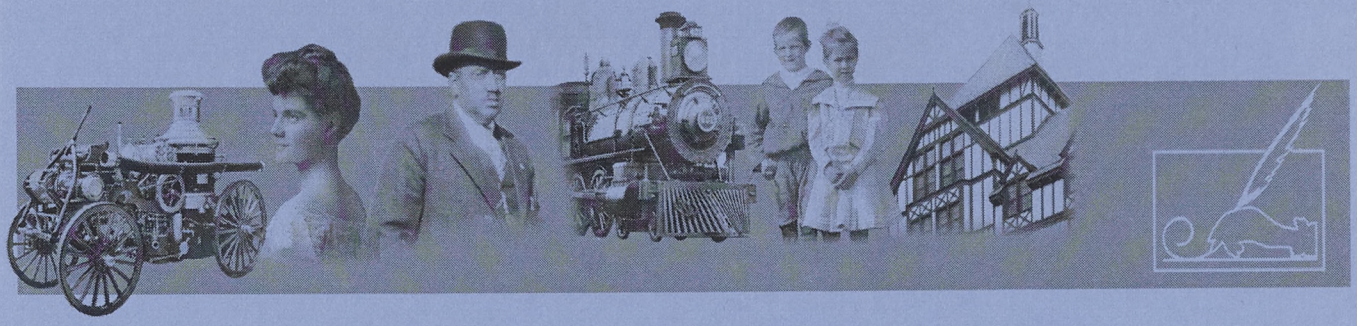


History Museum & Historical Society

OF WESTERN VIRGINIA

2004

JOURNAL

Volume Sixteen Number One

History Museum & Historical Society

Of Western Virginia

Amor montium nos movet

(For the love of mountains inspires us)

George Kegley
Editor of the Journal

Christina Koomen Smith
Production, Editorial Asst.

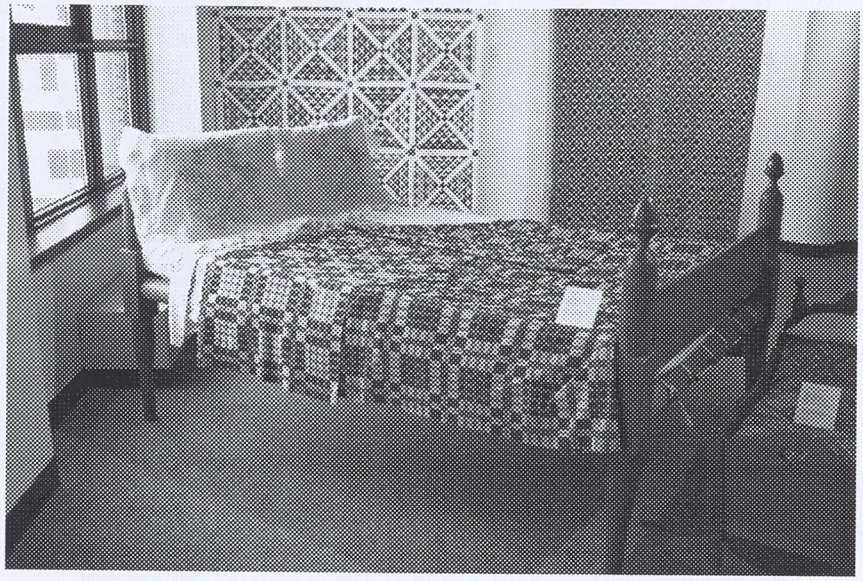
The Journal, Vol. 16, No. 1, chronicles the history of the Commonwealth west of the Blue Ridge. Published by the History Museum & Historical Society of Western Virginia (formerly the Roanoke Valley Historical Society), P.O. Box 1904, Roanoke, VA, 24008. Printed by Jamont Communications, Roanoke. The price for additional copies is $5 for members, $10 for non-members. The Museum will be careful in handling unsolicited materials, but cannot be responsible for their loss.

Table of Contents

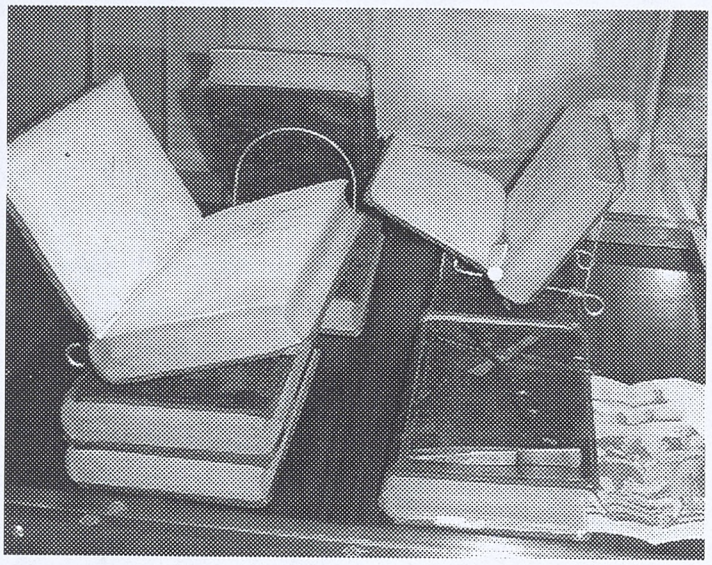
Illlustration: Alice Keaton walks along a lonely road in Carvins Cove.

This issue of the Journal was made possible by a grant from
The Foundation for Roanoke Valley,
Stan and Elise Lanford Family Fund

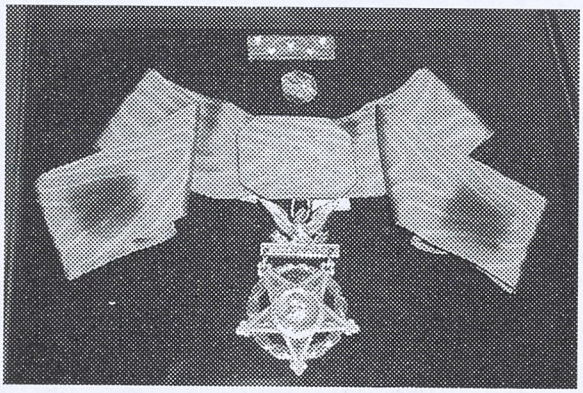
New Acquisitions



A rope bed, manufactured by Rich Brothers in Wytheville, about 1860, as seen in the recent Quilts & Coverlets exhibit.



Eight medical books, signed by William Fleming, Scottish-born surgeon and Botetourt County lieutenant, who lived on Tinker Creek more than two centuries ago.



A Congressional Medal of Honor awarded posthumously to First Lt. Gary Lee Miller of Covington for his service as an Army platoon leader in Vietnam in 1969.

Note from the Executive Director

The Museum and Society is pleased to present this, the 31st issue of the Journal, Volume Sixteen, Number One. Its publication marks the first sequential four annual issues since 1966-69; a testament to our editor, whose dedication is exceeded only by his modesty.

At our Center in the Square headquarters, the Museum & Society launched three exhibits for 2004: Putting the Matter to Rest: Quilts and Coverlets of Western Virginia; Evening Glamour, selections from the Museum's costume collection; and A Century of Fun: Toys in Western Virginia, 1840-1940. The Museum & Society's primary and secondary educational programming continued to grow. This was recognized by increased awards from both Roanoke City and Roanoke County to assist with costs of the "sold out" hands-on programs. Adult Education continues to be provided through our popular lectures, outbound bus tours and a number of special events.

Thanks to many volunteers, the Historic Crystal Spring Steam Pump completed its first season's being open (free of charge) to the public, gaining status as Virginia's first site designated as a landmark by the American Waterworks Association.

In 2004, the Museum's exhibit, Movers and Makers: Doris Ulman's Portrait of the Appalachian Craft Revival, traveled to Galax, Cherokee, N.C. and Tazewell. Lastly, new items related to Western Virginia's history entered the collections and archives, as seen opposite. This far-ranging assortment includes an 1860 Rich Brothers of Wytheville-produced rope bed, a rare Congressional Medal of Honor awarded posthumously to Covington native Gary L. Miller related to the Vietnam conflict and a documented eight-volume work from the library of Colonial/Revolutionary War era leader Col. William Fleming M.D.

January 2004 witnessed the opening of the O. Winston Link Museum. A critical success, the Link Museum has received positive press in the *Wall Street Journal, Washington Post, Baltimore Sun* and *Chicago Tribune.* Paid visitation at year's end was 21,000. This combined with a successful gift shop operation means the Link Museum 2004 operations were "in the black." The Link Museum has established an outreach education program with both Roanoke City and Roanoke County school and off-site lectures were held in Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina.

Four revolving exhibits were held in the Link Museum's south lobby, a photograph on Virginia's changing rural landscape, an exhibit on Hotel Roanoke, an exhibit on Raymond Loewy and most recently an exhibit of contemporary rail photography along the Norfolk Southern system.Recently, the Link Museum began special events programming on Dec. 4 with a seasonal model railroad exhibit and a visit by rail by Santa (over 350 attended). And in January, a 50-year commemoration of Link's first N&W series photograph took place. The Link Museum published *"O. Winston Link, the Man and the Museum,"* a 47-page tribute.

One happy result of these steps forward is an increase in individual level membership, which currently numbers 638. To those new members, welcome! To all our members, corporate supporters, event sponsors, granting agencies and volunteers, congratulations on the success you make possible, including this Journal. Read and enjoy!

Kent Chrisman
Executive Director

"No Contracts Too Large or Too Small" for C. Markley and Son

by Judith M. Baumgardner

Christopher Markley, my grandfather, was born on Dec. 3, 1859, on a farm in Juniata County, near Altoona, Pa. He moved to Roanoke in 1882. He and my father, S. Chester Markley, later formed a contractor partnership, C. Markley and Son, which constructed the Norfolk & Western Railway general offices, the Mill Mountain incline, Crystal Spring pumping station and many buildings, bridges, water works, sewer systems and other municipal facilities in Virginia and North Carolina.

"There are no contracts too large or too small to be undertaken by Mr. Markley and any contract undertaken by him will be completed according to plans and specifications," according to Jack & Jacobs' 1912 *History of Roanoke and Roanoke County.*

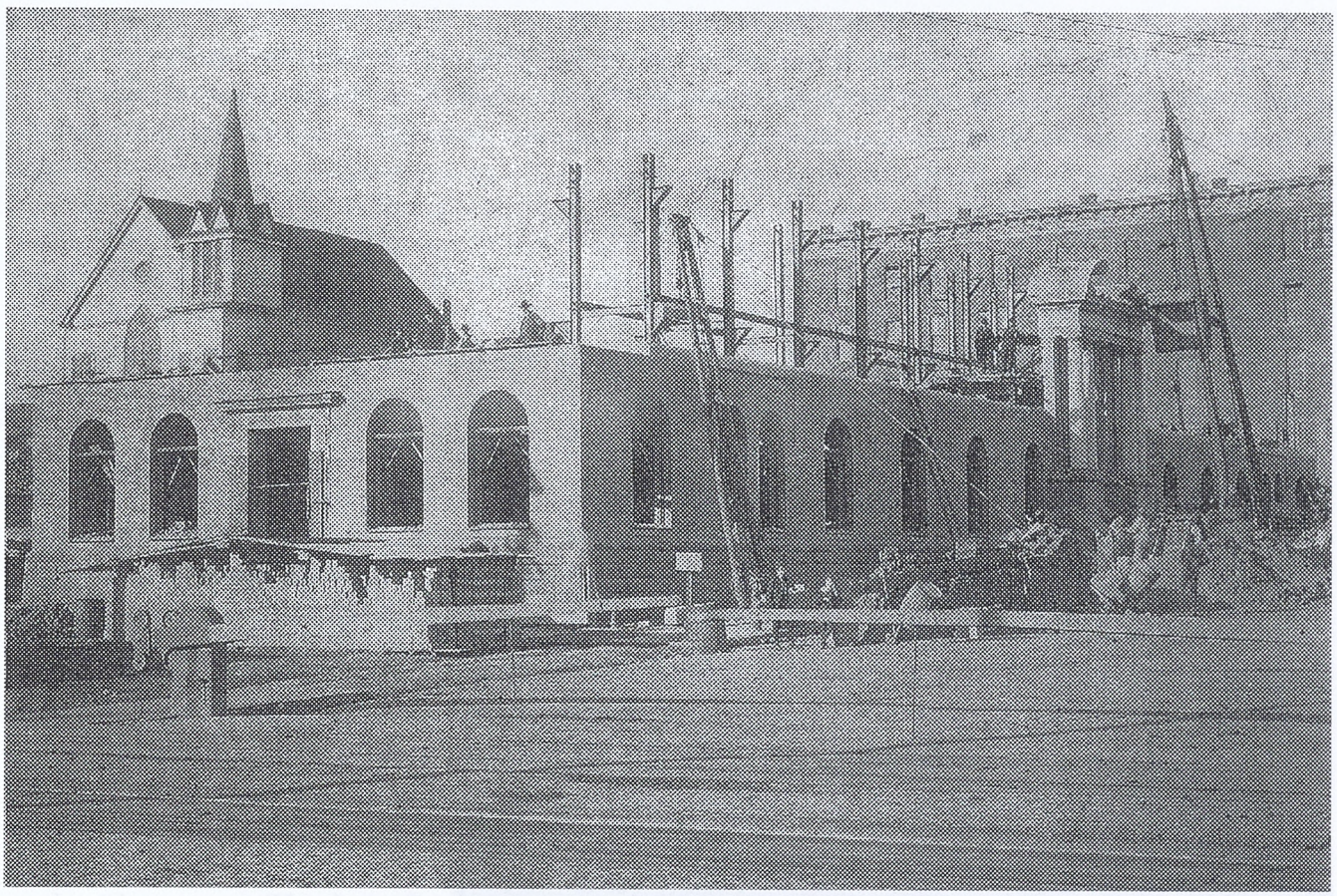
Having mercantile experience in Pennsylvania,Christopher Markley started in Roanoke at the age of 23, operating shoe and grocery stores until he worked his way up as a leading industrial contractor, constructing bridges, buildings, sanitary systems and dams. He became a millionaire, owning Florida orange groves, race horses, a Texas oil well, a rock quarry in North Carolina, Ohio real estate and several Roanoke County apple orchards. His oldest son, Chester Markley, studied at Roanoke College and Yale University before he followed his father as a skilled engineer and builder.

One of the oval brass disks bearing the C. Markley name, on Roanoke sidewalks today.

Christopher Markley's grandfather, Joann Christopher Merkle, was born in 1770 in Germany. He came through the Port of Philadelphia, settled in Conshocken, Pa. and died in 1851. His son, Samuel Markley, lived in Pennsylvania from 1829 to 1913. Samuel and Mary Jane Harman Markley had six sons and one daughter. After the death of Mary Jane Markley, her husband, Samuel, joined all of the children in moving to Roanoke at some time. William Markley married Mary Law and moved here in 1882 with Christopher but returned to Pennsylvania. Sarah (Sadie) married Charles Fleck and they had two sons, Chester and Harold. George Edgar Markley married Flora Hoge and they had two children, Raymond and Margaret. Hiram Hoover Markley never married. Samuel Harman Markley married Emma Gooch. Harry Markley traveled from Roanoke to California and later back to Pennsylvania.

Christopher Markley married Mary Alice (Mollie) Beverlin in Altoona on May 4, 1885. They lived in Mrs. Rhoad's boarding house in Roanoke for awhile until he built a German Dutch style duplex at 526 Salem Avenue. Sometime in the 1890s, the famous architect, H. H. Huggins, designed a new house for

Judith Markley Baumgardner researched and wrote a book, The Old Markley House, ca.1892. *She graduated from Sullins Junior College and holds a fine arts degree from the former Richmond Professional Institute. She also provided the family photographs used here.*



The old Norfolk & Western Railway General Office Building at the northwest corner of Jefferson Streeet and Shenandoah Avenue was under construction by C. Markley, contractor, about 1897. C. Markley was standing, second from right, at the main entrance. A block and tackle was used to lift the heavy granite blocks into place.

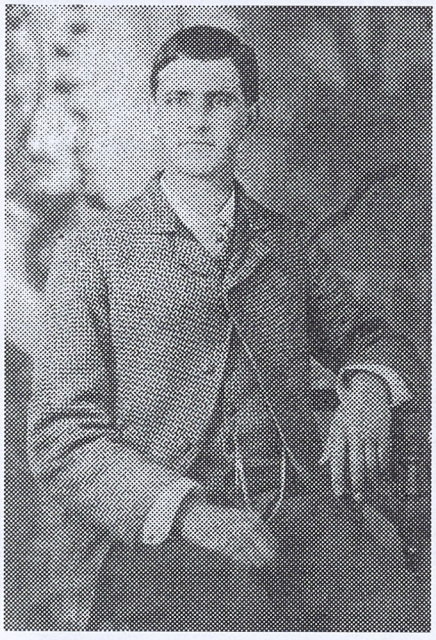
Markley at 541 Salem Avenue—the first house in Roanoke to have running water. A large bathtub was specially ordered to accommodate Markley's height. By February 1893, when the first streetlights were installed in Roanoke, Markley's oldest son, Samuel Chester, was six years old; daughter Mildred was four and second daughter Ruth would be born in June. A third daughter was born three years later. Sarah, the fourth daughter and fifth child, was born on Dec. 31, 1899, the last day of the century.

Grandmother Markley had a half-sister, Annie Emfield, who came to Roanoke and married Claude M. Speese in 1901. I remember them very well. I loved going to visit them in their home on Avenham Avenue. Aunt Annie started a collection of demitasse cups and saucers for my twin sister and me which we treasure still.

When he arrived in the new town, Christopher Markley operated a shoe store on Salem Avenue, known for a red boot sign out front, for four years. In his stock, he offered "Ladies, Gents, Misses and Children's Fine Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers and Gum Goods." My father used to talk about his father wearing his wedding slippers he purchased from the store. The No. 1 Vigilant Steam Fire Company was organized in 1884 and Markley was a charter member. Members had to pay $2 a month in monthly dues. James McConnell, who had come from Altoona, Pa., to work as a foreman in the Roanoke Machine Works, later the N&W Shops, was chosen as chief of this first organized fire department. Grandfather's old metal fire helmet was kept by the family for many years.

For 12 years, Markley ran a grocery store in the "Moomaw Block" of Salem Avenue, a building with a checker board front. The store supplied "a full, fresh and varied stock of fancy and select groceries and fresh in season fruits, fresh oysters, dressed fowls, celery and salt."

As Roanoke began to grow rapidly, following the formation of the N&W Railway, the city needed new buildings, streets and sewers to improve sanitary conditions. This led Christopher Markley to sell his grocery to W. H. McGuire in 1892 and travel to Lancaster, Pa., where he rented the equipment he needed to start his own construction company in Roanoke. His varied business interests rapidly expanded from shoes and groceries. An 1891-92 city directory listed Markley as treasurer of the new Landstown Land Co. In the same year he started in construction, C. Markley was president of Trader Loan Trust and Deposit Company, president of Duvall Engine Company, a director of Commercial National Bank, Emerald Land and Improvement Company and International Cigarette Machine Company and a receiver for Bridgewater Carriage Company, and treasurer of Hyde Park Land Company. He was one of the directors of Roanoke Academy of Music and he chartered the Standard Investment Company.



Christopher Markley
1859-1931

Mary Alice Beverlin Markley
1864-1931

During the 1890s and well into the 1900s, Markley built much of downtown Roanoke streets and the sewer systems desperately needed. Brass oval disks bearing the Markley name remain on many streets today. In 1894, Markley was appointed municipal contractor for the City of Roanoke. His construction plant, containing steam rollers, mixers, crushers and other machinery, was the largest of its type in the South. His contracts were mainly for sewer lines, streets, cement works and water works. His office was on the fifth floor of the old Terry Building, Roanoke's "first skyscraper" of eight stories.

After the first Norfolk & Western Railway General Office Building, a wooden structure at North Jefferson Street and Shenandoah Avenue, burned in 1896, Markley's company was contracted to rebuild the offices. A photograph, dated about 1897, shows Christopher Markley and Joseph C. Nesbit standing on the unfinished second floor. The company lifted heavy granite blocks and steel beams into place with a block and tackle, according to my father.

In 1904, Markley was contracted to cover Cedar Creek under Campbell Avenue, Southwest, after the original bidder was unable to complete the job. With steam-driven cement mixers, he put a large force of men to work. His derrick was the tallest in construction equipment at the time. Streetcar tracks were diverted temporarily. During construction, a horse used in the work slipped and fell into a deep trench. A strap was placed around the animal, a steel cable of the steam derrick was fastened and the order was given "to heave away." Each time the horse's feet touched the ground, the animal was frantic. A veterinarian had no solution until a bystander noticed that the steel cable was rubbing against the highly charged trolley wire overhead. The electric current ran through the horse when its feet touched the ground. The current would have been fatal for a man.

After work was completed on Campbell Avenue, at least four new buildings filled gaps in the first block west of Jefferson Street. The most prominent was a six-story Watt, Rettew and Clay Building, later

known as MacBain and Hyslip, then as MacBain and later as S. H. Heironimus. Miller & Rhoads built on the site and an office building now occupies that corner.

Markley, his wife, Mollie, and their six children were longtime members of St. Mark's Lutheran Church. In 1894, his construction firm completed a stone church for his congregation, a stone structure standing today on the southeast corner of Church Avenue and Second Street, SW. When St. Mark's was unable to finish payment on its new church, the congregation swapped buildings with Greene Memorial Methodist, then worshiping in a red, brick building at the southwest corner of Campbell Avenue and Third Street, SW.

In 1905, C. Markley contracted to build the Crystal Spring steam pumping station at the corner of McClanahan and Jefferson streets in South Roanoke. The Snow Steam Pump Works of Buffalo, N.Y., shipped two pumps by railroad and they were delivered by horse or oxen-drawn wagon and assembled on site. The brick pump house was built around it and the pumps operated by steam, generated by coal-fired boilers until an electrical system was installed in 1957. Fortunately, the old pumps and station were refurbished in 2003 and rededicated as an important part of Roanoke Valley history. The Smithsonian Institution had become interested in the old pumps. Moving the pumps would have been a great loss to local history. My father took my twin sister, Susan, my younger brother, Christopher, and me to see the pumping station in the 1950s. The pumps were painted black and Grandfather Markley's initials were scratched on the paint but they are no longer visible.

C. Markley and wife, Mollie, with son, Chester, and daughters Mildred and Ruth, as a baby. (Photo by M.F. Landes, Roanoke, 1894 or 1895)

Aug. 4, 1910, marked the opening of the Mill Mountain incline railway, designed and built by Christopher and Chester Markley. "Hundreds of Roanokers ride in the cars to the summit of the mountain; nearly 1,500 passengers were handled Sunday; hotel was liberally patronized; line was busy all day long," reported the Roanoke Evening News. The cost of a round-trip ticket was 25 cents. A group of businessmen announced a plan to build the incline in 1909. C. Markley, vice president of the group, graded the roadbed and laid the track, manufactured by Roanoke Iron Co., according to Raymond Barnes' *History of the City of Roanoke.* Two counter-balanced cars ran along parallel tracks on the incline, alternately pulled up and lowered by steel cables.

The Evening News of Aug.15, 1910 described the operation: "After leaving the station at the foot of the mountain, the car begins its ascent on a moderate grade, but after it has gone a hundred yards or so its prow turns gradually upwards until it begins to look as if it contemplated a perpendicular ascent. The substantial character of the cars, the smooth roadbed and the big circle cable, together with the steady and easy motion, immediately convinces passengers that they are being taken care of so well that mischance or discomfort are impossible...It takes four minutes to go from the bottom to the top of the moun-

tain and the car moves at the same speed on the steepest point as when it leaves the shed on a comparatively easy grade..Those Roanokers who are behind the enterprise looked forward with deep interest to the opening day. They did not know nor could they anticipate how favorably the railroad would be received."

"The incline motor was housed in a cement building at the top. I could still find the remains of the cement foundation of the motor house at the top of the mountain several years ago when I took my son to see it."

In 1909, C. Markley and Judge J. W. Woods purchased the controlling interest in the Roanoke-Vinton Water Company. Markley, the manager, made great improvements. He planted bluegrass and graded all the land of the watershed, formerly farmland. To ensure a clean watershed, a total of over 1,300 acres of farm land was purchased. His son, Samuel Chester Markley, who had taken a special course at Yale University for work as a sanitary engineer, was appointed hydraulic engineer for the water company. The firm's watershed was a vase-like shape of land on top of the Blue Ridge mountains, east of Vinton.. The pure freestone (soft) water supplied the N&W shops, roundhouse, a brewery, large factories and hundreds of homes, according to *The History of Roanoke County,* by G. S. Jack, and *History of Roanoke City and of the Norfolk and Western Railway,* by E. R. Jacobs. The water was brought to the city through a 10-inch water main and extended over the business area and throughout the southeast and northwest sections of the city. A tunnel was chiseled through almost solid granite to permit water from Beaver Dam Lake, east of the original lake, on Stewart's Knob east of Vinton, to release 2.5 million gallons of water daily into Baker Cove Lake, increasing its size to about 27 acres. The N&W Railway alone used .5 million gallons daily. Water was furnished without charge to city buildings and drinking troughs installed in the downtown area for draft animals. Later, the Roanoke-Vinton Water Company was acquired by the old Roanoke Water Company and in 1939 it was purchased by the City of Roanoke, according to a *Roanoke World-News* column by Raymond Barnes, June 2, 1962.

Christopher Markley caught a big fish at Sebring, Fla., in 1921.

Other construction projects of the Markley firm were the Boxley and Coulter buildings and Central YMCA in downtown Roanoke, Memorial Avenue and Walnut Avenue bridges, the Carvins Cove dam and the Vinton-Roanoke water reservoir. In Salem, they built the Lutheran Orphans Home of the South, now part of the East Roanoke College campus, and the old Comas Cigarette Machine Co. building at College Avenue and 4th Street, later housing the Salem library, which was torn down in 1997. My father was president of that company from 1921 until he retired in 1956. Grandfather Markley donated his time and materials to build a Red Cross Canteen at the train depot where women in white uniforms waited for young soldiers on their way to fight in World War I. They gave them hot coffee, sandwiches, cigarettes and reading material for the trip to Norfolk.

The Markley firm completed large contracts in Wilson, Goldsboro and High Point, North Carolina.

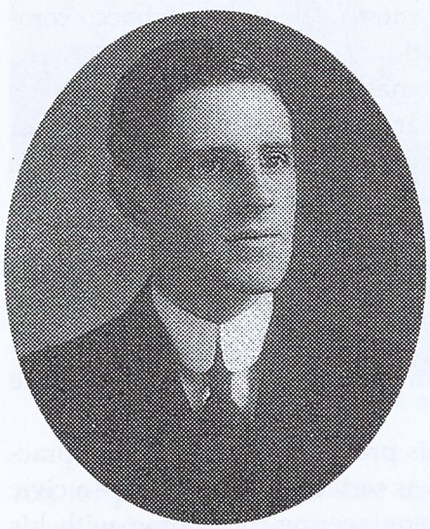
The people of High Point were so impressed by his work and dedication that they named a park for him which remains today. Markley also had a large contract for crushing stone for the Virginian Railway.

In 1906, the Markley family had moved to 1112 Commerce (now Second) Street, Southwest and the unusually long bathtub came too. Helen, the sixth child, was born in 1908. When it seemed to Mollie Markley that every time they moved she had another child, she announced that they were not going to move any more—six children were enough to rear. She and Grandfather Markley lived there until their deaths in 1931 and the house remained in the family until 1978. The house was purchased from Nellie Lefew, widow of Dr. Fredrich Lefew, who had been fatally stabbed by Charles R. Fishburne on a Sunday afternoon in 1904. Dr. Lefew died two weeks later and Fishburne was sentenced to serve five years in the state penitentiary.

1112 Second (Commerce) Street SW, home of the Markley family from 1906 until 1978.

In 1923, Christopher Markley was president of Harold Coal and Coke and he had an office at 202 South Jefferson Street. He served as a trustee of the Lutheran orphanage in Salem and as a director of the Young Men's Christian Association, he was chairman of its building committee and contractor for construction of the YMCA at the northeast corner of Second Street and Church Avenue. He was a 32nd degree Mason and a knight templar at Kazim Temple.

Undoubtedly there are many other accomplishments, organizations and services which I have not mentioned. I wish that I had known my grandfather but both of my grandparents died 11 years before I was born. Christopher Markley seems to have been a remarkable man of his time, a person of great character and highest integrity and stewardship toward his fellow man.



Chester Markley, as a student at Roanoke College in 1906.

Elizabeth Woodbury Markley, wife of Chester Markley.

Markley was so grieved by the death of his wife, Mollie, on Oct. 20, 1931, that he died of a broken heart two weeks later on Nov. 2 at his home on Second Street. He was 71 and he had been a resident of Roanoke for 49 years. He was a pioneer and a cornerstone of Roanoke Valley's history. He died a millionaire, despite suffering great losses after the Great Depression of 1929. His funeral was conducted by Dr. J. Luther Sieber, pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church where he had

been a deacon for many years, and Dr. Charles J. Smith, president of Roanoke College. He is buried with his wife at Evergreen Cemetery.

Samuel Chester Markley, Grandfather Markley's partner and my father, was born in Roanoke Aug. 24, 1887. He attended Roanoke City schools, he entered Roanoke College and graduated with a major in physics, chemistry and astronomy in 1909. He entered Yale University on a scholarship in the master of science program and graduated with first honors in 1911. As a junior partner of C. Markley and Son, he assisted in designing and building waterworks, sewers and sewage disposal plants, multiple stage pumping plants, pavements, bridges, aqueducts and dams. In 1918, S. C. Markley was the supervising engineer for the construction of the U.S. Army Chemical Plant 4 at Saltville and a $13 million water purification plant with a dam on the North Fork of the Holston River, near Bristol. At the close of World War I, he opened his own office as a consulting sanitary engineer in Roanoke.

Chester Markley with his children, Betsy, Whitney and Priscilla. Whitney currently serves on the History Museum's board of directors.

In 1919, my father was employed as assistant to the president of Comas Cigarette Machine Co. in Salem and he was elected president two years later. When the company was organized in 1889, its first project was designing and building a machine which would make the tucked-end or Spanish form of cigarette. Manufacturing of feeders overloaded the plant so the engineering firm of C. Markley and Son was engaged to design and build a new plant in 1916. Comas also made a line of cigarette-packing machines, automatic tobacco feeders and tobacco stemming machines developed by my father. That stemming machine was adopted by most of the larger tobacco companies of the world.

When the Comas firm began in Salem, its machinery was manufactured in Philadelphia. About 1910, the company purchased a building in Salem, increased its plant size and expanded until its markets extended to the west coast of South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, New Zealand and practically every quarter of the globe. During World War II, the company designed the firing pin mechanism for atomic bombs and delivered it to Oak Ridge, Tenn. Comas produced other ammunition and outfitted battleships, receiving the Army-Navy "E" award with three stars for its war production. Father was always very proud of this award. I remember the wonderful sounds of the belts and machines hanging from the ceiling when he would take us into the plant and turn on the equipment in the 1940s and 1950s.

Father served as president until his retirement in 1956. All during his presidency of Comas, he practiced sanitary engineering, by consent of the directors, charging no fees as services rendered were a civic contribution. He kept a complete and extensive library on sanitary engineering, beginning with his school days until his death in 1972. He was appointed a delegate to the American Mining Congress by Gov. Harry Byrd.

In 1927, my father and Dr. Charles J. Smith, Roanoke College president, purchased Virginia College in Roanoke from Mattie F. Harris and Gertrude Boatwright and my father was president. The college went under after the Great Depression of 1929 because wealthy businessmen could no longer afford to send their daughters to the junior college. My mother, Elizabeth Woodbury, had come across the country to head the speech and drama department at Virginia College, having earned her degree at the University of Nebraska. She thought Daddy was just being nice to her since she was so far from home and new to the area when he began asking her out. She would always ask one of her friends to go along. Finally, my father told her to stop inviting a friend to go with them because he was only interested in seeing her. They were married on Dec. 30, 1927 in Council Bluffs, Iowa, her hometown, while my father was visiting during the Christmas holidays. They honeymooned in New York City and returned to Roanoke by train. My mother gave up teaching soon after. Together, they had seven children, all born in Roanoke. They were named Elizabeth (Betsy), Whitney, Priscilla, the twins Judith and Susan, and Christopher and his twin, Edmond, who died as an infant. We all lived in the old Markley home on Second Street, Southwest. The house was sold in 1978 after my mother's death.

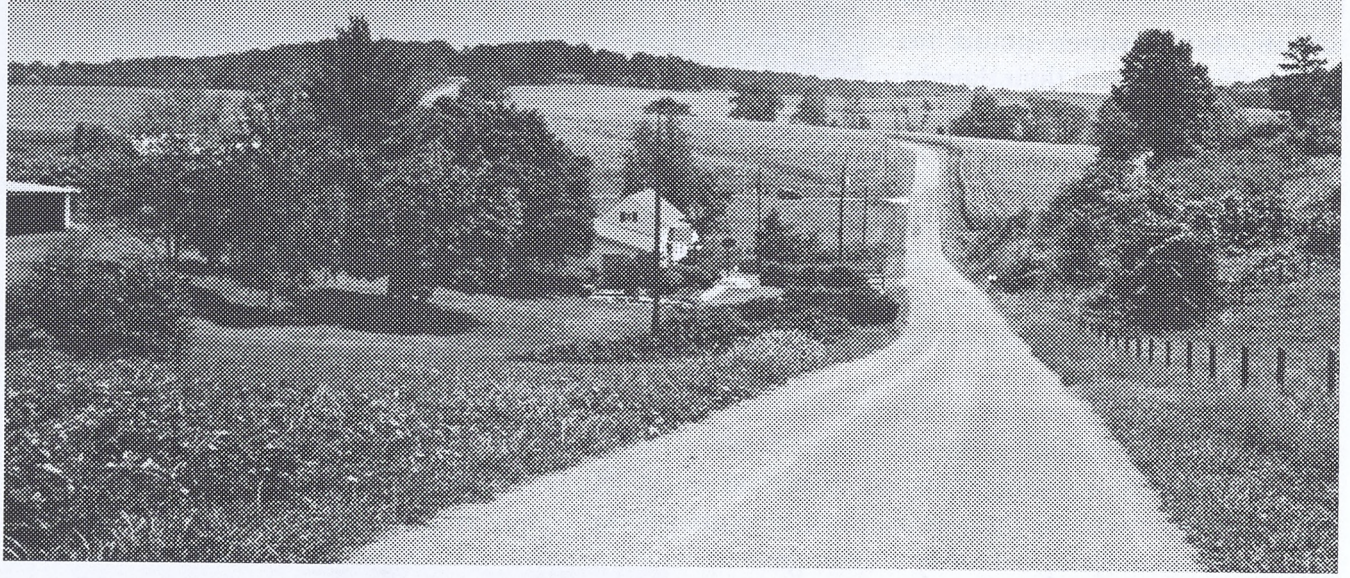
Virginia College, founded in 1893 in South Roanoke, was purchased by Chester Markley and Dr. Charles J. Smith in 1927.

My father was director of the Roanoke County centennial celebration in 1938. He designed the original carbon filtration plant for Carvins Cove, which opened in 1940. He was one of the founders of the Packaging Machinery Manufacturers Institute in 1933 and later elected an honorary member for his distinguished and meritorious service to the industry. He was president of Roanoke Rotary Club and the University Club and a member of Southwest Virginia Engineers Club and Virginia Manufacturers Association. In 1953, he was appointed to the Salem advisory committee on sewage disposal and he was active in negotiations for a contract for Roanoke City to treat Salem's sewage. He was appointed a member of Roanoke City Selective Service Board in 1956. On May 30, 1972, he died at the age of 84 of complications from pneumonia and heart failure. He is buried beside his wife and father in the Markley family plot at Evergreen Cemetery.


Chester Markley at ease.

Both my father and grandfather were asked to run for public office but they declined. They had a great respect and love for the Roanoke Valley and they worked for its betterment. Their work and energy contributed to the valley's economic growth and future.

They Go Quietly: Agricultural Change in Franklin County, Virginia



by Charles D. Thompson, Jr.

Dedication

I dedicate this work to my great, great grandparents Samuel and Mary Ellen Ikenberry, Brethren dairy farmers, as well as to their granddaughter, my Great Aunt Ethel Naff. Aunt Ethel, a retired dairy farmer in Boones Mill, Virginia, made contacts with her neighbors to help start this project and has supported me throughout my work.

Acknowledgments

This publication was made possible by grants from the Virginia Foundation for the Humanities and Public Policy and The American Academy of Religion. Special thanks for this booklet go to Bonnie Campbell and Jacky Woolsey, who designed it, Rob Amberg, who took some of the photographs, Lissa Gotwals, who developed my photographs, Roddy Moore and Tom Rankin, who served as project advisors, and to the Center for Documentary Studies.

This work would not have been possible without the Franklin County people who contributed their time and their thoughts. I am deeply grateful for all their support, open conversations, and, most of all, their friendship. I hope that our work will yield positive results in the life of the Franklin County agricultural community. I welcome questions and suggestions, particularly any advice for correcting problems in this publication. For any mistakes, I take full responsibility.

Charles D. Thompson, Jr., Curriculum and Education Director
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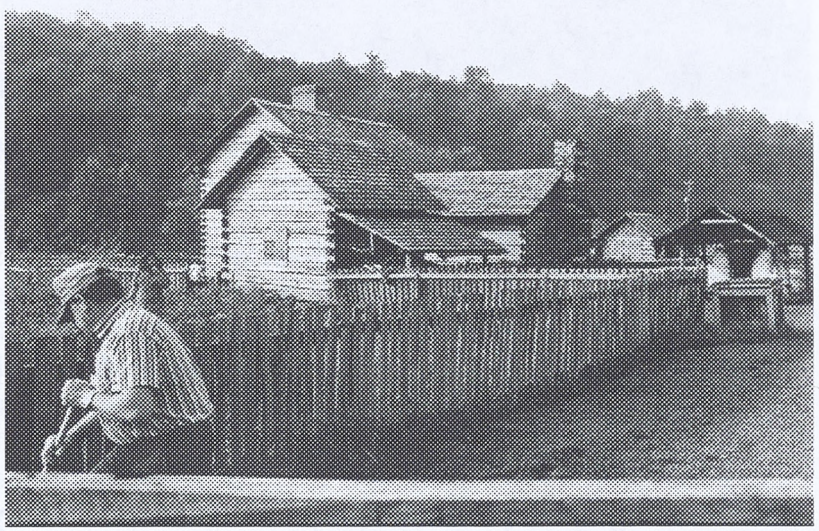
Ed. Note: This document was originally published as a separate booklet in a different format.

INTRODUCTION

They Go Quietly: Agricultural Change in Franklin County, Virginia grows out of a project focused on dairy farmers, and their silent exodus from their land in this Blue Ridge county. Both the issue of farm loss and the place itself are personally important to me. Three of my grandparents were raised on farms in the county. My father's parents farmed there all their lives. An aunt and uncle and several cousins have made their living as dairy people there. While agriculture is still among the largest employers in Franklin County, the farms I have known intimately are slowly passing to other uses besides farming. Some of my farming relatives have retired. Some have rented their farms to others. Some have lost their farms to foreclosure and then to development. Some died and were not replaced by succeeding generations. While the landscape still looks mostly agricultural to the passers-by, the people who made the farms thrive are slowly, and all too quietly, going away.

Since the mid-1700s when George Washington and others helped establish forts in the territory to make European settlement possible, the land now called Franklin County has been primarily a farming community. The Scotch-Irish, German, and poor English yeoman farmers cleared plots from the virgin-forested mountains and foothills in the western two-thirds of the county, and the wealthier English planters, many of them slaveholders, dominated the rolling Piedmont lands to the east. (Franklin is where Booker T. Washington was born in a slave cabin.) Following Emancipation, many African Americans became sharecroppers and struggled for generations to buy their first acreage in the county. It is also where some twenty miles west some of my Thompson ancestors planted corn in steep hollows hoping to put shoes on their children's feet.



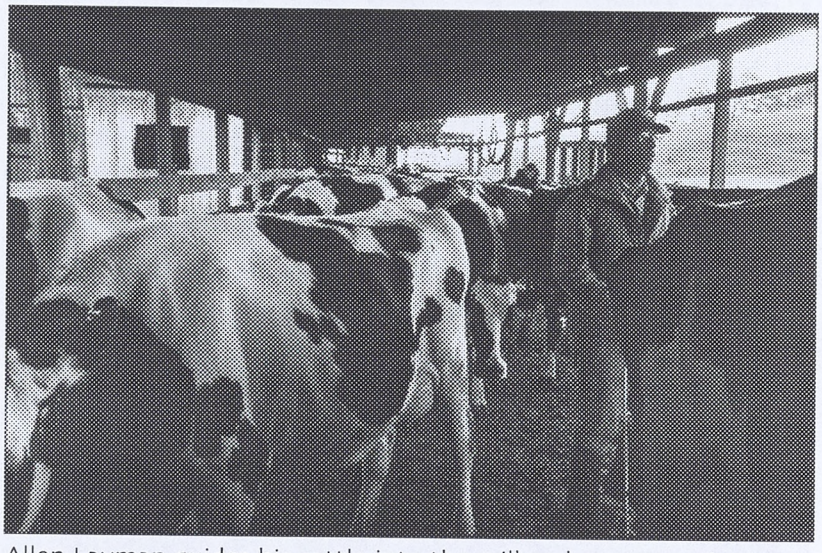
Restored 1800 Franklin County German homestead at the Blue Ridge Institute at Ferrum College, Ferrum, Va.
(Charles Thompson photo)

Somewhere between the poorest white settlements in the mountains and the plantations of the wealthy—both geographically and economically—a yeoman class of farm families, many of them of German ancestry, began buying and farming their own land, making healthy fields on the gently rolling slopes of the foothills. These farmers and their descendants, along with the poor Black and White farmers who managed, often against great odds, to work their way to landownership, became the foundation of what we know today as family farm agriculture in the county. The plantations are gone. Land in Franklin County is simply unsuited to the large-scale agriculture of the coastal plain of Virginia and the Carolinas. Its small fields divided by numerous streams and mountains are most appropriate for operations that one family and a few employees can run. Larger operations mean driving miles between fields, a time-consuming and inefficient prospect.

Still, Franklin County became one of the largest three dairy counties in the state. The other leading counties are in the Shenandoah Valley and are very different in soil types and terrain—much better farmland, objectively speaking. Franklin County is in some ways no better for dairy farming than Franklin's neighboring counties that today have only a few remaining dairies.

Several factors help us understand the county's leading role in dairy farming: The county has remained mostly rural, with many employed in agriculture. Franklin County has a strong tradition of

prosperous family-sized farms that are grounded in the Old German Baptist Brethren and Church of the Brethren communities, faiths that have traditionally espoused a strong rural family and work ethic. The county has retained, until recent decades, a large number of affordable farms available to young people entering agriculture. Related to the previous fact, land speculation for non-agricultural purposes has, until recently, remained minimal. In addition, Franklin County is in close proximity to urban markets where milk is in demand. Roanoke, Virginia and Winston-Salem, North Carolina have imported significant amounts of the county's milk. Because of a relatively large number of dairy farms in the county a strong dairy support network has developed around it, including seed dealers, feed distributors, milk parlor technicians, equipment sales outlets, extension agents who specialize in dairy management, full-time hoof trimmers, large-animal veterinarians, and others. Dairy traditionally paid well compared to other operations, in part because the industry remained the domain of family farms with few factory-scale competitors. Finally, two dairy extension agents in Franklin County, E.C. Carson and Bowman Flora, began promoting dairy heavily in 1939 as World War II began. People increased their herds both for economic improvement and to help the war effort.



Allen Layman guides his cattle into the milkng barn at sunrise in Wirtz. (Rob Amberg photo)

After enjoying decades of moderate prosperity, today Franklin County dairy farmers and the businesses that support them are under increasing pressure. Many have quit. In the 1980s there were over 125 dairies in the county. Since then, three or more dairy operations per year have failed. Today, only 77 dairies remain in business. There is only one African-American dairy farmer in the county. Suburban areas have begun to sprout up on former farms, particularly from the direction of Roanoke. Smith Mountain Lake and related retirement and recreational development have increased land prices beyond farmers' reach in some areas. New mega-farms in the Midwest and West, along with new milk preservation and shipping technologies, have made cheap milk sales over long distances, even to Franklin County, a reality. Improved roads make commuting to jobs in other areas a realistic proposition, and suburban devel-

A dairy farmer bales hay in this field near Wirtz, Va., for the last time. At the time of this photograph (Fall 2001), lots for "countryside homes" had been surveyed, and houses were already under construction. (Charles Thompson photo)

opment easier. A proposed interstate promises more of the same. Local schools no longer teach dairy farming. Young people can scarcely imagine taking on the large debt required to purchase land, cattle, and equipment. With all these factors working against them, it is not hard to picture the county losing all its dairies.

At the same time, there are a few bright spots on the landscape. Homestead Creamery, a new direct marketing business run by several members of the Old German Baptist Brethren faith, has begun making deliveries of its farm milk direct to consumer outlets, including stores in Roanoke. Other young farmers are trying creative financing ideas that require long-term rental agreements with retired farmers. Some sons and daughters are planning to work with parents. Many of the Brethren and others who could easily profit from selling out are holding on to their farms because they espouse a traditional rural lifestyle whose value, they believe, cannot be bought and sold for money.

Dina Layman feeds young heifers being raised as future milk cows. (Rob Amberg photo)

Many of those I interviewed seemed to believe preserving the dairy industry in Franklin County will require that others besides farmers help the cause. Other recommendations I heard included creative financing for farms and dependable dairy policies that ensure local production and distribution and restricting development on some prime farmland, or buying development rights from farmers. Others suggest that neighbors could work with farmers on environmental and other issues, understanding that manure spreading, for example, though smelly, is a natural process that is beneficial to soil. Buying from farmers who produce local milk is something we all can do. And the following quotes from farmers themselves can help us understand and perhaps help address the challenges dairy people face.

EVERYDAY

It was one of the three oldest dairy farms in the county, when people had to take their milk by horse and wagon to Boone's Mill and put it on the train to send it to Roanoke. Of course we started out very, very small. We probably had fifteen cows. My daddy said you needed to have some money coming in every day and dairy was something that was making money every day.

—Mary Layman, retired dairy farmer

When we went from milk cans to bulk tanks, the controversy was the large investment in tanks and trucks, transporting milk longer distances, and not having a local market. A lot of the small ones did go out of business, but I think it's fair to say that they were not forced out because of regulation, or anything other than job opportunity as people could go to Roanoke and Martinsville.

Then as the dairies have become larger, they produce more milk than all of them produced back in the past. So there's still a lot of milk produced in the area, it's just produced by fewer farmers.

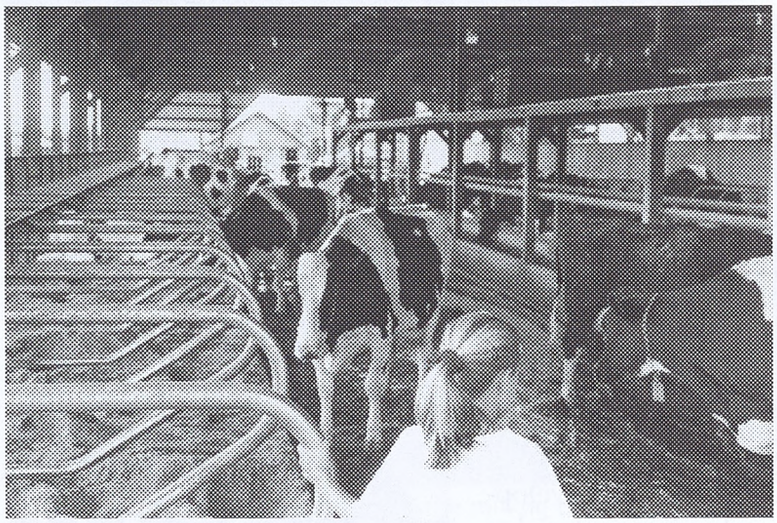
—Galen Brubaker, retired dairy farmer

When you get a conglomerate of maybe five corporate farms that are milking 20,000 cows each, that's 100,000 cows. That's a lot more cows than we have in Franklin County. If we don't watch out they're going to set the prices is what's going to happen. It won't be a monopoly as such, but they'll set their price.

—Terry Austin, dairy farmer

The government has got some good things that have helped the farmer, but when the government does something, it's for the big and small. There's nothing really that the small farmer can get that the big one can't get. It becomes a lot of chaos. Sometimes I wonder if it wouldn't be better to just to take out the government and let it drop.

—David Bower, dairy farmer and co-owner of Homestead Creamery



"As far as holding what we got, important to who?" Scene from the Jamison farm near Ferrum. (Charles Thompson photo)

If somebody had told me in 1992 when I had 126 dairies that I'd be in the upper 70's in the year 2001, I don't know if I would've bought the business or not. The cow numbers per dairy grew, but we haven't kept all the cows here. We don't have as many cows in Franklin with 77 dairies as we did back in '92 with 126, 128 farms.

—Richard Jamison, milking machine distributor

Raising Citizens

The Old German Baptist Brethren tend to settle in groups, although there's no rule to that. In Virginia, we have four church districts, central places where we worship and go back and forth to regularly, three being in Franklin County, one being in Roanoke County.

I think you would see in traditional religious circles lives based on family morals, with the climate of training our children to be good, honest citizens. That, we would all agree, makes rural environments prosper. We're not really in the business of raising milk, though we lose sight of that many times. We're in the business of raising citizens. We're trying to raise men and women that will make the world better instead of worse.

I'd like to preserve it as long as I can, the rural dairy, family life; but at the same time it's probably a vanishing breed. We know that. Just prolong it as long as we can.

—Billy Boone, Old German Baptist Brethren minister and farm equipment dealer

You see a lot of marriages as a team working together in the business and you see a lot that don't. But I think if the women are out there working with the cows and the calves, that really take interest in those animals, you'll see a lot of tender care that helps.

—David Bower

[Non-farm kids] can just sleep to eleven o'clock and they're ready to go. Most likely on a farm you have chores to do before you can go somewhere. And it's few households that require the children to do something before they go do leisure activities.

—David Matthews, dairy farmer

Work

It doesn't make economic sense to try to buy land for six, seven, eight thousand dollars an acre and plant corn and make a hundred dollars an acre.

—Bruce Layman, feed mill operator and former dairy farmer

We had $220 left over on a forty-eight-cow dairy. I paid my loan, and I paid my feed bill, paid my

electric bill and my phone bill, vet bill, all my bills, and I had $220 left. That's not much of a cushion. I mean a ton of feed at that time was $350. So, I didn't even have enough to buy one extra ton of feed at the end of the month. But all my bills were paid.

—Bruce Layman

We have fun on Sundays too, but Sunday we pretty much keep as a sacred day, and milk. You milk, but you don't go worrying about getting up hay or something. You do what you have to do and feed. Feeding and milking, that's it.

—David Bower

It's definitely a way of life, but you do get burned out sometimes. And when you get burned out you start dwelling on the negative. But I think there are a lot of jobs you make a lot more money at and have a lot less investment and things just as nice at home. I think the older I get the less I like milking on weekends, too.

—Terry Austin

We don't have any hired help. It's full-time for my husband and his partner. It's interesting, people's ideas of what farming is like. Some people find out that my husband and I have a farm and they say, "Oh, that is so much work." But my husband has had somebody say to him one time, "What else do you do? That's not a full-time job." I think he probably wanted to punch him. People's ideas of how farming is—they're pretty mixed up sometimes.

—Rebecca Austin, dairy farmer

NEIGHBORS

The family farm used to represent more of a community structure even among people who are not German Baptists. Fifty years ago it wasn't anything for all the farmers in this area to get together and thrash wheat, and then they'd go in and sit down and somebody would say the blessing.

—Bruce Layman

I think the people from Franklin County have a deep respect for farming because at one point in time in their family tree, they came from a farm. So when they see "fresh from our family farms," it means a whole lot more to them than somebody who doesn't really know.

—Brandon Montgomery, dairy farmer and co-owner of Homestead Creamery

This is the only nation I'm aware of that has never had a food shortage, so we don't put much strength in being our own food producers. But you go to Europe, and almost all of those countries at some point have had a food shortage. They value their food. They put a value on maintaining it locally. I hope, and I guess I pray, that we'll never face a time that we have a food shortage. But I have felt for quite a few years that we will approach that time and basically because of a lack of interest and concern of the consuming public.

—Galen Brubaker

This is an ideal area because it's got a pretty view of the mountains, it's got a good climate, good people. Of course you

Ethel Jamison Naff, b. 1904.
(Rob Amberg photo)

can tell I'm prejudiced. So people are going to continue to come down here from New Jersey, Connecticut, and Washington, D.C. All those people want a better place, a better quality living standard.

—Galen Brubaker

I know a lot of people complain about the way it smells out here. I think a lot of people want the country life, but they don't want what goes with it.

—Terry Austin

PEOPLE IN TRANSIT

Never seems to fail, wherever the best farmland is, that's where they want to grow the most industry and houses. It's a lot easier to build houses on good land.

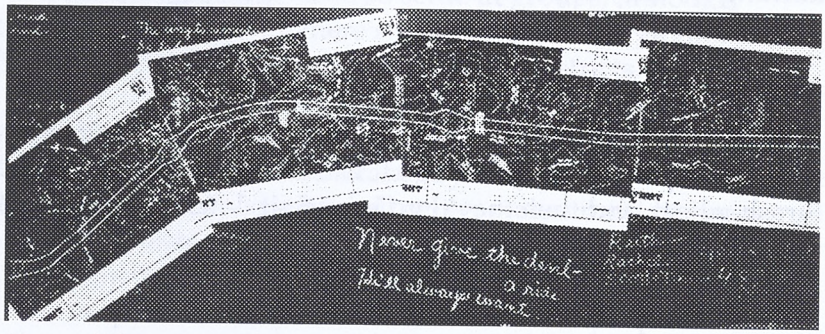
—Allen Layman

They can make a lot more money subdividing it than they can selling it as a farm, and they can't sell it for a farm anymore hardly. If they do, the person that's buying it is a hobby farmer. They're coming in, they've made their money elsewhere and they need a tax break. So they come in, buy a farm, and buy a tractor. That's everyman's dream in the world. They'll piddle around for a few years and then they say, maybe, this is not what I thought it would be.

—Billy Kingery, real estate agent and former dairyman

Interstate 73 will hasten what Smith Mountain Lake started many years ago, a long time before I-73 was ever dreamed of. This will be the hastening of it. Is it good or bad? If we're going to make automobiles and people, we've got to have somewhere to put them. We're a transit people. We've got to have roads to travel on. The roads are going to take up farmland.

—Billy Boone



Maps of the proposed route of Interstate 73, a swath that will take farms and homes in Franklin County, displayed on a chalkboard in a dairy farmer's kitchen. (Charloes Thompson photo)

As we get more urbanized, the cost of land gets higher. It's very hard for a young man to come up with assets to purchase property to farm and has to rent. He's just building up equity for the landowners. It's really why a lot of people are getting out.

—David Matthews, dairy farmer

HEIRS

My father and his three brothers started this business. At that time there were probably five equipment businesses in Rocky Mount and each community around us had the same thing. Gretna had a couple of farm equipment businesses. Moneta had one. Floyd had three or four. And now they're all gone, except there's two in Franklin County. People have tried to get into business and it's just not profitable enough or there's not enough business to keep them. It's gone.

—Billy Boone

If you take a farm family that's got four heirs and one of those chooses to be a farmer, and the other three decide they want the high dollars, there's no way he can live long enough to pay for it. There are farm programs that will guarantee a farm will be in agriculture from now on. That helps, but whether

that's the solution I don't know. These decisions we make that are going to last forever, I'm a little skeptical of them, too.

—Billy Boone

He's an old retired farmer and he was selling some of his land to farmers at two-thousand dollars an acre. That's a high price, but one that you can farm and do all right. Well, the children found out about it and they had it fixed where he couldn't sell it. Power of Attorney, I guess. They sold it all for subdivisions and they got ten and twelve thousand dollars for it.

—Franklin County dairy farmer

Pretty good farmer, but his sons lost interest. And he said, I can sell out now. Keep my farm, [but] my sons are never going to come back here and farm. And if my sons don't take it, the growth around here is going to take it. I can't sell to anyone else and them make it. So he said, I'm just going to go work a forty-hour week. I don't have to do any management, and it'll take the weight off me, have a richer life.

—David Bower

Irwin Ward, dairy farmer, drives by a house under construction on former farmland near the dairy he rents. (Charles Thompson photo)

Some farms have been handed down from generation to generation. I've had plenty of opportunity, but none's been given me. We bought a farm about four years ago that was 70 acres. And I'm heavily indebted, I mean heavily indebted. I'm not ashamed to tell you how much.

—Irwin Ward, the county's sole African American dairyman

HOPE

Farmers won't unite, and they can't come together, and the reason is they're too hard headed to work together. And the reason they're hard headed is that they've been taken advantage of so long in the marketplace. They got numb to people telling them they've got these theories about how they're going to help them make more money, but it usually ends up costing them. So that one's a dead end. That's when we decided to try to build our own milk facility and just do it small.

It was really kind of ironic that everybody you talked to said, "Naw, ain't no way." Ain't no way for a small farm to make it unless you do a little something different, subsidize it with something.

—David Bower

I think maybe September 11th brought everybody back to reality, back down to support local.

—David Bower

We've already lost one, two, three [dairies] this year that I can think of. Might be more than that. So, from what I'm seeing, in the next ten years we'll be down in the thirties. As far as holding what we got, important to who?

—Allen Layman

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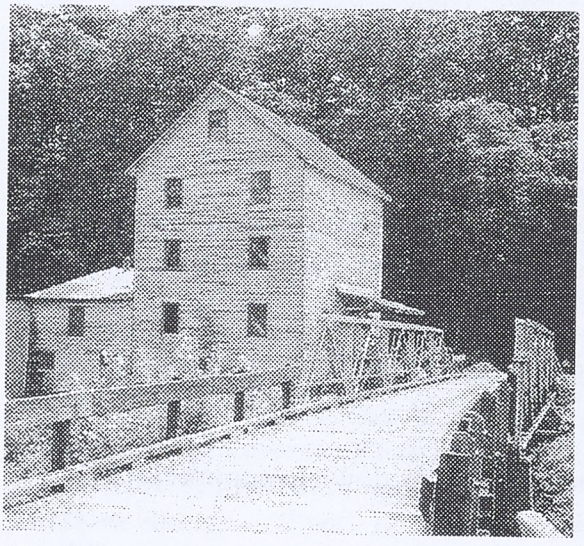
In Europe, farm vacations are subsidized by the government. They send someone to do your work while you go on vacation. I think that's a pretty big thing. Our government doesn't consider the long-term effects of all the farmers selling out or the end of small farming.

—*Rebecca Austin*

Trevor Fox sits patiently during an afternoon milking at the Bowman dairy farm in Boones Mill. (Charles Thompson photo)

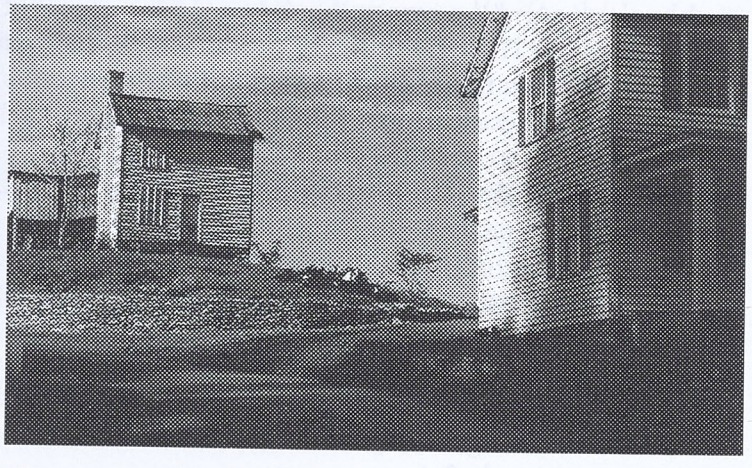
I feel that there is always going to be a need for the family farm. Whether I'm hoping just for the sake of hoping, I don't know. But what I'm saying is we're as practical and efficient as the big operations are. If we can find a way to pass it on to our posterity, if we do a few things to keep the farm in the family, I feel there are possibilities.

—*Henry Jamison, dairy farmer*



The Piedmont-Clemens Mill, built about 1870 along Maggodee Creek, is an important structure in the German Baptist Brethren community, although it has not been used for years. (George Kegley photo)

Old farmhouse stands on a hill above the Piedmont-Clemens Mill. (George Kegley photo)



My Memories of Carvin's Cove - A Long, Peaceful Valley

by Mary Louise Riley Harmon

I am now 71 years of age and would like to write my little story of the valley called Carvin's Cove, where I spent my first 27 years. This valley is surrounded by the Blue Ridge Mountains, located in Botetourt County, Virginia. This is on the edge of north Roanoke County. We entered this valley by way of a dirt road leading up over a ridge past the falls, where now a dam is built for the Roanoke City water supply.

I would like to describe the cove as a peaceful valley and a very beautiful valley, where more than 35 families lived. This was a long, narrow valley, that curved around into almost a horseshoe-shape valley. I often think of Joe Leslie, who visited my father once a year, when he returned to this valley for his annual fall visit. He was editor of the *Clinch Valley News,* in Tazewell County. He always said the Cove reminded him of Burkes Garden in Tazewell County, geographically surrounded by high mountains circling around, enclosing a quiet, peaceful valley. The Cove had one main creek, which in ages past, broke through the cliffs of Green Ridge in a narrow channel forming the falls.

Carvin's Cove was named for a Virginia frontier settler. This information was found in an article in *The Roanoke World-News,* in October 1976, written by Carl Andrews:

"Although William Carvin died 13 years before the Revolution, Carvin remains a commanding figure who deserves to be remembered during the Bicentennial in the Roanoke Valley Carvin was a pioneer settler, noted Indian fighter and civil servant. He was a colorful figure on the frontier and his name is pre-

Mary Louise Riley Harmon moved from the cove in 1942 to a home on Courtland Road she shared with her sister, Celia. She worked for Easter Seals and the Red Cross and she married Pat Harmon from West Virginia. She wrote these recollections in 1986. She died on April 1, 2000, at the age of 85.

Above: Looking northeast from the top of Carvin's Cove Dam, showing part of land to be inundated, 1928. (Photo courtesy of Salem Historical Society)

served today in Carvin's Cove, Roanoke's main water supply. Not much is known about his ancestors, when they came to this country or even when he was born or where. The name is believed to be Welsh in origin and was spelled several different ways, principally by court clerks who jotted down what they thought they had heard. One record has the name, "Kervin." Another court entry ordering a road from his plantation in 1753 to William Bryan's plantation, Roan/oak in present Salem, spelled it "Carravan."

Carvin's Creek waterfall, before the dam was constructed.

William Carvin first appeared in history on March 19, 1746, when he was appointed a constable in the company of Capt. George Robinson in newly formed Augusta County. He was also designated overseer for a road being blazed from Orange County to the top of the Blue Ridge. Carvin is sometimes referred to as the Roanoke Valley's first settler. (This original grant for 150 acres along Carvin's Creek being dated July 25, 1746.) but it is known that Mark Evans was living near Big Lick in 1742. There is some reason to believe that land, now part of the Hollins College campus, was given to William Carvin by his father, Edward. who remains a shadowy figure in history. The creek then was called "Smithe," and the land holdings, "Sulphur Springs tract." In 1763, we find his main holdings referred to as "Carvin's Meadow." He gradually added to this and the earlier grant. His father patented 174 acres on Roan/oak to him April 1, 1748, and he secured a grant of 341 acres on the creek at the cove from John Mills in 1763. Contrary to some opinions, the grist mill below the falls probably was built by James W. Riley in the early 1800s and not by Carvin. (It operated until around 1900.) (This could have been my great-grandfather. I was led to believe his name was John but none of the family really has that information.)

"Apparently in his physical prime, Carvin began to accumulate his reputation as an Indian fighter in the French and Indian War (1754-1763), serving as a private in the authorized militia. First, there is the tale of how Carvin was attacked by two Indians in the woods where Hollins College now stands. Taking shelter behind a huge, wild apple tree, he noted that one foe was trying to slip around to get behind him. Raising his coonskin cap on the end of his rifle ramrod, he drew the fire of the other Indian. He promptly shot him, and then the story goes, either killed the first Indian in hand combat or shot him by quickly reloading. The tree is said to have lived until 1820, finally dying because souvenir hunters cut so many of its branches to make walking sticks. The other story is equally spectacular. Pursued by Indians one day, he found himself trapped on the cliff above the falls of Carvin's Creek. Without hesitation, he leaped into the pool at the foot of the falls and escaped because none of his foes had the courage to follow.

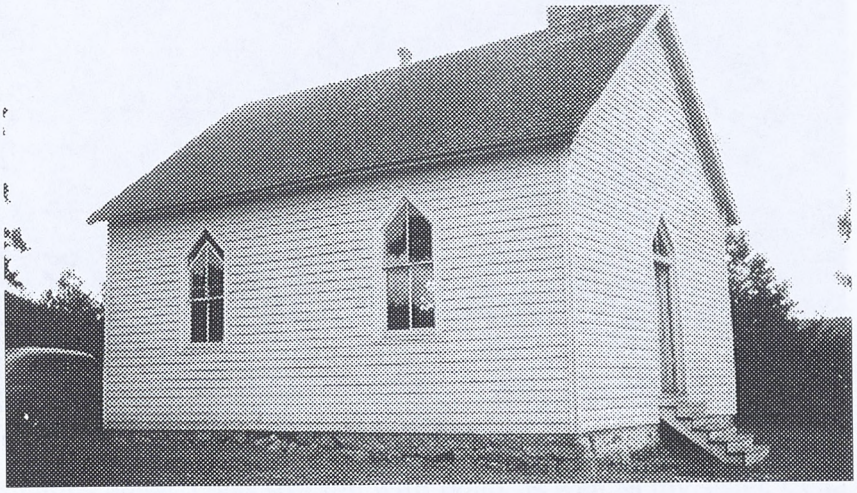
"Two historical footnotes: On Nov. 24, 1926, the Roanoke Water Co. announced plans for a $700,000 dam at the falls to turn Carvin's Cove into a 6-billion-gallon reservoir, which was completed in 1928 by W. W. Boxley & Co., contractors. This is a lasting credit and monument to the skill and integrity of that firm. It was said this would yield a minimum of 15 million gallons of water daily in the driest years and in other times, considerably more. On March 22, 1938, Roanoke freeholders voted 3 to 1 for a $5-million bond issue to pay for the condemned water company, which was acquired in 1942. By this time, all the families had moved from the valley and settled in other places."

My father did not live to settle our estate. He died April 15, 1940. He loved his valley, the land he was

born and died on. Only one year of his life was spent elsewhere. That was when he and my mother were married on March 11, 1902, and he went to Sullivan, Indiana, to work on his uncle's ranch. This uncle was John Leonard.

My mother, sister and I moved from this valley, Dec. 10, 1942, to Williamson Road. My brother, Cecil, who always ran the farm after my father became disabled in 1921, remained on the farm until December 1943. He was living in my mother's and father's first home on the farm. This was a five-room cottage they had built on my Grandfather Henry Thomas Riley's place. They had moved in this cottage Dec. 19, 1903. I remember my mother saying it was the day my oldest brother, Ralph, was one year old. In the year that Cecil stayed, he tore our nine rooms and bath down and built him a five-room and bath cottage on Barrens Road, off of Peters Creek Road. He, Adrie and Cecil Jr. moved into their new home in December 1943. World War II was going on at this time and there was very little building, but he had gotten most of his lumber from the old home.

In moving this day in December 1942 meant leaving Carvin's Cove, the valley where I was born and spent my childhood years. Leaving the mountains that surround our valley, leaving my church, Cove Alum Baptist, where I went to Sunday School and church, which I joined when I was 11 years old. This meant leaving the creek I was baptized in. I also have memories of playing in this creek, wading, seeing those little sun perch and oftentimes just sitting and watching the little tadpoles. I have also watched this creek get out of its banks and flow over the land, when we would have heavy rains. This meant leaving the school I attended through seventh grade, leaving the place where I had both happy and sad memories. But one thing in leaving this valley—I can still have those memories that I cherish.



Cove Alum Baptist Church, 1942.

I came from a family of six brothers: Ralph Layman Riley, my oldest brother, born Dec. 19, 1902; Cecil Claude and Celia Anna (twins), born April 1, 1906; William Hunter, born June 7, 1908; infant twin boys, born Sept. 11, 1912. I was born Jan. 27, 1915. Ernest Preston Jr., was born June 10, 1921. My mother and father came from large families. My father, Ernest Preston Riley, was born July 5, 1881, He had seven brothers and one sister, all born in Carvin's Cove. John Henry was the oldest; Mary Ann, second oldest; James B, third; George Thomas, fourth; Charlie Lewis, fifth; my father, Ernest Preston, sixth; Letcher Lee, seventh; Grover Cleveland, eighth, and Robert Thurman, ninth.

Dr. George Braxton Taylor, Sunday afternoon pastor at Cove Alum Church for 30 years.

My mother was Cora Belle Layman, born July 19, 1879, at Walnut Hill, near Fincastle, on the Old Blacksburg Road. All of her brothers and sisters were born at this place. Wiley Vernon was the oldest; Elizabeth (Lizzie) Lankford, second; Alma, third; Anna Price, fourth; my mother, Cora Belle, fifth; John Beverly, sixth; Bessie Louise, seventh; Baker, eighth; Clarence Edward, ninth, and Frank, tenth. My grandfather, William Henry Layman, was born on this farm too. My grandmother, Mary Louise (Mollie) Jones, was born in Nelson or Amherst County.

My Grandfather and Grandmother Layman and family moved to Carvin's Cove in 1897 or 1898. My father and mother went together two years before they were married on March 11, 1902. In two weeks after they were married, they left for Sullivan, Indiana to live on my father's Uncle John Leonard's farm. They did not stay quite one year. My parents never said they returned because they were homesick but I always suspected they were, for they both came from large and happy families.

When my mother and father returned from Indiana, Ralph, my oldest brother, was six weeks old. My father got a job at the shops for a dollar a day but only worked a few weeks. My grandmother Frances Catherine Leonard Riley asked my father to come and help his father, Henry Thomas Riley, on the farm, and he did. My dad built a five-room cottage on the farm near my grandfather's house. My mother told me they moved into their new cottage the day Ralph was one year old (Dec. 19, 1903). All the rest of us were born in this house.

Henry Thomas Riley (left) and Earnest Preston Riley hold four sturdy farm horses in the cove.

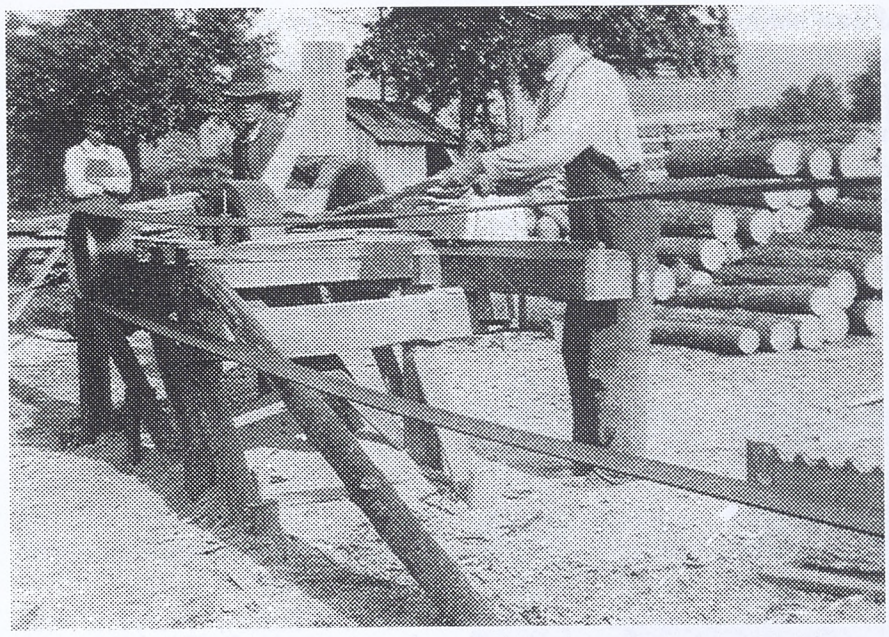
In 1921, my mother and dad saw a need for a larger house. Dad loved the farm. His mother died March 24, 1910. He and his father continued to farm. When my grandfather died May 19, 1919, my father bought the heirs out and continued to live there until his death April 15, 1940. He loved this land. My dad was only 58 years of age when he died and he had done well for himself.

He raised cattle, had a market garden and a lathe mill for a few years. He started his canning factory in 1915. For several years, he canned tomatoes and green beans. One year the apples did so well that he canned them. My father wanted our new home to stand where his father's home had been. He could not bear to see his old home torn away so he had his Uncle Jim Riley and Jim Gusler, who lived in the cove, to move this house back, probably 250 feet from where our new 9-room house was built in 1921. It was a beautiful building site, all the big, old trees were there and some are standing at this time, especially the big oak, probably 8 to 10 feet through. The shade of this old oak tree holds many memories. Some seem so very far away and others seem like yesterday.

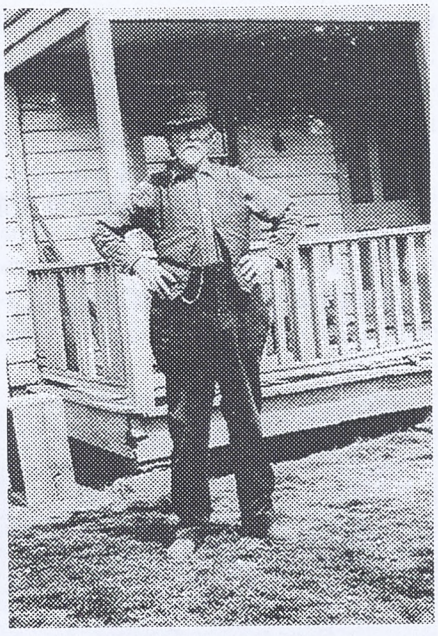
We were very proud of our home. It had 9 rooms and bath, large pantry, 2 big halls, a front porch all across the front, a large back porch and a large attic we used for storage. We moved in the fall of 1921. We were so thrilled that Grandma Layman came to live with us on Thanksgiving Day and two years later she was buried on Thanksgiving Day 1923.

Dad had water put in our house. That was rare in those days for we did not have electricity so it had to be forced by air. We had a gasoline engine which pumped this tank full of air and that forced the water from our good "ole Poplar Spring," named for all the poplar trees that surround it. This was good, cold free-stone water.

I could not have survived if I had not had a loving and caring family. I had a devoted mother and father that I would not have exchanged for any other. I have one loving and caring sister and four brothers that I would not have exchanged for any other. Not one ever turned me down. My mother and father had a lot



A sawmill operated on the E.P. Riley farm in the 1940s.



Henry Thomas Riley, a tough gentleman.

of heartbreak in raising their family. My father started with arthritis when he was 38 and died at the age of 58. In 1922, my brother, Hunter, was found to be a diabetic at the age of 14. He lived to be 19. He was born June 7, 1908 and died March 16, 1928. He had grown to be a handsome young man, over 6 feet tall, had a bright future and had already developed a good business head. He had taken care of my father's business. At the time of Hunter's death, my father was helpless in a wheelchair. The death was a shock to all the family. Hunter got real sick one morning and died that night. The doctor said it was pneumonia. My parents never really got over his death.

On July 25, 1929, tragedy struck our family again. I was stricken with polio, as well as my sister, Celia. She was not paralyzed but I was paralyzed all over. It left me completely helpless. This polio epidemic hit Roanoke in July 1929. There were approximately 135 cases. The doctors were stunned. They knew very little to do. I was not taken to a hospital. I had problems in breathing but there was no iron lung at that time, at least not in Roanoke. My mother had to have been a strong person to have taken care of my sister and me. I had to be turned on a sheet for over four months and I could only be propped up for a short while.

After 4 months, the Junior Woman's Club of Roanoke employed two therapists from the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., to come to Roanoke and give the polio victims therapy. I had never heard of therapy before. How well I remember her two visits a week. The therapist would come bouncing in, always smiling, stand by the big, old woodstove to warm up before starting to give me therapy. My mother always stood by. She taught my mother how to give me therapy the other five days. My mother said she must be real brave to drive on a narrow dirt road back in the country. The therapist would always laugh and say, "Remember I am from Minnesota." I shall always be grateful to the Junior Woman's Club of Roanoke for bringing this therapist to help the polio victims. She started with my therapy in November and by spring she had me where I could be fitted with a back brace to hold me up and braces for both legs.

My mother and sister both played a big part in getting me back on my feet. They would get me up on my crutches and hold to me and help me walk. To walk across the room was a big deal. I will never forget the first time my sister insisted I try going up stairs. We made going up by her helping me but I could not put my foot down to get back down the steps so she got Cecil and Ralph to carry me down. The next day she said, "We are going up the stairs again today." I cried but she helped me up and I got up enough courage to come back down. Those were trying days.

I can still remember the thrill of my first car ride, after being in for almost a year. My brother, Ralph, had a Chrysler sports roadster with a rumble seat. With the top down and all that we could pack in, we took

off down the road, leaving a cloud of dust behind.

I was 14 when polio struck and that meant the end of my education. I had finished 7th grade. In those days, nothing was done for handicapped people. Until President Franklin Delano Roosevelt took office in 1933, no one thought of doing anything for handicapped people. He was a polio victim himself. I like to think of my childhood as a happy time, especially up until age 14 when I was stricken with polio. My sister and I were the only cases of polio in our valley.

A healthy strawberry patch flourished in the cove.

Our parents had been very protective of us and would not let us go into Roanoke for fear we might come into contact with someone with polio. It really was a scary time when there were 135 to 150 cases of polio. That July in 1929 the weather was hot, we had a heat wave. It was a busy time of the year on the farm. My sister and I were milking 14 cows, bringing the milk to the springhouse, running it through a cream separator, feeding the milk to 12 or 15 calves and my mother churned the cream. Some weeks she made 60 pounds of butter and she had it all engaged.

After having polio in the family, everyone was afraid to come around and it was hard to get help, so my father sold off the cows. My youngest brother, E. P. Riley Jr., was only 8 years old so he could not be of much help. My brother, Cecil, was running the farm since my father was in a wheelchair. This was the beginning of the canning season. The tomatoes were coming in. That meant Cecil had so much to do. He had to come in from the farm to help take care of my father. My mother had more than she could do, taking care of my sister and me.

It just happened the week before that my Uncle Charlie Riley, Aunt Dora and their daughter, Naomi, had come to board with us for a few weeks, while Uncle Charlie was building their new home on Williamson Road. So Aunt Dora took over the cooking. My brother, Ralph, and his wife, Virginia, were at our home that summer too. They both worked in Roanoke, he as a pipefitter in the Norfolk and Western Railway shops and she at Thurman & Boone as a bookkeeper. The years of 1928, 1929 and 1930 will be years no one in my family will ever forget. 1930 was a dry year and we were in a depression. All the crops were lost. Cecil was raising a market garden. That was part of our income. We had to sell the cattle because we had no hay, corn or wheat crop.

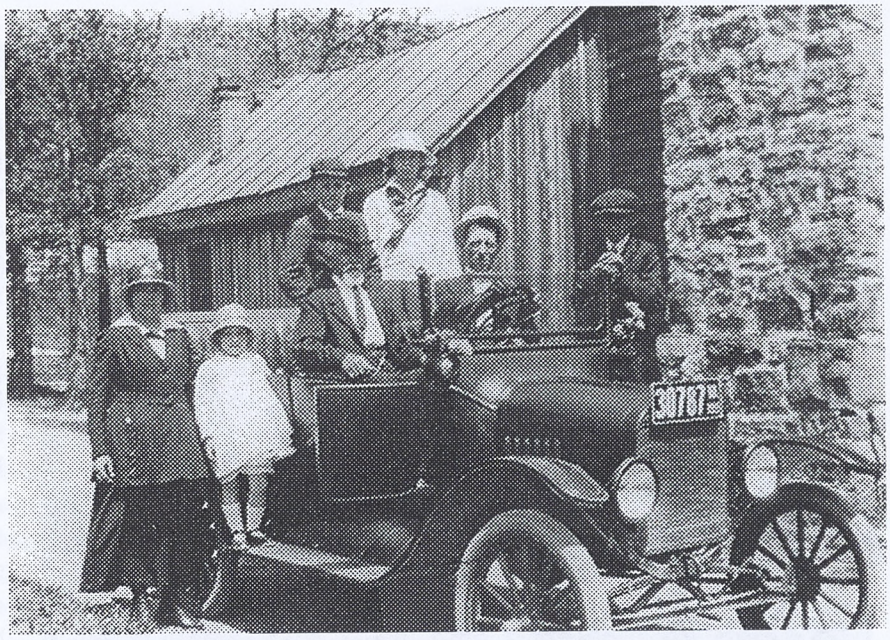
The early 1930s were the depression years. I guess we were more fortunate than most. We did not lose our home and farm like a lot of people. We always had food to eat and did not have to beg for food or stand in lines for soup, like many thousands did. When plants and factories closed down and people walked the streets, no place to find work—those were hard times. I shall never forget the depression year when Franklin D. Roosevelt became president in 1933 and things began to turn around. This great man pulled this country out of the depression.

He started the Civilian Conservation Corps, the Tennessee Valley Authority, National Recovery Administration (NRA), Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, Agricultural Adjustment Administration, Public Works Administration, Home Owners Loan Corporation, Farm Credit Administration, Social Security Board and also many other things. Roosevelt is the only president I have ever seen in person. I shall never forget, as a young girl I stood with my leg braces and my crutches under my arms and waited to see our president. I stood at the Jefferson Street railroad crossing and watched President Roosevelt get

off a train and into a convertible automobile. The day was October 19, 1934. He came to Salem to dedicate the Veterans Administration Hospital. What a great day that was! Everyone was out to see the president, cheering, shouting and waving. Some might have been crying with joy as the car drove by with him standing up and waving to the crowd. He wore braces on both legs, from polio. His son, James, was along with him.

One of the things that is so vivid in my mind of what Roosevelt was doing is the CCC camps. This helped several needy families in Carvin's Cove. When he became president, millions of young Americans were unable to find work or continue their education. Many young men got their first job and learned a trade while serving with the depression years in a group known as the Civilian Conservation Corps.

Every time you use a mountain trail or enjoy a national park or forest, you can thank the CCC. The enrollment period was in six-month terms. They were paid only $30 per month, $25 of which was sent to their families back home. I remember when the CCC road was built in the cove over from us, through Brushy Mountain and Green Ridge Mountain. They built roads, trails, fire lanes and fire lookout towers. Living under primitive conditions, thousands of CCC youth fought hundreds of vicious fires that covered vast areas. In these burned-over areas, the Corps planted countless billions of tree seedlings, which are the 50-year-old mature trees that furnish the lumber for today's dream homes. The total list of work projects undertaken by the CCC would fill several books. They established wildlife refuges and game preserves, stocked lakes and streams with fish, built water reservoirs, dams and drainage canals, restored national monuments and historic sites.



A carload of Rileys and Laymans posed for a picture in 1919.

I believe it was in 1915 that my father started running a canning factory. He canned from 3,000 to 5,000 cases of tomatoes a year. For several years, he canned a couple thousand cases of green beans and one year he canned several hundred cases of apples. We don't usually think of work as being beautiful times but I can recall some beautiful times and some fun times at this canning factory.

My father contracted with the neighboring farmers to buy their tomatoes and green bean crops. The busy months were July, August and September. I can recall the long days, standing and peeling tomatoes. Doing the beans was more fun for we could sit down to string and break the beans. Sometimes as many as 12 to 15 girls and boys were stringing beans. That was a lot of beans in one day. Oh, the fun we would have out under the big, old apple trees beside the factory! We had an hour for lunch. The factory workers brought a bag lunch. After lunch, some would stretch out on the grass and rest before going back for the long afternoon.

The teenagers looked forward to making some extra money for a few weeks in the summer. They were not paid until the end of the canning season. You had a ticket, which when filled with clips, was $2.50. You received one clip for a bucket of peeled tomatoes and two clips for a bucket of prepared green beans. Celia did all the packing of the tomatoes and beans and Cecil did the capping of the cans. We hired a man to fire the boiler. When the steam got up in the boiler, he would blow the whistle and it was heard all over Carvin's Cove. The help knew it was time to come to work.

After the end of the canning season, the work for Cecil and Celia was not over. It was time to get the thousands of cases labeled. And they really labeled those cans fast, like going through a machine. This they did by hand. They had this big table, that two people worked at. On each side of the table you had a trough that the can lay in, with a square tray on each side of the trough. This was to hold your paste. It was a home-made paste, made with flour and water and boiled for a few minutes. It took two or three weeks to get the labeling done. They often would race to see who could do the most in a day's time. They were about equal, as they were twins, always working together on the farm. My sister did a man's work. They had a helper to keep the cases fed and to carry them away sealed and stacked in the back of the factory until sold. My father had a brokerage firm that did the selling to the warehouses. He had his own private label printed at Piedmont Label Co. in Bedford. It was a beautiful label—"Mountain View Farm – E. P. Riley – Carvin's Cove – Hollins, Virginia."

Four Rileys – Annie, Celia, Ava and Della – made up a crew picking beans and canning tomatoes for the cove cannery about 1923.

This canning factory gave the teenagers a chance to make some extra money. They were paid in the fall. The money they earned went mostly for their school clothing. The children who went to our two-room school usually dressed well and had good warm clothing. I never remember seeing any of the pupils with ragged clothes.

I had some happy times at this two-room school, as well as some bad times. There was the time I knew I had not done very well on my tests or exams. I remember my first teacher, Ethel Baker, from Catawba. My second-year teacher was Mary Crawford, who went home sick one day and was never able to return. She had T.B. and died a couple years later. Verna Peters came and finished her term. I remember the other teachers who taught me. They were Alpha Armentrout, Grace Dogan and Harry Lancaster, who was my teacher for three years. Other teachers at our school were Reginia Peery, Mary John Crawford, Della Vandergrift, Carmen Switzer, Rex Spigle, Ora Newsom, Belle Duvall, Gaysior Duvall, Bessie Gusler, Mattie Horn, Edith Riley, Myrtle Brumfield, Miss Ash, Celeste Carper, Carl Keith, Lonie Gusler, Alma Keeling, Mattie Sprinkel, Janie Lou Crumpacker and Clara Willis.

Christmas time at our school was a special occasion. The day before the holiday vacation season started, we hurried through our lessons and the teachers would let us go to the woods and cut our own Christmas tree. We always had a big, beautiful cedar tree. We had fun decorating the tree and the windows. We would get a lot of spruce pine when we were in the woods and we put this up over the windows. The older boys would build the stage, as we always had a Christmas play and sang Christmas carols. The night of our party, the school was packed. We exchanged gifts and the teachers always had candy and an orange for each pupil.

When Valentine's Day came we always had a party. We would have a huge box to put the valentines in and we would start days before making our valentines. It would take a couple hours to give the valentines out. A lot of beautiful valentines—some were bought and very lacey, that I saved for years. Some were hand-made and very comical. At Easter time, we had our egg hunt. At Halloween, sometimes we had a party. That was the most fun! We could dress as we pleased.

For several years, my mother boarded the school teachers. That was a lot of fun, for there were always all the boys and girls hanging around. We played a lot of cards. We popped corn galore. We had a big basket of apples for everyone to help themselves. Once in awhile when Mother had extra sugar we could make fudge candy. My youngest brother, E. P., could always make the best fudge. We had plenty of grape juice, for in those days we could not afford a soda for everyone. Those were the depression years. In the fall, we had plenty of cider. No one ever left our house without a treat of some kind. I often think of the summers when the melons were plentiful and how many watermelons and cantaloupes were cut on Sunday afternoons when all the visitors and family gathered together.

Fall in the valley was a beautiful time, but a very busy time. After the canning season was over, there was the corn cutting and putting it into shocks to shuck at a later date. There were wagon-loads of pumpkins to be gathered before frost and stored in the shed. We had to pick many bushels of apples. Then we made barrels of cider. My Grandmother Riley had this nice-size orchard set out several years before she died on March 24, 1910. This was five years before I was born. I remember my father telling how beautiful the orchard was in full bloom. I have tried to think of the many different kinds of apples that were in this orchard. There must have been as many as 10 or 12 kinds. We had over 100 trees.

A label from E.P. Riley's cannery advertised string beans, a prime product.

After picking the apples and making the cider, it was time to make the apple butter. We had a 25-gallon copper kettle and we could make 16 to 18 gallons of apple butter at a time. That was hard work. My mother and Celia were experts on this job. The day before making apple butter, two or three people cut apples all day. The next morning at daybreak, you got the fire started and filled your kettle with apples and enough cider to get them cooking. You had this long wooden stirrer and you had to keep stirring all the time. You kept adding in apples as they cooked down and by late evening, it had cooked down and turned dark.Then you added your sugar and seasoning of cinnamon, cloves and allspice. We usually made two or three kettles.

When the next fall rolled around, believe me, it was all gone—so were the damson preserves, sweet apple, tomato and strawberry preserves, blackberry and grape jelly. How mother did all these things sounds out of reason. I often think of all the canning she would do. Celia picked the blackberries and the cherries and mother canned dozens of these cans at a time. Then when winter came, we had all these good cherry and berry cobblers. Mother and Celia dried a lot of apples. We all liked fried apple pies. The teachers who boarded with us loved them too.

As soon as the weather turned cold enough, sometime after Thanksgiving, it was time to butcher the hogs and prepare the meat. We usually butchered four hogs after they had been corn-fed for six weeks. That really made good meat. After Cecil and Celia trimmed the meat, they would take the trimmings and grind for sausage. My mother did the adding of sage, salt and pepper, then mixed it up good and we would have 75 or more pounds of delicious sausage. We would take the livers, hearts, lean scraps of meat, cook them and then grind them up and make liver pudding. With all the tenderloin, spareribs and backbones, we lived "high off the hog." We canned some of the meat. All the hams, shoulders and streaked meat were salted down in a big meat box in our smokehouse. By summer, these hams were cured and out of this world. I often think of the good gravy my mother made when she had fried ham. Once in awhile in the spring of the year, Mother would sell one of the hams and buy a keg of salt fish.

In October or November when there was a pretty warm day, it was time to get the corn shucked and brought into the crib. I can still see this corn crib now. It was built with a peaked roof and the boards on the sides were an inch apart. That was so the air could pass through and the corn could season out. This was the feed for the six horses. The chickens ate corn also, but it had to be shelled corn. My job was to shell

it. I was probably 10 or 11 years of age when I remember so well how scared I was, when I climbed into the crib to shell it. As I dropped the first ear of corn in the corn sheller, this little mouse would scamper out. I never seemed to get used to this mouse. It scared me every time.

The entire student body of Carvin's Cove School turned out for a photo, about 1916.

The days on the farm were very busy and my father believed in everyone working. There were six of us kids in the family and we started at an early age of doing the things we could do. I felt very proud that I could milk a cow at the age of six. I helped with the milking and feeding the cows before going to school and after getting home from school in the evenings, until I had polio.

I can see my mother now, churning and printing the butter. She used a wooden churn with an up and down dash for many years. Then my brother, Hunter, bought her a churn that you cranked. She could sit and churn. She had a one-pound butter mold that turned out butter with a dandelion print. She never had any trouble getting rid of butter. McCray grocery on Melrose Avenue, N.W., took all the butter she did not have engaged. He also would buy our eggs, chickens and some produce. In turn, we would buy our groceries from him.

Christmas on the farm in Carvin's Cove was a very special time. We always had a big tree in our parlor. I like to picture in my mind the decorations on the tree. In the 1920s, Celia and Virginia (Ralph's wife) did the decorating. Virginia was working at Thurman and Boone and she would buy so many pretty ornaments, strings of small balls, all colors, lots of icicles and snow. With all the gifts around the tree, we could hardly wait to open them. Aunt Bess in California would send a big box of gifts. Aunt Lizzie in Ohio would send presents. Aunt Anna in West Virginia sent gifts too. I remember once she had some maple sugar candy in our package. She had made it from pure maple syrup that was tapped from their trees on their farm at Spruce Grove, West Virginia. We looked forward to getting packages in the mail. Then Aunt Eula and Uncle Clarence, Aunt Grace and Uncle John would bring us gifts.

Mother started a week before Christmas, baking her cookies and doughnuts. We always had an abundant supply of ginger cookies and sugar cookies. Then Celia would bake three or four cakes. One would be a fresh coconut cake. Mother always had a big ham. Our Christmas dinner was a big dinner. We always had a lot of company and that meant a lot of cooking. Mother always got fresh cranberries and made her own cranberry sauce. She always had dried peaches for Christmas and one of her main desserts was boiled custard with the cake. We had many different kinds of pies. She often made mincemeat and raisin pies. We always had plenty of oranges at Christmas. We were used to having lots of apples, so we would buy a 50- or-100-pound bag of oranges. This was a treat.

I often think of all the pies my mother made in her lifetime. I have seen her make six apple pies at a time. She would make delicious pumpkin pies, sweet potato pies, custard pies, cherry cobblers, berry cobblers and a stack of half-moon fried pies out of dried apples. Whatever my mother baked or cooked was out of this world. No wonder when the relatives came, they stayed for a week.at a time!

In this valley were sad times as well as happy times. When there was sickness or a death, the relatives

and neighbors were sad too. They came to your rescue. When death came, you were never taken to a funeral home and left. The body was embalmed and left at home. Your funeral was preached at home or taken to our little Cove Alum Baptist Church. We had three or four cemeteries in this valley. The Riley Cemetery was really the neighborhood cemetery. The Board, Ready and Pollard cemeteries were private.

Senator John Worth Kern of Indiana was buried on his place on a little knoll out from "Kerncliff," his summer home. The Riley Cemetery was bought by my Grandfather Henry Thomas Riley from Charley Lipes in 1910 after my Grandmother Frances Catherine Riley died. There are probably around 75 people buried there. I have a lot of relatives in this cemetery on the hill. My great-grandmother Mary Magdalene Riley, who was born in 1813, was buried there in October 1902.

I wish I knew who the first person was that was buried there. It could have been some of the Engles, for Mrs. Lipe was an Engle or kin in some way. There are more Rileys buried in this cemetery than anyone else. I can't remember the names of everyone who was buried there.

Dr. George Braxton Taylor preached at our little country church 30-some years. He was a well-educated man. He came to Hollins College as a Bible teacher and pastor of Enon Baptist Church. We were very fortunate to have him as our pastor of our little Cove Alum country church. He came at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon the first Sunday of every month and twice a month during the summer. He usually held a revival in September or October. Sometimes he would have a visiting minister to help him. I joined the church at one of these revivals when I was 11 years old. I believe it was Sept. 26, 1926 when I was baptized in Carvin's Creek on a Sunday afternoon.

I believe there were 20-some baptized that afternoon. The scene of one of these baptizings was beautiful. The banks along the sides of the streams were lined with the church congregation and spectators of all ages and sizes. It was a very quiet and sacred time. I like to remember those days. At this writing, I can only recall a small number still living who were baptized the same as I was. We had Sunday School at 10 o'clock every Sunday morning. My Uncle Jim Layman was superintendent of the Sunday School. When we needed something extra at the church, like songbooks or to make up money to help someone, we would have an ice cream supper. We baked cakes and pies to make up our money and had a good time too.

I wish I could find my old joke book. I loved to find a good joke. I would clip it out and paste it in a book, but now I can't remember very many. One I can remember is: an old country preacher was telling his flock about King Solomon. After he had described the many palaces, he told them that Solomon had 1,000 wives and 1,000 concubines and fed them on ambrosia. At this point, one of the men remarked, "Never mind what he fed them! What did he eat?"

The Carvin's Cove Dam

When Roanoke needed water, they came to our valley so fair
And sent their engineers to build a great dam there.
They surveyed the mountain country for many, many days,
And strange men were treading our quiet and peaceful ways.
The pioneers of the valley asleep on that quiet hill crest,
Never dreaming of the changes to the place they loved the best.
They loved this mountain valley and we all love it too,
But now our homes and gardens must be changed to a lake of blue.
Some day the calm deep water will cover all the land
And on the shores the tall, dark pines in a beautiful forest will stand.
The deer will bound thru the dim green aisles and come down to the lake to drink
And tall cranes wade along the shores where lilies grow white and pink.
—*Naomia Riley*

Mary Louise Riley Harmon

Photos courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sowers and other members of the Riley family.

African-Americans Have a Proud Ancestry

by William B. Davis

It is good to be back home again. I grew up in Ebenezer Baptist Church. The building is different now. The area was called Kingstown and we were seven miles from Roanoke. Now, this is Roanoke. I remember well the many times I walked three miles down Peters Creek Road to catch the bus to Roanoke.

The young people here today were spared the daily humiliation we had to go through riding in the back of the bus and having to drink water from a fountain marked "Colored" and having to go to a public toilet for "Colored Only."

If we were hungry and had the money to buy a sandwich, we had to go to the back or the side of a restaurant to buy it. Then it was handed to us in a paper bag because we were not allowed to go inside and sit down like civilized people. I can assure you that we were just as civilized as anyone who was allowed to enjoy a meal inside the restaurant. As for riding the back of the bus, it was probably the safest place on the bus. You never heard of people in the back of the bus getting hurt in any head-on collision.

Many things were said and done to us to make us ashamed of Africa and of being black. Back in the old days, if you wanted to put someone down, all you had to do was to call him "Black." Black was usually associated with something negative or bad. If a black cat crossed your path, that was a sign of bad luck. If a white cat crossed your path, you never gave it a second thought.

We were constantly reminded that we were considered to be less than other people. No matter how old a black man was, white people called him "boy" and any white child could call him by his first name. In the old western cowboy movies, the good guy always wore a white hat and the bad guy wore a black hat. The white kids I played with on weekends could walk to Southview School. The black kids had to get up an hour earlier and take a bus seven miles one way to Salem to attend high school. The white kids got new textbooks. The black kids got old used books.

Life was not a picnic for the black kids. However, we survived. Society had built a box for us and we were expected to stay in that box. That was the place set aside for us and we were expected "to stay in our place." Well, many of us got out of that box. Instead of being content with what had been set aside for us, we had the nerve "to think outside the box." We became really "dangerous" when we started thinking that we could do anything a white man could do if given an equal opportunity to compete.

During World War II, America had been told that black Americans could not be trained to fly airplanes. The famous Tuskegee Airmen proved that was wrong. The flew dozens of missions all over Europe during the war and still hold the record for not having lost a single bomber they escorted.

Remember, too, that boxing was a sport where men really showed their manhood. Some white boxers did not want to fight a black boxer. Joe Louis and Muhammad Ali were two black men who thought outside the box. They declared that they would take on anybody who wanted to fight. The rest is history.

It was a big deal in American baseball history when it was announced that a black baseball player was going to compete in the big leagues. Some white baseball players declared they would not play if that happened. When the call was made to "Play ball," a black player named Jackie Robinson stepped into the history books. White basketball players wanted to keep their teams white. However, black players such as Michael Jordan, Wilt Chamberlain and Kareem Abdul Jabbar made a big difference in ticket sales.

William B. Davis, Roanoke County native and a retired diplomat who lives in Potomac, Md., gave this talk in a Black History program at Ebenezer Baptist Church on Feb. 28. He retired in 1988 as a senior foreign service officer with an equivalent rank of brigadier general after 28 years of service. He holds degrees from Rutgers and Boston universities, speaks four languages and has visited 60 countries. Before his diplomatic service, he was a federal narcotics agent.

Of course, it was never a secret that golf was a white man's game. The only thing a black man could do was to carry the golf clubs for the white players. Then a young man named Tiger Woods showed up. He won everything in the competition as well as the right to wear the coveted jacket of Masters gold players. Tiger Woods never thought inside the box. I doubt he even knew where the box was.

You are looking at a man who is proud of his African ancestry. Our ancestors came from a mighty continent. They were strong and survived the torturous journey in the deep, dark and dank cargo hold of slave ships that began delivering Africans on a hot August day in 1619 in Jamestown. They were forced to learn to speak English but were forbidden to learn to read and write it. In fact, it was against the law for anyone to teach a slave to read and write. Neither were they allowed to speak in their own native language. Contrary to what some history books have said, the slaves were definitely not happy to be in slavery. In fact, during the 300 years of slavery in America, there were over 250 rebellions and uprising by slaves.

William B. Davis

Yes, our ancestors were survivors who came from a mighty continent. Let me tell you something about that continent. I lived there about 10 years. We have been fed on a steady diet of misinformation about Africa. Most of what we learned about Africa was negative. We were fooled by Tarzan movies showing tigers in what was supposed to have been Africa. The fact is that there are no tigers in Africa except in the zoo. Incidentally, I am told that the Tarzan movies were really filmed in northern Mexico, which is a long way from Africa. Africa is a mighty continent with precious metals, diamonds and gold, as well as oil that the rest of the world wants. Many Americans refer to Africa as "the Dark Continent." Frankly, the darkest thing about Africa is our own ignorance of it.

To give you an idea of the size of Africa, let me point out that the distance from Dakar, Senegal, in West Africa, where I used to live, to Djibouti on the Red Sea in East Africa is greater than the distance from New York City to Rome, Italy. The distance from Tangier, Morocco, at the northern tip of Africa, to Capetown, South Africa, is farther than the distance from Roanoke to Moscow, Russia. In fact, you can put Western Europe, India, Japan, New Zealand and the 48 contiguous states of the U.S. all on the face of Africa at the same time and still have space left over.

If you ever plan to visit an African country, try to learn as much as possible about that particular country and the customs and traditions of the people before you go over there. It will help you understand their way of life better and make your visit more enjoyable. Yes, our ancestors came from a mighty continent and we have every right to be proud of it. However, we have to be very careful here and acknowledge that all of us belong to more than one ancestral background. Some people go for the "okey doke" and end up in a "trick bag."

Let's face it, we have the greatest diversity of color of any group of people on earth. Our skin colors run the gamut from jet black to white on white. Nobody went around the country with a paint brush and a bucket of paint painting us different shades of color. We know precisely how we got this way. All of us had mothers and fathers. What are we supposed to do? Acknowledge one and ignore the other? It always has been, and still is a fact that "it takes two to tango," regardless of economic or social circumstances.

Watch out for the "trick bag"! Laws were passed in this country and particularly in Virginia that declared any person with "any quantum of Negro blood" was to be considered a Negro. Any such child was forced to be accepted in the black community. In no way was he expected to become a part of the white community. Some light-complexion blacks passed for white in order to get better jobs and live in better neighborhoods. Would it surprise you to learn that some Americans who think they are white are actually the descendants of blacks who "passed" three or four generations ago?

Even today, if a white man marries a black woman and they have a son, biologically that son is 50% white and 50% black. However, society comes along with its box and says, "Jump in. This is the place where you belong." When the son becomes 16 and applies for a driver's license, he is asked to state his race. Biology says he is half white and half black but he is expected to choose "black" as his race.

However, isn't he just as entitled to call himself "white'? Could he be charged with providing false information on an official document if he said he is white? Biology says he is equally black and white. Sociology says he is black. Who wins? Sociology or biology? If you pick up an application for a Social Security card, question 5 has a space for "race / ethnic description." The instructions say, "check only one – voluntary." Now suppose this son who is 50/50 black and white looks black but marks the box for "white." What do you think the Social Security clerk is going to do as soon as he steps away from the counter? Do you believe you could get that clerk to say under oath that she has not received instructions to indicate her own judgement on the form when she reviews it? A person's Social Security number should have absolutely nothing to do with that person's race. The Social Security office claims that although the information is voluntary, "...it helps us prepare statistical reports on how Social Security programs affect people." Because I am in church, I won't characterize that silly statement.

Well, why not mark an "H" on any form requesting racial information? I have done that. If the person reviewing the form wants to think the "H" stands for "Hebrew," so be it. When I put "H" on a form asking for designation of race, I mean "H" for HUMAN race. This country is obsessed with gathering information about racial differences. We ought to know by now that there are more similarities than differences between any two races. Maybe we should either celebrate our diversity or ignore our differences. Frankly, I think we should forget our differences and embrace each other as members of the human race.

You already know that I am proud of my African heritage. I am also proud of my other mixed-up ancestral background as a human being who has benefited from all of my heritage. Throughout my lifetime, I have witnessed black people being referred to as Negro, Colored, Afro-American, African-American and a few other names I do not care to repeat. I also recall when we had to protest to get some newspapers to spell "Negro" with a capital "N."

As ridiculous as that was, consider this. At one time in Roanoke, a black man's dog died and he wanted to bury his old companion in the pet cemetery. He was refused because the dog had belonged to a black man. The cemetery was for pets that had been owned by white people. Now that's quite a stretch. The cemetery manager was associating a dead dog with the race of its owner. It's too bad that the dog could not come back to life just long enough to take a bite out of that cemetery manager.

The prejudice we suffered long ago as well as some suffered just yesterday is still based on ignorance. To remain ignorant when plenty of information is readily available is a violation of common sense. Let us enlighten ourselves and steer clear of the "trick bag." We proudly accept and use the term "African-American." There is nothing wrong with taking pride in our heritage. But let us take care not to let it be used to undermine ourselves. Let me give you an example. When I travel anywhere in the world, I am recognized and respected as an American. However, as soon as I return to the United States and get off the airplane, I am identified as an "African-American." Now watch this carefully. There is a difference between describing someone and defining someone. If you want to describe me, there would be nothing wrong with saying that I am 5'9", weigh 250 pounds, have brown complexion, black hair, brown eyes and I am left-handed. On the other hand, if you said I am an "African-American," you would be defining me.

When I talk about "Sam Jones" or any other individual, it does not occur to me to call him an "African-American." His nationality is American. Frankly, I don't know or care whether his grandfather came from England, Switzerland, France or Cambodia. I never knew his grandfather. I only know Sam and consider him friendly or unfriendly, as the case may be. Why then is it considered necessary for someone else to define me as a hyphenated American? Does the use of "African" and a hyphen in front of my nationality make me either better or worse than any other American? If it makes no difference, why bring it up in the first place?

When we go around unnecessarily defining people, are we trying to send some type of signal that that person is less than other Americans? What is the point? Let me give you another example of how society tries to put down any black American who has made a significant schievement. When Douglas Wilder was running for governor of the state of Virginia, it appeared that he had a good chance to win the election. I wrote to the *Washington Post* and asked that newspaper not to identify Mr. Wilder as "the grandson of a slave." For a rea-

son you can figure out for yourself, newspapers love to include that information about a black person who has made a significant achievement.

Now let's look at this from another perspective. History tells us that Australia was founded by prostitutes and criminals who had been sent there from England. I don't believe anyone here has ever seen any newspaper article about a living Australian official which mentions that he is the grandson of a prostitute or a criminal. It doesn't matter one bit to me if that Australian's grandma was a prostitute. Do you honestly believe that a black American will do either a good job or a bad job because his grandfather was a slave? It is as much a put-down to a black American to say his grandfather was a slave as it would be to an Australian if someone mentions that his grandma was a prostitute. If that kind of information is not intended to help, it is, by default, intended to hurt. Such information is seldom neutral.

Despite all the trials and tribulations we have encountered in this country, it is still the land where we were born. It is our home. Our black servicemen have fought and died for this country in every war. We helped to build this country. We contributed to its prosperity. We are celebrating black history because the traditional history books ignored our contributions.

The father of black history, Dr. Carter G. Woodson, started this project as National Negro History Week 79 years ago in the year that I was born. This project grew from a week of celebration to a month of celebration in the 1960s during the civil rights movement. If our traditional history books had reported black contributions fairly, it would not have been necessary to have this celebration. By omitting fair reporting on black achievements in American history, both black and white children have been culturally and academically deprived of valuable knowledge about our country. Dr. Woodson once said he hoped the time would come when we would no longer have a need for a celebration of our history. That time will come only when we are honestly and fairly reported in our history books.

Meanwhile, what can be done to ensure a rightful place for blacks in American history? We can and do entrust the future of American society to our young people. Where do you start? You start by thinking outside the box and being courageous enough to make a difference. You can be a passive observer and let things happen or you can be an active participant and make things happen. There are many things you can do and only a few things that are impossible to do. Let me mention five impossibilities:

It is impossible to lead where you don't go;
to teach what you don't know;
to give what you don't have;
to share experiences you never had;
and to return to where you have never been.

Almost everything else is possible.

I address these remarks especially to our young people. Set high expectations for yourselves. Keep in mind that no one rises to low expectations. Establish goals for your life and focus on those goals. Associate with people who share your goals. Remember, you can't soar with the eagles if you hang around a bunch of turykeys.

As a diplomat, I learned that as long as I have two ears and only one mouth, it might be wise to listen twice as much as I talk. Listening is probably the most important part of communicating. We don't learn much with our mouths open. We stand a better chance of learning with our eyes and ears open.

Continue thinking outside the box and don't repeat your mistakes. If you really want to get to the top, you must first get off your bottom. There is one special message I want to leave with you. If you don't remember anything else I have said today, please make sure you remember this fact. It is only seven words long: "Progress is not made by satisfied people." If you show me a man who is completely satisfied with what he already has and what he thinks he already knows, I will show you a complacent fool. Satisfaction leads to mediocrity and mediocrity leads to failure.

We entrust the future to you young people. You have greater potential than any of us ever had 60 years ago. I challenge you to make your life better for your children than you ever had it for yourselves. And I leave you with these thoughts: Dare to be great, without arrogance. Demonstrate your skills, without vanity. And crown your achievements with humility.

Gainsboro and its Outstanding Black Citizens

By Clarence Dunnaville, Jr.

Unlike other Virginia cities, Roanoke did not exist prior to the Civil War. There were no great Civil War battles in the Roanoke Valley and there is no Civil War memorial or statue of generals on the court house lawn in Roanoke as in other parts of the state.

Although prior to the end of the Civil War, there clearly were slaves in the Roanoke Valley community, as there were throughout the state, Roanoke did not have a slave economy. The farms of Roanoke Valley were mostly small, due to the topography. Moreover, the attitude towards slavery in the western part of Virginia was different. Indeed, the state of West Virginia was formed when the western counties refused to join the Confederacy. Roanoke is in close proximity to West Virginia and its attitude toward slavery was reflective of the area.

Origins of Roanoke

The Gainsboro section of present Roanoke was the first organized village or town formed in the area. Gainsboro was formed in 1834 and was a predominantly white town. In 1834, the adjoining village of Old Lick was organized. Roanoke County was chartered in 1838. Dr. Reginald Shareef, in his pictorial history of Roanoke, reports that the 1860 census showed that slaves constituted approximately one-third of Roanoke County's population.

Old Lick became Big Lick, chartered as a town in 1874 and changed its name to Roanoke in 1882. In 1884, the town of Roanoke became the city of Roanoke. Roanoke, being located along the route of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad, the predecessor of the Norfolk and Western, experienced rapid expansion during the last quarter of the 19th century. As a new, rapidly growing city, Roanoke became a boom town with saloons, bawdy houses and gambling dens.

Early Racial Conflict

The people at the time were deeply divided by class and race. African-Americans constituted a third of all Roanoke residents during the last decade of the 19th century. Because of racial segregation, they were restricted to the area that had originally been the white town of Gainsboro. They established their own businesses and institutions and lived completely separate and apart from white Roanoke citizens. Henry (now First) Street and Gainsboro Road were the commercial district.

In the early 1890s, racial conflict between the white and black citizens was fermented by an economic recession and turmoil caused by local conditions. In 1893, authorities refused to hand over a black man, who was accused of assault, to a white mob. This precipitated the worst lynch riots in Virginia history. By the time it ended, eight white residents had been killed by the local militia and the black man in the custody of the militia was lynched by the mob and then burned in front of a cheering mob of white

This article is an edited version of the talk given by Clarence Dunnaville Jr., at a meeting of the History Museum and Historical Society of Western Virginia on Feb. 25, 2004. Dunnaville, a Richmond lawyer and a native of Roanoke, is a graduate of Morgan State University and St.John's University Law School. He practiced in New York and New Jersey, was an assistant U. S. attorney for the Southern District of New York, senior attorney in the AT&T Law Department and head of the Interracial Council for Business Opportunities in New York. He helped found the Oliver Hill Foundation in Roanoke.

Dan Smith photo

people. Local authorities and business people responded with calls for increased law enforcement and a public relations campaign to rehabilitate the city's reputation. Over time, the city's reputation was restored.

HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF GAINSBORO TO BLACK HISTORY

From an historical perspective, the Gainsboro section of Roanoke is perhaps the most significant. It became a black community prior to the turn of the century and was a vibrant, thriving area of the city. The historic Dumas Hotel and the office building in which Oliver White Hill opened his first office were located on Henry Street. The Hunton YMCA, the public library, Roberts' drugstore and many other historic buildings were located in Gainsboro, as was Gainsboro School.

The blocks of Gilmer Avenue from Jefferson Street west to Fifth Street are perhaps the most significant from an African-American historic perspective. Within these blocks resided Dr. Maynard Law, Mrs. Daisy Schley, C. C. Williams, Attorneys Wilmer Dillard, Reuben Lawson and Oliver White Hill, Dr. Edward Dudley, Ambassador Edward Dudley Jr., Dr. J. H. Roberts, Rufus Edwards and many other prominent African-Americans.

The Roanoke Tribune newspaper was begun within these blocks and remained there until the founder's death, the law offices of Reuben Lawson and the Johnson Insurance Agency were located in this area. The Claytor Clinic and the Magic City Savings Society were all located within these few blocks. Moreover, at the corner of Fifth Street, the historic St. Paul Methodist Church is located. Dr. E. D. Downing constructed the historic Gilmer Avenue Apartments there. Within a single block of Gilmer Avenue between Fourth and Fifth Street, Oliver White Hill, Edward Dudley, Dr. J. H. Roberts and Rufus Edwards resided.

RELIGION

Black citizens of Roanoke established many churches during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The oldest African-American church, Mount Moriah Baptist, was established east of Roanoke prior to the end of slavery. In Gainsboro, First Baptist, High Street Baptist, Pilgrim Baptist, Hill Street Baptist and

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian churches were all located close by. One of Roanoke's most prominent ministers, the Rev. Lylburn Downing, served as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. He was the father of Doctors Lylburn Downing Jr., E. D. Downing and Gardner P. Downing and of Lewis K. Downing.

Growth of the Railroad & Opportunities for Black Labor

Growth of the Norfolk and Western Railway caused a significant migration of black people to Roanoke at the end of the 19th and beginning of the 20th century, seeking employment opportunities.

Although the wages paid to black railroad workers were significantly less than the wages paid to white workers for comparable work and there was no opportunity for advancement, nevertheless, the wages paid to black railroad employees exceeded what they could earn in other available employment. It should be remembered that in the late 19th and early 20th century, black people were totally excluded from most areas of employment. However, the dirtiest, most dangerous and most difficult jobs were available, as were jobs serving white people. The railroad had these types of jobs and although employment discrimination existed, railroad jobs as trackmen, brakemen, firemen, dining car and Pullman car services were among the best jobs available to black citizens. There were also some low-level factory jobs and service jobs in the hotels and employment as servants for private families.

Black workers were hard-working and thrifty and home ownership was high. They had great aspirations and it is because of their aspirations that so many black people achieved the maximum success that was permitted in the segregated society.

Although not permitted to be members of the white labor unions, black railroad employees were within the same bargaining unit as the white employees. The white union leaders, who represented the black employees as well as the white employees, did in fact act in ways inconsistent with the interest of the black employees.

Rufus Edwards of Roanoke was a black brakeman for the Norfolk and Western Railway. He was secretary of the black labor union and an early civil rights activist. He became a plaintiff in a landmark Supreme Court case in which Oliver White Hill represented him on the trial level. The Supreme Court decided that the white union officials were required to fairly represent the black members of the bargaining unit. This was an important victory for black workers in Virginia and throughout America. It was because of the tenacity of Edwards, his associates, Hill and his colleagues that this result was achieved.

Legal Constraints

It must be remembered that there were only two Supreme Court cases decided in the 19th century that severely limited the civil rights of black people. The Dred Scott case decided by the Supreme Court in 1847 held that black people have no rights which white people were bound to respect. Plessy v. Ferguson held that the United States Constitution permitted the "Jim Crow" doctrine of separate but equal. In practice, this doctrine legalized racial segregation but it did not require equality. The "Jim Crow" era lasted until the separate but equal doctrine was overturned by the Supreme Court in Brown v. Board of Education. This year is the 50th anniversary of the Brown decision.

I attended Gainsboro Elementary School, as did my father before me. It was a brick school with attractive architectural features of the era. It was a two-storied building which through my eyes as a child was quite large. I learned to read and write and do math there. My most memorable experience of Gainsboro School is the occasion when I, as a student in the second grade, brought matches to school and while playing with them in the classroom, struck a match and accidentally set papers in my desk on fire. My teacher, Miss Todd Williams, quickly extinguished the fire with her hands and then reported me to the principal, her sister, Miss Queen Williams. The principal immediately came into the room and gave the class a stern lecture on the dangers of playing with matches and then called me to the front of the class. After scolding me severely, she turned me on her knee and for what seemed like an eternity, spanked me

before the entire class. She then reported me to my mother and when my father reached home, I received a severe beating with a switch taken from a tree.

My teachers at Gainsboro School were well trained and truly devoted to developing young black children who would become leaders of the community and nation. They were strict disciplinarians and excellent teachers. They provided me with a foundation which made it possible for me to be successful in life.

Although the teachers were outstanding, they were also the victims of the segregated system and I remember distinctly that the textbooks we used were hand-me-downs from the white schools. The books were tattered and had markings on them which showed the names of the students from white schools that had used them before. Since all of the white people in town lived literally on the other side of the Norfolk and Western Railway tracks, black children had no contact whatsoever with white children growing up.

Gainsboro School was more than 40 years old when I attended. There was no playground and the school was not well maintained. Information developed during the Civil Rights period established that schools in Roanoke, like in other parts of Virginia, while separate were not equal to the white schools. Yet the Roanoke school system produced outstanding black citizens who made history.

HOUSING

Housing was strictly segregated by race. Black people lived in Gainsboro and Northeast. The houses were generally well maintained. I do not believe there was a slum section. All of the homes had indoor plumbing and most people had cars.

The streets of the black neighborhoods were clean and tree-lined. Lawns were manicured and most of the neighbors, like my mother, had a flower garden. In our large back yard, we had fruit trees and a grape arbor. Our block was typical and our house, while comfortable, was not grand. However, some black people lived in very large homes.

There were restrictive covenants in many deeds that specifically provided that properties could not be sold to black citizens. This reprehensible practice was outlawed by the Supreme Court in litigation which Oliver Hill's law partner, Spottswood W. Robinson III, handled.

My father worked as a laborer for the Norfolk & Western Railway. I recall him stating that white men were paid far more and that black men could never be promoted. He hated the segregated "Jim Crow" conditions and made me aware of the need for change at a very early age.

As our family grew, my parents decided they needed more space. We moved west of 10th Street on Moorman Road. This home was formerly occupied by white people. At that time, "block busters" would move a black family into a block. This would cause the white people to panic and sell and that entire block would then become a black block. Negroes, as we were then called, were moving westward, block by block.

Because of residential segregation, as black people we were allowed to live only in the neighborhoods where the white people would let us live. Historically, black people were not allowed to live west of 10th Street. The Black Section was for many years from First Street to 10th Street Northwest and from the railroad tracks to McDowell Avenue. In the early 1940s, the "block busters" became active and the black community expanded westward.

Tenth Street had been the western most cutoff for black families for many years. There were beautiful large homes. In the 1940s, the "block busters," who were white real estate speculators, began convincing black people to buy west to 10th Street at inflated prices and convincing white people to sell at rock bottom prices because the neighborhood was changing, thus making huge profits and creating racial conflict.

In fact, the urban decay of Northwest Roanoke is primarily due to the "block buster" and "white flight" of the 1940s. The "block busters," in conspiracy with the finance industry, sold houses at inflated

prices with high interest to black buyers.

We moved into our home west of 10th Street. One night, a mob of white people in white gowns gathered in front of our home and yelled and called us "Niggers" and threw a rock through our living room window. Daddy, who had been sleeping as we all had, arose and took his pistol from a locked drawer and loaded it. He then stood in our darkened living room with the pistol until the mob left, and then he walked around the house, armed with the pistol. We were all terrified but fortunately, no one was hurt.

Shortly thereafter, a white mob gathered in the same block of Fairfax Avenue. This time, the mob, in addition to screaming epithets and throwing rocks, burned a cross on the lawn of the house. The black citizens shot one of the klansmen and killed him. The incident nearly caused a race riot. The black family moved out of town and for a long time, that house was vacant.

PROMINENT BLACK PROFESSIONALS OF THE 20th CENTURY

Attorney A. J. Oliver was the first black lawyer to practice in Roanoke. His office was opened in the Gainsboro section before the turn of the century. Roanoke, probably more than any other city of its size, produced a number of prominent black civil rights lawyers involved in the court battles which led to the Brown decision. These sons of Roanoke were instrumental in bringing down the wall of segregation.

Roanokers Oliver White Hill, Belford V. Lawson Jr. and Edward Dudley Jr. were all nationally prominent lawyers who were involved in the struggle for civil rights. Reuben Lawson (not related to Belford Lawson) was not originally from Roanoke but he practiced in Roanoke and was engaged in the civil rights battle for equality.

Oliver Hill and Belford Lawson began in the early 1930s to bring cases which reached the U.S. Supreme Court and they handled some of the most important cases in the civil rights era. Belford Lawson was a superb civil rights lawyer who handled a number of cases decided by the Supreme Court. One of his most important cases was decided by the court in 1937. That case, Negro Alliance v. Sanitary Grocery Co., Inc., involved picketing of supermarkets that refused to hire black clerks. Lawson and his colleagues were successful in the Supreme Court which held that Negroes were entitled to picket peacefully against employment discrimination.

Oliver Hill is best known for his role as Virginia's trial attorney in Brown v. Board of Education However, he handled numerous other important cases, including Alston v. The School Board of Norfolk which resulted in equalizing the salaries of black teachers and white teachers in Virginia. In August 1999, President Bill Clinton presented Oliver Hill with the Presidential Medal of Freedom at the White House.

Reuben Lawson began his law practice with Hill's firm in Richmond. He moved to Roanoke and established his office on Gilmer Avenue. He handled a number of very important civil rights cases in Virginia, including the Roanoke school desegregation cases.

Ambassador Edward Dudley Jr., four years younger than Hill, was Hill's next-door neighbor. Dudley graduated from St. John's University School of Law in New York and after becoming admitted to the bar, served as assistant attorney general for New York. He became an attorney for the NAACP, working with Thurgood Marshall and Oliver Hill on a number of civil rights cases. In 1948, while he was trying a case with Hill in Georgia, he received a call from President Truman, informing him that he had been appointed ambassador to Liberia. He was the first black ambassador appointed to any country. He later was borough president of Manhattan in New York City and for a number of years he served as the chief administrative judge of the Supreme Court of New York.

(Editor's note: Ambassador Dudley, recognized nationally as a civil rights pioneer, died Feb. 8, 2005, in New York City at the age of 93. Dudley used political tact to advance other black diplomats at a time when they were assigned to the "Negro Circuit" in Africa, according to a book by historian Michael Krenn. Dudley worked with the State Department to see staff members take positions in Europe. When he was an NAACP lawyer, he worked for blacks to be admitted to southern universities and for equal pay for black teachers.)

It must be remembered that no black students were admitted to Virginia's law schools until a number

of years after the decision in Brown v. Education. When I applied to the University of Virginia Law School, my application was rejected, stating that they did not accept Negro students. All of the black lawyers who practiced in Virginia prior to the 1960s had to obtain their legal education outside the state.

Black medical doctors began to settle in Roanoke prior to the end of the 19th century. Dr. John Henry Pinkard. Dr. Isaac Burrell, Dr. J. B. Claytor and Dr. Lylburn Downing opened their medical practices in Roanoke before or shortly after the turn of the 19th century. Dr. Burrell also established a pharmacy in Roanoke which was the first black drug store in Southwest Virginia. Dr. Burrell died in 1914. At that time, a state of the art hospital for black citizens was planned.

Dr. J. H. Roberts, Dr. J. B. Claytor and Dr. Lylburn Downing established the hospital in 1915 and named it Burrell Memorial in honor of Dr. Burrell. The hospital was initially located on Henry Street on property owned by Dr. Roberts. The hospital was moved to McDowell Avenue and a new building was constructed a few years after its opening. One of the important aspects of the hospital was the establishment of a nurse training program which became fully accredited shortly after World War I. This was the first black nursing program in Southwest Virginia.

Mrs. Daisy Schley, the first superintendent of nurses, protected the health of black Roanokers for many years. Mrs. Schley deserves a special place in Roanoke's black history because of her dedication. There were a substantial number of health professionals who served Roanoke's black community during the period prior to World War II.

Dr. Edward R. Dudley Sr., father of Edward R. Dudley Jr., was the first black dentist to practice in Roanoke. He opened his office in 1913. In 1915, Dr. Dudley organized and became president of the Magic City Building and Loan Association, the first black savings institution in the area. He was followed by Dr. W. A. Fears and Dr. L. E. Paxton. Dr. Elwood Downing and his brother, Dr. Gardner Downing, established their dental practices after World War I. By 1927, at least 16 black medical doctors and dentists were practicing in Roanoke. Dr. J. B. Claytor had a large family and a number of his children entered the medical field. Three of his sons, Dr. F. W. Claytor, Dr. J. B. Claytor Jr., and Dr. Walter Claytor practiced in Roanoke. Dr. Harry Penn, who practiced dentistry in Gainsboro, was one of Roanoke's great leaders during the period following World War II. He served on the School Board and was very active in promoting employment. He established a factory in Roanoke and made many contributions as a black leader.

Louis King Downing was a younger brother of Dr. Lylburn C. Downing. He was born in Roanoke in 1896 and he decided in his early years to become an engineer. He joined the faculty of Howard University as an engineering professor in 1924 and remained there until his retirement in 1964. In 1936, he was named dean of the School of Engineering and Architecture. Under his leadership, the school flourished and developed to the second largest school of the university, in spite of many obstacles. Downing was firm and unyielding in his convictions even though blacks were discriminated against and not well accepted in the field of engineering at the time. It was very important to train black students as engineers. He distinguished himself by his work with professional societies, his publications and his consulting work. The School of Engineering building at Howard is named the Lewis K. Downing Hall.

William Bernard Robertson, a product of Gainsboro Elementary School and Addison High School, is one of Roanoke's most distinguished sons. Bill Robertson was the first African-American to serve as assistant to a governor of Virginia (Gov. Linwood Holton) and later served as a key official in the administrations of Presidents Ford, Reagan and Bush. He founded Camp Jaycee for the mentally handicapped in Bedford County and served as assistant to the Secretary of State for Africa. Among his many accomplishments, he is foremost an educator and diplomat.

The Gainsboro section of Roanoke embodied a vibrant black community as the City of Roanoke was coming into its own at the turn of the 20th century.

Wilderness Road Began in Scott County, Not in Roanoke or Montgomery County

by Mary B. Kegley

Did the Wilderness Road pass through Montgomery, Pulaski and Wythe counties? When was it constructed? Who marked the road? And where does it go? According to the K-35 historical marker describing Wytheville, the "old Wilderness Road to Cumberland Gap passed here."[1] Therefore it *must* be true.

There has long been a controversy about the location of the Wilderness Road. However, most people know it was Daniel Boone, who marked the path in far Southwest Virginia into Kentucky in 1775. The road did not come through Roanoke, Montgomery, Pulaski, Wythe, Smyth or Washington counties. It began in far Southwest Virginia at the Block House, which was located in present Scott County.[2]

The path then passed westward through Moccasin Gap, crossing the Clinch River and traveling over Powell Mountain and Waldens Ridge to the Cumberland Mountain and into Kentucky.[3]

How did the misunderstanding happen? It is not clear, but at least two early authors have written books called the Wilderness Road and described it as passing through the far southwest part of Virginia, then a wilderness.[4] One author, Robert Kincaid, made it clear where the Wilderness Road was located but the captions under the photographs state the opposite.[5]

When the road was laid out, it mostly followed the Indian or buffalo trails which for centuries had marked the way. To go from the main road near Kingsport, Tenn. to Kentucky meant going through an almost uncharted path. In March 1775, Richard Henderson hired Daniel Boone and a crew of axemen to chop their way through the woods in what is now Scott, Russell and Lee counties to the Cumberland Gap and into Kentucky. This was the Wilderness Road.

No wagon could pass over its rugged path for many years because it was a mere "trace," where one pack horse at a time was forced to follow. At one point along the trail, they had to cut their way through "about twenty miles, entirely covered with dead brush" and at another location they traveled through about "thirty miles of thick cane and reed."[6] The wilderness road was truly a wilderness, a single-lane "highway," the path used by thousands of travelers who went into Kentucky before 1790. The population in Kentucky that year was 73,000 and by 1800 the number had risen to 220,000. Many of this number passed down the Valley of Virginia on the Great Road and then connected with the Wilderness Road.

The road we call The Great Road or the Great Wagon Road came from Pennsylvania through the Shenandoah Valley and the Roanoke Valley. From Fort Chiswell (in present Wythe County) to what is now Tennessee, the Great Road was built by Colonel William Byrd in the 1760s during the French and Indian War in order to reach Fort Loudoun in Tennessee. Deeds pertaining to the early settlers in the Town of Newbern called the road the Great Road, the Main Street, High Street or simply the Highway.[7] No property in any of the towns along the way to Tennessee ever referred to the road as the Wilderness Road. And the Wilderness Road was not in Pennsylvania.

Sometimes the Great Road would locally be called Ingles Ferry Road or later the Rock Road or the

This article first appeared in Volume Seventeen, Number One, 2004, of the Journal of the New River Historical Society, Newbern. *Mary Kegley, a Wytheville lawyer, writer/researcher/genealogist, has written 25 books, more than 30 articles for historical journals and more than 100 newspaper articles. Her major works are three volumes of* Early Adventurers on the Western Waters and Wythe County Virginia, A Bicentennial History.

Southwest Virginia Turnpike. The name for the road out of present Wytheville was the Great Road, which we now know as the Old Stage Road. This was the main road to Abingdon and Kentucky, until the Southwest Turnpike was built in the mid-1850s.

There was another ferry road, known as Peppers Ferry Road, used by the early settlers. The western branch of Peppers Ferry Road begins in Montgomery County in present Christiansburg, on U.S. 460. A connecting road to William Preston's Smithfield was also called Peppers Ferry Road. The main branch extends through Pulaski County into Wythe County, north of Max Meadows, and from there into the present Town of Wytheville where it meets the Great Road or Ingles Ferry Road. It is interesting that there was no further mention of the ferry roads west of Wytheville. In early days, going west of Wytheville was done by traveling on the Stage Road, the main road to the west; or if going east, it was sometimes called the "Great Road to Richmond."[8] The early taverns, mills and houses of Wythe County were marked on John Wood's map of this road in 1821.[9]

So why do people call the road by the name, Wilderness Road, and use the designation for their businesses and other entities, especially in what are now Montgomery, Pulaski and Wythe counties? And why do bike riders and authors refer to the road as the Wilderness Road, when their context is in Pennsylvania, the Valley of Virginia and in this part of Virginia?[10] I suppose it sounds good in their advertising and perhaps they don't really care about accuracy. James Loewen, author of two books, *Lies my Teacher Told Me* and *Lies Across America,*[11] discovered that textbooks were full of inaccuracies and that the authors of historic monuments and sites often had false information. When asked to correct it, they refused, believing that it entertained the tourists the way it was. We all have cherished myths not to be disturbed by such as researchers and historians. Perhaps that is because the truth is not as exciting nor as interesting as the legend and myth.

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1. Margaret T. Peters, comp. *A Guide to Virginia's Historical Markers,* Charlottesville, University of Virginia Press, 1985. p. 66

2. Dr. William Allen Pusey, in his book, *The Wilderness Road to Kentucky,* New York, 1921, wrote "The Block House marked the beginning of the real Wilderness Road." See Footnote 2, p. 159, in Robert L. Kincaid. *The Wilderness Road,* 3rd edition, Middlesboro, Kentucky: n.p. 1966, originally published in 1947 by Bobbs-Merrill Company in the American Trail series, hereinafter Kincaid, *The Wilderness Road*

3. Thomas Speed, *The Wilderness Road,A Description of the Routes of Travel,* prepared for the Filson Club, repr. New York: Burt Franklin, 1971, pp. 17, 18, hereinafter Speed, *Wilderness Road*

4. Speed, *Wilderness Road;* Kincaid, *Wilderness Road*

5. Kincaid, *Wilderness Road,* photos opposite pp. 25 and 169. On p. 100 and following, Kincaid describes Boone and his "trail blazers," who were building a "passable road through an unsettled wilderness."

6. Lyman C. Draper, ed. by Ted Franklin Belue. *The Life of Daniel Boone.* Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, Stackpole Books, pp 335-336; Kincaid, *Wilderness Road,* pp. 100-101. Notice on pp. 160-166 that the wagon train of the Reverend Lewis Craig and his fellow travelers was en route to Kentucky in 1781. They were disappointed to learn that they had to abandon their wagons at Fort Chiswell and transfer to pack horses because the Wilderness Road was not yet suitable for wagons.

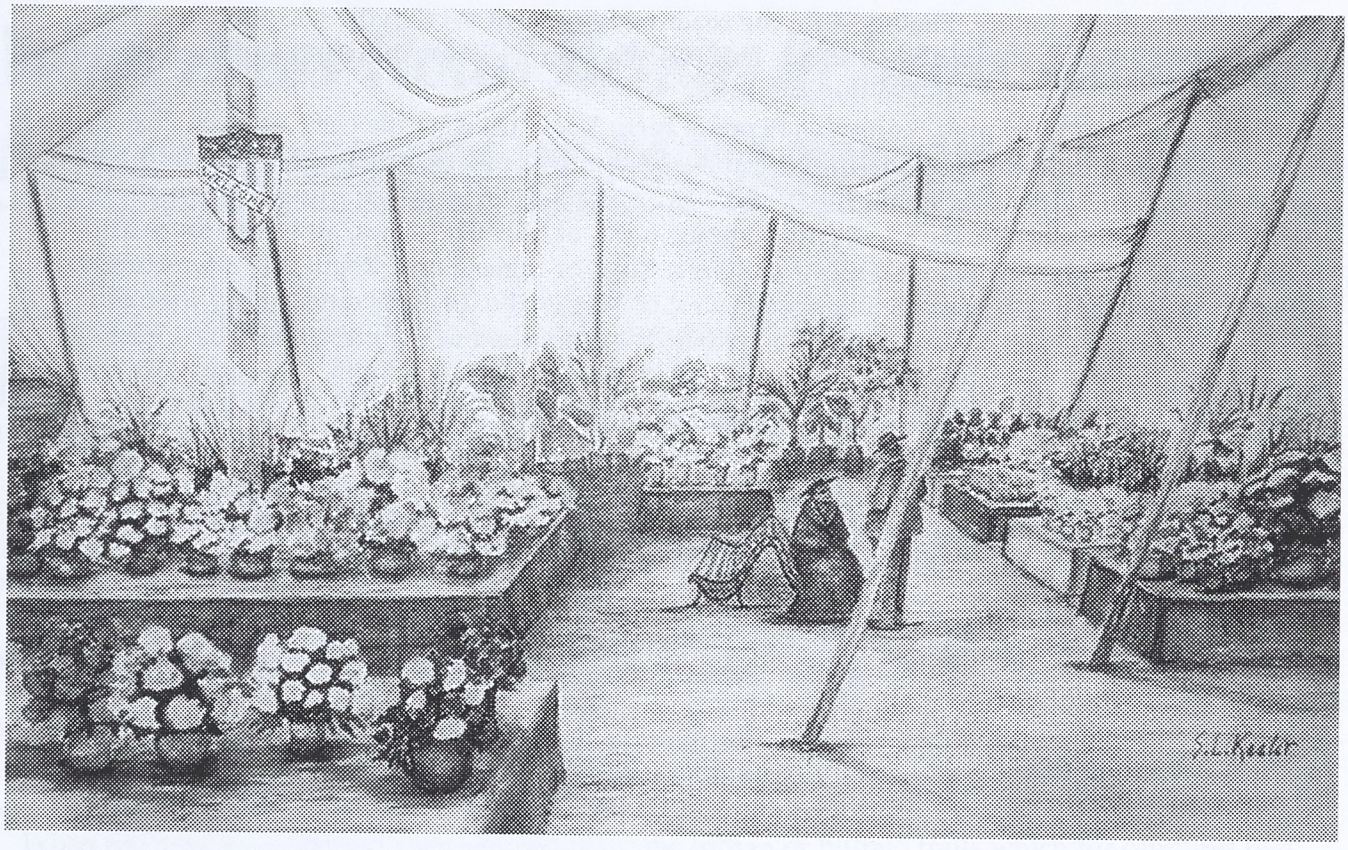
7. Montgomery County Deed Book, E, pp. 169, 171, 311; Book G, p. 241; see also Mary B. Kegley, "The Town of Newbern, " *Journal of the Roanoke Historical Society,* Vol. 7, No. 1 (Summer 1970), p. 15-24.

8. Lewis Preston Summers, *Annals of Southwest Virginia,* Kingsport, Tennessee, Kingsport Press, 1929, p. 827

9. The Wood map may be found at the Library of Virginia Archives. It has been printed in Mary B. Kegley, *Wythe County, A Bicentennial History,* Wytheville, Virginia, Wythe County Board of Supervisors, 1989, p. 50.

10. Many businesses and entities use the name. For example, Wilderness Road Truck Stop,, Wilderness Road World Trading Company, both in Wytheville, the Wilderness Road Regional Museum in Newbern, the Wilderness Road chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in Wythe County; Fess Green, *Wilderness Road Odyssey,* Blacksburg, Virginia, Pocahontas Press, 2003.

11. James W. Loewen, *Lies Across America, Circle the Wagons, Boys—It's Tourist Season,* New York, New Press, 1999, pp. 89-90; *Lies My Teacher Told Me, New York, New Press, 1995.*



19th Century Fund-Raising - DAR Flower Show in Roanoke, Nov. 10, 1896

by Betty B. Low

The last day of the Roanoke DAR Flower Show of 1896 nearly proved to be a disaster, when an unexpected gale all but tore the exposition tent from its moorings. But thanks to the chapter's quick thinking and resourcefulness, the event was quickly relocated and transformed into an impromptu musical program. The resulting benefit was a resounding success, passed down to later generations as an example of great resilience and devotion.

"A large tent was erected at the S.E. corner of Jefferson Street and Kirk Avneue to house a flower show. Just as the ladies arranged their pretty plants, a terrific storm came up and the tent all but collapsed." History of the City of Roanoke, Raymond P. Barnes

"...a laudable enterprise by a Virginia chapter." Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, President General, National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, 1894-1896.

Betty B. Low is a longtime volunteer at the History Museum library and an active member of Margaret Lynn Lewis Chapter. DAR.

Above: Sara Keeler (Betty Low's daughter) painted a watercolor of the 1896 flower show.

FLOWER SHOW TO OPEN ON TUESDAY, declared the Friday Roanoke Times on Nov. 6, 1896. With this mild-sounding announcement, a small society of Roanoke women had committed themselves to a very ambitious undertaking for a late Fall week. The Margaret Lynn Lewis Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, needed the ways and means to carry out their projects of promoting patriotism and education. Having been organized for two years, attending meetings and paying small dues, members of the chapter saw the need for more funds becoming apparent.

The society had been organized by Lelia Smith Cocke after she married Lucian H. Cocke, son of Charles Lewis Cocke, the president of Hollins College, and came to Roanoke to live. Mrs. Cocke had written to her mother about the lack of social life in this small, but fast-growing railroad town. Her mother, Mary Stuart Smith, wife of a University of Virginia professor, urged her to start a chapter of DAR, a fairly new organization which promoted patriotism and education, the prevailing sentiments of the American people in the 1890s.[1]

Following her mother's advice, Lelia Cocke invited her friends to her home on Feb. 15, 1894 for the purpose of organizing a DAR chapter. Among them were Agnes Palmer; neighbors Lila and Lulie Terry and their two married sisters, Martha Goodwin and Alice Jamison; Mary Tinsley Kindred, whose family had lived at Elmwood before Peyton Terry bought the estate; Mary Ingles Lewis, descendant of Gen. Andrew Lewis, and others,[2] 16 in all. A retired Roanoke teacher, Marie Antoinette Hambrick, a granddaughter of Patrick Henry, was made an honorary member of the chapter.[3]

After two years, the chapter was well-organized and the idea of a flower show looked promising to raise funds. The members agreed, and with plans complete, the announcement was made by the chapter regent, Mrs. Lucian H. Cocke, that the Flower Show would be held Tuesday, Nov. 10, through Friday, Nov. 13., 1896. The news article that followed outlined an elaborate schedule. Opening night on Tuesday, the Machine Works Band would furnish the music, "aided by special artists who have consented to vary the programme with solos, vocal and instrumental. Talented elocutionists have also consented to give specimens of their skill during the week."[4] The exhibition would continue through the week, closing on Friday night. The music would be of the popular order, "to entertain without requiring any effort or strained attention on the part of the listener."[5]

The hours would be from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., 3 to 5 p.m. and 7 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch and afternoon refreshments would be served, with an evening program which would be printed each day in the morning and afternoon papers.

Entries for the exhibit were to be brought on Monday and Tuesday morning. Great care would be given by Patrick Foy[6] and his assistants. A night watchman would be present at all times to guard the property. There would be 30 categories for judging of chrysanthemums, roses, geraniums, sweet pea blossoms, begonia, lilies and pansies. Prizes included $5 in gold for the best vase of 12 chrysanthemums with six varieties, donated gardening books, soap, roses and seeds from the W. Atlee Burpee Co. of Philadelphia, and $1 in gold for a child's best plants. There would be additional premiums for best ferns, palms, fuschia, cactus and prettiest hanging baskets. "In fact, any lady having a plant of any variety will do well to exhibit it," The Roanoke Times reported.

A large tent was erected on Jefferson Street, just south of the Engine house (at the northeast corner of Jefferson Street and Kirk Avenue). The work of decorating progressed rapidly and successfully and the exhibits of those who were joining to make the show a great success were placed in position.

Two notices in the "Localettes" section of the Sunday Roanoke Times had a connection to the Flower Show. Out-of-town dignitaries and guests for the show were expected to be staying at Hotel Roanoke and they would attend the german, given primarily for their entertainment. It seemed that all of Roanoke was lending support to the Flower Show.

"Opening night was a grand success," reported the Times on Wednesday morning. Large crowds came to view the wonderful flowers and enjoy the musical program which was presented just as published. "Everyone seemed to enjoy the occasion immensely. The Promenade concert was a most interest-

ing feature of the show, as well as one of the most enjoyable," the newspaper said.

Large crowds attended the Flower Show on Wednesday. The ladies were serving lunch. Tables were decorated and centerpieces were ornamented with pink clover, the emblem of the Margaret Lynn Lewis DAR Chapter.[7] Members presided over tables of cut flowers for sale, especially to the men who were buying for the ladies they would be escorting to the german that night. "Today's admission, with lunch, will be thirty-five cents," was announced in the Times, followed by the schedule for the evening performance: the Alleghany Institute Orchestra, with selected melodies, a vocal quartet, Butler and Armstrong in their laughable sketch, "Snowball Green and wife," Alleghany Institute Glee Club and a final orchestra selection.[8]

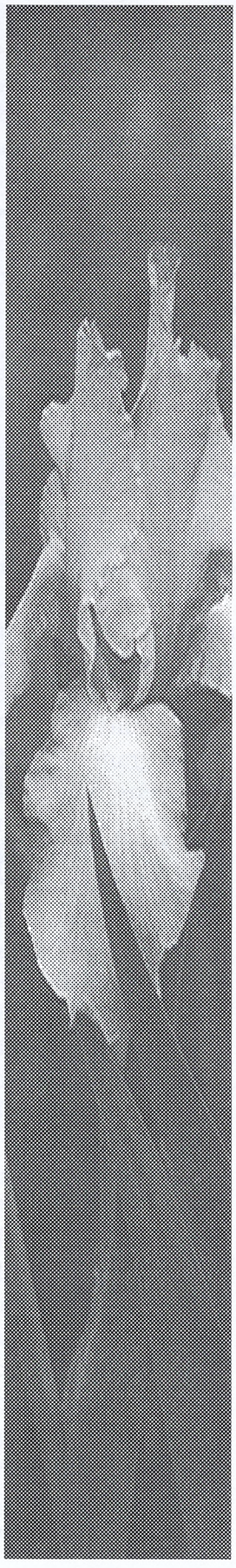
Attendance in the evening was not large, due to rain, but the awards were presented. The judges, Prof. Pleasants of Hollins, Col. Logan of Salem, C. S. Churchill and A. A. Stone of the city, announced the winners. Three of the award winners were Mrs. Thomas Lewis, five dollars in gold for her chrysanthemums, Miss Lottie Gale for the prettiest hanging basket and Master William Butler, one dollar for his best six plants. Shipments of flowers continued to arrive. They were of such excellent quality that two medals were struck and donated by E. S. Glass, Jeweler, to be given for the best displays of chrysanthemums and carnations.

Among out-of-town visitors for the Flower Show was Mrs. W. R. Beale, representing Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, national president general of the DAR, desiring to express Mrs. Stevenson's interest in this laudable enterprise of a Virginia chapter.[9] Also, visiting were Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith, honorary state regent, representing Mrs. W. W. Henry, state regent, and Mrs. James Penn, regent of the Danville chapter, who came to extend friendly greetings. Many of the visitors stayed over for another day of the Flower Show.

On Thursday, another shipment of flowers arrived from A. B. Davis and Son of Purcellville and Hobbie Piano Co. of Roanoke loaned a magnificent grand piano for the show. "It is really a superb instrument and greatly admired by everyone," said a newspaper report. The program for the evening featured the Park Street Band, selections alternating with a tenor solo by Lanier Gray, elocution by Miss Dickinson and a soprano solo by Miss Lila Beckley. One of the highlights of the week was the printed souvenir program, highly praised and described as Stone Printing Company's "masterpiece."

Friday morning opened clear and crisp and the beautiful weather brought out a number of people to see the last day of the Flower Show. With a week of so much rainy weather, the ladies were glad to see a sunny day. The remaining flowers were arranged and the tables had the whitest linens, readied for serving luncheon. But about 11 o'clock, the wind began to blow and a regular gale came up in the course of an hour. When it seemed the tent might blow down, everyone began working to remove the flowers to a place of safety. The wind lashed the tent until it was badly torn, damaged and finally lowered to the ground.

When it was determined that the show could not be held, the ladies decided to move the benefit show to the Academy of Music on Salem Avenue. Considering the short notice, the show at the Academy was quite well attended. A very elaborate program was given by the Machine Works Band, followed by some old plantation songs by the Dixie Quartette, which were repeatedly encored. Miss Kindred Williams of Norfolk consented to stay until after the benefit and delight-



ed the audience with a song, as did Miss Wright, accompanied by Miss Sue Read Fellows on the piano. Miss Dickinson of Richmond gave a recitation which received long and continued applause. The program continued with solos, piano and violin music and recitations until its conclusion.

In spite of mud, wind and rain, "all who were present were well repaid for the trouble and expense in going," the newspaper reported the next morning. The ladies said they were greatly indebted to Mr. Knepp and Mr. Mundy for furnishing carriages from their nearby livery stables to transport them to and from the Academy of Music. The Flower Show ended.

EPILOGUE

How well the DAR chapter was rewarded financially is not known. The records and minutes of the chapter, so carefully preserved for so long in a bank vault, were lost in the November 1985 flood. Soon after the Flower Show, the chapter took an interest in a project of moving the remains of Gen. Andrew Lewis and his son, Charles, from a long-neglected and abandoned gravesite in Salem to the East Hill Cemetery nearby. When that was accomplished, the Margaret Lynn Lewis DAR Chapter, named for Gen. Lewis's mother, proposed to erect a monument over the grave "which shall in some suitable manner commemorate the hero of the Battle of Point Pleasant."[10] The chapter was again committed to a project that was finally completed in 1902 and stands today as evidence of the members' devotion to promoting patriotism and education.

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Notes

1. A wave of patriotism swept across the nation at this time, due to the Centennial celebrations, 100 years after the Declaration of Independence in 1776, victory in the Revolution in 1783, the signing of the Constitution in 1787, and Washington's presidency, 1789-1797. This was a time of remembrance and a desire to preserve memories for future generations.

2. The other charter members were Sarah Carrington Lathrop Bransford, Agnes Alexander Jones Butler, Amelia C. Christian, Mary Marshall Daniel, Eleanor Mitchell Fry, Mary Stuart Gooch, Ida Martha Miller, Annie B. Shackelford, Ida Whittemore Soule, Sally Hunt Staples and Lucy Penn Warren.

3. Marie Hambrick was the daughter of Alexander Spottswood Henry and Paulina J. Cabell by Patrick Henry's second marriage to Dorothea Dandridge. Mrs. Hambrick died in 1900 and was buried in the City Cemetery. Her grave was marked twice by the chapter and by a new headstone by Patrick Henry High School in 1990.

4. Machine Works Band was started by an Englishman, G. F. Fraser, chief clerk of the Roanoke Machine Shops, in 1883. He was the director until he handed the baton to John Keeley in the 1890s.

5. The Roanoke Times, Friday, Nov. 6, 1896

6. Patrick Foy was a close friend of Frederick Kimball, president of the Norfolk and Western Railway. He came to Roanoke in 1884 to supervixse the Roanoke Land & Improvement Company landscaping, including that of Hotel Roanoke.

7. John Lewis, the husband of Margaret Lynn Lewis, introduced the pink clover in Virginia, bringing the seed from his native Ireland.

8. The Alleghany Institute, a first-class high school for boys, opened in 1890.

9. The Roanoke Times, Thursday, Nov. 12, 1896

10. The Salem Times-Register, April 8, 1897, reported that at the April 5 re-interment ceremony for Lewis and his son, Fannie R. Johnston gave a long, stirring speech which was presented word for word. She said, "It is the purpose of the Margaret Lynn Lewis chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to erect, in the near future, a monument over the grave, which shall in some suitable manner commemorate the hero of Point Pleasant. whether in the form of a statue of marble or bronze, or merely an obelisk of granite."

Preston-Brown House, an Old House Among Shopping Centers

by Michael J. Pulice

Architectural and archival evidence shows that the Preston House in west Salem, an early I-form, Federal-Style mansion, was probably built about 1821 by or for John Johnson (or Johnston). It may be the earliest known surviving brick building in Roanoke County and is among the earliest brick buildings south or west of Fincastle.

Tradition has it that the Preston House was built prior to 1790 for John Cole, a blacksmith, who owned 278 acres on the Roanoke River. But architectural and archival evidence does not support an 18th century date of construction. Davy Crockett, in his autobiography, recalled that he lodged "at the house of a Mr. John Cole on Roanoke" at the age of 12. Cole sold his land to John Johnson (or Johnston) for $10,000 in 1821 before moving to Missouri.

The house, surrounded by a commercial area on the south side of Main Street, possesses many hallmarks of the Federal-period high style, including Flemish bond brickwork, gauged brick jack arches over wall openings and fine interior woodwork. Yet its single-pile, central passageway plan and original rear ell, exterior end chimneys and decorative brick cornices also make it highly characteristic of western Valley of Virginia domestic architecture. The Preston House has been listed on the Virginia Landmarks Register.

Ownership was transferred from John Johns(t)on to William Johns(t)on in 1836 and he held it until his death in 1853. Three years later, his wife, Lucy, became the legal owner of the house and its immediate grounds while the land was portioned off to their children. In 1879, Lucy Johnson's land was sold to Charles I. Preston for $600. Preston died in 1894 and his widow, Mary Persinger Preston, retained ownership until she died in 1924 when the land again was parceled out to the Preston children. Claude Preston and Matilda Preston, children of Charles and Mary, lived in the house until 1946. Claude died and left the house to a sister, Mary Preston Clark, who bequeathed it to her daughter, Dr. Esther Clark Brown, present owner/occupant. Dr. Brown's husband was the late Ray Brown.

The house and 2.96-acre grounds are on U.S. 11, a highway corridor following the historic Great Road through the southwestern Valley of Virginia into Tennessee, the area's busiest transportation route since prehistoric times. The house is set back from the street, near the middle of a narrow, elongated lot, oriented perpendicular to the road. Dr. Brown owns both adjacent, vacant lots to the east and west, which serve as buffers between the historic home and encroaching development along Main Street. Railroad tracks define the property boundary to the south.

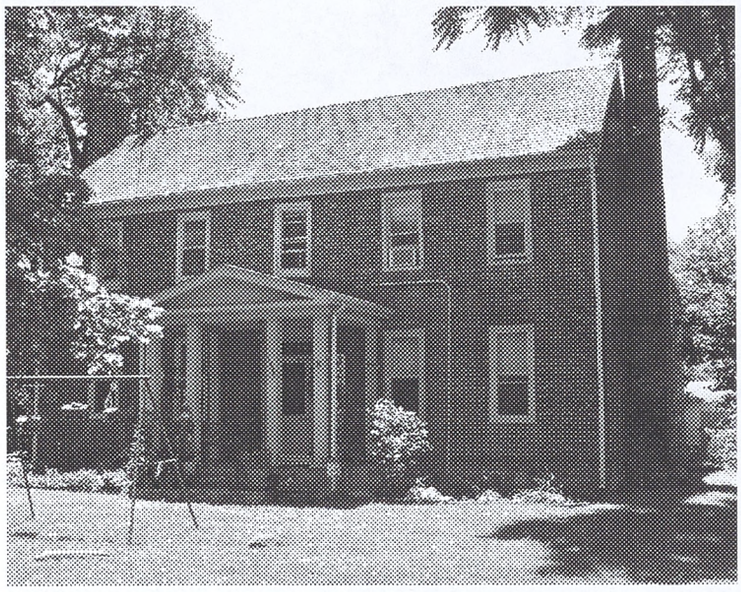
There are no surviving historic structures associated with the Preston House but the potential for intact archaeological deposits on the property has not been investigated. Lost secondary resources include a brick kitchen and log smokehouse which stood near the house in the rear yard, as well as a very large corn crib that stood southwest of the house, now on the adjacent parcel.

The dating of the building is based primarily on the presence of power-sawn timbers and floor boards throughout the house and the absence of hand-forged nails of any kind. New information may come to light but these two clues alone suggest construction after 1810 and more likely after 1815. Brick

Michael J. Pulice, an architectural historian in the Roanoke Preservation Office of the State Department of Historic Resources, holds degrees from Radford University and Virginia Tech .

dwellings, especially those of the large, two-story variety, were rare in western Virginia and exceedingly rare southwest of Fincastle, before ca. 1820. In fact, corbelled brick cornices were rare throughout western Virginia until around the 1820s. Moreover, the chimneys all have stepped shoulders rather than sloped weatherings, also indicative of a 19th century date.

The interior woodwork suggests a late Federal, rather than early Federal period. Supporting evidence is provided in a paper by researcher Leah Spadaro at Hollins College, who found no change in tax assessment for the parcel from 1788 to 1821, but a value added of $2,200 on account of buildings, beginning in 1822. This figure did not substantially increase until well into the 20th century. When all available evidence is considered, it appears likely that construction of the house was begun in 1821 and completed the following year.



Preston-Brown House has stood on West Main Street in Salem for more than a century and a half.

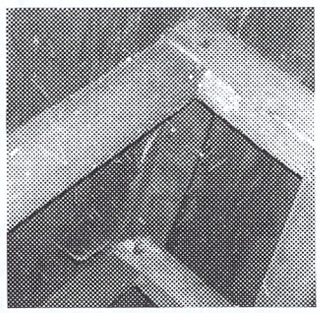
The Preston House is essentially an I-house with a two-story ell (originally a smaller, 1 1/2-story ell, enlarged in 1946). The house has a field stone foundation, Flemish bond brick walls on all sides, 5-bay façade, brick end chimneys on sides and rear and medium pitch side-gable roof. Many of the header bricks are glazed or heat-discolored to a gray-white color and a smaller percentage of stretchers are partially glazed. (Glazed brick on primary elevations are actually quite rare among surviving buildings in the area, especially after ca. 1830.)

The brick joinery in general is fine, with narrow, penciled, beaded joints. Although not exceptionally well-formed, the bricks have proven durable. The mortar appears to be original and is in extraordinarily good condition throughout the structure. Just below the eave on the front and rear elevation is a decorative brick cornice consisting of a three corbelled courses of bricks, with the middle course angled to form a mouse-tooth pattern. All three courses are painted white. On the rear elevation, the cornice is slightly different, with only the bottom corbelled course angled in moose-tooth fashion.

Over the main entrance is a one-story pedimented portico constructed in the late 20th century. (A 1978 photograph shows a different 1-bay, 1-story front porch and a 1946 photograph shows a Victorian-era 30-bay front porch) The front door, with its diminutive brass knob, features five panels in a configuration of two wide, vertical rectangles in the top half, a narrow horizontal panel just below the knob and two square panels at the bottom. Above the door is a four-pane transom light.

The window sashes are all pre-1947 single-pane replacements but all windows retain their original wood surrounds and shutter hardware. The first floor windows have gauged brick jack arches. The shorter second floor windows are overlaid by a course of sailor bricks. There are segmental-arched window openings at the basement level, one on each side of the front porch.

In 1950, the one-room, 11/2-story rear ell was enlarged to a two-room, two-story wing. With the exception of the roof, all of the existing original fabric was retained, including chimney, upstairs hearth and flooring. By this time, the window sashes throughout the house had already been replaced.



Sturdy rafters at the top of Preston-Brown House.

INTERIOR

The interior plan consists of a wide central hall flanked by single rooms on both the first and second floors and a kitchen area in the rear ell, accessed through a doorway in the west room, herein referred to as the "hall," the largest room of the house (besides the same-sized bedroom above it). The hall features less formal woodwork

Commercial buildings, like an Italian restaurant (at right), a Go-Mart on the other side, and a Mongolian barbecue across the street, are crowding the Preston-Brown House.

Old photo shows the Preston-Brown House from the rear.

than the parlor across the hall, but nonetheless has a fine mantel and paneled wainscoting. The parlor features wainscoting of tall, vertical, recessed panels and discontinuous fluted bands on the chair rail. The uniquely styled parlor mantel is five feet tall and has two recessed panels separated by reeded pilasters and a continuous reeded band just below the mantel shelf. The firebox is lined with handmade brick and has not been altered from its original form. Off of the rear elevation of the main wing and the east elevation of the ell is a former porch that is now enclosed. Ceiling height in the first floor rooms is 9 feet, 1 inch.

Access to the second floor or main wing is gained by way of a relatively narrow winder stair in the back, right corner of the central hall. The stair rail and balusters are square and plain. Beneath the stair is a small, original closet with a strap-hinged door. Access to the second floor of the rear ell is gained via a boxed-in corner stair in the kitchen. These stairs are enclosed by a door with original hardware including hand-forged strap hinges. The original cooking fireplace, mantel and chimney of the rear ell were preserved when the ell was enlarged. The mantel is as impressive as any other in the house.

Beneath the original structure is a fully excavated, stone-lined basement in which hewn oak beams can be seen. The basement is accessed via a bulkhead entrance on the east side of the house. In the unfinished attic are heavy sash-sawn rafters, each matching pair mortised and pegged together and inscribed with the customary Roman numerals.

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Annotated photographs provided by Dr. Esther C. Brown

Searching for the Explorer Johan Peter Saling

by Dan Kegley

Countless individuals' stories comprise the history of this country since the 15th century. However, the stories are only as durable and accessible as the records that contain them or the oral traditions that pass them through the generations. One of these rather fascinating stories in the dim corner of the Virginia experience is that of the Johan Peter Saling/John Howard expedition of 1742.

It has been suggested that while Saling and Howard's adventures as early explorers of Virginia and Kentucky were well known during their lifetime and after, they were upstaged by a later pair of Virginians, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. After all, Lewis and Clark had the blessing and directive of their president, Thomas Jefferson, to find the best route to the Pacific Ocean from the Mississippi River. But before Lewis and Clark were born, Saling and Howard had explored lands east of the Mississippi when the river still formed Virginia's western boundary, and made, or at least Saling documented, a notable "discovery" almost at the journey's start: Natural Bridge near Glasgow.

Today, the Lewis and Clark story is found in any U.S. history textbook, but not Howard and Saling's. Accounts of their story are found in scattered mentions in studies of early Virginia, and the memory of them is likewise fragmentary.

The Howard/Saling story deserves preservation and restoration to some level of popular recognition. It has been heartening in the course of this project to learn the story is recalled and taught in West Virginia schools where, as we shall see, Saling is credited with a true discovery that set the course for that state's development and industrialization.

More than the story of two men's explorations, Howard and Saling's is the story of early immigration to and settling of this country, self-reliance, political intrigue, and what can only be called adventure.

There is also a more personal reason for the present compilation that concerns itself mainly with Johan Peter's story: he was my fifth-great grandfather, an easier way of saying my great-great-great-great-great grandfather.

In these pages I attempt not an academic establishment of new historical or biographical knowledge about Johan Peter Saling, but rather a compilation of the scattered references to him that I have collected in what has been by no means exhaustive research. Scholarly research would require untold miles in travels and hours in archives in a search for original source material that may or may not exist. Where there are conflicting accounts, I have noted their differences, but can offer no original documentation of any. My goal here is to bring Johan Peter Saling out of the shadows. My hope is that someone will bring the light of historical and biographical scholarship to further illuminate this intriguing figure of early colonial history.

Soon after the emigration from the Palatine region began, the seas were busy with the crossings of immigrant ships bound for the colonies. One of these ships, the brigantine (a two-masted ship) Pennsylvania Merchant of London, under the command of John Stedman, arrived in the port of

Dan Kegley, general manager/editor of the Washington County News *at Abingdon, writes about his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, John Peter Saling. He is a part-time musician and amateur archaeologist. He has published research on raptor migration in the journal of the Virginia Society of Ornithology and an article in Bluegrass Unlimited magazine.*

Philadelphia on September 18, 1733, bearing 187 palatines. These were presented to the lieutenant governor and a number of magistrates as having satisfactorily pledged loyalty to Great Britain. The ship's list included the name, Johan Peter Saling.

His name, like all others on his and all early ships bearing immigrants, and like names written for any purpose, was subject to the interpretation of the writer. Differing languages and dialects on the part of the speakers, differing levels of education on the part of the writers, and the lack of standardization of spelling of proper names until relatively late in history, all account for the variances found in the spellings of names in the records that survive.

He signed an oath of allegiance to King George II as Johan Peter Saling, but the name appears elsewhere as Johan Peter Sayling, John Peter Salling, Sallings, and Sallee. His father (according to one genealogy) may have spelled their name Sallin. For the present purpose, and on the basis of his own signature, we shall call him Johan Peter Saling.

There are many disagreeing accounts of Johan Peter Saling's birthplace and year, even about who his parents were.

Genealogies variously put his birth in 1697 and 1719, and one specifically reports the day as April 2. And a history text has the year as 1719 but the date as March 31.

If he was born in 1697, then he was 36 years old when he arrived in Philadelphia. If the year was 1719, he was 14.

A fascinating entry in one of the World Wide Web's genealogy forums presents a different picture bearing some similarities to the other genealogies, and some important differences as well. Jana Shea introduced herself as "a descendant of Johann Peter Salling (her spelling), through his daughter, Catharina Salling, who married Henry Fuller," and then revealed her own finding about her ancestor.

"I have that Johann Peter Salling was born in 1700 in Reipertsweiler [near Struth], Alsace-Lorraine. He was the son of Franz Salling of Struth. He married Anna Maria Vollmer on November 9, 1728 in Teiffenbach, Alsace-Lorraine [now part of France]. She was the daughter of George Michael Vollmer and his wife Anna Sabina Barbara. Johann Peter Salling died in 1755 in Augusta Co.,VA. ...

"The above information was found in the book, *Pennsylvania German Pioneers*, Vol I. by R.B. Strassburger. The information on J.P. Salling was very detailed and had come from church registers in Germany."

Saling appears to have registered 250 acres in the Conestoga Valley of Lancaster County, Penn. By 1742, he's in the Valley of Virginia. Here Saling became involved with the local militia and his name appears on the roster of Captain John McDowell's Company of Militia in 1742. This unit was involved in Rockbridge County's first battle with Native Americans.

"The first white man to cast his wondering gaze upon the arch of Natural Bridge, as far as can be ascertained by existing records, was John Peter Sallings."

With these words begins the first chapter of *The Natural Bridge and Its Historical Surroundings*, and with them we turn from considering Johan Peter Saling the immigrant, during the early Palatine exodus, to Johan Peter Saling the explorer of rivers and lakes from the Valley of Virginia to Mississippi.

But the text continues into questionable assertions penned by Dr. John Peter Hale, who in "*Trans-Allegheny Pioneers*," has Saling exploring the valley "as early as 1730." This is three years before the records show him and his wife and two daughters arriving in Philadelphia, and a decade before they, now with two sons, move to what would become Glasgow, Va.

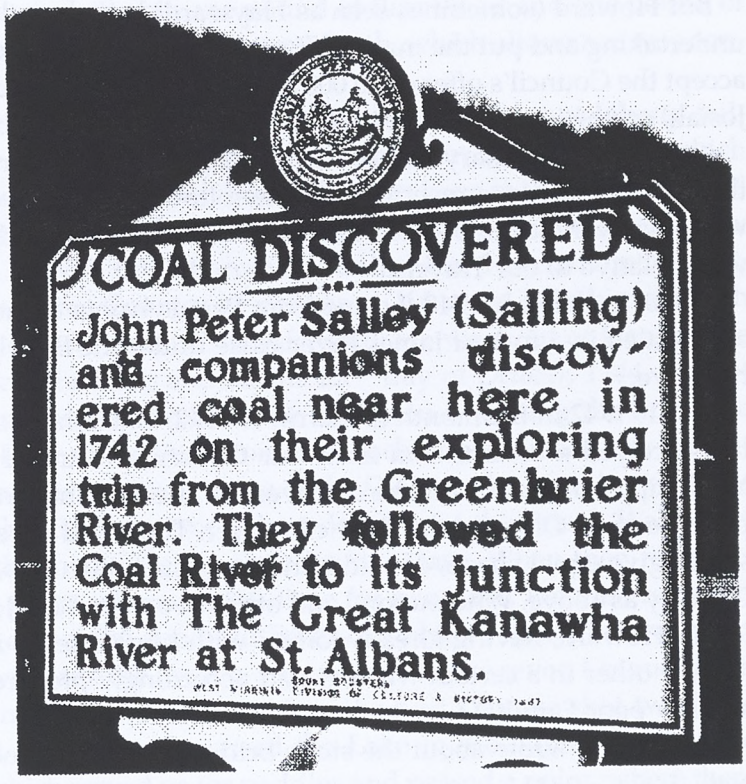
Whether Saling was the first European to see the bridge is less certain than the possibility that it was he who first made written note of it. He kept notes of his travels, and although later confiscated by both French and British officials, these he recreated at the end of the trip for which he is best known.

It was at the beginning of this journey that Saling recorded his impression and measurements of the bridge. In his reconstructed journal (later transcribed by Col. John Buchanan), we read: "On the 16th of March, 1742, we set off from my house and went to Cedar Creek, about five miles where there is Natural

Bridge over said Creek, reaching from the Hill on the one side to the Hill on the other. It is a solid Rock and is two hundred and three feet high, having a very Spacious arch, where the Water runs thro'... ."

Dr. Richard Batman has raised the question about whether it is reasonable to think Saling, who lived for two years within six miles of the stone bridge, was seeing it then for only the first time. Other questions, too, surround the journey – questions rising from differences between the accounts found in histories, the family tradition, and in Saling's own journal.

Robert J. Smith cites a 1927 reference supporting Saling as the bridge's first documentarian. "Research on the early history of the bridge carried out by the corporate owners in the 1930s suggest that one of the earliest to see it was a John Peter Sallings, who arrived in the area around 1730. His diaries mention the bridge in 1742, the earliest documentation of Natural Bridge, and he may have seen the bridge as early as 1734. Chester A. Reeds in his 1927 book *Natural Bridge and Its Environs* wrote that the first recorded mention of the bridge was by Andrew Burnaby in 1759 who noted that it was 'a natural arch or bridge joining two high mountains, with a considerable river underneath.' However, Burnaby merely recorded it as a natural curiosity and did not visit it on his travels for fear of raiding Cherokees."



Fairfax Harrison, whose "The Virginians on the Ohio and the Mississippi in 1742" in the April 1922 Virginia Magazine of History and Biography is perhaps the most scholarly treatment of the subject (and is a reference frequently cited in subsequent histories), wrote in a footnote to Saling's journal that his description of Natural Bridge "seems to be the earliest description of the Natural Bridge."

In his journal's first paragraph Saling tells of his original diary and other papers being taken by the French during his captivity by them, and never given back. In Charles Town, Saling gave the British governor a copy of his journal, and the governor refused to return it. After he returned home in 1745, Saling rewrote the journal once again and from memory.

Shenandoah Valley historian William Couper wrote that "it was popular in times past to discredit Salling's journal, but, with the passage of the years and the discovery in far places of corroborating evidence, it has become a revealing document."

Colonel John Buchanan thought so at the time, stopping at Saling's home and spending a day in 1745 copying it for his own use with the Woods River Company. Joshua Fry, who with Peter Jefferson drew the famous Fry and Jefferson map of 1751, was next, giving his copy the title *"A Brief Account of the Travels of John Peter Salley A German who Lives in* the *County of Augusta in Virginia."* Fry's copy was sent to the Lords of Trade in England, according to Couper (Dr. Batman wrote that it accompanied a copy of Fry's map) and it is his transcription that we know today.

Harrison wrote in a footnote about Fry's transcribing the journal, "Salley permitted others to copy his journal," and quotes R. G Thwaites' writing about Buchanan's diary, containing his copy of the journal, now residing in the Wisconsin Historical Society library. Harrison also wrote that Virginia botanist Dr.

John Mitchell "made use of it in drawing that great map of 1755 on which the British government subsequently placed so much reliance."

Although later explorations would uphold the veracity of Saling's observations on the westward trek, "Salley's distances do not bear critical analysis. One can understand that they seemed greater to him than they do to a traveller in a Pullman car."

Dr. Batman and Harrison set the stage for the travels with an account of John Howard, whose idea the expedition was. Howard had "appeared before the governor's Council and requested a commission 'to go Upon Discoveries on the Lakes and River Mississippi.' The Council, anxious to reaffirm its claim to the land west of the Shenandoah Valley, granted Howard the commission 'to Command men as shall be willing to Accompany him upon such Discoveries.'"

But Howard (sometimes seen as Hayward) had second thoughts about the enormity of his proposed undertaking and put the matter off until 1742 when he asked Saling, John Poteet, and Charles Sinclair to accept the Council's offer of 10,000 acres of land to be divided among them and join Howard and his son Josiah, on the journey, chronicled in Saling's journal that begins:

"It may be necessary before I enter upon the particular passage of my Travels, to inform my Reader that what they are to meet with in the following Narrative, is only what I retained in my Memory; For when we were taken by the French we were robbed of all our papers, that contained any writings that were relative to our Travels.

"1740. In the year 1740, I came from Pennsylvania to the part of Orange County now called Augusta; and settled in a fork of James River close under the Blue Ridge of Mountains of the West Side, where I now live.

"1741/1742 In the month of *March,* 1741/2, One John Howard came to my house, and told me, that he had received a commission from our Governor to travel to the westward Colony as far as the River Mississippi, in order to make discovery of the Country, and that as a reward for his Labour, he had the promise of an Order of the Council for Ten Thousand Acres of Land; and at the same time obliged himself to give equal shares of said Land to as such men as would go in Company with him to search the Country as above. Whereupon I and other two men, Vizt [John Poteet] and Charles Sinclair (his own son, Josiah Howard, having already joined with him) entered into a Covenant with him, binding ourselves to each other in a certain writing, and accordingly prepared for our Journey in an unlucky hour to me and my poor Family."

Saling next wrote about the stone bridge, and continued with an account of the first leg of the journey:

"... we then proceeded as far as Mondongachate, now called Woods River, which is eighty-five Miles, where we killed five Buffaloes, and with their hides covered the Frame of a Boat which was so large as to carry all of our Company, and our provisions and Utensils, with which we passed down the said River two hundred and fifty-two miles as we supposed, and found it very Rocky, having a great many Falls therein, one of which we computed to be thirty feet perpendicular and all along surrounded with inaccessible Mountains, high precipices, which obliged us to leave said River.

"We went then a southwest course by land eighty five Miles, where we came to a small River, and there we made a little Boat, which carried only two men and our provisions. The rest traveled by Land for two Days and then we came to a large River, where we enlarged our Barge, so as she carried all our company and whatever loading we had to put into her.

"We supposed that we went down this river Two Hundred and Twenty Miles, and had a tolerable good passage; there being only two places, that were difficult by reason of Falls. Where we came to this River the Country is mountainous, but the further down the plainer in those mountains, we found great plenty of Coals, for which we named it Coal River. Where this River and Woods river meets the North Mountains end, and the Country appears very plain and is well water'd, there are plenty of Rivulets, clear Fountains and running Streams and very fertile Soil."

Saling's journal is full of description of the topography and resources through which his party traveled. But then the story changes:

"We held on our passage down the River Mississippi, the second day of *July*, and about the nine o' the Clock in the Morning, we went on Shore to cook our Breakfast. But we were suddenly surprised by a Company of Men, viz. to the Number of Ninety, Consisting of French men Negroes, & Indians, who took us prisoners and carried us to the Town of New Orleans, which was about one Hundred Leagues from us when we were taken, and after being examined upon Oath by the Governor, first separately one by One, and then All together, we were committed to close Prison, we not knowing then (nor even yet) how long they intended to confine us there. During our stay in Prison we had allowed us a pound and a half of Bread each Day, and Ten pound of pork p Month for each man. Which allowance was duly given to us for a space of *Eighteen Months*, and after that we had only one pound of Rice Bread and one pound of Rice for each man p Day, and one Quart of Bear's Oil for each man p Month, which allowance was continued untill I made my escape....

"After I had been confined in Prison *above Two years*, and all Expectation of being set at Liberty failing, I begun to think of making my Escape out of Prison, one of which I put into Practice, which Succeeded in the following Manner. There was a certain French Man, who was born in that Country, and had some time before sold his Rice to the Spaniards for which he was put in Prison, and it Cost him six Hundred Pieces of Eight before he got clear. ... With this Miserable French Man, I became intimate & familiar, and as he was an active man, and knew the Country he promised, if I could help him off with his Irons, and we all got clear of the Prison, he could conduct us safe untill we were out of Danger, We got a small file from a Soldier wherewith to cut the Irons and on the 25th day of *October, 1744*, we put our Design in Practice. While the French man was very busie in the Dungeon in cutting the Irons, we were as industrious without in breaking the Door of the Dungeon, and Each of us finished our Jobb at one Instant of time, which had held us for about six hours; by three of the Clock in the Morning with the help of a Rope which I had provided beforehand, we let our Selves down over the Prison Walls, and made our Escape Two Miles from the town that night, we lay close for two days. When then removed from the place two miles from the Town that night, where we lay close for two days. We then removed to a place three miles from the Town, where one of the good old Fryers of which I spoke before, nourished us four Days. On the Eighth Day after we made the Escape, we came to a Lake seven Leagues from the Town but by this Time we had got a Gun and some Ammunition, the next Day we shot two large Bulls, and with their Hides made us a boat, in which we passed the Lake in the Night. We tied the Shoulder Blades of the Bulls to small sticks, which served us for paddles and passed a point, where there were thirteen men lay in wait for us, but Thro' Mercy we escaped from them undiscovered.

"...On the nineteenth instant we left Fort Augustus and on the first of April we arrived at Charles Town, and waited on the Governor, who examined us Concerning our travels &c. and he detained us in Charles Town eighteen Days, and made us a present of eighteen pounds of their Money, which did no more than defray our Expences whilst in that Town.

"I had delivered to the Governor a Copy of my Journal, which when I asked again he refused to give me, but having obtained from him a Pass we went on board a small Vessel bound for Virginia. On the Thirteenth of April, the same Day about two of the Clock we were taken by the French in Cape Roman and kept Prisoners till 11 of the Clock the next Day, at which time the French after having robbed us of all the Provisions we had for our Voyage or Journey, put us into a Boat we being 12 men in Number, and so left us to the Mercy of the Seas and Winds. On the fifteenth instant we arrived again at Charles Town and were examined before the Governor concerning our being taken by the French. We were now detained three Days before we could get another Pass from the Governor, we having destroyed the former, when we were taken by the French, and then were dismissed, being in a strange Place, far from Home, destitute of Friends, Cloathing, Money and Arms and in that deplorable Condition had been obliged to undertake a Journey of five Hundred Miles, but a Gentleman, who was Commander of a

Privateer, and then lay at Charles Town with whom we had discoursed several times, gave to each of us a Gun and a Sword, and would have given us Ammunition, but that he had but little.

"On the Eighteenth Day of *April*, we left Charles Town, the second time, and traveled by Land, and on the seventeenth day of *May, 1745* we arrived at my House, having been absent three years, Two Months and one Day, from my family, having in that time by the nicest Calculation I am able to make, travelled by land and water four thousand six hundred and six Miles since I left my House till I returned Home again."

* * * * * * * *

The journal of Johan Peter Saling makes no mention of the time he is said in some accounts to have lived with Native Americans, even becoming adopted by "a squaw of Kaskaskias" as Oren Morton wrote. It mentions only passing through Indian country whose residents were "kind" and "hospitable."

About Salings' journal, Fairfax Harrison wrote, "The early historians of western explorations generally ignored this story, though some of them mentioned it only to scout it. Standing alone, stripped of the official reports which testified to its provenance, this paper was not convincing."

In the French National Archives exists a copy of John Howard's letter from prison to England's King George II, whose intercession on their behalf as prisoners of the French he hoped to secure. According to historian William Couper, the Marquis Vaudreuil, successor to Governor Bienville on whose orders the English subjects were imprisoned on suspicion of spying against the French in advance of an English attack, took possession of the letter and sent it to France. Couper writes that Howard's "original appeal is now lost, but in time it may come to light, among the undigested records of the French regime in Louisiana."

The urgency of the five explorers' situation is clear in Howard's letter, but if the prisoners knew the fate Bienville had in mind for them, he didn't communicate that knowledge. Howard wrote of the lack of evidence for the "weak suspicions" on which the French sentenced them to jail for three years. Guilty or not, Bienville wanted them prevented from going home, and planned to send them into slavery.

Harrison, using "French transcripts recently acquired by the Library of Congress," wrote, "Finally, there is now confirmation from the French side" of Saling's account of imprisonment in New Orleans and the tension between the French and British over the interior of the continent. They show, according to Harrison, "In 1742, Le Moyne be Bienville, the 'father' of Louisiana, was at the end of his forty years of service on behalf of that colony…and was awaiting the arrival of a successor." The colony had been engaged in diplomatic talks with the Chocktaws and "a convoy returning down stream from Illinois, captured Howard, Salley and their companions on the Mississippi, about one hundred and twenty miles above Natchez. Bienville reported 'they had been sent on their perilous journey for the purpose of exploring the rivers flowing from Virginia into the Mississippi, and to reconnoiter the terrain looking to establishing a settlement, for the English pretend that their boundaries extend as far as the bank of the Mississippi. … [I]t is important that these rash men shall not return home to bear witness of what they have learned among us. I shall send them to the fort at Natchitoches, whence I shall have them escorted to the mines of New Mexico."

But Bienville wanted Vaudreuil to handle the matter, and when the Marquis arrived, he agreed with Bienville's idea that, sent out from Virginia as spies or not, the five travelers could take information about the French back to the British.

Howard's letter, transcribed from French back to English, said in part:

"I continued my Journey until July the fourth, when we were arrested by seventy Frenchmen, who conducted us to a town called New Orleans, near the mouth of the Mississipy. There we were closely examined by the Governor and were grievously accused that our purpose had been to spy out the way for an army to come to destroy them and their country. Nothing appearing against us to support this

charge, except weak suspicions, we hoped to be put at liberty, but on the contrary were condemned to three years in prison. And I verily believe that we will not be released until death has pity on us. To that fate we have indeed already been very near, partly by reason of the darkness of our dungeons and partly by reason of the bad food given us. But God having pity has restored our strength. And yet up to this moment we have no hope for our deliverance except in the Wisdom and Charity of your Majesty, our lives being as a sacrifice in the hands of cruel men.

"That your Royal Majesty and your blessed family may continue to enjoy the love of God, our Celestial father, by the merit of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, and the Consolation of the Holy Ghost, is and continually shall be the prayers of your humble subjects whose names are subscribed.

JOHN HAYWARD (sic), JOSIAS HAYWARD, my Son
JOHN PATTEET, JOHN PETER SALLING
CHARLES CINEKLER
New Orleans, June 21, 1743.
In consideration of our deplorable condition, we ask pardon for our bad writing."

Vaudreuil wanted to send them to France but on December 29 of 1744, reported the escape of two prisoners. Saling was one, and a Creole named Baudran was the other.

Howard "and one or two of them were shipped for France, but in the Voyage were taken by an English ship and carryed to London," wrote Harrison who noted "no evidence that Howard made any report in London nor of what became of him."

Dr. Batman wrote that after he rewrote his journal, Saling "settled back into the routine life of the Shenandoah Valley. He rapidly began to accumulate western land, receiving a grant of 400 acres in 1746, and an additional 170 acres in 1748."

Rockbridge County records show that in 1746, "Joseph Lapsley and John Peter Salling sworn in as captains, Robert Renick as first lieutenant. Statements of losses by Indians certified to in case of Richard Woods, John Mathews, Henry Kirkham, Francis McCown, Joseph Lapsley, Isaac Anderson, John and James Walker.-Feb 19th James Huston and three other men presented for being vagrants, and hunting and burning the woods; on information given by John Peter Salling, James Young, and John McCown. Huston fined three pounds for illegally killing three deer."

Noted Morton, "That he was a man of force and consequence is manifest from his being commissioned an officer of militia."

Couper's writing provides further insight into Saling's life at home, noting his and his son George's involvement in building a road from "Edmondston's Mill to the Fork Meeting House. These are interesting road terminals because roads of the period were at times described as 'our course to meeting, mill and market.'"

The following year, 1754, finds the father and son "among the workers on the road from Campbell's School House (one of the early schools) to Renix's (Renick's) Road," in Couper's writing.

Saling wrote his will on Christmas Day, 1754 and died early the next year. Couper wrote that the will "was proved in Staunton on March 19, 1755 (Augusta Co., WB. 2-92)," and Morton lists "four horses, four sheep, and twenty-two hogs' in the will in which "the personality was appraised at $194.64."

Perhaps no better close to this telling of Johan Peter Salings' story (and some of its variances) can be found than the last paragraph of Dr. Batman's writing.

"Salley's account of the rich lands to the west and the assistance that he gave Joshua Fry and Peter Jefferson in enabling them to draw an accurate map of the area west of the Shenandoah Valley proved invaluable to further expansion. Although Salley and the other members of the expedition did not receive the rewards they had envisioned when they set out on that March day in 1742, the five Virginians provided the first English exploration of the area that is now West Virginia and Kentucky, and their stories of the rich lands increased the pressure for expansion into the land west of the Blue Ridge

Mountains."

Searches for Johan Peter Saling on the World Wide Web are most fruitful when those searches are carried out in context of his passage through what is now West Virginia. Numerous websites relating to history and industry of that state credit Saling and companion John Howard with the discovery of coal there. A sampling:

A West Virginia University site carries these references in articles about the histories of Boone and Raleigh counties: "John Peter Salley was the first European to set foot in present-day Boone County. In 1742, he explored the county and is credited for discovering coal along the Coal River." And "John Peter Salley was the first Englishman to set foot in present Raleigh County. He explored the area in 1742."

A Boone County site localizes the discovery: "Although Boone County was named for the great American frontiersman, it was another explorer, John Peter Salley, who had a more significant impact on what was to become Boone County. In 1742, while on an exploring trip, Salley and companions discovered coal near the present day community of Peytona. The discovery of coal has played a vital role in fueling the steel mills and power plants of the United States, and remains the backbone of Boone County's economy."

Coal is the focus of a Geocities website with this note: "In 1742, the explorer John Peter Sally discovered coal near present day Racine in Boone County on his now infamous expedition. When he realized what large deposits of coal were to be found in the area, he named the river Coal River. It was several years before the industrialists would discover the value of coal, and initially settlement in the county was slow."

From West Virginia Geologic and Economic Survey's website: "In 1742, John Peter Salley took an exploratory trip across the Allegheny Mountains and reported an outcropping of coal along a tributary of the Kanawha River. He and his companions named this tributary the Coal River, and his report became the first reference to coal in what is today West Virginia."

References are also found on websites of West Virginia Office of Miners' Health, Safety and Training, the West Virginia Chamber of Commerce, and at some histories of other families.

The St. Albans, W. Va., website lists on its home page the former names of the community, including "Coalsmouth," and the explanation in parentheses: (First white person to go through Coalsmouth was John Peter Salley as he traveled down the Coal River in 1742).

A roadside historical landmark sign near Peytona reads: "COAL DISCOVERED – John Peter Salley (Salling) and companions discovered coal near here in 1742 on their exploring trip from the Greenbrier River. They followed the Coal River to its junction with The Great Kanawha River at St. Albans." In personal correspondence, Larry Lodato said, "The marker is located on WV-3 at Peytona. 17 miles W. of Madison and 20 miles S. of Marmet." In fact, the marker was found in December, 2002, to stand adjacent to the Coal Miners' Memorial Bridge.

* * * * * * * *

Carol Rose prescribed the following homework assignment for her eighth- grade West Virginia Studies class at Elkview Middle School, northeast of Charleston, and posted it on the school's website:

HOMEWORK QUESTION FOR MONDAY NIGHT: READ ABOUT JOHN HOWARD AND JOHN PETER SALLING.

MARK ON AN OUTLINE MAP THE ROUTES OF JOHN HOWARD AND JOHN PETER SALLING'S VOYAGE TO EXPLORE THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER. REMEMBER, THEY BEGAN IN (W)VIRGINIA. WRITE WHETHER YOU THINK THIS WAS A GOOD ROUTE...EXPLAIN YOUR ANSWER.

An inquiry to Rose about Salling resources in the West Virginia history curriculum produced this response, with a list of references: "John Peter Salling is taught in WV History classes, perhaps more so in this area (Kanawha/Boone Counties) because of his travels and interest in coal."

The Salling and Howard expedition was the inspiration for a 1946 novel, *Wilderness Adventure,* by Elizabeth Page. New York [and] Toronto: Rinehart & Company, Inc., 309p. A summary of the book reads: "Evidence that a young girl, Lisel Salling, has been captured by Indians leads five men to brave the uncharted wilderness of mid-America in search of her. Departing from Williamsburg in 1742, the party ventures west to Kaskaskia, down the Mississippi River to New Orleans, and across the ocean to Europe before she is found."

The author's note at the front of the book reads: "Unbelievably enough, only the character of Lisel Salling and the romantic motive of which she is the center has been entirely invented....A complete discussion of the adventure as so recorded has been written by Fairfax Harrison and published in the Virginia Magazine of History and Biography volume 30, pages 203-222."

On its own merits and without literary embellishment, John Peter Saling's story is full of intrigue and adventure as well as context of interest to the historian of the American colonies and to the student of early explorations. It is a story worthy of scholarly research and retelling for both popular and academic audiences.

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Graham's Forge Mill – Architectural Gem

by Michael J. Pulice

The Grahams Forge Mill, located on Reed Creek, east of Fort Chiswell in eastern Wythe County, is one of the outstanding late-19th-century architectural gems of southwestern Virginia. Although utilitarian in function, it is nevertheless a stunning site of rustic beauty – a five-story building with stone foundation, fading whitewash and weathered gray wood exterior.

The mill has fading silver paint on the old tin roof slowly succumbing to rust; original windows and doors with stylish surrounds, proportionally correct dormers that complement its appearance; paneled frieze below broad eaves, and wonderful little cupola with star motif and decorative cresting.

The mill and its complement of ancillaries possess almost complete architectural integrity, and many of the mill workings remain in place inside the structures. The present mill occupies the site of the former Graham's Forge with its furnace, iron rolling mill and nail factory, and the earlier Crockett Forge, which was established in 1796. The site is named for David Graham, who acquired the forge in 1826 and later left it to his son, Major David P. Graham.

Graham's Forge Mill is a ca.1890 frame structure five stories tall and topped with a cupola. There is a ca. 1910-20 shed addition on the south elevation, an office addition from around the same time on the north elevation, and an early covered porch on the front. Situated around the mill are a number of other buildings, including a smokehouse, corncrib, grain storage facility, and two oven/kettles used for hog scalding. Behind the mill are the remains of the old milldam.

Next to the mill property sits the ca.1870 Graham and Robinson Store, an attractive and well-preserved brick structure with a full-length porch across its front, and windows on both sides. Across Rt. 629 from the mill property and the store is the early-20th-century, frame, Gothic-styled Graham's Forge Methodist Church. The John W. Robinson House is located 3/10 of a mile south of the mill, well beyond the church, via a private road. It is a mid-19th-century, two-story, Y-plan Greek Revival/ Italianate brick structure with porches on three sides. The house is complemented by period outbuildings and breathtaking surroundings. The ca. 1840 Major David Graham House is located a short distance further down Reed Creek.

The foundation of the mill is constructed of dry-laid, roughly-cut, coursed limestone. The foundation on the rear and north side of the mill is about 9 feet tall. The rear elevation of the mill faces Reed Creek, although the mill wheel, now missing, was located on the north side.

Above the stone foundation the structure is wood frame with weatherboard cladding. The roof is covered with standing seam sheet metal. A conveyor system runs from the front of the mill to the grain and storage facility, 34 feet to the east.

There are three doors that span the front of the mill: the original double door centered on the front of the mill, another door entering into the south addition, and a door to the office addition at the north end of the covered porch. All doors throughout the mill are treated with ramped, pediment-like surrounds.

There are a total of 29 windows on the mill, including one-over-one double-hung windows on each side of the cupola. Like the doors, all of the windows exhibit the same ramped, pediment-like surrounds.

A star motif with faded red paint appears on the gable ends of the dormers and cupola. The height of the building is extended by an additional monitor story built on the flat deck roof of the fourth story. The monitor has a simple gable roof with a cupola on top. The cupola has a cross-gable roof with a finial, decorative cresting on the ridges, and a late-19th-century Victorian-styled lightning rod.

The main roof eaves extend out about two feet. On the front gable end of the monitor story, a sten-

Michael J. Pulice, architectural historian in the Roanoke Preservation Office of the State Department of Historic Resources, holds degrees from Radford University and Virginia Tech.

ciled sign appears on flush boards, which is now faded and only partially readable. Above the sign is a frieze made up of raised panels within contiguous recessed panels. The recessed areas are painted a contrasting lighter color than the framing, though all of the paint has faded with time.

INTERIOR

The mill's first floor consists of an open room with rail-less open stringer of stairs in the back of the room. The second floor is also an open room with open stringer stair at the rear. Along the side walls are grain bins and chutes and assorted milling machinery. This arrangement continues on each floor until the fifth floor, which is long and narrow. Throughout the mill's interior are wide, unfinished pine floorboards and exposed framing with heavy, diagonally-braced corner posts. There are heavy support beams running through the center of the structure, undergirding the floor joists. The floor joists also have diagonal cross-bracing between them. The interior walls of the south addition are lined with shelves. The office addition has an old wood stove.

Five-story Graham's Forge Mill has prime architectural features.

Four other structures, lined up in a row, are located approximately across from the front of the mill. Directly across from the mill is the grain and storage facility. The frame building, 37 feet wide and 40 feet long, is sheathed with board-and-batten and has a front-gabled, standing-seam metal roof with a seven-bay louvered monitor, small, four-sided, louvered cupola and a Victorian-styled lightning rod. The grain and storage facility includes several floors of bins and chutes like the mill, along with machinery. A sign found in the grain and storage facility reads, "INVINCIBLE Dustless Milling Separator manufactured by the invincible grain cleaner company Silver Creek, NY." The farthest structure to the north is the "smokehouse," constructed of balloon framing covered with vertical boards and a sheet metal roof. It is 14 feet wide and 16 feet long. Located inside of the smokehouse is a large kettle used for hog scalding.

Several feet west of the smokehouse are the identical contents of a no-longer- extant structure, including the kettle, with its oven-like fuel chamber with a 2-foot-wide opening below, and a squat brick chimney. The base of the oven/kettle structure is 7 feet by 10 feet. South of this structure is a frame double-pen corncrib, 24 feet by 40 feet, with a gable roof covering both pens and the 10-foot-wide breezeway in the center.

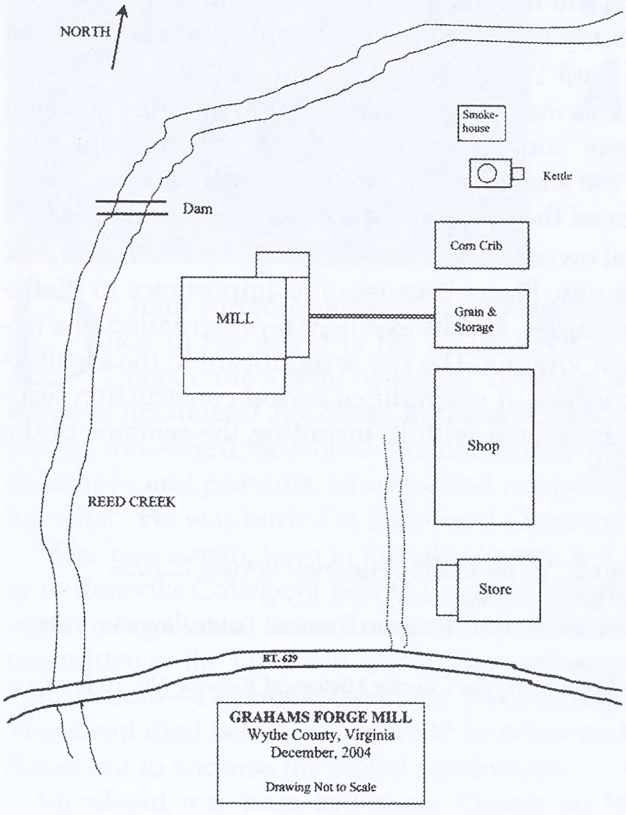
Finally, the workshop sits east of the grain and storage facility. The workshop is of vertical board construction with a metal shed roof. It is 130 feet long by 48 feet wide, and has an 11-foot-wide opening for tractors and other heavy equipment on the north elevation. This cheaply constructed building is in terminal condition and is expected to be taken down in the near future. However, the substantial remains of the mill dam spanning Reed Creek appear to be permanent enough, and certainly warrant further

study in order to determine how and when the dam was built. Most of what can be seen of the dam above water is constructed of concrete.

History of Graham's Forge Mill

Graham's Forge, an iron rolling mill, and a nail factory were built about 1828 and were rebuilt in 1856 with four refinery fires, and one hammer worked by water. That year it produced 161 tons of blooms and 23 tons of bar iron. The rolling mills and nail works reportedly had three heating furnaces, four trains of rolls, five nail machines and one hammer. The exact construction date of the first grist mill is not known, however it can be concluded that it was erected as early as the iron works, as a grist mill would be a necessary adjunct to an extensive operation of this type.[1]

Brothers James and Andrew Crockett were among the earliest iron industry entrepreneurs in Wythe County.[2] In the mid-1790s they purchased about 1,200 acres of land that extended from Reed Creek to Cedar Run in the vicinity of the present Graham's Forge area. In 1796 they had land surveyed on both sides of Reed Creek. Records show the Crockett ironworks in operation as early as 1796.[3] An 1801 Wythe County land book entry shows that Andrew and James Crockett acquired 10 acres of land on both sides of Reed Creek to include their iron works. In 1805, they received permission to build a dam across the creek and build a forge. Today, the ca.1890 mill stands near the forge site, reportedly on the site of the old iron rolling mill. Graham's Forge is said to have been located several yards down on the same side of the creek as the mill.[4]



Site plan locates Mill's related buildings.

The forge became known as Graham's Forge after David Graham (1800-1870) purchased the property in 1830. Graham acquired much of the land in the Graham's Forge area, and became known as the "iron master of the county." The Graham family continued manufacturing iron products in Wythe County for the next 75 years.[5]

David Graham married Martha Peirce of Poplar Camp in 1835, and by 1850 Graham's real estate, totaling 5000 acres of improved land and 1,944 acres of unimproved land, was valued at $70,000. He was also the master of 29 slaves at that time. Graham's main businesses were iron manufacturing, the production of castings and bar iron, and a nail factory. He had over 130 employees, with labor costs averaging over $1600 a month. Production that year reached 650 tons of pig iron, 80 tons of castings, 170 tons of bar iron and 80 tons of nails.[6]

In 1860, David Graham's personal property was appraised at $55,800 and in 1863 he paid tax on 6,907 acres of land. At this time he was employing 50 men and his monthly labor costs totaled $800. By 1860, production had dropped to only 100 tons of bar iron, 160 tons of pig iron, 20 tons of nails, 350 tons of pig metal and 50 tons of castings.[7] During the Civil War, Graham's Furnace was one of three furnaces in Wythe County providing iron for the Confederacy. Graham was also involved in mining iron ore for shipment to Richmond.[8]

David Graham's son, David Peirce Graham (1838-1898), was known as Squire Graham and later Major Graham. He was commissioned captain in the 51st Virginia Infantry in 1861. He fought for the

Confederacy for three years, saw action in five major battles, and was promoted to the rank of major before being discharged for health reasons in 1864. After his return home from the war, he and his father continued to support the war effort by manufacturing "gun metal of the highest property" and shipping it to Tredegar Ironworks in Richmond.[9]

Major Graham's sister, Elizabeth, married John W. Robinson (b. 8/6/1837). After David Sr.'s death in 1870, Major Graham and Robinson became business partners who carried on and largely rebuilt their mining and manufacturing businesses. These enterprises included the development of natural resources, farming, a sawmill, a flour mill, and a general store. The market for iron, however, soon declined dramatically. By 1881, Graham & Robinson operated the only surviving forge in Wythe County.[10]

The existing flour mill was erected 1889-90, followed shortly by construction of the smokehouse and the grain and storage facility. The forge operated until 1916, when it was reportedly washed away by a flood. Iron products made at Graham's Furnace in later years included: oven lids, spider lids, camp kettles, flatirons, andirons, pots, back plates, stove plates, kettles, iron water pipes, stoves, hobble weights, iron rails, giant kettles, miniature lard lamps, small ovens and lids, nails, as well as pillars. The flour mill served farmers and rural customers in eastern Wythe County by producing high quality wheat flour and corn meal for several decades. It remained in operation until 1934.[11]

The third owner of the Graham's Forge Mill property was magnate George L. Carter of Hillsville, who made his fortune in mining. He acquired the property and began making improvements in Max Meadows in the 1930s. One of his many projects was the straightening of Reed Creek. Carter leased many acres of land in the Max Meadows area and improved the value of his property. When he died his son released all the land in the area back to their original owners.[12]

The mill has been listed in the National Register of Historic Places because of its importance to Wythe County's economy during the late 19th and early 20th centuries, and its excellent representation of a relatively large-scale milling operation in rural southwestern Virginia. The site is significant to the architecture of the area, for it possesses unusually high artistic values, it exemplifies period construction techniques, and because of the fine collection of structures associated with it, including the remains of the historic mill dam, as well as the smokehouse and corncrib.

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6. 1850 U.S. Agricultural Census
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John A. Morehead of Salem, World Lutheran Leader, Helped Feed and Clothe Thousands After World War I

by George Kegley

Dr. John Alfred Morehead, recognized as the best known and best loved Lutheran among 82 million in the world in the 1930s, lived in Salem as a student and later as president of Roanoke College for a total of almost 20 years. When he died June 1, 1936, The Roanoke World-News wrote of his funeral at College Lutheran Church in Salem, "Native Virginia soil today held the remains of Dr. John Alfred Morehead, internationally known honorary president of 82 million Lutherans, friend of bishops and peasants, educator and minister, who died Monday night four hours after the funeral for his wife." He was buried at Sherwood Cemetery in Salem.

Here was a man, born in Pulaski County and reared on a Wythe County farm, who left the presidency of Roanoke College in 1919 to work with Herbert Hoover in organizing distribution of food and clothing in more than a dozen European countries after World War I. He was the president of the executive committee of the Lutheran World Convention and executive director of the National Lutheran Council. Four nations—Denmark, Germany, Sweden and Finland—nominated him for the Nobel Peace Prize but Morehead died before action could be taken on the award. Efforts were made to ask President Franklin Roosevelt to endorse the Nobel nomination.

Morehead was born in Pulaski County in 1867 but his family moved to adjoining Wythe County where he spent his boyhood and youth on Sycamore Spring farm, north of Wytheville, formerly owned by his grandfather, Peter Yonce. His father, James W. Morehead, served in the Confederate army, was captured by Union forces in 1864 and remained in prison until the end of the war. All of his five sons graduated from Roanoke College, following an uncle, William B. Yonce of Wythe County, who taught at Roanoke for 36 years. Of the brothers, Wythe taught at Roanoke, Frank taught at Carnegie Institute of Technology, Elbert was a farmer in Catawba, Roanoke County, and Brown was a Wythe County farmer. John Alfred—known as Fred by his family—was a pastor, seminary/college president and international church administrator.

Morehead has been largely overlooked and forgotten by most Lutherans today but he left large footprints in the early 20th century. Clifford Nelson wrote in *Lutherans in North America,* "More than anyone

George Kegley, editor of the Journal, is a Lutheran and a distant kinsman of Morehead.

else, he (Morehead) personified the 'growing consciousness among Lutherans that they constituted a world-wide fellowship.' His deep commitment to world Lutheranism and the critical needs of Lutherans outside of North America..gave..a strong international emphasis."

In his humanitarian work, Morehead reported to the National Lutheran Council in 1921 that he had been personally ministering to the churches and the church people of France, Poland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Italy, the free city of Danzig, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Bulgaria, the Ukraine, Constantinople and through refugee pastors to Russia and the Republic of Georgia. Morehead developed a friendship with Herbert Hoover, then head of the American Relief forces as they both served mankind. Morehead arranged with Hoover for his Lutheran workers to go into Russia as an affiliated organization.

In a biography, *John A. Morehead,Who Created World Lutheranism,* Dr. Samuel Trexler wrote that food and clothing were distributed under Morehead's direction to "impoverished refugees, who existed like flotsam and jetsam all over Europe." But food was eaten and clothes wore out so he looked for a new means of replenishing the stores. Morehead established funds which were given to farmers who would buy seed for new crops and occasionally a cow and a horse.

Morehead estimated that many of the 5 million Lutherans in Russia at that time faced impending starvation. In Saratov, he found 2,500 refugees packed into unheated buildings where the temperature was 15 degrees below zero and people lived on bean and cabbage soup. Morehead's band of churchmen fed 15,000 children daily for two years. Under his direction, limited immediate relief and shipment of medical supplies was arranged through the National Lutheran Council.

But in July 1921, the strain of three years of "incessant labor for millions of his distressed fellow believers in Europe" led to Morehead's collapse and he was sent to a sanatorium in Germany where he recovered after two months of rest. "His warm, sympathetic heart had made him suffer with the sick, naked, starving and persecuted Christians," Trexler wrote. Morehead's work "resulted in bringing new hope to untold masses of people."

An interview with Morehead in the March 15, 1930 *Christian Herald* magazine, by Tom S. Petty, under the headline, "He is a Churchman of the World," told of the Lutheran's progression from "post-war worker with Herbert Hoover in famine-stricken Russia" to leadership of "what many believe to be the most significant movement in Protestantism today—world unity." Petty described his subject as "a tall man of 63, a big man with unruly gray hair as unparted as his ideal of a world congregation of Lutherans."

After 4 million American Lutherans raised $8 million "to aid the destitute in all of Europe this contact of brotherly love created the Lutheran World Convention." More than 2,000 representatives of 40 countries met at Eisenach, Germany in 1923 to form this convention and Morehead was named chairman of the six-member executive committee appointed to continue the work. From the establishment of the world convention in 1923 until his death, "the interests of ecumenical Lutheranism were his (Morehead's) chief concern," according to *The Lutheran* magazine of June 11, 1936. At the second meeting of the convention in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1929, Morehead was unanimously elected president, a post he held until 1935 when he was named honorary president.

A letter to his sister, Fannie Fisher in Wytheville, from Copenhagen in July 1929, said, "Perhaps the papers have told you something about the second Lutheran World Convention..it was a success and has laid a good foundation for future cooperation among the Lutheran forces of the world." That body continues today as the Lutheran World Federation.

In those days before overseas flight, Morehead made 38 crossings of the Atlantic by ship and then traveled all over Europe and into Russia by train. His wife, Nellie, seldom made the trips, remaining in New York City. In the Christian Herald interview, Pettey wrote that if he were to take an atlas or a globe, "touch it anywhere with a finger. You will find Dr. John A. Morehead working there."

In *The First Hundred Years of Roanoke College,* Dr. W. E. Eisenberg wrote that Morehead grew to manhood working on the family farm near Wytheville, attending a local school and worshiping at old St. John's Lutheran Church and preparing himself for college by much reading and home study.

Morehead told the Christian Herald writer about his early home life: "I remember most thankfully a center table in the family living room. It was one of those tables found in so many Southern homes in those days, and it always was filled with the best papers, magazines and books. It was at this table that I learned the habit of reading and thinking."

He came to Roanoke College in 1886, entering the sophomore class. He won first distinction each session and graduated with the second honors of the class of 1889. He taught mathematics and natural sciences at the college for year before traveling north to study theology at Mt.Airy Lutheran Seminary in Philadelphia. He also studied philosophy at the nearby University of Pennsylvania.

Ordained by the Lutheran Virginia Synod in 1892, Morehead served as pastor at Burkes Garden in Tazewell County for three years before accepting a call to a mission congregation, First English Lutheran in Richmond. During four years in Richmond, he helped establish the mission until he was called to become president and professor of systematic theology at Lutheran Southern Seminary at Columbia, S.C. His four years at the seminary included a year of theological study at the University of Leipzig, Germany.

Dr. John Alfred Morehead

During his time at Roanoke, the endowment fund was more than doubled, the faculty enlarged and Wells-Yonce dormitories, the Commons, a gymnasium and Roselawn, the president's home, were constructed. The pattern set by a previous president, Dr. Julius Dreher, in financing the school through the collection of private contributions to augment student fees and endowment receipts continued with conspicuous success, Eisenberg wrote. In 1935, Time magazine said Morehead was "...tall, handsome, white-haired. As president of Roanoke College, his persuasiveness in money-raising gave rise to a saying, 'No use going after money now. Morehead's just been through.'"

However, the Elson history controversy of 1911 brought headaches for Morehead, who was a strong advocate of intellectual freedom on college campuses. Judge W. W. Moffett of Salem, a Roanoke College trustee, condemned an Elson textbook because of its statements about slavery and other deep-seated Southern traditions. But Morehead held fast to academic freedom and won the day, supported by the faculty. In the face of local and regional press criticism, Morehead stood his ground, although the controversy reduced support for the college at the time. Eisenberg's history of the college commended "the courageous leadership" of Morehead.

While he was leading Roanoke College, Morehead served as president of the United Lutheran Synod of the South, 1910-14, and he was a member of the ways and means committee for a national merger of Lutheran churches in New York City in 1917-18.

He held honorary degrees from Roanoke and Gettysburg colleges, the University of Leipzig, Elizabeth University in Hungary and the University of the Sorbonne in Paris. He was awarded the German Red Cross and the Knighthood and Cross of the Order of Dannbrog by the king of Denmark and he was made a Knight of the Order of the White Rose in Finland.

He and his wife, the former Nellie Virginia Fisher of Wytheville, had a daughter, Margaret Morehead Goin, and a grandson, John Morehead Goin, both of Los Angeles, Calif.

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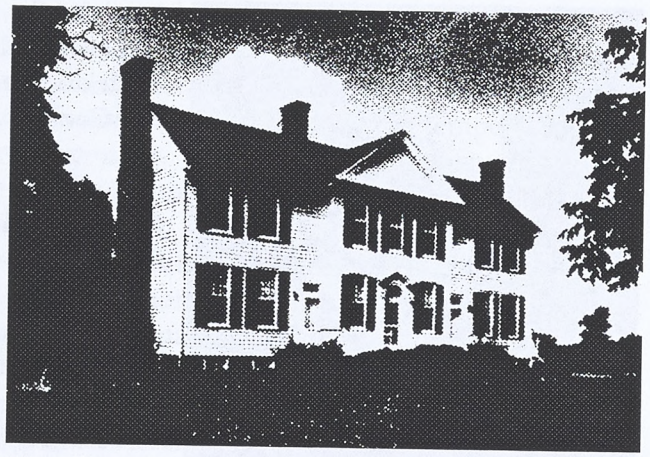
Mr. Jefferson's Neighbors

When I spoke to the History Museum and Historical Society of Western Virginia in Roanoke in December, 2004, I shared stories illustrating the social and business relationships between Thomas Jefferson and his Bedford neighbors.

One story describing a social occasion was published in a Lynchburg newspaper as having been taken from an old record written in 1878, long after the event had taken place. I have researched the possible author and I believe it was Margaret Anthony Cabell who heard the story from her sister, Mary. She related the events of a gathering at the home of William Radford who lived in Bedford County near Jefferson. It must have been in either 1821 or 1822 during one of Martha Jefferson Randolph's visits to Poplar Forest with her father and daughters. Margaret Anthony Cabell would have been about 7 and her sister Mary would have been about 12 or 13.



Woodbourne, near Forest in Bedford County, home of the Radford family for more than two centuries.

William Radford's home was on original Poplar Forest land that he had bought from Jefferson. He moved to the area about 1814 and his home was eventually called Woodbourne. He married Elizabeth Moseley, the daughter of another neighbor, Anne Moseley, and he was President of Farmers' Bank in Lynchburg for forty years.

Margaret Anthony Cabell recorded her memory of her sister's description of the party at Radford's in a diary which is now lost. However, a portion of it was printed in an early Lynchburg paper and gives us this story:

"One summer, in my childhood, when Mr. Jefferson had gone to 'The Forest' as was his wont to spend summer accompanied by his daughter and grandchildren, my parents and elder sister were invited, along with Judge Daniel ... his wife and daughters and some other Lynchburg guests to attend a grand dinner party given to Mr. Jefferson by Mr. William Radford, a high-toned old Virginia gentleman 'who kept a brave old mansion at a bountiful old rate.' Mrs. Daniel, being a lady of the old school, had instructed the young ladies to arise as soon as Mr. Jefferson entered the drawing-room and make a deep curtsy. A venerable man entered the room, and the young ladies arose and made a deep obeisance, not to Thomas Jefferson, but to Col. A., one of the neighboring gentlemen, and they were so embarrassed that when the author of the Declaration of Independence really entered they gave him no salutation at all. I dare say Mr. Jefferson was much better pleased as he was a very natural person and doubtless preferred a simple want of manner to the very artificial one then so laboriously taught in the dancing schools.

"My sister confessed that her awe of Mr. Jefferson was much lessened by seeing him eat, drink, laugh, and talk like ordinary mortals, partaking heartily of apple pie and sweet milk, a simple dessert set before him..."

The description of Jefferson behaving as an "ordinary mortal" truly describes his relationships with the people of Bedford. They were his friends and neighbors. Jefferson's granddaughter Ellen said that while the local gentlemen held Jefferson in high honor, they were also very much at ease with him.

The Radford home today is occupied by a direct descendant of William Radford, Mrs. David Barrett (Anne Radford Barrett), daughter of the late Duval Radford..

—***Gail Pond***, *Collections Manager, Thomas Jefferson's Poplar Forest*

Did the Buffalo Roam in Southwest Virginia?

by Gene Crotty

The "buffaloe" did roam over the Blue Ridge in Southwest Virginia. Proof is provided in the travel notes of early European explorers in the area who did record citing the native bison on numerous occasions. Therefore, these explorers and/or the Native Americans appropriately named several natural sites, such as rivers, streams, springs and gaps in the mountains with this likely title. An examination of maps of the southwest counties of Virginia will disclose more than one natural site by the name of "buffalo."

The first recorded existence of buffalo over the Blue Ridge was by John Fontaine, a member of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe excursion sponsored by Governor Alexander Spotswood in the fall of 1716. After passing through Swift Run Gap and into the Valley of Virginia, Fontaine recorded in his diary, "Bears, deer and turkey were abundant, and in the Valley the footprints of elk and buffalo were seen," according to Joseph Waddell's *Annals of Augusta County, 1726-1871,* pp.18-19. "Buffalo roamed at will over these hills and valleys and in their migrations made a well-defined trail between Rockfish Gap in the Blue Ridge and Buffalo Gap in North Mountain by the present site of Staunton," Waddell said.

The next recorded explorer to observe buffalo, closer to the Roanoke Valley, was Col. William Byrd, during his 1728 visit to the Teteras (Tetulos or Totera) Town on the Roanoke River. Col. Byrd reportedly killed a buffalo at a point southeast of the Blue Ridge Mountains, according to Lewis Preston Summers' *Annals of Southwest Virginia,* p.10. In 1728, Byrd was surveying Southside Piedmont section for the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina. He reported the abundance of wild life observed in carrying out his job. He recorded observing "..wild geese, ducks, turkeys and passenger pigeons, along with wolves, wildcats, cougars, buffaloes and elk,"as reported in *Franklin County Virginia 1786-1986, a Bicentennial History,* by John and Emily Salmon.

Early in the spring of 1736, an agent for Lord Fairfax visited the home of John Lewis, near Staunton in Augusta County. While hunting with Lewis's sons, Samuel and Andrew, the trio captured a fine buffalo calf which the agent escorted back to Williamsburg and presented to Governor ...Gooch, according to *History of the Early Settlement and Indian Wars of Western Virginia,* by Wills DeHass, p. 39.

In 1740, John Peter Salling took up a 400-acre homestead over the Blue Ridge at the Forks of the James (where the North or Maury River enters the James River). On March 16, Salling and three other explorers passed Natural Bridge on their journey to Woods (later New) River and shortly thereafter, Salling recorded in his diary: "We killed five buffaloes, and with their hides covered the frame of a Boat; which was so large to carry all our Company, and all our provisions and Utensils," according to *Roanoke County, WPA Writers Project,* pp. 35-36.

Dr Thomas Walker, on his 1749-1750 excursions to Southwest Virginia and onto "Kentucky Territory," said that he had stopped by William Calloway's store in New London, Bedford County, for supplies and afterward crossed over the Blue Ridge. On March 15, 1750, he recorded in his diary, "We went to the

Gene Crotty, a Botetourt County historian, has written three books about Thomas Jefferson and another on the Lewis & Clark connection with Fincastle.

(Editor's note: Some archaeologists dispute the existence of buffalo in this area because they say excavations have not produced evidence of buffalo bones).

great Lick on A Branch of the Staunton (Roanoke) River and bought Corn of Michael (Malcolm) Campbell (near Fort Lewis) for our horses. This lick had been one of the best places for Game in these parts and would have been of much greater advantage to the Inhabitants than it has been if the Hunters had not killed the Buffaloes for diversion, and Elks and Deer for their skins," Summers wrote in *Annals of Southwest Virginia*,pp. 9-10.

It is interesting to note that F. B. Kegley, in his *Virginia Frontier,* reported on p. 112 that William Callaway and two of his brothers came from Caroline County and settled in the New London area early in the 1740s on Buffalo Creek, a branch of Otter Creek.

Farther on west, Dr. Thomas Walker wrote in his diary on May 2, 1750, "We kept down the (Cumberland) River. At the Mouth of a Creek that comes on the East side, there is a Lick, and I believe there were a hundred buffaloes at it." Walker's last entry in his diary on July 13, 1750 read, "We killed in the journey 13 Buffaloes, 8 Elks, 53 Bears, 20 Deer, 4 wild Geese, about 150 Turkeys, besides small game. We could have killed three times as much meat, if we had wanted it." Summers, *Annals of Southwest Virginia*, p. 26.

In the fall of 1750, another Virginian, Christopher Gist, set out to explore the western waters of the Mississippi River for the Ohio Company. When he arrived on the Little "Miamee" River, he observed 40 to 50 buffalos feeding at once. The next day, Gist killed "a fine barren Cow-Buffaloe and took out her tongue and a little of her best meat." It is interesting to note that this buffalo hunter considered the tongue of the animal to be a delicacy. Summers, *Annals of Southwest Virginia*, p. 48.

STREAMS AND RIVERS NAMED FOR BUFFALO

- Rockbridge County—Buffalo Creek originates in the Short Hills and flows into the Maury River, which runs into the James River.
- Amherst County—Buffalo River originates north of the Town of Amherst and flows into the Tye River, then into the James River.
- Botetourt County—Buffalo Creek was the original name for Tinker Creek, a branch of the Roanoke River.. A small branch of Tinker Creek, originating at Troutville and entering Tinker Creek near Interstate 81, retains the buffalo name.
- Floyd County—One of its highest mountains is called Buffalo Mountain.

Buffalo Creek and Buffalo Bend Road are in western Rockbridge County.

Court Day in Salem

As every one knows Salem has always been a very quiet town. It much prefers the good old ways, and clings tenaciously to the traditions which look upon haste as undignified and unseemly. Even sound seems to travel more slowly in Salem than elsewhere. Only once in its rather long history did it so far forget itself as to grow hustling and busy, and allow itself to be invaded by modern noise and dash. That was during the late lamented boom. But bitterly has it rued its mistake, and so great has been the reaction that the Salem of to-day is as profoundly peaceful as in the calmest days or yore.

There are still twelve days in the year, however, when the town rouses itself and signs of life become visible. These are the monthly court-days. On these stated occasions the town is invaded by the country population, which begins to pour in at an early hour in the morning and lingers till late in the afternoon. Some come on foot, a considerable number come in buggies or jerseys, but the majority come on horseback. Many are the motives that bring the crowd together. Some come in to buy and to sell, the jockeys come in to "swap," the lawyers come to attend to their cases in court, and dozens come, not because they have any business whatever, but because everybody else is here.

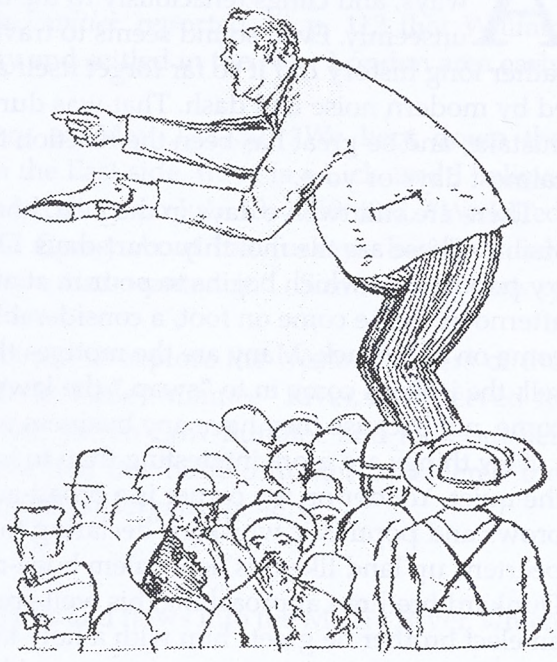
Few things are more interesting than to lose one's self in the crowd and do a little observation on the quiet. Yonder on the corner is a broad-acred farmer with keen gray eyes just visible between bushy brows and populistic whiskers, declaring to his admiring neighbors that he "ain't seen nuthin' that peertens up land like this here Salem bone-meal." Beyond this group we see one of the Old Order Dunkard brethren approaching, his well-sprigged boot-heels clattering on the brick side-walk. Meeting an elect brother he greets him with a holy kiss, to facilitate which operation, the upper lip is always kept shaven. Court day comes as a great blessing to the Salem merchants who never fail on that date to do a thriving business. The provident farmer and his still more provident spouse bring in their butter and eggs for exchange or sale, and with the proceeds lay in their month's supply of groceries, dry goods and notions. We follow them into a Main Street store. After recovering from the shock caused by the announcement of the price, and after a long and profoundly critical examination of the articles in question, they hesitatingly conclude that they will take a hat for Sammy and a pair of shoes for Mandy, whereupon Sammy and Mandy, who are on their first visit to town, chuckle with unrestrained delight. Out in front of the courthouse green is the fakir tickling the crowd and taking in hard-earned cash for bunion salve and for lightning rheumatism drops. Not far away on an inverted goods box stands Salem's silver-tongued auctioneer offering several of the greatest bar-

Roanoke College Student Isaac Cannaday produced these charming accounts of life in Salem at the end of the 19th Century. They were published in the college yearbook Roentgen Rays.

Both articles and illustrations courtesy of Salem Historical Society.

gains every heard of. Farm machinery long years out of date, ante-bellum furniture with bedsteads not wholly untenanted, broken buggies, books—anything you please is there, and going at a sacrifice. And the good people come to the rescue and buy. Who can explain the fascination of an auction sale? What philosopher can read the rustic heart and tell why its possessor will stand in the rain and bid two prices for an article that he will never need, simply because it is being sold at public auction?

The observer who has an eye for the ludicrous will not fail on court day to visit that part of Salem known as "Jockey Alley." It is here that business activity is always the greatest. Here are gathered in one promiscuous array horses of all breeds, ages, sizes, colors, and degrees of decrepitude. The one thing that is entirely wanting is a good young animal in average health and possessed of the customary and proper organs and accomplishments. Yonder is a veteran that doubtless heard the roar of the artillery at Chancellorsville; here is another with the affliction of Bartimeus; here is a third the geography of whose sides is a system of parallel hills and valleys; while still another lifts his legs as if they had a door-spring attachment. The riders are scarcely less striking than the steeds they are riding; gaunt youths with slouch hats and formidable spurs fastened to the heaviest of high-top boots; middle-aged men with ill-groomed beards thrown out of proportion by a great quid of tobacco; old men who can tell you the history of every horse in the Alley, and who were daring traders before their eyes grew dim. All are out today for business and that business is to "swap." Not a man in the Alley wants to buy and few of them would care particularly to sell. They are coming and going in a constant stream, always at full tile, the apparent spirit of the jades being secured by tight reining and a vigorous application of the spur. "Hello, Bill; how are yer?" we hear one say. "Hello, Gus; how'll yer swap?" They are out of their saddles in a flash. The work of examination begins at the mouth, which to the skilled jockey is an open book indicating the horse's age. His sight is tested by the simple expedient of holding one eye shut and making feigned blows at the other. Next comes the trial of the animal's wind. He is ridden at the top of his speed for two squares and comes back puffing like a bellows. "Will he work?" asks Bill. "Anywhar yer choose to hitch him" says Gus, "and blamed if I don't believe he an out-pull a yoke of oxens." The strength and endurance of the horse is in most cases supplemented by some choice profanity on the part of his owner, which for want of space we will here omit. The trade is finally consummated, either on even terms or by the giving of so much "boot." The latter seldom takes the form of cash, but is generally a well-worn watch, a saddle, or where the values are very close, a horn-handled pocket knife.



Sketch of an auctioneer at Salem's Court Days was printed in the Roanoke College Roentgen Rays in 1898.

While the scenes on the Alley are in the highest degree amusing, the strongest feeling that one carries away is that of pity for the poor old beasts so poorly fed and cruelly handled. Salem has no S.P.C.A., although, if I mistake not, a kind-hearted Boston gentleman organized a mercy band in the College a few years ago. This band, I am told, was in a flourishing condition until a number of calves broke into the campus, whereupon the band suddenly went into pieces. It is to be hoped that some society with good staying qualities will undertake to reform the abuses on Jockey Alley.

Circus Day in Salem

Salem has two periodic events of great importance—court day and circus day. The former comes once a month, the latter once about every two itself years. Court day brings with it a multitude of country people, a host of lawyers, and witnesses and a whole quota of jockeys and jockey nags. Circus day brings with it a multitude of country people, not the lawyers, but the witnesses and all classes and conditions of people. Attendance upon the one is optional, upon the other is compulsory. To miss court day is vile; to miss circus day is unpardonable. When a farmer comes to court he brings his horses with him; when he comes to a circus, he brings his family along. If you ask a Roanoke county farmer why he goes to court, he will answer that he wants to swap horses; if you ask him why he goes to the circus, he will reply that the children want to see the elephant. On court day Huff roasts a bushel of peanuts, on circus day he roasts a barrel; on court day Huff sells in front of the courthouse, on circus day he sells at the tent.

However court day may equal circus day in some things, in most things it is not comparable and certainly is not from a ludicrous standpoint. Court day makes you laugh; circus day will make you holler. If court day can be described in the Collegian, circus day ought to be portrayed in Puck. For every horse on court day there is a family on circus day, and for every jockey on the former there is a courting couple on the latter.

An early circus parade in Salem was led by two camels and an elephant, advertising John M. Oakey Funeral Home and local stores.

Circus day is original; it is novel. Search the world over and you'll not find its equal. It is a mixture of characters, races and conditions. It is a disproportionate mass of humanity. It is a combination of an experienced company of itinerants with an uncultured body of gazing rustics. It's hard to tell whether the circus is inside the tent or outside. Who is the more ludicrous, the colored clown, or the country clodhopper? Who is more interesting, the snake charmer at the tent door, or the youth charmer on the street corner?

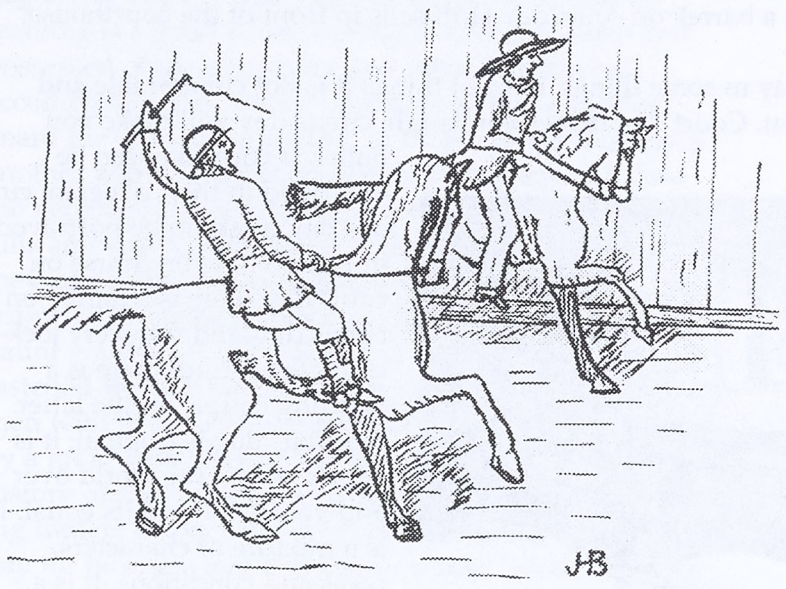
The morning of circus day is the most interesting. At an early hour the country populace swarms in. Country people like to rise early, and by the time town folks, as a rule, have breakfasted the streets are crowded with the rural population. Everybody wants to see the parade. An anxious look of expectation is depicted on every countenance. The all-prevailing and never satisfactorily answered question is, "What time will the parade come along?" Some think it will pass at ten o'clock, others say eleven. Anyhow it will be from one to two hours late. Whoever heard of a parade being on time? It is not only like McCauley, *sometimes* late, but more like a wedding party, always late. The crowd becomes impatient. "I wish that goldarned thing would come on," mutters a middle-aged farmer, who has already begun to censure himself for giving way to his children and coming to town, leaving his new-mown

hay in the meadow.

After considerable waiting and considerably more indications of impatience and disgust at the delay, the parade is seen slowly turning the corner of Main street and ——— avenue. On the impulse of the moment the crowd of small boys, both white and black, makes a bold dash for the approaching elephant. The older persons, with more judgment than impulse, resolve to hold their ground and see the parade just where they are.

Aside from looking at the clowns and other animals there is real enjoyment and an unlimited amount of fun in watching the people. Never was a better opportunity afforded for character study. The student of sociology or politics always takes advantage ot a circus day to do a little observing.

Across there on the sidewalk may be seen a countryman and his wife firmly stationed against the brick wall, while clinging close to them are their five children, two holding to their father's coat, three to their mother's dress; while all, perfectly oblivious of their immediate surroundings, are lost in wonderment at the splendor of the spectacle. One of the children, in a vain effort to get a better glimpse of the awe-inspiring sight, ventures to leave his mother's side for a peep. "Come back here, Bill," is the quick command of his father. "Ain't you got no better sense than to stand out thar in all them people? Some body'll tread on you. Come here." Bill quickly retreats behind his mother, knowing by experience that it pays to be on the safe side of his dad's wrath.



A rider did not spare the whip in a sketch of Jockey Alley in Salem, as shown in the 1898 edition of *Roentgen Days*, the Roanoke College yearbook.

Over yonder stands a rural couple, who, according to the country fashion, have locked hands in the fear that during the rush they might be separated (an event, which, no doubt, they have already, by mutual agreement, decided to prevent) and are clinging on to each other for dear life. The young fellow, always wanting to do the proper thing, has fortified himself with a bag of peanuts, from which he and his girl are leisurely eating,

The first part of the parade by this time has reached the main body of the crowd, and the huge elephant, an indispensable adjunct to a show, is already striking dismay into the hearts of the timid as he slowly moves his monstrous form along, striking dangerously to the right and left with his agile trunk.

The parade over, the crowd (or at least a large part of it) betake themselves to the tent to explore the mysteries therein. And truly enough there is something mysterious about a circus tent. A small boy on the outside, with not enough change in his pocket to admit him, will, under the pressure of his insatiable curiosity, give the well-earned wages of a month's labor only to get inside. An interesting thing at the tent is the talking machine usually stationed just outside on a platform for that purpose. He knows he's got only one tale to tell and he tells it without any regard, of course, to its veracity.

So much for circus day in Salem. A lack of space forbids a further description and we fear that we have already tired our reader with our verbosity. By the time the next volume of "Roentgen Rays" is run off the press, no doubt the scenes of another circus day in Salem will have been reproduced.

Proclamation!

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! This Christmas Day, 1955

AN ORDINANCE hereby uniting the town of SALEM and the city of Roanoke and the town of VINTON, thereby creating the great city of

"SALROVIN"

WHEREAS, No vacant lands exist between the same,
BE IT ORDAINED:

WHEREAS, Since the Bryan family came to Salem in 1750 from Salem, N.J., they gave the town its name, and whereas, the town was incorporated on January 1, 1802, the Town Officials hereby and hereon agree to this happy consolidation.
By: **JAMES I. MOYER,** Mayor
Attest: W. FRANK CHAPMAN, Town Manager

AND WHEREAS, Since Roanoke City, named for Indian money, and chartered January 1, 1882, is suffering with growing pains, the officials of said City hereby and hereon agree to this most advantageous combine.
By: **ROBERT W. WOODY,** Mayor
Attest: **ARTHUR S. OWENS,** City Manager

AND WHEREAS, Mr. **VIN**yard and Mr. Pres**TON** met, shook hands and named **VINTON,** chartering same on March 17, 1884, the Officials of said town hereby agree.
By: **NELSON R. THURMAN,** Mayor
Attest: **GUY L. GEARHART,** Town Manager

Approved:
H. W. STARKEY, Chairman
W. E. CUNDIFF, Vice Chairman
Roanoke County Board of Supervisors

Approved:
PAUL B. MATTHEWS, Sec'y
Roanoke County Planning Commission

Approved:
H. CLETUS BROYLES
City Engineer, Roanoke

J. R. HILDEBRAND
Agent for Roanoke City Planning Commission

Warning: The above is no reflection on anyone, living or dead, and the public is hereby notified that this is only a Christmas pipe dream.

Notes

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