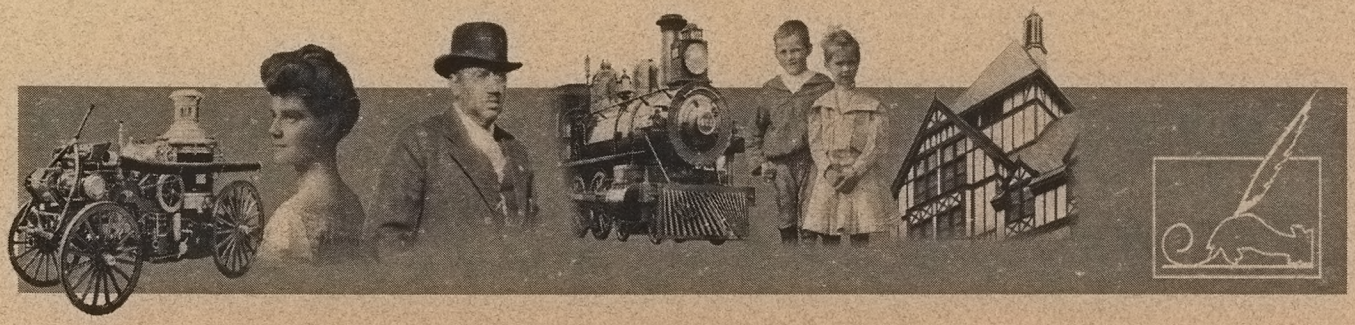

History Museum & Historical Society
OF WESTERN VIRGINIA

2001
JOURNAL

Volume Fourteen Number Two

History Museum & Historical Society
OF WESTERN VIRGINIA

Amor montium nos movet

(FOR THE LOVE OF MOUNTAINS INSPIRES US)

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Contents

This issue of the *Journal* was made possible by grants from:
Mr. & Mrs. Granger Macfarlane ❖ Eastern Motor Inns
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George Kegley
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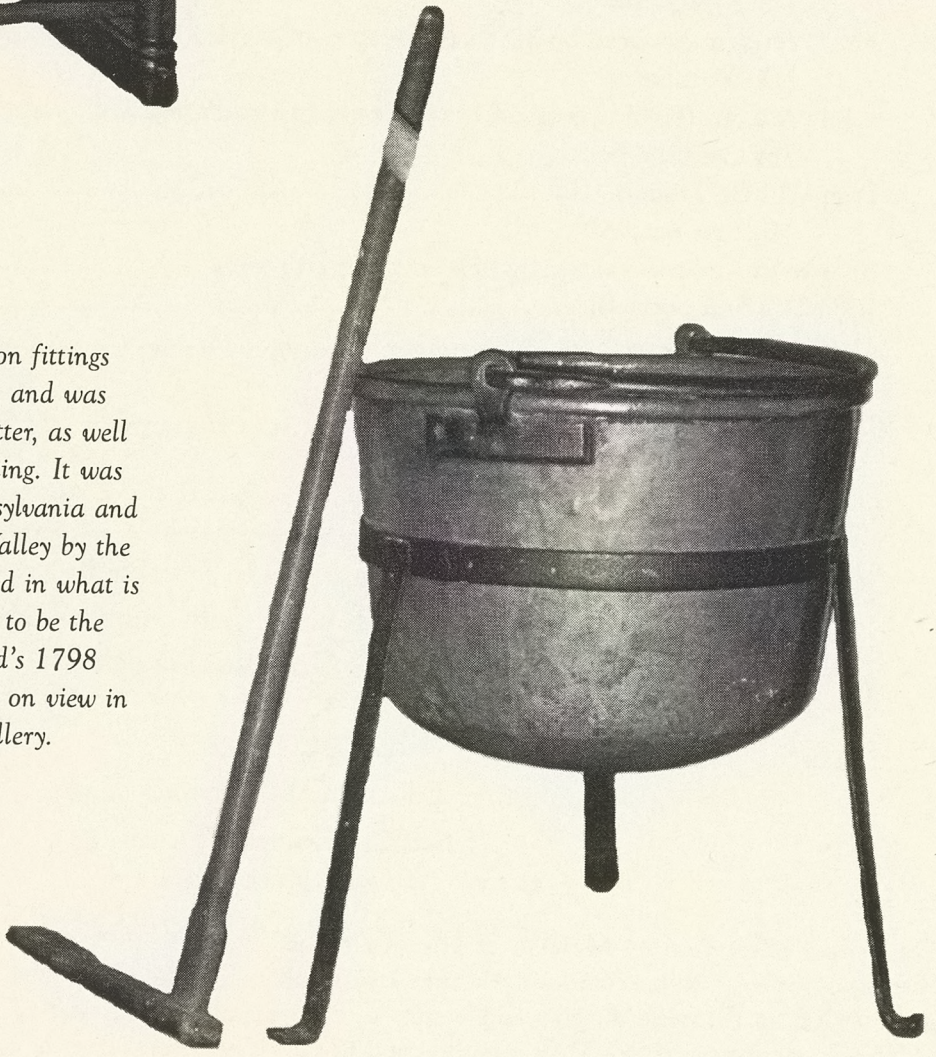
The *Journal* of the History Museum & Historical Society of Western Virginia, formerly the Roanoke Valley Historical Society, Volume Fourteen, Number Two. Published by the Museum at P.O. Box 1904, Roanoke, Virginia, 24008, to chronicle the past and present of that part of the state west of the Blue Ridge. The price for additional single copies is $4.00 for members and $7.00 for non-members. The Museum will be careful in handling unsolicited materials but cannot be responsible for their loss.

This rocking chair, like the kettle below, are on permanent loan from the estate of long-time Museum & Society board member W. Darnall Vinyard. The chair belonged to Abraham and Mary Haddon Vinyard and probably dates to the early 19th century. The chair is composed of oak (or hickory), maple and poplar. Both the finish and the rockers appear to be early, if not original.



This copper kettle with iron fittings dates to the 18th century, and was used for making apple butter, as well as for other forms of cooking. It was most likely made in Pennsylvania and brought to the Roanoke Valley by the Vinyard family, who settled in what is now Vinton. It is believed to be the kettle identified in Vinyard's 1798 estate inventory. It is now on view in the permanent exhibits gallery.

Note From The Director

The Museum and Society is pleased to present this, the 28th issue of the *Journal*, Volume Fourteen, Number Two.

This is our second issue in an expanded format, allowing both for greater depth and more topics, with twice the amount of print space available.

In the all too brief sixteen months since the last issue, Museum and Society volunteers and staff have busily provided thirteen lectures, four tours, five exhibits, nine displays, three special events, eleven newsletters, and five free children's "Saturday hands-on workshops."

Our highlights include organizational and programmatic growth coupled with improved collections services and several exciting new acquisitions.

Organizational growth has included the Museum & Society's merger with the former Museum of Theatre History and the resulting launch of a permanent Theatre History Gallery in June of 2000. Just last November, the Museum & Society announced, along with our "benevolent landlord," the Western Virginia Foundation for Arts and Sciences, their acquisition of the former Norfolk & Western passenger station. The facility will once again serve as a gateway to our community, housing both an expanded Roanoke Valley Convention and Visitors Bureau as well as a significant "satellite" expansion for the Museum & Society.

Programming highlights include the opening last summer of the largest revolving exhibit in the Museum and Society's history, "Ships & Shipmates," complete with our special guest, former Secretary of the Navy, Senator John Warner. Other programming highlights include the recent publication of "Iron Horses in the Valley," announcement of a Virginia Foundation for the Humanities grant to develop a historical resource guide for area counties, and outreach exhibits at Valley View and Tanglewood malls, which presented a slice of the Museum and Society to over 150,000 visitors.

Collections, acquisitions and improvements include the purchase of a signed 1850 boot pistol by Fincastle gunsmith John Painter, installation of new state-of-the-art recording thermohygrometers in Collections and Permanent Displays, purchase of a new copier for the Library and receipt on permanent loan of two objects, a chair and an apple butter kettle on a stand, with a history of descent in the Valley's own Vinyard family. (See photos at left.)

Lastly, and perhaps most importantly, the past two years have brought increased financial stability to the Museum and Society. Membership has increased from 550 to 615. Grant receipts have doubled. Funding provided by the Commonwealth of Virginia has allowed the Museum and Society to reach out and aggressively market itself as never before. All the while our very modest endowment funds have increased from $20,435 to $29,872.

None of the above would have been possible without the unflagging support of our active Board of Directors, members, volunteers, corporate and foundation supporters, local and state governmental support and our literally thousands of visitors, from schools to nursing homes and everything in between, who each month make this institution their encounter with regional history.

Read and enjoy!

D. Kent Chrisman
Executive Director

Vice Presidential Candidate had Carvins Cove Summer Home

By George Kegley

"...[A] nation has lost a leader and a statesman," said a *Roanoke World-News* editorial on Aug. 21, 1917, in a report on the funeral and burial of former U. S. Sen. John Worth Kern of Indiana at his summer home, Kerncliffe, in Carvins Cove. The statesman who tramped over the hills around the cove also conferred with President Woodrow Wilson about World War I and received more than 6.4 million votes in a losing race for vice president in November 1908.

U.S. Senator John W. Kern on his way to the Capitol. (Photo from The Life of John Worth Kern, *by Claude Bowers)*

Kern had been the unsuccessful candidate for vice president, the nation's second highest office, less than nine years before his death. In the 1908 election, the Democratic ticket of William Jennings Bryan and John W. Kern lost to the winning Republican slate of William Howard Taft and James S. Sherman.

The popular vote was much closer than the totals from the Electoral College. Taft and Sherman won 321 to 162 on the electoral count. However, the popular vote margin was much closer—Taft and Sherman had 7,679,006 popular votes to 6,409,106 for Bryan and Kern.

After losing for vice president, Kern was elected to the Senate and served from 1911 to 1917. In a rapid rise to prominence, within two years after his election to the Senate, he was named chairman of the controlling Democratic caucus, serving from 1913 to 1917, and as chairman of the Senate Committee on :Privileges and Elections. In 47 years in politics, Kern lost more elections than he won but he briefly held influence in high places in Washington.

Almost forgotten today, Sen. Kern had several strong ties to the Roanoke Valley and Virginia. Born in Alto, Ind. on Dec. 20, 1849, he died at 67 on Aug. 17, 1917. His great-great-grandfather Adam Kern came from Germany in the 1700s and settled near Winchester. The family left its name with Kernstown in Frederick County, Va.

Jacob Harrison Kern, father of Sen. Kern and a great-grandson of Adam Kern, acquired land in Botetourt County and lived there before he moved west, became a physician and practiced in Indiana and Iowa. After the death of his first wife, Dr. Jacob Kern returned to Carvins Cove about

George Kegley, a longtime resident of Roanoke, is a permanent director of the History Museum, and editor of the Journal *since 1968.*

1870 and lived there and at nearby Daleville until his death in 1901. He and his wife were buried in a family cemetery in Daleville and the remains eventually were moved to Mount Union Cemetery at Haymakertown in Botetourt County.

Sen. Kern built a large summer home, Kerncliffe, on a bluff overlooking the road into the cove soon after he was elected to the Senate. He often retreated there with his family and they entertained prominent guests from Washington. Among the guests was Kern's friend and fellow Indianan, Vice President Thomas Marshall and his wife, who were royally entertained at Kerncliffe, at Hollins College and a major reception on Orchard Hill in Roanoke in 1914. Marshall was vice president under President Woodrow Wilson from 1913 to 1921.

When Senator Kern died three years later at Asheville, N.C., while resting from a strenuous Southern speaking trip, he was buried at Kerncliffe but the body was moved to Indianapolis in 1929. This was about the time when the City of Roanoke was buying property in Carvins Cove before the dam was constructed and the lake filled.

Another local tie came through his daughter, Julia, who married Dr. George B. Lawson of Roanoke on Christmas Day, 1913. She later said that was the only day the family was certain that her father would be home from the Senate. Through her father's political connections, she knew five presidents: Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt. She had four children, was a Mother of the Year, played a piano duet in the Governor's Mansion in Richmond when she was almost 90 and was president of the Thursday Morning Music Club. The Lawsons had four children but none are living today. George Jr. lived in Salem; Katherine was a writer/photographer in Paris and California; Judy lived in Norfolk and John, a pilot, died in World War II.

Imagine U.S. Vice President Thomas Marshall, in full business dress, posing for a photograph from Tree Top House at a summer home in Carvins Cove about 1914! Marshall (right, in tree) was visiting his friend, Sen. John Kern (center) at his home, Kerncliffe. They apparently brought their wives up for the view. (Photo courtesy of Alice Hagan)

The *World-News* editorial in 1917 had high praise for the former senator:

"One for whom over six million of his fellow men had cast their vote for the second highest office in their power to bestow; whom his own state had ever delighted to honor; who had for four years been the leader of his, the dominant party in the Senate; who had been through a great world crisis (World War I);

who had been the intimate friend and trusted counselor of the president; who had measured up to the full status of a man under every test which high office and trying times could apply to him, was laid to rest in the presence of a few friends and neighbors and with a burial service of a sweet and beautiful simplicity appropriate to the strength and gentleness of his exalted character." About 200 people attended the funeral.

Dr. George Braxton Taylor, minister at Enon Baptist Church, Hollins, conducted the funeral at the summer home. Lucian H. Cocke, a Norfolk and Western Railway lawyer and a Roanoke friend, spoke of the senator's life and service, several Hollins College students sang and Joseph A. Turner, a Hollins official, closed the service with a prayer.

Kern died of uremic poisoning at Asheville, N.C. He had traveled to Asheville a week earlier to recuperate after a speaking tour in the South under the auspices of the National Lincoln Chautauqua system. He spoke in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Kentucky. His last public speech was at Carrollton, Ky. on June 23. Before starting the tour, Kern had a conference with President Woodrow Wilson and brought a message from the President to the people urging them to be steadfast in the war situation, according to *The Indianapolis News.*

The Kern family stands outside their rambling Kerncliffe, a woodland house of many porches. (Photo courtesy of Alice Hagan)

The *World-News* editorial closed Kern's career: "It was at sunset, above the waters of Carvins Creek, on one of the western foothills of Tinker Mountain that he was buried. There his father and grandfather had lived; there he himself had spent many of the years of his early youth; there he had hoped to find an age of rest from his long life of generous and untiring service to his country, and there he sleeps today."

Claude Bowers, former secretary for Kern and later editor of the Ft. Wayne, Ind. *Journal-Gazeteer* and the author of a 475-page biography of the senator, wrote, "Senator Kern sacrificed his life in the service of his country, and when the history of President Wilson's administration is written and the inner facts are disclosed the greatness of the man will be established...No man ever served Indiana in the Senate more conscientiously, with greater constancy or with purer purposes."

In his biography, Bowers described how Araminta Kern, wife of the senator, designed Kerncliffe on a breezy, wooded knoll between two mountain ranges. He quotes an article from *The Ladies Home Journal* and *The Indianapolis News,* telling of a living room 40 feet long, a dining room with a big fireplace, a sitting room for the two Kern sons, Sunset porch, "where we eat supper and watch the sun go down behind the

mountains, four sleeping porches (and) dozens of little sanctuaries where one may write or read in pleasant or in tempestuous weather." The big, rambling house had a lodge and Tree Top House in an oak tree, "a charming little house with a lookout tower in the treetop."

Juliet V. Ross, the Indiana writer who told of the summer house, said Araminta Kern "has for neighbors the cosmopolitan folks of Roanoke, the wonderful and noble people from the nearby college at Hollins and the plain, sturdy farmers of the cove." The people who lived in the cove, who had to move out when the present lake filled, "their quaint homesteads cling to the feet of the mountain," Ross wrote. In her article written about 85 years ago, she said, "Roanoke is the most progressive city in Virginia—a bustling modern city, with no distinct flavor of the old regime in its business life. All sorts of progressive people are there."

When the senator escaped from his busy governmental tasks, he was revived as he rode the four miles from Hollins, crossing the foot of Tinker Mountain, to Kerncliffe, according to Bowers' biography. He came here "for rest and inspiration during the long dreary grind of his senatorial career." Kern spent his time resting on the sleeping porches, reading or tramping the hills, wearing the garb of a mountain climber and carrying a heavy cane as protection against snakes. Sometimes he carried an ax and a hatchet to help in clearing land.

A nattily dressed party entertained Vice President and Mrs. Thomas Marshall at Cockespur, the Lucian Cocke home on Orchard Hill in Roanoke on May 4, 1914. They were (from left, seated): Mattie Cocke, Lois Marshall, Araminta Kern and C. Francis Cocke. (Standing, right to left): Sarah Johnson Cocke, Vice President Marshall, Lucian Cocke, Sr., Francis Mingea, Harry St. George Tucker, Mary Stuart Cocke Goodwin and Col. Alfred B. Williams. Sen. John Kern, host for the Marshalls, had been called to Washington on business. (Photo courtesy of Alice Hagan)

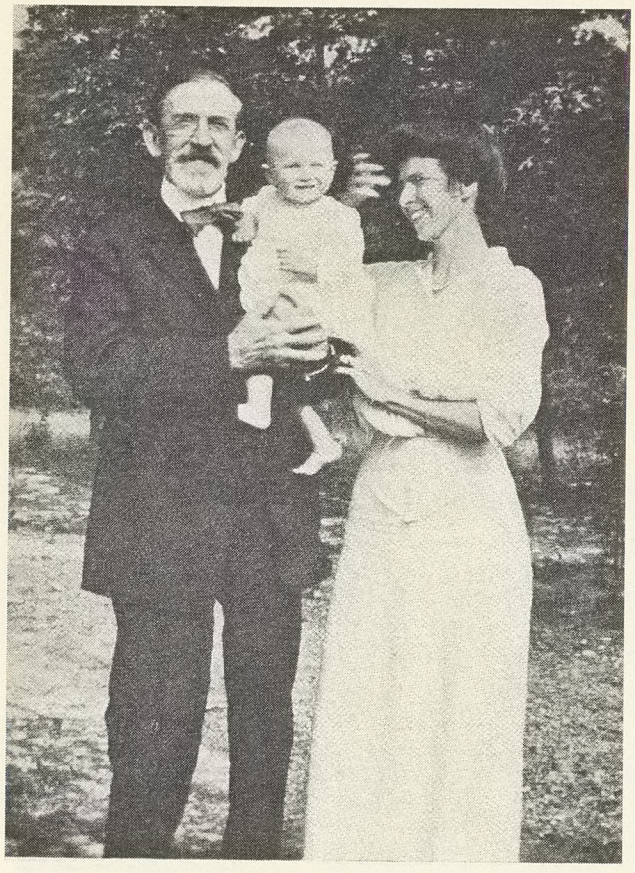
The Bowers biography said Kern "loved this home in the Blue Ridge, where he could relax, ramble at will over the hills, and sit in the evenings holding the hands of his boys."

Just three years before his death, the Kerns and their guests, Vice President and Mrs. Thomas Marshall were central figures in a momentous social weekend at Kerncliffe and in Roanoke. The party enjoyed May Day festivities at Hollins College on Saturday and the following day, guests enjoyed "a genuine, old-fashioned Virginia dinner" at Kerncliffe, Many people called in the afternoon to meet the Marshalls, the *World-News* reported:

"Much merriment was caused during the afternoon by the arrival of a mountain couple, asking to see these distinguished guests, who proved to be Mrs. Lucian Cocke and Mr. Joseph Turner of Hollins, whose clever disguises mystified the guests for a short time."

On Monday, the Vice President and his wife, accompanied by Araminta Kern, "motored to Roanoke"

to Cockespur, the Orchard Hill home of the Lucian Cockes, for a reception for nearly 1,000 guests, on "one of the most notable days in the social history of the city." Sen. Kern was called away from the festivities to Washington by urgent business. The newspaper account of the 1914 reception said the scene was "one of marked brilliancy and animation. With the handsome gowned women and their escorts, beautiful surroundings and music, it is an event that will long be remembered." During "the serving of the delicious menu, animated conversation was enjoyed." The reception ended a series of "delightful entertainments" in honor of the Marshalls, who later left on the Memphis Special for Washington.



Sen. Kern with his first grandchild, George B. Lawson Jr., and daughter, Julia Kern Lawson. (Photo from The Life of John Worth Kern, *by Claude Bowers)*

Another report in Helen Prillaman's *Places Near the Mountains* said Vice President Marshall spoke to the Men's Bible Class at the Cove Alum Baptist Church during a visit to Kerncliffe.

The Indianapolis News had this evaluation of Kern in an editorial on Aug. 18, 1917:

"...he was widely known as a man of friendly and kindly nature. Though a strong partisan, he had many admirers among Republicans. For many years, Mr. Kern had been prominent in politics. Twice his party's candidate for Governor under conditions that made election impossible, and once its candidate for Vice President when success was out of the question. Mr. Kern fought three losing battles in such a way as greatly to strengthen his hold on the people. As senator, he had the confidence and respect of his colleagues who gladly accepted him as majority leader of the Senate. President Wilson had no more steadfast supporter in that body."

Kern attended the normal school at Kokomo, Ind., taught school and graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan in 1869. He practiced law in Kokomo, was an unsuccessful candidate for the state House of Representatives, his first election campaign, in 1870. He served as Kokomo city attorney, reporter of the Indiana Supreme Court, as a member of the State Senate, special assistant U.S. district attorney and Indianapolis city solicitor. He lost two elections for governor before he ran on the Bryan ticket for Vice President.

The New York Times reported that in 1853 the Kern family "moved to a farm in Iowa and there for ten years he led the life of a pioneer, for during that time, he never saw a railroad train." The senator came to be known as "Uncle John Kern" and everybody who knew him had a kind word for him, according to *The Indianapolis News.*

When the Senate heard of his death on Saturday, Aug. 18, 1917, Sen. Harry S. New, the Republican who defeated Kern, made a motion, adopted by the Senate, calling for recess until Monday.

John W. Kern Jr., one of the senator's two sons, placed a marker at his father's grave in Carvins Cove, bearing this inscription: "Here lies in Peace, the body of John Worth Kern; Resting after the Labors of a Life Lived for the Welfare of the People."

Among the tributes after Sen. Kern's death was this comment by William B. Wilson, secretary of labor under President Woodrow Wilson, in the Claude Bowers biography: "He belonged to a race of statesmen whose type and example was Abraham Lincoln. These unite simplicity and sincerity with ability and power. They are rugged and strong, like the hills, genial and fruitful like the prairies, and like all these qualities of nature, honest.

"Throughout a long and distinguished public career which attained to eminence in the history of his country, Senator Kern never wavered from his early ideals. Like all constructive men, he endeavored to adapt them to the necessities and requirements of a changing age, but he maintained them in their integrity to the last. They became part of the strong structure of better things—better because John Worth Kern lived."

Sources

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Biographical Directory of the United States Congress

Places Near the Mountains, Helen R. Prillaman. Privately published. Roanoke, Va., 1985

The New York Times, Aug. 18, 1917

The Indianapolis News, Aug. 18, 1917

The Roanoke World-News, Aug. 21, 1917

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Crossing the Mountain in Longjohns

During the Civil War, Company B of the 28th Regiment was camped at Hanging Rock and one John Mayberry Abbott was itching to get home to Craigs Creek. His buddies hid his clothes because they were afraid he would be absent without leave. That didn't stop John Mayberry. He came over the mountain in his longjohns and was back in camp before roll call the next morning.

--*Hard Times*, a Craig County history by Jane Johnston and Brenda Williams

Emma Comer, First Graduate of Roanoke City High School

By David W. C. Bearr

More than a decade before Virginia established a public high school system, at a time when many families who desired advanced education for their children still preferred to patronize private academies, the Roanoke City Board of Education organized in 1891 a high school department for the "thorough study of higher mathematics, Latin, French and German." Three years later, Emma Carr Comer received the first diploma awarded by Roanoke City High School.[1]

The May 25, 1894 commencement was a triumph for both the school system and the scholar. In slightly more than a decade, the railroad had transformed tiny Big Lick, Virginia into what was fast becoming the magic city of Roanoke. This new growth and prosperity prompted city officials to expand the school system, but despite adequate public and financial support at the start, it was the perseverance of faculty and students that made the fledgling high school a success.

For Emma Comer, who spent her childhood in the Hollins neighborhood, attendance at a public high school was a decision borne out of necessity, not preference. Her parents took for granted that they would provide university educations for their sons and study at a private woman's college for their daughters. However, when Cavalry officer Francis Comer returned home to Campbell County from Richmond's Chimborazo Hospital early in 1865, the soon-to-be Confederate veteran faced chronic health problems and financial reversals as war-torn Virginia reconstructed itself. Regardless of the circumstances, Francis and his wife, the former Ellen Rebecca Bishop, remained determined that their children would be formally schooled, even if it meant relocating the family to a neighborhood of "greater educational advantages."[2]

Four months after Appomattox, Francis and Ellen Comer and her brother, the Reverend Milton L. Bishop, started a family school at his home, Mount Hermon, near Lynch Station. There, the oldest four Comer children completed several years of coursework before their uncle returned to the full-time pulpit and disbanded the school. Charles Comer eventually moved with the Bishop family and graduated high school from a Palmyra academy, and then enrolled at the University of Virginia.[3] A Bishop aunt played a key role in the plan that allowed her nieces from the Mt. Hermon school to finish their studies.

India Bishop Rice (widow of Dr. John Holt Rice of Salem) reasoned that if her sister and brother-in-law lived near a school that admitted women, all of their daughters could be educated for tuition alone without the added institutional expense of room and board. In 1870 India Bishop convinced the Comers to move to the Roanoke Valley, and after a brief stay in the city, the family relocated to Botetourt Springs, to

David W.C. Bearr wrote two histories of Blackstone College, including Scholars for Blackstone, *wrote and edited* Historic Fluvanna in the Commonwealth of Virginia, *and he is the author of more than a dozen articles and monographs on Virginia history. He works in student services with Baltimore County Public Schools in Maryland and is an adjunct professor in the graduate department at Western Maryland College. He found original source material on Roanoke City High School among family papers and books given to him by his cousin, the late (Miss) Emma C. Tinsley.*

First graduates of Roanoke High School in the 1894 class were (front row, from left) Nora Hartwell, Emma Comer; (middle row, from left) Alto Funkhouser, Maude Knepp, Annie Stevens, Lizzie Featherston; (back row, from left) Dora Trent, Cora Board, teacher, Prof. Mauzy and Miss Wyant, teacher. (Photo from History Museum of Western Virginia)

a house in sight of Hollins Institute. The arrangement succeeded for three daughters – Lelia, Anna and Symanthia – who "walked down the lane from their new home to the college." Before Emma (born in 1873 at the house near Hollins) and two other sisters were ready to follow in their siblings' footsteps, both parents had died, and in 1888 the younger children were scattered among various relatives across Virginia.[4]

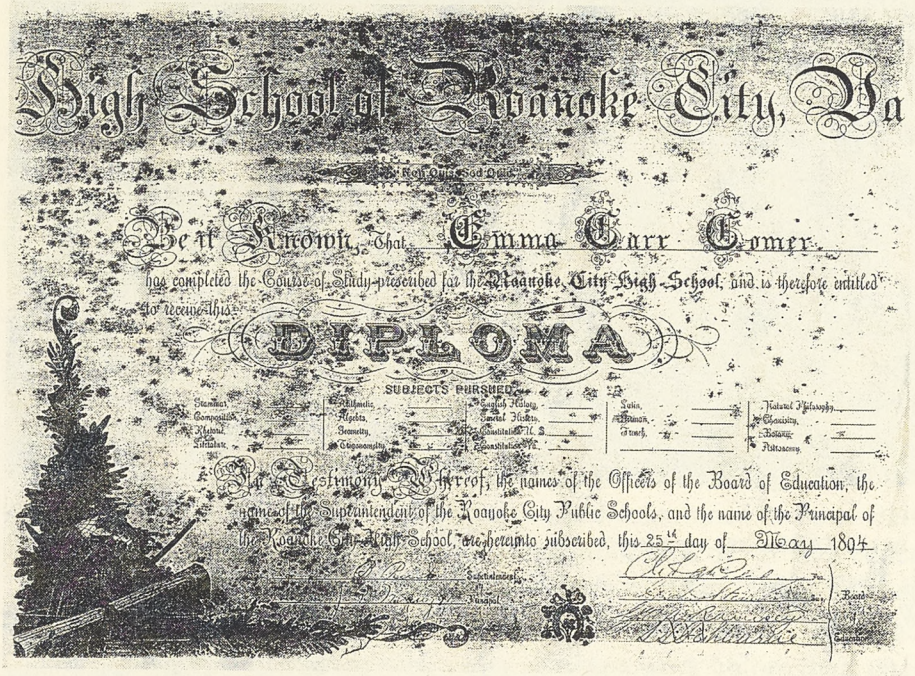
India Rice was in declining health, but the ties of kinship remained strong and she welcomed Emma into her home, located in Roanoke on Fourth Avenue, near the new brick First Ward School on Commerce Street. Emma still dreamed of attending her sisters' alma mater, but in 1888 she became the first member of her family to enroll in a public school when she registered at the Commerce Street school. It was a difficult time for the 15-year-old, still in grief over the deaths of her parents and her sister, Mollie. Emma wrote to one of her siblings: "I am truly orphaned apart from all of you." In less than two years, she became "parentless" again with the death of "Aunt India," and already Emma showed signs of melancholia, a type of severe depression she suffered periodically the rest of her life.[5]

Anna Comer weathered the loss of so many loved ones better than Emma did, and she assumed responsibility for her youngest sister. The two women and their first cousin, Alonzo Rice (of C. O'Leary & Co., a real estate firm), established a home together on Church Avenue – strategically located for Emma to begin high school in the fall. After Anna married C.J. Cook in 1892, Emma lived with the couple in Vinton,

and, fortunately, county residency did not prevent her continued enrollment at the city high school.[6]

Roanoke City High School spent its first session (1891-1892) in the crowded Commerce Street School building where one of ten rooms was set aside for advanced instruction. John P. Mauzy was the teaching principal, assisted by another former city elementary school principal, Cora M. Board. That the 23-member first class consisted of "all girls" was not an extraordinary 19th century endorsement of education for women, but simply the preference so many local males of high school age showed for work at the railroad shops versus school attendance.[7]

According to the high school report card, the academic year consisted of 175 days, and student performance in each subject was graded from five to ten with the following notations: "10, Excellent; 9, Very Good; 8, Good; 5, Indifferent," and a lesser performance earned a zero for failure. Student deportment was evaluated on the same scale. The school board implemented the three-year high school curriculum one year at a time, with the first graduation scheduled for 1894. Enrollment nearly doubled the first year, and at the start of the second session (1982-1893), Zada K. Wyant joined the faculty to teach English.


High School of Roanoke City, Va

Be it Known, That Emma Carr Comer

has completed the Course of Study prescribed for the Roanoke City High School, and is therefore entitled to receive this

DIPLOMA

SUBJECTS PURSUED

In Testimony Whereof, the names of the Officers of the Board of Education, the name of the Superintendent of the Roanoke City Public Schools, and the name of the Principal of the Roanoke City High School, are hereunto subscribed, this 25th day of May 1894

Emma Carr Comer's graduation diploma from Roanoke High School, May 25, 1894. (Photo courtesy of David Bearr)

A fire the summer of 1894 destroyed the records of the landmark school, but courses identified on Emma Comer's diploma and a shelf full of textbooks that survived her confirm that the three-year high school curriculum proposed by the school trustees was offered. Each year students took required English courses in grammar, composition, rhetoric and literature. Three years of history and mathematics were mandated. History and government course titles covered the world, the nation and the Commonwealth of Virginia. Offerings in mathematics ranged from basic arithmetic to trigonometry, and Emma started with second-year algebra and also completed a full year each of geometry and trigonometry. She took French every session, finished two years of both Latin and science (astronomy and chemistry), and had at least one course in natural philosophy (mental philosophy on report card). She did not take botany or German, but by almost any measure, she undertook a rigorous academic load.[8]

Emma scribbled in the margins and open spaces of her textbooks. This personal annotation appears accurate, for the grades she listed for High English corresponded to the 9.2 average recorded on her report card, and the class roster she compiled matched the graduation register. In her copy of *Whitney's French Grammar*, she proclaimed the romance language "my favorite subject," but her averages in French seldom equaled the near-perfect 9.9s earned in mathematics (and deportment). The principal taught Emma geometry, and the "seven young ladies" in his class addressed their teacher as "Professor Mauzy." Emma had the

prerequisite two years of algebra, but she wrote in her geometry text, "Oh! The long hours of study over this." Formulas and proofs copied into her copy of *Select Orations of Cicero* suggest a preoccupation with geometry even while in Latin class.[9]

Roanoke High School students studied Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Dryden, and they memorized countless lines from the poetry of Wordsworth, Byron, Keats and Shelley. Emma was so taken with the works of these poets that she framed sketches of them to display in her home. She took copious notes on Milton's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" and Coleridge's "The Ancient Mariner." The companion to her grammar text was a well-worn copy of *A Handbook of Punctuation* by Charles Turner. The author was a Hollins professor, and the book was used originally by one of her sisters who attended the college.

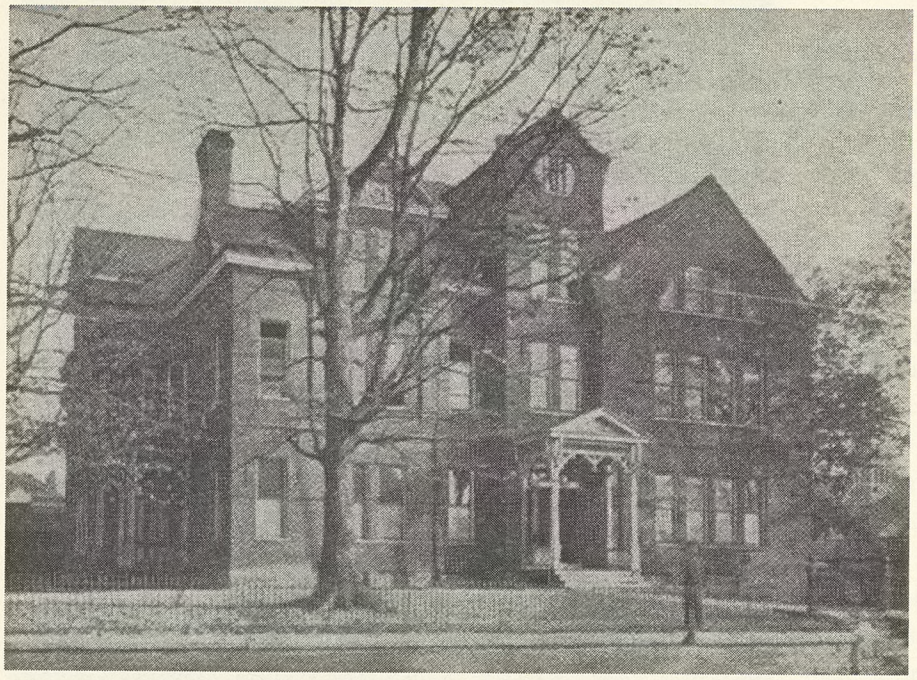
Emma Carr Comer Tinsley, 1894 graduate of Roanoke High School, and her daughter, Emma Comer Tinsley, 1919 graduate of the school. (Photo courtesy of David Bearr)

"A most interesting subject" was Emma's editorial on astronomy, but she omitted any comment on chemistry, the course in which she received an 8.9 average. It was the only time in her high school career when she earned less than a nine (Very Good).

Bible was not yet part of the curriculum, but Emma kept among her schoolbooks teacher editions of the Illustrative Notes for Sunday School Lessons. Perhaps she taught in the Sunday school at her Methodist church, Greene Memorial, then located on the southwest corner of Campbell Avenue and Roanoke (now Third) Street. Or possibly she assisted one of her high school teachers, Cora Board, who also taught in the church school. A city school trustee and prominent Roanoker, Tipton Tinsley Fishburne, was Sunday school superintendent at Greene Memorial. He and his wife, the former Callie Greer, took a special interest in Emma, and in 1892 "Uncle Tip" introduced her to his younger relative and business associate, Charles Lippitt Tinsley. There were no school dances or sporting events for the couple to attend, but they "kept company" at church functions. Also, "Lipp" Tinsley arranged frequent outings, usually in the spring, to Maury Bros. Portraits, and about a dozen different studio pictures show Emma and her admiring beau with as many as four of her girlfriends as chaperones. C.L. Tinsley came to Roanoke in 1882 and was a partner and vice president of R.H. Fishburne & Co., Limited, "Manufacturers of Fine Virginia Smoking Tobacco."[10]

A book added to her shelf years later, *Big Dan, The Story of A Colorful Railroader*, reveals that there was a male presence in the first high school class. Dan Cunningham returned to the city with his family

in 1891 after several years in Texas, and he created his own work-study arrangement: during the school day he enjoyed Latin and history, "but he disliked mathematics," and after school he worked at the Norfolk and Western shops. Emma remembered the late entrant in her class as outgoing, and he remembered her as "one of the sweetest [and] most intelligent pupils in the old Commerce Street High School." The newcomer found life at the Roanoke school "not as colorful as schooling in Texas [where] cowboys came to classes in their chops and spurs" to impress an attractive young teacher, but he did find his niche with the student thespians and landed the role of James Fitz James in the school production of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. Before moving to Texas, Dan attended elementary school in the same building now housing the high school, and he credited his speaking skills to the required Visitors' Day recitations he gave while in the lower grades. At the conclusion of the high school's first session, Dan worked full-time in the shop, but he had completed enough courses (here and in Texas) to enter the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College at Blacksburg (Virginia Tech).[11]



Commerce Street School. (Photo from History Museum of Western Virginia)

The Class of 1894 dwindled to just eight members at the beginning of the third and final session (1893-1894). Despite the dramatic drop in enrollment, the combined high school registration for the three classes could not be accommodated at the Commerce Street facility, and the old carriage factory at the corner of Church Avenue and Henry Street (now First Street) was rented and "fitted up" for the high school. The already small senior class was reduced further when illness forced Lizzie Featherston to withdraw, and graduation for the remaining scholars was jeopardized when "for lack of funds" the public schools closed in March. Roanoke was not immune to the Panic of 1893 that still gripped the nation, and according to James Botts, a city school teacher, this economic downturn was the start of fiscal problems for the school system that persisted into the next century and caused banks routinely to discount faculty paychecks.[12]

With the school officially shut down, how did the Class of 1894 graduate? Emma Comer claimed that "not a day was lost for our teachers were a remarkable group of pedagogues who encouraged their girls to stay the course, and without salary they (the teachers) continued senior class lectures to ensure our timely graduation." In May, 1894, seven graduates received their diplomas in alphabetical order. Following Emma Comer, they were Sadie Ferguson, Alto Funkhouser, who later taught mathematics and English at the high school, Nora Hartwell, Maude Knepp, Annie Stevens (at 16 the youngest and the prettiest according to Emma), and Dora Trent, who went on to study at Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore and later replaced Miss Wyant at the high school.[13]

Soon after graduation, Emma Comer taught in a family school at Staunton, the city where she

married Lipp Tinsley on September 29, 1896. The couple returned to Roanoke and set up housekeeping on Albemarle Avenue, and on November 13, 1897, their daughter (whom the father named "Emma Comer Tinsley") was born. In 1904 the Tinsleys occupied their new home in Roanoke's expanding West End on the northwest corner of 13th Street and Campbell Avenue, opposite the future site of West End Methodist Church where the family were charter members. For over 30 years, C.L. Tinsley was president and principal owner of Tinsley Construction Company (general contractors); the vice president was his nephew, Walter Tinsley, and the secretary-treasurer was E.C. Tinsley – its identification dependent upon which "Emma Comer Tinsley" (wife or daughter) was available.[14]

Whatever misgivings the senior Emma Tinsley had held about attending a public school, she came to appreciate her place in history. At an alumni banquet held at Hotel Roanoke in 1919, more than 250 guests heard the first Roanoke City High School graduate sing the praises of the teachers who 26 years earlier had taught without compensation to give her and her classmates an education. Alto Funkhouser, another member of the first class and now a faculty member at the school, also attended the dinner, and that evening she and Emma publicly thanked yet another woman present: Cora Board, in her 26th year as an administrator and teacher at Roanoke City High School.

And, perhaps that evening the former Emma Comer believed that events had come full circle. The Roanoke Times soon reported what the banquet crowd already knew: the junior Emma Comer Tinsley was valedictorian of the Class of 1919 and "by virtue of achieving the highest honors [intended] to accept the Hollins scholarship."[15]

End Notes

1. Barnes, Richard P., *A History of Roanoke*, pp. 232-233; "Evolution of High School," Acorns of Roanoke 1919, p. 11. Some sources cite June 1, 1894 as date of the first graduation, but Emma Comer's diploma is dated May 25, 1894.

2. "Francis Comer," Civil War Records at Library of Virginia, Vol. 8, p. 197; Lafferty, Rev. John J. "Rev. Charles F. Comer," *Sketches of the Virginia Conference* (1890), p. 198.

Comer family Bible recorded nine children: Charles Francis (1853-1921), Lelia Ellen (1856-1933), Anna Ellis (1858-1926), Symanthia Beard (1861-1927), Mollie or Mary Fletcher (1864-1882), Loulie Belle-Roberta (1867-1940), John Bishop (1870-1933), Emma Carr (1873-1953), and James William (1875-1957).

3. Lafferty, Rev. John J. "Rev. Milton Lafayette Bishop." *Sketches*, 1880, pp. 56-57. Milton Bishop, alumnus of Emory and Henry and Randolph-Macon colleges, served the Fincastle Methodist Circuit in 1859. The junior Emma Tinsley's aunts told her that Miss Ada Armstead, descendant of Edward Winston Henry (Patrick's son) ran the Mount Hermon school.

From the 1890 edition of *Sketches*: Charles graduated from the University of Virginia in 1876, and after graduation from Vanderbilt University in 1882, he joined the clergy ranks of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

4. Student records for Charles Comer at the University of Virginia reveal domicile of Francis Comer family; Alumnae Directory of Hollins College, p. 20: lists Lelia, Anna and Symanthia Comer. From Comer Family Bible: Mollie or Mary Fletcher (known as Fettie) died in 1882, Ellen in 1885, and Francis in 1888.

From Emma Tinsley's notes in 1966: Loulie attended Wilson Collegiate Institute in North Carolina; she married J.O. Otey, Sr. of Charles City County and after his death returned to Roanoke and resided with the Tinsleys. Her name appears in the published histories of both Greene Memorial and West End Methodist churches. "Will" attended and then taught at Roanoke Business College and was a well-known city councilman and president of Hix-Palmer; John sought his fortune with the railroad and lived at Vinton.

5. ND letter from Emma Comer to a sibling ca. 1889; death record from family Bible; 1951 medical "Abstract" identified manic depressive history.

6. *Roanoke City Directory*, 1891 and 1892 editions, list the relatives boarding together; marriage record from family Bible.

7. Barnes's history and the 1919 yearbook provide information about the new school; "School System Had Early Start," *The Roanoke Times*, June 9, 1957, p. 26: newspaper's Diamond Jubilee coverage of the first city public schools.

8. From 1919 yearbook: history includes faculty additions and changes, and different facilities used over the years.

9. In addition to Emma, the students were Nora Hartwell, Alto Funkhouser, Dora Trent, Annie Stevens, Maude Knepp and Lizzie Featherston.

10. Rewis, Millard, Jr. "Tipton Tinsley Fishburne," *His New Creation*, pp. 47-50; Tipton was an owner and head of the tobacco firm until 1892 when he sold out to his brother, Reuben H., T.J. Phelps and C.L. Tinsley; history of Greene Memorial Church mentions Miss Board on page 64.

Acorns of Roanoke 1919, p. 12. This year partially through Miss Board "a course in Bible Study was put into the regular curriculum."

11. Cunningham, Frank. *Big Dan, The Story of a Colorful Railroader*, pp. 91, 94-95, 105-106. Dan's roommate at Blacksburg was another Roanoke student, J.I. Palmer. "Big Dan" visited Emma in Roanoke in 1947 and autographed his biography.

12. Barnes discussed closed schoolhouses on p. 275 in his book. From the 1919 annual, p. 11: "The carriage factory building burned down on the eve of the 1894-1895 session," and the Smith Building, on the corner of Salem Avenue and Roanoke Street, was used through May 1898. Next the high school went back to its starting point, the Commerce Street School. In 1898, the first building specifically built for the high school was erected at Roanoke Street and Church Avenue. This building was replaced by Jefferson High School in 1924.

Miss Botts quoted in 1957 Diamond Jubilee newspaper article.

13. "Roanoke High Alumni Banquet A Big Success," ND. Mrs. Tinsley spoke extemporaneously to the 250 graduates and Class of 1919 at Hotel Roanoke. Senior class picture identified by Mrs. Tinsley; Dora Trent's joining faculty mentioned in 1919 yearbook (p. 11).

14. C.L. Tinsley was a prominent citizen: a steward first at Greene Memorial and then West End, a 50-year veteran of the city's Osceola Lodge of the Pythians, and during the Golden Jubilee celebration in 1934 (commemorating the first city charter) he was recognized as one of the "Pioneers" of the city.

15. "Roanoke High Alumni Banquet A Big Success," Roanoke Times, nd; "City High School Commencement Exercises Held," *Roanoke Times*, May 30, 1919, p. 2; "Faculty," Acorns of Roanoke 1919, published by the Senior Class of Roanoke High School, p. 14; Notes by (Miss) Emma C. Tinsley, 1966. According to Miss Tinsley, her mother was undecided about speaking to the group (as requested by the banquet committee), but at the dinner she stood up at her table and captivated the audience with her story of the first graduation.

Miss Tinsley attended Hollins two years and earned a biology degree from the University of Virginia. After teaching at St. Anne's School in Charlottesville, she taught during the 1940s at Lee Junior High School and then at Jefferson High School, descendent to the 1894 high school.

(Between 1917 and 1929, Mrs. Tinsley congratulated nine nieces and nephews who also graduated from her alma mater: Gladys Cook, Allen Otey, and seven Comers: Edward, Elizabeth, Francis, Percy, Virginia, Rebecca and Walton.)

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Letter, Charles to Loulie Comer, ca. Summer, 1888
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Civil War record (copy fom Library of Virginia file)
Family Bible
Emma Carr Comer – Mrs. C.L. Tinsley (1873-1953)
Abstract of medical record, 1951
Ca. 1889 letter to unnamed sibling; notes transcribed by daughter in 1947
Roanoke City High School
1892 report card
1894 senior class photograph with identifications
1894 diploma
Schoolbooks, 1891-1894
Emma Comer Tinsley (1897-1981)
"The Golden Jubilee Banquet," 1934
Letter, Emma to Gladys Cook Williams, August 2, 1957; (notes) to author, January 10, 1966
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Celebrating the Millennium - 1901

By Donlan Piedmont

Roanokers of a century ago may not have enjoyed the blessings of television commercials, fast-food shops, traffic congestion and e-mail, but by golly, they flat out beat their municipal descendants when it came to identifying the starting date of a new century.

Undirected by CNN, those McKinley Americans knew very well that their new century began January 1, 1901, not 1900. If proof of their wisdom is required, you may consult The Roanoke Times for that date. The contents are rewarding.

"The Dawn of the New Century" proclaims a headline on Page 1, and "Elaborate Ceremonies Mark its Advent in New York"—and elsewhere, as the rest of the newspaper reveals.

For Roanokers, "it was an event that few wanted to miss and the hour of 12 was noted by both the young and the old. Many bells were rung and whistles blown to mark the change. At a number of churches especial watch services were held, and at some very attractive programs were rendered."

Here, St. James Methodist was perhaps more than typical: It held two services, one at 9 p.m., the second at 10:30. The first had a number of hortatory "Recitations" including "How to Make the Coming Year Better Than The Past". Rev. T. T. Fishburne spoke, a male quartet sang, and the Epworth League rally song was also rendered, presumably by the congregation. There then followed "a thirty minutes intermission for social hand-shaking, good will, etc." The second half of the evening's events was less secular, including as it did, a "consecration service, prayer, song and benediction."

Watch services at Greene Memorial Methodist, Trinity Methodist and Belmont Methodist followed the same general pattern, except at the latter, where a love feast was also part of the program. St. John's Episcopal's ran from 11 to 12:15. The Rescue Mission offered a turn-of-the-century service too, but thoughtfully began it at 7:30 and "ended [it] in time for those present to attend the various church meetings."

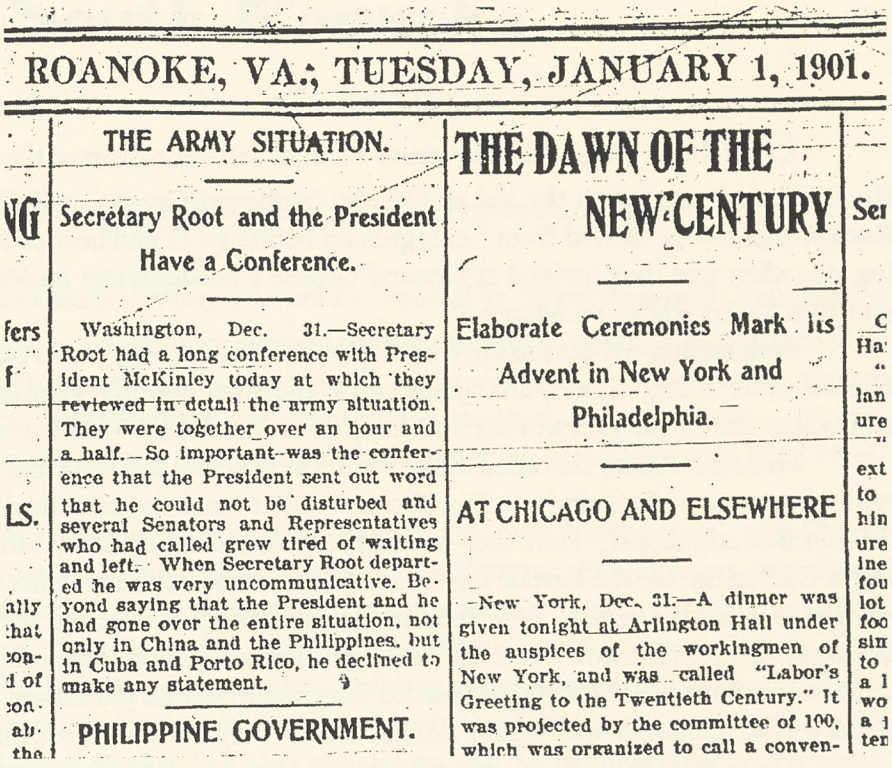
In Savannah an ecclesiastical observance took a different form when "the end of one century and the beginning of the new was celebrated tonight by a Pontifical High Mass in the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist with Bishop Kelly officiating."

If these proceedings were in every respect celebrated in dignity, piety and appropriate environment, the same could not be said for one Charles Ross, whose woes were chronicled in a story headed "The Prisoner Didn't Know That He Was Loaded." Celebrating the new century somewhat early, Mr. Ross had, alas, "looked too long upon the wine that was red." He returned in the ensuing condition to his job at a livery stable "and created a disturbance," in part because "the wine was running riot in his mental faculties" and in further part by a marked disinclination to accept his dismissal at the hands of his employer. Matters went on like this for awhile, but at length, as often happens in such cases, an officer was called to the premises.

This worthy constable was "greeted effusively by Charles, who trod on his feet and otherwise behaved most unbecomingly." Later, in court, Mr. Ross "disclaimed all knowledge of the affair," citing a loss of memory. His memory was then restored by a fine of $15. Happy New Year, Charlie.

Donlan Piedmont, retired public relations director for Norfolk Southern Corp. in Roanoke, is the author of Peanut Soup and Spoonbread: An Informal History of Hotel Roanoke. *He is a native of Norfolk and a graduate of the University of Notre Dame.*

In a wider world, the turn of the century was marked in less celebratory fashion. In the Philippines, the United States, unaccustomed to the rubrics of empire, laid out a municipal government program and other reforms for the territory recently acquired from Spain. It was highly similar to the scheme proposed by General MacArthur. (Thus does history cast a long shadow ahead, for less than a half-century later, this general's son brought democracy and a constitution to a defeated Japan.) In South Africa the Boers were busy pulling the British lion's tail, in one case stopping and shooting up a train, and in another, raiding a British outpost at 2:30 in the morning and inflicting some casualties.



ROANOKE, VA.; TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1901.

THE ARMY SITUATION.

Secretary Root and the President Have a Conference.

Washington, Dec. 31.—Secretary Root had a long conference with President McKinley today at which they reviewed in detail the army situation. They were together over an hour and a half. So important was the conference that the President sent out word that he could not be disturbed and several Senators and Representatives who had called grew tired of waiting and left. When Secretary Root departed he was very uncommunicative. Beyond saying that the President and he had gone over the entire situation, not only in China and the Philippines, but in Cuba and Porto Rico, he declined to make any statement.

PHILIPPINE GOVERNMENT.

THE DAWN OF THE NEW CENTURY

Elaborate Ceremonies Mark Its Advent in New York and Philadelphia.

AT CHICAGO AND ELSEWHERE

New York, Dec. 31.—A dinner was given tonight at Arlington Hall under the auspices of the workingmen of New York, and was called "Labor's Greeting to the Twentieth Century." It was projected by the committee of 100, which was organized to call a conven-

In celebrating American cities, however, there were happily no reports of casualties of that magnitude, although there were undoubtedly many of the Charles Ross category. As in Roanoke, Watch Services were held in Chicago, but in that toddlin' town's "business districts, crowds of men and boys [NOW, where are you?] marched up and down the streets blowing horns and cheering while every steam whistle in the city was turned loose on the stroke of 12." In our Richmond, "the incoming of the new century was signalized...by the blowing of steam whistles and the ringing of church bells."

"The great City Hall and the historic State House were the centers of celebrations" in Philadelphia. There were a military parade and pyrotechnic and electrical displays. At 11:55 p.m. all lights went out and the multitude waited in the gloom as the last five minutes of the century were ticked off, and simultaneously a gorgeous display of fireworks burst forth from every point of the [State House]."

In New York, Trinity Church in Lower Manhattan presented a concert on its chimes, beginning at 11:30 "with the concerto in Rondo" (whatever that was), followed by "fourteen numbers in all [played]...at brief intervals." Farther uptown, "A dinner was given...at Arlington Hall under the auspices of the workingmen of New York and was called 'Labor's Greeting to the Twentieth Century." The sponsors' ultimate goal was to form a council of labor and reform societies to seek legislation to "frame the will of the people on matters of tenement house problems, sweat shop systems, etc."

Part of the apparently considerable program included a poem by Edwin Markham written for the occasion. Though the celebrations from the beginning of one century to the next varied in style, content and attitude, lines in the poem resonate today, as if Markham had a profound vision of our time:

> "Lo, Man has laid his sceptre on the stars,
> And sent his spell upon the continents.
> The Heavens confess their secrets..."

And indeed he has. ❖

Mrs. Breckinridge's Brewery

On February 15, 1781, Governor Thomas Jefferson ordered the militia of Augusta, Rockbridge and Rockingham counties to the aid of General Nathaniel Greene in Guilford County, North Carolina. The Rockbridge troops started from Lexington on February 23 and headed south down the Valley Pike. Traveling was slow and they arrived at General Greene's headquarters on March 10 and fought in the Battle of Guilford Court House on March 15.

Among non-officers in the Rockbridge militia company were Archibald Stuart and Samuel Houston. Houston was twenty-three years of age and a student of divinity when he enlisted and he kept a diary of his trip which ended one month later on March 23, 1781. Stuart was his companion and messmate.

Houston's diary recorded the company's daily journey from and return to Lexington. The first overnight stop was at Grigsby's in Rockbridge County and the next day they marched fifteen miles to the Amsterdam community. Here they probably encamped at Purgatory Mountain, near the James River crossing at Buchanan. On the first day of March they marched seventeen miles to the Amsterdam community in present Botetourt County. Here they probably encamped near the residence of the late Colonel Robert Breckinridge for Houston wrote the next day: "Drew liquor in the morning and paid fifteen dollars for beer to Mrs. Breckinridge." He did not record how much beer he purchased, but at this juncture of the Revolutionary War, the dollar was highly inflated and he may have acquired only a day or two of rations.

Three days later, the company reached New London, the county seat of Bedford, and then turned south and headed to North Carolina. The scene of battle at Guilford Court House was six miles north of present Greensboro. Houston recorded in his diary that he fired his rifle fourteen times in the battle which lasted two hours and twenty-five minutes. General Greene's troops won the battle and helped turn the tide of the Revolution. The next day, the Rockbridge militiamen started their journey home and arrived in Lexington on March 23.

Houston turned out to be a noted Presbyterian minister and Stuart became district judge of Western Virginia in Augusta County and a very close friend of Jefferson.

Source: Annals of Augusta County, Virginia, 1726-1781, *Joseph A. Waddell. Staunton, Va., 1902. Pages 223-225*

Growing Up and Having Fun in South Roanoke

By Dorathy Brown Piedmont

Excerpts from "Hikemaster," *a memoir of George Ernest Brown Jr. by his sister*

In 1932, we — my mother and father, brother Ern and I — moved to "Short Rosalind" from the top of Virginia [later Crystal Spring] Avenue. We children enjoyed the opportunity these flat blocks afforded us to ride tricycles and wagons and later to skate and ride bicycles. They were perfect for what would prove to be Ern's favorite riding toy, his "flexy." The Flexible Flyer, which all the boys had, was essentially a sled with wheels. They rode them kneeling on one knee and pumping with the other leg and then would fling themselves flat to tear headlong downhill.

Another wonderful advantage of our new location was sleigh riding at the Funkhousers', now Cherry Hill. With few cars to worry about we could build all sorts of trails and ramps. Funkhousers' was also a great place for cowboy and Indian games. And for some reason or other, we all liked to perch on top of the little concrete spring house that faces Short Rosalind. I think Mr. Funkhouser was tolerant of all the little folks who ranged through his property. Bill Skelton remembers children going to the large house on Halloween, and small groups at a time being invited in for cider and cookies in the dining room and then in to the library to hear Mr. Funkhouser tell ghost stories. Bill also remembers that Mr. Funkhouser on his walks would stop by the spot on Carolina Avenue where boys always played marbles and join the game for awhile.

Then there was no more pleasant and restful place than the Crystal Spring Reservoir Park. At first we would walk there with Mother in the afternoons of summer but soon we were able to go there in little neighborhood groups, a big adventure for us. Riding our tricycles and wagons, we would take along paper bags with grape jelly sandwiches and graham crackers. We were endlessly fascinated by the spring bubbling up over multi-hued stones. We followed its course through the various waterways and stared at the water, emerald green and sparkling like sapphires in the big reservoir. The walkways were fragrant with Rose of Sharon and sweetgum bushes. To peer into the pump room at the enormous hissing brass gears and pistons was a thrill. We could visit there with the kindly, patient men who polished and oiled this equipment constantly, keeping the water flowing in our kitchens and bathrooms.

There were some exciting happenings where we lived. Gordon Hunter, who lived across the street, remembers better than I when "moonshiners," being hotly pursued down Broadway into McClanahan, crashed at the corner. I remember the screeching crash, the broken glass and the "white lightnin'" spilling out of the car's trunk. Gordon remembers that the moonshiners' car "threw a wheel" that went up on the porch of a McClanahan Street house, and maybe through a window. Norman Weinstein wrote me for this tale: "and shall I ever forget the day when a moonshiner's car came roaring down Broadway and on to McClanahan

Dorathy Brown Piedmont, a Roanoke native, graduate of Hollins College and mother of six, has taught and practiced art most of her life. She has a Vanishing Valley series of notecards and prints on significant local historic sites. Known today as Dot, she writes of her brother, Ern Brown, who served in the Army in Korea where he contracted polio and died in 1953.

to carom off the curb in front of our house. The last time I looked, not so very long ago, the curb still showed the same triangular gap that had resulted and had often and always unsuccessfully been repaired."

Gordon also remembers a bootleg raid on a house at the lower end of the Short Rosalind block. But that was before we moved there.

Some memories of Gordon, not connected with alcohol, centered on how South Roanoke boys could go all around the neighborhood in the sewers. He says there were "rats in there as big as cats" and that you could go up to 27th Street before the space in the sewers got too small.

A wagon train was driven by eight little folks on Lafayette (now Longview) Avenue in South Roanoke. Next to a dog in the last wagon were Lloyd Engleby, Buddy Hamilton, Norma Hamilton, Jimmy Huston, Dot Brown, Buddy Hughes, Ern Brown and Rea Low Jr. The wagon was made in the Norfolk & Western Railway's East End Shops by Ed Shoffner, grandfather of Rea Low and Dot Brown. (Photo courtesy of Dorathy Piedmont)

Also he tells how boys would go down in the "swamp," now South Roanoke Park, to catch snakes. Once he had put a box of snakes under his porch with only a screen over it. When his mother, with no tolerance for the creatures, found the box, she ordered him to get rid of them. So he poured them down the drain, which must have produced a few surprises at other residences.

Another time, however, Gordon did keep a hapless snake around all day, a snake he had beheaded. He had heard that a beheaded snake would "keep on twitchin'" until sundown, and he aimed to test that theory. All day long Ern and I would peer into the box at the headless reptile. I don't know whether or not the theory was proved correct.

About South Roanoke Park, Norman, who lived on McClanahan, writes, "Imagine looking out your back window just across the tracks and into South Roanoke Park, just a few hundred yards away, to see zebras and elephants and camels and giraffes chomping on hay. Ringling Brothers Circus was setting up its big top at Maher Field and temporarily parked these exotic herbivore not far behind our house. Not that South Roanoke Park had always been worthy of exotic or any other kind of animal except rats. It had for years been a major dump. It was odoriferous and smoky from the tin-can stoves of the hoboes who camped there." Hobo camps were a feature of the Depression, and were always located near railroad tracks in an area where trains had to slow down.

This was such an area. Out-of-work men would frequently show up at the back doors of houses in the neighborhood — certainly ours and the Weinsteins' — where they could count on a meal. They were said to have marked the houses that were friendly. Mother would fix them a plate of food and the men would sit on the back steps to eat it. Many offered to do yard chores in gratitude. Occasionally my father would give someone a little money or some clothing and I think at least once he let someone take a bath.

SUMMER GAMES

Gordon remembers with great fondness the summer games we played until twilight turned to darkness, and the voices of mothers calling children home in the warm air. Giant steps, statues, hide-and-go-seek and kick-the-can were favorites

During the day there was always a lot of street-hockey, or "shinny," played by the boys and watched by the girls. Mainly Ern and the younger boys played cops and robbers or cowboys and Indians. In the cops and robbers set were a cap pistol, a billy club, a badge and handcuffs. The cowboy and Indian set had a belt with double holsters and cap pistols and usually a lariat (to tie up captives, of course).

For the girls, games were jackrocks, hopscotch and jump rope, single or the long rope with people taking turns and the jumpers skipping nimbly in and out. Often we would see who could keep it up the longest. Other times two ropes were turned at once for "double dutch."

These were also playground games at Crystal Spring School, either before school started or at recess. Often there were teacher-organized singing games at recess, too. I well remember Ern's fury when he reported at lunch one day that he had to play "oat pea beans and barley grow, whether the farmer do them sow" and something about rance and tance and tidy-o. Who knows what it really was, but one thing was clear: he sure didn't like it.

For a couple of days one summer, an elaborate game was played by our neighborhood boys and others from farther up South Roanoke. It was "The Rubber Gun Wars." My cousin Bob Brown remembers that at first there were just casual skirmishes, somewhat like pick-up ball games. But later there were structured battles somewhere on or near Wycliffe Avenue. He clearly remembers how painful the hits were. And he remembers too my father down in his basement workshop making guns and slicing up inner tubes for "ammunition." Gordon says "there was a lot of inventiveness in the gun-making, all sizes and types. There were repeaters and even one with a half-star like a cog on one side to feed the rubber bands."

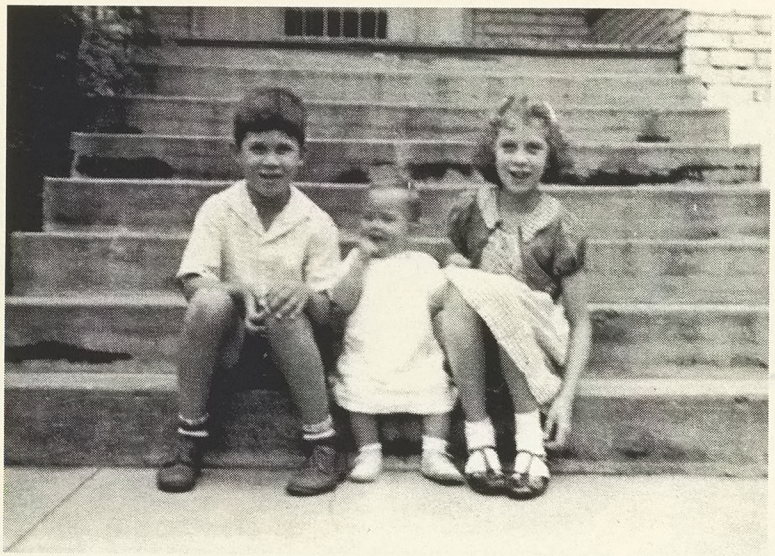
Norman recalls that "we became adept at manufacturing our weapons, mostly L-shaped pieces of wood with a spring-loaded clothespin fastened at one end. An inner tube cross section, perhaps six inches long by one-half-inch wide, would be stretched from the front of the L and pinched by the clothespin. When the pin was squeezed and the top opened, out would fly the taut oversized rubber band with amazing accuracy. SPLAT was the usual sound of contact." Norman personally experienced "a rubber-gun cannon, a highly destructive weapon. It consisted of a five-foot long two-by-four with an enormous rubber band from front to rear — nothing L-shaped, just a long piece of lumber and that rubber band with a cord below it at the rear. When the cord was pulled up, this primitive bazooka let go. The only redeeming memory of the South Roanoke Rubber-Gun Wars, says Norman, "is that I did once manage to splat one of our enemies into nosebleed with a standard weapon."

Gradually leadership evolved with the loosely organized groups (perhaps now they would be called gangs), and the boys would attack, retreat, regroup and ambush each other.

Kitty Blair Fisher and I were terribly jealous of the fun the boys were having, but were able only to drag along the fringes as self-appointed nurses. We pulled a wagon carrying water, bandages and mercurochrome. But in the course of the whole fracas, much to our disappointment, we treated only one injury, a skinned knee.

More childhood "battles" occurred around the corner in a vacant lot on Carolina Avenue. Norman remembers the lot as "unkempt ... rich in weeds and high grasses and sticky things.... It became the center of highly concentrated jungle pursuits.... In the late fall, with the tall reedy things dead and dry and stiff we found we had wonderful spears to hurl long distances with at least a modicum of accuracy; or the things might serve as arrows for a home-made bow."

Ern's other battles were fought with his toy soldiers, the ubiquitous lead toys of the day. And you didn't go out and buy them: you cast them. To make these martial figures boys poured melted lead into molds and then painstakingly painted according to their military affiliation. Bob Brown relates that during the war years — the real war years — when lead was unavailable, boys would go up on Stone Mountain to an old tree that was used for target practice and dig lead slugs out of it. These were then "melted down in a pot on the stove — if Mother didn't yell at us."



Ern, Anne and Dot Brown rest from a day of play in South Roanoke. (Photo courtesy of Dorathy Piedmont)

My sister Anne's ever-present companion, Betty Lou (Gordon Hunter's sister), says that once she and Anne kidnapped Ern's soldiers and buried them, saying they "had killed them." Anne says this is not true, but I have to say it makes a good story,

Boys that they were, Ern and his friend Jake Patsel prowled the alleys and checked out the garbage cans. One memorable lunchtime, Ern seated himself and, looking unusually broad-shouldered, declared excitedly that he and Jake had found great shoulder pads. To the astonishment of my parents he pulled Kotex pads out of his shirt.

THE PIG MAN

Along with his flexy, toy soldiers and rubber gun, Ern's large-gauge Lionel electric train was the favorite occupation of his childhood. In the long winter months his train would often be set up under and around the dining room table. A world of cars, trucks and soldiers would gather beside it. And my father made him a little watchtower and gate to "guard the crossing."

The advent of automatic gates of course displaced some railroad workers, and in one case, a bridge replaced the need for gates and gave rise to a neighborhood character, "The Pig Man." Before the bridge was built over the maze of tracks called the Franklin Road Bottom, this man had stood guard there. When he lost that source of income he began to raise pigs and sank into a seemingly unsavory lifestyle. He and his pigs lived in a collection of shelters at the corner of Franklin Road and Brandon Avenue, alongside the creek. Businesses came and went in the front portion of that triangle of land (a florist is there at the present time), but the Pig Man remained. For years, the Orange Market, a pick-up food store, was there, and Mother never failed to tell my father to "stop by the Orange Market on your way home." It became a family joke. I am not sure whether or not the Pig Man had a proprietary interest in the store, but I think he did.

When Ern tired of the Lionel, he had his Lincoln Logs and Erector set. He built marvelously with both, showing his engineering bent. He had hoped one day to build real bridges. He had a wonderful water toy called a putt-putt boat. It was three or four inches long with details painted on, and in it the effigy of a little man. There was a place to stick the stump of a candle, and when the candle was lit, the tiny craft would putt-putt nosily around the bathtub, or wherever.

Our neighborhood entertainment included stilt-walking. This was actually started by my father who, with his usual agility demonstrated the skill to us and then set about supplying us with the stilts. We gamely stumped up and down the front walk, and Gordon got so good at it that he could balance on stilts as tall as the top of the front porch railings.

Once the group became fascinated with jumping off a neighboring garage. To get on the roof we had to make a risky climb up a tree and then a pole and stretch across a small space. Then we would take turns jumping off, which we did all afternoon. Eventually I got tired and went home before being called to supper. When we sat down to eat, we waited for Ern but he didn't come. He was called and called, but still no Ern. Finally I thought, "I wonder if he's still on that garage?" I ran over and there he was, all by himself. He had "frozen" and lost his nerve, and everyone else had gone home. I talked him home and we went on to supper. It's hard to believe that this was the Ern who would later amuse himself by ranging all over the terrifying heights of the roof of our Avenham Avenue house. And who would become an avid rock climber.

Another South Roanoke activity was hiking to the ore mines. Families and Scout troops took hikes over there and small groups or pairs of boys would often trek over for real or imaginary adventures. The ore mines were reached by a path at the end of Cornwallis Avenue or by a path off Yellow Mountain Road.

According to Guy Buford, one of Ern's great friends, the ore mine area had been the property of Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Company, and was abandoned in the early 1920s. He says the area had test pits which, "if you fell into you would have been in real trouble." Fortunately no one did. Our favorite activity there was sliding down the loose clay sides over and over again. We must have gone home filthy after this.

Bob Brown remembers that once he and Ern were there when a bad rainstorm blew up. They sought shelter under a large overhang of those clay sides. The storm loosened a boulder that fell on Bob's head, stunning him and gashing him pretty badly. He remembers being grateful that Ern didn't panic but calmly walked him home. He ended up with stitches, and still has the scar.

Bill Skelton, like Ern a member of First Presbyterian Church's Boy Scout Troop 1, remembers the troop's camping trips and capture-the-flag game at the mines. Bob recalls impromptu capture-the-flag games that expanded into elaborate games between various groups. "It could get quite rowdy and rather rough at times. Some people were really competitive," he told me.

For Ern, hiking was his world. Norman wrote me about two Saturdays when he and Ern hiked up Mill Mountain. "On the first climb, we went the long route, more or less following the old toll road on the Roanoke side of the mountain. The second time we went pretty much straight up, just to the side of and actually on the trolley path, which consisted of the countless rocks that formed the bed for the tracks when years before a cable trolley had taken passengers up and down. Ernie was a strong hiker," Norman says, "and he rarely paused to rest. Both times we ate our Campbell's beans and bouillon at the top of the trolley path by the ruins of the old trolley station. How pleasant it was," Norman recalls, "just to sit up there and gaze out at the world. And of course, the old Rockledge Inn existed then."

SCOUTING

"Ern was a strong hiker," Norman said. It was an acquired strength, firmly founded on a love of the outdoors.

In his teen years, when he worked at old Camp Powhatan near Natural Bridge, running the camp store and driving the camp truck, Ern became legendary as a hikemaster. Eddie Wheeler recalls that as hikemaster, when Ern would step off, "he would be halfway across the room. It was like he was all legs from his feet to his chest, and those in the back of the line were, on the hike, left progressively farther and farther back." Eddie says he learned to start out well up front.

It was at Camp Powhatan that Ern came to know one of the pivotal persons in his life, the camp director Mr. Poff. Ken Motley says they called him "Skipper Poff." Ern admired him greatly and matured under his influence. Guy Buford even remembers that when Ern built the slate walk in front of our house at 2601 Avenham, "Skipper Poff came out there and helped."

It was in regard to swimming that Ern performed one of his kindest acts, an act that showed his real character. During some of his Scout work he became acquainted with a black troop. When he learned those boys couldn't swim, having had no place to learn, he got our father to free up one of his trucks and took the whole troop to a place near Martinsville where they were allowed to swim, and he helped teach some of them himself.

First Presbyterian's Troop 1, Ern's troop, was the oldest in Roanoke. In his day the leaders were Charlie Gearhart and Preston Leech. Ern especially admired Preston, and flourished under his leadership.

One summer in his middle teens Ern learned about an inter-Council Scout trip, sailing on a full-rigged ship on Chesapeake Bay. Ern applied for this and gained the opportunity to go. I worried and worried about him because of his tricky stomach, but he conquered seasickness by sleeping on deck and took to the sea like a sailor. He especially liked climbing high in the rigging (remember when he was afraid to jump off the garage?), and he came home a new person. This adventure was most certainly his inspiration for his ingenious rigging of his canoe with sail. I sewed the sail for him and was privileged to go out to Carvins Cove with him several times. He—with Jim Clendenin, I think—even took their sailing canoe to Norfolk and had many adventures in the harbor.

The Streetcar

All that came well after our Short Rosalind days. These, especially in the summer, often involved streetcar trips downtown or to the end of the line and back. Clutching money from our allowances we would browse the ten-cent stores. Kress's was our favorite. At the entrance were the enticing candy counters full of things that never tasted as good as they looked...big orange gumdrop slices, awful pale orange candy peanuts, nougats, fudge, non-pareils (chocolate disks with hard white sprinkles) and big chunks of tooth-cracking peanut brittle. While Mother searched for a particular kind of thread, hairpins, hair net or whatever, we would head to the left, pausing to enjoy the wonders in the huge fish tank at the top of the marble steps—full of goldfish of all sizes, seaweedy stuff, colored gravel and little china castles. Then it was down the steps to the toy department where we took care to look at everything. Usually Ern ended up buying more rolls of caps for a boy's best friend, his cap pistols, and I might have got a coloring book, crayons or doll clothing.

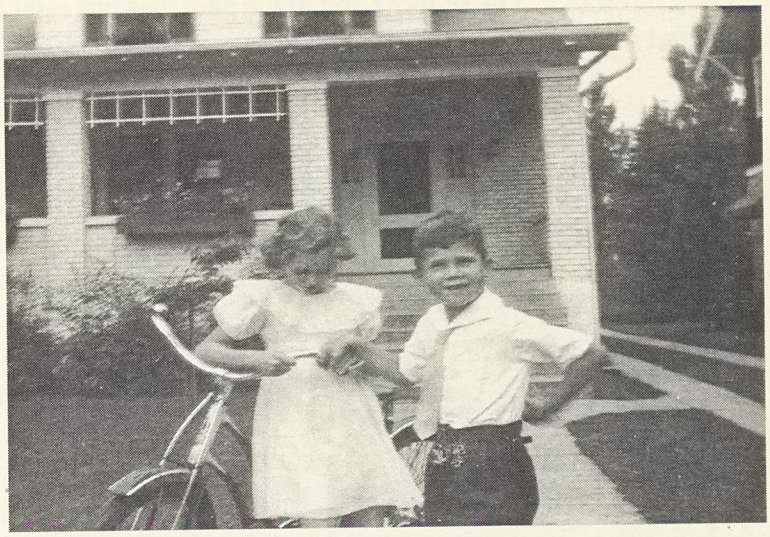
Sometimes Mother would take Ern and me downtown on the streetcar to go to the movies. We would either see collections of cartoons—Felix the Cat, Mickey Mouse and so forth—or we would see Ern's favorite, The Three Stooges. As a rule Ern wouldn't sit through a whole movie and definitely wouldn't watch anything sad or sappy, i.e., kissing. But there was one movie he couldn't get enough of, and that was Charlie Chaplin's Modern Times. When the ear of corn whirled around in Charlie's mouth in the assembly line scene, Ern laughed until he was out of breath. We had to go to that movie several times. In later years Ern took the same delight in a performance by Victor Borge at the Academy of Music.

On days that we rode to the end of the line—Mother must have been hard up for something to do with us—it meant catching the streetcar at our upper block, beside the Funkhouser spring house, then riding to a left turn onto Jefferson Street, past Crystal Spring Reservoir, veering right toward the hospital and then up and over Hamilton Terrace. That route was called "round the mountain" but you could also go through "the bottom" past the fairgrounds and the flour mills. At that time rides were seven cents, which you dropped into a metal contraption, and the coins would rattle reassuringly down into its mysterious work-

ings. Frequently the motorman sort of absent-mindedly turned a little crank on this contraption. To get off the car at your chosen stop you pulled the cord in time and stood waiting, holding a metal pole. When the car stopped you stepped down a step, and with a wonderful pneumatic sound the accordion-fold doors would open.

After negotiating the "round the mountain," or Hamilton Terrace, route, which some motormen took at a fast and scary clip (the return was even scarier), the cars continued over the Walnut Avenue bridge and turned right on Jefferson Street. They would trundle though downtown and creak and groan into the left turn onto Campbell Avenue. This would take you to Memorial Avenue and out Grandin Road. The "end of the line" was on Grandin Road near the present site of Patrick Henry High School.

There the motorman would relax a bit, check his schedule and then begin his preparations for the return trip. First he would get out of the car and reach up and change the direction of the trolley. Next he would turn the handles to roll the front and back signs that displayed return trip destination. Then he would lug the metal money contraption—the fare box—to what was now the front end of the car. Finally, with a wonderful rhythmic banging he flipped all of the seats, wooden or wicker, to face the right direction.



Dot and Ern Brown stand by a bicycle. (Photo courtesy of Dorathy Piedmont)

The ability to flip these seats was one of the many charms of streetcars. Families or friends could sit as convivial groups facing each other. This was especially fun for giggling girls returning from the movies or perhaps a trip to the Martha Washington candy store for a hot fudge sundae or a chocolate soda. The seat arrangement was just the thing for fledgling boy/girl get-togethers, whether going to and from junior or senior high school or on a date.

In the evening hours of winter I think that nothing before or since could match the sight of a streetcar emerging out of the snow, its interior lights glowing and creating a kind of halo. Somehow snow always seemed to make the streetcars quieter. A little bit of downtown would glide by, enveloped in darkness, round the corners, then head back whence it came. My sister Anne says she loved lying in bed on a snowy night and listening to the streetcar round the bend at Avenham.

The motormen were wonderfully kind and patient men. Mr. Harbour and Mr. Flora, to name just two, were part of our lives. They even endured the trolley-pullers. Pulling the trolley cut off power to the car and so the motorman had to go out and reset the mechanism onto the electric line. To pull the trolley as one got off the back of the car was considered the height of daredevil behavior, and must have been a rite of passage or initiation into the "cooler" group of boys. Recently I saw a friend from grade school days at the grocery store. As we reminisced he said, "Why would you want to remember me? I was one of the trolley-pulling boys." "Because you were the excitement in our lives," I answered him. At Halloween, these groups of boys would not only pull the trolleys but also grease the tracks, stalling cars on up-grades, or causing them to careen out of control on down-grades. They would also pile porch furniture on the tracks.

Another frequent reason for Mother to take us downtown on the streetcar was for "The Haircut."

Ern got his hair cut in the basement of the Colonial-American Bank Building by Mr. Leftwich, a patient, genial man who would sometimes trim my hair a little. I remember the barber shop's all black-and-white tile floor, traditional barber chairs, heavy ticking bibs and flying scissors and clippers.

We didn't need to ride the streetcar for grocery shopping. There were, of course, no supermarkets in those days. Our groceries came from the Piggly-Wiggly, literally in sight of our house at the corner of Virginia Avenue and McClanahan. Usually we would take along the wagon to bring the groceries home—not much at a time, because my father bought most of our meat at his favorite butcher shop inside the market building, and melons and other fruit on the outside. And our daily lives were full of delivery trucks. In addition to the early morning deliveries of the Garst Brothers milk truck, the dark green Michael's bakery truck was a welcome sight for bread and bakery treats. And there were still ice wagons coming by.

Summer days would include trips to Roberts' swimming pool, out the Lee Highway, on the right-hand side near Mudlick Road. The pool was in a large grassy area with a tree-filled picnic area with creeks running through it. The shallow end of the pool was just right for non-swimmers like Ern to play with small boats and water toys.

CHRISTMAS

Christmases on Short Rosalind were sheer magic for true believers, though they must have nearly killed our mother and father because of their custom of decorating the tree after we were in bed (only to bob up over and over and have to be chased back up the stairs). A bare cedar tree stood by the stairs and "the stockings were hung by the chimney with care." Finding the right tree was always a crisis between my mother and my father. The tree had to be cedar, it had to touch the ceiling, but most importantly it had to suit Mother. One year my father had to send one of the men from his business out to the house three times with trees for Mother's approval. Each time she sent him back. Finally I think he sent a huge tree.

In the weeks leading up to Christmas we would have written our painstaking letters to Santa Claus and listened intently each evening hoping to hear our very own letters read over the radio. I don't remember that he ever did. Each letter always had to end with "and candy, nuts and oranges and don't forget the poor people."

It was usually long after midnight before our parents got to bed, and we were always up far too early—5:30 or earlier—Christmas morning. This was my fault. Ern always slept so well, but I would awaken him and we'd beg to go downstairs. But before that was allowed, my poor bedraggled, befuddled father would be rousted out of bed and sent down to stoke the coal furnace. Many metallic noises would ensue as he opened the damper, shook down the clinkers and shoveled in more coal. Soon the radiators would hiss and knock and he would call up to us that Santa had indeed come, and we would tumble wide-eyed down the stairs.

In the early darkness of one Christmas morning, we had an amazing visit from Gordon, when we saw a pair of little lights coming across the street. He had gotten a wagon with headlights and he came over to show his prize present to us.

We were suitably impressed. ❖

Peyton Terry - Roanoke's First Millionaire

By Betty Low

When Roanoke was chartered in 1882, Peyton Leftwich Terry was recognized as the wealthiest man in town. Terry was born in Campbell County on February 2, 1835, the son of Stephen and Lucinda Leftwich Terry. From a family of successful merchants, he was educated in Appomattox County. He came to Big Lick Depot at the age of 16 in 1851 and worked in a mercantile business.

Big Lick Depot was little more than a cluster of 10 to 12 buildings around the Trout House, an old stagecoach stop owned by George Trout, located at the present site of the Crystal Tower Building (formerly Ponce de Leon Hotel). Trout willed the business to his son, John Trout, who enlarged the house and ran it for the convenience of passengers of the Virginia-Tennessee Railroad, who stopped at the depot across the tracks. A spring and a creek were in the yard of the house.

Peyton Terry, on horseback, surveys his Southeast Roanoke acreage. (Photo courtesy of Martha Hull)

John Trout owned all of the land from present Shaffers Crossing to the East End Shops, north to Orange Avenue and south to Franklin Road and Tazewell Avenue. Benjamin Tinsley owned the land south of the Trout property to the top of Mill Mountain, joining the McClanahans, who owned the mill, Crystal Spring and the land south of Roanoke River. George Tayloe was Tinsley's neighbor to the east.

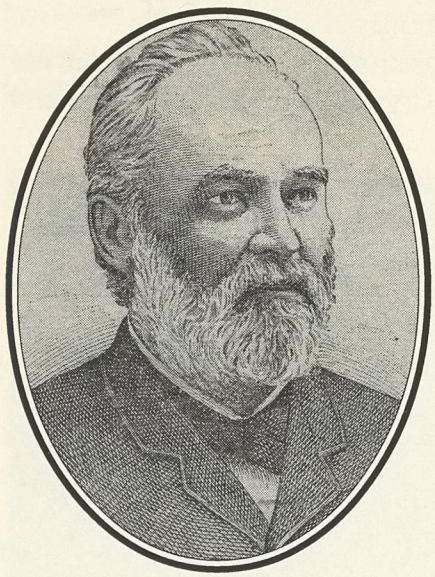
Terry worked in Big Lick four years before moving to Texas briefly. His short time there would prove beneficial in the future. When he returned to Big Lick, he married Mary Shaver Trout, daughter of John and Eliza Shaver Trout, owners of the Trout House. He resumed his career as a merchant at a store on the northeast corner of Commerce (now Second Street, SW), and the railroad.

Peyton and Mary Trout Terry would become the parents of five daughters: Lila; Alice P., who married Samuel W. Jamison; Martha L. who married Thompson W. Goodwin; Annie B., who died June 14, 1883, and Lucinda.

Betty Low, a long time volunteer in the History Museum library, prepared this paper for a meeting of the Wednesday History Club on Jan. 15, 1997.

When the Civil War began, Peyton Terry was one of the first from Big Lick to enlist. He joined the Roanoke Greys, the company of Capt. Madison Deyerle, Jackson's Division, Second Corps. They fought at Cold Harbor, Antietam, Gettysburg and Five Forks. Terry was never wounded in his four years of service but Capt. Deyerle was killed in 1862. However, the whole company was captured three days before Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered at Appomattox. They were sent to Point Lookout, Md., for six weeks.

Returning home, Terry resumed his career as a respected businessman. He adhered to Gen. Lee's philosophy and quickly became a community leader in reconstruction. In an account of the Big Lick home front during the war, Mrs. Terry related that Union Gen. David Hunter burned the Big Lick Depot and searched some homes, missing theirs, although it was near the depot. Mrs. Terry reported that she slept, fully clothed, with only her two babies and two young servants in the house. She had hidden the last of their bacon under her mattress and the family silver and Leftwich sword were hidden in the chimney.



Peyton Leftwich Terry
(Photo courtesy of Martha Hull)

In 1868, Benjamin Tinsley sold his house and land to Peyton Terry and the Terry family moved to the house, known as Elmwood, located at a site on the hill in the park east of the present Main Library. His land extended from Franklin Road east to the Tayloe property in present Southeast Roanoke and to the top of Mill Mountain. A lane passed through the property, leading to Crystal Spring and the mill. Terry paid less than $20,000 for this land.

By 1874, the small community of Big Lick had a new, brick depot and a jail. Application for incorporation as a town of one square mile was sought and approved by the state. A survey included all land one-half mile from the depot in all directions, except for Jane Lewis's land. The new town was named Big Lick and the street in front of Terry's store became Commerce Street, running from the railroad south to Franklin Road. The town included Gainsboro on the north, where most of the houses were sold or rented to freed blacks.

Mary Shaver Trout Terry
(Photo courtesy of Martha Hull)

John Trout was elected mayor of Big Lick and Terry was a town councilman. Terry and his wife's brother, Henry Trout, bought 96 acres of land from John Trout, northwest of Big Lick, and they opened a stockyard there. They raised and shipped cattle. Terry was considered an expert cattleman.

Seven years after the town of Big Lick was incorporated, the community learned that the Shenandoah Valley Railroad was looking for a terminal location in the Big Lick area. John Moomaw, a Cloverdale orchardist, recognized the advantage of a north-south rail line for shipping apples to northern markets. Terry, Henry Trout and others became interested and called a meeting to plan strategy to get the terminal in Big Lick at a point connected to the east-west Norfolk and Western Railroad.

The coming of the Shenandoah Valley Railroad led to the growth of the town to a "Magic City" and helped establishTerry's status as the wealthiest man in Roanoke. The Roanoke Land & Improvement Co., organized by the railroad, began buying land and building houses. The company paid Terry $125,000 for his 650-acre farm, leaving him 6.5 acres around his home, Elmwood. Terry was the only Roanoker asked to serve on the board of the development firm. Woodland Park, the eastern portion of the Terry farm, was developed for about 100 houses for railroad employees and the Terry Orchard, later known as Orchard Hill or Officials Hill, was made available for railroad officials. The company decided on the hilltop location for Hotel Roanoke and a site below for the passenger station. Roanoke Land & Improvement bought the McClanahan land, near the foot of Mill Mountain, including Crystal Spring and mill. Water was pumped to a tank in Woodland Park.

Peyton Terry stands with three daughters (from left), Martha, Lila and Lucinda, around 1887. (Photo courtesy of Martha Hull)

Terry, with the wealth from the sale of his land, became the principal officer in the new Roanoke Gas Company and later he had the same role in the electric company, water company, the Winston-Salem rail line and a Salem-Vinton rail line. When Roanoke's population reached 5,000, the town asked for and received a state charter to gain city status in 1884.

Terry and Henry Trout, his brother-in-law, were members of St. Mark's Lutheran Church. When a new church was proposed at a cost of $9,000 in 1882, they saw that the money was in place quickly. Terry gave a stained glass window in memory of his daughter, Ann, who had died recently, and Trout gave a window in memory of his father, John. The church was replaced in the 1890s at the same location, Church Avenue and Commerce (present Second) Street. The Lutherans, facing financial problems, traded church buildings with Greene Memorial Methodist, then located in a red, brick church at Campbell Avenue and Roanoke (now Third) Street. Mrs. Terry and Mrs. Trout gave land for the City Cemetery on Tazewell Avenue.

Terry sold his store on Commerce Street to C. R. Wertz and went into the wholesale business. On Jan. 5, 1885, Walter Huff who occupied a room over the Terry store, was undressed, preparing for a bath, when his oil lamp exploded, starting a fire which spread so rapidly he was fortunate to escape with an unscorched hide. Most of the store's merchandise was cigars and manufactured tobacco which bystanders moved and then helped themselves to so liberally that sermons on the incident were preached the following Sunday. The city, seeing the necessity for fire protection, soon acquired a steam pump.

Terry and his son-in-law, S. W. Jamison, husband of Alice Terry, founded Roanoke Trust, Loan and Safe Deposit Company with powers of unusual latitude in the 1880s. The company enjoyed such prosperity

Big Lick, Va., June 1873

M. Coe Wm Watts

Dry Goods, Groceries,
Clothing, Plaster,
Hats, Caps,
Boots, Shoes,
Salt, Iron,
Stationery, Nails, &c., &c.

Terms, Cash or Barter.

Bought of P. L. TERRY,

DEALER IN

General Merchandise and Country Produce.

Accounts not settled at maturity, 12 per cent. interest will be charged.

1873

March	1	To	Amt ofce Rec'd		12	89
		"	1 Pr Balances			45
	4	"	1 Curry Comb			50
		"	1 Brush			75
		"	3 Sacks	50	1	50
	5	"	1 Bael C. Nick			10
		"	Bill Alcohol & Oil		1	75
		"	5½ # Rope	20	1	10
	6	"	5 Gals Lamp Oil	35	1	75
	8	"	3 Yds Jeans	57	1	50
		"	1 " Cashmere			50
		"	1 Pr Shoes		2	00
		"	1 " "		1	65
		"	Trimmings Pants			25
	11	"	4½ Yds Domestic	17		75
		"	2 Pa Lamp Black	10		20
	26	"	1 Pr Glove		2	00
		"	3 Curry Combs	35	1	05
	31	"	3 Boxes Caps	9		38
April	7	"	1 Doz Matches			25
	13	"	½ Bush Potatoes	140		70
	24	"	2# Nails	7		18
		"	1 Pad Lock			90
	30	"	Cash Pat Coon		10	00
May	3	"	1 box		1	00
		"	Cash Wm Lewis		10	00
			1 Pr Mule [illegible]			17

(at least on paper) that it soon sought proper quarters befitting its dignity. On Sept. 26, 1890, announcement was made that a veritable skycraper, seven stories in height, would be erected on the southeast corner of Campbell Avenue and Jefferson Street, housing three banks, each with a separate entrance. Two hydraulic elevators and offices were located above. (The new Ponce de Leon Hotel, near completion, had only six stories). First National Bank had an entrance on Campbell Avenue, Roanoke Trust on the curved corner of Campbell and Jefferson and the entrance from Jefferson led to a lobby and elevators. Some tenants eagerly moved in before the brown brick and stone building was completed.

For years, the Terry Building (no other name was ever suggested) was the point of reference when giving directions to other parts of the city. Activity in Roanoke was beyond description in1890. The Academy of Music on Salem Avenue and Rockledge Inn on top of Mill Mountain were started. In April, a tornado went through the town, causing $20,000 damage and killing two people. In the summer, the water line from Crystal Spring broke and many Roanokers had to carry water from cisterns.

On Dec. 16, a light snow began to fall. First Baptist Church members were meeting to decide whether certain members should form a new church. Having decided, they created Calvary Baptist. But members had difficulty getting home from the meeting. At Elmwood that evening, the Terrys held a grand reception attended by most of Roanoke's society. When the party ended, the snow was so deep that many guests spent the night at a nearby hotel.

At 2 o'clock in the morning, the whistle from the Machine Works began to blow a distress signal. Under the weight of two feet of snow, the roof of the blacksmith shop collapsed and started a brief fire. By morning, three feet of snow had fallen and flimsy buildings collapsed all over Roanoke. Efforts to dig out were hampered by an additional eight inches on Christmas Eve. This memorable snow seemed to end the boom that had sustained Roanoke for a decade. That same year, the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, in receivership, was auctioned to the Norfolk and Western.

The Terry Building, Roanoke's seven-story "skyscraper," stood at the southeast corner of Jefferson Street and Campbell Avenue. (Photo from History Museum of Western Virginia)

The boom only slowed because building continued in 1891 on the Terry Building, the Academy of Music and Rockledge Inn on Mill Mountain. The Terry family and young John Trout went to Europe. While they were away, a stone and chain wall was built around Elmwood, with an iron carriage gate bearing the name, ELMWOOD above. A spring behind the home was enclosed to form a small lake.

The year 1892 saw excitement in the city. Terry's Winston-Salem rail line was completed and opened

for traffic. With the Academy of Music, Rockledge Inn and the now famous Terry Building completed, the city had cause to celebrate its 10th anniversary, the Decennial. On June 16, the day selected, several thousand people came to hear a 200-voice chorus, the Machine Shop orchestra and speeches. The next day, a parade featured the Machine Shop marching band, VMI cadets, Civil War veterans and many floats. The units gathered at Elmwood and serenaded Mr. and Mrs.Terry before the parade began. One report said there were 40,000 people along the parade route.

In 1893, the whole country was hit by a terrible recession. People began to default on loans and the banks' only recourse was to take near-worthless property. On June 15, 1896, the Roanoke Trust, Loan and Safe Deposit Company, Terry's bank, did not open its doors for business. Terry met with S. W. Jamison, his son-in-law, and other officers of the bank behind closed doors in his office. When they emerged, Lucian Cocke, trustee, announced that the bank was bankrupt. Creditors hoped to collect 5 cents on the dollar but there were no assets. At a hearing, it was decided that the bank officials were guilty of nothing more than bad judgment.

Jamison, worth $100,000, and Terry, worth $645,000, made an effort to repay every creditor. The editor of the newspaper wrote a letter of encouragement and the community stood together. After that, most of the old crowd was no longer prominent in community affairs and new names began to appear.

Terry died on Sunday evening, Dec. 17, 1898, at the age of 63. A newspaper obituary stated: "He was a steadfast friend, a devoted and affectionate father and in his death the city loses one of her most public-spirited men. The reverses and losses that overtook him in the evening's sunset of life may have hastened his death." Terry was buried in the City Cemetery on Tazewell Avenue, as was his wife, who died May 7, 1910. She had indicated that she planned to sell Elmwood to the city but the decision was left to her heirs. The property was sold to the city for $150,000 and the house, Elmwood, was used for Roanoke's first Public Library from 1921 to 1952.

In the mid-1880s, the Terry family joined St. John's Episcopal Church. The altar rail there is dedicated to "the glory of God and the memory of P. L. Terry." The National Exchange Bank purchased the Terry Building which was demolished and replaced with the Colonial-American Bank Building in 1927. It later was known as the Colonial Arms Building.

Terry was so much a part of Roanoke and Roanoke was a part of him. In 1893, he and three other industrialists erected a monument in Woodland Park in Southeast Roanoke, bearing this inscription, "Erected 1893 by P. L. Terry, F. J. Kimball, S. W. Jamison and Joseph H. Sands as an Industrial Monument to Mark the Progress of the City of Roanoke, Chartered 1882." Today, the monument stands on the southeast corner of Elmwood Park, where it was moved for Roanoke's Centennial in 1982.

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Where the Toshes Came From

By Clare White

Ever since we started in-depth research on the Roanoke Valley back in 1982, we have been aware of a gap in the history of the early settlers of that area. While it soon became obvious that members of the Tosh family were among the very earliest of the Roanoke Valley settlers, nowhere in the various accounts was there more than a hint of their antecedents.

In 1965, historian Margaret Scott wrote an article for our Journal, setting down what she had been able to find. She quoted a history of Pittsylvania County[1] to hazard what seems now to have been an educated guess that the Toshes, from a settlement in Pennsylvania, drifted to Lunenberg County in southern Virginia and established a village in what is now Pittsylvania County on a branch of the Pigg River. From there, she surmised they came through the mountains to the Roanoke Valley.[2]

In the 1980s, our Historical Society received queries from descendants of the Tosh family in Texas and California, asking if we knew anything about Toshes in Virginia from whom they had been told they were descended. With that impetus, and their additional information, we began what became a lengthy research into the family's history which, while there are still many blind spots, has resulted in some clarification of their backgrounds.

One of the major finds from that correspondence was the assertion, by one of these (to us) newfound descendants, that the name Tosh was derived from the Scots Highland clan, Mackintosh, and that, upon arriving in America, the family had dropped the prefix Mac. In Scotland, the prefix Mac means "son of" and, in this case, Mackintosh means "son of the chief," Tosh being a Gaelic word with that connotation.[3] According to a map of the clans which spells out the location of each of those storied groups of Highlanders who lived in the Scottish mountains, the Mackintosh clan was based in the foothills of the Grampian Range of mountains east and southeast of Inverness.[4]

The two Jacobite rebellions, one in 1715 and the other, more famous one, in 1745, fueled the emigration of the Scots to America. Hundreds of Scots came or were sent to America at the close of the 1715 rebellion, some on their own and hundreds as prisoners of England. In particular, hundreds of Mackintoshes were known to have left Scotland then.[5] In the light of later evidence, it makes sense to date the time of our Tosh family's arrival in America at this time.

The more desperate rebellion in 1745, known to most historians as that of Bonnie Prince Charlie's defeat at Culloden, marked the end of the clans of Highland Scotland, an end that had its roots in the earlier rebellion of 1715. After 1745, not only were the clans outlawed, the tartans were forbidden and the crofters were forced to leave the Highlands in droves. Between the two rebellions, the emigration to America as a promised land grew until, in the 1770s, it became a stream, perhaps propelled by the additional thrust of the

Clare White, author of Roanoke 1740-1982 *and a history of* St. John's Episcopal Church, *is a native of Roanoke, a graduate of Hollins College, former women's editor of* The Roanoke Times *and retired librarian of the History Museum.*

Cedar Bluff, the old Tosh homestead in South Roanoke, was shown in a photo dated 1843 and sent to the History Museum by Betty Claytor Bryant of Corpus Christi, Texas. Mary J. Tosh White wrote on that photo that the old Tosh homestead was the "grandest spot on earth to me." The same photo, in the Museum's library, bears this caption: "Old McClanahan home at Crystal Spring, Roanoke, 1890s."

(Photo from History Museum of Western Virginia)

Highland Clearances when absentee landlords swept the Highlands clear of crofters so sheep could be substituted for cattle as a profitable export.[6]

In the 1720s the settlers in Pennsylvania were seeking emigrants and many were the Highlanders who took advantage of the offer. America became the primary refuge for the uprooted clansmen. That one of those families was the Toshes is proven by the will of Jonathan Tosh, written in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1744. He mentions his sons Tasker and Thomas, as well as daughters Mary and Jane.[7]

It would seem the Toshes came to Virginia along with other settlers from Lancaster County. We have proof of such a journey for the Evans family, and for several others who arrived in our valley at about the same time. By 1742, all were members of a militia which was composed of the able-bodied men of the neighborhood. Tasker Tosh is listed here; Thomas Tosh turns up a few years later. Of even more importance to fix a time for their arrival is the fact that Peter Evans and the Toshes appropriated the very best land in the valley, a settlement procedure that was based strictly on "first come, first served." Evans laid claim to the big spring under Roanoke's mountain, as well as the open land of the Williamson Road area with another bold spring, while the Toshes took over the fertile river bottoms of the Roanoke River where they established an all-important ford to reach Evans' Mill and their own land on the south side of the river.[8]

Once started, the Roanoke Valley quickly grew into a settled community and the first inhabitants quickly became connected to all the other families in the area. The Toshes were no exception, having

intermarried with the Evans, McClanahan and Lewis families among others. Of particular interest here is the marriage of a Thomas Tosh, grandson of the original Thomas, with Lucy John McClanahan, daughter of John McClanahan, a son of William McClanahan.[9]

Here is where another Tosh, George Jacob, formerly unknown to us, should be mentioned. It is from that George that the California and Texas Toshes claim their heritage. So far, the exact spot in the genealogical tree into which to put George Jacob is not entirely clear. Judging by the birth and death dates, he should fit in as a grandson of the Thomas Tosh who came to Virginia as the brother of Tasker. In that case he would be the brother of the Thomas Tosh who married Lucy McClanahan and lived at Elmwood in Big Lick.[10]

That relationship would explain a later connection between a George Tosh of Pittsylvania County, son of a Tosh named George Jacob, who turns up in a diary by Clack Stone of Pittsylvania County, grandfather of the researcher of this article. Two of Stone's neighbors and responsibilities were an elderly widow, Mrs. Lucy McClanahan and her daughter Mrs. George (Lucy)Tosh. Stone lived near these people in Pittsylvania County and took care of the pension papers of both.

The family tree furnished by the western branches of the family places George Jacob as the son of a Thomas Tosh who died in 1778, "probably son of Jonathan." According to their chart, that Thomas married an unidentified Mary. (Our information is the same, but it does not include George Jacob.) Their information was gained from a nephew whose sources are not known.[11] That Thomas would have been the first of that name in the Roanoke Valley. It was he who reputedly built the house above Toshes Ford that was later known as "Lone Oak,"[12] now the site of a nursing home on King George Avenue, S.W.

The date of the death of the second Roanoke Thomas Tosh, born in 1809 and son of Jonathan, is not definitely known. Thomas' father Jonathan is said to have built the original Elmwood in 1830 for his son and the son's new wife, Lucy John McClanahan. Thomas was, according to one reference, given to horse racing and dissipation and eventually lost Elmwood through debt.[13]

The census records are not much help, since accurate census records are not available for the early years. A James Tosh and Jonathan Tosh are reported as being in Botetourt County in a 1787 listing of heads of families.[14] The tax reports follow Roanoke Toshes into the nineteenth century with Jonathan and Thomas most evident. Thomas stayed with his Elmwood property until 1841 when it went to John F. P. White whose wife was sister to Lucy John McClanahan Tosh; Jonathan's heirs are listed (as such) until 1860. The only Roanoke Tosh in the 1850 U.S. Census is Charles, aged 10, who is an apprentice to tin manufacturer Hupp.[15] That Charles would seem to have been the son of Jonathan who, with two other such sons, was placed under the guardianship of his uncle Thomas about 1841.[16] It would appear the Roanoke Toshes, all but Charles, went west toward the end of the nineteenth century.

In Pittsylvania County, Toshes persist well into the twentieth century. The first definite notation in the county record books is 1812 when a George Tosh had a survey made on over 600 acres on Frying Pan Creek, a branch of Pigg River.[17] In 1786, a Tosh was in litigation with one William Simpson.[18] George Tosh's descendants are numerous, with many of them buried at Siloam Methodist Church, a church frequented also by the Clack Stone whose diary furnishes information about his neighbors; Frying Pan Creek is in the neighborhood.[19] Further proof of the Tosh western migration is furnished by that diary. In 1882, Stone wrote, "Jack Tosh, wife and son, and George Tosh came from Kansas to see Mrs. Tosh this morning...They came to spend the winter with their mother; have been gone to west about 33 years."[20]

A fascinating, and as yet unproven, connection to the Roanoke Valley in all this family history is a picture sent us by the western descendants, a match for a picture found in our photograph collection (and reproduced here). It shows a big wooden house with a delivery wagon alongside its property fence. On the side of the wagon is printed "Roanoke Bakery." The western Toshes' version had written on the back (as copied from their original), "Cedar Bluff 1843. Dear old Tosh homestead, grandest spot on earth to me,"

reputedly written by Mary J. (Tosh) White, great grandmother of our correspondent, Betty Clayton Bryant of Corpus Christi, Texas. Our version, now sadly faded, had written on its back in the handwriting of Tipton Fishburn, an early donor, "Old McClanahan house at Crystal Spring Roanoke, 1890s." Perhaps it will all be clarified some day.

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George Washington Slept in Big Lick

By F. B. Kegley

(Editor's Note: George Washington lodged at the home of the Widow Evans, near Crystal Spring in present South Roanoke on the night of Oct. 13, 1756, according to his expense account for a tour of frontier forts. Washington, then a militia colonel, age 24, paid 3 shillings for the lodging.

(The fort inspection tour ranged from Augusta Court House as far west as Fort Vause in Montgomery County and south to present Martinsville. The inspection was described by Wythe County historian F. B. Kegley in an article for City Plan Paragraphs, a newsletter published by Roanoke City Planning and Zoning Commission in June-July 1932. The commission was chaired by Edward L. Stone, president of Stone Printing Co.)

In connection with the building of a chain of forts on the Virginia frontier in the fall of 1756, George Washington made a special trip to "see the situation of the forts and observe the circumstances of the inhabitants." He was then a young colonel in command of the Virginia forces stationed at Winchester.On hearing of the continued depredations of the Indians on Jackson's River he determined to go to Augusta Court House and secure men to ride with him to scour the woods and, if possible, come upon the enemy. Only a few would volunteer to go with him to that region, so he decided to continue his journey to Colonel Buchanan's on the James River and see what could be done there. Receiving no greater encouragement there, he continued on to Vause's on the South Branch of Roanoke, where Captain Hog was building a fort. From there he went south across the Ridge to inspect the forts in Halifax County, and on the eleventh of October turned back towards the Roanoke and Catawba Valleys to join Colonel Buchanan on a tour up Jackson's River and along the northern end of the line of forts.

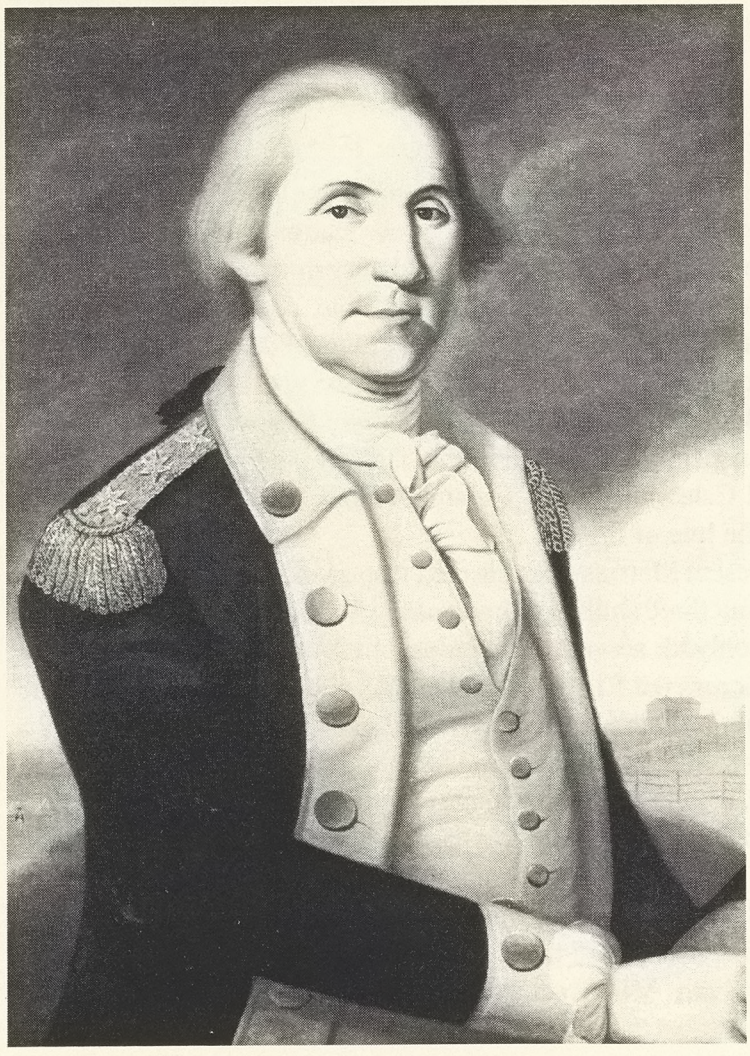
After leaving Hickey's Ordinary, near present Martinsville, his next stop as indicated by his expense account was at "Widow Evans'," where he paid out three shillings, presumably for lodging, and one shilling three pence for a guide. He had left Vause's with only his servant and a guide, but there is no way of knowing whether this was for the services of that guide across the Ridge, or for another one to pilot him about The Great Lick. In his letter to Governor Dinwiddie in which he gives an account of this tour he makes no comment about the situation of a fort for this immediate neighborhood nor about the circumstances of the people. Here he hired a horse to convey him to Catawba where he bought two, one from James Montgomery for which he paid eight pounds, and one fom David Mitchell for which he paid thirteen pounds and ten shillings.

The Widow Evans mentioned here could have been no one else than Rhoda Evans, widow of Daniel Evans, who, as son and heir-at-law of Mark Evans, had owned the Cedar Spring and Naked Farms north of the Roanoke River near The Great Lick and the Evans Mill Tract at the big spring on the south side of the

F. B. Kegley, Wythe County historian-farmer-teacher, was the author of Kegley's Virginia Frontier. *He died in 1968.*

river. The land north of the river he sold to his brother, Peter Evans; that on the south side he reserved for his home place. After her husband's death in 1755 and Washington's visit in 1756, Rhoda Evans married Richard Doggett, of Bedford County, who migrated with her to the western waters and was killed by Indians. Her two daughters, Susannah and Cathrine, remained in the home community until they were married; then Colonel William McClanahan, in 1782, bought their land "known as the Evans Mill Place" and established his home near the spring which in later years has been known as Crystal Spring, and the place as McClanahan's Mill. The location of the mill was near the mouth of the spring branch on the south side of the river below Tosh's Ford.

Whether the McClanahan Mill and dwelling occupied the same sites as did the Evans buildings we do not know. However, there could have been but little difference in positions occupied. The Tosh land lay on both sides of the river at that point and the eastern and southern lines extended so near to the spring and the spring branch that there could be little choice in building places. We are safe, I think, in placing Washington's stop at the old McClanahan place hard by Crystal Spring. Doubtless he wondered at the volume of water flowing from this fountain, which came with sufficient force to turn the old mill wheel.



Portrait of Gen. George Washington by Charles Peale Polk, many years after he spent a night in Big Lick, as a young militia colonel.
(Photo courtesy of Virginia Historical Society)

Early maps show that the Yadkin Valley Road through Virginia to Philadelphia came through the Blue Ridge at the water gap of the Roanoke, but at this time all roads led to this Mill, which was then the only one in that part of this valley; Washington probably came to the place over the trail later known as the Carolina Road and went out by Tosh's Ford and The Great Lick. If he talked with the inhabitants near the Lick, he was impressed with the progress the settlement had made.

Here, as neighbors of the Widow Evans, lived Tasker Tosh, John McClellan, Thomas Tosh, William Alexander, William Terry, Erwin Patterson, David Bryan, Simon Akers and Malcolm Campbell, all on land now within the limits of Roanoke City. Here were the early trading stations of the valley and the neighborhood mill. Here was the intersection of the roads leading from the west to the east and from the south to the north. Here was a neighborhood that needed for protection a strong fort at the head of the valley, and here was a center which invited for itself a fort which was afterwards built for a base of supplies for Colonel Byrd's Cherokee Expeditions and for the convenience of Captain Preston's and Captain Maury's companies of soldiers. Washington says nothing about John Mason's nor about a Fort Mason. ❖

First President Honored on 200th Anniversary of His Death

By Scott Sarver

(Editor's Note: The Fincastle Resolutions chapter of Sons of the American Revolution, based in Roanoke, commemorated the 200th anniversary of the death of George Washington, first president, with a ceremony at Fallon Park in Roanoke on Dec. 14, 1999. Scott Sarver, director of capital projects at Explore Park and a compatriot of the chapter, spoke on "The Eternal Importance of George Washington in American History." This is an edited version of his talk, written in collaboration with M. Rupert Cutler, also a compatriot of the SAR chapter.)

In viewing history with a life-long interest in colonial America and 18th century political thought, there stands one man above many great men of his time. Alexis de Toqueville once wrote, "Liberty is generally established with difficulty in the midst of storms, it is perfected by civil disorders and its benefits cannot be appreciated until it is already old." We are fortunate that one man in the eye of the storm of his century stood firm with quiet resolve.

This dedicated, selfless, disciplined and able man stepped into the fiery unknown to forge a nation into the greatest democracy on earth. Without George Washington, what course would our country have taken? How does one envision our history without this man?

After an illustrious military career, Washington became the first president of the United States of America in February of 1789. During two terms, he presided over the formation and initial operations of a democratic government. He established many of the procedures and traditions that prevail today. Refusing to run for a third term, he retired to Mount Vernon. Washington fell ill on December 13, 1799, after a frigid afternoon marking trees to be cut. Doctors were summoned the following day when Washington could barely breathe and according to the standard medical practice of the time, he was bled four times. On December 14, his will and papers in order, Washington, 67, uttered his last words to secretary Tobias Lear, "Tis well." Today, exactly 200 years later, we gather to mourn the death of George Washington, America's first hero.

To summarize the importance of George Washington in American history and his position on the matter of slavery, I will quote from an article, "Washington Slept Here," by Timothy Foote in the current issue of *Smithsonian* magazine:

"[George Washington] was a leader and a patriot, not a politician; the authority figure of all authority figures. Like the Romans, he saw ambition not as a matter of individual ego but as a public duty. Infinitely scrupulous, infinitely patient, endlessly devoted to the vision of political union, a democratic republic strong enough and just enough and sensible enough to prosper, he became quite literally the father of a new country…

"Nothing symbolizes the modern age's difficulty in understanding Washington's life and times more than the easy moral outrage that encourages the present to simplify the past in order to condemn it. Especially in the matter of slavery. Washington was deeply troubled by slavery. After the Revolution, he did not, with one exception, sell Mount Vernon's slaves away from their families, and he studied ways in which they

might be equipped for freedom, including an arrangement by which they could work for one of his tenants and get paid for it. In his will, he stipulated that his slaves should be freed upon his wife's death, and specifically left money that was still supporting them at least 30 years after his death.

"In the end, what did away with slavery was the decline of state sovereignty and the growing power of the union that the Constitution made possible. That and the rise of commerce, set in motion by Washington and Hamilton... Washington understood that the end of slavery would be possible only when the federal government was strong and more people made their living in trade and other nonagrarian pursuits. It would take a long and bloody civil war to prove that Washington had been right."

And to describe George Washington's leadership in the matter of religious freedom and tolerance, I will quote a homily written by our own SAR chapter president, James Robert Justice:

"With the same foresight he showed by refusing to become a dictator, Washington was just as firm in his belief that there should be no State religion as had existed here in Virginia and elsewhere during the Colonial period. He obviously believed the United States should be a safe haven, under the law, for persons of all religious views. As with many of his other farsighted visions for the real mission of the Nation, it became a reality."

Our deeply religious first president wrote in a 1790 letter to the Hebrew congregation of Newport, Rhode Island, "For happily the government of the United States, which gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance, requires only that they who live under its protection should demean themselves as good citizens, in giving it on all occasions their effectual support."

Shrouded in myth, misconception and legend, Washington the man died as he lived: beloved, heroic and a world apart. Seven generations after his, we stand looking to the past for comfort and solace, for remembrance, for heroes, of character, of selflessness, of stability in a world turned upside down. Seven generations after his, we stand living in Washington's legacy, his leadership, his devotion to country, his nobility. As we face the coming years, I challenge each of us to think of the legacy that we too may leave.

George Washington, for the gifts you have so graciously given to the people of the United States of America, of your century and ours, we tip our hats and bid you a silent adieu. We rest in your debt. ❖

Edgar A. Long Building Recalls Institute's Legacy

By Caroline Bott

For years prior to the Civil War, Virginia law made it illegal for African Americans to attend school, regardless of whether they were freedmen or slaves. But with Congress's approval of the Fourteenth Amendment in 1866, it became not only permissible but necessary for states to provide educational opportunities for blacks. That same year, the Christiansburg Industrial Institute opened, and went on to play a major role in the secondary school education of African Americans from Reconstruction to the Civil Rights era. Over its 100-year history, the Institute served as a private academy, a training school, a teacher education facility, and a regional high school, helping to shape Virginia's education system along the way.

One of the last remaining structures on the Christiansburg Institute campus is the Edgar A. Long Building. Constructed in 1927, and named for the man who served as principal of the Institute from 1906 until his death in 1924, the two-and-a-half story Georgian Revival-influenced edifice served as one of the Institute's main academic buildings, until the school's closure in 1966 due to integration. Interestingly, it is the only building in the school's history to have been named for an African American.[1] Although it has not been used for several decades, the Christiansburg Institute Alumni Association, formed in 1976, is working to restore the stately building for use as an archive and museum, as well as a community learning center. The group recently received a $300,000 federal grant to begin what is estimated to be a $1.2 million renovation effort.[2]

The history of the Christiansburg Industrial Institute dates to its founding in 1866 by Captain Charles S. Schaeffer, a Union Army officer and an assistant superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau. Significantly, the Institute opened five years earlier than the public school system in Montgomery County. In 1868, Schaeffer was appointed a field agent for the Southwestern Virginia Schools under the care of the Friends' Freedmen's Association of Philadelphia. He was appointed assistant superintendent of education for the State of Virginia the following year. Schaeffer operated the private school for freedmen —which later became known as the Hill School — with assistance from the Freedmen's Bureau until 1869, and with assistance from the Friends' Freedmen's Association until 1885, when the school was deeded to the Freedmen's Association.[3] The transfer of the school was a significant event in its history because it marked the beginning of the transition from a literacy and religious curriculum to an agricultural and industrial curriculum.

In 1886 Booker T. Washington entered into an agreement with the Friends' Freedmen's Association to take charge of organizing an industrial department at the Christiansburg school.[4] From his post at Tuskegee, Washington agreed to serve as supervisor of the Institute, and he appointed Charles L. Marshall, an 1895

Caroline Bott is currently a project coordinator at the Virginia Tech Transportation Institute. She recently finished her Master of Public Administration degree at Virginia Tech. While completing her degree, Bott worked as an intern with the Virginia Department of Historic Resources Roanoke Regional Preservation Office where she researched and completed the historic designation nomination for the Edgar A. Long Building (from which this article is adapted).

The Christiansburg Institute Alumni Association plans to restore the Edgar A. Long Building for use as a museum and community learning center. (Photo courtesy of Christiansburg Institute)

Tuskegee graduate, to serve as principal and to develop the industrial program.[5] Washington remained as supervisor of the Christiansburg Industrial Institute until his death in 1915, after which Robert Moton, Washington's successor at Tuskegee, executed supervisory responsibilities until 1934.

To accommodate the expanded industrial focus of the school, 87 acres of land were purchased on the north bank of Crab Creek, two miles west of the existing school.[6] This site served as the new campus for the high school and industrial training programs, while the elementary school continued at the Hill School site. The campus continued to grow with an aggressive building program in 1901 and the acquisition of an additional 85.63 acres of farmland in 1905.[7]

Upon Marshall's death in 1906, Edgar A. Long, also an 1895 graduate of Tuskegee Institute, became principal of the school. Long sustained Booker T. Washington's plan for agricultural instruction and continued Marshall's building campaign.[8] He also began community outreach and extension at the school. It is significant to note that during Long's tenure as principal, the school was reported to have the highest ranking among the schools evaluated and funded by Julius Rosenwald.[9] Long remained principal of Christiansburg Institute until his death in 1924. As the Friends' Freedmen's Association noted at their January 6, 1925 meeting: "During the 18 years in which Edgar A. Long served as Principal, the school made substantial progress, the outstanding marks of which were the erection of Baily-Morris Hall, the hospital, a farmer's cottage, and the raising of the $50,000 Endowment fund, all of which enterprises were in large measure the result of his initiative."[10]

Following Long's death and a short term as principal by his wife, Anna P. Long, Abraham M.

Walker, a graduate of Hampton Institute, became principal of the Institute. It was under Walker that the plans for a new school building — which would eventually be named the Edgar A. Long Building — were begun. In April of 1925, the Friends' Freedmen's Association decided to begin a campaign to raise $75,000, part of which would be used for the construction of the Long Building.[11] The Association's treasurer, J. Henry Scattergood, approached John D. Rockefeller's General Education Board, a New York based philanthropic organization dedicated to higher education and education in the South. In 1926, the organization agreed to donate $25,000 for the Long Building, provided that the Friends' Freedmen's Association raise twice that amount.[12]

William L. Baily, a registered architect with Baily & Bassett of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and a member of the Friends' Freedmen's Association, was the architect of the Long Building. J. D. Hufford of Pulaski was the contractor.[13] The building's design is reminiscent of many public schools of the time. Both the north and south facades were heavily fenestrated to provide adequate light and ventilation for the classrooms. The east and west facades had no classroom windows to avoid shadowing over students while they worked.

Groundbreaking for the Long Building was held on February 7, 1927. There, Principal Walker was quoted as saying that the new school building would meet pressing needs, add to the opportunity of the school to do good work, and enlarge its responsibility to perform faithfully the tasks before them. He ended by saying that the building's completion would "mark a new era of usefulness for the Institute."[14] As with most construction on the Institute's campus, students performed a large amount of the excavation and construction work. For the Long Building, students did the excavation and laid the underground soil pipe at a cost of $2,000.[15]

The Long Building, which officially opened for class in December of 1928, was used for all academic courses, including physiology, history, agriculture, Latin, English, Bible, mathematics, public speaking, general science, reading, biology, chemistry, and music. It also provided recreation space for physical education and indoor games during the winter months. In deference to Booker T. Washington's plan for practical education, the building also offered classroom space for instruction in sewing, cooking, and agriculture.[16] For a time, the basement was divided into two rooms that housed a cafeteria and a men's restroom. The first floor had four classrooms, two on each side of the central hall. The second floor was also divided into four rooms, three of which were used for classes and one of which was used as the school's library.[17]

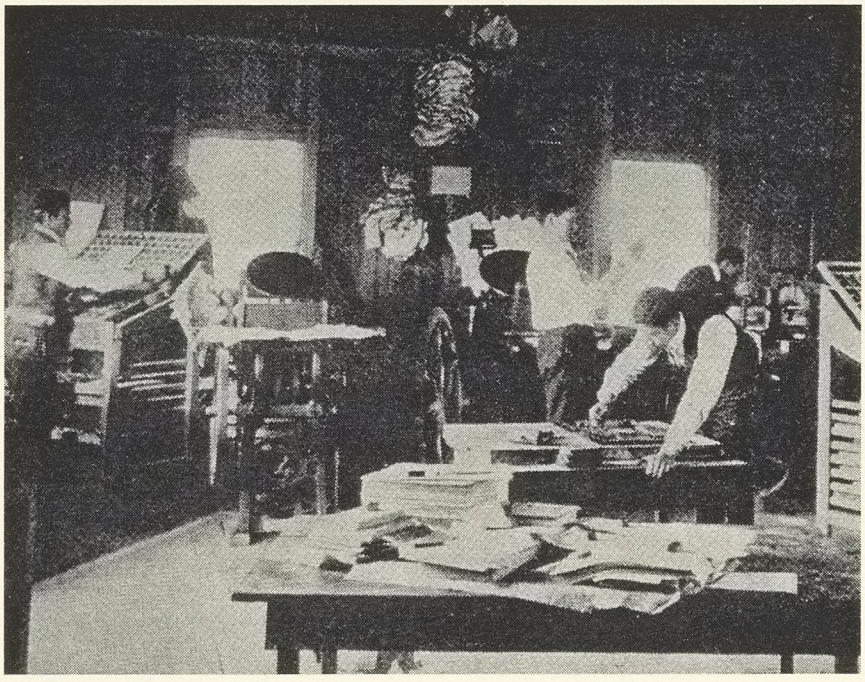
Following completion of the Long Building, the school's enrollment peaked at over 300 in 1931. The next year, the Institute became accredited as a standard four-year high school by the State Board of Education and by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States.[18] During this time, the Institute was involved in many statewide educational and health initiatives as well as in local projects, which resulted in favorable relations between the school and the community.[19]

In 1933, the Friends' Freedmen's Association proposed to deed the school property to the Montgomery County School Board with the suggestion that the Christiansburg Institute become a regional high school for African Americans.[20] After some discussion, the School Board agreed to the deed transfer of the Hill School property. The lease began on July 1, 1934 with the Board's management and operation of the Christiansburg Institute as a regional high school. This event marked the beginning of the school's change from a private to a public institution, and also heralded the end of the "industrial" supervision from Robert Moton at Tuskegee Institute.

In 1935, Montgomery County renewed its lease on the Christiansburg Institute for a five-year period, and the following year 27 students received aid from the National Youth Administration, a student program that was affiliated with the Works Progress Administration under President Franklin D. Roosevelt's second New Deal.[21] In 1938, the National Youth Administration, in cooperation with the County School

Board, began the Resident Vocational Training Project at the Institute. Forty youths between the ages of 18 and 25 were selected from the Works Progress Administration relief roll to come to Christiansburg and spend three months in work and intensive training – agriculture for boys and homemaking for girls.[22] This program was continued for the 1938-1940 school years.

Following several more lease agreements, the Friends' Freedmen's Association made a final deed of the Christiansburg Industrial Institute to the school divisions of Montgomery County, Radford City, and Pulaski County in 1947,[23] marking the final transition of the school from a private philanthropically supported institution to a public institution. Under this new arrangement, enrollment grew to 340 students, but the industrial and vocational focus of the curriculum diminished. That same year, the dormitories were closed and students were transported daily to and from school. In 1950, the term "Industrial" was removed from the school's name and the school took on the characteristics of a regular public high school. The farm operations all but ceased, and the self-help idea was almost totally eradicated. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 marked the school's final days. Within the next four years, the Christiansburg Institute's students and teachers were integrated into the surrounding schools, and in 1966 the school graduated its final class.



For many years, the Christiansburg Institute's curriculum had an industrial and agricultural focus, the objective of which was to teach marketable skills to the Institute's students. (Photo courtesy of Christiansburg Institute)

Christiansburg Industrial Institute alumni born in the 1920s and early 1930s who attended school there before 1947 remember their school with pride. Walter Lewis, Sr. spoke of the Institute as a "high school with sort of a college atmosphere." Students received a "good, solid education," took pride in their outstanding football team, and had one of the best bands around. "When they marched down the street everyone knew it. They had drum majors that were fantastic."

Aubrey Mills, Sr. remembered dedicated teachers, outstanding educational facilities, and practical instruction in trades such as brick masonry, barbering, and shop and automotive work for students not interested in academic subjects. Agricultural crops and livestock raised on the Institute's farm fed boarding students and those who ate in the school cafeteria. Farm chores also provided disciplinary work for students who misbehaved. Mills remembered that male and female students used separate entrances to the Edgar A. Long building and that there were always chaperones between the girls and the boys; nevertheless, both Mills and Lewis met their wives at the Christiansburg Industrial Institute. Aubrey Mills' wife, Mary Mills, enjoyed the Institute, made good friends there, and learned sewing and mathematics, which enabled her to work for 30 years after graduation, first in a Blacksburg dress shop and then as manager for an outlet clothing store in Christiansburg.

William "Billy" Alexander observed that going to the Institute gave blacks from the New River Valley an opportunity to know blacks from other communities. Lewis, Mills, Alexander, and Elaine Dowe Carter all emphasized the extended sense of black community they gained from attending the Christiansburg Institute with students from around Virginia, and other states. All referred to the distinctive note the Friends' Freedmen's Bureau played in support of their school. Carter also recalled that the Christiansburg Industrial Institute opened many conceptual doors. In her words, the "Christiansburg Institute represented an enormous expansion of educational and extracurricular activities." Carter doubtless spoke for many fellow students when she observed that Christiansburg Industrial Institute alumni still talk about going to school there "as though it was yesterday."[24]

The Edgar A. Long Building sits on a sloping site west of U.S. Route 460 Business in the northwest portion of the Town of Christiansburg near Scattergood Drive. Its outward appearance today belies little of its historic significance, but its solid construction and strong institutional presence suggest a place intended for generations of service.

Although most of the Long Building remains in its original state, it has undergone some alterations. Each entrance originally had an architrave with a classical entablature; both of these elements have been removed from the current structure, as have the original gutters. The original slate roof was hipped with one brick gable on the south façade. Of the several roof alterations, the most recent was the addition of the plywood gables on the north, east, and west facades. On the interior of the building all plastering has been removed, as have the original room divisions. (The south side room on the second floor shows fire damage on the ceiling joists, and evidence of fire is also apparent in the attic on the south and west gables, but the date and cause of this fire, or fires, have not been determined.) Erosion caused a change in the grade on the north façade of the building, which eventually led to the in-filling of the basement windows with brick. Most of the south façade basement windows have also been in-filled, although not because of erosion. A number of the window openings on the north and south facades of the building have been boarded over, but much of the original window framing still exists. All alterations of the Edgar A. Long Building occurred after the Montgomery County School Board sold the property in 1967.

In 1996, the Christiansburg Institute Alumni Association received title to the one-and-a-half acre parcel where the Edgar A. Long Building sits; in 2000 they received the adjoining 1.2877 acres of land east of the Long parcel. Both parcels were donated by developer Jack E. Via, who purchased the Christiansburg Industrial Institute after the school closed in 1966.[25] The Association hopes that the rehabilitation of the Edgar A. Long Building, and its future use as a museum and community learning center, will provide a living tribute for a school that, in the words of its alumni, "laid the foundation for the educational, spiritual, and political development and training of a newly emancipated people, and played a part in the educational history of Virginia."[26]

Post Script: Since we began putting together this edition of the *Journal*, the Edgar A. Long Building was accepted to the National Register of Historic Places.

End Notes

1. On 6/14/1927 the Friends' Freedmen's Association decided to name the new academic building the "Edgar A. Long Building 1927." They also agreed to buy furniture for the building in the amount of $1,485.25; see Friends' Freedmen's Association minutes.
2. *Roanoke Times*. Article on federal grant to Christiansburg project, November 16, 2000.

3. Harrison, Charles H. *The Story of a Consecrated Life: Commemorative of Rev. Charles S. Schaeffer Brevert-Captain U.S.V.* J.B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1900. Montgomery County Circuit Court Clerk's Office, Deed Book Z, p. 51.

4. In 1895 the Friends' Freedmen's Association invited Booker T. Washington to address their annual meeting, which was half a year before he gained national prominence among American whites with his famous Atlanta Exposition speech: "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to human progress." At the Friends' meeting he spoke about the success of education at Tuskegee and emphasized the importance of manual training for blacks. The following year Washington agreed to take the Christiansburg Industrial Institute under management of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute and enlarge and widen its field of usefulness for an expenditure of $2,000 per year. Friends' Freedmen's Association, Executive Board Minutes, 3/10/1896. Friends Library, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa., microfilm.

5. Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes, 4/17/1897. The purpose of an Industrial School as stated in a Tuskegee Institute Annual Catalogue was "to provide an opportunity for young coloured men and women to acquire sound vocational training so that upon graduation they may be thoroughly equipped for active service and leadership in promoting moral, educational, industrial and economic betterment in the community of their future choice." Jones, Lance G.E. *Negro Schools in the Southern States*. Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1928, p. 64.

6. Thirty-three acres were purchased 11/21/1898 (Deed Book 46, p. 273), and 54 acres known as the "Adams Tract" and adjoining "Hix Property" were purchased 3/14/1899 (Deed Book 48, p. 547).

7. A barn, boy's dormitory, shop building, and teacher's cottage were constructed, and 85.63 acres were purchased 11/13/1905 from Charles and Nellie Marshall and Edgar and Annie Long (Deed Book 54, p. 139).

8. Baily-Morris Hall, named for Elliston P. Morris, President of the Friends' Freedmen's Association, and Joshua L. Baily, a firm and generous supporter, was dedicated January 1, 1912. The building served as a combination girl's dormitory, dining room, kitchen, assembly hall, administrative offices, and chapel. Long also oversaw the construction of a new cottage for the Farm Instructor and construction of the Christiansburg Colored Hospital on the grounds of the Christiansburg Institute.

9. Christiansburg Industrial Institute Annual Catalogue, 1916. The Rosenwald Schools were schools that received support from Julius Rosenwald. Rosenwald served as vice-president and treasurer (1895) of the mail-order concern of Sears, Roebuck & Co., president (1910), and chairman of the board of directors (1925). He contributed large sums for the promotion of education in the southern U.S. and for the aid of the Jewish population in the Middle East and German children during and after World War I. He favored the Tuskegee model of education, gave his first gift to black rural schools in 1912, and subsequently established the Julius Rosenwald Fund, a charity for the economic, medical, and cultural advancement of blacks in America. Leavell, *Philanthropy in Negro Education*, pp. 76-80.

10. Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes, 1/6/1925.

11. Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes, 4/9/1925.

12. See Leavell, *Philanthropy in Negro Education*, pp. 61-71. The Christiansburg Institute's request to the General Education Board was referred to Jackson Davis, a Virginia native who was affiliated with the GEB from 1915 until 1946 and who was ultimately the GEB's vice-president and director; see the Jackson Davis Collection in the Special Collections Library at the University of Virginia. See Agreement, General Education Board and Christiansburg Industrial Institute in the Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes, 10/14/1926. In a letter dated 2/10/1928, the Friends' Freedmen's Association informed the GEB about their completion of the said challenge.

13. In a letter dated 5/13/1926, William Baily made reference to blueprints and an elevation for the Long Building, but these were not included in the microfilm; see Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes 3/1926. J.D. Hufford submitted the low bid of $29,787 for the project, but the final contract price was negotiated at $29,921; see Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes 3/18/1927.

14. Principal's Annual Report, Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes, 3/1/1927.

15. Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes 1/11/1927.

16. Principal's Annual Report to the Board of Managers, 3/1/1928, Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes.

17. Friends' Freedmen's Association, Executive Board Minutes 3/28/40. Friends Library, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa., microfilm.

18. The 1931 Annual Report to the Board of Managers of the Christiansburg Industrial Institute states that in that year the Institute gave instruction to the largest number in any one year in its history. Three hundred and thirty students were enrolled – 198 of which attended the Industrial campus. At the time of its Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools accreditation, the Christiansburg Institute was one of only three African American high schools in Virginia to be so accredited; see Annual Report of the Principal, Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes, 1932.

19. The Ninth District Conference, composed of teachers of ten counties and three cities in southwestern Virginia, held its annual meetings at the Institute for the purpose of promoting better teaching; the State Department of Health also held a

Doctors' Helpers Institute there during the summer of 1932, which was the first of its kind to be held for African Americans in the western part of Virginia. In addition, the Health Department also held annual five-day institutes where instruction in home nursing, baby care, and home sanitation was given. Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes.

20. The Christiansburg Industrial Institute was the last of 47 schools that the Friends had helped to start and support in North Carolina and Virginia after the Civil War. Within two decades after the war, all of the schools except Christiansburg were turned over to local school boards. The "regional high school" idea was forwarded by J. Henry Scattergood to the Division Superintendent of Montgomery County schools in a letter dated 8/8/1933. The idea was looked upon favorably by the Virginia Commission on Interracial Cooperation and was adopted by several school systems in Virginia. Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes.

21. 1935-1936 Annual Report, Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes.

22. Friends' Freedmen's Association Minutes 3/31/38.

23. Deed Book 151, p.54. The deed agreement was partially a result of Senate Bill 42 of the Acts of the General Assembly 1946, which authorized school boards of two or more counties and/or cities to jointly acquire and operate school properties, and partially the result of five years of federal funding support.

24. Interviews conducted in April 2000 by Virginia Tech Service Learning students, compiled for this report by John Kern.

25. Jack Via also donated two parcels of land approximately 82 feet east of the northeast corner of the Long Building property to the Christiansburg Institute Alumni Association; the first was 0.026 acre in 1986 where now stands a replica of the school's smokehouse that is used as a museum, and an adjacent 0.517 acre in 1990. Deed Book 510, p.31 and Deed Book 672, p.428.

26. Christiansburg Institute Alumni Association, Christiansburg Institute History, 1996.

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Peggy Maupin Recalls 100 Years in Bedford

By Ben Beagle

I think of Peggy Ballard Maupin and I see her on the steps of Avenel — surrounded by needy college boys of the late Forties and early Fifties — and I remember the magnolias at that solid, somewhat foreboding home built in 1838.

Mrs. Maupin was 102 years old on January 29. She lived in Bedford for a century. She was in her 50s when she was kind to me and my Yankee roommate, Dick Augsbach, and other collegians similarly situated. We were fraternity brothers of her son, the late Harry Ballard Maupin, at Roanoke College.

She now lives in Birmingham, Alabama, with her daughter-in-law, Barbara Maupin, and it's impossible not to think that the farther south she is, the happier she might be.

Her aide in the feeding of needy college boys was her husband, Harry, a kind man and a Bedford pharmacist for years. Talk about feeding college boys. There was a country ham and chicken and oysters and God knows how many kinds of pie in the dining room at Avenel. And sometimes, we'd take the bus to Montvale and the Maupins would take us to a steak dinner at the old, and now gone, Colonial Restaurant on U.S. 460.

It ought to be mentioned that I — along with Robert Edward Lee — have slept in Avenel.

The general may have slept more soundly than I. Augsbach and I were in constant fear of seeing Avenel's ghost — the White Lady of Avenel. It is a lovely story, this of a proper female ghost that was said to appear when any member of the family was in danger or when events at Avenel didn't please her. Mrs. Maupin told L.B. Taylor, Jr., author of several books on Virginia ghosts, that she saw the White Lady when she was a girl in 1906 — after the Ballards moved to Avenel.

They were on the porch at dusk and the White Lady "walked up the lane in front of the house." Her mother asked, "Do you see what I see?" She was dressed, of course, in white and carried a white parasol. There was an impression of blonde hair. Later, the White Lady walked with a gentleman — who wasn't wearing the kind of clothes you saw in Bedford in 1906. Mrs. Maupin thinks the ghost may be the shade of Fannie Steptoe Burwell, the first mistress of the house — the "big house" on a pre-Civil War plantation.

Mrs. Maupin married Harry — the pharmacist, the pragmatist, the person who could balance chemical equations and knew about human anatomy. He laughed at the idea of the White Lady. But one night as the pharmacist was sitting on his bed — taking off his socks or something — the White Lady floated down the hallway and down the staircase. The druggist became a believer after that.

I've never seen her but the mention of the White Lady raises the hairs on my neck a half-century after my fitful sleep at Avenel.

Avenel is now a Bedford community center and you have to guess that the White Lady would have liked that.

Ben Beagle, longtime columnist and reporter for The Roanoke Times, tells of a century of life of an old friend, Peggy Ballard Maupin, in Bedford.

An article in The Bedford Bulletin said that Mrs. Maupin's first name was really Lillian. She never told us that. In the Bulletin article, Mrs. Maupin recalled the days when she was young in the town of Bedford. There were plenty of horses and carriages then, but running water and electricity were scarce. Those were times when children carried bouquets of rambling roses to place on the graves of Confederate soldiers.

Southern veterans of the Civil War still walked the streets of Bedford in those days and, Mrs. Maupin recalled, the town gave them a "big dinner."

In a cemetery in modern Bedford are the graves of members of A-Company, 116th Infantry, 29th Infantry Division, who died on Omaha Beach in World War II. Seventeen Bedford men — who had started their military careers as local members of the National Guard well before Pearl Harbor — died on the beach in France. One of Mrs. Maupin's cousins, Ray Nance, survived that awful day in June, 1944.

Peggy Ballard Maupin, 102 (Photo courtesy of Barbara Maupin)

In the Bulletin article, Mrs. Maupin recalled the days when a Chatauqua festival was held in a large tent near the public school. It lasted two weeks, with dancing, music and games.

The hospitality she later lavished on the college boys was in the best Ballard tradition.

"People came and stayed for weeks at Avenel," she told The Bulletin. "We had two beds in each bedroom in the house and they were always filled."

But by 1920, the festival was gone. The Peaks of Otter remained, however; to give an Old South flavor to Mrs. Maupin's early years.

Anybody from Bedford in those days who hadn't hiked up the Peaks from the old Hotel Mons — on what is now the Blue Ridge Parkway — probably was suspect. Mrs. Maupin told the Bulletin reporter: "People would go to Hotel Mons and spend the whole summer. We'd spend the days hiking to Sharp Top and enjoy entertainment like parties and dancing at the hotel at night. We walked to the Peaks nearly every day. Funny, back then, I wasn't afraid. I never thought about snakes."

This hiking of the Peaks spilled over into my time as a college boy — staying and eating greedily at Avenel as a non-paying guest.

With Mrs. Maupin's son, Harry Ballard, and his girlfriend, Barbara, my Yankee friend and I used to get dates and party at Timberlake Tavern near Lynchburg. After midnight, we would return to Avenel, change into bluejeans and hike the Peaks. The idea was to get up there to see the sunrise — which was usually not possible because of cloudy weather.

I once fell a good way down Sharp Top, along with my date. When we got back to Avenel it was daylight, so I slept without worrying about the White Lady.

Avenel

But I had a near-terminal case of chiggers.

Peggy Maupin fully endorsed these post-midnight climbings. She was awfully good with young people. And she has been modern in her thinking — although remembering winters that were more severe than they are today. And ice-skating and hog killing in proper chilly weather, and cutting ice from the frozen ponds to keep the pork fresh all winter.

And once, as children in her generation often did, she longed to run away with the Gypsies who, she told The Bulletin, "were camped down near the creek." She packed her clothes in a green box, but she didn't make it to the Gypsy camp. Her parents intercepted her.

Which was a good thing for needy college boys and for Bedford. ❖

Southwest Virginia - "A More Delectable Land"

By Sherwood Anderson

(Editor's Note: Sherwood Anderson, novelist and short story writer, lived in or near Marion for the last 15 years of his life, a time when he wrote extensively about Southwest Virginia. Anderson, who lived from 1876 to 1941, was described by Vanity Fair *magazine in 1925 as the country's most distinctive novelist.*

(In the late 1920s, Anderson wrote two travel pieces, "Marion to Roanoke," and "A Traveler's Notes: The Shenandoah Valley." They were published in Southern Odyssey: Selected Writings by Sherwood Anderson, *edited by Welford D. Taylor and Charles E. Modlin. The book was copyrighted in 1997 by Charles E. Modlin and Hilbert H. Campbell, Trustees, Sherwood Anderson Literary Estate Trust.)*

MARION TO ROANOKE

It is no doubt a notable drive. This writer has never driven through a more delectable land. For the procession of choice landscapes along the way, for color and land contour, there is not, I believe, a finer three or four hours' drive to be found in the country — at least not that I have seen.

About Marion and all through Smyth County the hills have a soft sensual quality. I drove to Roanoke recently on a cold grey January Sunday. There was that peculiar hushed still Sunday feeling everyone knows. It could be felt on the road, in the towns, about farm houses and almost in the fields and woods. Everyone was indoors. Sunday dinners were on. You know how they eat in Smyth County.

I left Marion at noon and what few people I met on the road were in their Sunday best. As I got over toward Roanoke more cars appeared. The Sunday dinners were over. People were out for an afternoon's drive. Near Christiansburg, on a side road, a lover walked with his lady in the cold drizzle of rain. He had an umbrella in his hand but had forgotten to put it up. I didn't particularly blame him after I looked at his lady.

In one field, the spring lambing had begun. There had been four lambs born, all black. I wondered if black lambs were more forward-looking than white ones. "I must ask Paul Bird about that," I thought. All four lambs were busily nursing.

I have been told by Mr. Burt Dickinson (who next to Mr. Henry Staley is no doubt our best classicist) that in Smyth County the hills have a particular soft roundness because our country is so old. (Deep Sea Club please take note of this) It came up out of the sea earlier than most places in America. The land has had time to soften its outlines. As I have often said, it will become, some day, a painter's land.

Just this side of Reed Creek Bridge, and just beyond, as you go east, on top of the two hills, the mountains in the foreground break away and you have a view of distant hills and mountains. It is breath-taking. I know of no better place on this drive to stop the car and fill yourself with the beauty of our country. Grey and tawny hills in these winter months. I thought of the view from the top of Iron Mountain, at the crossing of Smyth and Grayson Counties, where you look away into North Carolina.

O, the soft beauty of our Virginia landscapes. There are no such hills anywhere I have been — and where in America have I not been? When painters come into our land and begin to paint here I hope they will

be good painters and not the sloppy sentimental kind that spoil everything they touch.

Wytheville, with its wide main street, is an enticing town. There is always a peculiar air of leisureliness that comes from the sense of space. I dare say that the citizens there are as alert as in any of our towns.

Christiansburg, in Montgomery County, is another lovely place but Pulaski is pretty bad. It seems rather a shame that all through traffic must go some seven or eight miles out of the way to pass through this town. The hills there are also not so inviting. They are more sharp and rugged. I suppose it is politics that takes us all around that long detour to get us east or west.

Pulaski itself is given over to the factories. They protrude everywhere. The town a little makes the flesh quiver after the beauty of Smyth, Wythe and Montgomery Counties. It is like being in some industrial suburb of Chicago. Gaunt, half-ruined mills are everywhere. The very ground is black.

Beyond Pulaski again the lovely soft hills. I like the red brick and the comfortable-looking white frame houses they build here in this section of Virginia. Usually they stand well back from the road with green and, in the winter, tawny yellow fields between them and the highway. White farm houses built clinging to the sides of hills are particularly nice. It was a painter who first called my attention to this. It would be hard, however, to find, in all America, a more charming country home than that of Oscar K. Harris, just east of Marion, that stands right out on the highway.

At one place on the drive to Roanoke you plunge abruptly down a winding hill and find yourself following a purple and grey river in a long horseshoe bend. It is a marvelous place.

Many breath-taking places during this drive. Hills and fields and houses and then more lovely hills.

At long last Salem. It does not take long to get through Salem. It is a sad-looking town.

The factories and mills have not spoiled Roanoke yet. It is a hard town to spoil. A beautifully situated town, the Roanoke River, the hills, the pleasant valley in which the town stands. From your hotel bedroom window, provided you arrive before dark of a winter evening, as I did, and are fortunate enough to get a room far up and looking away to the west, as I did — and there is a smoky rain falling over the hills in the distance and the city streets.

Providing all these things happen to you, as they did to me, you will stand a moment by the window looking out and shake a bit with cold because you left the car door slides open to miss nothing, and you will be glad, as I was, that fate has sent you to live in so gracious a country.

A Traveler's Notes: The Shenandoah Valley

The spring is a hard time to get through at best. In our country nature is a bit too lovely, too exciting. The year's passion is on. It affects everyone.

Now I am on the road alone in a car. Tough looking young men hail me at the edge of each town. I do not stop. I do not want incidental companionship. Just the same I feel lonely. Human beings must ever be lonely in the spring. Last week I wrote a story about spring loneliness. I gave it the title, "Ashamed."

The story was of two men made ashamed by the loveliness of earth in the springtime. They were common men made suddenly sensitive, suddenly come to the realization that when all the earth was lovely they did not feel themselves so.

One of the men felt the same way about his wife. He came home in the evening along a mountain road and had dinner with her. He could not stay in the house so went to walk alone and found another man. Each wanted to tell the other what he felt but could not find words to express it.

They were both dumb and ashamed in the presence of trees putting on leaves, a river flowing through a valley, the smell of new growth at night.

There is a great feeling of guilt connected with not picking up another man on the road, even when

he looks a tough one. Why should I own this car while he has no car? This is something I cannot understand. I have money in my pocket. Where did it come from?

What right do I have to anything all men can't have? On all sides of me are men who have been more honest, who have been better citizens, who have worked harder and suffered more.

I cannot understand why things fall out for me as they do. I am a lucky man. I take what I can get.

I am in the Valley of Virginia and what a noble valley it is. My mind leaps back to my childhood. Now men have come in the evenings to sit on the front porch of the little yellow house on a back street in an Ohio town and talk to my father.

That was in the days of saloons. Some of the men have been drinking. There is the peculiar pungent smell of alcohol in the air. It is combined with the spring smells.

A great beech tree reaches with its long arms out over the porch, the house and the little front yard.

Men are talking of other spring mornings in the Valley of Virginia, of Manassas, Winchester, Lexington, Bull Run. Once the attention of the entire world was centered on this Valley and on the Virginia country down about Richmond.

Men were struggling bitterly here. Death and carnage were on all sides. It was the North against the South. There was never any bitterness in the voices of the Yankee soldiers who came in the evenings to our house to tell over and over the tales of the war in the Valley. They admired the fighting qualities of their foes.

There were little incidental tales told. There was a man alone on a dark road at night. It might have been the very country road I have just passed in my car. The man had been out foraging and up came a group of cavalrymen. It was dark and he did not know whether they were friends or foes, so plunged across the road and got into a field. The men shouted at him and two or three shots were fired. He may have run across that field there, past that old barn and into the woods I see yonder. In the tale he told when I was a boy he got lost and wandered about all night, not knowing whether he was within his own lines or within the enemy's lines. I do not remember all the details of his night of adventure, but do remember how, as a small boy, he made me feel the darkness and terror of the night.

Nearly all old soldiers are good story-tellers. They must have learned the art at night in the camps or when, with two or three companions, they were out on picket duty or on a foraging expedition.

Now, if there were another war, the men would all be equipped with radio sets. At night cheap singers in city burlesque houses would bawl at them about some blue vaudeville Heaven.

The Valley opens out gloriously on both sides of the road. How many times it has been described. The rolling fields, the fine old houses standing on hills among the trees. I remember the descriptions given by the Northern men come home from the war. They, however, said nothing about the sign boards.

There are fine houses to be seen and fine cattle and, as I ride up the Valley mountains, are always in sight to the right and to the left.

The yanks were down here once and must have come again. A friend in New York told me recently that the yankees were all becoming southerners and the southerners were all becoming yanks. The whole Valley now is plastered with sign boards and every other old Virginia house is a Tourist's Rest.

Cave shouts at Cave along the road and Tourist's Rest shouts at Tourist's Rest. How many caves to be gone down into and how much money to be made getting tourists down under the ground.

I am not ready to go down under the ground yet. I ignore the sign boards.

There is a persistent merchant in Roanoke. He has put up signs every mile, telling how far away you are from him. Now you are forty-two miles from his store, forty-three, forty-five, forty-six, fifty miles from his store, fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty three. Well, what the hell of it? Are we to be made glad, getting so far away from his store?

I went to the Natural Bridge. I could not resist that, although I did stay out of the caves. The bridge

is lovely beyond words, the nearest thing to the cathedrals of the old world I have seen on this side of the water.

There is something Gothic in nature as it expresses itself here. The Natural Bridge is really majestic and vast, the great stone arch of it seeming to spring up from earth as men in the age of faith once made the great stone arches of the cathedrals go up to God. The Natural Bridge left me dumb and deeply moved.

In an age of faith men would have gone to that place to worship. But what modern preacher would dare preach a sermon down there in the deep valley under that strange and lovely arch?

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Big Lick's First Post Office

For years, historians have been unable to determine the earliest official usage of the name, "Big Lick," for the community which developed at the junction of Indian trails, early wagon roads, railroads, highways and even airlines. The question appears to have been settled with the finding that Wigton King was officially appointed first postmaster of Big Lick on Jan. 11, 1798. This was long before Big Lick was chartered in 1874.

The research came from a master's thesis at Hollins College (now University) on "Mail Delivery in the Magic City," by Paul M. English in 1997.

In early times, post offices often were operated at existing taverns and postal business was handled by tavern-keepers. Wigton King was operating Spotts Tavern, owned by George Spotts and located just west of the present intersection of Orange Avenue and Williamson Road. King was indicted for selling liquor without a license and he later retired, according to postal records.

Other early Big Lick postmasters: John Cornelius Pate, 1804; James Brawley, 1813; John Muse, 1813; Edward Pate, 1818; Robert Robertson, 1821; Edmund Pate, 1821; William Smith, 1826; Benjamin Berry Ward, 1826; Seth Ward, 1827; James C. Madison, 1827; Paschal B. Wade, 1829; Yelverton Oliver, 1831; John C. Jeffreys, 1831; Frederick Johnston, 1834; Thomas W. Micon, 1838; Zachariah Robinson, 1846; and Armistead Neal, 1847.

Postal records list Lewis Cooper as the first postmaster of Salem in 1802, before the town was chartered in 1806. John Holley was the first postmaster at Gish's Mill, later named Vinton, in 1856.

In the beginning, mail was delivered occasionally by stage coaches or transient riders. Postmasters were appointed after the U.S. Post Office Department was created in 1794. Mail delivery to homes and businesses in the new city of Roanoke began in 1888 and the first official post office building in Roanoke opened at Church Avenue and Henry (now First) Street in 1897. Trucks replaced horse-drawn wagons in 1922 and the first air mail service came in 1924, according to postal records. Rural Free Delivery (RFD) from Salem started in 1903.

How Do Our Gardens Grow?

By Alice Trout Hagan

(Editor's Note: On April 19, 2000, Alice Trout Hagan saluted the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Roanoke Valley Garden Club in this speech to its members, celebrating its founders, notably "Miss Minnie", wife of Edward L. Stone, (of whom, more later), and the club's many and visible community achievements. In 1975, Mrs. Hagan's mother, Alice Green Trout, was the speaker at the club's 50th anniversary celebration.)

Miss Minnie's account of our first [Club] meeting begins, "It was a lovely day in April that Blanche (Mrs. Davis) called me over the phone saying, 'Miss Minnie, I want you to come over here tomorrow morning to help organize a garden club.' That meeting proved to be for election of officers. It was done in this fashion which, as far as I knew, was the way to do it. Blanche said to me, 'Miss Minnie, you are the president.' I said, 'I AM NOT!' She said, 'Yes, you are,' and so I was the president. Then, looking at Mrs. McVitty, she said, 'And you are the vice president.' After what had happened to me, Mrs. McVitty said nothing, and neither did Mrs. Crawford when told she would be treasurer. No one was asked to be secretary. You can readily see that we had never heard of Mr. Roberts — or his Rules."

Before Miss Minnie started serving her term, she secured the services of the best local parliamentarian to instruct her as to "how to get the thing along." When the instructor came to give Miss Minnie her third lesson, Miss Minnie said he had already taught her too much — that her club was a Garden Club.

The first official meeting produced the name of the club, the club flower and the club motto: "What is Heaven? Is it not just a friendly garden plot?" At the next meeting the president advised punctual attendance, avoidance of confusion in the proceedings and prompt payment of dues, which were $3.00 per year. A furor developed when the hostess announced that light refreshments were available. Thus began the eternal struggle of whether or not to have refreshments. By the following year the pro-refreshments forces had won. Mrs. Waller Staples served ice cream in clay pots and lemonade from a bucket in her well.

Our club's major project for the first year and into following years was the planting of Elmwood Park, which Miss Minnie forgot to mention in her first report. So after two or three years of listening to other reports about it, she quietly got hold of the minutes book and rewrote her whole report including Elmwood Park this time. During these years our club met twice a month, recessing for July and August.

The ladies knew little about exhibits, containers or ribbons. One member asked why she had won a blue ribbon when she had brought red flowers. They all thought judges gave ribbons only to their best friends. Early on, members gave reports on their own gardens, since an award was given for the most improvement.

Alice Trout Hagan, a Roanoke native, is a past president of Roanoke Valley Garden Club and a board member of the History Museum.

'Twas said that Miss Marion Maher has made marked improvements in hers, following a plan suited to the location of the garden. Mrs. Edgar Funkhouser modestly reported on the establishment of a small perennial garden just outside her living room at Cherry Hill. Mrs. S. K. Funkhouser notified the club of her intention to begin a garden to cover the entire rear of her lot. And "Mrs. Joseph Crawford has recently put out many shrubs, plants and bulbs which may be a feast for our eyes if we are so fortunate as to be invited to meet there in the future." Two members complained that they had accomplished little, as they couldn't figure out how to raise dogs and flowers on the same lot. Dear old Mrs. W.K. Andrews, one of the best-loved members of the group, had a large garden with long path sloping to the south. "Her friends are always welcomed there — even her cow rambles up and down this path nibbling flowers and grass alike." She reported how beautiful it was, a glorious sight with flowers blooming on this side and that — as far as the eye could see. An epic report which she ended with, "Thank God for my old brindle cow!"

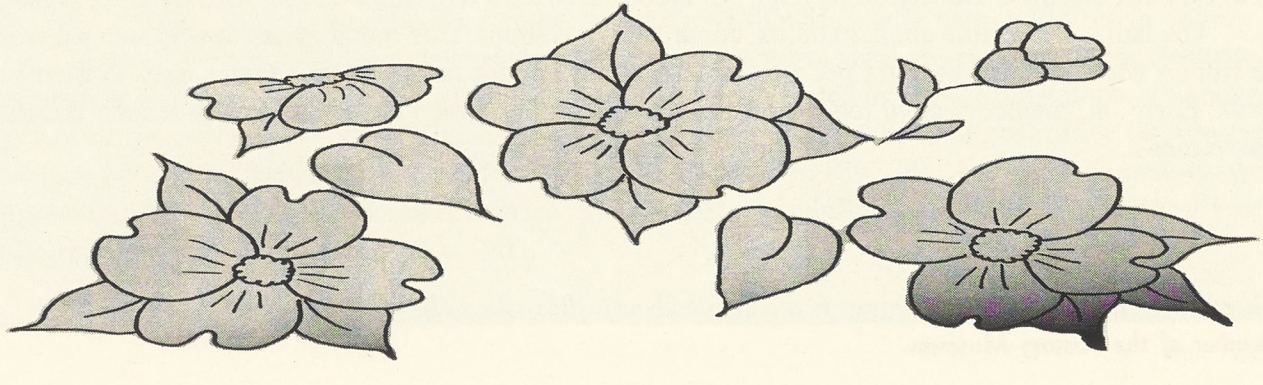
As members' gardens flourished our ladies passed their energies on to the highways. The ladies attacked tree planting along Route 11 with shovels, watering pots and yardsticks, covering several miles. When the road was later widened the trees were demolished and the billboards came, remembered by this little ditty:

I think that I shall never see a billboard lovely as a tree
And unless the billboards fall, I'll never see a tree at all.

The world was caught up in a cruel and destructive war. Sixty-two members of our immediate families served in the armed forces. Our ladies were involved in many war activities: the Red Cross, the USO, Traveler's Aid, the motor corps and civilian defense. Under the very roof where we are now sitting our members gathered on Wednesdays and turned out 7,000 emergency dressings for use in emergency stations. Mrs. Davis packed up some members to go with her to help with the landscaping at the Camp Pickett permanent hospital grounds at Blackstone, Virginia.

Club members were watching the progress of their own 40 Victory Gardens which spawned another ditty from an unknown poet:

Behold our garden plots today, or rather, what we'll see in May.
Our gardens only flowers did grow, now vegetable seeds we also sow.
The rose we love, the climbing vine, grew side by side with the butterbean vine.
The jonquil with blossom so yellow finds the carrot its neighboring fellow;
And near the evening, scented stock onions flourish in the garden plot.
Besides feeding our souls on flowers of beauty, with Victory Gardens, we do our duty.



After the war, GCV [Garden Club of Virginia] meetings, which had been suspended, began again. I remember a couple of tales I can tell of my mother's and Sarah Butler's adventures at these meetings. In those days delegates didn't stay in hotels and motels for state gatherings, but in the homes of the hostess club members, where some meetings were also held.

On one occasion they started up a driveway which was blocked by a "Quarantine" sign. This was done on a regular basis then to curb the spread of infectious diseases. A man approached their stopped car, asking if they were garden club members. Upon receiving their affirmative reply, he said, "Go right on in. Mrs. Smith put up the sign because she didn't want people wandering off the street to see what was going on." Another time they came down for breakfast, all dressed up for the day. A maid met them at the foot of the stairs and said, "Oh, mercy! Breakfast will be served in your room. Mrs. Brown doesn't like to get dressed early." So Mother and Sarah went back up to their room and put on their gowns and robes until their breakfast arrived.

Now, a few facts and figures: The Roanoke Valley Garden Club, founded in April 1925, was the first garden club in the City of Roanoke. It soon spearheaded the organization of seven other garden clubs—Mill Mountain, Magic City, Greenwood Road, Alleghany, Wasena, Mountain View and Big Lick.

The first garden we developed was started in 1926 at Elmwood Park, which over the next 20 years involved the planting of hundreds of trees and shrubs and 1,800 rose bushes. In 1930, we planted hundreds of dogwoods and other trees for several miles along Route 11 near Hollins, then the northern entrance to the city. In 1931, we began to contribute tree seedlings to the city tree nursery. During the following 10 years, 400 trees were planted along city streets from the original seedlings. In 1941, we began the restoration of the Fincastle Presbyterian Churchyard, the oldest in the town, and this became a state restoration project the next year.

In 1955, we planted a garden at the Roanoke Child Guidance Center. In the 1970s, we planted trees to beautify an unsightly dirt bank above the Crystal Spring tennis courts. When Cherry Hill became the Roanoke Fine Arts Center, we planted 675 boxwood, 26 hemlocks and countless periwinkle plants there. When the center moved downtown, we moved some boxwood to Fairacres, the Garden Club center, sold some to members and moved the rest to the Transportation Museum, then in Wasena Park. After the 1985 flood submerged the museum plantings, club members salvaged some boxwood to a warehouse, proving the durability of the plants, not to mention the members' backs. This garden club does gardens!

The Roanoke Valley Garden Club joined the Garden Club of Virginia in 1929. Three state presidents have come from this club; we have hosted three annual state meetings, sponsored lily, daffodil and rose shows and received three state Massie Medals, the DeLacy Gray Medal and the runner-up Commonwealth Award.

For our 75th Anniversary these "old days" anecdotes were chosen, as there is no one left to banter them around. Every one of you harbors similar tales of personal garden club experiences, which should be recorded. Write them down and give them to me sometime. Our centennial is just around the corner!

And finally — Miss Minnie, thank you for writing down your memories, and most of all for accepting Miss Blanche's invitation to "come on over tomorrow morning and help organize a Garden Club." ❖

A Diary of Mrs. Edward L. Stone (Minnie Fishburn)

(Editor's Note: "Miss Minnie," aka Mrs. Edward Stone, had lived in Roanoke for 45 years before she was dragooned to serving as the Roanoke Valley Garden Club's first president. What follows here are excerpts from her diary about the city's early days, which Journal readers may find evocative. The Journal is indebted to Alice Trout Hagan for making Miss Minnie's manuscript available.)

On December 13, 1880 a train stopped at what is now known as Commerce Street crossing. My father and mother and several small children were assisted in getting off the train.

We were at last in Big Lick where we were going to live. There were nearly four hundred people here. It seemed a rather largish place to our childish eyes.

The little town as I remember it consisted of a row of houses on each side of the railroad tracks. On one side lived one of my uncles where we stayed until a house could be found; on the other side, another uncle, the Neal family, Dr. Kent's lovely old home, Mr. Henry Trout, and my cousin, Mrs. M.H. Taylor. The Neals and Trouts and the family of one of my uncles still live in Roanoke.

Where the Ponce de Leon now stands was the only hotel and was known as the Trout house. It was a small two-story frame residence. There was a large yard with a pink rose bush and a good spring. The spring has been utilized in the basement of the Ponce de Leon.

To the Northeast was the colored section known as Gainsboro. In this section stands the building which in days gone by was the first tavern and the post office of that day. To the Southeast was Elmwood Park, the home of the Terrys at that time. It was a long way from the Commerce Street station where we left the train.

During the Civil War, Elmwood was owned by my grandmother's brother, Benjamin Tinsley.

Now go quite a way over rough ground to a point where now stands the Lutheran Church. Halfway between this point and the Johnson Chevrolet Corporation, back from the road, stood the J.M. Gambill home.

Away to the South was the McClanahan home; to its left, a wonderful spring, later called Crystal Spring when we got to be called Roanoke. A bird's eye view over to the North showed Hollins, a long way at that time; also the Watts and Sorrell farms.

We knew of a town called Salem, quite a journey in those days of horses and buggies over a very rough country road. In 1882 a great thing happened to us. The Shenandoah [Valley] Railroad was brought to little Big Lick. Then our name was changed to Roanoke, and after that things happened very fast.

Salem could have had the Shenandoah [Valley] Railroad, but she didn't want it then [emphasis in the original].

In those days the wildest excitement for this little new Roanoke were trips to Roanoke College commencements or Hollins commencements, to say nothing of trips to pick blueberries or, most wonderful of all, a trip to Peaks of Otter or Luray Cave. To Luray on the train, and, if to Peaks of Otter, thirteen or fourteen buggies. And picnics! I can still taste the lovely cake made by Mary Trout — later Mrs. J.C. Davenport.

On these occasions he would send a colored boy with a note asking the pleasure or honor of our company to the picnic, to the Literary Society, the dance, or whatever we had in those days.

In these days he dashes up in a car of some kind, honks several times, and out she goes.

Ships & Shipmates Sails On

By Donlan Piedmont

It will not have escaped anyone's notice that Roanoke has no apparent relationship with the sea, save for two strips of steel rail which end at a large coal pier on the Elizabeth River in Norfolk, 250 miles east. Downtown Roanoke ship chandlers do not ply their trade on the Market; our river has no seaweed, no docks; no crowds of roistering shore-leave sailors jam our Art Museum, our Library, our Roanoke Symphony concerts.

And yet, read here the words of One Who Knows, William B. Cogar, vice president and chief curator of the Mariners' Museum in Newport News: "Roanoke and the [Roanoke] Valley … may be in the mountains, but they are very much connected to the sea. Merely because they can't see the sea doesn't mean they are not. … [Their] history transcends the mountains and goes to the sea.

"It is," he continues, "an important exhibition … an extraordinary amount of material of interest especially to those with a personal interest in the sea."

And that number includes so many of us in Western Virginia. There were, after all, at least 52 vessels – naval and otherwise – named *Roanoke*, and 19 of these are celebrated in the lively, evocative "Ships & Shipmates" exhibit at the History Museum of Western Virginia in Roanoke's Center in the Square. This truly blockbuster display took nearly three years to assemble, interpret and mount. Kent Chrisman, executive director of the Museum, credits the exhibit's outstanding quality to the effort led in large part by Clive Rice and Bill Claytor: Rice is an old Navy salt and Claytor, an Army veteran, soon became passionate about the Naval display. Both became almost obsessed with the notion of a Roanoke-rooted nautical exhibit and took it on, and, by doing so, violated the old Navy maxim: "never volunteer for anything." Without them, Chrisman believes, the exhibit would have never gotten off the ground. Or more properly, got to sea.

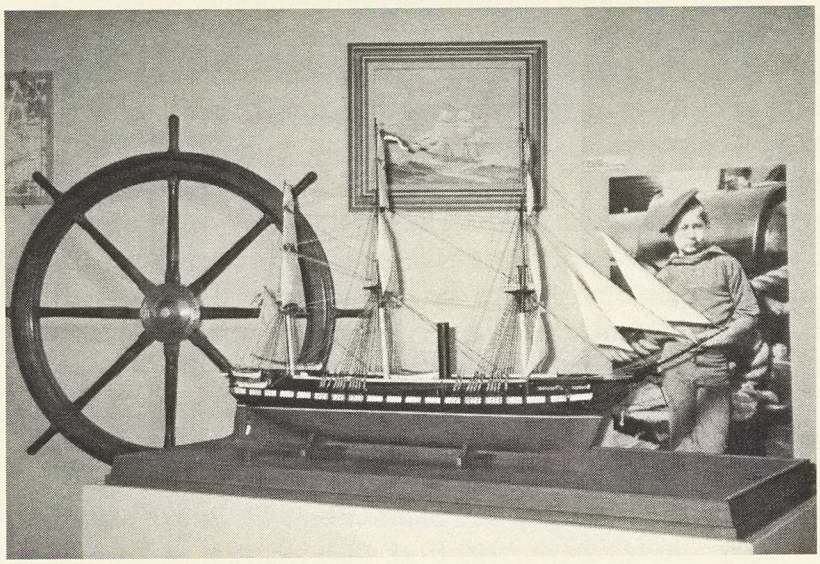
They helped raise money – more than $125,000 – and begged, borrowed, cadged, cajoled and in other ways persuaded donors here, there and nationwide to provide items for the exhibit. They even visited a government warehouse in Eastern Virginia from which they acquired old ships' gear, including a compass and an engine telegraph – all free.

There are thousands of items on display here – an eclectic assortment of uniforms, signal flags, the silver service from the cruiser *USS Roanoke* and shards from the champagne bottle used by Julia Henebry Childers (daughter of Roanoke's Mayor Leo Henebry) to christen the ship in 1947. The exhibit also contains, oddly, a three-disc long-play recording of that very christening. Michael Blankenship bought it on the Internet – 11 bucks – and gave it to the Museum. (And this is how certain things work in the donation trade: with the LPs in one hand Chrisman extended the other for funds to buy equipment to play them.)

The cruiser Roanoke was perhaps the star vessel to bear the name, but there were in addition, as Mary Bishop points out in a *Roanoke Times* article on the exhibit, "brigs, barques, barges, sloops, schooners, steamers, tugs, tankers and towboats." Some were named for the city, others for the river and others for – who knows. The salubrious effect of all this variety, Bishop writes, was to make the exhibit "a sampler of American naval history." One of the *Roanoke*s was a frigate from 1854. Eight years later, disabled and scheduled for repairs, she lay in Hampton Roads where her still on-duty crew watched as the *CSS Virginia* (aka *Merrimac*) and the *USS Monitor* made naval history a few hundred yards away. (The crew thus proved that the poet John Milton was correct when he wrote that "[T]hey also serve who only stand and wait.)

Another *Roanoke*, a barque built in Bath, Maine, in 1892, was a very large wooden cargo ship which served in the world-wide coal and sugar trade until, one day in 1905, it was destroyed by fire near New Caledonia. The vast stretch of the southwest Pacific was a long way from the city whose name the ship bore, and farther still from its birthplace.

The exhibit includes models of the frigate and a Confederate tug (clearly named for the river, there being no city of Roanoke at the time). They were commissioned by the Museum from a model-maker in New Mexico – an even greater distance from the sea than Roanoke. Rice raised $3,400 from his Civil War Roundtable colleagues to pay for the tug's model. When the job was completed, the modeler became so concerned over the safety of his exquisitely crafted handiwork that he drove from his home to deliver both models by hand and in person to the Museum.



The USS Steam Frigate Roanoke (c. 1854) and other artifacts from Ships & Shipmates. The exhibit will be on display until March, 2003. The History Museum is open every day except Mondays.

Other support for the project, political, fiscal, physical, came from many: Senator John Warner for one, and Sam Giles, both ex-Navy men. Warner opened doors to help in acquisitions; Giles and Steven Dodd, a cabinetmaker from Salem, built walls for the exhibit, and Rice and Giles re-created a crew's bunk, adding verisimilitude to the enterprise. These volunteers, and dozens of others, Chrisman declares, "have spent thousands of hours – I am not exaggerating – thousands of hours on this project."

The extensive collection includes memorabilia, maps, instruments, bits and pieces of uniforms, decorations, medals, ashtrays, virtually everything nautical except perhaps a salt-air breeze astern, and a glimpse of the actual people who wore, operated, saw, worked on or used these artifacts.

The Museum can't provide a salty breeze. But the people, those who served in war and peace, have not been forgotten here. One hundred and fifty of them look down on the exhibit from a complementary Wall of Honor, which commemorates the area men and women who wore the Navy's uniform at one time or another. There are another hundred or so waiting for their turn to be displayed on the Wall. Further, Chrisman says friends and relatives of the area's seafarers from time to time still bring in even more photographs, and they'll have their turn as well.

Mary Bishop has described the range of this photographic collection: "There's James Langhorne Tayloe, said to be the valley's first Navy veteran, who served from 1853 to 1862. There's Seaman Lakita Henderson, in the Navy now. There's former Governor Linwood Holton. There are five Sink brothers in World War II – Robert, Daniel, Howard, Earl and Graydon. There's the chairman of the Museum board, and an attendant in the Center in the Square garage, all posted on the wall without regard to rank."

High professional praise for the exhibit's scope and quality came from the interim director of the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, who, touring Center in the Square one day, even before the exhibit was totally installed, asked Chrisman, "Where did you borrow this exhibit – the Mariners'?"

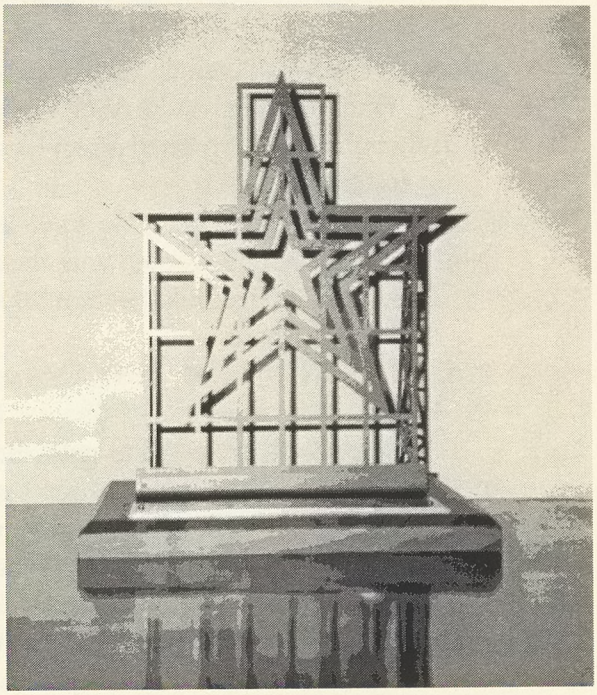
"No," said Chrisman with pride. "We did it ourselves." ❖

50 Star Citizens Honored for "Selfless Contributions"

To mark the 50th anniversary of Roanoke's Mill Mountain star, 50 "Star Citizens" of the last half-century were honored at a gala celebration on Nov. 30, 1999 at Rockledge, the home of Ralph Smith on Mill Mountain. Smith, who was co-chairman of the Star Celebration Committee, was elected mayor of Roanoke a year later. The event was co-sponsored by the Roanoke Regional Chamber of Commerce, United Way of Roanoke Valley and the History Museum and Historical Society of Western Virginia.

The black-tie celebration recognized 50 "Star Citizens," individuals and families, "whose selfless contributions have made our Valley what it is today," according to planners of the event. Some of the "Star Citizens" and members of their families came to the dinner where they received a model of the star. The citizens, selected to coincide with the 50-year life of the star, were chosen by a three-member anonymous panel.

The dinner was for the benefit of a Star Fund, named for the Mill Mountain star, recently designated a state and national Historic Landmark. The fund is to be used for grants for the preservation and maintenance of Roanoke Valley properties listed on the Virginia Landmarks or National Registers. The fund, now amounting to about $12,000, is managed by the History Museum and Historical Society. Money from interest on the fund will be used for preservation grants after the total amount has reached about $20,000, according to Kent Chrisman, Museum executive director.



The Star Award

The Star Citizens, chosen for the year of their civic and philanthropic acts, are:

1950—C. Francis Cocke, banker, leader in local and regional education, library and history programs

1951—Reuben Lawson, lawyer who filed the first school integration suit in Roanoke; Rev. F. G. Sampson, first African-American member of Roanoke Ministers Conference, elected secretary

1952—Arthur Owens, Roanoke city manager, and Mayor Roy Webber, led promotion for Roanoke's first All-American City award

1953—Junius B. Fishburn, Junius P. Fishburn and Blair Fishburn (father, son and cousin), who gave park land to the city and contributed to community programs

1954—Virginia Y. Lee, Gainsboro librarian for 43 years, assembled the first collection of African-American histories in Roanoke

1955—Paul Buford, president of Shenandoah Life Insurance Co., active supporter of city and college education

1956—Dr. A. L. James, pastor of First Baptist Church, North Jefferson Street, for 38 years in the Depression, started a free milk line, first daily vacation Bible school, served on the City School Board

1957—Leonard Muse, lawyer, state senator, leader in local and state education; Frank W. Rogers Sr., lawyer, library and community leader

1958—R. H. Smith, Norfolk & Western Railway president, led successful school bond campaign

1959—Dr. J. B. Claytor, head of family of professionals—sons Dr. F. W. Claytor, internal medicine; Dr. J. B. Claytor Jr., surgeon; Dr. Walter Claytor, dentist

1960—"Problem solvers"—Dr. Maynard Law, Rev. R. R. Wilkinson, Lawrence Hamlar, Frank Clement and Arthur Taubman, leaders in African-American and white communities, formed a secret committee which integrated Roanoke lunch counters without incident

1961—Clem D. Johnston, civic and Chamber of Commerce leader

1962—Percy Keeling worked with thousands of youngsters at William Hunton YMCA; Dr. Wendell Butler, Hunton branch YMCA member, chairman of Roanoke City School Board

1963—Larry Dow, leader of YMCA building fund, co-chair of Citizens for Arena-Auditorium

1964—Rev. F. E. Alexander, Roanoke Tribune founder-publisher; daughter, Claudia Whitworth, followed as publisher

1965—Drs. L. C. Downing, Gordon Downing and E. D. Downing, medical leaders; Dr. L. C. Downing was superintendent of Burrell Memorial Hospital

1966—Cabell Brand, Salem catalog company executive, founded Total Action Against Poverty

1967—Edmund P. Goodwin, historical and cultural leader

1968—Sam McNeil, first president of WBRA, public television, in Roanoke

1969—Gordon Willis, led development of American Viscose Corp. plant site into industrial center

1970—Dr. Noel Taylor, longtime Roanoke mayor, conciliator, community peacemaker

1971—Dr. Margaret Glendy, first woman health commissioner in Roanoke and leader in health care circles

1972—Robert W. Woody, mayor, leader of two successful Roanoke bond issues

1973—Julian Wise, founder of Roanoke Lifesaving Crew, first in world, received presidential citation

1974—Herman Pevler, Norfolk & Western Railway president, supporter of education, civic programs

1975—Dorothy Gibboney, first female school superintendent in Roanoke, community leader; Sadie Lawson, longtime teacher of classics and principal at Addison High School, influenced thousands of students

1976—E. H. Ould, banker, leader in financial and education communities

1977—Charles P. Lunsford and son, Charles I. Lunsford, insurance executives, behind-scenes contributors to many valley causes; Charles I. Lunsford, Center in the Square leader

1978—John Will Creasy, advertising executive, designer, artist, leader in founding Patchwork Players, Showtimers, Museum of Theatre History (MOTH), and Sidewalk Art Festival

1979—Dr. Perry Kendig, Roanoke College professor, dean, president, leader in cultural services

1980—Hazel Thompson saved Harrison School, which became Harrison Museum and housing for the elderly

1981—Nicholas Taubman, Advance Auto Parts executive, contributor to Explore Park visitor center and other civic programs

1982—William B. Hopkins, lawyer, state senator, played significant role in obtaining funding for Center in the Square, Science Museum of Western Virginia

1983—John Hancock Jr. and George Cartledge Sr. originated the idea and contributed to Center in the Square and downtown development

1984—Sigmund Davidson, major fund raiser for community programs, followed by his son, Larry Davidson

1985—Bern Ewert, Roanoke city manager, led downtown Roanoke development, started Explore Park; Douglas Cruickshanks, banker, first president of River Foundation, parent of Explore Park; Norman Fintel, Roanoke College president, President of River Foundation, supporter of community programs

1986—Beirne Carter, Carter Machinery Co. executive, whose estate set up a major statewide foundation

1987—Warner Dalhouse, banker, leader at Center in the Square, responsible for Dominion Tower

1988—Dr. Douglas Pierce, pediatrician and co-founder of Roanoke area Child Health Investment Partnership (CHIP), program providing health care for poor children

1989—Marion Via, major backer of Roanoke Symphony, Center in the Square organizations, Bradley Free Clinic and Rescue Mission

1990—Bittle and Charlotte Porterfield, supporters of common causes

1991—Glenn and Joanne Thornhill, backers of Art Museum of Western Virginia

1992—William J. and Barbara Lemon, supporters of Center in the Square, education and community programs

1993—Betty Carr Muse, active leader and supporter of civic, cultural causes

1994—Rosalie and Sydney Shaftman and son, Fred Shaftman, major contributors to United Way, Center in the Square, Jefferson Center and other programs

1995—Thomas Robertson, Carilion Health System chairman, led campaign to raise money for Hotel Roanoke renovation

1996—Heidi Krisch, first female United Way chairman, major backer of Red Cross, Jefferson Center and other programs

1997—Judge Beverly Fitzpatrick led the Jefferson Center drive

1998—Horace and Heywood Fralin, brothers who have been large contributors to Art Museum of Western Virginia, Virginia Tech, 4-H Center and other causes

1999—Garnett Smith, Advance Auto Parts executive, supporter of 4-H Center, Virginia Western Community College and other programs

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ISBN #: 0-9710531-0-3