, 1694 - d. December 31, 1750)
5. Samuel Fairbanks (b. September 14, 1728 - May 28, 1825)
 Married Mary Draper
6. "Captain" Samuel Fairbanks (b. February 26, 1753 - d. April 1, 1825)
 Married Rachel Lovett (b. 1735 - d. March 17, 1800)
 One record has this name spelled Lovell.
7. Jason Fairbanks (b. September 5, 1785 - d. January 10, 1875)
 Married Mary Massey (b. September 29, 1796 - d. September 29, 1882)

FAIRBANKS LINEAGE



Jason Fairbanks came to Watertown, New York in 1808. He helped to found and develop the town. He was engaged in a number of lines of trade, being a saddler, a dealer in pork, beef, corn, and salt. He was a Deputy Marshall and also Sheriff. He was very energetic and enterprising and some colorful tales are told about him in Watertown to this day. He married Mary Massey, daughter of Hart Massey, also a founder of the town. The Hart Massey house is preserved as a museum. It is opposite the library in Watertown and contains many relics of the Massey and Fairbanks families. A brother of Mary Massey's went to Canada. Hart House at Toronto University is named for him. Vincent Massey, former Governor General of Canada is a descendant, also Raymond Massey, the actor. Mary Massey preserved her son George's share of the family property for him during the Civil War. The business property, a part of the estate of Major G. R. Fairbanks, was sold to the Reverend J. G. Glass, after the will was broken and the property Jason and Mary Fairbanks had four sons.

8. George Rainsford Fairbanks (b. 1820 - d. 1906)

Married Sarah Catherine Wright

Major C.S.A. Graduated from Union College, Schenectady, New York in 1839. Received an M.A. degree from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. Studied law under the Honorable Joseph Mullin. Went to Florida in 1842, having married the same year to Sarah Catherine Wright, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Benjamin Wright of Adams, New York. He was Clerk of the Circuit Court, Northern District of Florida. In 1846 he was a State Senator. He died at Sewanee Tennessee where he had helped to found and was a lifelong Trustee of the "University of the South". He died in 1906 and was buried at Sewanee.

His children by his first marriage (to Sarah C. Wright, who died in St. Augustine, Florida, March 1858.) There is a memorial window to her in the Episcopal church in St. Augustine. He wrote a History of Florida, also History of the University of the South.

FAIRBANKS LINEAGE

George Rainsford Fairbanks

Children

- I Florida Fairbanks (b. 1848 - d. 1934)
- II Charles Massey Fairbanks (b. 1850 - d. 1881)
 He was the first graduate of the Medical Department at the University of the South. He died in New Orleans of pneumonia. Unmarried
- III George Ward Fairbanks (b. March 8, 1852 - d. January 1853)
- IV Gertrude Fairbanks (b. 1855 - d. 1893)
- ~
- 9 Gertrude Fairbanks (b. 1855 - d. 1893)
 Married Horace Drew, co-owner of the H. & W. B. Drew Company of Jacksonville, Florida. Three children:
 Horace Rainsford, Graeme and Routledge.
- 10 Horace Rainsford Drew (b. July 6, 1876 - d. May 28, 1951)
 Married Margaret Louise Phillips of Danville, Kentucky in 1916. One child: Horace Rainsford Drew, Jr.
- 11 Horace Rainsford Drew, Jr., born January 1, 1918.
 Attorney practicing law in firm 1951 - 1994.
 Lt. Col. J.A.G.D. (Ret'd).
 Married Rae Berger, Camp Shelby, Mississippi, October 28, 1944. Three Children: Shelley Louise Drew, Robert Fairbanks Drew & Horace Rainsford Drew, III

FAIRBANKS LINEAGE



- 12 Horace Rainsford Drew, III (b. March 20, 1955)
Married Maxine McCall (Drew) of Perth, Australia, November 18, 1985.
Two Children: Daniel McCall Drew and Caroline McCall Drew.
B.S. Chemistry 1976; Ph.D. Chemistry, California Institute of Technology
1981. Post Doctoral Fellow MRC Laboratory of Molecular Biology,
Cambridge E.K.. Principal Research Scientist, CSIRO Division of
Biomolecular Engineering, Sydney Australia, 1986.

*Major Fairbanks adopted his middle name of "Rainsford"
most proudly, and passed it on to his grandson Horace.*

*The name appears to have come from the Viking
"Reindeers' Ford".*

Later shortened to "Rainsford"

FAMILY FAIRBANKS

(CIRCA 1906)

*GEORGE RAINSFORD FAIRBANKS, SUSAN BEARD FAIRBANKS & DESCENDANTS
REBEL'S REST ~ SEWANEE
1905*



Left to right - Back Row

Edwin Raymond Williams (Ned) ~ Born Nov. 3, 1903

Edwin Raymond Williams

Anna Wright Cotten (Mrs. E. R. Williams) ~ Born Dec. 27, 1876, Died Oct. 15, 1950

Eva Lee Fairbanks (Mrs. James G. Glass) ~ Born Mar. 29, 1865, Died Sept. 29, 1952

George R. Fairbanks Cornish ~ Born July 8, 1890

Sarah Catherine Fairbanks (Mrs. Andrew Ernest Cornish) ~ Born Feb. 11, 1858, Died Jan 6, 1918

Left to right, Front Row

Susan Fairbanks Williams ~ Born Oct 7, 1901

Florida (Fody) Fairbanks ~ Born July 24, 1848, Died Nov. 25, 1931

Anna Wright Williams (Mrs. John P. Hines) ~ Born Aug. 26, 1899, Died Nov. 1995

Rainsford (Rene) Fairbanks Glass (Mrs. Thomas E. Dudley) ~ Born July 18, 1900

Eva Lee Fairbanks Glass (Mrs. Francis S. Appleby) ~ Born July 19, 1902, Died Dec. 1981

Susan Beard Fairbanks (Mrs. George Rainsford Fairbanks) ~ Born Sept. 8, 1926, Died Jan. 5, 1911

George Rainsford Fairbanks ~ Born July 5, 1820, Died Aug 3, 1906



OLD FAIRBANKS HOUSE. BUILT 1636

The Fairbanks Family in America, Inc.

FOUNDED 1633 INCORPORATED 1903

DEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS 02026

July 30, 1974

Dear Mr. Drew,

We have received your letter of July 22nd and will welcome you here for a tour of your ancestral home the latter part of September.

In our genealogy, "The Fairbanks Family in America" published in 1897 by George Bayles Fairbanks, I find #566 Major George R. Fairbanks, Fernandaria, Fla. Born in Watertown, N.Y. July 5, 1820. Moved to St. Augustine, Florida in 1842. His picture and a lengthy account of his life accompanies it.

You may borrow a copy of the book from your State Library. You may also purchase a copy of it for \$25.00. It was reprinted in 1971 by Mr. "E J" L. Fairbanks, 1503 No. Canyon / Provo, Utah 84601. Mr. Fairbanks is gathering information to publish a second book which will update the family. He will welcome your family tree.

I am enclosing a membership blank for your use should you care to join us in support of the old house. A newsletter is mailed to the memberships several times during the year. The next issue will be ready for mailing about Sept. and will give a report on our 7th Annual Meeting which

is held here or these grounds in July do.

Looking forward to meeting you next month.

Most sincerely,

Miriam W. Blood, Curator
(Mrs. Arthur)

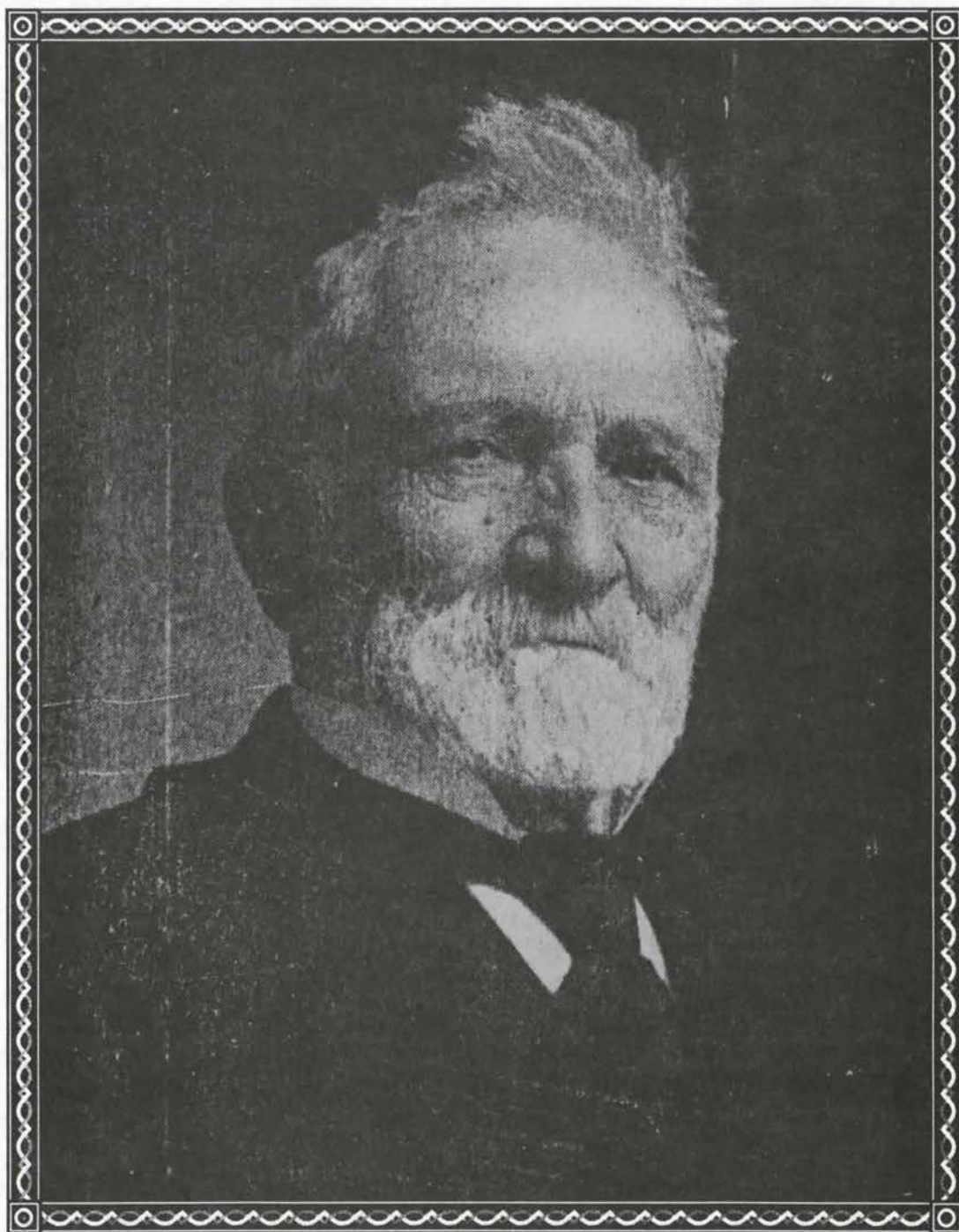
MAJOR GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS

ARCHITECT OF SEWANEE; INTERPRETER OF THE DOMAIN

By: Arthur Ben Chitty

APP - 9

MAJOR GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS



Major George Rainsford Fairbanks



FIG-5-3

MAJOR GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS

~

ARCHITECT OF SEWANEE; INTERPRETER OF THE DOMAIN

George Rainsford Fairbanks, confidant and collaborator of Bishop Charles Todd Quintard, has no serious contender for the title of first layman in early Sewanee. He was so closely identified with Sewanee for forty-nine years that an evaluation of the institution requires a brief study of his life. He was born in Watertown, New York, in 1820. He attended Petit Seminar, received a master's degree from Union College, Schenectady, and was admitted to the New York bar. In 1842 he was appointed clerk of the United States circuit court in St Augustine, Florida, and by 1860, when he moved to Sewanee, he had served as state senator (1846-1847), presidential elector for Lewis Cass (1848), mayor of St. Augustine (1857), and repeatedly as deputy to the Episcopal general convention. Present at the second meeting of the board of trustees, he attended practically every succeeding meeting until his death in 1906.

He was the first in 1859 to build a home at Sewanee beside the first founders, Polk and Elliott; he was the first in 1866 to build beside the second founder, Bishop Quintard. In the Confederacy he was chief quartermaster for the Tennessee army's hospital department. At Sewanee he was the first commissioner of buildings and lands. He divided his time between Tennessee and Florida, where he was one of the state's largest landholders and where he became president of the Florida Fruit Exchange and of the Florida Historical Society which he helped organize.

Called "the foremost historian of Florida," he edited for a time the *Florida Weekly Mirror* from his winter home (after 1880) in Fernandina. His *History and Antiquities of St Augustine* is linked with the development of that city as a tourist attraction.

As did Quintard, Fairbanks continued his services to the University after he ceased to be a member of the paid staff. He was elected lay trustee from the diocese of Florida and he was actively associated with the successive administrations. He was discussing the university's business with Quintard's son-in-law, Vice-Chancellor Benjamin Lawton Wiggins, over a table littered with maps of the domain, when he had his final heart attack.

MAJOR GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS

Fairbanks is the only man who has written a book length history of the University of the South. Almost eighty when he began it, he displayed maturity of judgement in the astute interpretations of the ideals of the founders, the concept of the domain, the potentialities of the University as a unifying factor in the southern Episcopal Church. It stands among the best sources of material on the University. William P. DuBose Says: "He was not always understood or appreciated . . . his silent endurance and survival of all the trials that beset himself or assailed his trust . . . won him the . . . place he has "*The Patriarch of Sewanee.*"

Fairbanks was the *de facto* architect of early Sewanee. He was a modern utilitarian. Though all of his buildings were constructed in the days of the most devious carpenter-gothic, he fastened no gingerbread on University buildings. He built in the vernacular.

In his acts and in his *History of the University of the South*, Fairbanks was the interpreter of the domain. He seized the founders; concept of a great landed site and held fast to the idea, using every opportunity to teach the second generation what the founders had envisioned. Seclusion, that perfection might be attempted under the most favorable circumstances; insulation, that interference might be repelled or controlled; attitude, that the beacon on a hill might be seen afar - these were the intangibles which one senses between lines of description of boundaries, trees, springs, coal, and stone.

If the bishops and their fellow dreamers who selected the site of the University in 1858, had known the problems their isolation and altitude would bring, the building and maintenance of roads for automotive traffic, the blasting of pipe lines through solid rock, the repair of miles of power and telephone lines broken in mountain ice storms, some among them still would have wanted the domain at Sewanee. It became a physical expression of what they were trying to do spiritually. Fairbanks intuitively knew this and his life's work was to defend it.

These two men, Fairbanks and Quintard, both from the North and both of the Confederacy, a layman and a bishop, the one patient, methodical, practical, and the other dynamic, inspiring, sophisticated, each with complete confidence in the other - this was the team which set the University of its way.

REBEL'S REST REMEMBERS



APP - 10

REBEL'S REST REMEMBERS

On a mountaintop in Sewanee, Tennessee, an old house still lives. Since 1866 the house has silently surveyed a towered town, an "Oxford in America," a college community set in a forest so dense that its stately sandstone buildings with their Gothic arches are invisible from the air on a summer's day. Some of the large oaks that stood guard over the old house are gone; the few that remain are majestic in their regal age. One family lived in this overgrown log cabin for almost a century; the last member has moved long since, but the home is still vibrant with life, softened by its memories and its ghosts.

In the 1850s, just before the devastating war between the states, a group of dedicated Episcopalians bishops, priests, and laymen came to a wooded plateau about 90 miles from Nashville, near the site of the Sewanee Mining Company. Here they found the ideal location to establish a long desired Episcopal University and Seminary for men. In 1857 the University of the South was founded. They laid a cornerstone in 1860, which Federal soldiers on their way to Chicamuga eventually blew up. The few cabins that had been built burned and the forest retook the site. Although two of the founding bishops were dead, in defiance of poverty and defeat, in the aftermath of the war, the founders returned in 1866 to what was already known to some as the "holy mountain" to renew the promise of the University of the South.

In 1868 the university opened, with four teachers and nine students. In the early years, a unique school system was set up. The boys studied on the relatively cool, 2,000 foot high mountain during the spring and summer, escaping a South ridden with disease. In winter, when the mountain was cold, the students went home for vacation to a more livable South.

Among the original founders was **Major George Rainsford Fairbanks**, a Renaissance man-attorney, editor, historian, Florida politician, officer in the Confederate army. He was a sad soldier returning from a lost war, but he was eager to build a new world. As a token of his faith in the future, in 1866 he built the old house in a near-wilderness that became the center of the university. He named his home **Rebel's Rest**, "in allusion to the unsettled life, moves and home burnings of the four previous years; being glad, indeed, to be at rest on this broad mountain top"

REBEL'S REST REMEMBERS

named his home **Rebel's Rest**, in allusion to the unsettled life, moves and home burnings of the four previous years; being glad, indeed, to be at rest on this broad mountain top.

The original simple log house eventually was too small for the extended family that spent every summer on the mountain. Additions finally increased the house to twenty-two rooms; two wings extended into the back yard, where appeared, through the years, a barn, sheds for chickens and turkeys, and a garage. Pointed gables with gingerbread trim framed the casement windows of the upper story. Two gravel paths led from the street to the circular driveway in front of the broad front porch. And wonder of wonders, for those times, in the side yard stood the only privy in town with a covered passageway leading to it! (This was a luxury for the children who had to scurry down it every night before bedtime.) The memories and the ghosts began to gather the first of the Fairbanks families, the students who came to it to buy their school supplies.

The old house stood with pride in its two acres of wildness; a jumble and a jungle. A barnyard, a meadow, a woods, rocks, lawns, gardens, fruit trees, trees to climb and to hold rope swings, paths to explore into the woods; a children's paradise. Cluttered with kudzu and undergrowth, the yard had hiding places for a game or an escape with a book. Daffodils bloomed year after year, all by themselves, a yellow glory, wild, undisciplined, waving under the trees. The pear and apple trees bore fruit; the jays ate the fruit; the people, alas, shot the offending birds. And the old house watched.

The ghosts still rock or swing on the wide front porch, chatting lazily, fanning themselves, comfortably contemplating the town through the Victorian frame of the ancient, twisted wisteria vine that must have been there always. In the blossom time, the bumble bees still drone around the long, lavender flowers. A tranquility still recalls those who knew the secret of serenity.

What do the ghosts see through the wisteria vine? What sounds do they hear? From the Gothic tower across the street, constructed of native sandstone-mellow, warm, ivy-covered (a replica of Magdalene Tower at Oxford), melodic chimes still ring out every fifteen minutes. From the nearby chapel, bells still announce the services.

REBEL'S REST REMEMBERS

Sometimes a prankster tolls the bells in the middle of the night; the old house shudders and the ghosts awake with a shiver, because once the bells announced that a house was burning. Every person was a voluntary fireman in the old days, with a hose and a bucket as the only firefighting tools, except for the willing hands of kind neighbors. On a winter night, water sometimes froze in the bucket before it passed the length of the bucket brigade.

Not many of the houses that caught fire survived. (Fire once challenged Rebel's Rest, but its sturdy log construction saved it. A little girl who lived there was once asked what she would save if the house caught on fire, and she said: "My dolls." Ironically, almost the only objects lost were the dolls, long laid away and forgotten.)

Many of the sounds a mooing cow, clucking chickens, gobbling turkeys, quacking ducks, a neighing pony are gone forever, a sacrifice to civilization. The horse and buggy disappeared with "the irruption of the automobile." (To Major Fairbanks, "its use was a disturbance to the quiet and comfort of family homes, a menace to the lives of children and an occasion for frightening horses." He may have had something there! The barnyard carried on, however, until the 1940s, when the barn filled instead with broken furniture and the sight and sound of chickens flopping around without their heads, right in the middle of town, of a cow crying for its calf, receded into history.

In the old house there are echoes still of other sounds - the voices of the children who played at Rebel's Rest over the last century. Indeed, the grownups needed hiding places to escape the noise. They retreated to the back bedrooms; to the study (where no one was allowed to throw away the tiniest scrap of paper; to the one-room detached and secluded study-haven in the yard, cozy under the kudzu.

Every summer Major Fairbanks's descendants arrived, each family with its own nursemaid who made sure the children were seen (in the right places) but not too often heard. Four granddaughters were born in Rebel's Rest, one each summer from 1899 to 1902. Life was happy for the children, with space and time to be young. The house remembers. Echoing voices: little girls playing house on the "back-of-the-house rock," the roots of ancient oaks marking off the

REBEL'S REST REMEMBERS

rooms, acorns and bits of broken glass serving as plates and cups. Whispering voices: the children sending up relief supplies to any child confined to the upstairs room as punishment. Squealing voices: children having their cold baths on Saturday night. An imperious voice: a self-appointed Indian chief, making squaws scurry at his every whim.

Mostly the house remembers the voices and visions of girls. Three generations of sister-cousins lived there: giggling, fighting, shouting, sharing, loving, living. Daughters, granddaughters, great-granddaughters: girls sneaking out to watch the college dances.

Later still, young women being escorted to the dances; hosting card parties; celebrating marriages; bringing their own children to delight the old house once again with giggles and squeals and whispers. Some of these girls are still alive; the others have joined the ghosts, remembering the porch swing on a dark night, the rustling of the wisteria, the soft voices of innocent lovers.

The highlights of a long life march in step, like the cadets from the Sewanee Military Academy on their way to church to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Family births and deaths. Piano music and singing (but never "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"), and dancing in the parlor (but never on Sunday). Best of all, the old house always loved company. The bachelor faculty members and families who came to dinner. The guests who made morning calls (when it was all right just to drop in) or came regularly for afternoon tea, or sherry, or an occasional bourbon and branch water. The excitement of Commencement, when every spare bed was filled with a bishop or a clergyman or a trustee.

It is entirely right, then, that Rebel's Rest is now a guest house, beautifully restored to its former grace. The once-unruly acres are neat and manicured, the kudzu cleared, the curving gravel paths carefully weeded, the underbrush whacked away. The big oak with the rope swing is gone. No gobble or neigh or quack or moo no squawk or cluck, sounds in the back yard. No evidence remains, inside or out, of the "bump of disorder" Major Fairbanks's wife lovingly

attributed to him. Now each bedroom has its own bath and the giggles and squeals from the old covered passageway have faded away, along with the privy. The wilderness is tamed, the hiding places cleared away. Only the old house, those who remember, and perhaps a few sensitive souls, still hear the ghosts, the echoes in the air, the shouts of children playing hide and go seek, or grownup gentle voices welcoming their dates. But, secure in the image of an older and perhaps gentler civilization, Rebel's Rest remembers.

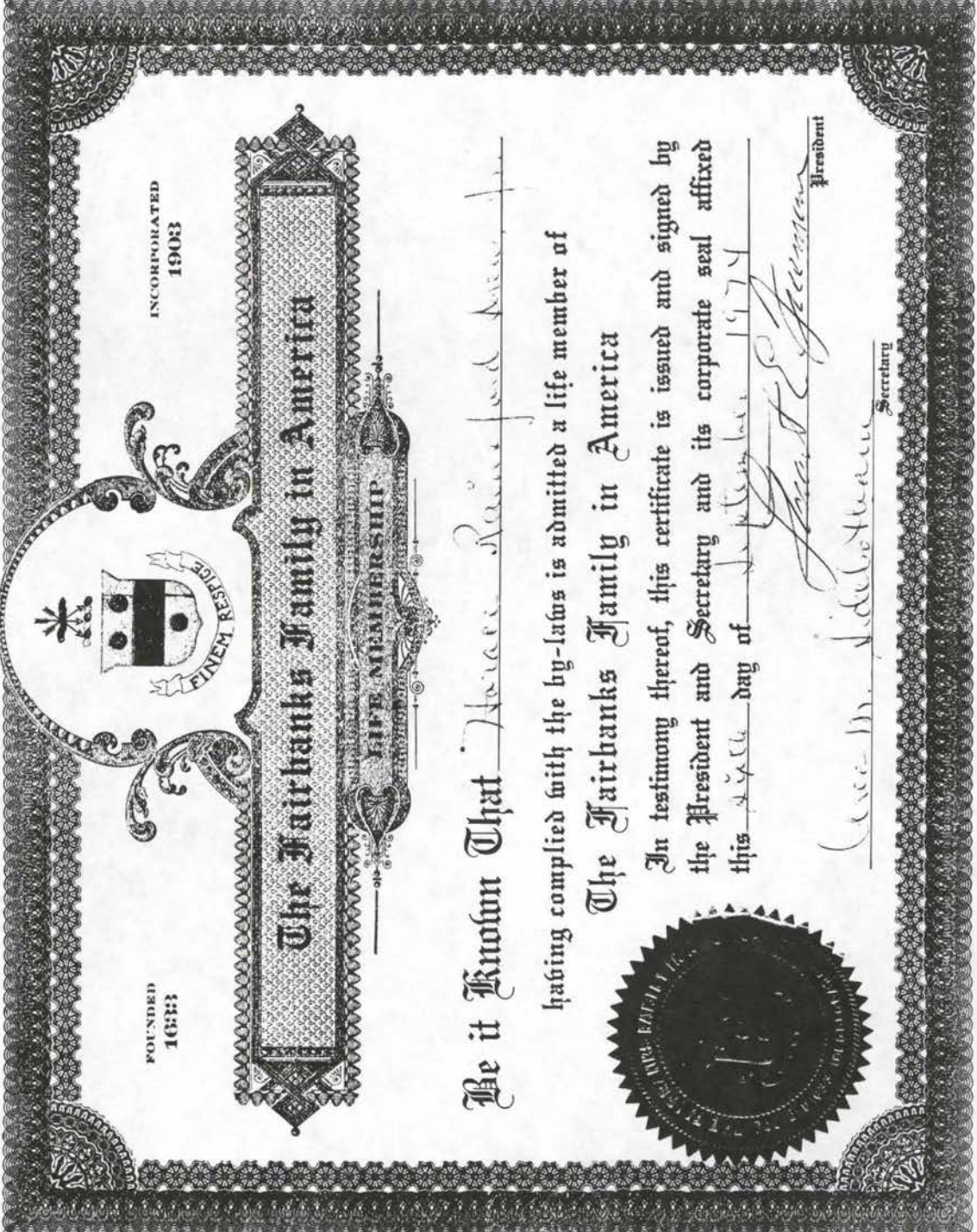
BY

RENE DUDNEY FAIRBANKS LYNCH

LIFE MEMBERSHIP IN THE FAIRBANKS FAMILY IN AMERICA, INC.

ISSUED SEPTEMBER 6, 1974 AT DEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

APP - 11



INCORPORATED
1903

FOUNDED
1883

The Fairbanks Family in America

LIFE MEMBERSHIP

Be it Known That Harold Ross Revere Revere Revere

having complied with the by-laws is admitted a life member of

The Fairbanks Family in America

In testimony thereof, this certificate is issued and signed by
the President and Secretary and its corporate seal affixed
this 17th day of July 1917



President

Secretary

HISTORY OF THE H. & W. B. DREW COMPANY



COLUMBUS DREW
Founder

Ninety-Six Years of Progress In Jacksonville

ESTABLISHED 1855

Fifty Years of Progress Plus Forty-Six Years a Part of the Life of Jacksonville

NINETY-SIX YEARS AGO

1855

Jacksonville was a small town of boardwalks, unpaved streets, and haphazard group of small stores huddled about today's Bay Street. It was then that Mr. Columbus Drew, the founder, started a small printing business with one printing press located at Bay and Newman Streets.

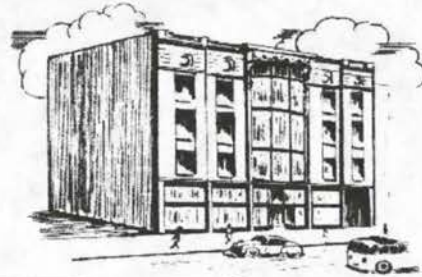
AND TODAY . . .

1951

Now one of the largest printing, lithographing, engraving and book-binding plants in the Southeast. We proudly acknowledge the privilege of serving this community and surrounding area over the period of the past 56 years; growth which is due from its broad, paved streets, its modern industrial and educational city, its wonderful quality of life.

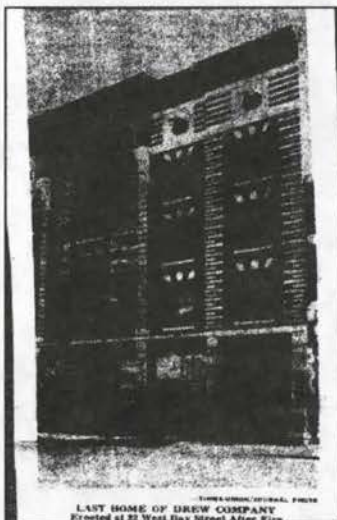
The price of new carrying 50 or more branded lines of merchandise, is a part of the progress of the founder, Mr. Columbus Drew, of his business and we pledge the continuation of supplying the old and new items as quickly as they are released by the manufacturer, as we have in the past.

We thank our position as servants to the community, and will ever endeavor for many years to come to cater to the desires of the greatest people in the world, **OUR CUSTOMERS!**



DREW COMPANY

22-30 W. BAY ST. JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
MIAMI—ORLANDO—TALLAHASSEE



LAST HOME OF DREW COMPANY
Erected at 22 West Bay Street After Fire.

B-10 THE FLORIDA TIMES-UNION, JACKSONVILLE, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1971

AN ERA ENDS

Ax of Progress Will Fell Drew Co. Building

There aren't any ghosts that anyone knows about on Bay Street, but if they are there, they're probably hanging out at 22-30 W. Bay St., the longtime home of the H. & W. B. Drew Co. It will be torn down to make way for the new Independent Life and Accident Insurance Co. skyscraper.

H. & W. B. DREW COMPANY

HISTORY OF THE H. & W. B. DREW COMPANY

One of the oldest establishments in Florida and among the three oldest in Jacksonville, presents a most interesting example of family ownership and strict adherence to quality and service, the principle that the customer is right and the ability to understand people.

The H. & W. B. Drew Company was founded originally in 1855 by the late Columbus Drew, operating as "Books, Stationery and Printing," and was acquired by his son, the late Horace Drew in 1876. During the following decade the business continued to flourish under its ownership, when in 1886 William B. Drew, a younger brother, was taken in as a partner, the name being changed to "H. Drew and Brother." In 1893 the business was incorporated under the name "The H. & W. B. Drew Company." Horace Drew was President and remained in active charge of the business until his death in 1926, assisted by his brother, William B. Drew, Treasurer.

The business prospered throughout almost without parallel until the years immediately following the death of Horace Drew and had among its liquid assets over one quarter of a million dollars in cash; however, with the passing of its leader and the illness of William B. Drew, reorganization followed. C. R. Simonds became President of the Company and it has been said that friction prevailed between him and William B. Drew, who died in 1929; also, the Trustees for the Estate of W. B. Drew and their legal department. Differences of opinion as well as what seemed, and later proved, to be gross errors in judgment were abundantly clear to careful observers within and without the borders of the organization.

C. R. Simonds, President of the Company, seemed oblivious to what would be destined to follow the collapse of the much publicized Florida land boom and at the time the bubble had burst, forged ahead with the erection of a printing plant at a cost of approximately \$130,000.00. Moreover, it never seemed to occur to Mr. Simonds to reduce operating expenses commensurate with the loss in sales wherever possible. On the other hand, with the assistance of bank credit, the organization remained geared highly with the faint hope of return of business when actually there was no hope. From time to time open bank loans were made in order to meet operating expenses in the sum of \$177,000.00. At that point further credit was denied by the banks and the Company was forced to give mortgage on all real estate; later chattel mortgage on all furniture, fixtures and machinery was furnished.

H. & W. B. DREW COMPANY

In January of 1929 the Banks and Trustees employed a New York audit concern to make a general and personnel audit at a cost to the Company of \$35,000.00, including legal fees.

During the Spring of 1930 the Banks and Trustees for the Estate of W. B. Drew dispensed with the services of C. R. Simonds and employed James McClymont of New York City as President. His services ended in May of 1931. E. J. Burke of Jacksonville was made President immediately afterwards, his term ending September 24, 1931. James S. Rancis of Richmond, Virginia, followed as President, his term ending November 18, 1932. All these changes were made by the Banks and Trustees for the Estate of W. B. Drew.

During the regime of McClymont, Burke and Francis many departments of the Company were discontinued, they being liquidated at a tremendous loss to the Company. Among these were the book department, toys, sporting goods, leather goods, gifts and finally the photographic department. The H. & W. B. Drew Company was known throughout the State as Florida headquarters for the goods carried in these departments and not infrequently during the years that followed have customers from as far as Chicago and Canada visited our store while vacationing in Florida, only to meet disappointment in their desire to make purchases and renew old friendships that had steadily grown throughout the years. It is felt the value of good will alone that was lost was almost inestimable.

It was then, after the bitter experience of the Banks and the W. B. Drew Trust with what seemed to be a never ending series of changes in administration, that Hodson Drew, son of the late President, Horace Drew, was elected to take over as President. Upon assuming charge Hodson Drew's chances for the rehabilitation of the Company seemed to be indeed remote and uncertain. This was dramatically and forcibly directed to those present at this all important meeting. Some of those present felt that the business was too far gone for a revival, while others shared the opinion that Hodson Drew, could by virtue of the name "Drew" if nothing more, and there was otherwise little except a very keen desire to salvage insofar as it was possible to do so the grand old name "Drew," work a miracle. Thus, Hodson Drew entered the active directorship of the business, being saddled with a mortgage held by Jacksonville Banks in the sum of approximately \$165,000.00 and no well defined and workable plan of liquidation. It was just another case as is not uncommon with banks of grabbing, so to speak, wherever and whenever possible.

H. & W. B. DREW COMPANY

During the years that immediately followed unrest and tension steadily developed among Trade Creditors because of the Companies inability to, from its current resources, meet the drastic demands of the Banks and at the same time pay for necessary merchandise inventory; Creditors taking the position the Banks were by virtue of their own mortgage arrangement, enjoying and advantage over the general Creditor Body, Hodson Drew, realizing that the controversy between the Banks and the Trade Creditors resolved in a problem that must be disposed of, sought from many sources a mortgage spread out over a period of years that would enable payment and at the same time provide sufficient working capital to go toward the purchasing of merchandise stock. All efforts met with failure, real estate values having declined to an alarmingly low ebb as a result of the Florida land boom and the depression that followed throughout the "thirties." It was in July 1937 that Hodson Drew's efforts bore fruit when a mortgage loan on real estate, furniture and fixtures, machinery, tools and equipment was effected with an insurance company in the amount of \$95,000.00. This mortgage bore 5% interest and was spread out in quarterly payments over a period of twelve and one-half years. From this loan the bank mortgage was paid in full as well as an accumulation of past due taxes.

The principal grievances harbored by the Trade Creditors against the bank mortgage arrangement being disposed of, the next important problem was to in some way dispose of an accumulation of past due bills which at the time were slightly in excess of \$75,000.00, and at the same time provide an even flow of merchandise stock that would meet with present

requirements. It was during the month of July of 1937 that there was a friendly meeting of Creditors held in New York City, the result being that all debts in excess of \$100.00 were frozen for the next two years with a proviso that a yearly distribution of 12½% be made at the end of the next succeeding two years on the extended debt. At the end of the first year the Company was unable to make the distribution of 12½% prescribed, but did pay 7½%. Subsequent extensions of the frozen balance were made annually as well as periodical payments. During the month of April of 1944, and before expiration of the last extension, final payment of 43½% were made. Thus, the faith of many years standing of Trade Creditors of the Company did not prove in vain.

As far back as 1944 it was apparent that the printing plant equipment of the Company was rapidly losing its productive value through a medium of deterioration and obsolescence. During the war years it was difficult, practically impossible, to secure printing plant equipment.

H. & W. B. DREW COMPANY

The Company did, however, place orders some two years ago or more for sufficient modern, high speed equipment to generally replace its worn out and antiquated equipment. During the month of last December some of this equipment was received and from time to time down to the present has practically all been received and installed. The Company now has, with very few exceptions, a printing plant equipped with the very latest type of machinery and is comparable, and in some respects superior, to the plants of its competitors. The Company is, as a result, able to meet competition from every quarter.

The Company has been operating on a discount basis since discharging the balance of its frozen debts and has continued to show substantial profits since 1940. Records of the Company show losses for the years ended June 30, 1929 through June 30, 1932 of slightly over \$490,000.00. During the years 1933 through 1940 losses were, under the direction of Hodson Drew, reduced to approximately \$139,000.00. With the beginning of 1941 and through the present time, net earnings have been in excess of \$250,000.00.

It was during the autumn of 1943, and after several years of profitable operation, that the W. B. Drew Trust developed a sudden design on the Company and its active management, their

intention being apparent with presentation of a secretly formed Voting Trust. Hodson Drew was officially advised of the formulation of this Voting Trust and was requested to instruct its Secretary to transfer the stock embodied in this Voting Trust. Also, he was informed that it was their intention to call a meeting of the Stockholders and elect a Board of Directors of their own choosing. It was at that time that Mary H. Drew, mother of Hodson Drew, exercised her right under the Company's Charter to purchase a block of Treasury Stock and by so doing defeated the sinister move of the W. B. Drew Trust to obtain active management and control of the Company. The privilege exercised by Mrs. Drew also was one extended to any other Stockholder or Stockholders. This right under the Company's Charter was evidently overlooked by the legal staff of the W.B. Drew Trust. What prompted the sudden interest of the W. B. Drew Trust in the Company has never been explained ~one wonders!

It was soon after that the Trust realized their defeat and came forward with an offer to Mrs. Drew to sell to her all stock registered in the W. B. Drew Trust as well as other miscellaneous stock of which they had come into control under the Voting Trust endeavor, and their proposition was

H. & W. B. DREW COMPANY

forthwith accepted; thus, returning to the family of the late Horace Drew the ownership and control that originated at the time the late Horace Drew purchased the business from his father, Columbus Drew, in 1876.

Floridian Brand



DESIGNED BY

REG. APPLIED FOR

The Floridian Brand

~
1926

APP - 13

THE QUITTER

By: Robert W. Service

Author's Lifetime Code

~

*Dedicated to his grandchildren
and great grandchildren with love
and affection as a reminder of
the code of the Viking Warrior:*

"Never Give Up"

THE QUITTER

THE QUITTER

When you're lost in the wild and you're scared as a child,
And death looks you bang in the eye;
And you're sore as a boil; it's according to Hoyle
To cock your revolver and die.

But the code of a man says fight all you can,
And self-dissolution is barred;
In hunger and woe, oh it's easy to blow
It's the hell served for breakfast that's hard.

You're sick of the game? Well now, that's a shame!
You're young and you're brave and you're bright
You've had a raw deal, I know, but don't squeal.
Buck up, do your damndest and fight!

It's the plugging away that will win you the day,
So don't be a piker, old pard;
Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to quit
It's the keeping your chin up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten and die,
It's easy to crawfish and crawl,
But to fight and to fight when hope's out of sight,
Why, that's the best game of them all.

And though you come out of each grueling bout,
All broken and beaten and scarred
Just have one more try. It's dead easy to die,
It's the keeping on living that's hard.

By: Robert W. Service



Prepared By

E. A. M.
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