

John Squire, Founder of Squires, Missouri

*Submitted by Laura Lee Moncrief
Great granddaughter of John Squire
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Laura Lee Moncrief
Divide, CO

Foreword:

The following is taken from my book, Squire-Brown-Burton (Lincoln, NE 1985). This copyrighted work was the result of 20 years of research to learn about my great-grandparents, John and Martha Squire. Since John and Martha Squire were deceased before I was born, the only living link to my knowing these ancestors was mainly through my grandmother, Lutisha Squire Delp VonLoh.

My grandparents, Milton and Lutisha (Lula) Squire Delp, left Ozark County, MO, in December 1912 and moved to Nebraska. From the time I was a young child, I was at Grandmother Delp's house every week. Whenever we were together, whether at her home or mine in Colorado, Virginia, or Nebraska (or cutting off sweet corn at Uncle Ralph Delp's), we talked family history. It was during my research that I discovered her true name was Lutisha! None of her children knew this. When my second daughter was born in 1975, I honored my grandmother by naming this child, Amy Lutisha, after her great-grandmother.

John Squire Comes to America

John Squire was born April 1, 1854, in the small country parish of Jacobstowe, Devonshire, England. He was the son of John Squire, Sr., and his wife, Mary Ann Gorman. John Squire, Sr. was a sturdy yeoman engaged in tilling the soil. In 1851 he was listed as a farmer of 50 acres and 100 acres of moor land at Higher Dornford Farm in Devonshire.

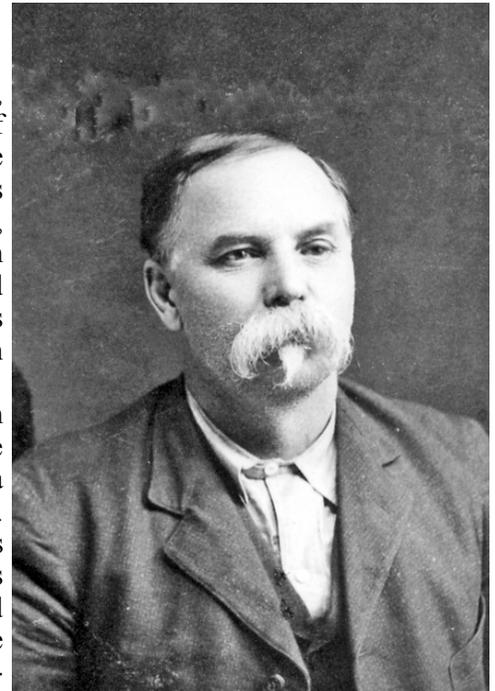
Mary Ann Gorman Squire began sending her children to Illinois as the boys were poaching game illegally—a crime punishable by death in England. In 1866, when John was about 12 years old, he was sent to America. He was all alone and very seasick but an old tailor on the ship befriended him. (The \$75.00 fare was borrowed from an uncle in Illinois, and John lived with that uncle and worked for him until that debt was paid off).

Mary Ann Gorman Squire helped all of her seven children immigrate to America; and, then, she too immigrated ca. 1868 to Illinois. However, John Squire, Sr., remained behind in Devon as "he did not want to cross the big pond."

While John Squire worked for his uncle in Illinois to work off his passage fare to America, the uncle's wife was so mean to John. For one thing, she would not give him enough to eat. When the Pastor was invited to dinner on Sunday, John was not allowed to eat with them. After everyone was finished, the aunt took everything off the table and left only bread and molasses for John.

Another time, when the uncle was away, the aunt told John to go out and cut down a row of lilacs that was the pride and joy of the uncle. John did as he was told; when the uncle returned home, the aunt told her husband that John had gone out and deliberately cut down his lilacs.

The mental anguish that John suffered while living with this uncle remained with him throughout his life. Years later, John would hold his own



John Squire

children on his lap and relate how the aunt mistreated him, and they would all cry.

John Squire was never a "church-goer." Perhaps it was because of this aunt who was such a religious hypocrite. While John lived with them, one



**Martha Frances "Frankie"
Brown Squire**

(Photo provided to Laura by
Mrs. Homer Turner, daughter of
Ad Kennedy Spurlock.)



Young Lutisha Squire
(Laura's Grandma Lula Delp VonLoh)

of John's chores was to bring in the cows for milking; but on Sunday morning, John drove them further away so he would be too late to attend church.

Years later, when John Squire was a successful merchant in Squires, MO, he gave building material equally to every church in town; but as far as any-



Lutisha "Lula" Squire Delp VonLoh — In her later years.

John's 1881 Letter from Australia

Dear Judge,

I will write you a few lines to let you and my many good friends at Hoopeston know that I have not forgotten you all, although I am in a foreign country, where the sun shines from the north instead of the south. I expect it is very warm with you just now, but it is midwinter here. I think I have been extensively blessed with winter this year, for that season had just set in in this country when I arrived, and I have had it ever since. Winter here, however, is nothing like our own, the best comparison I can give being a mild Illinois September. I had plenty of spring betweenwhile, though, on our western coast, at San Francisco, where there were plenty of Chinese to enjoy it. Right here I will remark that it is a shame to let the Chinese drive the white laborers from the Italy of America.

I left the bright land of Uncle Sam April 10th in the City of New York bound for Sydney, calling at Honolulu, on the Hawaiian Islands, at which place the small pox was raging, so we did not leave the ship. We crossed the equator April 26th and arrived at Auckland, New Zealand, May 2d. There we were quarantined for having measles on board, so the passengers, freight, and mail booked for that port were landed on the quarantine grounds, and we went to sea again. We landed at Sydney May 8th, having made nearly 8,000 miles in 29 days. We had a very calm passage all the way, with one death on board. An old man, 77 years of age, bound for New Zealand, could not withstand that demon called sea sickness, so his spirit returned to the God who gave it, and the next day we buried him in the deep, blue sea about 1,200 miles from San Francisco—a sad sight to see.

Now for the land of the kangaroo and emue. This is a curious country in many respects. The face of the country is level, with mountains here and there. It is all covered with two kinds of trees, i.e., gum and box, with scrub pine on the mountains. This is God's own country for stock, but I understand that stock is very cheap. You can buy cattle for \$7.50 per head; sheep, \$1; horses, best, from \$25 to \$50 per head; and you can buy a good riding pony for \$15. The country is full of stock, and they do not feed any in winter. Farming has not obtained much foothold yet, but there is considerable wheat raised. It is worth \$1 per bushel. I do not think much of this country for farming purposes. I think Illinois can beat it into a cocked hat for agricultural purposes, but I think this caps the world for a sheep country. They claim to raise the finest wool in the world, and I guess they are entitled to the claim. There is no manufacturing interest here to speak of. They have a good deal of American-made machinery here, which, you know, is grief to England. Hurrah for America!

I shall soon turn my weary feet toward Hoopeston and the land of the Stars and Stripes. Send me the Chronicle, Yours,

John Squire, July 11, 1881, Molong, New South Wales

one can remember, he never attended church.

Granddaughter, Frankie Simmons, remembered her mother, Mary Ann "Mollie" Squire Letchworth, saying that men at Squires actually came to blows arguing whether or not John Squire was an atheist! It is hard to know what was in John's heart; however, whenever a certain friend came to visit in Squires, MO, John always asked her to play "Little Church in the Wildwood." Also, John was singing a hymn a moment before his death in 1931.

On October 27, 1880, John Squire was naturalized as a citizen of The United States. He loved America!

After he married Frankie Brown, she made him a big flag which John took to all the Fourth of July picnics and political rallies. His daughter, Mollie, said the Fourth of July celebration meant more to him than Christmas.

By 1881, John Squire was at a crossroad in his life—trying to decide which way to go. A bachelor uncle living in Australia owned many acres of land and wanted John to take over the ranch. John took a trip to Australia in 1881 to consider the matter. John sent a letter to his friend in Hoopeston, IL, and it was published in the local newspaper (reprinted above).

Chronology for John Squire

Years later when asked why he didn't take the offer and settle in Australia, John used the excuse that the birds didn't sing right in Australia.

In 1882 John Squire went on foot to the sparsely populated area of Douglas County, MO. Everything that John had he brought with him packed on his back.

John boarded with the Jesse Brown family about five miles south of Ava, MO. After looking over that part of the country, John decided to settle nearby.

John could see an opportunity in Missouri. The knowledge acquired in farming and cattle raising in Illinois, combined with some farsightedness and natural business sense led to success. He went into the cattle business and when the railroad was built through that area, he sold meat to them. That is how he obtained enough money to start his mercantile business.

Of course, John Squire met Martha Frances Brown, one of the daughters of Jesse Brown, while he was boarding with the Jesse Brown family. Frankie (as she was called) was only 14 years old at the time they met.

Eleven days shy of Frankie's 17th birthday, the two were married. The ceremony was conducted on June 6, 1885, at Ava, MO, by J.F. Thompson, J.P.

John's mother was against the marriage; she wanted him to marry an English girl. His mother never visited him after their marriage.

Squires, MO, is Established

Shortly after his arrival in Douglas County, MO, John Squire established a general store on the traveled route from the south in Arkansas to the north. Near the store was located a corral for cattle that were driven from the south to be shipped on the railhead at Mansfield or Springfield.

The store at Squires became one of the early trading centers of Douglas County, MO. The slogan for the Squire's Store was, "We sell everything from a knitting needle to a threshing machine." Business boomed, and by 1894 this store was doing an

- **1854** – John Squire was born in Devonshire, England, a son of John and Mary Ann Squire.
- **1866**—12-year old John emigrated to America with his fare paid by an uncle. In Illinois he lived with and worked for his uncle until the fare was repaid.
- **1880**— 26-year old John was living with a sister and her husband in Vermilion County, Ill. He was proudly naturalized as U.S. Citizen.
- **1881**—John traveled to Australia with the promise of land from a rich uncle there, but he didn't stay long.
- **1882**—John traveled on foot to Douglas County, MO looking for opportunity. John stayed with the Jesse G. Brown family near Hest south of Ava where he met young Martha Frances Brown.
- **1885**—31-year old John and 16-year old Martha Frances "Frankie" Brown were married.
- **1886**—John Squire made a homestead application for 160 acres that is now known as Squires, MO.
- **1888**—John Squire opened the Squires Post Office at his store. He served as postmaster until 1905 except for a two-year leave in 1897-98.
- **1905**—John sold the store to his brother-in-law, Louis Brown, and moved the family to Hammond in Ozark County, MO where John established a store and mill.
- **1915**—John left Missouri for good, and purchased a farm in Willcox, AZ.
- **1921**—John and Frankie moved from Arizona to Los Angeles, CA where John entered the real estate business with an office on Sunset Boulevard. Later he purchased a chicken ranch in Gardena east of Los Angeles.
- **1931**—John Squire died at the age of 77 years old and was buried in Inglewood, CA.

annual business of \$15,000.

On February 18, 1886, John made application to homestead 160 acres—the S ½ of SE ¼ of Section 18 and the N ½ of NE ¼ of Section 19 of Township 25, Range 15W. This land was about 10 miles South of Ava in Spring Creek Township (now Walls Township) and is where the present town of Squires, MO, is located.

According to his Homestead Proof dated September 8, 1892, John built a home on the homestead and commenced residence in it on March 2, 1886. This home was a log house 14' x 16', and he had another log building 16' x 18' which was the Squire's Store. He also had a 20' x 36' warehouse, a 16' x 20' shop, an 18' x 20' stable, a dozen fruit trees, and five acres in cultivation. He also had two horses and three head of cattle on his farm. By 1894 John owned 841 acres of land including a small orchard and a cattle ranch.

A newly commissioned post office was established at the Squire's Store on March 21, 1888. John Squire was appointed Postmaster, and, of course, the post office was named Squires.

John served as Postmaster until November 23, 1897, when John M. Lewis was appointed Postmaster. John Squire took over again as Postmaster October 6, 1899, and continued in that position until July 25, 1905, when he sold his store to his brother-in-law, Louis Brown. Then John moved his family to the new town of Hammond, MO.

Everyone around Squires adored Frankie Squire. She was an exceptional woman. She had only two years of schooling, but she had much practical expertise. She was a great cook and seamstress. She would kill chickens and have fried chicken for breakfast before the children left for school. She always had a huge garden. She even made brooms and soap for the

store.

Frankie washed all their clothes by hand; and though they had to carry water from the spring, she insisted that the clothes be rinsed three times.

In addition to all the work of taking care of her family, she also provided rooms and meals in their home to the traveling salesmen (called drummers) that called at the store. White linen tablecloths and napkins were always on the table—all washed by hand.

Frankie worshipped her husband. She always said if she had to choose between one of her children or her husband, she would choose John. Of course, with the age difference between them, Frankie was just like one of the children. In the mornings before going to work, John like to "rough house" with his children and throw them on the bed. When he left for work, they were all in a heap on the bed—including Frankie.

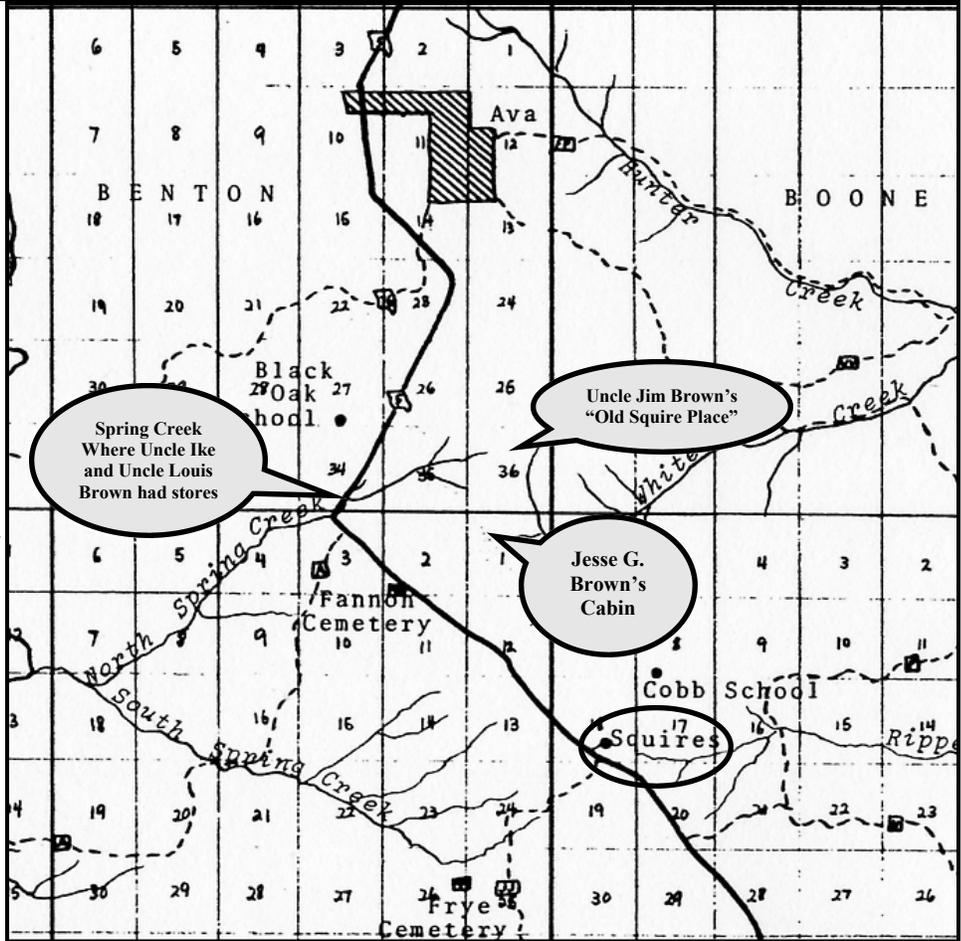
Frankie's brothers, Isaac, Jim, and Louis Brown, also lived with the Squire family and worked for John. After Jim married, he took over the Old Squire Place near the Black Oak School.

Stella Adeline "Ad" Kennedy was also a member of the family. Ad lived with the Squire family from the time she was seven years old until after she was married. She was a servant in the Squire household, but John treated her just like one of his own daughters. When one of the girls got a new dress, Ad got a new one too.

There never was a school at Squires, but just about 1 1/3 miles N.E. was the old Kolb (Cobb) School and this is where the Squire children attended. They rode to school on horseback or walked.

John was a gentle and patient man, especially with his children and grandchildren. (His main form of disciplining his children was to say, "Come here and let me pull your nose.") Of course, it was only a tweak to the nose.

When a problem arose around the house or store (like a case of eggs getting broken), the family held court to find out who was the guilty one. Tena,



Map showing area of Douglas County to which John Squire came in 1882

(reproduced from page 31 of Laura Moncrief's book, *Squire-Brown-Burton*).

the youngest, would always say, "No, Mother Squire, it wasn't I." If the children had a problem, John would tell them, "Be British."

Being an Englishman (and half Irish), John Squire had an in-born love of horse racing. He even had a race-track on his land. His favorite horse was named, Tin Tac.

One time John was riding Tin Tac and racing another fellow when they took a turn too fast. They ran into a barbed-wire fence and both horse and rider were injured. John began to recover, but Frankie thought the horse was going to die.

Apparently, Tin Tac thought he had killed John because he didn't begin to recover until John was able to visit him and the horse could see that his master was all right.

John named his team of horses "Sis" and "General." His daughter, Mollie, said he called everything in-

cluding the cow, "Mollie." Guess it was because it was a good Irish name.

John's hero was Teddy Roosevelt. John wanted to join the Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War, but Frankie talked him out of that. After all, by then, they had several children to look after.

Before 1900 John Squire also owned the first meal and flour mill in Squires. It was powered by a steam engine. In September 1901, there was an accident which caused the engine to blow up. Two men died from this. One of these was John's good friend, Wiley Lewis, whom John carried out in his arms.

Wiley Lewis lived nine days after this accident. It was thought he might have survived if he had let his doctor amputate his broken leg. The mill and the Squire's Store were destroyed from the resulting fire.

John Squire was a doctor and law-

Family Tree of John and Frankie (Brown) Squire

- 1—**John Squire** b. 1854 in England.
+Married Martha Frances Brown in 1885.
- 2—**Mary Ann "Mollie" Squire**
Born 1886 +Married Thompson Calvin Letchworth in 1903.
- 2—**Jennie Virginia Squire** born 1887.
+Married (1) Pleasant Right Spurlock—1906 and (2) Woodie D. Delp—1917.
- 2—**Jessie Elizabeth Squire** born 1889
+Married Robert Lee Spurlock-1910.
- 2—**Lutisha Squire** born 1892.
+Married (1) George Milton Delp-1910 and (2) Adolph Henry VonLoh-1952.
- 3—**Oden Delp**
- 3—**Opal Delp**
- 3—**John Milton Delp**
- 3—**Janice Delp**
+Married Burdette Cleon Moncrief.
- 4—**Laura Moncrief**
- 3—**Ralph Delp**
- 3—**Rowena Delp**
- 2—**Samuel Gad McKinley "Kennel" Squire** born 1894. Married Elsie Mae Wells-1913.
- 2—**Tena Mae Squire** born 1897. Married Albert Ratcliff Hoff-1924.

A complete family tree for John and Frankie can be found in Laura Moncrief's 1985 book, Squire-Brown-Burton.

yer for most of the folks around Squires. John doctored his father-in-law, Jesse Brown, for years before Jesse died. When anyone was ill, John would get up in the middle of the night to go to them.

When someone got into trouble, John was their lawyer—and he would win their cases too. He was called "Judge Squire." The local folks held him in high esteem.

Of course, some of the Ozarks folks were jealous of his success, and some thought he was a bit strange—being from England and all; however, they often thought that of anyone who wasn't born and raised in that area.

About this time, John Squire was thinking of moving to Idaho. In 1903, when his eldest daughter, Mollie, married Thompson Letchworth, John

bought a sheep ranch in Shelley, ID. Mollie and Thompson moved to Shelley and managed this ranch. Later on, Isaac Brown (Frankie's brother) and his wife also helped run this ranch. John also owned part interest in the Shelley Banking Company, Ltd.

John took Neal Sage, a young man right out of college, along to be the bookkeeper for the bank. He and Neal traveled to Idaho by train. John stayed in Shelley; meanwhile Frankie and the children, back home in Squires, took care of the business there.

John returned to Squires in the summer time. He had a terrible time getting used to the hot Missouri weather again after the cool Idaho climate and had to spend some time in a cool cave nearby. Most of the Squire children visited Idaho with their father. However, son Kennel later complained that he never got to go.

Rosa Davis (daughter of Jim Brown, Frankie's brother) remembered when her cousin, Tena Squire, went to Shelley. Even though Tena was only a young girl, she wrote letters to the folks in Missouri while she was in Idaho.

Mollie's first child, Syble Martha Elizabeth (named for her grandmother, Martha Frances), was born in Shelley,

on October 24, 1904. John Squire adored her and insisted on keeping her with him at the bank.

When summer came that year, Mollie decided to take Syble home to Squires for a visit. They took the train. Syble was such a doll; everyone on the train wanted to hold her.

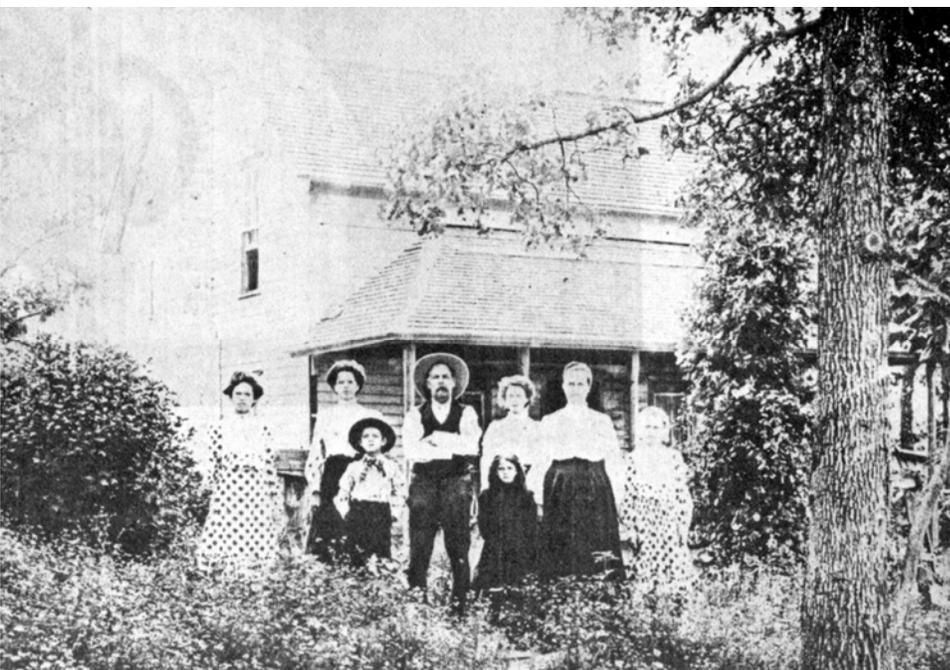
During the summer, Syble became ill with some kind of "summer stomach complaint" and died October 11, 1905. She was buried in the Squire Cemetery—the only person ever buried there.

The venture in Idaho was like a trial run before making a final move there. However, John decided not to move his family to Idaho. He never gave a reason, but he once remarked that the men in Idaho didn't live very long.

Move to Ozark County

In 1905 John Squire decided to establish a mill and store on the Little North Fork River in Ozark County, MO, where the old Salt Road crossed the stream. This was in Section 18 of Thornfield Township, just south of Thornfield, MO.

John named this town Hammond. Daughter Lutisha recalled that it was Stoney Williams, a good friend, who



John Squire Family in front of their Squires home — 1902
L-R: Jessie, Mollie, McKinley, John, Tena, Jennie, Martha, Lutisha



**Little Syble—b. Oct. 24, 1904
d. Oct. 11, 1905**

wanted John to start a mill in that area.

Stoney operated a whiskey still nearby which was legal at that time. John told Stoney to get rid of the still first!

John fell in love with that area. He built a gristmill on the west bank of the Little North Fork River. It was a three-story structure made mostly of sycamore wood. John Grudier worked for John at the mill. The grist mill has been refurbished into a residence in recent years.

John also erected a swinging foot-bridge across the river. None of the Squire children could swim, but they all played in and on the Little North Fork.

John built a small home nearby—two rooms up and two down. He asked his daughter Lutisha to quit school and come down to Hammond to keep house for him. She was a freshman at Ava High School and gladly did as she was very homesick boarding in Ava.

John's daughter Jennie Squire, also went along to clerk in the store and keep the books. Lou (as Lutisha was then called) remembers this home lovingly as "her little house." Lou was very happy. She adored her father. She could have anything she wanted

from the store, and she loved to cook.

One story which Lou related many times to her children and grandchildren was about her ducks. While she was in Hammond, she raised chickens and ducks. One day a sudden cloud burst came up and her ducks that were playing in Little North Fork went down the creek and were never seen again. She cried and cried over those ducks!

A large dry goods store was built near the Squire home. It was much larger than the store at Squires. This one had \$25,000 stock of goods which at the turn of the century was a sizeable sum, no doubt! The second floor of the store was used as a meeting place for the community for reading poetry, lodge meetings, and, later, traveling movies. Fred Wright, the last person to operate a store from this building, tore down this building in February, 1947.

As soon as a larger house could be built, Frankie and the two youngest children—Tena and McKinley "Kennel" Squire—who had stayed on at Squires to manage the store there, moved down to Hammond. Louis Brown, Frankie's youngest brother, took over the store and home in Squires.



Little Syble's gravestone leans against a cedar stump on the mountain side across from Spurlock's Store in Squires. Behind the stone are Cinita Brown with her guide to the site, Reggie Spurlock (April 2006).



John Squire and his chicken ranch at Gardena, CA, circa 1929 (Photo provided by Elizabeth Squire, John's granddaughter and McKinley's daughter.)

At Hammond, John also had an interest in the Bank of Hammond; he was the first President of that bank (and his miller, John Grudier, was Vice President). All that remains of the bank building today is the rock building that was once the vault.

Jennie Squire was the first Post Mistress at Hammond. The first Hammond Post Office was in a room at the Williams home. Later, it was moved to a building near the Squire's Hammond Store. Mollie Squire also served as Post Mistress there.

Mollie told her children about some horned toads that someone sent through the mail to the Hammond Post Office one time. The package came apart and Mollie took the broom and swept the strange looking toads outside. A few days later a man came to inquire about the toads. Mollie told him they had arrived and he could find them out on the hillside.

It was around the year 1914 that John Squire decided to leave Missouri. This was prompted in part by concerns over his daughters Jennie and Tena. Jennie had married Pleasant Spurlock in 1906; and shortly after their marriage while they were living in the Squire home, a woman from Kansas came to find Pleasant claiming to be married to him. Pleasant told Jennie he thought he had gone through only a "mock" wedding ceremony to this other woman and did not believe he was really married to her.

John Squire was furious! A few months later, Jennie was granted a divorce and her maiden name restored. Jennie was languishing over her heart-breaking marriage with Pleasant. Also, John was very upset over daughter Tena's romance with a boy named Gene from Gainesville, MO. At any rate, John made up his mind to leave Missouri. He traded some land he owned in Missouri for a ranch in Arizona.

Willcox, Arizona—Big Mistake

In 1915 daughter Lou Delp received a telegram in Nebraska from her dad saying, "Come home." Lou packed up her two small children and took the train to Ava. John Squire said

he was tired of the rocks and was moving to Arizona. He wanted his family all together once more before he left Missouri.

After this family reunion, the family prepared for the move to Arizona. They had four or five wagons loaded with family possessions. These were loaded on the train at Mansfield along with John's best stud horses and cattle. All the Squire children except Lula and Jessie moved to the ranch in Arizona which is now the present site of the town of Willcox. John also took along the Lant Gaulding family to help run the ranch.

The trip was a disaster from the beginning. The animals became sick in route with hoof and mouth disease and, therefore, couldn't unload in Arizona. Then the water was so expensive there. John spent a small fortune drilling for water, but to no avail. There are beautiful places in Arizona, but not the area of Willcox. It is in the southern part, dry and arid. It is close to the border of Mexico. Poncho Villa was raging about that time, and grandson Cecil Letchworth (about age 12 then) imagined he saw this villain behind every mesquite tree.

Most everyone agrees that moving to Arizona was probably the

worst mistake that John Squire ever made. However, daughter Mollie thought that if John hadn't left Missouri, he would have lost all his money that he had in the Bank of Ava. The Cashier, Giz Reynolds, was a friend of John's. He was honest but mismanaged the bank funds which resulted in the failure of the bank. While they were living in Arizona, John Squire suffered a stroke while playing checkers one day. He was never quite the same sharp businessman after that.

Los Angeles, California—Looks Like Heaven!

Frankie Squire hated Arizona and wanted to leave. By that time all their children were busy with their own lives. Daughter Jennie had married and moved away. Tena was teaching school near Tucson. So about the year 1921, John asked his wife where she wanted to live. She didn't really know. So he told her, we'll start driving and when you see a place you think you would like, we'll settle there. They started driving and ended up in Los Angeles, CA.

When they arrived in Los Angeles, they thought they had struck heaven! It was very nice in those days—no smog and fewer people. While they were driving along they came to Waterloo Street, and Frankie told John that was the place she wanted to live.

Orval Jernigan's Photo of the large 1913 Squire's Store in Hammond (Photo was taken in late 1946 before the store was torn down in Feb 1947)



The swinging bridge that John Squire had built is still 'swingin' on the far right edge of the photo. According to Orval's note, Fred Wright was the store owner who had it torn down in early 1947.

About Laura Lee Moncrief

By Cinita Brown

Laura Lee Moncrief is a great-granddaughter of John Squire and his wife Martha F. Brown of Squires, MO. Laura lived near her grandmother, Lutisha Squire Delp and grew up listening to stories about John and Martha Squire.

Laura started coming to Douglas County in the 1970's determined to search out her Ozarkian roots. And, determined she has been! I don't believe she has left one stone unturned if she thought it might yield a bit of information about any Squire, Brown, Burton, Delp or any allied line that just might connect to her family in any way.



Tosca, Laura, and Amy

Laura published the wonderful *Squire-Brown-Burton* book in 1985 on which much of this Squire article is based. Members of these families, now and for generations to come, owe her a debt of gratitude.

When Laura started her early Douglas County Pilgrimage she brought two beautiful little pre-teen girls with her. (I had the privilege of introducing them to country foods such as biscuits and gravy as well as throwing in a few homemade cinnamon rolls—Douglas County style.)

Now these girls are beautiful young ladies pursuing careers. Tosca Moon Lee, born December 1, 1969, is a graduate of Smith College, and she writes and travels internationally for the Gallup Organization.

Amy Lutisha Lee born July 4, 1975, was named after grandmother Lutisha Squire. Amy is a graduate of Brown University and Tufts University School of Medicine. Dr. Lee practices Family Medicine in Lowell, MA and also teaches at Tufts. Laura lives in the mountains of Colorado and is still doing research. She plans to publish a Delp book in the near future.

So they bought a home there at 701 Waterloo. It was about two blocks off Sunset Boulevard, high up on the hillside with a nice view.

John went into the real estate business. His office was on Sunset Boulevard, and he was doing very well and enjoying the work. One day a man wanted to buy him out. John named a very high price thinking it would discourage the sale, but the man agreed to it. So John was retired.

But John couldn't stay retired. He moved out to Gardena (about 15 miles out from Los Angeles) and bought a chicken ranch. He had something to do and was happy there. He could sit on his front porch and enjoy the ocean breeze. Frankie would have preferred to stay in Los Angeles. For one from the Ozarks, she really "took" to city living. She especially liked to ride the electric trains there.

John spent his remaining years on his chicken ranch. At the time of his death February 22, 1931, moments before God called him home, he was



Frankie Brown Squire and her youngest daughter Tena Mae (Photo probably taken around 1907 when Tena Mae was 10 years old.)

Jennie Squire, The Clerk



Jennie Squire (Mrs. Woody Delp)

(A November 1910 *Herald* item indicated that Miss Jennie was helping her Uncle Louis Brown inventory at an early store he had in Ava before moving back to Squires a second time.)

singing a hymn. Then he called his mother's name and was gone.

After John died, Frankie had a hard time for a while. This was in the middle of the depression, and John had mortgaged property to buy his chicken ranch. Frankie had to hire a lawyer to straighten it all out. When the earthquake hit Long Beach in 1933, the house on Waterloo was level with the street in front, and the rest went down the hill. However, Frankie overcame all the difficulties and moved back to Los Angeles to her house on Waterloo Street. There were some interesting times also. The rear basement of her home was an apartment, which she rented out. At one time she had it rented to some people who were making counterfeit money in it. She had a terrible time getting rid of them! Frankie lived on Waterloo Street until she died January 17, 1936, from cancer. She was buried beside her husband in the Inglewood Park Cemetery, Inglewood, CA.

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