JOURNAL

of the

ROANOKE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Winter 1968

Volume Four Number Two

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The Journal of the Roanoke Historical Society, Volume IV, Number 2. Published twice yearly by the Society at Box 1904, Roanoke, Virginia, to chronicle the past and present of that part of the state west of the Blue Ridge. Single copy price: 50 cents. The Society will be careful in handling unsolicited material but cannot be responsible for its loss.

Farmers and Shopkeepers

28th Regiment, Virginia Volunteers, 1861-1865

By Arnold Skaar

CHAPTER I: THE BEGINNINGS

They came from places unknown, and they went to places never to be forgotten. Fincastle, Buchanan, Big Lick, Chestnut Fork were the domain of the few. Manassas, Williamsburg, Gettysburg, Appomattox became the heritage of the many. Some came out of the shadows of the Blue Ridge Mountains. In Bedford County they closed their shops. In Botetourt and Roanoke and Craig counties they put aside their plows. Some began drilling in December, 1859; others, waiting almost to the eve of the first battle, had never marched.[1] Their only qualification was their ability to "put out a squirrel's eye as far as they can see it."[2]

One company of what was to be the 28th Virginia Volunteers first began to take shape in Botetourt County. On December 27, 1859, fifty-five "strong, able-bodied young and middle-aged men" held a "meetin' " at the old Blue Ridge Hall in Fincastle, the county seat.[3] John Brown's raid of the preceding month precipitated the meeting. The Virginians made a unanimous decision to form a volunteer company for Virginia's defense. These men named themselves the "Blue Ridge Rifles."[4] Electing William Patton as their captain, and appointing a rather large number of staff officers, the "Blue Ridge Rifles" applied to Gov. Henry A. Wise for recognition as volunteer militia.[5] In February, 1860, the Governor officially recognized the company "as state troop subject to the call and orders of Virginia."[6]

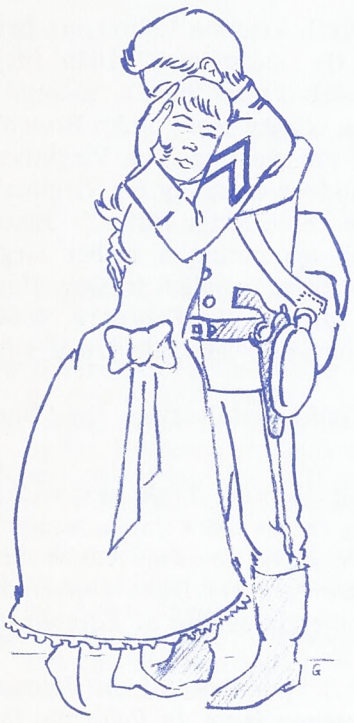
From that time until mustered into Confederate service, the "Blue Ridge Rifles" drilled every week.[7]

Arnold Skaar, a graduate student at Virginia Tech, wrote this term paper on the 28th Virginia Infantry in his work for a master's degree in history. A native of Princeton, N. J., he holds an A.B. in history from Bucknell University, a B.D. degree from Duke University and he has completed a year of study at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland.

The first two chapters appear in the Winter issue of the Journal and the paper will be concluded in the Summer issue. In following the men from Roanoke, Craig, Botetourt and Bedford counties who served in the Civil War, Skaar writes of a phase of Virginia history which has been neglected.

On April 1, 1861, the "Blue Ridge Rifles" left Fincastle for Buchanan, about 15 miles away. There the "Mountain Rifles," composed of men from the southern end of Botetourt County, joined them. Under the command of Capts. Joseph Anderson and William Patton, these Southern patriots subjected themselves to four weeks of drill.[8]

The two groups were quite similar. Both were composed of farmers and city folk drawn from the countryside and towns of Botetourt County. Farmers predominated. Both captains of these volunteer companies were farmers. William Patton was thirty-one years old. Joseph Anderson was twenty-four. Lieutenant Philip Peters, a forty-one-year-old painter, partially compensated for the comparative youthfulness of Anderson. Peters, no doubt, had considerable influence over the group of Buchanan townsmen and artisans, who in less emotional times were more usefully employed as clerks, tinners, blacksmiths, teachers, moulders, boatmen, and confectioners. One young man, Adam Plecker, had been a "daquerreau."[9] None of his pictures survive—if indeed he made any. After completing this pre-muster training, these aspiring soldiers returned to their homes, some for the last time.



—sketch by Joe Gilliland

On May 1, 1861, a scene took place at the Blue Ridge Hotel in Fincastle that was repeated with only slight variations elsewhere in Virginia. On the previous day orders had arrived for the eager "Blue Ridge Rifles" to proceed to a camp of instruction at Lynchburg. Only the wet cheeks of loved ones dampened the gay and confident farewell dinner.[10]

Gov. John Letcher's appeal for troops also went to other areas of southwest Virginia, where men quickly responded to the call.

On April 19, the *Salem Register* expressed the ambivalent response of Roanoke County citizens when it reported with some anxiety that R. C. Allen was reorganizing the volunteers.[11] A Bedford County resident reported a few days later that "war fever" was "up in old Bedford," and that three women had raised a Confederate flag "amid deafening huzzas."

Southwest Virginia was responding to "Abe's proclamation" with emotional unanimity. The people were preparing themselves and their

fighting men "to meet the invader with the motto 'we conquer or we perish'."[12]

It was an ominous oath. Even the people of Roanoke County, who had given "a Union majority in February," now stood "heartily united for secession."[13]

The "Roanoke Greys" were perhaps the most versatile and well-educated of the volunteers. Organized in March, 1861, this company had a total of 130 men during the war. At least fifteen of these men attended Roanoke College, Virginia Military Institute, or Hampden-Sydney College.[14] Two close friends and business associates, Robert C. Allen and William Watts, each served as regimental commander.[15] Two others, H. Stevens and Edward Rivers, were physicians and later left the company to become army surgeons. Later in 1861, N. M. Read, a sergeant in the "Roanoke Greys," became a lieutenant in the 25th Virginia. The Rev. Peter Tinsley became regimental chaplain. Others of special ability, such as teamsters and quartermasters, served in supply capacities.[16] That less than 60 of the 130 members of the "Roanoke Greys" returned home was in large measure the result of this "attrition of ability"—as well as the price of war.

The "Roanoke Greys" was composed mostly of farmers, with a representation of townspeople.[17] Families sometimes supplied more than one soldier. The Ruddell family contributed four boys to the cause. Three never returned home. Many of the "Roanoke Greys" enlisted after the war began. Nine enlisted at Centreville in 1861; 12 at Manassas later in the year; 14 at Richmond in 1862-1863; and 2 at Chester Station in 1864. When Robert C. Allen became commander of the Regiment in 1862, Madison P. Deyerle became captain of the "Roanoke Greys." This V. M. I. graduate was only twenty-one years old when he died at Williamsburg.[18]

In the early spring of 1861, other volunteer companies were also forming. Perhaps these men did not possess the urbanity and luster of the "Roanoke Greys," yet preparations for their departure were just as rushed and sacrificial. One observer from Botetourt County reported to the *Richmond Dispatch* the extent of the prewar labors:

> The volunteers of the county have been drilling, while the ladies and citizens have been busy making up clothes, canteens, cups, knapsacks, etc., for them. On last Friday orders came for the volunteers to repair to Lynchburg as soon as practicable. This causes still more activity . . . and oil cloth for knapsacks given out, carriage curtains, table and piano covers, etc., were put in requisition and today the last knapsack for the Mountain Rifles was completed.[19]

Other contributors to the cause, such as the father of Capt. Breckenridge of Co. K, could afford to equip an entire company with knap-

sacks.[20] Most communities willingly made the necessary sacrifices and sent their men off to war. Little did the people realize, and much less the proud men, how insignificant these deprivations were in terms of what the next four years would require.

CHAPTER II: THE FIRST YEAR — NEW PLACES

On May 9, 1861, the Lynchburg *Daily Virginian* warned its readers that some 6,000 men from the western counties of Virginia would begin arriving in the next four days.[1] By then Virginia authorities in Richmond had decided to keep together the volunteer companies from Campbell, Bedford, Roanoke, Botetourt and Craig counties. Prior to May 6, these volunteers were assigned to Col. Philip St. George Cocke of the Potomac Division.[2] Yet confusion was the bearer of orders that month.

On May 10, seven companies under Col. Robert T. Preston, received counter-orders to report to Col. George H. Terrett in Alexandria.[3] Although exactly where Preston's companies would go after the camp of instruction was unknown, two plans seemed fairly definite. After leaving Lynchburg, the men of the seven companies would take a position somewhere on the defensive line between Culpeper and Alexandria. Yet before they left, some minimal organization and training were necessary.[4]

Gen. Robert E. Lee, commanding the Virginia forces, suggested in a letter to Col. Terrett that new volunteer companies be placed in camps and not in towns. "They will sooner become familiar with the necessities of service and be better prepared for 'hardship,'" he claimed.[5]

On May 16, the "Blue Ridge Rifles" and the "Mountain Rifles," some 140 men, arrived at the Lynchburg center.[6] Ignorant of the plans that awaited them, the two companies enjoyed the hospitality of the Lynchburg community. According to W. B. Simmons, "Several short speeches from different citizens" followed dinner. Fellowship and joviality were the caterers that evening. Only the sleeping benches, "harder than those in Father's house," augured what lay ahead.[7] The "Old Dominion Rifles," who arrived earlier the same day, were already in camp and closer to the verities of camp life.[8]

The end of the "luxuries" of civilian life was as hard to take as the "rough breakfast" the next morning. A two-mile march brought the men to "a very pleasant grove," which was to be their home for the next two weeks. The labors of making camp somewhat disquieted the pastoral setting. Lack of tents was not as disturbing to the men as having to cook their own meals. After the first supper in camp, two companies began fraternizing with other volunteer units.[9]

Bedford County's "Old Dominion Rifles," captained by a physician, Thomas M. Bowyer, included a variety of professions such as planter, "gentleman" and student. The company numbered about seventy men. Like most of the volunteers from the other counties, they were mostly farmers. Yet as many as ten students appeared on the original muster roll.[10] This unit was Co. C of the 28th Virginia; but in August, 1861, it became an artillery company.[11]

The "Botetourt Spring Rifles" were from Roanoke County. The ranking officers were Capt. Floyd G. Rocke, a thirty-three-year-old merchant, and Lieutenant William Ryle, a farmer. It too consisted largely of farmers, although a few blacksmiths and townsmen were listed on the rolls. This unit was initially designated as Co. F, but in August became Co. E.[12]

Every man in Co. F, the "Bedford Greys" was a farmer.[13] On May 19, 1861, the "Patty Layne Rifles," from Chestnut Fork in Bedford County, arrived in camp.[14] They too were mostly farmers, and became Co. G.[15]

After meeting some of the men with whom they would share the years ahead, the men retired at 9 p.m. Drumbeats awakened the camp at 5 a.m. the next day. Half an hour later the morning sunrise fell on marching men. As the day passed, volunteers from all over southwest Virginia fell into the ranks.[16]

On May 18, Robert T. Preston took command of the volunteers assigned to him earlier in the month. The regimental commander described him as "a favorite of all who knew him," but one who "knew absolutely nothing of military drills or tactics."[17]

At the camp of instruction, Col. Preston did not endear himself to his men because of his "very strict and . . . grating . . . program of duties."[18]

The first Sunday in camp provided a rest from the labors of army life. "Divine worship" supplanted drill. The Rev. Peter Tinsley, battling for "the cause of his country as of his God," conducted an Episcopal service. Mr. Berry of the "Old Dominion Rifles" led a Presbyterian service in the "delightful" afternoon sun.[19] Yet storm clouds were forming in the distance.

May 22 was not an ordinary day at Camp Lee. Provisions arrived from home and elections were held. Col. Jubal A. Early, commanding the camp, ordered Cols. Radford and Preston, and recently commissioned Maj. Robert C. Allen, to conduct elections for company officers. A vote for ratification of the Confederate Constitution followed.[20] Prior to the election, some of the volunteer officers went into Lynchburg to arrange for tents "at expense of the good old city." Although the tents arrived later that year, these officers no doubt fared well in the May elections.[21]

Before the 28th Regiment broke camp, a crisis arose. Men refused to take "old flint lock muskets . . . which had been percussioned."[22]

This "mutiny" was serious enough to cause Col. Early to discharge some "recusants," after which "the balance of the regiment then cheerfully took the muskets."

The recalcitrant individuals were "hooted out of camp," and their discharges were published in the newspapers.[23] By 2 p.m. on May 25, "silence prevailed in Camp Lee, which was so soon to be left vacant for other troops."[24]

At 8:20 a.m. on May 26, eleven companies of the 28th Virginia, under the command of Robert T. Preston, left Lynchburg amid the "sobs and cries from women left behind."[25] The Regiment's destination was Orange Court House.

The East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad ran north from Lynchburg to Charlottesville. Memories of loved ones no doubt returned as the "smiles and boquets [sic] from girls [and] bursts of applause and cheers accompanied each passing station."[26]

Anger replaced anticipation when the engineer's poor scheduling deprived the volunteers of a feast at Charlottesville prepared by the local women. Switching onto the Virginia Central track, the train continued northward. Carloads of hungry men looked backward and forward at the same time. At Gordonsville, where the Orange and Alexandria joined the Virginia Central, the train pulled onto a siding. This layover lasted until 2 a.m. the next day. No banquets ensued to make the waiting pleasant. At sunrise on May 27, the train reached Culpeper.[27] In the not-too-distant-future would be times when these men would wish they could again complain of such travel fatigue.

The men were making camp when new orders arrived. They departed immediately for Manassas Junction. The suddenness of the countermanding order led to speculation. Fatigue disappeared. "By 2 p.m. the regiment was again aboard the cars and in the highest glee; never were men so eager for the contest."[28] Yet disappointment was the only foe the men met that day.

By 6 p.m. the Regiment was at the junction where the Orange and Alexandria joined the spur line into the Valley.[29] Manassas Junction was a place the 28th Regiment would come to know well in the next two years. Among the 8,000 soldiers already there were some men from Botetourt County. For a few, their arrival became a "meeting of brothers."[30]

Col. Preston's command pitched camp at the southern end of the Junction. They remained in camp the entire day after arriving, "not being fully rested," from their long journey. However, they drilled for several days thereafter. Major Allen put the men through the "manual [of] arms and double quick marches." Before complaints

could replace the fleeing anticipation of battle, "breastworks commenced." The only enemy were constant duty and sore bodies. It was worse than Lynchburg. One man complained that at least in Lynchburg "we had our bread baked ready to hand, here we [have] to do our own baking and [are] poorly supplied with vessels suitable."[31]

Other such "lack of equipments" as tents and blankets were causes of what Col. Cocke termed the "weak, unorganized and widely scattered force under my command."[32]

On leaving Lynchburg, the men armed themselves with the hated percussion muskets and/or Bowie knives, made in Lynchburg, and "of as many types as there were types of men in the command."[33]

Lack of ammunition and cartridge boxes made the knapsacks conspicuously lighter. When the ammunition finally arrived, each man received only nine rounds.[34] Later in the war the men would be charged twelve and a half cents for each lost cartridge.[35] At this time they received warnings to keep powder dry. That was not an easy thing to do in muddy trenches. Yet the presence of ammunition lifted spirits and fostered courage. Soon the outlying picket line reached "to within sight of Washington City."[36]

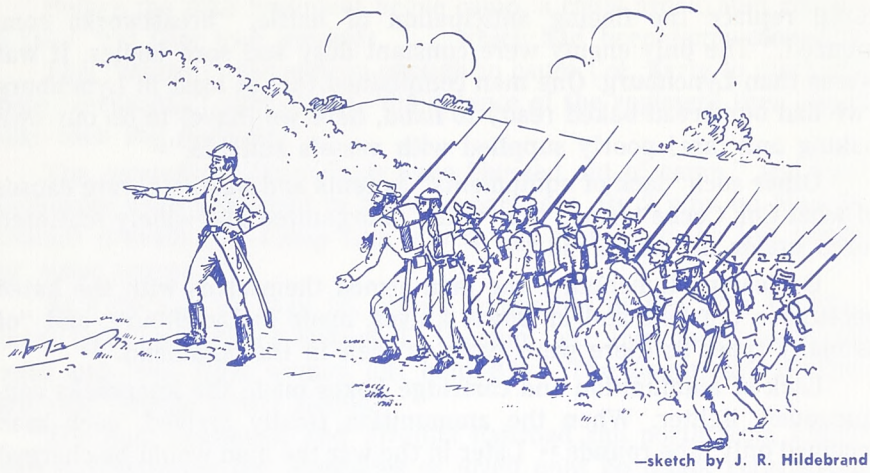
Although water was plentiful in the often flooded trenches, drinking water was scarce. Camp Pickens had only one well. Diggings began on a second and proved slow going. Unsanitary conditions brought increased illness among the men. Diarrhea and measles were rife. Lack of shelter, especially tents, forced many men to sleep in the open. Sick men soon filled the hospital at Culpeper.[37]

As June approached, the discontentment of the Virginia volunteers became more serious. Provisions from home, particularly apple brandy, helped assuage the rumblings of uncomfortable men. Yet spirits did not end it. Dissatisfaction with camp life reached its zenith in a near-rebellion by the officers.

Disgruntled officers prematurely raised the question of Col. Preston's ability to lead an army in battle. They drew up a petition requesting Preston's resignation. After reading it, Preston replied that he would not "leave the regiment though it was smashed all to hell."[38]

Higher authorities supported Preston. Before the organization of the First Corps, Army of the Potomac, Preston's regiment had two fewer companies. Capt. Adam Clement's "Clifton Greys" and Capt. J. R. Hutter's "Jeff Davis Guard" became part of the 11th Virginia.[39] A command decision averted the possibility of serious revolt. By late June, the Fifth Brigade of the First Army Corps, under the command of Col. St. George Cocke, prepared for its meeting with the "invaders."[40]

Maj. Robert C. Allen led five companies out of camp to Centreville. Colonel Preston remained at Camp Pickens with the rest of the



—sketch by J. R. Hildebrand

regiment until supply wagons arrived to carry supplies to Centreville. This "first foot march" over dusty roads and in "intensely hot" weather greatly fatigued the men. That night, having neither tents nor sufficient provisions, exhausted troops slept on hard ground under threatening skies.[41]

The lot of the volunteer was no better in Camp Cocke at Centreville than it had been at Camp Pickens. At Camp Cocke "almost continuous drilling" supplemented skirmish drills and picket duty.[42] Men spent free time in front of the several captains' tents, where talk flowed freely. Bravado and identification of the "God of battle" and the Confederate cause received much attention.

The men were surprisingly "respectful" on July 4, "the national day, a day as dear as ever to the Confederate States."[43] The roar of cannon from both sides that day was not the beginning of battle. It was ironically a salute to a common national holiday. Col. Preston made a speech that would have been just as enthusiastically received in the Federal camp a few miles away. He spoke "of the liberties which our forefathers had achieved for us, and the duty which devolved upon us as their descendents to defend it, and to preserve the independence inviolate."[44]

Preston's secretary, William Burrell, then rose and reminded the men of the "deceit" of the North and its "desecration of Virginia soil." The brief ceremony concluded with a worship service and a reading of the Declaration of Independence. The remainder of that day passed as soldiers relaxed and played cards under the many shade trees in camp.[45]

On July 5. Col. Cocke arrived at Camp Mason.[46] Frequent orders to prepare to march "immediately" became harrowing. Guard duties became more strenuous, and sentinels reported hearing the Northern

army "stir" at night. Pvt. Simmons felt that "everything indicated a battle would be fought in a very short time."[47]

At dawn on July 17, reports reached Camp Mason that the enemy had entered Fairfax Court House, only a few miles east of Centreville.[48] The 28th Regiment, in accordance with previous orders, fell back from Camp Mason and took up position on high ground south of Bull Run.[49] There the men awaited baptism as "soldiers."

The 28th Regiment's involvement at First Manassas was more a sprinkling than a submersion. While the main battle was taking place to its left, the 28th Virginia remained at the run guarding the Confederate rear at Ball's Ford.[50] Two successive orders put them first on the north side, then on the south side, of the run. Yet they saw no enemy, and heard only the din of battle. Sometime in midafternoon the Regiment moved to the battlefield.[51] Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard's forces had retreated back to Henry House Hill.[52] Advancing toward the main Confederate force, the 28th Regiment drew fire from the Federal soldiers. Six men in Co. B fell wounded.[53] The Regiment returned the fire, administered its first casualties and took a few prisoners.[54]

A passing artillery company forced the men to halt. They dropped to prone positions as artillery shells overshot the mark.[55] While this was happening, Preston sought directions from Col. Joseph Kershaw of the 2nd South Carolina. Kershaw sent an officer to guide Preston's regiment to its proper position. As the lieutenant directed the Virginians, he was killed.[56] The 28th Regiment obeyed orders and assumed its position. Yet it was too late! The enemy had abandoned the field.[57]

The 28th Regiment joined in the pursuit, and, while not having participated in the actual battle, managed to garner some "praise" by capturing a Federal hospital and its occupants. That night the "soldiers" of the 28th Regiment found themselves guarding Mitchell's Ford on Bull Run.[58]

In terms of war, the battle of Manassas was indecisive, though the men of the 28th Regiment regarded it as a victory. Well they could, for only nine of their number received wounds.[59] Gen. Beauregard sent his compliments.[60] Most important of all, the rifle companies now possessed once-used Springfields taken from the Federal prisoners.[61] For some, the events at Manassas left more disgusting memories: "It is an awfull [sic] thing to see dead men berried [sic] in graves 30 or 40 feet long . . . see men rising, a yankey [sic] out of his grave . . . took his teeth out . . . berried [sic] him again."[62]

On July 23, the Regiment took position on the "suspension bridge" over Cub Run. On August 11, it marched to Fairfax Court House via Centreville.[63] Picket duty at Mason Hill, Munson Hill, and Avondale

became the order of each day at Fairfax. "Continued firing all along the line . . . counter charges . . . men killed and wounded" was the daily fete.

Fever and dysentery became constant companions.[64] Yet, the men were cheerful, and fresh food available from neighboring cornfields kept them in high spirits.[65]

In August-December, 1861, some important changes took place within the Regiment. The "Old Dominion Rifles" transferred in August to the artillery. The "Breckenridge Infantry" from Botetourt County replaced them that same month. In December, both the "Mountain Rifles" and the "Roanoke Greys" re-enlisted as artillery companies. Yet Co. I, the "Roanoke Greys," continued to be included on the regimental returns.[66] By the end of December, only nine companies, with an aggregate strength of 750 men, remained to greet the new brigade commander, Gen. George E. Pickett. Later in the winter, the Fifth Brigade was redesignated the Third Brigade of Gen. Longstreet's division.[67]

The Regiment made winter camp in Germantown, near Centreville.[68] The winter was "quiet" and "fairly comfortable." Some men appended chimneys to their tents. Gathered around the fires, they talked of home and of "Richmond . . . the Potomac River and the ships sailing . . . and Washington."[69] Those who survived mumps and measles, the cold and whiskey, would come to other places not soon forgotten.[70]

(to be continued)

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1 J. K. Simmons, "An Epitome of The Blue Ridge Rifles or Company A, 28th Regiment Virginia Volunteer Infantry" (unpublished manuscript in possession of his great nephew, William Simmons, Fincastle, Va.), Hereafter cited as Simmons MS.

2 Lynchburg DAILY VIRGINIAN, May 17, 1861.

3 Simmons MS, 1.

4 IBID.

5 Simmons MS. The ranking volunteers included 4 lieutenants, 4 sergeants and 4 corporals.

6 Lee A Wallace, Jr., A GUIDE TO VIRGINIA MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS 1861-1865 (Richmond, 1964), 145. Hereafter cited as Wallace, GUIDE. See also Simmons MS.

7 Simmons MS, 2.

8 IBID.

9 Original Muster Roll, 28th Regiment, Virginia Archives.

10 Diary of W. B. Simmons, (unpublished papers in the possession of William Simmons, Fincastle, Va.) Hereafter cited as Simmons Diary. The means by which the "Blue Ridge Rifles" travelled to Lynchburg is a "'family matter." J. K. Simmons reported that they marched. W. B. Simmons claimed they took the train and "raised their spirits . . . by taking spirits down."

11 RICHMOND DISPATCH, Apr. 20, 1861.

12 IBID, Apr. 24, 1861.

13 IBID, May 7, 1861.

14 William McCauley (ed.), HISTORY OF ROANOKE COUNTY, SALEM, ROANOKE CITY, VIRGINIA and REPRESENTATIVE CITIZENS. (Chicago, 1902), 21. Hereafter cited as McCauley, ROANOKE COUNTY. See also RICHMOND DISPATCH, Apr. 20, 1861; Charles D. Walker, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE GRADUATES AND ELEVES OF THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE (Philadelphia, 1875), passim. Hereafter cited as Walker, V. M. I. MEMORIAL.

15 Wallace, GUIDE, 145.

16 McCauley, ROANOKE COUNTY, 90-93.

17 Original Muster Rolls, 28th Regiment, Virginia Archives.

18 Virginia Military Institute Alumni Files, Lexington, Va.

19 RICHMOND DISPATCH, May 17, 1861.

20 William D. Woodson, "War Recollections," 28th Regiment, Virginia Archives. See also Wallace, GUIDE, 146.

CHAPTER II

1 Lynchburg DAILY VIRGINIAN, May 9, 1861.

2 U. S. War Department (comp.), WAR OF THE REBELLION: A COMPILATION OF THE OFFICIAL RECORDS OF THE UNION AND CONFEDERATE ARMIES (Washington, 1880-1901), Ser. 1, Vol II,

808, 821. Hereafter cited as OR; unless otherwise stated, all references will be to Ser. 1

3 IBID., 826.

4 IBID., 821, 827.

5 OR, II, 826.

6 Lynchburg DAILY VIRGINIAN, May 16, 1861.

7 Simmons Diary.

8 Lynchburg DAILY VIRGINIAN, May 16, 1861.

9 Simmons Diary.

10 Original Muster Rolls, 28th Regiment, Virginia Archives.

11 Wallace, GUIDE, 145.

12 IBID., 146.

13 Original Muster Rolls, 28th Regiment, Virginia Archives.

14 Lynchburg DAILY VIRGINIAN, May 20, 1861.

15 Wallace, Guide, 146. See also Original Muster Rolls.

16 Simmons Diary.

17 Robert E. Withers, AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OCTOGENARIAN (Roanoke, 1907), 151. Hereafter cited as Withers, AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

18 William N. Wood, REMINISCENCES OF BIG I (Charlottesville, 1909), 12.

19 Simmons Diary.

20 IBID., See also Lynchburg DAILY VIRGINIAN, May 22, 1861.

21 Simmons Diary.

22 IBID.

23 OR, LI, pt. 2, 111-12. The men discharged included 3 privates from the "Craig Rifles," 1 from the "Clifton Greys," 2 from the "Old Dominion Rifles," and 2 from the "Piedmont Rifles."

24 Simmons Diary.

25 IBID. J. K. Simmons gives the departure date as May 25.

26 IBID.

27 IBID.

28 Simmons Diary.

29 IBID.

30 IBID.

31 IBID. As rations were short, the men usually cooked in messes of four to eight men, each man taking his turn as chef.

32 OR, II, 818.

33 CONFEDERATE VETERAN, XVII (1909), 123.

34 IBID.

35 James B. Painter to parents, Apr. 6, 1862, letters in possession of William Simmons, Fincastle, Va. Hereafter cited as Painter Papers.

36 CONFEDERATE VETERAN, XVII, (1909), 203.

37 Simmons Diary.

38 Simmons Diary.

39 IBID. See also Wallace, GUIDE, 121, 145. Wallace does not acknowledge that Hutter's Company was transferred.

40 OR, II, 943-44. Brig. Gen. St. George Cocke had graduated from West Point and served in the Mexican War. At the outbreak of civil war he lived lavishly on his family wealth. He committed suicide in Dec., 1861.

41 Simmons Diary. The companies are not identified.

42 Simmons MS, 4.

43 Simmons Diary.

44 IBID.

45 IBID.

46 IBID. According to W. B. Simmons, the name of the camp was changed from Camp Cocke to Camp Mason when Col. St. George Cocke arrived. This was done in deference to Col. Cocke's "humility."

47 IBID.

48 IBID.

49 OR, II, 549-51.

50 IBID.

51 IBID., 550.

52 IBID.

53 IBID. J. K. Simmons claimed that Porter's Battery and "Long Tom" fired on them.

54 IBID. See also OR, 11, 409. Those captured were a colonel, a captain and some members of the 1st Michigan.

55 OR, II, 550. One casualty was reported in Co. C.

56 IBID.

57 OR, II, 550.

58 IBID., 551. J. K. Simmons reported that Co. A captured 31 Union prisoners.

59 IBID., 569.

60 IBID., 495-97.

61 Simmons MS, 5.

62 James Painter to parents, July 1861, Painter Papers.

63 Regimental Returns, 28th Virginia Infantry, Virginia Archives. Hereafter cited as Regimental Returns.

64 Simmons MS, 5.

65 James Painter to parents, [summer] 1861, Painter Papers.

66 Wallace, GUIDE, 145-46. See also Regimental Returns.

67 Withers, AUTOBIOGRAPHY, 164. Original muster rolls each average about 75 names. The condition of the muster rolls is such that this number may be considered only approximate at best. See also OR, XI, pt. 3, 481.

68 Regimental Returns.

69 James Painter to parents, Oct. 15, 1861, Painter Papers.

70 Withers, AUTOBIOGRAPHY, 161, 163-64. See also Simmons MS, 5.

Roanoke at the Beginning

By Edmund P. Goodwin

Mrs. William Figgat, the former Anne Funkhouser Francis, has given the Society a most interesting collection of Roanokeana. Mrs. Figgat is the daughter of the late Edgar Funkhouser, part owner of Roanoke Water Co, a successor to Roanoke Land and Improvement Co. It describes the background of why and how the little village of Big Lick suddenly became Roanoke, the "Magic City." In order to properly appreciate this collection a few facts should be known.

Sometime after 1876, when the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad Company was forced into receivership, a group of men representing northern capital, became aware of the important part bituminous coal would play in the future development of the nation. In order to exploit this idea they gained some form of control over both the New River and the Shenandoah Valley Railroad Companies and in 1881 purchased the assets of the AM&O, the latter being transferred to a newly formed Norfolk & Western Railroad Company. The plan obviously called for the New River Company to be extended into the coal fields and the Shenandoah Valley lines to be pushed southward to meet the N&W.

It has been stated repeatedly, but unfortunately without proof, that Big Lick was designated as the junction of the railroads as a result of the progressive spirit of its citizens in raising and donating a certain sum of money to the Shenandoah Valley Company. These railroad men realized the junction and the resulting industry would create thousands of jobs and plans must be made to create a new city in order to provide housing for the growth of population. The result was the formation of the Roanoke Land and Improvement Company.

This collection covers 1881 and the ensuing years. In it one finds, through the eyes of those who made Roanoke, not only new historical facts but the background of what has been generally accepted as gospel. In one of the earlier items dated Nov. 22, 1881, J. C. Moomaw advises Frederick J. Kimball, president of the Shenandoah Valley, in a letter that he has secured the right of way from Buchanan to Big Lick. Relative to the Big Lick donation, Moomaw wrote, "I now have in my safe bonds covering the entire subscription—they are written payable ninety days after the completion of the Road to Big Lick."

The Land Company purchased hundreds of acres of land as shown on a plat in the collection. In 1881, J. R. Shick prepared a map of Roanoke, although the name of Big Lick was not changed until the following year, showing the existing streets and roads as well as those initial-

ly proposed by the company. It is interesting to note most of the new ones were named for governors and lieutenant governors of Virginia. The avenues still carry those names but the street names have been forgotten as a result of the use of numbers.

These men had vision not only as to railroads and coal, but as to the requirements of the city which must be built. Wells and cisterns would not supply the necessary water. There is some evidence, in the letter referred to above and in an option allocated for an additional fifty acres of land at $150 an acre, that the Moomaw Spring was being considered as the source of water supply. Apparently this was soon forgotten because the company contracted to purchase the McClanahan Spring (Crystal Spring) for $35,000 and received without cost, a right of way through the Peyton L. Terry land.

Time was of the essence in providing housing. Soon after lots were laid off, houses were constructed. The earliest contract found in the collection shows three double houses at a cost of $1,300 each and five single houses at $700 each must be completed by January 1, 1882. Each month more houses were completed with the largest single contract being for twenty at a price of $1,110 each. Two-story "houses for colored people," eight in a row with dimensions of 24 by 100 feet, were priced at $2,800 or $350 per living unit. The following year when the junction of the roads was completed, the officials started moving in and a contract was let for two houses at $3,700 each for Messrs. W. W. Coe and J. H. Sands in the orchard at the corner of Mountain Avenue and Nelson Street (1st Street, S. E.) This became known as Orchard Hill, or Official Hill from the number of railroad officers who lived there.

Lots were selling fast, as shown by a list of those unsold, but there was still much to be done. The company contracted to purchase two million brick to be delivered at the rate of one hundred and twenty thousand per month at prices from $6.00 to $8.50 per thousand. Cisterns eight feet wide and eight and a half feet deep cost from $55 to $75 each. Grading of Jefferson, Norfolk, Shenandoah and Lee Streets, was let on the basis of 24 cents for earth, 42 cents for loose rock and 80 cents a cubic yard for solid rock. Division fences were built for 20 cents a lineal foot and picket fences varied from 12 cents to 15 cents. The price for board sidewalks was 19-1/2 cents per foot.

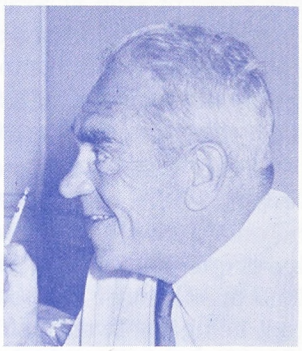
The previous items were for the permanent citizens, but there was another urgent problem. The new city must provide for guests and for those who could find no place to live. The original specifications for the Hotel Roanoke, as well as the annex which was contracted for before the first part was completed, are in the collection. The furnishings and equipment were not only elegant but efficient and

(Continued on page 26)

Story of a Stream--I

New River: First of the Western Waters

By Ben Bane Dulaney



Dulaney

Ben Bane Dulaney, editor of the Journal of the Roanoke Historical Society since its establishment in 1964, died Nov. 2, 1967. His death is a grievous loss to the Society, of which he was a director and a charter member. He was manager of news and community services for the Norfolk and Western Railway. But more than that, he was a student of railroad and Virginia history and a man whose interests and talents extended to a variety of fields. The following article on New River, the first of a projected series on the rivers of western Virginia, was adapted from one written by Dulaney for the Norfolk and Western Magazine in July, 1956.

Mrs. English Showalter, president of the Society, has appointed George Kegley to succeed him as editor. Kegley, a past president of the Society, is business editor of The Roanoke Times.

For millions of years the great river flowed in solitude.

In the Paleozoic Age, before the glaciers came, it rose in the mountains of what is now North Carolina, cut northwesterly to near Huntington, West Virginia, then down the modern Ohio and up the Scioto to the vicinity of Chillicothe. There the exact course of the great river was lost in the Ice Age, but it is believed it may have laid a route all the way across Indiana and Illinois to empty into the ancient Mississippi. Geologists today call the lost stream the Teays.

It was the ancestor of New River, majestic and little-known water course so intimately connected with frontier settlement.

New River, cutting northwest through the Alleghenies instead of following a seemingly easier route to the Atlantic, was the first of the long-sought "western waters" found by white men. Its discovery came two years before Marquette and Joliet stood on the upper Mississippi. Upon its finding was based the English claim for all the vast Middle West.

And for the next 200 years New River played its part in the settling of that western territory.

Since Columbus, European man had sought the western waters. Harassed at first by Indians, the first Virginia colonists stayed close to the tidal rivers. But after the Indian defeat of 1644 they began eyeing the mysteries of the far mountains, tentatively venturing beyond the fall lines of the rivers.

Abraham Wood came to the colony as an indentured servant but by 1645 he had acquired property and was placed in charge of Fort Henry (now Petersburg). An Indian trader and born adventurer, he began probing farther and farther into the wilderness. In 1650, when he reached the junction of the Roanoke and Dan Rivers near the present Clarksville, he at first thought he had found water flowing west and the report still persists that the New was discovered in that year. But it was not to be found for 21 years and Wood, although he organized and financed the party, did not go along.

Thomas Batts, Robert Fallam, two other white men and an Appomattoc Indian named Perecute left Fort Henry on September 1, 1671 to find "the ebbing and flowing of the Waters on the other side of the Mountains in order to discovery of the South Sea." Nine days later, after crossing the Blue Ridge they arrived at a Tutelo Indian village near the present site of Roanoke. After a few days rest they continued on foot, following the Roanoke River, then striking up the mountains. At last they came to a wide stream flowing north, a direction entirely different from any in which they had ever seen water flowing. It was New River.

The men were sure they had found the "western waters." In fact, when they climbed a craggy bluff, Batts imagined he saw sails against the western sky. Along the river was a well-traveled path, the Great Warpath which linked the tribes of the north to the Cherokees and Catawbas in the south. They traveled past abandoned Indian habitations for two days and probably reached the Narrows before turning back. At that point they placed their initials and those of Charles II, Governor Berkeley and Abraham Wood on four large trees. They called it Wood's River.

It was 70 years before the first settlers came, hardy men and women of German stock who selected the choice land at Horse Shoe Bend, now the site of Radford Army Ammunition Plant. The first actual village was probably Price's Fork, still on the map, where the road branched to Pepper's Ferry on the left and Adam Harmon's ford farther down the river.

Harmon, one of the first to come, settled at a shallow place that could be waded. The ford became the first outlet for settlers bound for all southwest Virginia and Kentucky. In 1745 it became the official terminus of the Indian Road, the first ever ordered by the court. It

was to be built from the Frederick County line. (The area was in Augusta County then which included all of southwest Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. Its county seat was Staunton.)

Later the famed Wilderness Road came down the Shenandoah, through Salem, over the mountain to Christiansburg and across the river at Ingles Ferry. From 1775 until the middle 1800's it was the route of thousands upon thousands of emigrants who plodded west through Cumberland Gap.

Southwest Virginia had been for centuries a neutral hunting ground for northern and southern Indians. The whites were tolerated until their numbers began scaring off the game. Then came raids and warfare which lasted into the last century. Besides bloody forays, such as the massacre at Drapers Meadows which wiped out the settlement, there were numberless harassing incidents. Old Adam Harmon, for example, was robbed three times in three days in 1741. Skins served as money to the pioneers. Adam reported nine deer and one elk skin as the first day's loot, 14 deer and one elk as the second and 73 deer and six elk as the third.

About 1750, people began calling it New instead of Wood's River. Origin of the name is in doubt. One historian said a man named New operated an early ferry, another that a Captain Bird when surveying the road to Abingdon wrote "New River" on a 1755 Jefferson map that didn't include the river at all.

But the Canawhay Indians lived not on the lower end of the Kanawha River but in what are now Floyd and Carroll Counties near the upper streams. Another historian suggests that the whole river was once called the Kanawha and that the laconic German settlers abbreviated it to "Gnawr" and then to "New."

The Norfolk and Western Railway main line follows the superbly beautiful New River for 38 miles between Radford and Glen Lyn and then parallels a tributary almost to its source near Bluefield. But no less than 18 other N&W branches and spurs meet or follow the river or its contributing branches.

New River is geologically unique, historically significant and economically important. And it is one of the truly beautiful streams of America. Yet scores of N&W passengers look out upon its stately passage through the Narrows and express surprise. They have never heard of New River.

Perhaps because it passes no town larger than Radford in its entire 330 miles, because most of its course lies in placid meadows and roaring gorges far from tourist trails, the New is among the least known rivers of its size in America. Let's take a look at it:

New River rises close to Blowing Rock, North Carolina. Water

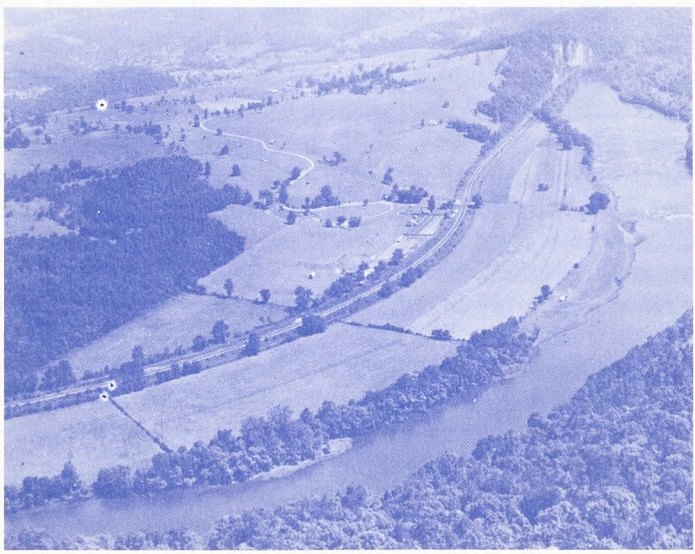
bubbling from nearby springs flows in three other directions. Here are sources of the Pee Dee River which reaches the Atlantic at Georgetown, S. C., and of the Santee which enters the ocean farther south. And here is the beginning of the Watauga, which cuts west to join the Holston, which becomes the Tennessee and reaches the Ohio after detouring through Alabama and the Mississippi border.

The springs of the New take the hardest way of all to reach the sea. Their currents travel north to form one of the very few rivers flowing in that direction for any appreciable distance in North America.

Born in the mountains, destined to end in the mountains at Gauley Bridge, W. Va., the New is on its twisting, horseshoe way. It snakes across two Carolina counties to meet its North Fork near the Virginia line. It is this fork, rising near the Tennessee border in western Ashe County, which first meets the N&W. It slides in beside the mountainous West Jefferson branch below Warrensville and plays tag with it for some five miles.

Although still close to its source, the New is a sizable river when it enters Virginia at Mouth of Wilson. Broad and shallow, it winds down its narrow valley, usually with a flat, fertile meadow on one side, a steep, tree-covered bluff on the other. The New's airline distance across Virginia is only 50 miles, but so erratic is its course that it travels 150 to reach the border north of Glen Lyn.

From its mouth at the Carolina line, Wilson Creek reaches up 12 miles to the highest point in Virginia—Mount Rogers, 5,720 feet above the sea. The New absorbs Wilson and Fox Creeks and after 14 miles



—photograph by New River Valley Industrial Commission

New River flows through fields and forests of Southwest Virginia.

in Virginia, perverse as always, it dips back into Carolina and creates a loop known as the "lost" part of Alleghany County.

It picks up an N&W branch at Fries and then is joined by a tributary which guides another branch to Galax. Then for over 30 miles the railroad's North Carolina branch follows the river—past the lead and zinc mines, past mills and rich farmland—through Ivanhoe and Austinville and Foster Falls, below the historic shot tower at Jacksons Ferry.

When the railroad swings away at Delton, the river is already widening into man-made Claytor Lake, which backs up 18 miles behind the Appalachian Power dam near Radford. The huge dam was built in the late Thirties after prolonged litigation between Appalachian and the Federal government over whether or not the New was a navigable stream. Old heads testified then concerning barges and even steamboats which plied its waters 60 years before, a time when it certainly must have contained more waters or less rocks than it does today.

The dam created a recreational area with a hundred-mile shore line. Part of the north side is now Claytor Lake State Park, with an ocean sand beach, a well-filled boat harbor, cottages and fishing grounds.

N&W's short Radford Branch runs beside the river from the dam to the high bridge at West Radford which carries the rails to Bristol. As oldtimers know, there were once two bridges here with a wye on the north side. Instead of curving down the river at Walton, the main line ran through Radford, crossed the bridge whose stone abutments still stand and doubled back on the other side.

From Radford bridge to Glen Lyn 40 miles downstream rolls the portion of New River which railroad travellers know best. Beyond Pepper the stream makes a great loop and the rails enter a bypassing tunnel 3,300 feet long. It was on the bottom land of Horse Shoe Bend that the first white settlement west of the Alleghanies was established about 1750, according to an early survey. Out of Pepper Tunnel, the N&W runs for miles along the west bank, often on narrow shelves cut from towering cliffs.

The river is an ever-changing wonder. Normally it is shallow, alternating with wide, still pools and boiling rapids. There are fishermen in flat-bottomed boats or wading in hip boots. In warm weather there are swimmers and picnickers and courting couples.

At flood the New can be awesome. Islets disappear under boiling brown torrents; huge rocks become submerged pimples in the maelstrom; cascades roar down from the cliffs. In autumn the changing scene is an unbelievable picture postcard. Under gentle snow it is an etching. In fog it is the biggest river in the world.

Industries have grown along the river and many more will come.

All the way from the first plant in North Carolina—it manufactures electric parts—to the coal mines on West Virginia tributaries, the river is dotted with industry and crammed with industrial potential: limestone, lead, zinc, rayon, electric power and many, many more.

The railroad and river are together at Eggleston. Across the river and almost 3,000 feet above it lies Mountain Lake, famed resort which attracts summer visitors from all over the world.

At Blacksburg, near the river, is Draper's Meadows, the scene of the 1755 Indian massacre and the kidnapping of Mary Draper Ingles. Near Ripplemead a bridge carries the rails across the New and up Stony Creek to the Kimballton lime and gypsum plants. Once the line continued far up Potts Valley to Paint Bank in Craig County.

At Glen Lyn the New swings north in a great bend and the railway heads west up East River to Bluefield. Still cutting through the Alleghanies, the river flows and falls some hundred miles through West Virginia until it meets the Gauley and becomes—for no apparent reason—the Kanawha which rolls past Charleston and enters the Ohio at Point Pleasant.

A huge earthen flood control dam erected by Army engineers below the New's meeting with the Bluestone backs up a reservoir over 25 miles to the Virginia line, a lake developed as a recreational area. Curbed by the dam, the New passes Hinton, W. Va. as a shallow stream. After meeting the Greenbrier and other waters which drain a large part of south-central West Virginia, it enters New River Canyon and ends its travels in a spectacular series of twisting cascades.

Where the N&W Clinch Valley line meets the main stem at Bluefield, Va., the rails cross the upper waters of the Bluestone and travel beside it to the town of that name. All the coal branches and spurs on the Bluestone Extension to the farthest at Arista and Wenonah are drained by this river which then struggles across Mercer County toward its junction with the New above the dam.

There have been many changes along the New in 200 years. Settlements have grown to towns, one-man mills have turned to factories, dams have harnessed its power. Picturesque ferries, operated every few miles, gradually disappeared as steel spanned the waters.

The New became the gateway to the vast coal fields when the Norfolk and Western laid its rail down the river and on to Pocahontas in 1883. Now its grade has opened vast commerce although its current carries nothing larger than a rowboat. With the main line of the N&W on one side and its former Virginian tracks on the other the New has become a pathway of modern mass transportation.

But strangely New River has not been ruined by man, as man destroys the beauty of so many streams. There is a wild and untamed dignity about New River which has not succumbed to modern machines.

It is a great river.

Story of a Stream--II

The Teays, Ancestral River of Mid-America

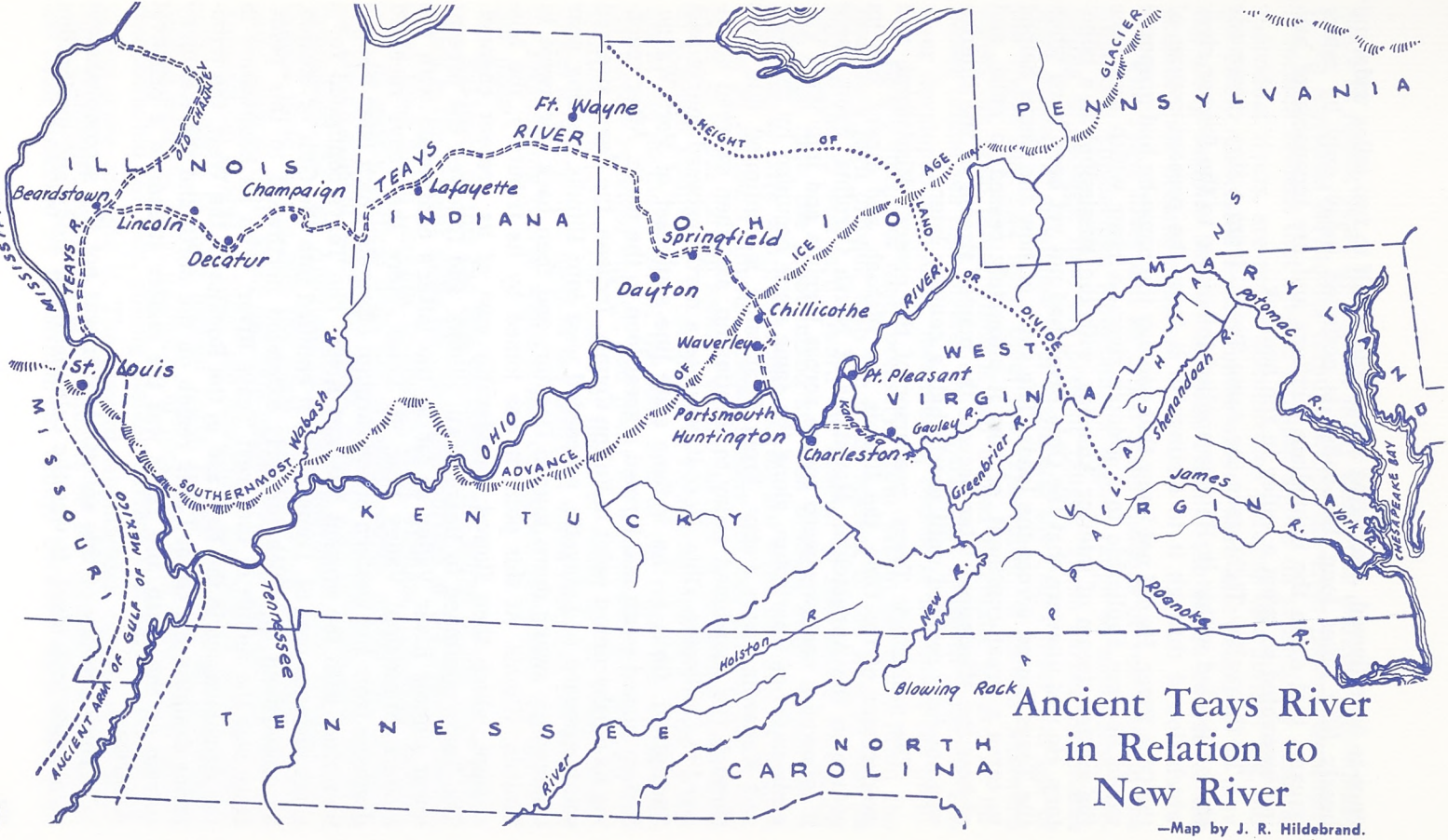
By Dr. Raymond E. Janssen

The Teays River, mighty predecessor of the New, Kanawha, Ohio, Mississippi and other rivers, was described by Dr. Raymond E. Janssen, head of the geology department of Marshall University, Huntington, W. Va., in an article in The Scientific Monthly of December, 1953. Excerpts appear here in conjunction with a history of New River.

A mighty river, coursing toward the sea, presents a wondrous spectacle of power, strength, and endurance. Its surging waters have cut into the bedrock and stripped away the strata which once lay across its valley. Unceasingly at work, it has become the master of its environment, entrenching itself into the landscape of which it is a part. The stream is the creator of both the valley and the hills; and in creating them, the river inscribes the history of its own eventful past.

The pathway of the river, however, may sometimes be beset with difficulties. Upheavals of the lands, invasions by the sea, advances of glacial ice, landslides, all tend to turn the river from its course. If they be great, the river may be turned aside; if overwhelming, the river meets its end. Such was the fate of one of America's grandest rivers. Unseen by man, it was the master stream of a prehistoric age, a precursor of rivers that flow today.

More than half a century ago, geologists working in the basin of the great Ohio River first noticed certain peculiarities of the river valley. They saw that some portions of the valley seemed to be much younger than others, that some of the river's tributaries appeared to be older than the master stream, and furthermore, that certain confluent valleys showed evidence of former occupancy by torrential currents no longer flowing through them. This led to the conclusion that the Ohio River had not always flowed in its present course, but that during some time in its history it had abandoned portions of its well-established valley and had carved out another route. With this, it was reasoned, had come adjustments in its tributary drainage. Summarizing this accumulated knowledge and adding much of his own, W. G. Tight in 1903 worked out partial details of these changes. Among these was the recognition of a great abandoned valley extending across West Virginia, from Huntington to Charleston, through which the Ohio River was presumed



Ancient Teays River in Relation to New River

—Map by J. R. Hildebrand.

once to have flowed. Averaging a mile and a half to two miles wide and nearly fifty miles long, the valley is occupied today only by minor streams that drain the immediate territory and are incapable of having excavated so great a valley in the bedrock.

To this valley Tight gave the name Teays, from a tiny crossroads station located within it. He also applied this name to the former river which flowed through it to distinguish it from the present course of the Ohio River. He did not know that one day the name he had proposed would become applicable to a greater river—a river which was once the master stream of interior America, with the Mississippi as a tributary. He was unaware that the Ohio River had not yet been born when the Teays flowed across the lands. The story of how the Teays helped to carve a great continent, of how it ultimately ceased to exist, and of how the Mississippi later became the master stream of the interior was not fully realized until nearly half a century later.

The prehistoric Teays, precursor of the present Mississippi, and predecessor of the Ohio, the Illinois, the Wabash, and others, had its source in the Appalachian Mountains of North Carolina. From there it followed a northwestward course across Virginia and into West Virginia as far as Charleston, along the same route occupied by the New and Kanawha rivers today. From Charleston it continued due west through the abandoned valley to Huntington, and then swerved northward to Chillicothe, Ohio. Here it resumed a northwestward course past Springfield, Ohio, to the Indiana state line southeast of Fort Wayne. It then turned south and formed a great loop to the north. After reaching its northernmost point in Fulton County, Indiana, the Teays swerved southwestward to Lafayette, proceeded west into Illinois, passing near Champaign, swung down toward Decatur, and then back northwest to Lincoln, Illinois. At this point it was joined by its tributary, the Mississippi, which then flowed considerably east of its present channel. The Teays continued to Beardstown, Illinois, and followed the present lower Illinois River Valley as far as the latter's confluence with the modern Mississippi Valley near St. Louis. Here the Teays received drainage from the western plains through channels which later became identified with the present Missouri River. The Teays continued for a short distance past St. Louis where it emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, an embayment of which formerly extended northward to this point. Here was the mouth of the great Teays River. With its headwaters in the Appalachians in the East and in the Rockies in the West, the tributaries draining the Great Lakes region on the north and the Kentucky terrain on the south, the Teays was the master stream of a primeval America.

The discovery of this ancestral river was not the accomplishment of a single individual. It was the culmination of study and exploration

made in recent years by a great many geologists working individually in the scattered territories through which the river flowed. Gradually it became evident that several streams, shown on present-day maps as individual rivers, are really disconnected portions of a former big, single river. Associated underground waters were also found to be moving along definite buried channels. Finally, the entire course of the ancient river became apparent.

The Teays River had its origin many millions of years ago in the Ancestral Appalachian Mountains, a higher range of mountains, preceding in geologic time the present ranges. These earlier mountains were eroded to an almost level plain, and the Teays River was one of the rivers that had worn them low. Thereafter, it flowed westward across the great plain, which it had helped to create, toward an immense inland sea that covered the central part of North America. The river developed a winding, meandering course as it crossed the plain.

In the course of time, pressures from within the earth lifted the plain to a high plateau, with the uplift highest in the East so that its surface sloped westward toward the interior of the United States. At the same time, the great inland sea was drained away, except for a long narrow arm which extended northward from the Gulf of Mexico as far as southern Illinois. These changes did not destroy the Teays River, as it was carried upward on the surface of the rising land. With its gradient steepened, it continued to flow down the new slope to the sea at the northern end of the long arm of the Gulf. The uplift gave the stream renewed energy, and it cut its way downward through the uplifted rock layers. The course of the river could not be straightened; hence, it entrenched itself in the bedrock, while retaining the shape of the meandering course which it had developed previously on the low, flat plain.

Evidence of this can still be seen in the gorge of the New River, which is the present name for the upper portion of the Teays where it flows from North Carolina to central West Virginia. The deep canyon, with its nearly vertical walls and winding course, marks the extent of the river's erosion since the uplift. Similar relationships may be seen throughout the vast Appalachian region wherever other streams have incised their valleys into the great plateau. From some high vantage point, such as those along the Blue Ridge Parkway, one can see that the Appalachian ranges of today are essentially flat topped and of nearly equal elevation in their highest parts. If one imagines all the valleys refilled with the great quantities of rock that once were there, he has reconstructed the vast, rolling plateau surface that existed before the valleys were cut into it. The present Appalachian ranges, with their long, flattopped summits, are remnants of the former plateau which has been dissected by the stream-cut valleys between them. The Blue

Ridge marks the eastern limit and highest part of the former plateau. The steeply tilted rock layers seen in the sides of many of the ranges are the spreading roots of the Ancestral Appalachians, now re-elevated and dissected into numerous parallel ranges. Hence, the Teays, older than the present mountains themselves, actually held its course while the bedrocks were pushed upward from beneath it.

The headwaters of the Teays consisted of at least two main forks. One, rising in eastern West Virginia, is known today as the Gauley River. The other, rising in North Carolina, is the present New River. It is longer, and was the main headwater channel of the Teays. It rises today near the resort town of Blowing Rock, at the summit of the Appalachian Divide. Originally it extended much farther east to the present Fall Line along the eastern base of the mountains. This was before the eastern portion of the Blue Ridge was eroded to become the Piedmont area. Streams flowing down the east side of the Blue Ridge directly into the Atlantic had much steeper gradients than did the Teays and others draining toward the Gulf of Mexico. Consequently, during the intervening ages, the divide has been shifted farther and farther west by erosion, resulting in the disappearance of the uppermost headwaters of the Teays. Contrary to its name, the New River, as the remaining headwater portion of the ancient Teays, is one of the oldest rivers in America. Because it was there long before the mountains were carved, it is the only river crossing the entire Appalachian belt from one side to the other.

The union of the New and Gauley Rivers at Gauley Bridge, West Virginia, forms the present Kanawha River, which was part of the ancient Teays as far as Charleston, West Virginia.

A million years have passed since the advancing ice of the first glacier slid down over the valley of the Teays. This represents a mere fraction of the much greater length of time that the age-long Teays had dominated the drainage of preglacial interior America. But during this relatively much shorter time, the ice sheets completely changed the face of the lands over which they moved. They established the Great Lakes, they left 10,000 smaller lakes in Minnesota, they turned the headwaters of the Missouri southward, they pushed the lesser Mississippi to the west, and sent the combined waters of a new river system down across the old delta of the Teays.

In spite of these tremendous changes, the Teays River is not totally extinct. Its headwaters, between North Carolina and central West Virginia, still flow, under different names, along the identical age-old channel. At St. Albans, they were simply diverted to add their flood to the new Ohio. But much more important is the fact that the greater, buried portion of the Teays still carries its waters across Ohio,

(Continued on page 26)

A New Brick House For $105 and a Horse Critter

A. M. Brugh's Botetourt home.

Life was economical in the 1840's when James Hogshead decided to build a brick house on his land beyond Daleville on what is now Rt. 779 through Botetourt County.

Hogshead, who had come from Augusta County, contracted Samuel Rader, a well-known Botetourt brick mason, to do the job. Rader agreed to provide 50,000 brick and use Hogshead's hands to put up a building with 13-inch walls. His payment: $105 and "one horse critter."

A. M. Brugh, who retired at the end of 1967 after 47 years of service as Botetourt County commissioner of revenue, lives comfortably today with his wife in the 19th century Hogshead home (above). A frame wing was added at the rear in 1896. The contract, printed below, was handed down by O. U. Brugh, father of the present owner, who also was commissioner of revenue.

Hogshead is said to have died of injuries suffered when he was kicked by a horse. Rader, a builder who was the father of 11 children, lived past 90. In his youth, Rader went west in a covered wagon and served a short time in the Indiana State Militia before returning to Botetourt to build houses and farm.

THE CONTRACT:

Article of agreement made and concluded this 17th day of March 1847 Between Samuel Rader of the first part and James Hogshead the other, Both of the county of Botetourt and the state of Virginia. The said Samuel Rader doth agree to make and Burn fifty thousand Brick and Build the Brick work of a house thirty six feet long and twenty feet wide, the storeys are to be nine by

8 feet high and thirteen inches thick to be done in a good and workman like order for which said Hogshead agrees to pay said Rader one hundred and five dollars and said Rader is to put up and help to Burn a Lime Kiln to do the work with and said Rader is to take one horse critter at sixty dollars and said Rader is to commence making the Brick by the first of August 1847 and said Hogshead is to furnish sufficient hands in making and building for the true performance we Bind our selves in penal sum of two hundred dollars for the true performance the day and year first Reten

Samuel Rader (Seal)
James Hogshead (Seal)

Roanoke at the Beginning

(Continued from page 13)

modern. Each room, both public and private, is described in detail. In fact, this information and Col. S. S. Brooke's description of the finished building contained in a copy of the Leader (in the Roanoke Public Library) would make an extremely interesting story.

The papers tell of the gas company, fire hydrants, lights at Crystal Spring and a contract to sell its bottled water in Philadelphia and the terms and prices in a contest to select the best kept yard as well as the most complete garden. Others deal with Rockledge Inn and the plans for the first observatory on Mill Mountain.

The Teays River

(Continued from page 24)

Indiana, and Illinois. Because it is much easier for rainwater and melted snow to percolate between the loose sands and gravels that fill the buried valley than it is for them to seep through the bedrock on either side, there remains an avenue for the movement of ground water along the old channel. The Teays River is not really gone; its waters still flow slowly underground.

The discovery of the buried Teays Valley as a carrier of subsurface water has greatly advanced the cause of geologists whose task it is to search for adequate supplies of ground water. In many parts of the United States our expanding economy and increasing population have drawn so heavily upon the supplies of water that many communities and areas have found themselves dangerously short of this basic necessity even when no droughts exist. In the future, geologists concerned with such problems will search for buried river channels with the same diligence that they now search for hidden pools of oil and gas.

"Land of Make-Do or Do Without"

Walled in by the Appalachians

By James J. Kirkwood

A native of Roanoke County, James J. Kirkwood presently is working toward a doctorate at Duke University. A graduate of Wake Forest, he will become chairman of the English Department of Bridgewater College this fall. He holds a master's degree from Wake Forest and he has taught at Campbell College in North Carolina. He is the author of "Waterway to the West," a brief study of the James River and Kanawha Canal.

His paper on the isolation of mountain people stems from a campfire talk given during his summer work as a seasonal naturalist on the Blue Ridge Parkway.

Geographical environment affects the lives of all people but it has nothing like the effect in our country that it had only forty or fifty years ago. Today, with our massive earth-moving equipment, we can build highways and railroads through almost any kind of terrain but until recently, geography greatly restricted communication and transportation, especially in mountainous areas. In the southern Appalachians, the mountains were a hindrance to settlement, first of all, and then, once settlements were made, they constituted, in effect, a wall about the lives of the people.

As the mountains were the greatest physical factor for the settlers, the resulting isolation was the most pervasive cultural and social fact. When we speak of isolation, we do not mean that each mountain family lived in a cove or hollow to itself. There normally would be several families living within a reasonable distance of each other. But what we do mean is that the mountain people as a whole were insulated from the currents of social and cultural changes that were moving in the world about them.

Time, as several writers have said, by-passed them so that they continued to live for many generations much as did the first settlers who came into the mountains from the 1730's until about the Revolution. Illustrative of their enclosed world and subsequent narrow outlook was their speaking of anyone or anything from another state or from an area a hundred or so miles away as foreign or "furrin." My grandfather always spoke of a car bearing an out-of-state license plate as being a foreign car. Things from an especially great distance were "outlandish."

The circumscribed view of the world is shown by the story told on

—National Park Service photograph

Ed and Lizzie Mabry at home in Floyd County, 1922.

a man from my home community who had never been far from home. A group of men were going to Washington one day (a distance of 250 miles) and they persuaded him to go with them. He rode along for quite a time, having nothing to say. When he did speak, he said, "I tell you one thing—if it's as big in every direction as it is in this one, it's a big 'un!"

In four areas in particular, the lives of the mountain people were much influenced by the geography and the ensuing isolation. In the first place, the terrain, along with lack of roads, allowed one no choice as to how he would make a living. The mountaineer simply had to provide his livelihood from the land or from the native materials he found at hand, and for this reason the oft-used phrase, the "land of make-do or do without," was especially apt to describe the mountains. Subsistence farming was almost the sole occupation for a long time. As communities developed, it is true that a few of the more skillful persons would become craftsmen to serve their neighbors, as did Ed Mabry at Mabry Mill. But even these craftsmen nearly always grew some basic crops, too.

Not only was the mountaineer's choice of occupation limited, but all the means of making a living entailed a very hard life. With very few tools, he had to make almost everything he needed, including household items such as furniture and dishes. And then he had to scratch out of steep, often rocky land the few crops he had to have to live. The steepness of mountain land is, of course, the subject of frequent jokes, but it is almost literally true that a person could fall out of some of the fields, or that one had to shovel off a place for the dog to lie down, or that the mountaineer could get his firewood by throw-

ing it down the chimney.

The lot of the mountain woman was particularly arduous. As was customary up until quite recent times, the woman was expected to do much of the field work besides performing all the household duties of cooking and making clothes and rearing children. And her life was often even more circumscribed than that of her husband. He would at least go to the county seat once in a while, especially to pay his taxes, while it was not uncommon for a mountain woman to live and die without ever having been more than twenty miles from home. Out of the exigencies of such a life for both man and woman grew the mountain people's ingenuity and resourcefulness and hardiness of character.

The second area of life affected by the mountaineer's environment was that of his customs and folkways. Here isolation produced a two-fold effect—as it nearly always does. It worked to perpetuate the customs that the settlers brought with them and it produced certain cusoms that sprang directly from the environment.

Customs that developed because of living conditions were those such as the "protracted meetings," usually held in the fall after most of the crops had been gotten in. Many of the people were too far removed from a meeting house, given the lack of roads and poor means of travel, to get to religious services even once a month. Therefore church-going for the year was lumped together into one prolonged session lasting two or three weeks.

Just as they postponed religious services, families at times, particularly in winter, had to put off a regular burial service upon the death of a family member. A preacher may not have been available in the community, and even if he were, road conditions may have made it impossible for him to get to the home of the deceased. So the family would have a simple graveside service and then have a more formal one whenever the minister was available. On a lighter note, the same kind of postponement sometimes happened when a couple wanted to get married and a parson was not handy. They would simply build a cabin up the hollow, set up housekeeping, and tend to making their union legal when the preacher came around.

Another custom that grew directly out of environmental conditions was that of the fall stock drives. Means of transportation were primitive. Roads were hardly worthy of the name and markets were few. To overcome these problems, people of a large area would drive together whatever livestock they had to sell—cattle, sheep, hogs, turkeys or geese—and with the help of several men and some dogs, they would form a herd and drive them to the market.

Another aspect of the folkways of the mountain people is their superstitions. Usually people who live isolated lives tend to be more superstitious than those who are in contact with a larger world, and

their superstitions endure longer and play a larger part in their lives. Many superstitions still prevail in the mountain and rural areas of our country that have vanished elsewhere.

In these areas, for instance, some people still follow the almanac or signs of the moon in planting their crops. Potatoes are planted when the moon is in the down sign so that they will grow down into the ground instead of coming to the surface where the sun will turn them green. A mountain man would put shingles on a building in the down sign of the moon so the shingles would lie flat and not curl up. My grandfather believed that the best time to clear a "new ground" was in the dark of the moon, for then the stumps and roots would not produce as many sprouts that would have to be removed again.

In their folk medicine, the mountaineers had many superstitions. Indeed, much of their medical practice was based on the then very widespread belief in the ancient doctrine of signatures. Based on the Biblical view that all things on earth were created for man's benefit, the doctrine held that things which bore the sign or "signature" of likeness must have some kind of affinity. The hepatica plant with its liver-shaped leaf must have some affinity with the human liver, and it was therefore assumed that medicine made from the hepatica could cure liver ailments. Particular superstitions found in mountain medicine include the strange method of curing a child of croup—find a man who has never seen his father and have the man blow his breath in the child's mouth. Or when a woman was in childbirth, an axe or a pair of scissors would be put under her bed to "cut" the pains.

Nothing more clearly shows how the mountain people were cut off from currents of change than does their language. At the same time, nothing more clearly illustrates how deeply ingrained habits and ways of thinking become when they exist for several generations.

I know people today who use some very old forms of words, such as 'holp' for 'help,' 'mought' for 'might,' 'ax' for 'ask', and 'hit' for 'it.' If we define grammar as the usage of language that is currently accepted, then these people are ungrammatical; but in another way, they are simply out of date in their grammar, for all of these words were correct at one time. 'Holp' is, of course, the form of 'help' found in the King James Bible; mought' was in literary use in the 16th and 17th centuries, and 'ax' was a dialectical form in Middle English, while 'hit' was used by Chaucer (along with 'it') and goes all the way back to Anglo-Saxon where it was a form corresponding with 'he.' People who use these words hear the current forms on radio and television and from others, but the older forms have been used for so long in their familial and cultural communities that it simply would not occur to them to speak differently.

Not only did the mountain people retain old forms of speech, but

they also developed their own, forms that are often very colorful and very expressive. An old fellow in eastern Franklin County always refers to something that is slanting as being "slaunchways" and when one hears that word he knows that it does not mean vertical. He also says, not that someone told him of something, but that "he named it to me." A mountain person frequently says, when he is feeling well, that he is "right peart," but if he isn't "peart" he might be rather "dauncy"—not feeling bad, but just not very well, either. A little child who is not yet walking may be described as a "set-along" child—he just "sets" along the floor. My grandfather had an expression that must have been unique with him. Speaking of something of which there was a very small amount, he would say that there was "just in a manner of none."

Likewise, in their humor the mountain folk could be very colorful —and very biting at times—as in the case of the old man in Franklin County who was summoned to court in a moonshine charge against one of his neighbors. He wasn't going to tell anything on his neighbor, and every time the prosecuting attorney asked him a question, he would say, "I don't know." The judge got tired of his evasiveness and said to him, "Do you know the way home?" The old fellow looked the judge in the eye and said in a dry, flat voice: "I reckon I can go the way I come."

A farmer told of one of his hogs getting into his still. The hog knocked over the mash tub and after he ate his fill of the fermenting grain, "he went off down the hollow huntin' wolves." Another farmer had been greatly bothered by a wild boar that kept getting in the garden night after night. The farmer had "laid out" several nights trying to get a shot at that hog but was not successful. In exasperation, he declared that "that hog was so ornery he would cross hell on a rotten rail to get in my tater patch!" I have heard my father describe a horse that was very poor as being so thin you would have to tie a knot in his tail to keep him from running through the collar.

Undoubtedly the most significant effect of the mountaineer's environment on his life as a whole was made in shaping his character. The people who settled these rugged hills must have been very hardy folk to begin with and living in this land of "make-do or do without" served to develop and intensify their character.

The kind of resourcefulness and independence that was developed in these people has become the hallmark of their character. Nothing would offend a mountaineer more quickly than a person's giving the impression that he thought himself better off in any respect than the mountain man. The mountain people were neighborly among themselves, but for anyone to offer help with anything that smacked of condescension or of pity was surely to offend. The self-reliance and determination to make his own way in his own manner is well illustrated in

the practice of moonshinin' and in the story of the mountain man's role in the battle of Kings Mountain.

The making of moonshine has been romanticized and treated in stereotyped fashion, of course. It still goes on today, but it is only a criminal practice for which there is no justification. The mountaineer of the past, however, thought he had ample justification for making whiskey and for refusing to pay a tax on it. The mountain man's feeling of being justified in this practice is reflected in his referring to making untaxed whiskey as "blockading." I have always assumed, with no more authority than the meaning of the word, that this term shows that to the mountaineer's mind he was doing nothing illegal but was merely evading an unjust imposition, just as our privateers evaded the British blockade in the War of 1812.

At any rate, the mountain people felt that they were being unjustly treated in the exaction of a whiskey tax. They thought this for at least two reasons: one was the fact that the majority of them were Scotch-Irish who had made whiskey for generations in Scotland and Ireland, and "if granpappy did it and pappy did it, by dang I can, too—and I will!" The other reason is directly related again to environment. Corn was the principal staple for the mountain people and was therefore most likely to be the crop they would have a surplus of to sell. Shelled corn weighs sixty pounds per bushel and the number of bushels was very limited that one could take to a market twenty or more miles distant, whether on horseback or by wagon. And the price it would bring was very low. But the mountain man could convert his corn to a liquid product, sling sixteen gallon jugs over a horse's back, go off to the settlement and get much more per gallon than he could per bushel. To him it simply made sense to make whiskey, and under the conditions in which he lived, he thought it grossly unfair to tax a fellow's few means of making a little money. He wasn't one to knuckle under to anything that he considered unjust.

The role of the mountain man in the battle of Kings Mountain is familiar and need not be recounted except to illustrate his resourcefulness in the face of a challenge and a threat to his home. When Major Patrick Ferguson issued the order for the people in western Virginia, North Carolina, eastern Tennessee and Kentucky to come over the mountain and surrender, the people of these areas reacted in typical manner. Organizing themselves into a fighting force under their own local leaders, they marched 1,600 strong across the mountains to find Ferguson. Battle was joined on Kings Mountain as the 900 men selected from the original number of mountaineers to pursue the British more quickly came up the sides of the mountain fighting Indian fashion. In a brief battle, the 1,100-man English force was defeated. The story of

—National Park Service photograph

Rail fences and a path lead to a mountain cabin.

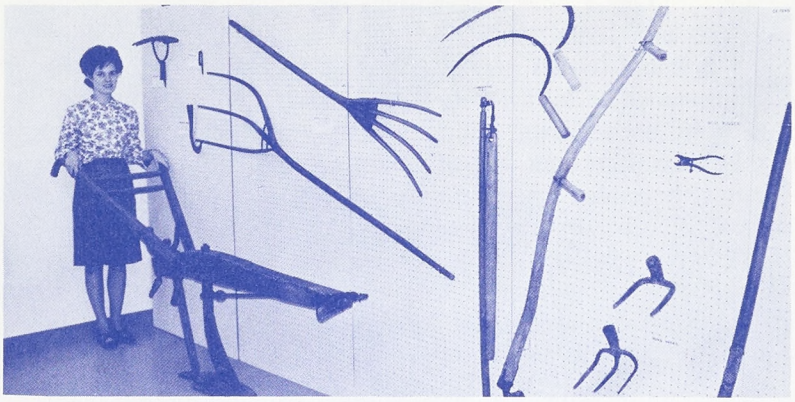
the Revolution then moves to Guilford Courthouse and thence to Yorktown.

The great historical significance is that these mountain people had the kind of character that has made a great nation. By settling in the mountains, they isolated themselves from the rest of the world so that for several generations many lived a virtually unchanged way of life. In fact, it was not until the coming of good roads in the 1930's and the advent of radio that their lives changed radically.

During a period of 150 to 175 years, their means of making a living, their customs and their ways of speech altered little, and throughout this time, because of their living in a demanding and circumscribed world, they developed a hardy and self-sufficient character.

Theirs was the "spirit of '76" and theirs was the spirit that enabled America to fulfill its "manifest destiny" of expanding into and developing the West. The mountain men of the West—men like Jim Bridger, Jess Colter and Jed Smith—were spiritual brothers of our mountaineers of the Southern highlands. No group of people has better exemplified what many of us think of as a central quality of American character.

Yesterday's Tools on Display



—photograph by Clare White

Susan Williams mans an old plow amid array of tools.

"Tools of Early America," the Society's fourth exhibit at the Salem museum, featured dozens of articles used in every day chores by farmers, blacksmiths, cobblers, millers, tanners, weavers and housewives in the last generation and the last century.

More than 100 tools were loaned from shops, barns and attics on Bent Mountain, Catawba, Craig and Botetourt counties for the fall showing. Major contributors were Max Brugh of Botetourt, Joe Powell of Bent Mountain, Dr. and Mrs. Roger Winborne and James L. White of Roanoke.

Heavy anvils, miller's tools, an adz for barrel making, a farmer's dung hooks, a powder wedge for splitting logs, fireplace crane and trammel to adjust the height of pots and such varied objects as handmade nuts and bolts, a corn shock tier and a colter for plowing new ground came from the Brugh collection which furnished 45 articles.

Artistic wooden hayforks were found in Craig County, Harold Craun of Roanoke County loaned a harness horse used by a harness maker, R. D. Morehead of Catawba provided a hackle used to comb flax fibers, Mr. and Mrs. John Carr supplied a blacksmith's bellows and James L. (Jimmy) White showed a varied selection of carpenter's planes.

Identification was a problem because many of the tools have vanished from usage but J. R. Hildebrand, Society secretary, drew from his own background and research to furnish cards describing the function of each one.

After Christmas, the Society's exhibits chairman, Mrs. Edmund P. Goodwin, researched and assembled a Pennsylvania Dutch display.

Hollins Girls Step Into History

By Anna Lawson

Fincastle, Buchanan and the Historical Society's Salem museum became classrooms briefly during January for five Hollins College students. The girls were studying aspects of local history and architecture as their projects in Hollins' new four-week short term for independent study.

Fincastle history was a natural project for sophomore history major Julie Breckinridge, a descendant of General James Breckinridge's brother who went to Kentucky. She collaborated with Lisa Reynolds, an art major from Tampa, Fla., "who was just interested, not for any reason." Together they and Mr. J. R. Hildebrand braved the early January snow to the Fincastle Court House where he taught them to read a deed book. "Fortunately our friend, Mr. R. D. Stoner, was on hand later when we occasionally forgot part of the lesson," laughed Lisa.

Julie and Lisa, working under the supervision of history professor Frank Albrecht, took two houses each and attempted to trace their building dates and the titles of the property. "We ran into a little trouble on the building dates," Julie admitted, and then went on to explain how one can only conjecture a building date from tax increases and the price of the property in the next deed of sale.

Julie worked on the Jacob Carpenter House ("I'm still not sure he ever lived there") and the Peter Fellows House. Lisa took the Godwin Cottage and the Smith-Switzer House. "But," explained Lisa, "I'm afraid we didn't do just deeds and houses. Julie wanted to see where Grove Hill had been, so right away we drove out there. Then we got so interested we couldn't help driving around some more."

I think the courthouse people thought we were crazy at first," Julie went on. "We'd spend the morning in the deed room and then go out for lunch, saying we'd be right back. But most days we'd get so excited in the cemeteries or driving around we just never made it back."

And there were other distractions too. Julie looked up some Breckinridge cousin who had them both to a big Sunday dinner, and the day they went to 9:30 service at St. Mark's, intending to go to the Presbyterian service at 11, the Episcopalians wouldn't let them leave because they had so much to tell. Then too, Mrs. Pulley Wade had them to tea, as did the Stoners.

Working on early architecture in Buchanan were Rowena Boyd of Atlanta and Mary Bess Keiser of Ridgely, Tenn. It was due mainly to Professor Frances Niederer, author of The Town of Fincastle, Vir-

—photo by Judy Hawkes

Julie Breckinridge, left, and Lisa Reynolds stand with R. D. Stoner in front of the courthouse and old jail at Fincastle.

ginia, that Rowena, an art major, and Mary Bess, a French major, became interested in local architecture.

What a boon! The survey of area buildings undertaken by the Society for the State Landmarks Commission was far from complete; dedicated help (which would be graded) could not have come at a better time.

Rowena and Mary Bess set out for Buchanan in mid-January. They were late starting because Mary Bess couldn't get out of Ridgely in the snow. Their first day was memorable. They had telephone introductions from Susan Williams, executive secretary of the Society, to Miss Emma Martin and Miss Emilie Brugh, who had been helpful earlier with information. "But," said Rowena, "after we left there, it was awful."

"It was like a mystery story. Everywhere we went things had just closed, and one furniture store, which also made coffins, never opened except by appointment."

"People seemed suspicious," Mary Bess went on, "nobody knew us and we didn't know anybody, much less what we were doing. Fortunately, though, I'm from a small town (Ridgely has about 500 people) and know something about them. We just started smiling and speaking to everybody we saw everywhere we went.

"I guess word spread because next time we went, about a week later, they not only smiled, but told us all they knew!"

"All they knew" was often a way too much, and occasionally conflicted with other information. For instance, Mr. Ransone owns the old Miller house where Miss Thelma Allen lives, but Miss Thelma Allen says hers isn't the old Miller house but the house next door is.

Among the buildings they investigated with some success were the B & R Restaurant, the H. L. Williams apartment house (c. 1870), the Hart house which is currently being used for storage, and Oak Hill (c. 1846), now being remodeled.

And, like Julie and Lisa, Rowena and Mary Bess made friends; in fact, "ghost town" Buchanan has now become as familiar to them as the Hollins campus. They talk about Federalist and Valley of Virginia styles of architecture; deed books are as familiar—and useful—as text books; and they say they'll never forget Oak Hill's owner, Mr. Booze, or Mr. Ransone, the drug store owner, or the Paines, who had them to tea and helped them repeatedly.

Susan Bottorff, a sophomore Spanish major of Westfield, N. J. undertook a slightly less adventuresome but likely more gruelling task, that of cataloguing in the Salem museum. Approximately three times a week she went to Roanoke College and read, in the course of the short term, some 114 utilities contracts from around 1880, and then catalogued and wrote a detailed description of each.

"Sure it was dusty," she says, "and often monotonous, but you'd be surprised how much interesting stuff there is in those documents."

In addition to performing an invaluable service to the Society, Susan obtained an idea of Roanoke's early growth and how utilities and the railroad affected it, and with this and several books on the subject she was able to put together a paper on the general effects of industry on urbanization. She was helped by Dr. James Crooks, acting chairman of the history department. The advising professors, Miss Niederer, Dr. Albrecht and Dr. Crooks, and the Society were pleased with the results of all five students.

Cigar Manufacturing in Roanoke and the Wooden Indian

By R. Holman Ragland

Recollections of cigar manufacturing in early Roanoke were written by R. Holman Ragland, a member of this Society who has retired after 46 years with the Norfolk and Western Railway. He is historian of no less than five organizations.

The story of the cigar manufacturing industry in Roanoke could be very briefly told except that the writer, who grew up in the business conducted by his father, has many recollections of events marking those early years of this century.

So far as I can recall only two cigar manufacturers were located in Roanoke after 1890. The first was Finke and McClaugherty (owned by J. A. Finke and R. H. McClaugherty). In 1891 that firm was located at 103 First St., S.W. later, and at the time the business was closed, they occupied part of the building at 101½ Salem Ave., West, near the south end of the Henry Street bridge. Their business was principally wholesale and they sold mostly to the many saloons that operated at that time.

I remember their principal brand was "The Leader" and my father would occasionally buy one and do an autopsy on it to determine what kind of tobacco they were using. It was claimed that they dipped the tobacco, in leaf form, into a tank of sweet vinegar so that it would have a sweetish flavor. It was said that the vinegar oozed out of the end of the cigar into the smoker's mouth and left a very disagreeable taste. Some professional jealousy may have been involved in these stories.

Some time in 1899, the firm of J. B. Ragland and Co. moved to Roanoke from Bedford City, where he had been doing a very good business for some years. I say "he" because there never was any "Company." John Beauregard Ragland was the sole owner. J. B., as he was usually called, had been working about 8 or 10 cigarmakers and had salesmen traveling in the South but when he came to Roanoke he brought only five cigarmakers, one of these an apprentice who put in part time selling around Roanoke. The firm did a lot of moving the first year. In fact, the Roanoke City Directory could not keep up with it. For a short time the business was located in a building in the 200 block of Salem Avenue, West. Then there was a short period at about the middle of the 100 block of Campbell Avenue. Part of the building was occupied by the Roanoke Times (or some other printing establish-

ment) and I believe Oakey's Undertaking Parlor was in an adjoining building.

The year 1900 found J. B. Ragland and Co. operating at 19 West Salem Avenue. Benings Jewelry store was next door, Green's Jewelry and C. D. Kenny Co. across the street, a few doors east. At the new location a retail business was started—one showcase near the front door. The principal brand at that time was "The Ragland" and there was no trouble in disposing of all that could be manufactured. It was here that the wooden Indian, traditional sign of the cigar store, was placed at the entrance to the store. Where it came from or the cost, I never learned. I am sorry now that I never asked about such things. I think it is one of our failings that we don't think to ask our fathers or grandfathers about so many things that would, in later years, be most interesting.

In 1903 Ragland's store was moved to 21 West Campbell Avenue. The building was owned and rented by W. S. McClanahan, whose insurance business occupied part of the second floor. Also on the second floor was Kidd's Photographic Studio. Adjacent to this location, or very near, there was during the years 1903 to 1909 a penny arcade which went through the block. In the Salem Avenue end there was a

R Holman Ragland, left, posed with cigarmakers George Dean and William Swain, his father, J. B. Ragland, and a wooden Indian in front of the cigar store at 21 W. Campbell Ave. about 1904.

replica of a railroad coach and, for a nickle, you could sit in the coach and see the Great Train Robbery moving picture.

During this period I remember watching the big fire when the west building of the Norfolk & Western Railway burned. Then there was a big carnival on the streets. This must have been something like a Mardi Gras as the confetti was so thick on the streets that one could sweep along the curb and get it up by the quarts, sift it, bag it and re-sell to the revelers.

It was at 21 West Campbell that the box trade in cigars began to develop. Certain affluent customers had developed a taste for more expensive tobaccos than those in the standard brands. My father catered to these men, ordering samples of various varieties, blending them expertly and trying different combinations on customers until they decided which tasted best. Then an order for the leaf was placed for enough to make a few hundred or even two or three thousand. Regular customers I recall are such well known names as Sam Woody, Sr., L. H. Vaughan and his son Jim, R. R. Fairfax, Dr. William Gregory (a dentist), S. H. McVitty and many others whose names don't come to mind.

It was at this location that I started to make myself useful in the establishment. One job was putting the bands on the cigars. I became expert at this and was paid the munificent sum of two cents for a box of 50 cigars. A new brand, "Cortina," was developed and soon became very popular. It was really the best 5c cigar in town. Cortina was a stock name developed by the label manufacturers and I didn't know the origin until I happened to go through Cortina, Italy, while on a tour of Europe a few years ago.

At about this time I tried my hand at rolling up some little cigars, chewing and smoking tobacco, winding up as a very sick little boy. I have always been glad that I never got the chewing habit. Here I smoked my first cigarette, American Beauty brand.

In 1909 the business was moved to 8 Campbell Avenue and more emphasis given to the retail trade. This location was a room formerly occupied by the shoe department of Meals & Burke, Clothiers, and now by the First National Exchange Bank of Virginia. The rent was $1,000 per year. The manufacturing part was in the rear and in a sort of balcony over it. There was competition across the street in the form of a cigar store operated by Elmore Heins.

At this time Piedmont cigarettes started enclosing picture cards of big league baseball players and I collected them. I worked in the store a great deal and had an advantage over other boys because I could ask customers for them. I did a lot of trading and selling and remember clearly selling a picture of Ty Cobb to young Junius Fishburn

for 15c. I still have hundreds of these cards which are now collectors' items.

In 1911 the National Exchange Bank bought my father's lease and he moved his factory to the second floor at 20½ Salem Avenue, West, then in 1912, to 18½, next door. A small retail store, about half the size of a garage, was opened at about the middle of the 100 block on Franklin Road. This was near our home on Marshall Avenue and I ran this store for about a year when it became clear that it was not profitable and the store closed.

In 1915 J. B. Ragland & Co. moved to 212½ S. Jefferson St. then to 210½ in 1917 and the business remained there until the death of the owner February 12, 1945. These locations were on the second and third floors over Fallon, Florist. Mr. Fallon charged a very low rent and in turn, he received all the tobacco stems and dust from the tobacco used in the factory. The output of cigars was very small during these last years, only one or two cigarmakers being employed. The sales were entirely to box customers and during World War II when cigars, as well as cigarettes, were very hard to get the entire output of the factory was sold as fast as the cigars were made. One regular customer was George Milliken, who bought many boxes of the highest grade cigars for the Virginia Bridge and Iron Co. to give out at Christmas time.

Cigars made in the Ragland factory were hand made, the procedure being as follows: Leaf tobacco, which came in wooden cases or bales from jobbers in New York, Pennsylvania, Tampa, Fla. and Connecticut, was put into workable condition by spraying or by dipping in water. After drying awhile, the stems are removed and the leaves rolled up into pads. These are placed in closed cans until ready to use. The cigarmaker breaks the filler into the proper lengths and quantity into his hand and rolls it into an oblong piece of leaf, called a binder, making a bunch which he pushes into a mold. Moulds are placed in a press for an hour or so while they assume a shape which is retained, due to drying and pressure. The shaped bunch is rolled into a wrapper which has been cut to the proper shape. Cigars are placed on a table and sorted into colors, then placed in boxes and again pressed until dry enough to be set.

Shapes of moulds changed over the years. They have become collectors' items and bring from six to ten dollars each. Hundreds of these molds had to be disposed of after my father's death. Some were hauled to my home and burned in the furnace but some were retained as mementos and laid around in odd places until my wife learned they are classified as antiques. She had some of them cleaned, sanded and varnished and they are now on display at my home and homes of my two daughters.

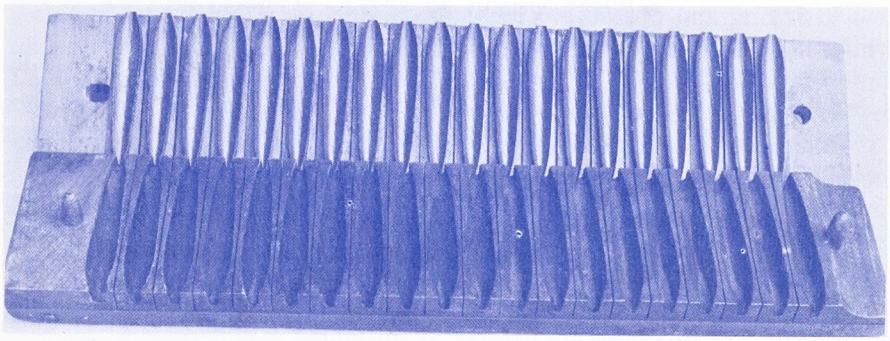
Little has been said about cigar store Indians up to now. I have

been asked by many, "What became of the Indian that was in front of your father's stores?" Well, when my father went out of the retail business in 1911, he had a lot of lumber hauled to his home on upper Marshall Avenue. Among the odds and ends was the Indian. Some time later, he needed some kindling for the furnace and employed a colored fellow to go to the home and break the lumber into kindling. The Indian happened to be there with the lumber and was broken into unrecognizable pieces. I often wonder what became of the much larger wooden Indians that stood in front of O. H. Goad's store on Campbell Avenue, near Jefferson, and the one that stood at Hopcroft's on Jefferson, near the railroad. Some of these Indians now bring hundreds of dollars as antiques.

After my father died I returned most of the tobacco left on hand to the jobbers, sold the cigars, had the U. S. Internal Revenue people come in and destroy all boxes, and had the equipment hauled to the home at 835 Marshall Ave, where my sister still resides, and to my home in South Roanoke. Where it will eventually end up is hard to say.

Within the last year the old house at 324 Marshall Ave. in which my father, mother, brother and two sisters lived in the early 1900's was demolished, along with others once occupied by the Oakeys (John, Crawford, etc.) and Virgil Nash's family. Farther up the street lived J. H. Krantz, Hugh Dyer (former chief of police), Jim Dyer (former chief of Fire Department), Leo Normoyle and others well known to the older citizens.

This narrative was written principally for my own historical records but may bring back memories to those who lived in the period described.



Cigar mould of the last generation is an antique today.

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