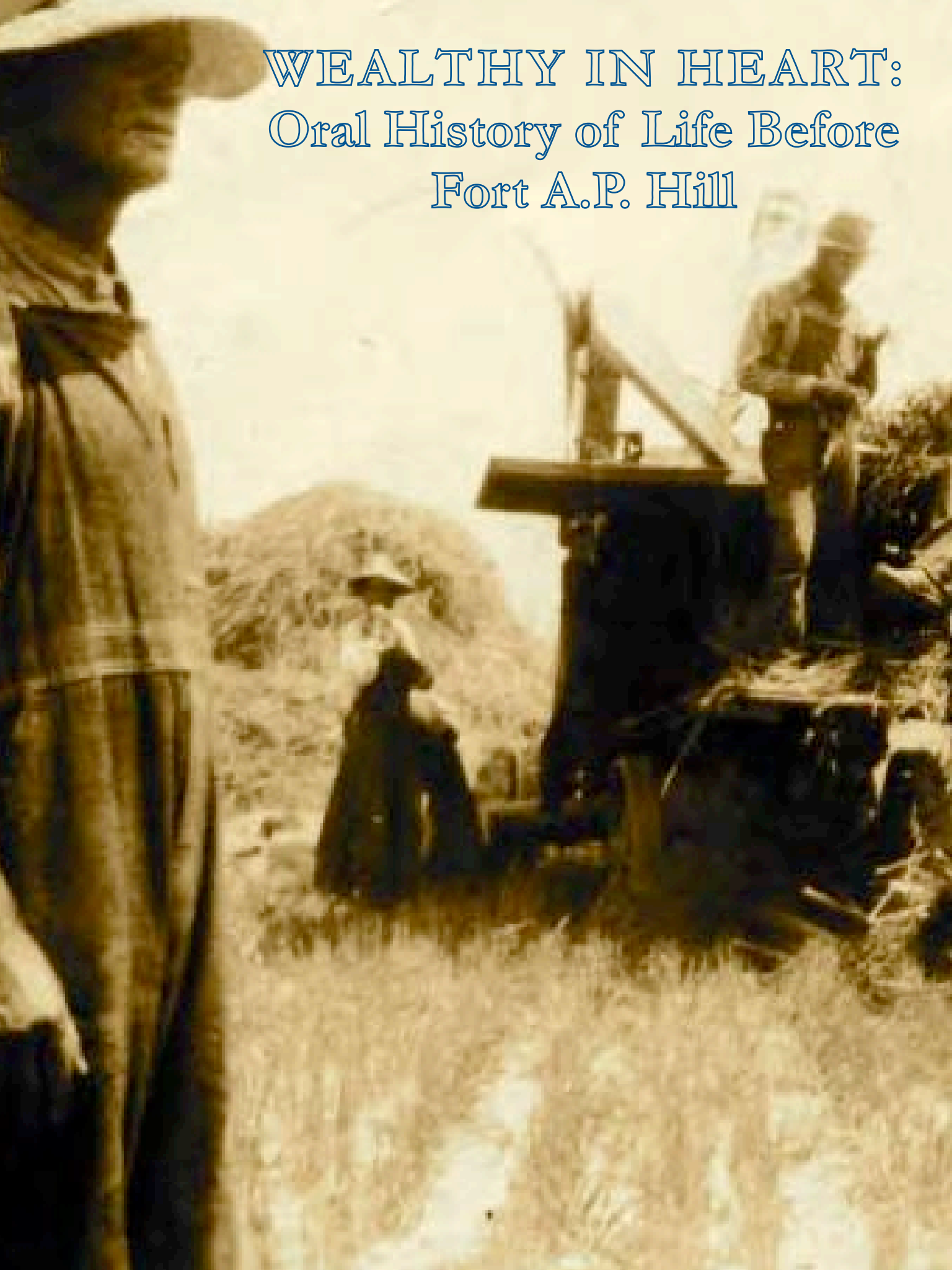
WEALTHY IN HEART:
Oral History of Life Before Fort A.P. Hill



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"WEALTHY IN HEART"

Oral History of Life Before Fort A. P. Hill

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The United States Army, Fort A.P. Hill, Virginia, has developed Alternate Mitigation plans for cultural resources identified at Fort A.P. Hill during investigations conducted in association with proposed Base Realignment and Closure (BRAC) activities at Fort Lee, Virginia.

Cover Page
Richard C. Carter making hay, 1939
Photo courtesy of Steve Nazigian.

DEDICATION

Many people see history in a large big-picture sense: It's only significant if the world or the country has undergone change. To an anthropologist–one who studies people and their culture–significance lies not necessarily in the big-picture, but in understanding the everyday lives of people. This oral history is especially significant because it focuses on a lost world. The way of life in Caroline County in 1930 is truly known to only a few, and we are all fortunate to be enriched by their contribution. This book is dedicated to all the people who gave their time to open their hearts and share their memories and thoughts so this history could be told. Their thoughts and their memories will live on as historical record in…

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PREFACE AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In 1941, when the United States government set out to acquire 76,000 acres of land in rural Caroline County and a small portion of Essex County, hundreds of farming families who had lived there for generations were caught up in the whirlwind of history and gracefully acquiesced their lands for the needs of their country. This sacrifice was not accomplished without dissention or heartbreak.

The acquisition consisted of 1,116 individual tracts of land; displacing families, farms, schools, churches, and communities that had existed in the sleepy countryside for generations. From the government's perspective, it was a necessity for the war effort. For those whose land was taken, there was no alternative but to go. For some, it was a blessing in disguise that moved them on to better conditions and opportunities. For others, no worse catastrophe could have befallen them as they lost their lands, legacies and lifestyles, never to be regained. But for all, their stories remained untold. There was never a forum in which people could tell their stories: their experiences with acquisition, remembrances of their ancestors, family anecdotes, the good times and the bad.

All that changed in 2006. Fort A. P. Hill's commander, Lt. Col. Michael S. Graese, was invited to, and attended, the annual Mica School Reunion on base. The reunion is held every year by past attendees and graduates of Mica School, one of many schools taken by the government, but one of the few left standing. People gather primarily to visit with each other, catch up on the past years events, and reminisce about days gone by. Commander Graese was charmed and fascinated by the people and their stories, and he recognized the value of preserving their memories. By April of 2007, the Oral History Project was officially launched. The oral history project set out to identify individuals who lived on the land before acquisition and to capture their history in their own words.

A diverse team of seven experienced professionals was assembled for the task of interviewing. The interview team consisted of: Dr. Allan Morton, Marie Blake Morton, Jerrell Blake, Jr., Royce McNeal, Carolyn Hemphill, Beryl Carter and Marion Simmons. The team developed a list of topics to discuss with participants that included a variety of rural topics with an emphasis on farming, communities and families. The project began with a small list of potential interview participants with which to start the process. From the first few interviews, and through attendance at numerous reunions and public outreach events, word of the project spread, and the number of potential participants grew.

Team members met with participants, usually in their homes, and recorded interviews in state-of-the-art digital format. Historic photographs relating to Fort A. P. Hill lands and the people who lived there were also copied digitally. In total, 82 hours of interviews were captured with 58 participants, and over 300 photographs were collected. All of the interviews have been transcribed verbatim. In gathering this data, a unique archive of primary historical material has been captured on the very cusp of its loss. It represents history recounted as a first person narrative.

The editors wish to thank the following individuals for their help in the completion of this document: Base Commander Lt. Col. Michael S. Graese; Ms. Terry Banks, Chief of DPW Environmental & Natural Resources Division, Fort A.P. Hill; Mr. John Mullin,

Cultural Resource Manager, Fort A.P. Hill; and Mrs. Kristine Brown, Senior Environmental Scientist, Fort A.P. Hill.

In addition to the intrepid interviewers, two individuals made important contributions to this project. First, Dr. Alphine Jefferson (Randolph-Macon College) is a widely acknowledged expert in oral history. He graciously hosted the project's oral history training seminar, tailored to our project goals. His experience and knowledge helped the entire team gain a new level professional quality in their interviewing efforts. Second, Bridget McGregor served as the tireless project transcriber who listened to every moment of every interview and wrote down every word uttered verbatim. She transformed hours of fascinating audio into pages and pages of priceless (and user-friendly) text.

This project was an enormous collaborative effort that included contributions both great and small, but all of them important. Thanks are due to the following individuals who helped along the way (in alphabetical order): Jane Allen, Nancy Atkins, Arlene Bates, Mary Winston Gravatt Bowie, Angela M. Brandon, Linda Butt, Barbara Byrd, Helen Covington, Judy Crump, Carolyn Davis, Mary Farmer, Tulani Garnett, Mary Tod Haley Gray, Virginia Hearn-Whiting, Annie Mae Bullock Jones, Harry Kay, Margie Kerns, Mary Larsen, Lori Lewis, Stewart Martin, Kim McManus, Katherine Coleman McVay, Steve Nazigian, Jewell Pitts, Paul Pitts, Marguerite Porter, Peggy Price, Gladys Roberts, Cheryl Seay, Becky Shelton, Ruby Whittaker Shelton, Louise Stephens, Lori J. Thomas, Linda Davis Upshaw, Charles and Margaret Watt, Linda Wax, and Ginger Young (Randolph Macon College)

And finally, most importantly, a sincerely profound thank you to all the participants for this oral history who have helped us appreciate the importance of being "Wealthy in Heart."

EDITORIAL NOTES

For the transcribed interviews, colloquialisms, local vernacular, and original meaning have been left intact. Misused words, verb tenses, and grammatical structures were not changed. Obvious typographical errors have been corrected silently.

In an effort to preserve the rhythmic nuances of colloquial speech, a combination of precise punctuation was employed. Hesitations, thoughtful breaks, or emotional pauses were depicted using ellipsis dots as per standard usage. Paired commas and Em-dashes were used to set off parenthetical phrases, interruptions, and renamed subjects.

To avoid ambiguities, the serial comma was utilized consistently throughout the text. The use of commas to set off introductory phrases and clauses was predominantly used to improve clarity. Brackets have been used to insert missing letters, words, or crucial information.

Grammar and punctuation in the text written by contributors was edited using standard usage outlined in *The Oxford Dictionary of American Usage and Style* by Bryan A. Gardener (2000) and *The Bedford Handbook for Writers* by Diana Hacker (1991). Word selection for those sections was edited for precise meaning and usage in accordance with *The Oxford English Dictionary* and *Webster's Encyclopedic Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language*.

CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

The first Englishman to see the land that would be Caroline County was Captain John Smith during his explorations of the Tidewater between 1607 and 1609. According to Smith's 1624 account of Virginia, forty-three tribes inhabited the area. Thirty of these tribes were united within the Powhatan Confederacy. Their territory ranged from south of the Potomac River to the Falls, including areas along the Rappahannock River (Roundtree 1989: 17). For nearly 40 years, the Pamunky tribe, the most powerful of the Powhatan Confederacy in the vicinity, blocked attempts to settle along the Rappahannock and interior land that would one day be Caroline County.

As settlement radiated beyond Jamestown, plantations were built along the James and Potomac Rivers. Initially, a treaty in 1646 with Necotowance prohibited settlement from the Wicomico River to the Rappahannock; however, the Act of September 1, 1649 by the Virginia General Assembly resulted in opening the territory to settlers. The first recorded land transfer in the area was conducted between Accopatough, the Rappahannock Chief, and Moore Fauntleroy in 1651. Fauntleroy purchased lands situated in two necks on the north side of Rappahannock Creek to the bounds of the Potomac River. Soon afterward in 1652, land was acquired by Colonel John Catlett I and his half brother Ralph Rowzee in the area that is now Port Royal (Fall 1982:4). Over the next several decades, area residents participated in building the agrarian economy that would power Virginia and the South through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Caroline County was formed from portions of Essex, King and Queen, and King William counties in 1727. Encompassing 529 square miles, the county was named for Queen Caroline, King George the second's wife (Gray 1985:12) Similar to other tidewater counties of Colonial Virginia, the raising, harvesting, processing, and shipping of tobacco dominated commerce. Warehouses and docks at what would become Port Royal facilitated the brisk tobacco trade, making the small port town a focal point of commerce throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Corn, peas, wheat, and other grains were exported in much smaller quantities from the county's rich soil. Imports from England such as finished textiles, ceramics, glassware, and exotic cargo like thoroughbred horses were off-loaded at the docks located at the present-day town of Port Royal (Fall 1982:195-217).

The residents of Caroline County have a legacy of commitment to and support of our country. On May 15, 1776, almost two months before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Virginia's Committee and Convention adopted a resolution written by Caroline resident Edmond Pendleton. His statement, "Resolved unanimously that delegates appointed to represent this Colony in General Congress be instructed to propose to that respectable body to declare that the United Colonies free and independent states." Caroline residents proved their resolve by supplying more than 100 officers to the militia and regular army during the Revolutionary War. Many Caroline County men were wounded or killed (Gray 1985:12).

In the early nineteenth century, while the young nation struggled to preserve its fragile existence, Caroline residents were called upon once again to defend their homeland. During the War of 1812, Caroline's citizens faithfully served—most notably—Colonel

George Armistead, who commanded Fort McHenry, Baltimore when the city was attacked by the British in 1814 (Gray 1985:17).

Caroline County slowly grew during the first half of the nineteenth century. After decades of transporting goods to and from Richmond and Fredericksburg over muddy, rough roads, county residents welcomed the construction of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad (R. F. & P.). The line from Richmond to Milford was completed September 15, 1836, and the Richmond to Fredericksburg section was finished in January of 1837. Caroline farmers could then load their farm products at Milford and Guinea stations, or the new "railroad towns" that sprung up along the line (Gray 1985:19).

Caroline County's residents and land were severely impacted by the Civil War. Similar to other Virginia counties, Caroline provided hundreds of men for the Confederate army, many of whom were killed or wounded. Those left behind donated what they could: sent food, clothing, and other "necessities" through the lines, and when called upon, offered their farms as temporary camps or hospitals, and tended the wounded.

The landscape of Caroline County was impacted in many places during the Civil War. The southern portion of the "Rappahannock Line," a series of defensive trenches that spanned 25 miles from Banks Ford to just below Port Royal, was located in Caroline County (Wright 1981). Numerous defensive trenches, lunettes, rifle pits, and picket posts were constructed in the vicinity of Port Royal in preparation for a possible Federal attack. Many of these features are still present on the landscape of Caroline County and in areas that would become Fort A. P. Hill (Blake and Morton 2007). Port Royal was thought by many, especially General Robert E. Lee, to be a possible point for General Burnside's 1862 assault across the Rappahannock. Extensive defensive earthworks and strategic troop positioning, however, forced Burnside to make the assault at Fredericksburg (O'Reilly 2006; Wright 1981).

Following the Battle of Fredericksburg, the Second Corps of Lee's army went into winter quarters at Moss Neck, in the vicinity of Round Oak Church and Rappahannock Academy (Foote 1986; Hotchkiss 1863; O'Reilly 2006). Although the anticipated attack in the vicinity of Port Royal did not occur, the small port town did not escape the war unscathed. The town was repeatedly shelled by gun boats. It was evacuated later and used as Federal headquarters, temporary hospital, and a transport hub for wounded to be shipped back to Washington D.C. (Fall 1982:301-352).

The last act of one of the most infamous events in American history took place in Caroline County. After assassinating President Abraham Lincoln on April 14, 1865, John Wilkes Booth immediately began his attempted escape. After crossing the Rappahannock from Port Conway to Port Royal, the horse boat carrying Booth and his accomplice Duvall E. Herold landed in front of the home of John B. Lightfoot. Due to a particularly strong current that day, the boat landed downstream of the docks at Port Royal usually used. After declining the invitation to stay offered by Mr. Lightfoot's daughters, Booth and Harold moved on to Port Royal. The two briefly stopped at the Peyton house on King Street but were told that since Mr. Peyton was away, it would be best if they tried to secure lodging up the road at the Garrett farm. Although initially allowed to stay at the house, Mr. Garrett, who suspected something was amiss, told Booth and Herold they must stay in the barn. When the Federal cavalry arrived in the early morning hours of April 26, 1865 and learned from Garrett's son where Booth was, they surrounded the barn and set fire to it because Booth refused to come out. Then one of the troopers shot Booth in the neck. He died five hours later on the Garrett's front porch.

Although the war was over, its affect was long-lasting. The camps, troop movements, and action associated with the Fredericksburg campaign and, later, the Battle of North Anna, left the Caroline County landscape deforested and the crops ruined. Destroyed homes, lack of timber, depleted food resources, and the scarcity of currency made the postwar years in Caroline difficult. However, relying on barter, frugality, I.O.U.s, and hard work, Caroline County residents slowly began rebuilding. By the 1890s, new churches, schools, warehouses, stores, and improvements to the Milford train station marked the progress made by county residents in just three decades. By April of 1900, Bowling Green, the county seat since 1803, regularly overflowed on court days with drummers, farmers selling produce, horse-traders, and people buying and selling land. Unfortunately, on April 10, 1900, a large fire destroyed Bowling Green's business district. By the time it was contained, the blaze had destroyed 30-35 buildings including houses, stores, law offices, livery stables, warehouses, wagon and carriage shops, and the jail (Gray 1985:40).

Immediately following the fire, residents began rebuilding. The organization of the Union Bank and Trust Company, an expansion of the school system, which included Mica High School (November 1, 1918), the establishment of the Bowling Green Power and Light Company, and the construction of the first telephone lines were accomplished in the first two decades of the twentieth century. Amid this brisk growth, Caroline residents were called to serve their country in World War I. As the men of Caroline County left for war, residents on the home front volunteered for canteen service for troop trains, worked with the Red Cross, bought Liberty Bonds, and rationed food and fuel (Gray 1985:40).

The 1920s and 1930s saw an increase in automobiles, auto shops, and new road projects. The number of sawmills grew, and the narrow focus of tobacco agriculture was broadened to include sweet potatoes and cucumbers. Like elsewhere in the country during the Great Depression, the Federal Emergency Relief Administration provided jobs and completed work on Caroline County public school buildings, the fire house, sidewalks in Bowling Green and Milford, waterworks and sidewalks in Port Royal, and work on the courthouse lots (Gray 1985:79).

In early February of 1941, local rumors began about the War Department seeking a large tract of land for a training facility for the First Army. After several committee meetings and conferences in Richmond and Washington D.C., the decision was announced on April 5, 1941 that a 76,000-acre army training camp would be established in northeastern Caroline County.

The camp would be named for Ambrose Powell Hill, a native Virginian who rose from Colonel to Major General in three months. General A.P. Hill distinguished himself throughout the Civil War and took command of one of Lee's three Corps in 1863. General Hill was mortally wounded as he rode to the front to rally his troops during the Siege of Petersburg. All of the camps and many of the roads within what would become Fort A. P. Hill were named for Confederate generals who served under General Robert E. Lee, most of whom spent the winter of 1862-1863 encamped in northern Caroline County.

As a result of the land acquisition necessary for Camp A. P. Hill, nearly one-third of the county's families, farms, schools, churches, cemeteries, potato storage houses, grist mills, and stores were appropriated by the army. Most residents accepted the unavoidable change grudgingly, silently; others voiced their displeasure, but in the end, the majority complied for the common good. As they waited for government payment for their homesteads, Caroline residents scattered to adjacent Caroline communities and counties, moving their belongings in wagons, trucks, and cars. Some moved to temporary housing built by the Farm Security Administration, and those who were moving within one day's drive of A. P. Hill were

eligible to be moved by Civilian Conservation Corps trucks made available by the government (Gray 1985:101-103). The first field training exercises were held on the first weekend in June 1941, and military convoys became commonplace in the county. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, the primary goal of Caroline residents was total civilian support for the war effort. Many Caroline families who had been recently re-located to make way for Camp A.P. Hill sent men to fight in the war.

The county grew and prospered after World War II. Despite a second fire on April 10, 1955 that destroyed the Bowling Green downtown business district, numerous improvements were achieved, including major highway construction (Route 301 and I-95), expanded city water systems, improved farming methods, establishment of industry, integration and renovation of schools, and construction of Community Centers. Lumber production remained an important facet of the economy, and an increase in dairy farming took place. Agriculture remains a staple for Caroline County residents, who continue to produce soy beans, corn, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, watermelons, and other truck crops that are transported to Baltimore, Fredericksburg, Richmond, Washington, and as far away as Philadelphia and New York on the I-95/I-64 "urban corridor."

Caroline County is well known as an area of excellent family recreation, hunting, and fishing. The county boasts Pitt's Pond, Lake Holly, and Timberlake, which provide hiking, picnicking, swimming, boating, and water skiing venues for area residents and visitors from around the country. Harvest festivals and fishing tournaments are enjoyed annually across the county. Several family-run farms preserve the historic agricultural heritage of Caroline county by offering fresh fruit, berries, melons, pumpkins, Christmas trees, and hay rides to urban families from Fredericksburg, Richmond, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C.

Although established in the heat of a war-time atmosphere and with much sacrifice, Fort A. P. Hill has become an integral part of the Caroline County community. Fort A. P. Hill provides quality jobs for residents and participates in, and contributes to, various public functions such as the Earth Day, the Mica High School reunion, and the Fort A. P. Hill Oral History project. The national Boy Scout Jamboree has been held at Fort A. P. Hill several times, and Caroline County is touted as the "Home of the Boy Scouts of America." Fort A. P. Hill's ongoing stewardship of county environmental and historic resources has been exemplary. The Army's past and recent efforts at identifying cultural resources on base have led to a wealth of data on historic farmsteads and the preservation of important Civil War Resources. Most importantly, Fort A. P Hill continues its crucial mission as a training base, dedicated to preparing American troops for their important roles wherever and whenever they are called upon. This partnership between Fort A. P. Hill and Caroline County residents has and will continue the county's legacy of commitment to community and the preservation of the country they have defended throughout history.

CHAPTER 2

LIFE ON THE FARM

Life on the farm consisted of myriad tasks that were interwoven. Wheat and corn were staple crops. A farm might produce cash crops as a source of income such as tobacco, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, assorted vegetables, or sorghum. At a minimum, most were at least subsistence farms on which families grew the produce and raised the animals they needed to survive. Very few families ate purchased foods, although trade of surplus farm products supplied necessities or luxuries not produced at home. Cows were raised primarily for their milk and associated dairy products. Only occasionally they were slaughtered for their meat. Pigs and chickens supplied a bulk of the meat in the average diet. Pigs were slaughtered in the fall and processed into a number of stable meat items such as smoked or salted hams, bacon, sausages, souse or headcheese, chitterlings, and pigs feet. Chickens provided meat (most notably Sunday dinner), eggs, and oftentimes were used in trade or to provide extra income. Horses primarily provided the muscle on a farm, and only the rare farmer in Caroline County owned a tractor. Those that did own equipment like harvesters made the rounds from farm to farm, providing their services in exchange for goods or a portion of the crop. Work in the fields, in the farmyard, in the garden, and in the house amounted to carefully balanced**,** intertwined labor designed to meet the needs of the family.

Photo courtesy of Steve Nazigian.

FARM WORK

The farming life was a collective industry. Success relied on the contributions of every member of the family, and for the cooperation of families within a community. Everyone participated in subsistence farming. Those who had enough land and labor produced a surplus. Cash crops in Caroline County usually consisted of tobacco, cucumbers, and sweet potatoes. Memories of life on the farm balanced between the hard work required of all and simple pleasures to be had at the end of a long day.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

Yes, indeed, in the old days [we] farmed. Before tractors, he used to have mules and things like that, you know, that pull the plows. And you had to plow, then you had to harrow, smooth it out, then plant your crops. They went like that for years until we got all the new machinery that came out. We had machinery before we moved, my goodness yes. We had tractors and all the things that . . . later things that came out. The crops, yeah, my father raised wheat and corn, and we always had a big garden with all the usual things that people plant in their garden for our own use.

Hired Fruit-pickers at end of day. R.C. Carter farm, "The Glen", Brandywine VA. abt 1925
Photo courtesy of Steve Nazigian.

BARBARA BAYLOR THOMAS

We used to pick beans, you remember, and had hog killing—and we would have to go pick fruit—we picked blueberries and cherries. But they canned. Mama and Aunt Hattie and all of them canned; they used the products.

Everything basically came from the farm, and I guess I remember because I would come down . . . my father always came at harvest time. And, of course, like anybody knows

that during the '30s were pretty hard times, and so he would come down to help harvest, and the family would load us up with food to take back to Washington [D.C.].

I think different products were grown by different brothers, and I imagine they all pitched in and shared because my grandfather mostly had melons and corn. Wilsie had onions and tomatoes and greens. So it was just different products that were scattered around with each family.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

We would go pick watermelons and cantaloupes and pick fruit from the . . . we had a big fruit orchard. Dad wouldn't let us do anything [else].

But anyhow, we would hike through the woods quite a bit, hike and gather leaves in the autumn; we did that. And, of course, we'd go down to the watermelon patch whenever we wanted or the cantaloupe patch. We sometimes just wanted a watermelon, we'd go down there and pull one off the vine. Things like that we did quite frequently.

My father's main crop was tobacco. He used to say that was his money crop. He raised quite a lot of everything on the farm. He would raise and sell corn and wheat. He would ship that on the steamboat at Port Royal, from Port Royal to Baltimore. He kept most of the hay and the corn for the . . . we had lots of stock, and he kept most of that to feed the stock. But he had a big tomato crop; he would sell those and tobacco. We used the wheat—ground the wheat—yes, I don't think he sold much of the wheat. But he did some things for the county, too. He had the mail route and he had different things. He was supervisor, and he had different things he did for the county, Caroline County. Sweet potatoes was a big crop, yes, yes. And he raised cucumbers, that was another crop that he . . . sweet potatoes and cucumbers and tobacco that I know.

And we had—the cow pastures—they always had the streams, the water in the streams, but I remember that the horses were always brought to the house . . . to the well to drink water from a big trough, and they had one at the barn to fill, a watering trough. And they also had sheep. My granddad raised sheep, and they had a big—every so often—they would kill a sheep, like, for Sunday dinner instead of a chicken. But I never could eat lamb.

The summer kitchen was separate from the main house, yeah. The summer kitchen we called it, and the cook's quarters were overhead, at the two story. And we had a deep 80-foot well in the yard. And then we had smokehouses around and we had barns and stables. Stables were at the—the barn was at the entrance—we would call it the barn gate, the barns and where the mules stayed and the cows and the big barn. And then closer to the house, in front of the orchard, we would have the stables for the horses and my granddad's carriages and buggies such as that. And behind that was the big orchard, and the tennis court was between the orchard and the stable, a long narrow bit of land.

But the stables were close to the house, and they were surrounded by fruit trees. The stables . . . I remember my granddad's big old carriage with great big lights on it, and I don't know what happened to that. We had to have a sale at Ridgeway before, estate sale with the family, just for the family, before we left there.

Harry Brown, he was a neighbor right across the creek from us, and Harry worked on the—he didn't live on the farm—but he worked on the farm but would go home. But he was the one that would make a fire every morning. He would get there, make fire in my grandmother's room and make . . . wood stoves, and then I guess when Royston and Robert got big enough, they did it. I guess we all did, but I remember him making my—when I was little and Grandmother would always sleep with a nightcap on, and Harry would always knock on the door, come in and make the fire. And he . . . well, they connected, the stream, just a little creek separated the places. And then another couple, black couple lived down

there killed the hogs, slaughtered the hogs and did the hogs, trimmed the hog meat for us, and they would come. One . . . colored, black couple. Yeah, they cut the meat. And they would—we had a smokehouse, and they would hang—they skinned the hogs some way, I guess in boiling water because there were great big long black tub that they—and the hog would be bare—and they'd hang it up in the smokehouse. And then they would cut it in different sections.

We would gather chips when the sawmill was in there, leave a lot of chips the woodpile, we'd gather up the chips. I remember doing that as a little tot. It's like a kindling to start a fire, just wood chips. I know Dad had a big basket, that we'd put the wood chips in from the woodpile. I know my sister Marguerite helped my mother cook on the wood stove. She stayed at home. Yes, I remember baking biscuits and making cocoa and all that when I was little. And another thing we would do is we had sorghum molasses, and they would make that on the farm, raise it and make molasses they called it. And we would cook that down to taffy and used to pull it and make taffy candy. And we would pull taffy. But they would make the sorghum molasses and cook that down to a certain degree and then pull it and twist it around in different shapes of candy. I remember that distinctly.

The barn, you went into a great big entrance, and then on either side was the center and then the side for the mules to stay on one side and the cows; Dad called it the cow pen. And then that was separate from the barn itself, where Dad kept all his machinery. And he had a big shed there for the wheat and one for the hay and such as that. All the tools were in the big barn.

And the loft, I remember he used the loft to dry tobacco. They hung it down . . . put it in bunches and then hung it down from the rafters to dry. Now, I don't know how long that took, but that was what that was mainly used for. And of course he stored in the barn was a lot of things stored for winter, too, like dried barrels of dried limas and beans and things such as that, things that wouldn't freeze, in the center of the big barn. And that was just as you came through the gate to the house.

And then down beside the house in the back of the house and to the side was the stables, and that was for the horses and the carriages and the buggies and cars later. It was two buildings. And then that was the only building except the pigpen we called it. The pigpen was back of the . . . to the end of the stables. And the tennis courts were behind that, and then the big orchard began. And then there were fields that went over—we went over and down through the fields to a spring—to a creek, and then in that area he raised his tomatoes mostly. He shipped the tomatoes. He raised tomatoes for the crop, and he raised cucumbers for a crop, and clover, he also raised a lot of clover. So that was what was raised on the farm. He stored the grain in the barn. The wheat we took to the mill, and the corn, of course, we took to have cornmeal. It was right . . . just about a couple miles up on the lake was the grist mill, and he would take the meal up there. And have the wheat thrashed, we had wheat thrashers, of course. And that was gathered in about early fall or late summer.

And he sold the wool. I remember them . . . the sheep shearers to come and shear the sheep and then sold the wool. Had 60-some head of sheep. I was very small, but I remember the little lambs. And I remember Dad—he sheared the sheep—and it was one man in the neighborhood, a black man, that did that. That's what he did for all the farmers that had sheep, which was not many that had sheep. He would sell the wool . . . ship it on the boat to Baltimore, I think to Baltimore. A lot of that was shipped to Baltimore. The tobacco was—because the boat—the wharfs were just about four miles from us, the Rappahannock River, and they'd ship a lot of things to the boat. I think that's the way he shipped the tomatoes, on the boat.

We had lamb a lot. They'd kill a baby lamb, which I never did like. I couldn't eat lamb, but we did have it. They're darling little lambs, tiny little lambs running around. I don't see how anybody could eat them. But we did have a lot of chickens, of course, and Grandmother, raised turkeys also.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

I don't think we worked in the field. We had tenants on the farm that did that. We raised turnips, and on the way from . . . when the bus left me off at the road that leads into Ridgeway and I walked home there, and I couldn't wait to get home to get something to eat. Seemed like I was always hungry. And I would go to the turnip patch, and there was still turnips left, and I'd pull up a turnip and knock the dirt off and chomp down on it.

LAVERNE BAYLOR GWATHMEY

I remember chickens. My mother used to raise chickens. And we had pigs. We used to pick chinquapins and had apple trees.

J. E. Penney working in the field, 1940.
Photo courtesy of Evelyn Penney Upshaw and Annie Penney Purks.

JAMES LOVING

I remember my mother had chickens and turkeys and guineas and ducks and whatever kind of animal I guess. Not every kind, but we had hogs, pigs, and we had I think it was just one cow and one horse is all we had. And a couple of dogs.

My mother always had a garden, a big garden, and we raised a lot of stuff in that. But we had corn, we raised corn, of course that went for the cattle. Then we had—but when they opened up a tomato factory in Port Royal—they had a tomato factory down there; we raised tomatoes on one side, and we used to haul tomatoes.

When my father, he would leave in the mornings and go away in the spring of the year, time was to set out the plants or whatever had to be done on the farm, he'd always tell us what to do, and he looked for us to do that that day. And if we didn't do it that day, of course, that's when we got punished because we probably made plans to go fishing or something like that, but we couldn't go fishing until we finished doing what he told us to do. So that's the way he punished us.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

We had tobacco, cucumbers, tomatoes, and just . . . my dad didn't have but just a little bit of land. Say, 20 acres. At the time, that was divided up. Had one cow.

What did I do? Whatever was needed to be done. Picking cucumbers, suckering . . . getting worms off the tobacco and pulling off suckers. I could milk—Dad would milk the cow while Mama cooked breakfast—and I would want to learn to milk the cow and Dad was very anxious for me to learn. But my brother never learned to milk the cow; he never milked it, I did.

RICHARD KOCSIS

[Food was kept cold] in the well or in the stream, cold water running all the time. They had a well with a bucket you'd lower down in there, cheese and milk. And the meat was canned or smoked, mostly smoked. They had a smokehouse where they smoked everything. And salted pork. They had a smokehouse and a barn for hay and corn.

They had two mules, Jim and Gray. They were brown and white mules. We had a cow for milk. And they would make cheese, cottage cheese.

My grandfather would get up in the morning, and he would make his tea with lemon, had to have fresh lemons and sugar. And he would drink his tea and homemade bread, homemade butter, and then he would go out in the field. And my grandmother would get up, and we would get up, and she would make him breakfast, fried eggs and a quart of tea, no bacon or anything, I don't remember. And he would eat it in the field. And naturally we were hungry; we would eat half of his breakfast (Laughing). He never got fat.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

He [grandfather] used to work early, and then they'd come home and they'd have lunch, and he would always lay down during the heat of the day. And then they would get up again and go work till it was dark. And they'd have their main meal in the middle of the day, and the leftovers, like, in the evening.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

We didn't have different jobs. We learned how to do it all. I don't think we owned a tractor when we lived in A. P. Hill. We had mules. I remember that one particular field was called…Barn Level. I remember that we had a spring on the farm, and that's where we put the milk and kept it cold because we didn't have electricity. They were getting ready to bring it [electricity] in, I think, when we left, but I don't recall us having electricity. We had an apple orchard.

Or with killing hogs, we had a smokehouse, we smoked it. The older folks knew how to cure it. We'd grind the sausage and—cook it and put it in jars—like fruit jars . . . Yeah, canned it that way. And the fat portion of the hogs were cooked and made into lard, and that was your shortening for your bread. And we all did those jobs. They weren't given to specific children; we all knew how to do it.

You didn't see the boys in the kitchen much. I mean, I got up in the morning as young as 5 years old and helped milk the cows before I went to school, and repeat when you get home from school, milked them and cleaned out the stalls.

I milked the cows, and I fed the hogs and the chickens and cleaned out the chicken houses. The truth of it was that I couldn't stand for the others to know how to do something and I didn't know how to do it.

Evelyn Penney shouldering a hoe and sporting a sun bonnet, 1937.
Photo courtesy of Evelyn Penney Purks.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Well, they [parents] grew primarily tobacco, and in the summer, of course, we had cucumbers, which my father took to Milford, you know, canning, the place there where they took them. Those were the two main crops he grew. He did raise wheat for our own consumption, not to sell. He had sweet potatoes, you know, small crops like Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, and of course always had vegetable garden. But I can't recall him ever having soybeans.

We always had a wagon, and of course he had all the tools, the implements, you know, for the farming, of course the plow and all that kind of stuff because it was sort of a big job in the spring to do that. And I remember my brothers, my twin brothers and Davis . . . it was one boy, four girls, and then five boys. And they could hardly hold the plow, but they were plowing, I'll always remember that. It's pretty hard.

But we as children growing up, yes, we had automatic chores that we did; we were never told to do it because they were our job to do. Like Nellie would milk the cows and I would feed the chickens. And we had a corn sheller, thing that you turn, you know, old-fashioned thing that you put the corn in to shell it to feed the [livestock] . . . but everybody had a job to do, and, of course, we always did the dishes and helped my mother with some of the cooking too, but we always had special things to do and never asked questions about it—automatically went and did it—feed the hogs, feed the cows, pull clover.

We used to pull clover, I remember, for some of the animals, I guess. We were always looking for a four-leaf. We just pulled it with your hands. [We] put it in baskets and stuff. We just gave it to the animals, I guess, to the cows maybe. We didn't do that a lot, you know, but it's just something I recall that we did.

Mother wanted . . . when we would go out, she made sure that the girls had bonnets. Every spring she made us a bonnet. And it was with things sort of like this, and it had the strips, you know, coming in this way for the—what do you call it—stiff cardboard to hold this thing out so that we wouldn't get burned when we were outside, and wore long sleeves. We didn't want to go back to school looking as if we'd been out in the sun doing all this hard work, which we were doing, but we were covered pretty much.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

I started with the crops like cucumbers and tobacco, we'd be up at 4 o'clock in the morning. My mother would have breakfast for us sometimes, and then again she would let us go on in the field for an hour while she made breakfast and then call us, wash our hands, wash up, and come to breakfast. But most of the time, we'd get breakfast first because when you did that, then that would kind of break the day up. So we'd try to get as much done as we could before the sun got hot. And then we had to put on long sleeves, of course, I never did tan and neither did my sister, we were taught. We had on long sleeves and gloves, we always had gloves to pick our cucumbers in and all.

The same way when he had tomatoes. When he got enough that he had bushels of them, then he would take them up there [to Milford] and sell them by the bushel or half a bushel, whatever anybody wanted. Then, of course, later on he would have . . . we would have black-eyed peas, and we'd have to pick those by hand. That's another hot, tiresome job. It gets your back more than anything else. But you had to know when they were ripe. You could not pick them when they were green; you had to wait until they reached a certain stage and color and everything, and you had to know exactly what ones to pick. And if you picked them too green, they were wasted or you could snap them and cook them, but you couldn't cook but so many, you know. You were not allowed to pick the green ones.

I'll have to tell you a little story about that too. Margaret and I were out there picking the peas, and we had some gherkins right beside–that is a form of cucumber–we had a patch of those right beside the black-eyed peas. So I don't know who it was, strangers, whether it was somebody like the Jehovah Witness . . . I think to my knowledge it was. Anyhow they came by and they asked my sister, "Whatcha doing?" She says, "I'm picking peas." "Oh, you're picking pea beans?" And she says, "No, they're not pea beans, they're just peas." I don't know of anybody picking the soybeans, but they may have. And, of

course, we had soybeans too. And she wanted to know, asked my sister was we picking pea beans. And she said, "No, we're just picking peas." Of course, as kids we had a big laugh about that.

[W]e as children, Papa always gave us, like, two rows of cucumbers or two rows of watermelons, two rows of whatever it was was ours, and we could pick that, and when it went to market, that was our spending money. And, of course, that was incentive for us to do that much more, as we older got anyway. Also it was good that our father wanted to share with us. He knew the labor, and he would share with us.

The best part about having the watermelons and cantaloupes, we would always have those, Papa had those in the same sandy soil, has to be a certain soil. So that would be the time when the watermelons were getting ripe, and that was a good time . . . Papa would mark the watermelons because he wouldn't let you just go ahead and pull them because they had to be ripe. So he would mark the watermelons that we could get. And while we were thinning corn, the first thing we would do is go over to the watermelon patch while it was still cool and find us a nice, big watermelon, put it in the shade.

So along about 12 o'clock, 11 o'clock, something like that, we'd be hot, and we'd want some watermelon, be thirsty and want watermelon. So what would we do, we'd go get the big watermelon out of the shade, drop it on the ground—in the leaves—you know, not on the ground but in leaves because you didn't want to get any dirt in it. So anyhow, we'd drop in that, and no forks, no knives, go down there with your fingers. Oh, it was so good.

The juice from the watermelons, well, it would run, maybe sometime get your sleeve wet, but you weren't that sloppy with it, you know. You'd go down and get some, and then you'd eat that and spit the seeds out because we didn't have seedless watermelons. Anyhow, that would be our midmorning snack, and our water; we carried some water too, and we'd put that in the shade so it would keep cool. We didn't think about putting ice and carrying it out like that because we didn't have that much ice to do it with, you know. You only had ice, that was for things you really wanted to preserve. So anyhow that was the way we got our watermelons when they first started coming in. And of course the cantaloupe we never attempted to eat a cantaloupe. They came to the house.

My father raised the crops there on the farm, and he had truck crops, cucumbers, tobacco, watermelon, cantaloupes, and, of course, we also had cattle and hogs and had little dogs and kitty cats, they were pets, of course, no unusual pets, just a little dog and a puppy and our shepherd that we called Billy.

The work . . . was hard on the farm. Well, the first chore I had was to carry in my little basket of chips because I was so small, I couldn't carry anything more. So then I got to the point as I grew older that I could carry maybe one stick, and then as I got older I could carry a couple of sticks.

When my chores started, I'd say I was maybe four or five years old that they started with that. Because everybody had a job to do. I mean, it wasn't demanded that we do it; it was that we were supposed to. We wanted to do it. In other words, it was we wanted to do it and then of course as we older grew, it was more our job to do that. The girls did it.

And then, of course, my father raised, like I said cucumbers and tobacco, watermelon and cantaloupes, black-eyed peas, then, of course, he had the wheat and the rye and all, but Margaret's and my chores and the boys' was the tobacco and cucumbers. We raised the cucumbers and tobacco and tomatoes and whatever was in the garden at that time, and potatoes, Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes; that was our main truck crops at that time.

But we would get up very early in the morning, anywhere between 4 and 5 o'clock in the summertime because that was when it wasn't so hot. As we become old enough, Mama

would have breakfast for us, and we would go into the field, and we would pick cucumbers or cut tobacco or whatever it was to do, we would do, cut corn.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

We raised peanuts, and we put them in a barn for them to cure. I didn't have anything to do with the planting of peanuts, and I don't remember how my daddy planted them. But I do know that they were in the ground, and I helped to dig them. And so I would dig up a plant and here would be looked like a hundred or more peanuts at the end of the roots of the plant. So you would shake it really good and get all the dirt off it, and you sort of let them dry out before you pulled them off the vine, let them dry, got to mature. So we would shake them and let them dry out, and then we would pull them off the vine. And we'd put them in the barn, and they would finish curing they called it.

They would dry out, but they were between a roasted peanut and an unroasted one you'd say. They're an in-between stage. And they were delicious. [W]e just crack them open. And when they dry out and they mature, they were easy to crack the shell and eat them. They would be dried shell, but the peanut will be delicious. We'd just eat them. But we had walnuts, too, had a walnut tree, and we would shell walnuts.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

And we even had mules to farm it with for many, many years. And they'd get out there behind the plow, you know, and the mules pull the plow, and they'd work the land, cultivate the crop, the boys did. And my sister and I picked the worms off the tobacco.

Yeah, because they eat it up. But you know, later on, the chemicals came out. I don't think in the beginning they had many chemicals. And then they came, you could shake the dust on it and kill them and keep them off.

Well, the only thing I can tell you, I never have forgotten and I never have gotten over picking them cucumbers and them tomatoes and certainly that tobacco and catching them worms that long to get them off.

[On the farm] we had to have a horse. Everybody used to have a horse because that's what cultivated the land and worked it. It's a plow; you hooked your horse to it because we didn't have tractors. People had to farm with horses, and they would hook that horse up to a cultivator behind them, you know. And they would be out in a great big field all day long cultivating, going up that row and the horse move along slow, come down the other side. But then they started getting tractors, and that was a blessing.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

They raised pigs. Mama raised chickens, and we did raise some pigs. We had a house for that where they cured the hams. They'd only have about two pigs, you know. And Mama and Daddy tried—well, they tried—my Mother tried to raise a garden, but she wasn't much on it, you know. Well, you could raise what little bit . . . cucumbers. We did have pigs, yeah.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

Oh, we had cattle and horses, dogs, chickens. We didn't raise turkeys. [We had] Hogs. Guineas. Didn't raise turkeys. We had guineas and chickens. And raised hogs, killed four every year in November and two in January. I don't know why, but that's the way they did it. We always had two horses and about four cattle. Well, we picked cucumbers, you know, and had to feed chickens at night and get up eggs and go get things out of the garden.

LEONARD BRUCE

We had every acre of land was in something, sweet potatoes, watermelons, cantaloupes. Corn. Oh, all the boys had a job, see. One would feed the hogs, and one would . . . maybe two milk the cows, and one would take care of the mules. Papa had about six or eight mules.

And I was a water boy, see, and I'd go to the well, "Make sure you get the water on the north side of the well. Make sure you get the water on the north side of the well." I thought to myself, "How in the world am I going to get the water on the north side of the well?" What they was talking about, they want you to hurry up and come back before the water get hot, see. So I'd stop by each guy, about 30 or 40 people in the field, you'd stop at each guy or lady and give them a drink of water. And at first we was getting the water from a spring. It was under a old oak tree down in the bottom where the cows and the mules would graze, but the lightning struck the tree and then the spring dried up. And then Papa dug the first well, had it dug, you know.

R. C. Carter's farm and his main mule handler, Bob Baylor.
Photo courtesy of Steve Nazigian.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

We had pastures, had hog pens, regular hog pens built and all that they could roll around and had trees, sheds. The cows, we had barns for the cows. Mules and horses hooked to plows, cultivators, disks and all that, that's what we used to till the ground.

Well, tobacco season, when that came, we'd cut tobacco, put it on stalks and hang it up and let it dry. Corn season, you'd shuck the corn and stack the shocks together. And we used that for feeding the team.

No [4H], because everybody did their own farming. They knew how to farm and all. The older people were good farmers. We used to go and pick peas off of the white peoples' farm. That was the Penney farm, there was the Bruces' farm, there was another farm down there, the Brooks's farm. But I remember I worked on the Penney's farm picking peas. Yeah, field peas. Big long rows. Pull them off the vine and all that. We had a tub or basket or something to put them in. Lord have mercy.

They farmed [prior to relocation]. That's all they did, farmed, raised tobacco. When we came back [from Pennsylvania], had cucumbers.

FRANCIS BRUCE

When we growed up, you had to work for a living. You didn't have no tractors, we worked with mules. My dad had—as well as I can remember—he had six mules, and we used to plow and cultivate all our stuff, farm. It was a whole lot different from what there is now.

We cleared the land, sawed it with a cross-cut saw. Didn't have no bolos [machetes] then, you grubbed up them with . . . it's tough with a grubbing hoe.

You didn't have no tractors, we worked with mules. My dad had—as well as I can remember—he had six mules, and we used to plow and cultivate all our stuff, farm. It was a whole lot different from what there is now.

We raised a lot of sweet potatoes and stuff like that and cucumbers. Started off at . . . my dad started off raising tobacco, and one year he didn't make but a dollar after he paid his fertilizer bill, so then we started to raising vegetables. We raised all kind of watermelons, cantaloupes, all kinds of vegetables… we had to hoe it with a hoe.

In the early days, I imagine they was hauling them in wagons, but then Papa, he started off in Model T's. He just put side board on the fenders and fill it full of vegetables and haul it to the market. It was something…started off raising cucumbers, as I said. They had a processing plant for them to can, to put them in. Pickle factory in Milford.

We used to raise them [tomatoes] and take them over here to Caroline Pines, they used to have a place over there that process them in cans. They quit that one day. They used to have a lot of—the people went on strike—and the guy what run it, he said, "I'm going to close it down." Then we quit raising tomatoes for the factory.

My mother used to work in the field with a hoe. She'd put the—had a lot a kids—she was ready to [work], she'd put the baby on a tree in a basket, and she could check on it every time she'd get to the end of the row. Yeah, sisters worked in the field too. My sisters used to help me load watermelons. They sure did. All the family worked together. If you didn't work, you didn't eat.

RF&P [railroad] was there, I think. Yeah, it went from Richmond to Washington. That was the railroad mostly. A lot of people, while they was looking for work, they used to ride it in the old box cars and come down and get a job, you know, on the farms. Hobos you call them. They helped you during the summer. Come and help you shuck corn and stuff.

You didn't have no money to pay them, just food. Wasn't much money passed on stuff with help. We used to have some families, regular black families used to live close to us used to help us. They used to help us a lot, you know, work. In fact, some of them used to help us pick cucumbers and all. I'm pretty sure Papa paid them something, because they had to live, too, see, they did.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

Zora and her sister Bessie enjoyed picking the beetles from the potato plants; that was their job. Buck Lumpkin had a cow and some chickens. Buck Lumpkin's farm had a

stream on it, a barn, and some fruit trees including a cherry tree. Buck's wife Lottie did a lot of canning and sewing, and she ordered her material from the Sears & Roebuck catalog. The Lumpkin children Zora, Bessie, and Hazel loved to run to the corner store or to the home of the close relatives. There was a fishing pond beside Route 17 that was also used for swimming.

Buck Lumpkin was a truck farmer, and in the summer, he raised cucumbers and tomatoes to take to the pickle factory and a tomato cannery, which were located in Port Royal, Virginia. And as a child, Hazel had to work in the fields, and he [could] remember loading baskets of cucumbers and tomatoes into the 1935 Ford pickup truck that his father Buck owned, and they made the five-mile trip to Port Royal. Buck Lumpkin did not have a tractor, but he did have two old, stubborn mules that he used to pull cultivators in fields.

Buck Lumpkin operated a truck farm, and there were always cucumbers to pick and onions and potatoes to pull from the ground. Buck Lumpkin would drive his old Ford truck to sell his vegetables to some door-to-door regular customers, some stores, or at farmers markets.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Oh, the chores around the farm. Well, the chores, mine started when I was little. I think the thing of it was that I got to be Daddy's shadow, and my older sister was Mama's helper while Mama was pregnant with my younger sister, and I guess Daddy was the one that babysat me. But anyhow, I became his shadow, and I followed him everywhere, out in the field, when he was plowing and all that. Then when we came in after I got—oh, yes, and to water—he'd let me hold the reins and drive the horses up to the watering trough. I got to do that, and then I'd drive them down to the barn and the stable and so on.

There were other things. When it was time for the cows to come in, they'd be up there at the bars. So if Daddy was down there, I'd get the bars down and let the cows in, and they knew which stalls to go in, and I fastened them up. But in the meantime, I'd help Daddy to put hay into their mangers. And as time went on, I learned how to milk the old cows, and I didn't know whether that was such a good thing or not. But anyhow, I learned how to milk the cows.

EMMET FARMER

But we had cows, we had chickens, we had hogs, and we had a lot of things on the farm while had to feed, take care. And back in those days, the farm was kind of—a lot of your food came from the farm—like chickens, eggs, and meat and milk and butter and all of those things came from the farm. Of course, our mother, she ran the farm, she kept the farm going up until . . . well, I guess the early 1940s. I had one brother which was four years younger than I, and when he got out of school . . . well, when I got out of school, we did farming too. And of course, when he got out of school, he helped with the farm. And of course, she had to hire a lot of outside help.

Back in those days, we didn't have these modern combines, modern tractors and whatnot that farmers have today. We had mules and horses that had to be fed, taken care of seven days a week, but that's what we did our farming with was mules, horses, and whatnot. And that went on until the early '40s, and long about the time of World War II started.

I can remember after my daddy died in 1934, I had to get the mules, the horses and hook them up to the old plows and do the plowing and get the land ready to plant corn or wheat or whatever crops had to be planted at that time. I think I was . . . I was 11 years old when my daddy died, but Mama said, "You got to go to work," so I did. I never did regret doing what I did because we had these mules and horses to feed and cows and whatnot. But

I didn't regret it. But it was hard at the time, and especially hard when you're 11 or 12 years old. You just had to work at it a day at a time until it got done.

I can remember it was hard living, too, when you had to get up early in the morning and feed those old hogs and that mule. And they had to eat before you could get them in the field by 7 o'clock so you can get them horses fed, and then get in the field by at least 7:00, stay there until 12 o'clock, then bring your horses in. Then they had to have water, and they had to have feed, and they had to have their rest. So you had two hours out of the middle of the day for the horses to rest. It didn't make no difference who was behind them horses, the horses had to rest. And then stay in the field until at least 5 or 6 o'clock. That wasn't easy living then.

And I can remember—of course—back in those days, children ate last. A lot of times now, children will eat first, but back in those days, children would eat last. And I can remember going through that kitchen and grabbing a chicken leg or a chicken wing or whatever was left over and grab me a chicken leg and a biscuit and go on outdoors and eat. But Grandma always fed us, and she always—so often they had an icehouse also—that she made ice cream out there for all the grandchildren and children and whatnot.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

Then there were other not-so-pleasant stories of picking bugs off the potatoes because, of course, we raised lots of potatoes, both white potatoes and sweet potatoes, and that was an onerous chore, picking the bugs off the white potatoes. I'd really just despise that. But the fact of the matter was that white potatoes were one of my favorite vegetables, so I knew it had to be done, and I did it. Most unpleasant, a most unpleasant topic. But you know, one of the things about back in those times and we're talking back in those times, we're talking the early, early '40s, children had playtime, but they also had work time, and that was integrated into one's everyday life. And so picking bugs off the potatoes and then doing other chores out in the garden like helping to weed things and pulling up radishes and washing them off, taking them to the family well, which was just outside the back kitchen door and the back porch, and washing vegetables, all those kinds of things.

There were lots of tasks that you had to do, and you had to learn to do those and do those fairly well fairly early. I remember, too, stringing beans and shelling peas on the back porch close to that important kitchen well that provided us with drinking water as well as the water for bathing and the big aluminum tub two or three times a week and water for washing the clothes that my grandmother washed using a scrub board, those kinds of utensils, yeah, there were lots of jobs in addition to picking those potato bugs. But I mentioned that because that was one that I really, really deplored.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

We didn't grow tobacco. Everything we growed was something to eat. We didn't raise no tobacco because we didn't have nowhere to sell it. Just raised for us to eat, vegetables and corn, sorghum. Grind . . . take it to the mill and grind it up and make syrup. Everything we had to eat.

[We took the sorghum] to the mill to grind it up. We raised it and worked it like you do corn, grow like corn, and we worked it. And when it got big enough, older, take it to the mill, had to take it to the mill, and then somebody would grind it. I'm pretty sure they give half of that away too for grinding it. They didn't have no money to pay nobody, so I guess they took half of that.

I worked on the farm. My daddy worked on the farm, and I wasn't making but 3.50 for five days and a half. I always bring it home to give my mother and father. And my

father worked on the farm. And so where the money came from, that little bit we was getting, that's the way we lived. And need the little small stuff, they had to spend that to buy what we didn't raise.

Once in a while, we'd go to the house at 12:00 and get a little something to eat, some water, rest up a little while, about an hour or half an hour, then go back to the field and work the fields until it get dark. That's the way everybody could live, you know, had a little place, they could do a little farming and live off the land.

MAYNARD PENNEY

My daddy, every Saturday, he came . . . we lived about nine or ten miles out. He came in, he brought butter and eggs. We sold a lot of the hams and stuff. He salted them so much, I didn't like them. He didn't lose any, they kept, but the salt went all the way into them. And then when I was real small, we had two local stores at Upper Zion, one of them he dealt in. And you'd go up and you'd trade eggs and different things for pepper and salt and seasonings, that type of thing. But your wheat and your corn, you took to the mill, and they ground that into flour and meal, and you didn't need to buy flour and meal. Your farm was pretty well self-sustaining.

[Father] he'd kill those hogs, which we couldn't begin to eat. He would put up all these herring fish, and they had wheat and corn and potatoes and turnips and all these other stuff you buried, canned, or did whatever with.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

We used to get up in the morning most time in the summertime about daylight. So depending on the time of the year would be the time you get up. Then we work most—worked until about 11:00 or 11:30—and then come home for lunchtime, eat some lunch. Then you'd go back and work until suppertime. Then you'd go to bed about dark. I think the whole farm was about 250 acres, and we probably didn't farm over 50.

We would grow some corn and some what we called then—I don't know what you called them now—sorghum. Used to make molasses out of it. I think that's about the only two crops we grew. Except we used to raise some potatoes and cabbage and turnip greens and turnips, but we mostly used them ourselves. And sweet potatoes and grew some cucumbers, tomatoes.

EVELYN ELLIOT KEY

I don't think we had any deer meat or anything like that. It was just mostly rabbits and squirrels. And they had their own chickens. They had their own chickens, and they had their own cow. Got your milk, and I can remember churning. That's one of the jobs. It all comes back to you.

VERGIE MILLER

Mostly farming. They had sawmills, my father had worked at a sawmill for a while. But most of them farming. They raised cucumbers for a crop to sell and tobacco, and they raised a lot of corn and whatnot. Some of them raised tomatoes for market, got money from that, and that's the way they lived. My mother, we had a big garden, she canned everything in the garden. She had hundreds and hundreds of half a gallon jars of canned things, so we was able to have plenty of food to eat. And they raised chickens and ducks and things. So that helped us.

[We grew] tobacco and cucumbers and all that stuff. One time we had—it wasn't cucumbers—it was gherkins they used to have. My father, he didn't bother with soybeans. But a lot of the bigger farmers around there, they had soybeans. But not as much as they do now, you see it everywhere.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

The extension program really worked with the fellows, with the farming. They would have meetings to let them know what was coming up. Later, they had a extension for the ladies, but they didn't have it when we were . . . in '41. But then after that—because even after I got married—I was a member of that. That came out of Tech, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, it came out of there, but that was extension too.

BRUCE HAYNES

Well, my grandfather was a tenant farmer, and I was corrected quickly when I referenced him one time as a sharecropper. Apparently that was a little bit lower down the pecking order than being a tenant farmer. My aunt corrected me, "No, your grandfather was a tenant farmer there in Guinea."

LINDA KREBS BUTT

Well, from having spoken to my aunt who live[d] on the property and stayed with my grandmother all her life and didn't move until she moved with her in '41 that they basically raised—they may have grown some tobacco—because I know that my great-grandfather did. But they . . . just corn and whatever families would raise in those days just to feed themselves. I don't think that they sold very much—everybody was a farmer, so there wasn't anybody would be able—that they'd have as a market to sell their food to.

The only thing I've ever seen is in pictures is that they used mules, and I don't believe they had any tractors or they didn't have any such thing. They did everything . . . they walked behind the plow, and my mother used to talk about literally breaking up the clods with their feet and it was very hard. And they just walked behind the mules and used the plow. They were relatively poor and didn't have any mechanization until early '30s I think when they put the farm up for collateral to buy a car; that was the only thing that they had.

My Aunt Irene had moved to Indiana, but she remembers how hard it was, literally walking behind the plow, working day in and day out on the farm, it was really hard.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Mostly during the time that I was growing up, it was . . . those big families, we had to plant to feed a lot of children, you know, a lot of children within a family.

Because they did . . . we call it truck farming. Just little farm raising a variation of vegetables on it. And we ate from our garden.

See, they did a little bit of everything. On a rainy day like today, my goodness, depending on the time of the year, they would work tobacco, they would thrash peas, they would thrash beans, you know, that they gathered from the farm.

Well, [we had a] tractor later in life. No, when we were coming up, I'd say before 1941, you had a lot of those, animals, we depended on the animals and everything. You know, as you live in a place longer, you prosper more and then you get other things to help you out.

They [the men in the area] left and went to—up in Delaware—they used to cut corn. And my father worked all of his life—when he thrashed wheat before—when they were young, even before you had to have social security numbers. They did farm work for each of the uncles, for relatives more or less, or whoever lived there, they did farm work for. And then later as they got older, they went to Delaware, they worked up there in the corn, cutting corn, cutting cane.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

Wheat, corn, and beans were on the property. No tobacco. People lower, down around Bowling Green was tobacco people. We had soybeans. Black-eyed peas and soybeans mostly.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

No, I never milked a cow, never had any of that. All I did was ride a horse around through the farm, help take water to the people when they were working. Of course, back in that time, they had to cut the wheat and shock it all.

My dad and sometimes he had . . . the tenant would help. He lived right near us. He came when the house was on fire. And they brought out the three-cornered—what do you call those things—cupboard, three-cornered, glass in front. It was full of dishes, and they didn't break but one. You just do super things when there's a fire.

It was Jasper Samuel. He's dead now too. He had a family, and every time they had a baby, Daddy had to agree to pay for the doctor because they never had any money.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

My daddy had a big barn, and then he had where he kept the horses and the cows right across the little road there. And my daddy farmed, and we all helped out in it. He used to grow wheat and corn and cucumbers and tomatoes, yeah.

Money was scarce, but like I said, we had everything at home. He [father] would raise his beans and his black-eyed peas. We didn't ever have cooked . . . lay them out in the barn and dried them. And then when we want beans, we go to the barn and get them, any kind of beans. And raised the potatoes, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, all that.

DOROTHY PUGH THOMAS

My father employed colored—I don't know whether you say colored or black—help that worked the farm. We had a cow. We had some hens and chickens . . . hens and eggs. I never remember that she had baby chickens, I don't remember that, but she did have the hens and the eggs at that time. And I don't think we ever had maybe—more than maybe—one cow at a time. But that was when we lived where these people . . . in A. P. Hill. This was living.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

They grew—my dad grew—corn and wheat and a little bit of tobacco, and that was just about it. I'd walk along behind him. If he was plowing, I was right behind him. He had two mules that would pull the plow. And we never had any tractor or anything like that. It was just the mules. And I'd walk . . . make every step he made. Then when we went to plant our garden, I'd drop the seeds. Like, the tomato plants, I'd help him set tomato plants out, and then I'd drop a piece of potato for potatoes and whatever else.

Milk cows, help feed the hogs, and the mules. I mean, I helped do it all. Every morning get up and go with Daddy to the barn every morning. Milk cows. He'd milk a couple of them, and I would milk a couple. Go back at night and do the same thing again.

He had some colored men that helped in the harvesting of the crops which were neighbors. I remember Raymond—and I can't remember the other—Lucas I think was the last name. I can't remember any of the others. But Raymond, his name kind of stood out.

MARY SCOTT BROADDUS HALEY

Well, it was a wonderful life. We had plenty of food, we had fun. It was very peaceful. Dad worked hard. He had several people living on the farm to help him farm it. Well, I really had an easy life. I would take wood in. And I had a baby beef and my brother had a baby beef, and we would raise those in 4H, and we took them to the show and sold them every spring. Tobacco was grown, but I didn't do much in tobacco. My father had a big combine, big tractor for that day.

He had gone to Virginia Tech, and he knew people up there who helped him with new procedures and how to grow the best grain. And that might have been the reason that the farm was spared, the fact that he did have machinery and help from other people and Virginia Tech and different places.

[My father] had Ebony and Angus cattle. Chickens we had, yes, we did. And we had a turkey. He was mean. And my father had mules, too, when I was very young. He did have a couple mules to do some jobs, but the tractor did most of it.

He [father] didn't grow that many truck crops. He was more into small grain, wheat and rye and barley, he was more into that. And they did have a farmer's co-op for that.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

My father [wounded in World War I] went to the hospital in 1929, Mother's Day, and it was like death. That was quite an experience. I had two younger brothers. In 1929, I was almost seven years old, six and a half, and I had a brother four and a brother two, so I babysat my brothers so my mother could do—take care of the farm chores.

And we did . . . we had a horse and a mule to do the farm work and a couple cows and lots of chickens, so I grew up taking care of the chickens, and my two brothers grew up taking care of the farm animals. I used to stay home while my mother—they were quite young—we were quite young. I used to stay and watch my two brothers while my mother checked the things going on the outside.

Of course, we had to have helpers, workers to come in, hired help to come in and help work the crops. Well, we always had wheat and corn because my uncle, one of my uncles, my mother's brother, had a corn mill, a flour mill, and you know, used to grind the wheat and corn for her, for the neighborhood. So always had corn and wheat, and then as we got older to pick cucumbers—we had a small cucumber field and then a vegetable garden. My mother raised all kinds of vegetables, and, of course, when we harvest those, she canned everything for the winter months.

In addition to that, we did grow tobacco. Of course, that had to be harvested in the fall after . . . in the early fall. And then it would have to be stripped and taken to market during the early winter months just prior to Christmas. Many farmers in that area depended on tobacco for winter income. The wheat and corn, of course, was harvested in the early summer and early fall, and that, of course, was used for flour and meal for the winter months.

At the country store, you could always take a bushel of wheat to the store and pick up your groceries, buy your groceries. Mother would make butter, and we had plenty of eggs to sell at the store. And there were people in town, in the town of Bowling Green, that were happy to buy fresh vegetables and eggs and butter, whatever.

Going to the store was too far to walk. Now, as my brothers got older, she would let them—they were familiar with the team—and my brothers had a sleigh they would always play with. They'd hitch a horse to the sleigh and do things around the farm, haul something, a bushel or two of wheat from one area to the other or corn or feed for the chickens or feed

for the animals, cows and the horses. They grew up and they helped on the farm considerably.

Farm where Thelma Bruce grew up, showing the house, the outbuildings, garden plot, surrounding fields, and two large black walnut trees.
Photo courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood.

Outbuildings

A farm is defined in part by its outbuildings. They are the work stations of the farm. They provide storage for farm products and equipment, as well as housing for livestock. The types of outbuildings on a farm frequently are dictated by what the farm produces. Common outbuildings on Caroline County farms included livestock barns, sweet potato barns, tobacco barns, smokehouses, stables, woodsheds, and numerous buildings adapted to suit a farm's needs.

CHARLIE LOVING

Yeah, [we] had a smokehouse. Smokehouse, barn, corn house, had tobacco barn but we didn't raise no tobacco.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Of course, we had our smokehouse. We never smoked anything, but we called it a smokehouse because in it we kept our meat, the salted meat. There was one big box there that we kept the meat in. There was a table out there, pulled it out and slice off your ham and put it back. Then down the side of the walls, there were these big kegs, barrels, fish, herring. Daddy would go down to Port Royal and get his herring for the winter. And they would be packed a layer of herring, a layer of salt, a layer of herring, a layer of salt.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Well, the farm buildings were right together. They were about half a block from the house, what would be a half a block. And the first building was where he [father] stored the corncobs when he shucked corn, and it had big old rafters. I'd get up on a rafter and jump in the cobs. Why I didn't break a leg then, I don't know. I had to do something to amuse myself. And then he had a big stable. Down here were the stalls, horses and cows, and had a little box where they put corn in for them to eat. And then on top, and they stored hay up there. Sometimes a hen would go up there and make a nest. And I used to go up there and play, too. And then he had another building that he stored equipment in. That's about all he had. Didn't have a silo. Had a windmill, yeah, had that at the house. That pumped water up in the tank.

Yeah. We had that [a smokehouse]. I called it a meat house. But they would smoke the meat a lot of times. He [father] did the smoking. She [mother] did the cooking and the grinding of it and cutting it up. I helped with that. Sausage.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

[We had] a smokehouse too, because, again, this business of preserving food for the year round was critical. So, yes, there was a smokehouse where bacon was cured and the hams were put out there, and there was—it was a little, if I can remember correctly—building that wasn't quite all the way down to the ground. There was an air space that met the floorboards, between the floorboards and the walls. And there was a smoke pit on the inside there, and a fire was kept going in there, a little fire going in there. And the hams and the other pieces of meat were hung on hooks from the ceiling or on wires, and that's how they cured the meat. And some meat, of course, was just plain salted down, but much of the meat was cured in that fashion, smoked in other words. It's a wonder people didn't die overnight of cancer and everything else for eating, consuming all of the smoked meat and salted meat too, and salted fish as well.

ROSE HICKS FARMER

I know there was a stable where they kept the cow and a woodshed and smokehouse and that kind of stuff. Just a regular country living, that's all it was. No running water, no indoor bath. Had a icebox. My uncle had a icehouse, and they had a pond, and they got the ice off of the pond in the winter, kept it all summer.

Well, I think he [father] had a house that he kept his [potatoes] in. As I got older and we moved over next to the store, it was a big farm, it was 120 acres. And he had all kinds of stripping houses, tobacco barns, granaries, hog pens. Raised hogs, too.

They had the granary for corn, the stable for the horses, they had a cow lot. They had tobacco barns, but then they had stripping houses and hog pens, smokehouses, a smokehouse because they cured the meat each year. It was a pretty farm.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

People had big barns, but [m]aybe it was an old potato house. Yeah, they had a lot of barns. We had a barn and chicken house and a cow pen way back behind the house. A barn. Tobacco barn. And then further down was where the barn . . . the stable for the horses were.

FRANCIS BRUCE

We had a big barn where we kept our hay, and come a thunderstorm, I think, and burnt that down so Papa, he built his own little sheds for to put stuff in, what he kept next to the mules.

Willie Bowie Motley beside the horse stables, 1940.
Photo courtesy of Evelyn Penney Upshaw and Annie Penney Purks.

The barn and the stables at Ridgeway, with livestock grazing in the foreground.
Photo courtesy of Lelia Holloway Lewis and Estelle Holloway Allen.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

We had a big barn which was a tobacco barn. And it had, like, levels of rafters for the tobacco, because as the tobacco cured, they'd bring it down, and they had to bring it in to different exposures, or air circulation to cure it. And then we had a hen house out there in the back. And then to the front of the house we had the cow barn. The well was out there. Couple of hay barns, Daddy did raise hay for the cattle and stuff.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

One building we had was called the meat house, and there we would hang the different types of meat, the beef. We called it the smokehouse. That's where they smoked the hams. The hogs would hang from the rafters in the smokehouse, meat house. We would preserve it with salt too.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

In fact, I know there was a barn, at least a barn, because my Aunt Lola, who was one of the five daughters, had a little girl who was killed when the barn . . . when the side of a barn blew over. There was some kind of a storm that came up, and I guess they couldn't get her back in fast enough or whatever. She was outside playing, and the side of the barn fell over on her and killed her. That was my Aunt Lola's little girl.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

[We had a] Small barn. We didn't have but one horse and one cow, so a small barn. [The] Horse worked in the field.

Firewood

A farm without electricity needed wood, and lots of it;, wood for fireplaces to warm the house in the winter, wood to heat bathing and laundry water, and more importantly, for the cook stove where meals were cooked three times a day. Every farm had to manage its fuel carefully and have it stockpiled before winter came. Bringing in both kindling and firewood was a typical chore for children.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

We had to cut wood for fire. We had a woodstove, cook with wood, heat by wood. You cut it for the winter and then haul it up. That would get thrown in a woodpile. Then we had to take an old cross-saw, one on one end and one on the other and saw it. Crosscut saw is what I call it. Get out there sometime on Saturday and saw wood all day long. We had horses . . . cut the wood in the woods and put the load on the wagon and bring it to the woodpile and saw it by hand, one on one end of the saw and one on the other end.

Hard job, hard job, but we had to do it. We had to do it. Keep warm, you had to do it. Didn't have no other way to get no wood. Back there then, there wasn't no power saw, but now you can get a power saw and go in the wood, don't take long to cut the load of wood. And we had to cut it down in the wood with a crosscut saw and an ax and limb it up with an axe. That's the way we had to do it in the wood.

[I'd work] with my father and some other people that was around, all of us would get together and help one another when it time to get wood for the winter. Different one would come in and help us get wood, then we'll go help them cut wood. That's the way we had to do it. Everybody carried it to the house and put on the woodpile, and then we'd go from place to place and help saw it, like we'd do cutting the wood. I guess about a couple weeks,

couple weeks [to get enough wood for the winter]. Take everybody—cut it afore it get real cold. Best time of year we'd start cutting wood in September getting ready for the winter.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

The boys [got the wood]. And my father used to have to cut . . . go and cut logs like that and all. Of course, my father helped at the saw mill.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

Those little buildings were storage and woodshed. They were a woodshed where the . . . men brought all the wood and chopped it right there and left it so that we could get it in the house. And right to the left of that, was the well where we got our water. And, of course, we drew our water by hand from the well, no pump.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

Lightwood [pine kindling], I haven't seen that for a long time. You can go home and light your fire.

Evelyn, Annie and Beatrice Penney pose with the wood pile, 1931.
Photo courtesy of Annie Penney Purks and Evelyn Penney Upshaw.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

I had to bring in the kindling wood to start the fire, you have to have the small kindling wood to start. And we had a great big wood box, because of the cooking, big cook stove, and I had to bring in loads and loads of wood and fill the wood box up, too. All that I had to do after I got home from school. And then after dinner, I had to either wash the dishes or dry them; most of the time whoever was my partner made me wash the dishes. Washing the dishes was harder, and somehow or another, I didn't put up any fuss, and I washed the dishes most of the time. And so I stayed up late to study. I was so tired doing

all the chores and going to school, so I stayed up, I said, "I've got to get my homework done." Everybody else was going to bed, and I'd go in the kitchen by the kitchen stove and put some wood in and study my algebra and see if I couldn't understand it and study my lessons. I got good grades.

JAMES LOVING

I used to have to split the wood when I came from school. That was my task every afternoon when I got out from school was to split the wood and put it in the wood box, with a knife. That was what I had to do. That was my job every day.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

I remember coming from school and bringing in wood. We used to stack it up in [a] little pigpen, did you know that?

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

Daddy would go down and cut down some of our trees down back of the farm, and that's where we got our wood from. I didn't do much helping down there. Daddy was afraid I'd get hurt, so the colored guys would always help, help him do that.

EMMET FARMER

My aunt lived on the other side of the road from us, and she picked up coal off the railroad for cooking purposes for her stove, but we never did. Daddy had railroad ties; he would get the railroad ties off the road and saw them up, and that's what we had for wood. But my aunt used to pick up coal off of the side of the tracks, and that's what she cooked with.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

[The cookstove] Was a fascinating piece of equipment that had a hot water heater on it as well so that not only did she keep her tea kettle on, and one of my lessons that she taught long and well was never let a tea kettle go anywhere near dry. You always refilled the tea kettle every time you used any water out of it. But in addition to that source of hot water, you had a hot water heater on this appliance as well that you kept filled and that the fire then kept that water hot. And then it had a warmer oven over the stove itself where you could place the food to keep it warm either before the meal or after the meal for that matter, and then, of course, the body of the stove itself.

And that brought about another job for children, the business of carting out ashes, because if you're keeping a fire going all the time, you're creating ashes that have to be taken out and put in the garden or around the rose bushes or wherever your grandmother had directed that they be placed. So, yes, the stove was a very, very important appliance back then. It served many purposes in addition to keeping one warm and preparation of food and also providing the water that would be needed to wash self and dishes and clothes and everything else, was all provided by that wood-burning stove.

In the living room, you'd have—usually there were at least three stoves—three wood-burning stoves in each of these old home farmhouses: one in the kitchen that had the function that I've already described. Then the living room had a fanciful stove, iron with some chrome on it in a nice feminine shape, and it was a nice-looking piece. It—form followed function, I guess—and so it looked nice and provided some heat. Or maybe you had an open fireplace in the living room, but if not, you certainly had a wood-burning stove there.

And then the other stove would have been the bedroom. That would have undoubtedly been in the bedroom that the mother and father occupied because often there

would have been a young child in that bedroom. That was the main one that had to be—main bedroom—that had to be kept warm. The other bedrooms could, you know, suffer their own . . . at their own pace.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Woodstove, we had woodstoves for years. I didn't know how to use electricity, electric stove. I used to cut and saw wood, stove length, stick it into that stove, keep the fire burning. And the heaters the same way. We had round—we called them stoves—but they were room heaters made of tin, metal anyhow, some type of metal. Yeah, we had to saw and cut wood as I was growing up.

Farm Machinery and Threshing Wheat

Although the average farmer relied on mules and men for labor, the odd few did have tractors and machinery. The usefulness of farm machinery was offset by the expense and upkeep of it. A system developed in Caroline County and across rural America where the few farmers who did own specialized harvesting equipment would make the rounds of the farms, providing their machines at a cost, or in trade, or for a portion of the crop. The production of wheat was especially important on farms because it was milled and provided the family's supply of flour for the year.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

We grew wheat, so [father] he would have the thrashers come in. That was a big deal because the thrashers would go through the county, and for a certain amount of money or maybe they paid them in wheat, I don't know, they would do the thrashing. And, of course, we would take it to the mill to be ground for flour. And I remember behind one of the doors, they had a barrel like this (demonstrating) where they kept the flour in there. That's, of course, what we used during the wintertime.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

And then in years after that, Papa built what we called a lean-to, and it was just poles going both ways; you had the upright poles and then you had the diagonal poles going across. And then when they threshed wheat, whoever was threshing wheat, the blower would put the blower so that they could blow that straw right over that. And rather than bale it up like they do in the fields now, they would blow that straw.

They had a big blower. They had a big blower attached to I guess it was all with the combine, part of the combine. [T]he combine had a big bin on it that it would take the corn or whatever you had and the wheat, mainly the wheat. It would take the wheat; it was all kind of automatic. They had the belts, big belts, and they had those. They had the wheels, and they had the belts on it, and that would carry it into the blower, and that would separate the grain would be your wheat or rye, would be left in one bin and then they would blow the straw at that blower wherever you wanted it. A lot of people had the wheat and oats to be separated, but they didn't have the combine.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Dad farmed, and you better believe it, he made every inch productive. He was a good farmer. He was a horse farmer. He never did get to the mechanized machinery, but he had machinery. It was a nice thing down there that the neighbors all without exchanging money, they exchanged work. Dad would go up to his neighbors and mow the hay; his neighbors would come down and help him to shuck corn, and it was that kind of a

camaraderie among them down there. And I don't believe that that kind of feeling exists among the people now by any means.

The biggest thing was when we got around to wheat time, then that was a larger piece of equipment, so there was always somebody in the neighborhood, Mr. Grebb used to be the one to do ours, and they'd go around from farm to farm to farm, you know, set up. And they always managed to come to our house at dinner . . . at mealtime because they liked my mother's cooking.

And I think something else was quite interesting, too, that before the time that Daddy knew that they were coming, he'd go to the bank, and he'd come home with a bucket of change. Now, those men may have earned 50 cents or 55 or 65, it was never more than—it never got up to the dollar point—and exactly what they paid an hour, I haven't the slightest idea. But I remember seeing Daddy sitting at the back there at the house and the men standing up there, and Daddy had his molasses bucket with the change in it that he'd gotten . . . counting it up . . . In the meantime, there'd be a whole table full of people eating breakfast or dinner, whichever, there in our dining room. I remember one time they threw a bundle of wheat up on the table there, and the guys snipped the twine right fast like and shoved it; they shoved it on down feeding it into the hopper. Well, unfortunately he fed a black snake into the hopper, and it got chewed up in there, and that whole batch of wheat had came out. Oh, everybody was so unhappy. Daddy was particularly unhappy because that was a loss.

CHARLIE LOVING

Oh, everything was horses then. Didn't know what a tractor was. In fact, I think the old man, Old Man Carter across there, they had a old big tractor and a thrashing machine, they used to cut wheat and thrash wheat with that; that was about all. Everything just about then was horses. That was the only tractor around there that I know of. They used to go around through the neighborhood cut wheat for people. Had a thrasher, carried that around, go around and thrash it. That was all the machine, the rest of them was horses and your feet and hands, (laughing) horses and mules. [W]e cleared a bunch of new ground up on the corner there one time, but that was, to my knowing, most of that was already open.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

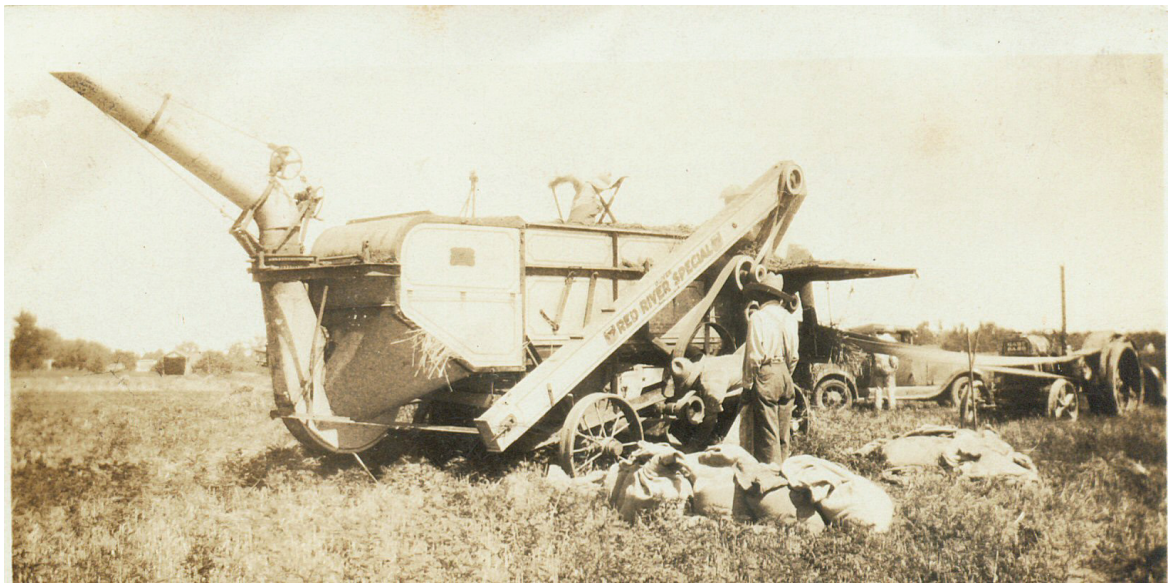
It wasn't too long after that before we got a tractor. I was just as anxious to learn how to drive that, and I'd sit in my older brother's lap, and he'd let me steer until I was big enough to actually be left alone with it. But yeah, we were in the fields . . . we weren't combining them because we had to cut the wheat and stack it and wait for it to dry. And then we had a stationary thrasher, and that produced the seeds, and we had to bag the seeds and the straw. Of course later on there was the combine, so you rode with it in the field and bagged the wheat then. Then you had a side delivery rake, and that was one of my jobs, with the tractor, hooked to the tractor to put the straw in windrows and then came along with the baler and baled it into bales.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

I don't know where that thresher came from because I know that they went from house to house to help each other thresh wheat, so I don't really know who owned that thresher, to tell you the truth. But I'm pretty sure the one farmer, one of the more wealthy farmers, owned the thresher, I believe.

[T]here were no tractors then. I don't remember any. The rich uncles had tractors, but Daddy, you know, we had the plow and the rakes and the things that the horses drew.

But we didn't have any kind of motorized equipment. We had mules. Mules were stronger than horses, and so we had mules.



Red River Harvester.
Photo courtesy of Steve Nazigian.

EMMET FARMER

But we had a lot of black folks, and they always were willing to help you. But anyway, we had a good relationship with the black folks in this area, and they would help you, whatever needed to be done on the farm, hog-killing time or anything at harvest, cutting wheat. Of course, when you cut the wheat and then you had to run it through this old thrashing machine; that took a whole lot of help, whole lot of labor.

But after my daddy died somewhere along the line, this fellow he had bought a tractor and a thrashing machine, and he went through the area, and he charged so much a bushel to thrash your wheat, which it was cheaper than having your own and trying to keep the thrashing machine going and whatnot. So, consequently, when he started coming around, we let our thrashing machine just sit and just rot down. But that took a lot of labor, a lot of labor.

We had a lot of people around here that was—it was just good neighbors—and they would come in and help you whatever you had to do. Dad always had this one black man that he paid him, I don't know, by the month or how he paid him. But he was a regular farmhand, and he lived . . . we had a room that he lived in the house. This one particular one I'm thinking about was Lloyd Washington, and he worked for Daddy for many, many years.

Lloyd was just a good . . . he was a good friend. He used to tell me I used to aggravate to no end. See, in the middle of the day he had two hours that we had to rest, let the horses or mules rest, and he had this old—we had this tree that Daddy wanted—close to the barn or stable that he would like to go down there, and he would rest too; a lot of times, he would take a nap. And he said I would come down, and I wouldn't let him sleep. He said I just aggravated him so much. And even on up into his later years, he would tell me stories about how I used to aggravate him. But anyway, he stayed on over with Mama after Daddy died. And he died, it hasn't been too awfully many years ago. But he used to always

tell me about how I wouldn't let him rest. But he was just a good person, a good neighbor, good help.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

And three farmers living one, two, three, right next to one another, they shared a harvest machine that—you don't shuck wheat—what do you do? The harvest machine was between the three of them, and when that came, it employed quite a few men that all the wheat had to be brought in and put in. And wheat came out one side.

And we always employed two black men that I just loved. One of them I called Uncle Frank. He was blind, and that was the only time he had employment. He would sit there and feel the wheat as it came out, and when the bushel got almost full, he dumped it into a bag that a crimper man had. His name was Uncle Eddie. And then when we had to shuck the corn—not shuck the corn but get it off the cob—that piece of equipment came between the three farmers, and it employed 13 people. Mama and I had to cook for them.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

And when they thresh wheat, everybody would get together, and then we'd go to one building and then go to another one . . . farm, you know, somebody that we knew and thresh wheat.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Thrasher we called it, thrasher, separator. That would separate the grain from the chaff. Yeah, my father had that for a few years. He had a tractor he used to pull that.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

We didn't have a silo, we had a barn, big barn. And they would put—they thrashed the wheat—and then put the hay in the barn.

When you thrash it, it go through the machine, and the wheat would come out. And then they would save the . . . break the stalks up and put them in the barn for the cattle for the winter.

VERGIE MILLER

I don't remember none of the families down there had a tractor. Of course, some of the big farms could have had a tractor. Had a single plow and a double plow and all that.

Tobacco

The biggest cash crop in Caroline County was tobacco. It offered the biggest potential profits. It also offered the biggest potential losses. It was, by far, the most difficult crop to produce, and it required a year-long process of growing and curing before it could be sold.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

One of our primary crops and where we got probably most money from was tobacco in the winter. We got Christmas money then, stripping tobacco in the wintertime. It had to be cured. We had a big old barn, had to be cured. Then they called it stripping, and you strip the leaves and tie them together, and that was our winter money.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

Tobacco, that had to be put in early in the spring. Probably it had just rained or when the ground was soft and might be even a little drizzle of rain when you put it in. We had sticks, my father had made what we called tobacco sticks. It was a stick that they would clean up and put it about 16 inches, 14 inches, and that was what we called tobacco sticks. That's what we would go along—the men would hill—what we call hill the rows up, in other

words, throw the rows up so we could tell where the rows were, a little bit higher than what you could walk on. And we'd go along, and the first job I used to have was to drop the plants. And we dropped a plant by each hole that they went along, then they'd pick it up and put it in the ground, whoever was old enough to plant it. You'd have one dropping and one planting.

So anyhow, we'll go on [with] the tobacco. And when that was cured…they took it down there to the barn. And of course we, the girls, before it got that far, when the plants began to come up, they got suckers on them. In between the big leaves, there were little tiny suckers. We couldn't leave those; they had to come off. So we, Margaret and I, had to break those little suckers out, go down and break every sucker out, every plant. And it used to be probably a dozen leaves to a plant, and you had to get those little suckers out. So that was our job. And tobacco worms about that long.

Evelyn and Annie Penney in the tobacco crop, 1934.
Photo courtesy of Evelyn Penney Upshaw and Annie Penney Purks.

They look exactly like a tomato worm. You see them about as big as your finger . . . Vicious-looking thing. They will sting. They got those little things on the front of them. They actually will sting you. Anyhow, Margaret and I had to go down each plant, and that was our job. Well, that was another reason for long sleeves and gloves. You didn't do that by hand, you used your gloves. And I would catch them and throw them on the ground and put my foot on them real quick. That was the only way. The men I would see them do it different, and I won't tell you how because it's icky. But anyhow, that's the way I would do it, I'd take them off, throw them down real quick and put my foot on them. Well, Margaret was scared to death, and sometimes if she couldn't throw them down real quick, they kind of backfired on her a little bit. You could hear her scream all over the place (Laughter). So

I'd hear, "Oh, this tobacco worm, I got a tobacco worm on me." "Okay, Margaret, let's get the tobacco worm off." I guess that was part of it, you know.

And then we'd grow the plant up and you stripped the—you cut it down—the stalks, you cut down the stalks and then put it in the barn. There was a certain way you had to slit the stalk and hang it on a pole and leave it out in the air until it was dried, and it would wither and get kind of brownish. And when it got to a certain stage, then you would take it to the barn and hang it in a barn, and you had long sticks or poles, you'd have poles that would go from one side of the room to the other. And we would take those sticks and hang them up on those poles. You'd have to be sure to get it on between those two poles, those sticks between. And that would have to hang in the barn until it was cured. Then after that was cured, you'd bring it to the house and strip the leaves off, sort them, tie them up in bundles, and stack them.

And they'd carry them to Richmond to the barns down there, the tobacco barns down there, and they would put them on floors and auction them off. They'd have auctioneers to auction the tobacco off. And it would depend on the grade, you had to grade it, and it would depend on the grade and the appearance of it, how much it's going to bring you. I guess it was representatives from the different companies that would come there, and the auctioneers would auction it off.

They would take it down there and auction it off, and I never did get down there to hear it auctioned, I never did get in there because that was no place for the women, that was no place for the girls. Now, the boys could go but no place for the girls or the women to go, no children down there except for boys. The boys, if they were old enough, they could go. That was the tobacco deal, like I said, when they auctioned it off. Then they brought back the money, and then whatever was your share, you got your money for it. That was incentive for us to work for it.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

I don't know whether you know very much about tobacco or not. But that's a year-long process. You plant the seedlings first; they have to be covered. In the spring you planted it out in the soil, and that was a very difficult crop in that it required so much care. You had to—well, if you didn't top it—it would just grow. But you topped it because it made it a better and a fuller and a bigger plant. But the suckers would grow in these plants, in the leaves, rather, and you had to pull these suckers out. That was some job to do that. And that was during the summertime.

Then in the fall, when this tobacco ripened, they would cut it, and I remember holding the stick for my father, the tobacco stick. He had people come in to help him cut it, but he always . . . he let the girls just hold the stick for him. I mean, we didn't hold them for these other guys. See, they would cut the tobacco, split it, and then drape it over this stick.

My father would hold one end, I guess I held the other one. And then you had to bring this into a barn, and you couldn't rain on it or anything. And it was a gradual process of curing this tobacco in the barn with the windows open and all.

Then in the fall of the year when the tobacco's cured and dried and everything, they would have to strip it from the stalk, and the leaves were bound. And he would take it to Richmond to sell. So it was something that went for the entire year. And the amount of work and effort and time put in that tobacco was just unbelievable. I remember it so vividly. Cold. My father sitting in the barn stripping the tobacco leaves. And of course, you have to tie it a certain way, and you lay it down.

Well, I suckered tobacco. You took off the bottom leaves of that because they would be hanging like that. And then my father would top it, and when you topped it, this is when these suckers would come out of each one of the leaves, and you had to pull those suckers out, so that was a job. And that was a gummy, horrible job, a substance that just got all over your hands and stained your hands and all. So we did do that, all of us, the girls worked on the farm because my father had one boy first and then four girls and five boys. So I think he was always hoping he was going to have another boy to help him, you know, in the early years, but he didn't. Anyway, the girls, of course, were expected to do a lot.

Richard C. Carter holding Charles Anderson in a field of tobacco.
Photo courtesy of Steve Nazigian.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Well, the tobacco crop was a money crop, and tobacco crop was a nasty crop because we went in and we had to pull the suckers out and all of that. And not only that, you get little worms on it. Daddy never wanted a hole in a leaf. Oh, when they went to the market, they had to be almost perfect. So we would pull the suckers from the plants, and then the little things that grow between—right at the stalk and the leaf—the suckers were there, so you just pull those out. As we pulled the suckers, there was something else we pulled.

Believe it or not, we took along a tin can and if the moth had gotten in, we had those cute little worms on the plant, all right, we dewormed the plant, dropped them in the can, and Daddy gave us a penny a hundred. If you can believe that, it was just terrific. Here we would go along with that can, and we would diligently look for any sign of a hole or anything. And then when we were through, you better believe that those worms would spit

all over each other, and it was real juicy there in your can. But we had a board out there at the end of the patch, and we'd pour them out on the board with a little stick—they were real nasty—with a little stick we would pull them out one by one and count them.

And Daddy would pay us a penny a hundred. It was awful to hope that you had more than a penny's worth, but that's the way it worked. As far as we were concerned, that penny was . . . that meant a lot. You didn't see much money exchanging hands.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

He [father] never planted a whole lot of tobacco because Daddy rolled his own cigarettes, and, of course, he would make that in order for it to dry and use that for his cigarettes rather than buy them.

J. E. Penney cutting tobacco, 1940.
Photo courtesy of Evelyn Penney Upshaw and Annie Penney Purks.

VIRGINIA HEARN WHITING

And one story goes with one aunt, which was Aunt Sally. She—my grandfather told the children with all that group—he couldn't send anybody to college; he wasn't going to give one an opportunity that he couldn't give another. And if they wanted to go, they had to figure out how they were going to manage it. So this particular aunt decided she definitely was going to college, there wasn't any way . . . and this was long, long time back. So she

made a contract with my grandfather that she would grow I don't know how large a plot, but she would grow a plot of tobacco, and she did it. She said it was the most back-breaking thing she'd ever done in her life, but she did it. It was successful, she got the money. It was the first and only money that she had made in her younger life, and it took her to college.

MARY SCOTT BROADDUS HALEY

I know they had a tobacco warehouse in Richmond. The tenants used to grow tobacco. My father didn't do it except to help them, and they would work on tobacco and take it to Richmond. I know they had warehouses for that. That was really special, when they would work on the tobacco and get the money for that.

JAMES LOVING

One time I remember raising a half a acre [of tobacco]. And I didn't know how to take care of it, I guess, but when I got ready to get rid of it, I just cut it and cured it, you know, like it's supposed to have been cured, but instead of separating it…the best grade to the second grade or whatever it may be, I just tied it all together. And I got a fellow to take it to Richmond, I remember, and I got $13 for it. [I'm not going to] raise no more, I left home after that. That was the end of the tobacco business. My father never raised it.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

[Father] built a box and put the tobacco on there and shipped it in, took it to Milford, put it on a train and sent it to Richmond.

The tobacco barn is where . . . you cut it and split the stalk and put it in the barn. We had sun-cured tobacco. But you put it on a stick, and then put that in the barn and let it cure. Then you strip it out in the fall and send it. I remember; I hadn't thought about that for a right good while. Some nights when I don't sleep good, I reminisce about what happened years and years ago. And that was one of the things I told you about, making a box and shipping the tobacco to Richmond that way. But that was something . . . that was the onliest way to get it to Richmond. Well, you didn't get very much money [for the tobacco]. You had to pay taxes.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

[We] Had tobacco and corn and beans. [I] remember thinning corn. [Tobacco] is. Sticky, oh, and great big old worms like that, had to get them off. Ick. It weren't funny.

Cucumbers

One of the more reliable cash crops in Caroline County was cucumbers. They were grown to supply the pickle factory in Milford. Although simpler to grow than tobacco, picking the prickly, fast-growing cucumbers was a back-breaking task.

LEONARD BRUCE

[Cucumbers went to] Lang Pickle down at Milford, Lang Pickle, and Papa used to haul them on the wagon until he got his first Model T.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

They [parents] planted corn and tobacco. We helped with the tobacco. No matter how little you are, we weren't too little to pinch them old worms. As I said, didn't care how little you were, you were picking those worms. Pick tomatoes and cucumbers. You come out of the tomato field, wash your hands, get a drink of water. Yes, cucumbers for the pickle factory. And tomatoes were for the tomato factory at Port Royal. She [mother] raised

pickles and tomatoes before she went to work for the Roosevelts. The man came up and picked them up from the cucumber factory, and the man from the tomato factory came, because we really didn't have much transportation in those days.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Yeah, that [cucumbers] was the main crop—they would grow overnight—these things. It could be a little bud and flower on them, and the next morning you've got to pick them. Kept us busy.

The Richard C. Carter family and workers in their cucumber field.
Photo courtesy of Steve Nazigian.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

And then our primary cash crop was cucumbers. There was a pickle factory in Milford, and they got pretty good money for the cucumbers.

But I have to tell you something funny. You know, we didn't have electricity in the home, and we didn't have telephones, so the uncles and aunts would come and visit on Sunday, and they would talk about just about everything. And I remember my uncle who was a superintendent for 50 years at Sunday school, he told my daddy one time, he says, "I'll tell you what I'm talking. I'm not raising any cucumbers anymore because I've come to the conclusion that anyone who raises cucumbers for a living has to have a strong back and a weak mind."

[We grew] Acres and acres of it [cucumbers]. And it run riot, you can't just bend over and pick your cucumbers in one spot. Like potatoes, you could dig in potatoes and pull the greenery up, and there was all the potatoes, you could pick them up. But with cucumbers, they ran all these lines here. I remember my daddy would supervise us make sure that we were getting all the cucumbers. And there were all different sizes of cucumbers, and they would make them different kinds of pickles and can them, little ones, big ones, whatever.

We used to put them on our back, we were given sacks and we'd bring them. And we had a little tent my daddy built, and you would bring them in out of the sun because they turn yellow if they had too much sun. And we'd bring them in the tent, and my daddy would examine them, and he'd grade them because some people wanted them smaller, some wanted the big ones or little size. And that was our crop. And he took all of the seats out of the car, he couldn't afford a truck, and he just stacked up the cucumbers by the bushel in the car.

RICHARD KOCSIS

He [grandfather] used to raise pickles, and they were small like your fingers, dill pickles. And he would put them in the baskets and put them on the trailer and pull it with the car. He had that 2-door Chevy here. And we would be in the backseat, and you know hilly Burma Road there and everything. And we used to scream, our bellies would go up in our head, you know. And he's laughing, and the trailer's going up and down, pickles flying.

CHARLIE LOVING

No, I don't think we fooled with selling no tomatoes down there. I think the only thing in that line was cucumbers, and I hated that joker. Old Man Julian Wharton raised them one year, he didn't want to see no more of them.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

And my father actually made a cucumber sorter, of course, you graded your cucumbers from the smallest to the biggest; they were all graded a certain number. And my father at that time built a cucumber grader or sorter I guess you'd call it, as well as a grader, and that was such a help. We just picked the cucumbers and take them up there in the basket and haul them in.

And we'd pick them and put them in a basket, then carry them to the house to the shade or either put them at a end of one row. Everything was lined up so it would be convenient for the men to pick up. Sometimes we'd have extra baskets sitting on the side of the road where they could come down with the truck or with the horse and sleds that they would bring in and carry them to the house. Of course, then you had a sled made of big heavy timber, and you'd have one horse or mule that will pull that. And they'd get up whatever crop we had, like if we had the cucumbers or we had watermelons or cantaloupes or had basket of peas or the things of tobacco, the stalks of tobacco, they'd lay it on that sled and carry it to the barns. There was a pickle factory. In Milford. That's where we carried everything was to Milford.

The big crop, like the cucumbers, why my father built the sorter was it had to be sorted. So instead of taking hours standing sorting them, why, we'd just bring them up, dump the basket in there, and it would automatically sort them into what size there were. So if there was any difference, why we'd do that by hand. And he would take them in the truck and haul them to Milford to the pickle factory. Like I said, we raised the gherkins, and they had little stickers on them, and they picked those and carried them to the pickle factory. They went with the cucumbers to the pickle factory.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

That's where we sold our cucumbers at [Milford]. We had to pick them and then take them up there. And when you picked the cucumbers, you put them in a basket according to the size. The little ones you get more for it than the big ones. Then you'd have to sort them out, you know, and then take them up there. And they gave you what they wanted for them. They set the price. I think farmers are kind of . . . I think we need to

organize more because I think everything we sell, somebody else decide what they going to give us for it. The cucumbers, when we sold them to this place, they undoubtedly sold them to somebody else to make pickles out of, I reckon. I don't think they made the pickle themselves.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

We used to sell them [cucumbers] 35 cents a bushel, and now you pay 79 cents apiece. And I never thought I'd ever eat a cucumber (general laughter). You know . . . and I love them. [We sold them in] Milford. They used to have a cucumber plant at Milford, and you'd take them up there. Potato [warehouses]. There was two of them. One at Mica, one at Haley Taylor's.

FRANCIS BRUCE

We would pick them [cucumbers] all through the summer. We'd always hope something going to happen to them so we wouldn't have to work, work so hard. It was a big thing. Then Papa started raising a lot of watermelons and cantaloupes, too, and stuff like that.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Don't remind me of those long rows of cucumbers and them vines lay there, and we had to pick them up, you know. And I'd pick off the blossoms, I said, "Well, there won't be no cucumber later on."

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

He [father] was in charge of the farm, and we as kids, some things we helped him with. Just like we grew cucumbers, and, of course, we all had to pick those things. Anybody you talked to that raised cucumbers would tell you the same thing. Well, we sold them to the pickle factory at Milford. And, of course, we ate them, too. But you know, you would pick today, may not pick tomorrow, but the third day you'd pick. Some of those little ones had gotten huge, and, of course, we fed those to the hogs, and hogs ate them just like corn. Everybody fed them to the hogs.

VERGIE MILLER

They brought them [cucumbers] up here to Milford to Dishman I think was the pickle factory in Milford. You had to sort them in sizes, and then they'll put them in a bushel basket. My father sat—when he was paralyzed—he could sit down and sort the cucumbers, but we did all the picking, mother and us. Oh, Lord. Get up 4 o'clock in the morning, when you get out of the fields, it's 1 o'clock. We were just out there picking cucumbers for them hours.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

We got up in the morning before the sun ever rose and start picking cucumbers. I said to my daddy, I said, "Why do we have to get up so early?" But people went to bed early and got up early. But nowadays, people go to bed late and get up . . . sleep late in the morning. And the day soon would be gone.

Sweet Potatoes

One of the several common cash crops in Caroline County was sweet potatoes. Although popular on the family dinner table, production of sweet potatoes was profitable enough for farmers to prompt the establishment of the Caroline County Co-operative Sweet Potato Association. Like many crops, sweet potatoes required special curing after harvest to ensure the best product.

EMMET FARMER

Caroline had they called it a Sweet Potato Growing Association, and that came about . . . well, it came about before my daddy died, and he had bought shares in that association. So we always had acre or so of sweet potatoes, which all this work was done with horses and mules and labor and whatnot. Getting your sweet potato plants, you had to put it on a hot bed to get your plants, then of course the plants had to be transferred to the field. But the Sweet Potato Association was a great thing for the farmers back in the late '30s, late '30s or whatnot because they had fertilizer, and they had just about everything that the farmers needed at that warehouse. You heard about fertilizer and anything pretty much pertaining to the farm.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

People that grew sweet potatoes; they had that co-op. We weren't in it.

RICHARD KOCSIS

Down the road about 200 feet, I guess, he [grandfather] had a bed where he raised plants—sweet potatoes—and then he'd set them out in the field. It was like a hothouse he had. The[y] would put corn stalks in there and mule manure for heat and put straw on it and corn stalks and all and cover it up. And it would heat the ground. You have to have mule manure; that works best for heat. And the plants would come up, and then he'd set them out in the field, the sweet potato plants. He didn't bother with other plants.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

My dad was planting a hotbed when I was born, and I was born right there at the house. Do you know what a hotbed is? They put little slips of sweet potatoes in there, and they grew and then they took them and planted them.

LEONARD BRUCE

We had cleared all the land there by hand, and Papa had purchased about three other small farms in that same area. We raised a lot of watermelons and sweet potatoes, just acres of sweet potatoes. Of course, that land in Caroline, A. P. Hill area was sandy, and it growed good sweet potatoes and melons, watermelons.

Oh, I guess it was 30 people out there getting up sweet potatoes. Lots of sweet [potatoes]. Yeah, yeah, [father] he'd hire them [workers], yeah. [From] Around the area, yeah. It was quite a sight to see, all those people out there in the field, you know, getting up sweet potatoes.

And you'll see a lot of sweet potato houses in A.P. Hill. Like a barn. It'd have shutters for air, you know. About two up and two down on both sides so that air . . . get the air. It was a lot of sweet potatoes raised in Caroline County.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

But Grandpop grew everything. And I remember the potato barn. He used to have a barn, and it was just piled high with potatoes. And every once in a while they would move, and they would rumble down, and we would think it was thunder, but it wasn't, it was the potatoes rolling down. So then when it would thunder, we'd say, "Oh, the potatoes are rolling."

MARY SCOTT BROADDUS HALEY

[My father grew] cucumbers and tomatoes and cantaloupes, but he didn't really like doing that. Sweet potatoes, oh, they all in that area grew sweet potatoes, and they all built big barns to cure the sweet potatoes. That became to be a real important crop for a little while.

Well, when they [sweet potatoes] first come out of the ground, they are not cured, and they had to put them in the house with a stove and have heat in there. And they cure, and they get a lot of juice in them and they're sweeter.

I know he [father] took a lot of [sweet] potatoes to Washington, D.C. to sell. Sometimes to Richmond, but he didn't do much of that.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

[We had a] Large garden. We liked working in the garden. We suckered tobacco, and we helped plant the sweet potato plants, you know. He had what you call hot bed. You plant the sweet potato seed, and they got to come up about three inches tall, three or four inches. And then when they're just right . . . and have a glass over them for the winter, you know, from the spring. So we'd go out and pick those out of the hot bed, and we had some kind of instrument, and we would dig a hole in the ground. We had very fertile soil, my dad had already planted fertilizer too. And we'd plant the sweet potatoes, and in about two or three weeks, they were great big plants running. And they really produced really good crops of sweet potatoes. But you had to plant them in a hot bed in the fall. [It was] in back of the shed where the sun could get to them. And it's covered with glass, and you had to water them regularly. So always abundant crops, beautiful crops.

Well, we sowed the sweet potatoes in the spring. You know, the spring of the year is when they're ready to be planted. And all through the winter my daddy just looked after them, they just grew, a little bit at a time. But in the real, real cold weather, naturally they didn't come up. But I've forgotten what month he actually planted the seed. They called them hot beds. [T]he sweet potatoes grew kind of close to the top of the soil. So sometime they were even budding out on the top of the soil, and you could see them. So it was very easy to pull out the sweet potatoes. All you do is take your hand and pull them right out because you can see part of it sticking up. And sometime you get four or five nice big sweet potatoes in just one plant. I mean, huge sweet potatoes. And they were red sweet potatoes and yellow sweet potatoes, but we liked the red ones better. And we sold sweet potatoes and ate sweet potatoes, made sweet potato pie, baked sweet potatoes. It was delicious.

Sweet potatoes. And the Safeways loved my daddy's potatoes. And he took all the seats out of the car and stacked them up to the ceiling, and he went to all the Safeways in Fredericksburg, Culpepper, Bowling Green was a small town. And he sold those sweet potatoes, and they loved his sweet potatoes. They were delicious, you know, red ones and yellow ones. My daddy was a wonderful farmer, but my daddy had bronchitis, which ran in our family, and he had a heart condition, and he was deaf. Sometime he had to take one of the children with him so they could tell him how many bushels of potatoes they wanted him to bring in to help him, and he had a heart [condition] . . . and so did his father before him.

Hay

"Making hay" was something that every farmer did. On Caroline County farms, it was processed both by hand and with machinery. The hay was stored, most often loose in the hay loft of the barn, and it provided fodder for livestock over long cold winters. It also had a variety of other uses on the farm, such as insulation for ice houses.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

And when I was big enough, I went up the loft and threw the loose hay—we had loose hay—down in a pile on the ground until I thought it was enough. Then instead of climbing back down like I should, I would jump out of the loft down onto the pile of hay.

And one day I didn't get into the middle of the pile of hay, and I got on one side of it, and I've never had anything hurt so. I didn't tell Daddy about it. Finally got myself up and found that I could still go, but from that time on, I climbed down. Daddy had these step things, you know, built like this up the side where you could go up sort of a ladder or steps attached to the side of the barn that you could walk up. So from that time on, I came down—I would help him to put the hay into the mangers—and I'd run and get the corn in the bucket because the corn house was a little farther away.

Fields covered with haystacks at Ridgeway.
Photo courtesy of Lelia Holloway Lewis and Estelle Holloway Allen.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

And we had a mower, used to cut hay. We had to have hay because we had animals. Yep, we had to have it. The horses or mules or whatever we had had to be fed during the winter months when the grass dried up or snow came on it and we couldn't get to it.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Never had a silo. [Father] he always put the hay—he would put it in stacks—what do you call it, like cones for it to dry. Then they would get it and haul it into the barn.

Corn

Corn was another staple crop on the farm. Once dried and shucked, corn could be ground into cornmeal, which, along with flour, was a cornerstone of farm family food. Corn was also fed to farmyard chickens.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

I used help [parents] them plant corn and thin corn. You know, you go along in the row and there's two stalks in one place, you pull one out. You called it thinning. That's in the field.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

So anyhow, it would be about the time that corn would come up, and we would have to thin corn. Well, they used to plant corn, and maybe it would come up three or four stalks. Well, you couldn't leave but one stalk, see. If you did, why, you'd have a lot of spindly stalks. So we'd have to take a hoe and go through them and chop off the other ones.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

Even as a child, there were jobs, but I must say, though, there was playtime too, specifically with the corn. One joy was simply playing hide and seek in the cornfields, running through the corn. Now, of course, the corn, that was frowned upon by my parents and my grandmother as well because you might damage the corn, but I specifically remember with glee the fun times running through the cornfields.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

I worked the fields with mules, horses, and we had cows. I had to clean the barns out. [My father would] tell me to hook the mules and horses up we had and went to the field. I used to plow, cultivate the corn, plant the corn, then cull it when it grow up, cultivate it, work it with all you're supposed to do to it. And then fall of the year, we used to cut it and shock it, put it in shocks, and later on go back and shuck it. We had to do all that. I might have made a few mistakes. Yeah, yeah, might have been a few. When I was small, it used to throw me around a little bit, yeah. Then after we plowed, then take the harrow and have to harrow it, pull it with the mule to break the clods up and smooth it up. I call it smooth it out. Then we take and go ahead and get the corn plowed and plant the corn.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Well, corn had been cut, shocked, and then the corn had to be taken out of its shucks. And Daddy always had Uncle John Lewis—a black man up the road and neighbor and friend—to help, and, of course, I being a little one in Daddy's shadow, I too had to help. So Dad would put several stalks of corn down beside him onto the left, and there I worked and worked stripping down the shuck and stripping and stripping. But it's all I could do was strip down the shuck, I couldn't ever cut it, break it out, so that what Dad always did, and he'd always say thank you when he'd break out the . . . say, "Now you go do another one."

Of course, after the corn was shucked, and they threw it by the rows, and Daddy would take the wagon and go out there, and he'd put it in the wagon, and then he'd bring it on to the house, and it'd be stored in the corn house. And the corn house was put together with air vents, vents being between the boards that formed the house. And that was fine and dandy. You had to watch out for mice in there too.

Well, I was shucking some corn and just gotten through, and all of a sudden my daddy said, "Hold on here, John Lewis. What do you think you're doing?" And I looked, and Uncle John was rapidly undoing his overalls, of all things. And he said—he never called him 'Mr. Wright—' it was 'Mistrite.' "Mistrite, I've got a mouse in my britches," and he kept on pulling his pants down. Daddy quickly caught me by the shoulders, turned me around, and said "Run along to the house." Well, I ran along to the house, but there's one thing I've always been so sad about, I never was there to see how many pairs of pants Uncle John had on because they always wore so many pants and then the overalls over the top of them. And I never did get to see the mouse either. And that's the end of that story as far as the shucking corn.

RACHEL BRUCE FARMER

One thing that I remember even after we got married is them shucking corn. The corn was cut by hand and put in a shock, you've seen the shocks in the fields. Well, they would have to go out there in cold as it could be and shuck that corn, and they would lay open the shocks and shuck the corn. And it would take them a month to get all of that corn out of the shock. I don't know how they did it.

FRANCIS BRUCE

They used to mostly cultivate stuff with a mule. You slide the comb down and cultivate it, and when it got big enough, you took a plow and threw that dirt, then knocked the balks out with the plow. Then in the fall, we'd cut the tops off, that's for the cows, and shock it and pull the corn . . . we shucked corn till Christmas. And that was a big thing, finishing up the corn. We used to cut the hay for the cattle, put that in the barn for the winter.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

Grandpa mostly was [raising] corn and wheat and things like that, he didn't raise tobacco.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

He [father] raised…corn, wheat, soybeans, had cattle, chickens, pigs, and a big garden. Except for coffee, tea, extract for cooking, salt, pepper, you raised it. And there are probably other things too. We had our own wheat and corn where we took to the mill to have ground into flour and cornmeal. I tell people, "If you didn't raise it, you didn't eat it."

Milking

Morning and night, cows had to be milked. Every family had at least one to supply the dairy needs of the family: milk, cream and butter. Families with larger herds of cattle might sell the surplus dairy products.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

We carried it [our trash] way over in the woods. There was a path right through these woods right here to our house. You know, we used to come and get the cows, you know that path. We generally kept four [cows]. But stupid things, they would be over here in the pasture, and they wouldn't come home at night, and we'd have to come get them. And they would stand just as still, you know. One of them had a bell, but they would stand just as still. You'd walk right up on them before you saw them. Oh, yeah [we would milk them and]. Make butter. [We made] Butter, yeah. I think we got 50 cents a pound. It was [a lot of money]. Who do you think [did the milking]? All of us. Four [cows]. They were jerseys, that's the kind Papa liked.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

Our farm, we could walk down the road, little state road, and then we'd go in the woods to get the cows out. [I]t was swampy, part of our pasture. And them cows, they wouldn't want to come out of there. In the hot summertime, the flies, but we would have to stand there and holler at them until they'd finally come out. Then we'd drive them out a good distance to the barn and put them up in the barn—where we kept the cattle, you know—they were penned in, and then milk them and carry the milk to the house. And I imagine there was plenty of germs in it by the time we got it. I won't even drink it now.

I think we got immune to the germs. But, see, sometime they would go in the swamp, like, and they're bathed in mud and everything, but we'd always carry water in the

bucket and wash them off and dry and then milk the cow. But you know that weren't very sanitary.

[We milked] Morning and night. Before dark . . . you know, like, 5 o'clock or something we'd go get them out. But we never had over two or three at a time. We just kept them for the milk for our own use. Everybody usually had one or two cows. Then we'd get a calf from them every year, and that was kind of a treat because sometimes he'd divide the money up with us, give us $10 apiece. We thought we were millionaires.

We would try to buy something like a little dress or just a sweater or . . . I don't remember exactly what. But usually we really needed socks, a pair of shoes or something. We didn't live high because we didn't have it—I mean—we didn't have that much, but we always had money to pay for what we wanted to buy.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

Yeah, that was my job, was to sweep the front walk and the back walk, keep those walks clean. I begged my dad to milk the cow, "I want to milk the cow." I was just a little kid, you know five, six, seven years old. And that cow, I think her name was Annabelle . . . Annabelle, Old Mill, and Victoria. Annabelle didn't like the way I went about milking it, and she got mad and she kicked the milk bucket, and milk went everywhere. Scared the heck out of me.

Annabelle, Victoria, and calf at Ridgeway.
Photo courtesy of Estelle Holloway Allen and Lelia Holloway Lewis.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

Make butter. Milk the cow, save the cream, and set that aside. And then after you got enough, you put it in the churn, some of them had a churn like this (making motion, up and down) and some of them had a churn like this (making motion, cranking). Then we used some of that butter, whatever we needed to use, and the rest of it we'd take it to the

store and sell it. That was how we made a little extra money for to buy some things that ended up we needed, like sugar, salt, pepper, coffee, tea, and stuff like that.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

We didn't have a milk separator. Now, my uncle had a separator that you turned and it separated it, but we did not. We just used milk pans. It would firm like grease. Well, the cream is thick, and you could just go right under it and take it off very easily. We always had to watch in the spring I guess. Wild onions would grow in your fields, and we had to watch it because it would come out with some onion flavor. Clover, they liked clover and green grass. And we used fodder, which is corn shucks, we used that too to feed them in the wintertime.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

And, of course, there were cows to milk, and I learned to milk a cow. My sister learned to milk a cow, and she hated to milk the cows. I have to put that in because she disliked that. It wasn't an easy task, but my hands were so small that I couldn't squeeze the tits of the cows like the boys. I had to strip them, I had to strip them like this (demonstrating), but I get all the milk I could, you know, that way. But the disappointing time would be that time that you had your bucket just about full or half full of milk and the cow would decide, well, maybe a fly would come along—they're called horse flies—would come along, and in the bucket would go the foot, and there would turn over or half turn over, all messed up.

About the milk, we were fortunate enough that my father learned about what they called a separator. It was made of stainless steel, and it had a disk in it; it was a big bowl, and then it had a little disk in it that the milk divided itself into grades, and the cream was left on top. And that was the way our milk was graded and taken to Milford, put in cans and taken to Milford. It wasn't a dairy because I believe it had to be shipped to Richmond. I believe the milk at that time would have to be shipped to Richmond. Anyhow, we would take it to Milford. We would put it through the separator we called it, then save the cream and the milk. We'd separate the cream from the milk, put it in separate cans, and save what we wanted for our own use and then sell the remainder of it. And that would take care of the cream and the milk.

We usually kept at least two [cows], no big amount. We'd have sometime as many as four, but normally we kept at least two that we would milk for ourselves. They had their own stalls built on the end. We had a long barn that it would take care of corn, and then it would take care of the trough where you put your milk, where you put your ears of corn, their food, or if you were going to give them chop, which was the off of the meal that you carried to the grist mill. That would come back. You didn't waste anything. That went to be mixed up with water, like mush in other words, and you would put that in there for them. And I guess so much moisture, as much as the water itself. And then, of course, they'd have to have so much water. Then you had to clean the stalls out. They had to be cleaned out because they'd put the straw down, and then, of course, it would be much easier to take up the waste and all, and that was a job that had to be done. I didn't do it a whole lot, but I did have to do it some. Usually the older ones caught a little bit more of the harder work than I did.

EMMET FARMER

You get up in the morning, cold, of course we had to get up and feed those cows and milk them before you get ready to go to school. School bus came at 8 o'clock, so you had to get up and feed them and milk the cows. Most times, we had five or six cows we had

to milk. Then we had to bring the milk to the house, had what we called a separator, and that was a hand crank. And you had to run that milk through the separator, and you had milk coming to one spigot and the cream or the . . . well, I guess cream came out of the other one. And you had to stand there and run all that milk through that old separator until you get your milk here and cream over here.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Mama's money crop was cream and eggs. Her cream . . . we finally got a separator, cream separator—one of those hand jobs, that's right—and you have to be so careful putting that thing together and cleaning it and all that good stuff. And she used to keep the cream—when we had ice—there was a special place in the icehouse to set the can of cream. And then when we no longer cut ice, used an icehouse, there was a little spring.

We had what we called a spring branch. You never seen so many little rivulets of water running down through that particular area, and that was down behind the icehouse. The icehouse was up high; this was sort of down in what we called the spring branch. And there was a spring up under the big oak tree right on this side, or the side nearest the house, of the spring branch. So Daddy fixed a little shelf in there, and she set her cream cans up in there. They worked out fine.

But one day we had a terrible storm . . . and when it'd storm, we'd always head for the house, and that's where we sat until the storm had abated. So it had stopped, and all of a sudden, Mama hopped up, threw her hands up and said, "My gosh, my cream, my cream." And all of us went running down to the spring branch. And I would have you to know that there had been so much water that had fallen that afternoon that the can had been shifted, and the cream had spilled out, and that spring branch down there, all those little rivulets were running white with Mama's cream. And I don't know, but I think Mama cried because that was what she—the money that she used to buy us clothes and material—she always made our clothes . . . and things of that nature. But it was very rough living on the farm when you stop to think about it.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

We had our own milk, and we put it in a bucket and put it down the well to keep it cool. Mama would sell butter to anybody that wanted it, which I think then was about 25 cents a pound.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

The boys did most of it [the milking], and my father, the older boys. All the boys was older than I was.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

I milked cows for years. I want to forget that part. I milked cows, I think I just began to be 12 and 13 years old. They had to wait until you get a certain age before they would allow you to do a certain job. "See, watch your brother." And my oldest brother, Cloy, used to take the cow's tit and squeeze milk in our mouths, and we would just (making sound). A lot of fun growing up, but you don't see it until after you were grown.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Well, I never learned to milk [cow], thank goodness. My sister Nellie was the oldest girl, and she was terrific.

Slaughtering Hogs

One of the major events in the fall, around Thanksgiving, was slaughtering hogs. Hog slaughtering was often a community event, with people coming together to help each other get the job done. Once salted or smoked, pork in the form of hams, sausages, and other products was a staple year-round. Although the slaughtering was a man's work, it was the housewife's job to turn the meat into family meals.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

[At hog-killing time] they used to make the fire about 4:00 o'clock in the morning. I'd get out of bed, just go there and look at them kill them. I'd be right out there with them. When they kill [a hog], I'd try to pull the hair off them. When they scald them in a great big old long thing, and I used to try help pull the hair off them. Then after you get all the hair off, you clean them good. Then you hang them up on a pole. After they kill the last one, they go back and gut them, open them up, take the guts out. I used to be out there with them. I used to like time to kill hogs. I'd be right out there with them.

Get by that fire, stay warm. Go right over there and stand there and watch them kill them, and I tried to pull the hair off them. Then you got knives that scrape them off. Little old knife about that long. They had a meat house, they hang them up in the meat house. You couldn't cut them up until the meat get hard. Back there get real cold, hang them up there. The next morning they go out there and cut them up. I used to watch them do all that, look at them. Yeah, put them in a smokehouse. And they'd dry up some of this meat, they'd dry it and make lard. Got a great big old pot they'd put it in, cook it outside, build a fire.

JOSEPH BUMBREY

You'd cure the meats, and then I remember putting brine, salt brine on the hams to store them. I can't recall . . . well, I didn't recall anything. I saw them do it over here. I don't recall seeing any curing process. I'm sure that probably occurred somewhere down there.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

We had hogs, we had pigs and hogs. We had [a] smokehouse, and you know what the smokehouse was? They had a certain type of wood that they would make a fire and smoke those fresh hams that they killed from hogs. My father used to kill hogs, too. Yeah, we had hog-killing time of the year, oh, yes, we certainly did. Cut the poor hog's throat and let it bleed. We used to get so sorry hear the pigs squealing, you know, like children.

Kept it all, all parts of it [the pig], yep. And even cleaned the chitterlings, yep. Didn't waste a thing. You get the hair off of—ears, all—oh, I loved pig ears with black-eyed peas. I love them today. I still eat that today, yes, sir, black-eyed peas and pig ears.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

Bacon and eggs or ham and country [meat] . . . see, we'd kill all these hogs and had all this good country meat, which I wish we had a lot of it now. But you know, you'd fry some ham or something like that, bacon.

Sausage, yeah, we made sausage. Every time we had to use all this stuff, you know, get rid of it. I mean, when you kill hogs, you had—some days you had to do sausage, some days—and we'd hang it in the meat house, like the hams and the shoulder. And now you couldn't do it because the winters are not that cold, my goodness. But no, we worked out pretty well. But sometimes now I wish we had some of that good old stuff to make country sausage. Oh, I made sausage.

We would smoke it [ham and sausage] . . . we would salt it all down good, you know, and then hang it up there [in the smokehouse] with a rope or something to let it stay up there till it got warm weather. But those days, we had really cold winters.

We had this big pot, you know. They had to kill them [hogs], then they had to scald them and then cut them up and do all that. But we would have meat for the winter. That's how we got all our good meat. And the winters were so cold, we'd hang the hams and the shoulders up in the meat house. We had a meat house out here, just a little small room outside.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

We raised hog, two hogs. You buy the hogs in the fall, two little pigs about so long and kill them next fall. I didn't do much. That's something I didn't care much about because Mama like hog chitterlings, and I couldn't stand that. Oh, I make souse now. Get hog feet at the market and make souse. I didn't care much for some of it that they made. That was the main thing that I did with the hog. And Mama used to make a pan full [of souse] after we moved up here, she'd come, and we'd kill hogs, and she'd have a dishpan, she'd get a little scrap of this and a little scrap of that, and when she finished, she had a whole big pan full.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

[We] Had hogs. We'd grow about three hogs a year. And we killed them. Mama salted them down. They used to put them in a barrel and just leave them until they think they was right, I guess. Then they take them out and hang them up and smoke them.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

And I helped him [father] with the hogs. The hogs was just a money crop. We had these great big lots that went down the hill there, and they were graduated. The ones all the way down, they were for one purpose, and this purpose in these. I guess it had to do with the ages, I have forgotten. But I know that there were three large lots that ran down the hill there. And then there's another lot way back up here in the barnyard, and that was the—wasn't a lot, it was a pen—and that was a fattening pen. So when it was hog-killing time, I always want to get those out of there and put them over in the fattening pen.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

The colored family, Millie and George we called them, they lived back across the stream, and they would—I don't know how they—if they shot the hog or what they did, but Marguerite would be scared to death when hog-killing time would come, to think that the hogs had to be killed. But she was there more than anybody because she stayed on the farm after we all went to work. And then they would—as I told you before—they skinned the hogs some way. You know, you had them. They had a big farm, I know, too. They had great big black kettles, looked like a tub that they would slaughter them in and get the hair off. And they would then hang them in the smokehouse, hang the whole hog right from the rafters in the smokehouse. It was scary looking; I was afraid to see them. And then Millie and George would cut that meat into hams, and then we had what we called chitterlings. And they would take a lot of those home to cook them.

I remember Grandmother and Millie with the great big tub making the sausage. They would can a lot of it. We would put the . . . they smoked the hams and hang them from the rafters in the smokehouse. I guess they did it there, put the great big hams. They would kill about two at a time, the hogs. Then cut the lard up for . . . you had great big things of lard.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

Oh, we had hogs in the fall of the year, and wintertime we'd kill them hogs and preserve the meat, you know, had lard and all. In the wintertime, everybody would come around and help kill them hogs and then would go different place at different times. Yeah, we didn't buy no meat.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

Well, we grew all of our own vegetables and everything like that, whatever she [mother] decided to have, you know, because we grew—we had our own hogs—and we done the killing every year. And Daddy always had the black guys to come in and help him do that. She made her own lard and soap and grinding of the sausage. She made souse out of the hog heads, and Daddy had the smoke-cured hams, had those, and cleaning of the chitterlings, don't forget that. I remember Daddy doing it [hog killing], and I thought it was so cruel, but anyway. That's where our good old hams come from and all that. I stayed in the house, and Daddy was out beyond the barn there doing that. No, I didn't want to hear it. And he got so that he would shoot them because he got so that he couldn't handle them. Of course, the black guys, they were helping. So he would shoot them. When I'd hear that shot, whew.

GARDENING

Every farm had a garden that produced food to feed the family year-round. Summer vegetables were enjoyed in their prime, and enough was preserved primarily through canning, drying, or storage to feed the family over the long winter. Everyone worked in the garden. Sometimes surplus garden produce was sold at the side of the road, some went to farmer's markets and stores locally, some even as far a field as Fredericksburg, Washington, D. C. and Charlottesville. Some farmers even gave up the typical cash crops in favor of concentrating on truck farming. Vegetable gardens were sometimes supplemented with fruit trees, bushes and vines.

ROSE HICKS FARMER

Out there was all little field crops, I mean, little garden—Daddy raised tobacco, but it was sweet potatoes and corn and cucumbers and butter beans and—all little garden crops because that's what we lived off of.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

We always had a good garden. Beans, butter beans, black-eyed peas, tomatoes, cucumbers, just a general garden. And she'd go out and turn the pea vines over and pick the peas off the vines . . . sometimes they was black-eyed and sometimes it was—I don't know—some kind of pea.

RICHARD KOCSIS

They [grandparents] had grapevines, peach trees, apple trees, pear trees. They had an orchard. And those nuts, hazelnuts. They would grow on like a hedgerow, like a bush, and you pick them. Walnuts, made good strudel, walnuts.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

It [the garden] was Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, black-eyed peas, butter beans, string beans, English peas, squash, tomatoes, cucumbers, you just go on and on. And we canned it.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

And corn. And apples, Mr. Garrett had a huge apple orchard. Yes, he sold them, and we had free range. And watermelons, he grew a lot of watermelons. Everybody grew sweet potatoes. Everybody had a sweet potato patch.

Oh, yes, we had a big garden. Mama had it first, and then Esther my older sister, she was married, and she lived with Mama. And she took the garden over when Mama left home. I never forget, she raised parsnips; I never want to see a parsnip as long as I live. I helped drop in the seeds, and I helped work in the garden with the hoe. Yes, all the food for the family.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

We would raise butter beans and tomatoes and a row of cucumbers and string beans, what else, onions, potatoes. We raised both kinds, white potato, Irish potato, and sweet potato. And they would keep pretty good, you know, for a good while into the winter.

CHARLIE LOVING

[We grew] Corn, cucumbers, hay, tomatoes, different kind of stuff like that, regular garden. We didn't do no tobacco. Some of the rest of them did around the neighborhood, but we didn't, not there.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

Some people have a green thumb, and I absolutely didn't. It just fascinated me when something I planted come up; I just thought it was great. I always had butter beans, corn, onions, cucumbers, and tomatoes. Love them [cucumbers]. I never could get beets to come up, and everybody says that's the easiest thing, and I couldn't ever get them to come up. I don't know, but I never did have any luck with them.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

Sweet potatoes and cucumbers and tomatoes, I suppose, were the three crops that were grown so much around here in Caroline County. And to this day . . . I mentioned earlier that white potatoes were one of my favorite vegetables. Sweet potatoes certainly come in second to that back then and today as well. My favorite snack when I came home from school was a baked sweet potato. I had two grandmothers, of course, the grandmother that I lived with, Little Grandmother, and she was called "Little" because of her physical stature; she was little. Then my other grandmother was called Big Grandmother because she was heavy, she was a heavy-set lady. And one of the very fine memories I have of going to Big Grandma's was always that of being given a baked sweet potato. That was my favorite after-school snack.

My grandfather, husband to Big Grandma, raised a big field of black-eyed peas, and that was an onerous job, too, shelling those darn things. They had long pods, and they scratched your fingers and so forth, but the other large field that he raised on his farm was that of sweet potatoes. And so as far as the eye could see, you'd see sweet potato plants. And then they were dug in the fall and preserved in sand down under the house where there was a cool area, and then you could eat sweet potatoes all during the winter.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

Cucumbers, we had corn, did sweet potatoes. We had enough land to grow tomatoes. Had a regular garden of everything that would go in a garden. We had fruit trees. We had plum trees, we had apple trees, and we had peach trees. We had walnut trees. We had grapevines. We used to go pick huckleberries and blackberries. We'd get those for, like, fresh fruit.

See—we used to raise—use cucumbers before they put up the cucumber factory. We used to raise them in the garden. We had garden, raise cucumbers and make pickles out of them. That was before they even had the factory up there in Milford. My father had . . . my father raised most everything. He tried raising asparagus. I remember we raised eggplants because they was huge, grow on the vine, you see. Of course, had onions, always had onions. We tried broccoli when we came back, we raised squash. We had different kinds of squash. Had the white squash and had the yellow squash.

[We had] plenty of white potatoes, sweet potatoes. We'd just harvest them. We didn't have to go to the store to buy them because we had enough to last us through until time to raise them again. Yeah, watermelons, cantaloupes, cabbage, raised all of that stuff.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Lima beans, corn, potatoes, string beans, all sorts of things. And they were very good. And we had a very small orchard. I remember my grandmother peeling the fruit and putting it on top of a shed to dry, was dried fruit that we had in the wintertime. She always did that. In the summertime, we had plenty of food. And my mother did a lot of canning. We didn't have a freezer, we didn't have refrigeration.

ETHEL WAUGH SANDERLIN

Well, I remember he [Uncle Willie] had a garden that he grew corn and tomatoes, and he had watermelon. He just had a nice big farm there. I remember we would sit on the porch in the evenings, and he'd sit out there with his shotgun. And I said, "Uncle Willie, what are you going to do?" He said because I have to protect my garden because the deer would come and eat everything. So he would sit there, and when the deer would come, he'd just fire the gun up in the air, and the deer would run away.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Watermelons, we had huge watermelons. We raised tomatoes, we raised butter beans, we raised black-eyed peas, I picked more of them. Beets, squash, pumpkins, we would sell or let people have during Halloween, for all the holidays.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

Oh, yes, we had a right good size garden, and Mama done all the canning and things like that. Tomatoes and butter beans, green beans, snaps, and peas and okra and asparagus and onions. That was about it. Watermelon and cantaloupe, don't forget that.

And my grandmother had the prettiest rose garden there. Had every color rose most ever saw. I can see her out there now picking roses, cutting them, you know, and bringing some in the house and make a bouquet of them, put them on the table, in her lifetime. She had the prettiest yellow rose. I'll never forget that. And every time I see a yellow rose, I think of her.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

Like I said, my mother was very talented . . . and she loved flowers. Everywhere she would go, she would find a flower slip, and I inherited that. Everywhere I go, if I see something different, I want a part of it.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

We had our own little garden in the back. My mother said, "I want a garden where we can go out." Well, I would go out and pick the beans and pick stuff like that. And the corn, shucked the corn. Peas, we called them English peas. Tomatoes, everything you raised

in a garden. But I don't ever remember having pumpkins. I never remember raising pumpkins.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

We had a nice garden. We had strawberries, we had sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes and green beans, string beans, and butter beans, just about everything. And anything that could be preserved, we canned it and kept it for the winter. Used to have a big barrel of potatoes left, so we never wanted for anything.

We had in the garden a pear tree that was a sickle pear. That was the best thing I ever tasted. Little, small sickle pear. And we had all kinds of apples. We had what they called a June apple. It was a small, yellow apple that would be real tender. And Mother made apple bread, and that's something I would love to know how to do. It was the best stuff, and nobody ever heard of it.

Fruit

Fruit trees, particularly apples, pears, cherries, and peaches sometimes augmented the farm garden. A farm might have anywhere from a single tree to a whole orchard. Grapes, strawberries, and huckleberries were also grown.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

We had just Winesap apples, it was actually kind of like a golden delicious, but we only had one or two trees, just enough for Mama to use, make preserves out of and dry them. Now, other people may have had them, but we only had just the one to two trees there at the house, just enough that Mama could can and things like that.

FRANCIS BRUCE

They used to make . . . we used to make cider and stuff like that. We had very many apple trees. You had a cider mill. It'd grind it, grind it up and dropped it in the thing, and you squeeze it out. It grinds your apple up, and then it had a tub . . . use the juice for mostly drinking.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

Back side of the house. Big garden. Oh, yeah. But then they had the cucumbers and tobacco and tomatoes for wholesale. Canned everything out of the garden. We picked blackberries, huckleberries. Blackberries and huckleberries, strawberries. Always had a big strawberry patch.

We had peach trees, apple trees. It wasn't no orchard, we just had them. It was behind it [the house]. Because I used to sit on the top of the chicken house and eat cherries. We used to come there and—many moons ago—and get apples and pears every fall. Ooh, unbelievable. A lot of good ones [memories]. It's just hard to believe that you ever lived here and everything was happy and good.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

We had a nice . . . in front of the house was an enclosed [area] that had all kinds of good fruit trees. And I used to help Mother peel apples and get upstairs and go out on the roof and put the apples out there and let them dry, and we had dried apples when we had company, and that was so good. And I gave my granddaughter the little three-cornered bowl that she always put them in.

We went to cherry trees, black cherries down the line. Climb up the tree and get cherries, come home and make cherry cobbler and all that stuff. And we went blackberry

hunting and got full of chiggers. There was one persimmon tree. See, we didn't have any trees at home.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

We had grapevines. Then they used to go . . . grapes running up trees, the wild grapes. Used to go out and pick those, climb the trees and pick the grapes. But we had a grapevine ourselves at home on our home place, regular good eating, you could eat them. Had a grape arbor built and then the vines run across on that.

HOUSEWORK

The home was the heart of the farm. Women and girls worked in and around the house: cooking, sewing, quilting, canning, caring for children, doing laundry, tending the garden and small livestock such as chickens. Female family members often worked in the fields when the need arose.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

Those girls [aunts] worked hard. And they could do anything, they could cook and clean, and, oh boy, were they good cooks. Grandmom was a good cook, but she didn't do too much after the girls grew up. She was sickly, Grandmom was sickly, and I can understand it.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

I helped in the house a lot because my mother died quite young, and I had three . . . two brothers and a sister to raise. One was, what, 4 years old. And I was, what, 14. I was 14, and then my brothers were in between there. But we survived. And then I had to go to school, come home, cook breakfast to go.

My father . . . eventually he had a man that lived with us to work on the farm, so I'd have to fix breakfast. Then they fixed something for lunch, and then get home from school and there were the dishes. I had to get rid of those before you cook supper, you know. And I don't know how I ever made it through high school because I don't know how I ever studied at night knowing all this other stuff I had to do.

We would buy some salt fish along because the men liked the salt fish, you know, and cook them in the morning. But you had to soak them overnight to get the salt and stuff out, and then I'd cook them. They would salt some down in a barrel, you know. In the summer months, you put all that salt on them.

RICHARD KOCSIS

There was an Aunt Kitty, she looked just like Aunt Jemima, and her son. They used to come and clean and do a little cooking and stuff. They would walk there, I don't know how far, from where they lived. Probably on [Route] 17; that's about 5 miles, I guess. And they would walk and come and do things.

NANCY GOULDING YOUNG

My grandmother . . . I think there were people living there on the farm, and I think she had inside help in her home. I do remember my mother talking about a lady that had helped there.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

See, what it was, we had this colored woman that cooked for us, Ida May, and she was young. And then her mother came on Monday, she washed, and she had Indian in her.

She smoked a pipe; her jaws sucked in like that. She had a plait back here. She washed on Monday and ironed all day Tuesday. Isn't that amazing? My grandfather and my daddy had a lot of black people working for them.

But they were colored. They were Washingtons, the last name. Washingtons, was Ivory Washington. They went by Washington. They lived up from where our house was, up on the corner. There was a curve there, and it was a log house, another house, that went straight up and had people that slept on the piano. And they had—all of them had babies—a lot of kids died, I remember.

And our girl that cooked for us, Mama would say—she wouldn't come to work or something—Mama'd say, "Ida May, are you pregnant?" "Oh, no, Mrs. Hicks." And then the next thing, she was. And she had babies by different men, and one of them, she had a baby, it was solid white. And I told her, I said—I knew the father, I said, "Ida May, good Lord, that's baby's white as me." Yes, I did. Isn't that something? And the log house, the door was like when you tried to shut it, the house had gone sideways, settled, it settled. That's what it did.

ELIZABETH POWERS HICKS

We always had help, had a black lady came, Aunt Sally. Sally Rich? They lived right close by. We had a black family on the farm, had a tenant.

Sallie Beasley Rich, 1902.
Photo courtesy of Gladys Rich Ferguson.

JOHN GARRETT

I was a latecomer, so as to speak, and I was just a kid when they were pretty well up in age. There was a black lady who lived in the house that took care of the cooking and so forth. And I used to get up about 4 o'clock or 4:30 in the morning and go down through the kitchen and start the fire in the cookstove and then go out and milk. After I got through milking, I could come back and eat breakfast and then get ready for the farm. The first stove we had was one of these old stoves with what they call a water jacket on the side. You got your hot water out of that stove. The wintertime came one time, I went down and lit that stove up, and it was frozen in there, and she blew that thing all to pieces. I mean, it had some stuff stuck right in the top of the kitchen. Daddy had to go to town and buy a new stove.

NANCY GOULDING YOUNG

My grandmother—I think there were people living there on the farm, and I think she had inside help in her home. I do remember my mother talking about a lady that had helped there.

ELIZABETH POWERS HICKS

They made lard too. You cut up some part of the hog and make lard. Then you made the cracklings. You cooked it and made your crackling. You used that for crackling bread. We made crackling bread back in those days. We had crackling bread every . . . nothing like good, old crackling bread. A lot of stuff I ate then. I wouldn't touch bullfrogs now, but I ate frogs then. I ate squirrels and I ate rabbit, but not no more.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

We couldn't afford no beef because we was poor people, poor farming people. I'm not ashamed of it.

I been cooking ever since I was 10 years old. I had a Home Comfort [woodstove], one of them new style ones that were white enamel. And for some reason, I don't know why, I didn't want to give that stove up for nothing. They didn't ask me. They just told me I had cook. When his first sister was born, I was 10 years old, and I started cooking then, and I've been cooking practically ever since.

FRANCIS BRUCE

About the biggest thing I can remember when Mama got the Home Comfort range, woodstove, where you put the water in the side and had the oven for the heat to . . . that was the biggest thing that came along. It's a Home Comfort Range. It's got a place on top where you keep your stuff warm after you cook biscuits and stuff. We didn't have no electricity.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

I remember a big, big barrel that we had in the dining room behind the door, and that was filled with flour. And my mother had this little tin cup I'll always remember, this little cup where my mother kept the [baking] soda in it. And my mother never measured anything, it was just a pinch of this, a pinch of that. But she was a wonderful cook.

RICHARD KOCSIS

They [grandparents] would make sausage and fry it and can it, and would piece chunks of meat, like, one-by-one chunks. Then they would take it out and heat it that way. And they would kill a hog, and they would make the blood with rice and put it in the guts. It was like sausages. They used the big guts. They killed it in the morning, early in the morning, and in the afternoon they were eating it. They put blood and rice in the guts and fried it, and you could smell it. I remember that. [Or they would] take the stomach and put the pork meat in it, the head and the ears. It was like jelly. Souse. It was good. They [grandparents] put the eye in it, and they sent one to Mom, and she was in Chester [Pennsylvania], and my mom cut it and the eye pop . . . looking at her, and, oh, she didn't eat any.

[Cornbread], I called it dog bread. I'd say, "Grandmom, I want some dog bread" because she fed it to the dogs. It was just water and cornmeal; they didn't put milk or anything in it. It was just plain old dog bread.

They'd buy yeast to make bread. Make fresh every time you make bread in the woodstove. Best bread you ever ate. My mom made it here, people come from Richmond to get it. Loved that buttered homemade bread. This shape (indicating), only that long and

high and wide. One slice you make a sandwich, you cut it in half. And it's that thick, so then you've got a sandwich that thick.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

I remember the churn, I remember that doggone thing. First she [grandmother] had the wooden one, then she bought one that was a jar.

They used to make big bread, I mean, big loaves. Mother would make some round, but most of them were long, about this long and about that high (indicating). Man, you make a sandwich, boy, you had a sandwich.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

Of course, my mother . . . she was one of the hardest working women that I ever knew. She sewed, she cleaned, she cooked, she chopped wood. She didn't milk the cows. And I wonder sometimes how she stood it. I mean, we were stoking that woodstove for her to cook and can. We had canned goods, you know, we canned everything. We didn't freeze anything because we didn't have a freezer. Or either we dried apples or dried peaches.

Well, you cut them [apples or peaches] up and what we did, our kitchen was built onto the bigger portion of the house, it was built on. But you could go out the window and the roof was just there. And you would put them on sheets of aluminum or whatever and the sun dried them. And then you end up making pies in the middle of winter. And we had huge shade trees and huge rooms and huge tall ceilings. So the air flowed pretty good through the house . . . but the kitchen itself was one story, and that was a hot place to be in the summertime.

We made apple cider, and some of it we kept, put it in a barrel for vinegar. But I don't ever remember selling apple cider. We could drink it when it was sweet, but we couldn't drink that much because it would sometimes clean you out.

RACHEL BRUCE FARMER

My aunt, she had eight kids, would come up to our house, and Mama and she would make fruitcake together all day long, and the kids would be out in the yard playing, and that was a ritual every year. They would make it on a wood stove, put about one piece of wood in the stove so the oven would get so hot, you know. And I remember that, and to me, that means a lot to me to remember that today. And as I said, but I could go back to the old time. Life was easy and laid back—people knew each other, people were friendly—today, they weren't grabbing at everything, and it was easy living even though you didn't have anything.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

Mama and Esther did the cooking. I'd just hang around them. That's why I got to be such a good cook, I hung around them all the time. She [mother] baked pies and cobblers and things like that.

On Saturday I had to clean the lampshades. See, they had oil lamps. I had to clean and fix them for next week. One [lamp] for each room.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

We thought it was hard because of the field labor, you know, that we did. I never thought the house labor, the housekeeping labor part because most time you had someone to help your mother, your mother had someone to help you if there was big cleaning or big laundry. And when we became old enough, we had to tidy up our own room. We had to do our own room and keep it straight and keep our clothes straight after they were laundered and everything. You might have a dresser drawer to put it in, or you might not. If it was

just a place in the room, it's your clothes were separated from your sisters', if it had to be there, it better be there and not with your sisters'. You better have it separated.

I guess at that time we thought that Mama and them were being strict. But as you older grew and you got out, you saw what lessons they were teaching, wonderful lessons they were teaching you, and that's what I am so grateful for now. Whatever our mother prepared for us we were always happy to get it and ate it. Don't put it on your plate if you're not going to eat it. That was one of our rules, my daddy would say, just like that, "Don't put it on your plate if you're not going to eat it." And so we did. If we had something that we didn't like, we didn't push it aside—we may push it aside—but the next time we'd know better than to do that, we wouldn't take it.

But there again, we had cabbage, potatoes, tomatoes, apples, oranges at Christmastime only, and raisins and hard candies, they were Christmastime things. But we had the regular food, nourishing food and hot bread, hot bread every meal, you know, biscuits or rolls. Oh, I can see my mother's rolls now, they were up there like that, and she'd put them down, that'd be about the first thing she'd do after she got breakfast was put those rolls down, and they'd be ready. They were so big. When I was a child I could eat two of them. And we had cornbread and fish.

I remember the first chore I had because I was a little tiny girl, and I couldn't do much, but everybody had a job, every one of us, all five of us had a job. And mine was to pick up the wood chips and put them in a basket and carry them into the house to start the fires with because we had wood fires, we had wood stoves all through the house and in the kitchen. My mother cooked on a wood range all their lives.

And we heated the house by wood. There were fireplaces, but for some reason or other, Uncle Dick had bricked them up, a couple of them, had bricked them up, and we didn't use the fireplaces for anything at that time. My father had the wood stoves, and they cut all the wood right there on the property.

And I was one of the ones, lucky ones, Margaret, my next sister, or Marguerite, as her real name is but we called her Margaret because I couldn't say Marguerite when I was little so we had to shorten it down for me. Anyhow, she was the next one that came along and so a little bit older than I, so she helped my mother with the baking. She loved to do the pies and the cakes and things like that.

We girls were taught to bake. And she [mother] loved to invite all the preachers in and all the neighbors in. And when we had the farm and we raised, like I said, cucumbers and tobacco and wheat and oats and alfalfa and corn, and all of that, of course, was the grain to go to the mill. We ground our own grain for flour. We had big barrels of flour in the kitchen. In the room that was the kitchen, we had the big barrel of meal and the big wooden barrel of flour, and that was where you kept it, in the kitchen close. Mama . . . buy flowered material. And they make curtains of that—and pull it around—so they'd hide the barrels. And so that was where we kept our meal and flour.

And then our lard was a different thing. We raised our own hogs and killed those, and then we would render the lard. We'd cut the hog all up and get the lard, and we had the big pots. Well, we had the things outside where the men would come. Each neighbor helped each other. You didn't hire people in those days and times. Our only hired help we had was the man that helped my brothers to cut the wood—bring it out—cut it and bring it out of the woods for firewood.

[W]e had a black lady that always helped with the rendering of the lard and helped my mother whenever we were having special company or anything, helped her with the

laundry. Josie was her name, as children we loved Josie because if Mama was going to spank you, Josie would probably defend us.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

My mother was immaculate person, housekeeper. And I helped her wallpaper. The wallpaper got old and she wanted wallpaper again. She taught me how to wallpaper. She was so clean that we used jelly glasses for glasses, and she said they had to sparkle. And if she couldn't find something for us to do, she says, "Go in the cupboard and get all our glassware out and clean them with some vinegar so they can shine." She wanted everything to be shiny.

My mother was famous for making desserts. My daddy loved sweets, and so she had dessert for every meal, we had peanut butter and jelly for school, and we used so many biscuits because you couldn't afford the light bread, you know, loaf bread. Then sometime we'd put scrambled eggs or have some protein, and we didn't think anything of it because everybody else was using makeshift things, too, to eat. But we didn't have any fruit except special times of the year because it was too expensive. But we did have dried fruit and dried apples. And Christmastime she always bought fruit too.

She taught us how to bake so we started baking when we got old enough. But she would bake chocolate layer cake quite often; that was easy to do. We'd bake cookies too, all kinds of cookies, sugar cookies. She had special recipes, and we just automatically just took the recipe, I mean, we learned them by heart, we used the recipes. But she'd put us to work, I was eight years old when I was making biscuits. She'd say, "Come in here while I watch the stove," and she was baking something in the stove or on the stove, and I'd roll out the dough, and I had a biscuit cutter, and I would put them on the tin, put them in the oven, and watch it . . . we knew about how long it takes for them to cook, biscuits. And my daddy loved desserts, and so she pleased him by always having a dessert.

I never forget one time we were sitting at the table, and Daddy was sitting there, and he said, "Well, Honey, don't you have any dessert today?" And my mother stuck her finger at him, she was teasing him. She said, "Well, I can give you some jelly if you want to, but I didn't have time to bake a cake." So . . . she put some jelly on toast. They got along real well.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

Refrigeration, a lot of people didn't even have a little icebox. Well, my mother used to cook in the mornings, like, for lunch, she never cooked enough to last two or three days because you couldn't keep it. But what she would cook, we'd eat it all up usually at lunch and supper. You couldn't keep your food too good in the beginning, but later on, you know, they had started selling refrigerators. I don't think we ever had a freezer. We canned everything.

Oh, she [mother] washed on that old washboard and that tub. Sometimes at night, 11 o'clock, she would just be finishing up washing. See, she had to really cook three meals a day because we didn't have that much refrigeration and for that many. I know she fried more ham—we raised our own hogs—and we had ham, and she would cut one, slice it. I tell you, she could cook the best ham . . . fried ham you ever eaten. [W]e had raised our chickens. We didn't have anywhere to keep them, so we would eat chickens until they get big, then maybe she'd kill a hen. We always had plenty to eat. And we had a lot of hog meat, but that was kind of hard to keep. But the hams and shoulders, you could salt them down and they would keep all winter.

During the winter she would try to make one quilt per winter. [S]he did a little bit of sewing. She worked hard. And when we were picking cucumbers and tomatoes, she would come out and help when she could.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

No, that wasn't any bologna sandwiches. Mama would have chicken or . . . she would come home and kill a chicken and cook it. Uh-huh, and we'd eat what was left over for supper. That was every day.

LEONARD BRUCE

Yeah, they [mother and sisters] did, yeah. They made the soap, and they canned stuff, preserved it.

FRANCIS BRUCE

No, we didn't have any basements or anything. [Mother] She mostly kept her stuff in a cupboard that they had in the kitchen.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Mama soaked meat in salted water to take away the animal heat. If you didn't soak it, it would have an off flavor. I don't know how to explain it because it was just something we always did, and that was the reason for it. You have to get that, as I said, the animal heat, you said the gamey taste out of it. You have to get it out of there because yuck, it has a yucky flavor. And that's something that I've seen Mama . . . you'd run down to the icehouse right fast like and get a little bit of ice, block of ice or something, bring it up and throw it in a pan; Mama'd throw the chickens in there with it, and that icy water will take care of it more rapidly than you just do it otherwise, you know, water from a well.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

We had errands to do in the house. We would have—like—keeping the dining room straight. I remember I was supposed to keep the flowers in the hall. We had a big hall, and we had this great big table, and it always had a big urn of flowers. And I remember when I was little . . . you had to sweep up the front walk. No, I never did that. I remember gathering up the eggs. I would go with Grandmother to gather the eggs in the hen house. She had two hen houses, one big one and one down the stables. And my grandmother raised turkeys and ducks and chickens, all of that. But I do remember her gathering eggs, and I would love to do that. And I think we all did that. And, of course, my brother—he was the main one around the house—but, of course, he left young and started work, and my second brother died when he was 21. He did the milking a lot, my second . . . Robert did the milking, but he didn't do any heavy farm work. And Royston didn't either because he came up . . . finished school at Georgetown and then he went to work at People's Drug Store, and that's what I did. I went to work for People's Drug Store in Fredericksburg.

If milk went bad, it would turn to clabber. It'd be cold milk. And we used to use that, and it was good, with cinnamon on it. It was real thick, almost like cheese, like cottage cheese, but it was thicker. I do remember that.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

We'd have potatoes and maybe some corn, like corn on the cob or she'd make a corn pudding. And we always had cress salad. You could get that out in our fields, you know. She and I would go and pick cress salad, and she'd have some of that or turnip greens or something like that. That would be our meal.

Well, I'd help her [mother] in washing and cleaning the chitterlings and then washing them afterwards. She would put them in soap for so many days, I think it was nine or ten

days, and each day she'd change the water on them and put clean water in it, fresh water. Put salt in them. Of course, we had to draw our own water, and I liked to do that. She was afraid I'd get burnt with the woodstove. I brought wood in, split up wood and bring that in. They were the good old days.

I just helped Mama with the things at the house. Make the beds up that morning and help her do that. "You get on one side, and I'll get on the other." Them old feather ticks, you know, we'd sleep on, man, you can get right down in them and sleep so warm at night. Don't make beds like that no more, feathers, feather bed. I used to love them, tell you the truth, I did.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

We had a wood stove, so, you know, we had to keep the wood in the stove in the firebox so we could have hot water and things like that. My mother—I know I used to cook some—but I really, you know, we had eggs and all your vegetables, boiled potatoes and baked sweet potatoes. I would watch the oven, not let it burn. I'm not saying I did all the preparation, but if Mother put it on to cook, I stayed in and watched it and kept the fire and things like that.

One year all of our hogs died with something, and we didn't have any hogs to kill that fall, but she [mother] had enough, she made out. And we had a good crop of white potatoes, Irish potatoes, we used to call them Irish potatoes, or white potatoes. She could cook them many different ways. And she could cook them and put a meal on the table in jig time. Now, she had a sister that lived in Washington, and she had five or six children, and they would come down from Washington and stay and enjoy the farm and all the vegetables and all. So she would take care of them when they'd show up unexpectedly. But she was a good provider and loved everybody and shared with everything. So my mother was just . . . whatever I am, it's because of her.

She cooked everything. She preserved and canned. I always said she could make a whole lot out of nothing because she really could. If people drive up in the yard and we knew they were going to be there for a meal, and people went to homes for meals back in those days, they didn't regard anything, and we'd have to go—she 'd run to the chicken house and get two or three chickens and chop their heads off—and we'd pluck them and cut them up and have fried chicken dinner there in a couple of hours.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

Sweet potatoes were just one of my very, very favorite after-school snacks. And, of course, there's nothing, absolutely nothing that beats a good sweet potato pie made by a black woman, an old black woman who knows her trade. There's just nothing that beats that. So yes, sweet potatoes were very important. [If you haven't had that] You've missed . . . you've not lived then, fully. You are what we would call a deprived creature. Sweet potato pie is good eating.

ALBERTA BUMBREY HENDERSON

My mother, I remember when we had to peel all these apples, and she'd dry them, put them on a newspaper and put them up on top of the shed, let the sun dry them. Then she'd have them to make pies during the winter. That was something, too. And we used to say, "Please, no flies come around." But the flies didn't bother it at that time. She let them lay out for three or four days, dry out. Then she'd put them in a bag in the wintertime.

We always had a dessert. What meal we had, had them big biscuits and dessert. Pan pie we called them, pan that big. We called it pan pie because they're large. And used to take flour bread and make hoecake and cook them on top of the stove, on top of the woodstove,

put them in a pan. Sometimes they cook them in ashes. They call them hoecakes. We had a large family, but we enjoyed growing up because we didn't want for nothing. You wasn't hungry, wasn't raggedy, had somewhere to lay our heads.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

I don't know exactly what they wrap [hoecakes] in. I hear my mother and them say they just wrap them up, throw them right down in the ashes with the wood right in the fire and let them cook. Just take the [hoecake] shuck it and you put that up in the ash. When it get through cooking, blow the ashes off and go eat it. No harm it. Ain't nothing burning but wood.

MARY BUMBREY HEAD

She would cook greens, sweet potatoes, fried chicken, and you know, just regular like we cook today. She would cook everything. That woodstove would cook real good, real good. And she had the double . . . like, she has burners here, then up on top, she could put pots and things and cook things up on the top, too. She did pies and cakes, made homemade rolls, yeah, she did it all. We ate good, now, oh, yeah. And when my daddy used to go to the store, he, like, buy maybe a 25-pound sack of flour or meal, sugar. Before the week's out, it was gone.

NANCY BUMBREY JACKSON

She [mother] used to try to show us how to cook. Cook bread. We had a wooden stove. Cook bread and potatoes and stuff on the stove. She used to make almost . . . we used to have hot rolls on Sunday. She'd make that bread up on Saturday night and put it down, let it rise, get up early Sunday morning and make those rolls. Every Sunday morning we had those.

FRANCIS BRUCE

Butter and soap, you make it out of lard, grease. Anything . . . about the most we bought was coffee and salt and a little sugar.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

Buck and Lottie raised a garden, and Lottie canned the vegetables to eat during the winter months. Buck's wife Lottie did a lot of canning and sewing, and she ordered her material from the Sears & Roebuck catalog.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

Mother made bread, yeah, yeast, she had to buy yeast. We could get the yeast from the store, Upper Zion had that, they sold yeast. We made our bread, cooked our own cakes, made cakes and all that, pies and all that. Made your own pie crust and all that.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Each one of us had chores to do. It was never anything over "Am I going to do this or are you going to do this, it's your turn," or whatever. It was our turn when it came to washing the dishes. We had a long, long table with two long benches on either side. My father and mother sat on the ends, and the kids were this way. We did help to do the dishes. My mother did a lot of the cooking, although she had us helping a lot too. We had to do the lamps, I remember that. Every Saturday, we would wash the shades and trim the lamps and fill the lamps.

Always, always every weekend [for Sunday meal] we had a cake, and my second sister, her name was Dorothy, she was good at making cakes. One time Mama wanted me to make the cake, and it fell flat. Well, I never got that job again. We always had a nice meal on Sunday.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

Mother did all that [the housework] because we were in school. Summertime we helped her, but she did all that.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Woodstove, and we made popcorn in that. I don't know how they did that, but they knew exactly when it was hot enough. When she got ready to put the biscuits in, she always put a little kindling wood in. Made it out of flour, oh, they were good. And we always had molasses. Dad couldn't make his biscuit and molasses, so he kept eating. He was not fat, though, he was a small man.

I had to bring wood in to have plenty of wood in the kitchen to put in the stove, that was one of my duties. But after my father died and my brother and my mother were living there, they decided to get an electric stove, and they were getting ready for breakfast one morning and had a blow up. There was a little water left in that edge of that stove where they had a little tank, it blew and blew the eyes off the stove through and cut a hole into the door that went to the dining room. But Mama happened to be in the closet making biscuits or something, she always went in a little pantry, and Edmond was on the other side in the bathroom, so neither one of them got hurt. But that was a dangerous thing. They didn't drain that tank.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

We used to peel apples and put them up on top of the tin roof to dry out, and then we'd take it and bag it up for the wintertime.

One of those old green—what you call them, you go out in the field and break them bushes—Sagebrush, and that's how we swept up. At that time, didn't nobody have a broom.

Churning butter

Butter had to be churned frequently to provide a steady supply for eating, cooking and baking. Fresh milk came into the house twice daily, giving an ample supply to make butter, which did not keep long. Children were frequently tasked with churning.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Yeah, we made our own butter. It was just a little glass churn. Well, the first one was a round thing about this big. Then we had a little glass churn that would be a lot quicker. Sometimes we sold butter but not a whole lot of that.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

I remember that we had a separator that separated the milk from the cream. Well, it was a hand-crank job. And we would sell the cream, what we didn't use to make butter. And the milk what we didn't drink we would feed to the hogs.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

[I would] bring in wood and milk. We didn't have but one cow. I churned butter. I don't like to think about how my arm ached when I churned butter. [We took it] Down to the spring. Had a little box in the springhouse, it was cold in there, put the butter in.

CHARLIE LOVING

[Mother made] Butter, raised hens, had eggs.

BETTY HICKS ENOS:

I think Mama had one. Yeah . . . a spinning wheel.

Mama did make butter at times, but I didn't like . . . I wouldn't drink that milk. I never would drink that milk, no way.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

We all made the butter. Nancy made the butter, Grandmother made the butter, Mother made the butter. But we had a churn that you went like this (demonstrating, up and down). And then we got a churn that you turned, and we had that. But we made quite a bit of butter. Now, we sold . . . Mother sold some of the butter. We had quite a bit of butter and milk. But I remember the churn. I don't know who has that churn. You'd go up and down. And then we got later one that you turned was big glass churn. You turned the handle.

NANCY BUMBREY JACKSON

Because I used to milk a cow, had a cow and I used to milk it. I used to tie its tail to the fence to he wouldn't cut me in my face. My mother used to take the milk, and she had a wooden churn, and she'd make her own butter, churn up and down like that.

MAYNARD PENNEY

Churning butter, that was a big thing. You milked the cows and put the milk in pans and let it sit until the cream came to the top; then you took that off. And when you got enough, you put that in a churn. We had the old up-and-down, and we had the churn where you wound . . . you put the cream in and you churned it. And then you dipped your butter out, and you worked the milk out of it. Then you put it in a pan or something and salted it down good. Then you used water and all and you worked that milk out again. If you didn't, it wouldn't taste right, and my mother was supposed to be one of the best at making butter…she had scales, but she had done so much she would take it and put it in a little dish and put a pat in there and go around it and cut a design, a cross design on it with a paddle, cedar paddle. And she could get pretty darn close to being a pound every time.

EVELYN ELLIOT KEY

We had a churn, and everybody take turns. And if sometimes you didn't have very much, she'd put it in a gallon jar and you just shook it until it churned, made butter.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

We would take it [the milk] to the house. Then we would . . . we had bowls. Then back in that day you had earthenware bowls. We'd just strain it [the milk], and then we would let the cream rise on it overnight, get up in the morning, take off the cream and put it into a jar all to itself because we were going to churn in a churn pot. And we would churn to make butter every week and make pretty little round cakes.

Canning

The yearly need to preserve foodstuffs to feed the family until the next harvest manifested itself in a variety of farm tasks. One major kitchen task during the harvest season was canning, primarily of garden vegetables, but also of meat and fruit (either domestic or wild) in the form of jams and jellies.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

My daddy before he died, canned 300 quart of preserves, of pear preserves. Can you believe [300] quarts? Gosh. That's a lot of work. He built the house and a log cabin first,

and he built the house in front of it, it was a huge house. And one room he didn't ever finish, so he put the preserves in there.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

Mama would can a hundred quarts of tomatoes, and we didn't have no refrigerators or none of that kind of stuff. [When canning,] I had to put the jar lids on because there's the kind of jar lids that they had.

Mama had strawberries [and sold them for] 5 cent a quart. We had wild [blackberries] out on the farm. My mama never made jelly much; she always made preserves, apples and pears and things like that. She'd can some of them [blackberries] and then in season we'd have blackberry cobbler.

Daisy Garrett Houston standing in front of some of her home canning, 2007.
Photo by Allan Morton.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

Oh, yeah, we canned all the time. We canned all the vegetables, and we dried vegetables too. We dried peas and butter beans, black-eyed peas. Sometime we dried apples. Dried and canned. I can't remember everything that we canned. We had a peach orchard, and we canned from the peach orchard. And we had a big cherry tree, huge cherry tree, and I think we canned some of those cherries. And we didn't have too many apple trees, one or two.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

Talk about canning and vegetables. I loved carrots, so Papa . . . he had nice sandy soil, it's got to be a certain soil for carrots and particularly Irish and sweet potatoes, of course, it's better for Irish potatoes too, but it has to be sandy soil. So he knew I loved carrots, so he said, well, he never raised them before but he would try raising them. So he did, and he had good luck.

One year, Mama went to Washington, she always would go to see Aunt Lily and stay a day or two with her to give her a rest off the farm. Well, I was a good-sized girl by then, I was 15, 16, and one of my next door neighbors was a good-sized girl, and she was staying with me and helping me to do the chores. Margaret was in town, working in town, so she didn't have to worry about the chores. Anyhow, being Miss Smarty, I was going to can the carrots. I had beautiful carrots. Well, I guess . . . I'm sure it was a dozen or more quarts of carrots that Elsie and I, the girl and I, canned, and, of course, I just cooked them like I ordinarily would, wash them, sterilize my jars, tops, and put them on like I would in canning

anything else. And I never though of them not being acid enough to keep, and before Mama came back, they were starting . . . I was starting to see little bubbles come up in it. I lost every quart of them.

Evelyn Penney and her home economics canning project, 1937.
Photo courtesy of Evelyn Penney Upshaw and Annie Penney Purks.

But we had to laugh that I was so smart about canning them but did not realize they had to be put in the hot water bath like you did . . . well, I always did. A lot of people didn't even do their tomatoes, and that was where I got the idea that I should be able to can the carrots because I canned tomatoes without putting them in the hot water bath. But it didn't work. We had a big laugh off of that. But anyhow, it was more disappointing than anything else for me, and Mama too. But I learned a good lesson. They say your hardest lessons are the ones that you never forget, and that's true, that's true.

When making pickles, we'd take cold water and salt until it would float an egg, and after it would float that egg, then you'd take the egg out and you put the pickles in. You could put in a few at a time if you wanted, small ones, big ones, whatever size you want to put in there. But you tried to grade them a little bit as you went along too because most people like the little cucumbers, you know, they didn't like the big cucumbers. So you would put mostly the little cucumbers, and sometime you'd get what we called the crooks, it would be a crooked cucumber. We'd put those in, and Mama would chop those up. But that was the way we did our pickling, and that stayed until . . . oh, most time Mama wouldn't bother them until along about Thanksgiving, close to Thanksgiving. Then she would get them out for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Then we could eat them regularly after that.

That was the way we did our pickling was to take them and put them in those crocks. And of course, there's a lot of old-fashioned ways of doing things. But we had the old-fashioned ways. My mother, they have what they call alum, a-l-u-m, and that was what they put in their pickles to make them crisp and green; it'll do both.

And some – if you get the canning book—some of the canning books still tell you that way. I've got a canning book that I got in 1937, and it was one of the Balls, and everything was hot-water processed. Of course, it had pressure cooking too, but on most of your recipes were made open kettle. That's what I liked about it. I did all of my tomatoes and all open kettle. I have a process for tomatoes. But if I had been reading my book, I wouldn't have ended up bad with my carrots. But I still have that book right today.

DOROTHY PUGH THOMAS

I could remember when she made pickle, and, of course, I remember because they were [a] way of doing it. But I remember that, and she did do some canning but not in a big way because, see, we had a small family; there were just three of us. And she was in the grocery store so much, it did not entail a lot of cooking or canning stuff. It might have been a few cans of tomatoes, but not on a big basis.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

But Mama never did anything other than to make grape jelly from them, wonderful flavor. But there were so many seeds, that's about all you could do. She would get them good and hot, and she put them in this sieve-type thing, and she rubbed them back and forth, back and forth on that. And the fleshy part and the juice part ran down in the bowl on the bottom, and that's what she used. I guess that's about it on the grapes out there.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

We had to grind it first, the parts that you left [from the hog]. Grind it, but then we had to do sausage, and we used to stick some in bags and hang it in the meat house. I reckon I canned some of it, which I'd never do again because that was a hard job, too. Oh, yeah, you had to can vegetables. We canned string beans, butter beans, tomatoes, what else, corn, whatever usually people put in the garden. That's how I learned to can everything. God, I had to can. When you're by yourself, and see, my mother had died, and here I had to take care of everything at my age, young. And young one like that and two brothers in between, I tell you, it was something growing up. But I did it. You do what you have to do, you know, that's it.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

Oh, I loved it. [Sausage] jarred with lard, with the fat, it was in the jars. Oh, I loved that. Oh, I loved that meat. It was canned. It was, like, pasteurized in the jars. I don't know how they [grandparents] did it, but that went with them.

Another thing, when their [grandparents] butter was plentiful, they used to fry it and can it. So in the wintertime, they had fried butter. I loved that fried butter. In a jar, sealed in a jar. I mean, nothing, nothing went to waste, nothing. And they had to do that for the wintertime. You know, summertime was plentiful, right. From what I understand, in the wintertime the cows didn't give off as much. The canned meat and the canned butter.

RICHARD KOCSIS

You didn't have fruit and vegetables in the winter unless it was canned. Peaches were canned, pears were canned. A lot of canning done. And the meat, pork and beef canned. Butter canned.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

And also some of the meat was canned. We would can some of the meat. Tenderloins . . . whoever was there to do it. And I know that Nancy, the black woman, did a lot of that. And she would even put some of the sausage in a bag, bag sausage, but you had to use that pretty [quickly] . . . you couldn't keep that like smoked, of course. But was some canned. My husband's family used to can a lot of tenderloin meat too. That was meat that you could keep in the jars, just like canning fruit. Tenderloin meat, mostly like shin bones.

Nancy and her two daughters, tenants at Ridgeway. The youngest, Lucille, was a favored playmate of the Holloway girls.
Photo courtesy of Estelle Holloway Allen and Lelia Holloway Lewis.

FRANCIS BRUCE

We canned—we used to pick huckleberries at the pasture—and Mama used to can them. Used to can . . . you canned a lot of the meat too, like your sausage and stuff, put in jars.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

Yeah, we canned a lot of fresh meat like sausage, made us homemade sausage, and cooked them and put them in fruit jars. And in the wintertime, we just went and opened up one when we wanted.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

A lot of canning, yes, she [mother] did. She canned lots of tomatoes and peaches I remember, and string beans, whatever vegetables she could salvage in the summertime, we had it for the winter. A lot of it spoiled—not a lot of it, I shouldn't say—but some of it because she didn't have the pressure cooker or she didn't do the bath like you're supposed to. Later on she did when she was losing a lot of it. I'm trying to think what it's called, you know, when you boil the jars.

We used to can peaches and can apples or dried apples, those were the main things, plums. We had a damson tree, I'll always remember, out in the yard. My mother made damson preserves, so that we always had. And of course, we had strawberries. We had an aunt—an uncle that had a big farm—and we didn't have any strawberry patch or maybe we had a small one, and we would go there in the spring and get the strawberries from them. So it was always sharing things.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

We never killed a cow. I think we'd grind a lot of sausage, you know, pork sausage, and boy that was tough grinding that with that old handle you had to turn. I used to help do it. Then my mother [Ruth Chenault Farmer] used to—people back then used to—cook a lot of sausage in cakes like that, and then they'd put them in a jar and keep it until wintertime. Fill the jar full of cakes of sausage and then take your grease and pour it in there with it, and that got hard. Then next winter, you go in there and get however many cakes you wanted, put it on the stove and warm it up again. Store them in the house most anywhere because that wouldn't freeze up . . . you could keep it two or three years.

Sisters Ruth Chenault Farmer and Ethyl Chenault Farmer.
Photo courtesy of Barbara A. Byrd.

MARY SCOTT BROADDUS HALEY

My mother would churn. We had cows, and she would churn butter. And she canned, and she really didn't like to do that much, but she had to do it. Everybody had to do it.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

My grandmother and mother and aunt spent a fair amount of time in a very hot kitchen, wood stove blazing, and then Caroline County's July and August sun adding to the heat as well. But doing the very important task of putting by sausage or squash, cabbage, all kinds of things, string beans and peas that I had to help shell to be canned. But, yes, in addition to those canned items, the jellies and the jams and the making of wine from mulberry trees and from peaches and all that kind of thing, the other part of that was storing the root crops.

JAMES LOVING

She [mother] canned, did a lot of canning and things like that. Blackberries, used to pick a lot of blackberries and make preserves out of them. Of course, when we went to school, that's what we used . . . to carry to school with us, put on the biscuits.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

Mama canned all the fruit. We had a cherry tree with big cherries on it and 18 pear trees and 2 peach trees, and we canned all that.

ETHEL WAUGH SANDERLIN

I mainly remember the peach trees because of the canning of the peaches. Well, the one thing that I didn't like was having to peel them because that fuzz made me itch. And I remember you had to put them in this big thing of water and boil them down until you got to the syrup. Before that, of course, you peeled them and then you cut the seed out of the middle. I remember she put the sugar in there and something else she put in there; I forget what that was.

They made something that they called chowchow out of the corn and the lima beans and . . . what else did she put in it? Green peppers and I think red peppers, and that was, you know, they put that in the jar. They also made watermelon pickles, which was made from the rind of the watermelon.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

Oh, my mama canned, yeah, yeah. We used to go in the field and pick blackberries, huckleberries, and can. Yeah. And make watermelon rind preserves. We had citrons then. I don't know whether you know anything about citrons. They were something like a watermelon, but we would take the rind and make citron preserves. Oh, they were so good.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

She [mother] give me the jars and tell me to wash them good when she was canning. So I'd do that, I'd help her with that. Oh, I tell you, she'd make over a hundred jars of everything, you know, cans of everything. And they were usually in the quart size.

She [mother] would make these blackberry rolls or pie, blackberry pie, and then she would can some, and she would preserve some. She used to fix plum preserves. We had a plum tree, and they were so good. I'd like to have some plum preserves now made by somebody like that, you know.

ROSE HICKS FARMER

My mother open canned up until the late—til the '30s when—some organization gave her a pressure cooker.

Sewing

Keeping the family fed was a main concern for the farm wife. However, another important task was to keep everyone clothed. Very few clothing items were store-bought with the exception of shoes. Although wardrobes were usually limited to a few items, clothing had to be sufficient for work, school, church, and winter weather, and most of it was sewn at home. Quilting and production of household linens were the other major sewing tasks.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

We made soap and made quilts. My mother made all my dresses. She didn't make as many dresses for the other children as she made for me, I guess I was littler. I made

pillowcases and scarves and hemmed tablecloths. We ordered, ordered it [fabric] from Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Ward. And fabric cost little or nothing then. You could make a tablecloth, I guess, for about 25 cents. It come through the mail, and better service then for 2 cents, didn't have enough for 41 cents. Right to the mailbox. Out on the road to my house [I] had a mailbox, and they'd bring it there. And letters went so much faster then. If somebody mailed a letter to you from Washington, D.C., you could bet your dollar you'd get it the next day, but now, you wait three days to get it.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

They [visitors] brought clothes to my mother, and she made clothes for me from grown people's clothes, and she made my brother, made little suits for him out of the men's clothes.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

My mother did the usual chores, the cooking, the baking, and the sewing, she sewed beautifully. She had a treadle, a Singer treadle machine and all of that. She made much of the clothing as we wore, even down to our little panties. And then we had the high socks—well . . . now—we had dress clothes and everyday clothes. And, of course, our everyday clothes, you had little tops, cotton tops, and little bloomers as they were called and high socks and little regular rough shoes. But when we had our dress clothes, then we had our fancy little dresses that our mothers' made with ruffles and lace and puffed sleeves and fancy socks and little patent leather shoes with buttons on them. And the boys, of course, had their knickers that the boys had and their socks and regular shoes that they wore, and of course white shirts, always had white shirts. They had to be laundered and starched and done up better than a laundry could to them. That was part of the chores for the girls to do, to help with the laundry, and of course, we always helped with the housework.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Mama could sew anything. She made anything and everything, our clothes. There's one thing that I've always wondered why Mama did. My sister was a tiny little thing, eighteen months or two years old, when Mama took the skirt of her wedding gown which was made of some sort of heavy cotton. It had a satin finish or something, and it was made into two parts, and the skirt was straight. So Mama took her skirt of her wedding gown and made my little sister a coat for Easter, and she made the little yoke up there and smocked it, and it was quite nice, and the ladies all admired it tremendously.

Mama could . . . you didn't go out and buy lace. Mama made her own lace and it was called hairpin . . . I just about forgotten. It was called hairpin lace, and she used heavy wire, and it was straight, hairpin. And when she got through, the lace, it was quite beautiful. It looked like little flowers that were hitched together, and Mama would use that mostly on our underwear. And I remember one particular pair of undies—I don't know what in the heck we called them then—but anyhow, underpants, drawers. No, I don't think they were called drawers because they were too pretty and too little. But anyway, I was about five or six or something like that, and I thought they were the prettiest little white underpants that had that lace on the legs, the leg openings. And oh, yeah, at that time, you didn't have elastic to go in there, so it just had waistband with buttons on the side. If you had to go to the bathroom or go to wherever, you better not wait too long because you had to unbutton those darn things.

I didn't get a store-bought dress until I graduated from high school. Mama had made all of the others. She made my graduation gown, floor length. Man, that was my first introduction to the floor-length gowns. And after that, I don't know, at one time I had

more floor-length gowns than I had street-length gowns. That was in the '30s. She had a knack of being able to put together a dress and then accessories. For instance, if I had a straight—I remember one straight white satin dress that had sort of a square neckline front and back—and she made a red velvet jacket to go with it, a little short bolero jacket; that was number two. And number three, she made black paisley print jacket, and then there was a black floor length, and I could interchange all the accessories to go with it. Well, I don't know, she was just tremendous with things like that.

And you would wonder, when did she have time to do all those things? I don't know. I've often wondered. Mama must have been the most remarkable person in this world. Well, when I did our family tree, I put a tribute to Mama in there, and the lady had it down in South Carolina putting it together, and she had to go up to Orangeburg for some materials or something for hers. And she took it along to do something, I don't know what, and the man up there read it. He liked it so well, the tribute to Mama, he liked it so well that he asked permission to copy it. So she gave him permission and told me that she had done that, and I was pleased that he liked it so well. But as I said, Mama could do anything, and she had to do anything . . . everything.

She learned sewing from her mother. Now, Grandma, she started out with the sewing, and then when the girls got old enough, they all—and everybody learned how to sew—and that's the way it was down when I came along. When I was little, everybody's Mama sewed. You better believe when they were standing around in a group talking that they were . . . Mama used to get so mad at Daddy's sister. She was always patting me on the head, and Mama said you could see her fingers running all to see if my scalp was clean. And she would be always checking, you know, patting around, checking Mama's sewing, and Mama didn't particularly appreciate that.

You just did the things you had to do because I don't know that there was a seamstress in the area. Everybody took care of his own. And maybe one housewife might have helped another one, but that would be the extent of that.

They had the general store up there. This was the Golman's store, A. J. Golman. And we had bought a dress. Well, I was a skinny gal because I was always running everywhere, and this was that kind that had the long blouse over type and a little short skirt pleated around. And short because of my knobby knees and so on.

But anyway, my sister was a student nurse, and she came home for the graduation, and she saw my dress, and she liked my dress. So Mama never did say a word, and she had worn a pale pink knit dress, just a regular dress. So when we went to the baccalaureate sermon that night, which was—I graduated at Sparta High School—but we had the baccalaureate sermon at the Salem Baptist Church up there. So when I went to the baccalaureate sermon . . .

Mama made me a dress for graduation. It was a white crepe de chine material, and it had a long bodice, a cowl neckline, and the wide collar, the cowl. And around it my mama—I don't know where she got the beads and things from—but anyway, she had—on the edge of it, she had attached the thread, and with the needle she had counted the beads that she wanted for a loop, and they were strung on and pushed back, and then she went the distance, about a half an inch or so, and that's where she stabilized the thread again. And then she threaded the same number of beads on her needle and then let them down, and she looped all the way around that thing. And not only that, when it got down to the bottom of the bodice, as I said it had a long one, it went down to about the hips, she did the same thing around the whole thing.

And I tell you, a mama has to be very proud of her daughter, very proud of her work, wanting to keep the family pride going or something to subject herself to that much stuff. And I was proud of my mama, very proud, and I proudly wore her dress.

And not only that, when I didn't know any better, Mama didn't tell me any better, went to Fredericksburg State Teachers College to make an application or to register, I wore my white dress, my graduation dress. I didn't see—there was every kind of dress up there—I didn't see any like mine, but I didn't see anybody laughing at mine.

But then when we got through registering up there and got on downtown, my sister was with us, and got ready to get out of the car, she said to me, "Virginia, I don't think you'd better get out. That isn't the kind of dress you see on the street." But nobody told me it wasn't the kind you'd see up at Fredericksburg State Teachers. So I sat in the car and watched traffic go by, foot traffic. And I don't remember anything more about that dress.

Daddy was a shoemaker too. And of course, we got shoes regularly when we needed them, but we just didn't have a whole line of shoes. We had a pair of shoes to go to school every day, and we had a pair to go to church, and that was it; two pairs of shoes. And we all wore those shoes until they just plain wore out. They were leather, and when you're walking on gravel and all that sort of stuff, they wear pretty sharply.

So he had the shoe—oh, the last was metal—and he had it mounted on a wooden block. And this metal arm was up, and there were . . . the last, the shape of a shoe sole, and there were different sizes that came along with it. And he'd select the right size and put it on it, then he'd put the shoe on and pat it all in place.

Then he'd use the leather, and he'd put the leather down over it and fasten it, and it was just a piece of leather that . . . well, you scrimped, you never had a whole lot to throw out. That's foolish. So he would get it all fixed, and on the toe he'd put one tack. I think they call them brads now, something, I don't know, but anyhow, tack. And on either side, in other words, it had four tacks in it to hold it in place until he could see how he was going to cut it to shape. And it was cut to shape of the shoe. And the tacks, or the brads, went all around and across at the end. And every once in a while, he'd take it off and put his hand in and figure how many things he was going to have to pound on so it wouldn't pinch the foot or stick in. And we—I think mostly—we wore the shoe until there wasn't much shoe left. That's the way things were done. You never threw anything away.

You might say "easy come, easy go," okay, but nothing ever came easy during that day and time. And the way we lived was about the way . . . we were fortunate to be living the way we did because we weren't ever hungry; we weren't ever without clothing.

LEONARD BRUCE

Well, we would get one pair of pants a year and two shirts. And, of course, you used to use that to go to church and school. And Papa would make sure that you take the Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes off and put your old clothes and come out in the field and go to work. Oh, we got one pair of shoes a year. And, of course, you took them shoes off after you got home and you put them away to go to school and to church. And you go barefooted in the summer. My mother used to order from Montgomery Ward catalog.

FRANCIS BRUCE

She washed all the clothes herself, started off with a washtub and scrub. She made all the girls' clothes. Feed sacks, what you got for chickens. See, it had that real pretty prints on it, and I think it looked good. Well, she used to patch them [boy's clothes] a lot because we used to play marbles and ruin the knees. She made some shirts. I imagine she used to make them out of some sort of sacks, because there were different designs on them. People used

to tease us about our clothes when we wore them to school. We didn't mind that too bad because a whole lot of them was just like we was. We had one pair of shoes a year. Bought them from an old store, Broaddus's store. Yeah, general store.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

Of course, parents did a lot of sewing, made their own things because you bought a lot of material. They had material in stores that you could buy and make your own dresses and do your own sewing. And my mother had a sewing machine. She'd make us things, she'd make the boys' pants and make the boys' drawers. They wore long drawers.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Mama didn't sew. We had an old cousin that could, and she came and lived with us quite a bit and made a lot. But most of them were bought. I didn't have a whole lot but I had enough. And I can tell you a joke on John Golden's mother. She was about this tall and this big around, and she got a new cloak one winter. They all went to church together, so she told my daddy that she had a new coat and it fit to a T. She was just like a sack of flour. So every time I got anything new, Dad wanted to know if it fit to a T. He was funny, full of jokes and funny things. And loved ball games, baseball.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Yes, indeed, we did. We worked very, very hard, we really did. And before we went to school, my mother would always make the clothes for us, dresses. She did all of that. We all picked out whatever fabric we wanted.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

My mother was a very industrious person, and she had foresight for everything. She could find a substitute for anything. She had a talent that she could find a substitute that will fill every need. Now, she couldn't buy patterns to make our dresses; she would take apart one of our old dresses, and she would pin it to the newspaper, and she'd cut a pattern for the dress. And then she'd take that newspaper pattern and make our dresses by it. So she just had a talent.

Sometimes she made our underpants out of flour sacks. And, you know, in those days, you got flour from printed cloth, beautiful printed cloth. My grandmother made us some dresses when we were little from that printed cloth. Sometimes it was two bags the same kind of print and made us a dress out of it. My grandmother would do a lot of the sewing for my mother because my mother's youngest sister stayed home. She was always kind of a sickly person, and she was thin and little, on the short side. She wasn't undernourished, but she just didn't develop to full size. She was always very thin. But she loved to cook, and she did the cooking, and my grandmother did the sewing. And she took care of my grandparents when they were sick before they died. She was a wonderful person.

[M]y mother had a lot of quilts, and I don't know how she got them. They were homemade quilts, and I'm thinking my grandmother maybe had given her some quilts. But I know that all our beds were filled with nice quilts. We did not suffer from the cold at night. We had sufficient quilts . . . we were too poor to buy blankets. You might have a few blankets, you know, they had cotton blankets, you could buy cotton blankets, maybe one or two blankets. But most of the quilts . . . and I think that there were people that just gave them to us or helped us. I'm sure my mother must have, before I was born, made some quilts, I'm sure. Maybe my grandmother, I think my grandmother made some quilts. But I just don't remember seeing them do it. But the fact that the quilts were there, I'm sure they didn't buy them. [N]o quilting bees. Everybody was so busy cooking and cleaning up.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

You know, any time she made—the poor thing, try to make us a few dresses, but they weren't very—you could tell they were really homemade. But all the material she would get . . . people would raise chickens then, and the feed came in printed bags. She would save those, and she would always cut it in different patterns, strips, little blocks like, and sew them together and make, like, a 12-by-12. And then she would put that together to be kind of pretty. And then sometimes she'd use a old blanket in between and buy enough material for the undercover of the same color. A lot of quilting on them. I still got some of her quilts.

Laundry

Doing the laundry was a regular, major undertaking for the farm wife. Some made their own soap. Some did the laundry by hand in large washtubs with water hauled from the well and heated in the kitchen. Some had the benefit of early-model wringer-washers, which made the task slightly less onerous. For some housewives, laundry was a task that required outside help.

MARY SCOTT BROADDUS HALEY

I hate to tell you. She [mother] had ladies who helped her with the laundry. We put our dirty clothes in the basket and took them to a lady who did them. She lived nearby. I did a lot of my own socks and things by hand, and then finally we got a clothes washer.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

It was a big iron pot that they [had] . . . I remember scrubbing socks. Galvanized tub and the washboard. Yeah. That was my job, to scrub the socks. God, I hated that job. You know, I don't think they washed every week, did they? Did they wash clothes every week? But I remember lines of socks. But scrubbing those things, oh, boy, I remember that.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Our wash days were so different then from what they are now. All the white things went into the pot that was down on the woodpile with the fire burning around a big iron pot. I got it; I've have it out there. The pot. And you heat up the water, and the white clothes and what have you go in that pot. We didn't have soapsuds then. Mama chipped the bar of soap. Then she finally got a thing that you could run the bar of soap up and down to sort of shred it.

Anyway, that's the way they did, and after they were all boiled good, you'd go down there, be sure they didn't overdo it, and there was a stick you'd punch them down into the water to be sure that they . . . and stir them around. And then after a while they were gotten up and brought to the house and put in the washing machine. We had a washing machine which was . . . it had a wooden tub, wooden legs, and a wheel under the tub. And then, of course, it had the wringer over there which made it very nice. These long handles that came up from the bottom of the tub, you worked them—two people could work it, one on this side, one on that—most times just one of us. And it would agitate the wheel at the bottom, and it, in turn, moved the agitator.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

And we had a washing machine that you turned the handle on. We had a wooden washing machine. And it was on legs, and you put the clothes in and wring it just by turning the handle. That was . . . it had to be wood, yeah. So we had to draw the water from the well, and we had a 20-thing tank on the stove, big tank to heat the water, and then do the

wash. But we also had a wash house outside where they would—wash basin and big tubs—and Nancy and Effie would do it. Anything special Mother wanted done, they would do.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

We always had a washing machine. And we should have kept that old washing machine. You had to turn something on it yourself and all that. Yeah, to run it through the wringer. Because we were the only ones around that ever had a washing machine in those days, so it was wonderful. And I guess we sold it when we moved. I did part of it [the ironing], but we had this colored woman that came two or three time a week to do some ironing and help clean up some.

DAVID CLARK

But at a little bit later time, they had one of the washing machines that had like a wringer on top and so forth. I remember seeing that.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

And part of our jobs to do was to get the water to do your washing, your laundry. And you did your laundry in tubs, big tubs, and heated the water in an iron pot over the fire and built a fire and heated your water there. Or Mama used to heat a lot of hers in big kettles like you'd can vegetables in on the stove, on the wood stove in the kitchen.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

[We] Had a washtub and a washboard, and Esther did the laundry. But I didn't ever wash much. I would hang them up, but I didn't wash much.

ROSE HICKS FARMER

[Laundry was done with a] wash tub and a washboard. [Water heated] on a woodstove, and a flatiron that you heated on a woodstove.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

That's the way it was. We just kind of grew up that way, you know, helping Mother and helping my father do things that were essential. She just couldn't do it all. I think she was a remarkable woman, my mother, to be able to do as much as she did and rear ten kids, taking care of doing all the laundry and ironing and stuff, and my mother ironed even the sheets and pillowcases and all that. I remember that. And it was a hand iron that you left on the stove, that kind of thing, because we didn't have electricity.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

And I would stand on a box and iron with a flatiron. I learned to do that. Of course, then we ironed everything, and my brothers' white ducks. They used to wear long pants and tie and everything back in those days, and those seams had to be perfectly straight. I do have one picture of him in his white ducks, and I thought, "I ironed those white ducks."

ELIZABETH POWERS HICKS

We had the old icebox that you put the ice in, and after that, after we got electricity, we got – we had electric iron—that was wonderful. And had the refrigerator. Electric iron was wonderful because we used to always have to heat the iron on the store, flatiron, what they called a flatiron. But that electric iron, when you plugged it up, boy, we had heat. We didn't have to stop to wait and go get the iron off the stove.

MARY BUMBREY HEAD

My mom had one of these scrub washboards, yeah. Sometime we would try to hang them up, you know, because we always hung the clothes outside because, like I say, we didn't have no basement or nothing, didn't have no washer and dryer. We had to hang them out on the line, and if we didn't have enough room on the line, we used to hang them up in the bushes, let them dry. She used to make that lye soap. I remember that she made some lye soap. Then when she would go to town, she would buy washing powder. But she used to make that lye soap, and that's what she would put in that pot to boil them white clothes, boil them clothes and make them white, yeah.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

I scrubbed on the washboard many a day, all day long. After I got big enough to do it. Mama made soap. I can do that myself. I've done that. [To make soap,] she just used scraps [of lard] and things because you use lye, and that's what she did. She'd try to make enough to last 12 months, from one hog killing to the next. [Lye came] from the little country store.

RICHARD KOCSIS

They did make soap. It was a real lye soap for washing clothes. Washboard, outside. Heat your water in a great big tub on a fire. My mother done it here. Had a great big iron pot, make a fire under it and heat the water, and she had a washing machine—electric—but she didn't have a hot water heater. She would boil the water and put it in the . . . get a bucket and put it in the washer. And then it would drain out into the field down the hill.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

My mother and all the girls [took care of laundry]. Old days we used to make soap. I think my grandmother made soap, Grandma Sally. She was old, she made soap. She lived in the Fort A. P. Hill area, but she lived in a different area from us. We had to cross—my mother used to send us over there to help her—and we had to cross a pond to get to her place.

VERGIE MILLER

My mother did all our washing. She never did ask us to help. And I wonder now, I say, "Boy, on the board, that was hard work." Of course, all the children weren't there at one time. See, a lot of them as they finished, they went north and worked, got jobs and worked up there. But she washed for all of us. And helped picked them cucumbers and did all that stuff.

EVELYN ELLIOT KEY

Washboard, wash tub. And your white clothes were put on the woodstove and boiled.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Josie [Taylor, friend and neighbor] would come down and help Mama do the laundry. That was always a big chore.

Oh, yeah. Mama would keep us at home from school to do the laundry. We'd miss school, a day from school to help wash. Yes, always had a scrub board and the big zinc tubs. And, of course, when the kids were little, of course, we done so many diapers. That was a big, big deal when you had five boys, and so you can see these four girls doing a lot to help with that, really. But the boys when they got older, they did a lot on the farm to help my father, they really did. They worked hard.

We had A&P Soap. I'll always remember the black bars. But, you know, for the heavy laundry or things that needed—like work clothes and that kind of thing—there was lye soap made. Now, I don't know how they made it. My grandmother helped to make that, and they'd cut it in chunks. So I do remember that very vividly, making that. And I do remember, too, her [mother] making lye soap. We had the big kettles out in the yard, you know. And, of course, doing the laundry, they used to boil these clothes to get them clean in these big kettles or in kettles.

Josie Taylor and her family lived down the road from the Trice family.
Photo courtesy of Lucille Trice Tompkins.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

What was . . . something she'd put in it make it lye soap. That's what she'd wash the white clothes in was lye soap. I can't remember now what it was, some part of the hog. I remember her doing it. And then when it hardened, she would cut it into bars, you know. Sometimes it was a just a little square bar like that, about this wide, about this long; sometimes it was longer. Sometimes she'd just slice it up and put it in the clothes when she's washing them.

Washboard and a tub of water, help her get the water. Had to bring that from the well, you know, to the back porch where she washed at. And in the wintertime, she'd wash right out there too. Then she finally got a black lady that come, this old lady would help her do the wash. Daddy would go pick her up, lived up the road a couple miles from us, and then he'd take her back. Aunt Lee, Lee Taylor. She was . . . they were the black people that lived up the road there from us. I reckon they lived a mile—I know—it was more than a mile. I would say a mile and a half, two miles above us.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

Well, on washday, my chore was mostly drawing water at the well and bring it in the house for my mother for washing the clothes. Heat the water on the stove, cook stove. We used to cut the wood in the summertime for the heat in the wintertime. And one of my chores was getting up early in the morning and starting the fire in the kitchen stove and the other stove, woodstove. I know her [mother] fingers sometimes used to get sore from using that washboard. And then hang the clothes outside, sun dried. Well, occasionally we'd buy a little soap. You know, people back then would take the meat scraps and grease and all and make soap. And that soap was so strong, it would take skin off. I didn't help because that was dangerous, you know, working around the fire outside. I used to watch them. Most of the time, two or three families get together and make the soap.

JAMES LOVING

[Mother] had the regular old-time washboard. She never made her soap as I know of. We bought soap. Like I said, she raised a lot of chickens, and eggs, she had a lot of eggs, too. She sold the eggs and chickens, and that's what she bought the soap with.

Farmyard chickens

One of the specific tasks that most women performed outside the house was raising chickens, and occasionally guinea hens or turkeys. Sometimes her flock would simply provide meat and eggs for family consumption. Perhaps the extra eggs would get traded at the store. The ambitious housewife was sometimes the organizer of vast amounts of poultry that were sold to supply needed extra income.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

Mr. Sid Bruce had the combine, and my father always tried to figure it that we could get ours combined on the 4th of July. And about that time—of course—all of our chickens were raised. Mother got chickens, either hatched them, a lot of them she just hatched them under the hen, took our own eggs and put them in the henhouse. They had the little nest made in the henhouse for the hens to lay their eggs. A lot of times, they would lay them everywhere but where you wanted them. Down on the floor or even out in the yard. If they could find a place they wanted to drop them, they dropped them. But we tried to fix enough places in the henhouse.

And anyhow, my mother would set the eggs, and then she would keep track of. It was so many days before she would start to turning them. Then she would turn them every day because the old hen would ruffle them up and turn them, but if they weren't—if she didn't figure it was turned enough—she'd go down there and turn them herself. She only had maybe four hens setting, something like that, no big lot of them. Anyhow, that's where we would get her baby chicks, or she would order baby chicks, and they would come in to Milford down there, and my father would go and pick them up.

Then she would, of course, start in feeding them and raising them until they were big enough, at least a pound and a half. She wouldn't kill a chicken under a pound and a half because she said it wasn't enough and then go through the process of picking the feathers off and all of that. That was part of our jobs. So on the farm, there was never a minute there wasn't a job for you. But she used to, like I said, try to have them at that size because you have all these men, at least four men that were helping you out—Mr. Bruce that was the owner of it—and then you had about three helpers to combine the grain. So, of course, Mother would have to cook dinner for them, and she would always, like I said, try to have it

long about the time that she needed them, about 4th of July have her chickens ready. And most time she would.

She thought nothing of going out and just laying the chicken's head on a block, on a wooden block and (making noise), little hatchet I called it that she had, a little short handle ax, like a hatchet. And she'd pick them and chop their heads off, and we, of course, would be having a fit, and she didn't think anything about it. Most of the time she would make us go in the house. Then you let them die, and then you scalded the feathers off of them, had to have hot water and scalded the feathers off and pulling wet feathers off of them, had to pick them, and then there are always the little pins left in chickens, you know. Every one of those had to be out. Then, of course, they were put in cold water with salt in it, cut up and put in water with salt in it. So all this water had to be drawn and everything. All of that was being prepared, and you had certain containers that you put them in and all of that. It was just a routine like everything else.

[S]he would sell some of the chickens, yes. She would sell some of them when they got large enough to sell, but most of them were raised for our own use. The only things I remember her selling very much was they keep so many roosters, always had so many roosters, so many hens. And they'd keep them for a year, something like a year, and then they would sell them for baking, for roasting chickens. Then somebody would kill them, not any of us, but either her or maybe Sister, I never killed one. Then she would dress them and take them to Bowling Green or to Fredericksburg.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

My mother raised a lot of hens, you know, we had baked hens for the winter. [W]hen she had the chickens when they were young in the summer, she'd decide on which ones that she was going to save for baked hens for the winter and which ones that she was going to use for laying hens, for eggs for selling. So she knew her hens, and she had these little colored rings to put on the legs to tell which one was going to be sold and which ones were going to be kept. Oh, dozens of them. It was my job to shell the corn and feed the chickens at night and give them water, and my mother did in the morning. And she knew those hens, exactly every spot on them. Everybody had chores to do. My job was to crank up the corn sheller they called it. And I put the corn shells in, it was kind of hard to push and pull, and I had to shell the corn for the chickens in the evening. And then I had to go to the well and use a bucket, and there were troughs for water for the chickens that I had to go and draw the water for the chickens. And I had to feed the chickens, and then I had to gather the eggs up. I had to go in all the nests, sometime go under the hens, the ones they set on and get them. That was my job.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

We had fried chickens. We raised chickens, and Sunday dinner, you had to go kill about two or three chickens, you know, all that mess. That's what I hated, have to go out there and chop the chicken's head off…a lot of times, I'd get this man that lived with us, he'd cut the heads off. Then you got to heat the water, get them hot. Then you got to cut all the feathers off and everything.

But in those days, see, that's what you had to do if you wanted chickens. We had a henhouse, laid eggs, had a house [where the chickens] laid eggs, and we had eggs. Have to get that up every evening, get them . . . pick up the eggs and then the chickens. [Chickens] laid eggs every night, every day or whatever time they laid them.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

[We had] Chickens, a lot of chickens. And I used to have to feed them, and I used to get the eggs up, too, when you had a surplus of eggs. At one time of the year, hens give more eggs, we'd sell them.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

We had our own hens and raised our own eggs, but we used a lot of eggs at home. [I remember] Feeding them and letting them out of the henhouse and make sure they were all up at night and shut the doors so could nothing get ahold of them. My brother was scared to death of them.

We didn't have a whole lot, as you can see, of the chickens and things, but the few that we had was just enough for us because we eat—as the old saying goes—"We eat a lot of eggs." And Mama used it in cooking, too, a lot. But we never did have a whole lot of them. We always had those . . . what do you call them? I've forgotten the name of the chickens now. Rhode Island Reds or something like that they called them. I think that's what it was. They had a name for every kind of chicken and everything. [I] always so . . . made sure that the chickens were up in the shed before nighttime, by the time it got dark anyway.

Elsie Raines feeding the farmyard chickens.
Photo courtesy of Elsie Raines Curtis.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

Mama always had hens. Maybe 15 to 25, more or less. Well, that [eggs] was the only thing you had to buy kerosene oil and sugar and what have you, what little bit of groceries you bought from the store.

Not every morning, but we had eggs for breakfast mostly because my daddy was more of a vegetarian than he was a meat eater.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

My mother would order chickens through the mail. You could, at one time, order chickens through the mail. She would order 200 baby chicks and raise them to about two pounds, two and a half pounds. Broilers they were called. And you'd take those and you'd

sell—we had chicken coops—put a dozen in them and take them to Fredericksburg. She had people up there she supplied broilers to. And then she would probably have 100 hens, laying hens. And we might set some of those, meaning if the hen was a sitting hen, we'd put a dozen eggs under her, and she'd sit on them, and they would hatch. But that was just for home use. The broilers was another income. I took care of them. I fed all the chickens before I went to school and took ten-gallon bucket of water to them. And you have to turn them upside down so they'd have to drink out of. It was chores, but it was good chores.

Thelma Bruce feeding the chickens, which was a morning and evening chore.
Photo courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood.

NANCY BUMBREY JACKSON

We used to send him [our youngest brother] in the henhouse to get eggs. And Mama and them had gone to town somewhere, and we hollered he couldn't get the door open, so we sent him through the hole where the hens come out. And we hollered, here he come and he was hung up, hung up and couldn't get out. And Mama caught him coming through that little hole where the chickens come through. We laughed. All of us got a beating for that.

JOSEPH BUMBREY

That's what happens when you're the youngest in the family. I was very small. I was two, maybe three years old [when I got stuck in the henhouse].

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

And Grandmom had geese. She had chickens and geese, and the geese used to chase us and bite us. And they had a beautiful flower garden in front of their house. I guess Grandpop did it; I don't know who did it. But I remember that when I was little, looking out the window at that beautiful flower garden he had in the front. It was like one of those English gardens, that's what it reminded me.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

We had quite a henhouse, and my grandmother was really partial to what she called Dominiques. They were black and white chickens. She also had guineas, guinea hens. And they were a source of humor to me and aggravation to her because guinea hens had this business of hiding their eggs, their nest. Unlike the thoroughly domesticated fowl that had their nest in the henhouse, the guinea hens would go out in the woods or bushes or someplace and lay their eggs. And she used to get so annoyed with that. And she had geese too, so I grew up with an array of poultry and animals, really.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

I picked a lot of chickens, and Mama and I took live chickens to Fredericksburg and would trade them at the grocery store for groceries. And if Dad went with us to go shopping for groceries or whatever, we'd buy crackers and cheese, and I'm on the backseat, they're in the front seat, he's holding his hand back for crackers. He'd eat them. Got home, didn't have much cheese and crackers, but it was fun. He was a lot of fun.

MODERN CONVENIENCES

Electricity, telephones, and indoor plumbing have become perceived as absolute necessities in the modern world. However, in Caroline County and many rural areas of the United States before World War II, kerosene lighting, wood cook stoves, and outhouses were the norm. Only a handful of people had telephones, which were often only used to call the doctor. A few homes and businesses had Delco plants that supplied gas. "Modern conveniences" were few and far between.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

That was our chore there, we were supposed to get kindling for the mornings for the stove. It was a woodstove, no running water, had a pump—not a pump—a well. Outhouse, yep. It was a three-seater, wasn't it? Yeah, because Grandpop made little ones for us.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

As far as I know, that's all I can know because when you're children and growing up, you don't ask all these questions, you know, where did this come from and where did that come from. And I know we didn't get electricity until, what was it, 1936, around '36 we got electricity. And before that, we had water that came from a well, a spring down below, and we were the only ones around that had cold water. It was . . . somehow he had a pump or something that would pump it up. Never had hot water until you heated it, but we always had cold water to drink.

JAMES LOVING

No, we never had no electricity, nothing but lamplight . . . we never had electricity. Never had any running water, nothing like that.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

I remember when we first got [electric] current. We got current in '39 and it went in A. P. Hill. Saw cobwebs I didn't know I had (laughing).

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

We had lamps to study by. We were very fortunate that in the house that we inherited my uncle had put gas . . . I tell you what they'd do. We had a little house, that's one of the houses that they had particularly for that. That was where the gas was. It had a pipe in it, and they ran it under the ground and into the house.

Well, what it was, it was almost like chips or crystals [carbide], and you had to add water to it. So it was close there to the well, and we had a tray inside the house where the pipes were. And that trough, I guess you would call it, but it was cemented, but that trough was where they mixed the water and the crystals to make the gas. And then they piped it into the house. And my mother had a stove, but she wouldn't use it; she was afraid of it. It always stayed covered up. We'd say, "Well, Mama, why?"

And it had an odor just like any gas has, and then, they had piped it for a connection in each room. They were real smart about that. They had piped it so that we had these little bulbs about so big that we could light and turn the gas on, but we only used it on special occasions. We did not use it all the time because we used lamps for our lighting. We had the big Aladdin lamps, we had a couple of those, and then we had the small glass-bottom lamps with the chimneys on them. We had those for the lamps; that was our lights. Like, I would have one sitting on that table and one sitting over there. That was our light that we had.

But in the dining room, there was a light kind of like a chandelier but it wasn't anything that fancy, but it had three or four bulbs. And that was right over the dining room table. But that was the only one that had the ceiling lights. All the rest of them came through the wall —we usually had chest of drawers, or a bureau as we called them in those days and time, right by it—and that was where our light would be; that's where we'd have our light. And then if we wanted to read or anything, we had different tables that we put our lamps on to study and to read by.

That was a part of the house was the gaslights, and that was wonderful because we were one of the few houses that was fortunate enough to have the gaslights. There were others that had gaslights, too, but we were among the fortunate to have that. Yes, it was originally installed in the house when it was built.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

We were upgraded. We started out with kerosene lamps in our house. Somewhere or another along the line, exactly when I haven't any idea, Daddy had a carbide system installed, and, of course, we thought we were big shots, we had lights. All we had to do is go there and (making sound). Had those lighters or starters or something, and you just flip it, and it did a little spark up here and you got your light.

And we had—and not only that—Daddy got Mama an iron, a carbide iron. It was big, but it got things ironed pretty good. And there was this big container that was buried out there adjacent to the well, and you have to—when your carbide ran out, you had to—the residue in the tank was of a whitewash, and it was good. Pumped it out and saved it and

whitewashed all the fences and things around, do a good job. So that would get done—I don't know how long the stuff lasted—but that did pretty well itself.

And then a little bit later, we heard that the REA was coming down, and so Daddy signed up for that, and we got all sorts of things, got the house all wired. That must have been in 1940. And we got the—and Daddy said there wasn't any need of firing up the other tank—so we went back. We had our kerosene lamps there because we thought, "Oh, we're going to have electric lights here in a little bit." All right. The house was all wired, and Mama had selected the fixtures, all that sort of stuff. And then came A. P. Hill.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

The government passed rural electrification in the late '30s, and that's when we got electricity in the rural areas. We were close to Bowling Green. We got it—I'm thinking '35, but it may have been '37. But I don't think it was that late. I don't remember the year it came through, but people had to buy—pay for it, the right-of-way. We had to let them have the right-of-way, and it cost us for them to string the wire, furnish the pole and the wire to get us electricity. And we were the only one that had electricity.

EMMET FARMER

And another thing that was a big first for me is when the—what is now the Rappahannock Electric Cooperative—when we got electricity in this area. It came to us in this area in 1936, I think I'm right on that. And oh, I thought it was so great to go down and hit a switch and look up and see the lights come on. But before that, of course, we had kerosene lamps, and you pick up an old kerosene lamp and take it from one room to the other room. And, of course, the lamps had to be—the lampshade or chimney, whichever you want to call it—had to be washed every day. Kerosene had to be put in them every day. And that was a chore that most of the time the girls took care of, but I can remember very well that, I can remember taking old lanterns and take this lantern and go into the chicken house and taking this lanterns and going to the outhouses. And don't leave that out about these outhouses.

Of course, along about that time we had our first refrigerator; back before that was a icebox. And the old icebox I remember so well because we had a icehouse. And of course, we went down, we had to cut ice and put it in the icehouse, and in the summertime you can go into the icehouse and get a block of ice for the old icebox. But when electricity came along, that was a great thing. Had electric stove, you had electric refrigerators; it was just great to have that electricity. My mother thought it was great. She was one—when we first got electricity, we had ice cream so often, she would make ice cream real, real often. She just thought electricity—she—so proud that we were able to get it.

RACHEL BRUCE FARMER

I remember when we got electricity in 1937, and the first thing my mother bought was a Maytag washing machine. She said that was the most important to her. Of course, it was a great thing. We had a . . . we got a radio. But the ice man came to our house every other day and brought a big hunk of ice to put in the refrigerator, which made a lot of difference when you got ready to eat because everything was cold.

But before that, my mother had cows, she milked cows, and she would take the milk and the butter and take it down across the road and put it in the spring, and that's how it was kept cool. Then she would send us down there to get it at night. And sometimes we'd see a black snake down there, and she'd have a hard time getting us to go back.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

Light in the evenings was provided by oil lamps, and that was one of my jobs during the daytime as a child, to make sure that all of the lampshades, as they were called, were washed every day so that they were clean, from the lamps in the living room or kitchen, the bedrooms and so forth, so that you had clean shades on your lamps every night. So that provided the light. Then, of course, wood burning stoves to cook with and to heat the water on and all those kinds of things. So, we did not have electricity until we moved in 1941 to Spotsylvania County.

MARY BUMBREY HEAD

When I first moved here [Fredericksburg from A. P. Hill], I was 8 years old. I said, "Wow, I'm coming to a big city. I see bright lights." I looked up, everybody looked at me, say, "What for she looking up in the sky?" I was looking at the lights because I never saw a bright light until I moved to Fredericksburg because everything was kerosene lamps, that was it. I'm telling you. I said, "Ooh, thank you, Jesus. I see bright lights!"

FRANCIS BRUCE

We didn't have any windmill. It was—some of my uncles over there, they was a little more modern than we was—they had . . . I think they started up with a windmill with electricity. Then you used to have a bell they used to ring, too, when 12 o'clock come. That's the only way we had to tell time.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Well, they brought it in, what is it, the REA that came in? And they would only give you a certain number of poles—you know, to bring in—and we were too far from the main road to come in there, so my father didn't get it because he couldn't afford the poles. I think the poles were $50 apiece.

MAYNARD PENNEY

We did not have electricity. It had gotten within two miles of us.

EVELYN ELLIOT KEY

No, we didn't have electricity back in the kitchen part, I know, because I remember using the lamps. We had oil lamps, and I don't think . . . they had outdoor toilets, too, or either the potty used inside; you took it out in the mornings.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

We didn't get it [electricity], never got it. It was available at the time we moved, but when everybody heard that they were going to have to move, nobody went into it, you see. There was one family that lived, oh, I reckon two miles from us that had gotten it. Now, he was the last one that got it, but you had to pay for the wire and the poles and all that stuff. So we didn't get it.

We had outdoor [plumbing].

VIRGINIA HEARN WHITING

Yes, they [the Rollins relatives] had electricity, I think as I remember. I don't remember there being any . . . you don't think about so much when you're a child, do you?

I know a lot of places in the countryside did not have indoor plumbing. I can remember other place—now—in Port Royal they did.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

And then later on in life, we had the carbide . . . they called it carbide lights. I don't know if you ever heard of that. Yeah, we had carbide lights, and we used to buy the carbide. I don't know where my father would get it from, but he would order it, and that would come to the delivery place up in Milford. And it was little grains, grey, and it had a peculiar odor to it, smelled. And we used to dump that into a tank and that would . . . I don't know if they put water with it or something. And that gave us the light that we could turn on. Two sparks would strike, and it would light up. I was so happy because I said, "I don't have to clean no more lampshades. I am so sick of cleaning lampshades." And my mother used to say, "Oh, please be careful. Don't break it. They're quick to break, to crack." So I used to take paper and clean them. Paper cleaned them better than cloth because it left no lint.

[Electrification] didn't come in until much later. Electric came through that part of the county, see. They had electric lights someplace else but not within that county, that area that you could hook to, they hook up, rather. That part of the country, I don't know if they were scared of us or what. That always seemed to . . . we would seem to be the last thing on that road.

And another thing they did, too, after I left, I got me a little confused, and I would come back every now and then. They put up—what do they call them—road signs, posters with the numbers on them, like 323 would go such-and-such a place, and then to a corner or a curve, and then they'd have another number. I'm just trying to think what the name of that was, county number to the roads, yeah. They had that, that came up I think . . . I'm trying to think. They had that before A. P. Hill took over or they had it soon after A. P. Hill moved in, yeah. We called them road post signs.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Never did have a phone. It didn't have water at first, but Daddy had a Delco plant put in, so we had fairly decent bathroom.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

It was over at Mr. Clavin's place. He had a radio. He had electricity. Boy, I didn't know what to do, I thought "I can go around and turn all the lights on now." Lots of lights in the house, light the house up inside. I didn't know you had to pay for it. I guess I thought I could raise that like we did everything else. Didn't take me long to find out, I tell you.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

We had outdoor toilets, had to go outdoors I don't care how cold it was. [We heated with a] Woodstove. And we didn't have a well. We brought water from the spring. I guess it was a quarter of a mile down to the spring. Yeah, delicious water.

Telephone

For most, a telephone was a luxury. Few households had them. In order to make a call, commonly to the local doctor, a person went to the nearest store or obliging neighbor.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

My grandfather was the steamboat agent here [Port Royal]. [M]y grandfather owned the telephone line from Fredericksburg to Tappahannock and then from Fredericksburg to Summit, he owned those two telephone lines.

Betty Hicks Enos' grandfather, the steamboat agent for Port Royal.
Photo courtesy of Betty Hicks Enos.

I was a little girl. We had a telephone in our house, and it was certain rings. It could be a short and a long or two longs and a short or two longs and two shorts. And everybody on the line, all of them had that type of telephone. That was before dial, Honey. But my grandfather owned the telephone line, and my daddy worked on the line, helped him. [T]the lines were on poles, you know, the pole went up, and it had a cross, and when you had storms, it would wrap the lines up. They'd have to go . . . I used to go with them when they had to go find out where the telephone wouldn't work. Isn't that something? Amazing.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

And we had a telephone. My mother had a telephone all of her life. She said she could not live by herself without a telephone. And people walked miles to our house to use the telephone between Bowling Green and Port Royal. Mr. Smithers that had the country store had a telephone, and we had a telephone. That was all the telephones.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

I think the one [telephone] I know of, but one, and that was somebody that come there from up North and bought this big farm, and they had a telephone. They was more or less upper crust, big shots. You didn't get along with the rich, just like it is now. The ones that got the most money now rules the world.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

The closest phone was way up . . . about a mile and a half up the road. We used to go up there if we wanted a phone. [If we needed the doctor] We'd go up there and call him.

Towards the last we had a radio. [Listened to] Music mostly. In the '30s.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

Yes, it was a party line [telephone]. I think we started out with about three, yes, and the headquarters was in Bowling Green, main operator came out of Bowling Green.

FRANCIS BRUCE

I guess Bowling Green was closest [telephone] for the farm, didn't nobody have no telephone as I remember in Caroline where we was.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Never had a telephone at home any time that I lived there.

When Edmond [brother] was born, for instance, Daddy had Mother go to a doctor in Fredericksburg who was supposed to be the best. But when she was ready to have the baby, somebody had to go up there and get him, so the baby got here before he did. We always had to go get somebody, didn't have a telephone. Never did have one.

Radio

Another small luxury enjoyed by those who could afford it was the radio. It ran on a battery and provided a bit of entertainment in the evenings or weekends in the form of music, radio shows, and the news.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Daddy had a—I don't know if they ever had a radio—not when he was living. He had a Victrola with some of the worst things on it you ever heard. He just loved it.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

We had a little radio. The radio was about this size, but it had a battery (indicating size), so we heard it on the radio.

LEONARD BRUCE

And I remember the first radio Papa bought. Oh, Lordy, I was just a little small boy, and I was wondering, I thought it was some little people back in there, you know. I snuck behind that radio and looked back there; I thought it was some live people inside that radio. I was just a little boy, you know, I didn't know no difference.

FRANCIS BRUCE

That was in—I don't know what year it was—but it was late '30s, maybe. And everybody used to come to our house wanted to listen to the radio, Grand Ole Opry on Saturday night, and Papa used to like to get up and listen to the news, Gabriel Heater and some of them. He used to listen to—there used to be a black guy in Washington he used to listen to—I forgot his name. Anyway, it was a big thing when we got a radio.

We used to have to send off for the battery from Montgomery Wards, and when the battery go down, we'd put the Model T in the back of the house and run it off a car battery. You have to put a radio out it for to get . . . hear the radio. You think some of these young people could go back to that now?

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

We first became acquainted with the radio not in our house but when they were talking about and Daddy was reading in the paper about the professional wrestlers like Max Schmeling and Joe Louis and that crowd, I don't remember who came first, but way back there. We were invited up the road to Tony and Miss Nanny Motley Jordan. They had a radio, and we enjoyed it, and Daddy especially. And we just sat there and listened, and when it was all over, we got up, thanked them, and went home. Then there was a time when Miss

Nanny and them, the battery must have been dead or something. Anyhow, we went up to his father which was way up the road there beyond Golman's Corner, and the same thing happened there. We were invited in, turned on the radio, listened to them bing, bang, bung, and everything when it was all over, we got up and thanked them and went home.

There came a time when we got our own radio, and it was a cabinet radio. But we must have gotten it just before we left from down there because I remember where it was sitting when we—Daddy moved—where they put it. Because it was very interesting looking cabinet, quite tall and wide, more cabinet than it was anything else. But we never did do a whole lot with the radio because after we got back, after they had moved, got television. They were the first ones to have a television in that community.

You put the radio on at a certain time, I don't know, whatever made Daddy laugh, Mama listened. And of course you're busy in the daytime, you didn't turn it on in the daytime.

We went to bed fairly early, you know. School time, there was homework, and sometimes Daddy would do those shadow figures on the wall. But most of the time after we got through with cleaning up the kitchen and all of that and got cleaned up to go to bed and got our homework done, it was time to go to bed.

EMMET FARMER

We did have a radio before electricity because it was battery. And, of course, we didn't play that all the time; that was something special, you know, like on Saturday night or Sunday or whatnot. That radio didn't play all day. But I can remember before electricity having a radio, and one thing we listened to was Grand Ole Opry.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

Had a battery radio, had it run from the house out to the . . . a wire running for the pole sitting way up in the air. Antenna, battery radio. Back then when Joe Louis used to fight—my daddy—couldn't nobody get nothing on the radio. My daddy sit there listening to the fight. When the batteries go bad, he had to buy another battery.

CORA BUMBREY GREENE

When we moved up here [Fredericksburg from A. P. Hill]. The first time I heard a radio, it was a battery one at that.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

We had a battery radio after Sister started teaching. And of course, we thought that was wonderful. Oh, it was a great big thing. It was as big almost as a automobile battery today. I don't remember, but I reckon it was charged, it had to be charged up.

VERGIE MILLER

Some of them from away brought a battery radio. But I don't remember listening too much. You know, when you're young, you had a lot to do. We come home, had work to do.

Food storage

Without electricity, the long-term preservation and storage of food was a major concern on the farm. This challenge was addressed in several different ways. Vegetables that stored well (such as potatoes) were sometimes buried in kilns: a hole in the ground usually lined with straw or pine tags, filled with vegetables, and mounded over with soil. When required, the

necessary portion of vegetables was dug up. Cellars or ice houses were also used. Ice houses were subterranean structures, again lined with insulating material such as straw or sawdust. In winter, large blocks of ice were cut from frozen ponds and stored in the ice house. Through the year, it provided both ice and cold storage. Some people also relied on simple cupboards or pie safes, and some had ice boxes in which a chunk of ice was stored to cool perishables on a short-term basis. Another common practice was to keep delicate dairy products, such as cream or butter, down the well or in a spring, taking advantage of the natural coolness.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

It [the well] was just a hole in the ground, I reckon. We had what they called a ice cooler. You put cold water in it in the morning and cold water in it at night. And one time she [mother] told me to go out there and do so-and-so, and be sure I didn't let that crock fall in. And it slipped out of my hand and broke in a hundred pieces and spilled the cream and all. Ooh, they was times. Everybody was poor, everybody was in the same boat.

MARY BUMBREY HEAD

My mother made butter, she made butter from it, yeah. And then after she make that butter, I think she let it set until it got creamy or whatever it is, and then after she get through making the butter, she would put it in the bucket—one of the bucket in the well—and let it down in the well to keep it cold, keep from melting. Then if we want ice, my daddy would go and get ice, and they would put it in a No. 2 tub or something like that or either put it in a bucket and lower it down in the well, not all the way down in the water.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

But Grandpop liked hot dogs, he loved hot dogs. And I remember the hot dogs going down into the well to stay there, stay cold and they wouldn't go bad. And when he wanted hot dogs, he'd bring it up and they'd have hot dogs. That's how they kept their cold. That was a big well.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

I remember her putting—we had cows—we had a couple of cows, and chickens, of course. But I remember the butter would get soft churning the butter, you know, the old turn thing or the up-and-down kind, and it would be so warm that we would lower it into the well to keep it cold, cold enough where it wouldn't melt completely.

I remember, too, in the springtime it [the milk] tasted like onions because they [the cows] were eating the wild onions. And, of course, it wasn't processed, we used the milk, never killed us, never was processed, wasn't pasteurized. And my mother would skim the cream that would rise to the top, we'd skim that off and churn it for butter. Never had refrigeration. We had a icebox, but we didn't always have enough ice in it to keep it around 100 percent of the time.

Daddy had a dugout that he used to put some stuff in, like turnips and cabbage or something, potatoes, to store them for the wintertime. They were put in straw and then covered it with straw and then soil on top of that. And in the wintertime, we'd dig these things out. We had an uncle that had an icehouse. So my father, in fact, helped to cut the ice to fill the icehouse. I remember one year they were missing a cat, and in the spring, this cat came out of the icehouse, skinny.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

And we had a icehouse, and that was another big deal. The ice had to get real thick and was down in Devil's Hole. Men would go down there and cut it and haul it up with the

mules at the wagon. And we put it in the icehouse and covered it with straw. And one time when my brother was just a little fella running around, I guess he's five or six years old, he went in and disappeared, and I reached down and pulled him out.

Icebox, we had to go down in Devil's Hole and cut ice when it got about this thick. And they'd haul it up in a wagon with mules pulling the wagon. And they'd put it in the icehouse. Had straw and put the ice in and more straw, and that lasted all summer. And we'd have to get a piece and put it in the icebox. Then you had to dump the pan of water when it leaked, all that nice jazz. Country people were busy. Children didn't have time to loaf and get in trouble.

Oh, yeah, made good ice cream in the old freezer churn with the paddle. And you'd take the paddle out and lick it. Aunt Mary always made a big freezer on Sundays. When we went up there, we enjoyed that.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

We had like a ice chest. We had a icehouse on our property. My grandfather and them used to fill the icehouses every winter.

Got it [ice] right down here below the crossroads at Miller's Pond on A.P. Hill. They cut the ice, you know, and they hauled them in old Ford trucks. It was for my grandparents' house, for their house. And when—on the farm—we had an icehouse, and it was layers of straw, layers of ice. That's the way their icehouse was.

Well, we bought everything. Now, potatoes, in this house, under the house, at one portion of it, we had a dirt floor that we could walk in there, and that's where they kept their Irish potatoes. And we had an old well that you drew the water with buckets, you know, two of them, one went up and the other went down in the well. That's what we had.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

My dad would have us all gather around with an old Sears Roebuck catalog, and we would wrap each sweet potato individually in the paper and put them in what we had the dirt cellar. We had a dirt cellar. We'd put them down three, four feet, and then cover them up with dirt. It was part of the basement.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

We called it the dirt cellar. And it was also my granddad's wine cellar. He had big jugs of wine he kept in there. We had a great big key to the wine cellar. That was a English basement they called it. And then we had the kitchen, we didn't use the outside kitchen back in our day because that was back in Grandmother's day, really. And we had—the kitchen had a great big oak table in the kitchen—then we had the dining room upstairs, up the few steps. And they had a back porch with a refrigerator, one of these wooden refrigerators.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

The turnips and so forth were all placed in sand under the house where it was cool, and they were kept. All through the winter you could go under and pull out things from the storehouse, as it were . . . as it was called.

Well, sometimes things were kept under there that were important to the family's history, you know, old straw baskets that maybe her grandmother had used or a cane that her father had used. Those kinds of things were . . . they were things that I can remember that were put under there.

One or two of them I wish to this day I'd had the good sense to crawl under there and pull out before the government took the land. One was an old—a large basket, straw basket—that had been used by my great-grandmother, yeah, my grandmother's mother,

many, many years earlier just after the time of slavery, as a matter of fact. And I have often wished to goodness . . . it was falling apart, of course, but it was still important to the family's history and that kind of thing, and I've often wished that I had pulled those things out. So sometimes articles of importance to the family that you didn't want up in the living area were placed under there, but it was primarily a place of safekeeping for foodstuff.

The basket was large, it was large. It was made of woven wide band—woven—and God only knows when I think of the baskets that I have now that are all so small in terms of that. It was rectangular. It had openings on the side. It was a woven . . . good Lord. It was—the bands were about that wide, you know—and I don't know how in the name of common sense because I haven't seen anything since that that were so wide. But no, there were openings, but you could obviously carry leaves of tobacco, for instance, cotton, those kinds of things. But it would have taken two people to have carried it, one on each end.

It was a sizable thing, about five feet at least, five or six feet in length and probably another three feet or so, four in width and depth as well. I do recall that, and it's one of the things that I wished that I'd had the sense to gather up when—or before the federal government came and took possession of the land.

Great-grandmother used it. Now, I'm not certain that she made it, no, I'm not certain. But she had used it back early on, back from the time of slavery or something like that, she had used that basket.

So it had some importance to my grandmother and to the family, so it was placed under there along with her father's church-going cane, which was also – it was a hickory stick that had been hammered—the head had been hammered, it was a hammered piece of copper or something like that, it was his church-going stick. So that was placed under there too, and, of course, nobody had the good sense to pull that out either prior to our moving.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

We used to store them [vegetables] down in that dirt basement. Well, if we put them out in the field, we'd dig a hole, you know, and lined it with pine tags, and put the potatoes or cabbage or whatever it was in it, put pine tags over the top of it, and make a mound like with dirt. Then in the wintertime when you needed something, go out there and scratch a hole in there and get out what you wanted.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

We used to get ice and cut ice. We had a house over at my uncles', right down from our house. That's where the icehouse was. [We had] Just an old icebox with a pan underneath it. Of course, you didn't get ice, you couldn't afford a whole lot of ice. But we had an icehouse. [Otherwise, things went] In the well. But we usually—after we got the ice out there—we kept ice.

LEONARD BRUCE

Our neighbor did [have an icehouse]. In the summer when it got real hot, we'd go—Mr. Campbell—he had a icehouse down in the ground, see, yeah, and we'd go over there with a crocus bag on our shoulder. And time we got to the house, about half the ice done melted.

EMMET FARMER

The icehouse was a pit in the ground. The walls were cemented up, and, of course, it had a top over it, shingle roof. And you had a ladder that you went down into this pit. Wintertime, my daddy had a pond, and he would cut ice off that pond and fill the icehouse. And, of course, you have to fill the icehouse, he always uses straw for, I guess, insulation, or help to keep it ice. And most of the time the ice would last all through the summer months.

But I thought it was great to go down in that icehouse and push around that straw and find a big chunk of ice and cut off what you want and bring it on to the house. Of course, it was a lot of work, too, getting this ice cut with a saw or ax. Most of the time it was a saw.

I wasn't much involved in doing any work at that time because I just wasn't old enough to fool getting it on the pond. But I remember being there, seeing it done. Of course, back in those days too, a lot of the other farmers would come together to help this one person. In fact, I can remember farmers from around this area would come in and bring their wagons and cut this ice and put it on a wagon and take it on to the icehouse. But we had cold weather back in those days, too, which you do not have today.

But I thought that was really fun, I guess it was more than fun, in the summertime to go down in that icehouse and get ice. And, of course, that's where Mama kept her milk, butter, go to the icehouse and get some milk, go to the icehouse and get butter or whatnot. And, you know, if you didn't have electricity, that was the next best thing to it, I guess.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

In the early beginning, we had an icehouse. A lot of people didn't have icehouse. You had to dig this big hole in the ground. And that would scare me to death every time they had to go get a chunk of ice because you had to go on a ladder down in this thing and get the ice, somehow they brought it up, I don't know. But to go in a pond and cut blocks of ice, you know, nobody would do that now, but that was before we had electricity. And that's the only way people had anything to cool things. I don't know how a lot of people did it because they didn't have any way to do it. But we lived near a pond, was right below us, and that's where we could go fishing, and that's where they got the ice from, didn't they, to cut the ice to put in the ice house. They never filled it up, but apparently they put enough in there that we could put in our refrigerator up at the house, you know, to keep some things cold. That's how we survived in those days. Lord, I think back to things that we had to go through in the old age.

BARBARA BAYLOR THOMAS

[They] dug a hole in the ground, and don't ask me how it preserved it—but the ice—some of the ice was underground. My grandpa used to keep it because he would keep his wine down underground.

CHARLIE LOVING

Didn't have no icebox. I knew a few of them had one . . . I think old man Charles Carter had one. They had some down at the store down there.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

I was thinking about the ice factory. The only ice we had was the ice bought by the pound from the ice factory. And, of course, the boys would take the truck and go and take burlap sacks and put it on it until we got it home.

And we had a little refrigerator. And up at the top would be where you'd put your ice, you put your cube of ice up there. Then it has a drain that the water would come down. You had a pan sitting under it for the water. Then you had your little shelves that you put the food that you wanted to keep on ice. [T]hat was what we had.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

We had an icebox. Our first icebox was a big wooden icebox this-way long. And it had sliding tops, and it was lined inside, and they used to bring us ice, I doubt more than once a week. But we put two big blocks of ice in there. I remember that. And then after we got electricity, we had a refrigerator, and my mother enjoyed making ice cream and we

enjoyed it. Every Sunday we had ice cream. But then prior to that, though, we had a grinder, you know, wooden bucket that we made ice cream in every Sunday. We would make ice cream out of orange juice or anything we could get, but that was our special on Sunday. We used to use that ice and make ice cream. And then after we got the refrigerator, she could make ice cream in the refrigerator, and that was something just real special that we had not been exposed to before.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

What I remember are iceboxes. They were wooden refrigerators we would call them, and so you would get ice, 50 pounds of ice or something from the ice man. He'd come along with his ice hooks and take a nice block of ice and bring it in and put it in the top of your wooden icebox. And then you put your food that had to be preserved, had to be kept cold, in that icebox until the ice melted, and then you were out of luck until the ice man came back again. But, yes, that was a business that my great-grandfather was involved in. And then in my day, there were ice men who came around in trucks with blocks of ice that you purchased. Prior to that, of course, people who didn't want to buy ice put their cheeses or milk, butter, that kind of thing in springs—and most—a lot of farm areas had a live spring on it or running creek or something through. And you could keep your stuff there if you didn't have an icebox.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

We did have a refrigerator, and they used to come around . . . that happened after we came back [from Pennsylvania]. My husband used to go pick up the ice. We had iceboxes and put the ice in the icebox. Or else used to take—if you had milk or anything like that—you had a well, you let it down into the well.

Canned, we killed hogs, salt them down, and hung them up in the smokehouse. Canned food in the canned jars, you know, put it into there like that. My father had an icehouse. We owned the pond, and he used to cut ice and put it up in the icehouse. And that would preserve a lot of stuff. Dig holes and bury cabbage and turnips, put them down into the ground with straw.

A lot of people did that [stored potatoes at the warehouse], but we didn't do that. We had a place on our property. My father had a storehouse. Or they had icehouses, and he used to cut ice, block ice, because we had a pond, my father owned a pond on his place. He used to cut ice and put it up in the icehouse. We could store some up there to keep, have them kept cold. But before then, you used to dig kilns and put cabbage, potatoes, and stuff down in this kiln. Whenever you wanted anything, you go there and take the straw out and get what you wanted.

MAYNARD PENNEY

They had the icebox, and we had a icehouse. It was a big pit dug, and they lined it with poles, and you put the ice in there and put straw on it. That kept . . . you had ice all the way through summer. Up until—before we left there [we cut the ice ourselves]—an ice truck would come around. But used to cut ice in Holmes Pond, which was half mile or so behind us.

EVELYN ELLIOT KEY

Icebox. We went to Milford and picked up blocks of ice. Wrapped it up, kept it wrapped up in newspaper, newspapers or grass sacks, straw sacks, that's what they wrapped it up in.

VIRGINIA HEARN WHITING

She [aunt] probably had an icebox, but since I was a kid, I wasn't looking at that so much. In fact, I don't know that I was really in and out of her kitchen that much. I'm trying to think about the others that lived right there in Port Royal. They probably—I think they had refrigeration—but it must have been an icebox back in the '30s. I mean, people were buying refrigerators then, but a lot of folks in areas like that still had ice delivery.

VERGIE MILLER

I know the turnips and cabbage and stuff, they used to bury them in the ground. At that time didn't have no refrigeration.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

And I'll tell you, another thing I would like for you to know, on the farm he had what you call a kiln [pronouncing kill]. He would dig it up and put straw in there, he put cabbage, apples, and stuff to keep for the wintertime. Whenever we want one, we'd go and dig it up.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

And we had a kiln, k-i-l-n. They'd dig a hole and put straw in it and put potatoes and cabbage, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, cabbage, and turnips in that, and it'd keep all winter.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Daddy would build a kiln in the middle of the garden, and it would be all lined and everything, and this one would be for turnips for the wintertime, store your turnips in a kiln. This other one I believe for cabbage because I remember that the outer leaves of the cabbage wouldn't quite make it. And what else went in those? Specifically, they're the only two things that I can remember that went in those kilns. And they have all this stuff down there, and then after that you packed the dirt over top of them. It'd be a dome shape and be in the middle, and by the time it was ready to do the garden next time, they would be empty. The idea was to keep them all winter that way.

Water supply

With very few exceptions, the farm's water source was the well out in the yard. Some people relied on natural springs. Either way, that meant all water for drinking, cooking, bathing and laundry had to be carried from the source to where it was needed.

CHARLIE LOVING

[W]e…toted water from the spring one time, fellow finally dug a well. I don't know exactly when that was dug. I done toted many a gallon of water and a gallon of molasses in a bucket up there. It was high time I got back to the house with it.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

[We] had a well. But there was a spring behind the old house because I've been to it, but I don't think that we used it much.

ETHEL WAUGH SANDERLIN

Of course, when it rained, they [the family] had barrels that sat out there and caught the rainwater. And they used that for, like, washing clothes and things.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

They had a well. I do have a picture of my uncle who is standing out at the well. I guess they all had—of course—they all had wells. I remember hearing about my

grandmother. Of course, I never saw the house, but I heard an awful lot about them and cooking on a woodstove. And I guess they would just get water from the creek or water from the well and bring it into the house, and that's what they did.

Photo courtesy of Steve Nazigian.

FRANCIS BRUCE

We started off with a spring. We cut the tree down and the spring dried up. Then we had to dig a well. And we dug it part of way with a shovel, then somebody used to have this thing where you wind for to get the dirt out of the well, and a guy came in and dug us a well. That was a big improvement. It was a whole lot of stuff we done there, I forgot a lot of it.

Yeah, dug part of a well ourself. I reckon we went down about ten foot, maybe a little more. It was real sandy right up in there, too. You had to go pretty deep for to get water. Well, I think they just used some boards for to keep it from caving in. Then they came out . . . first when they started putting covers in them, they put—you used to take the cedar lumber and put—keep it from rotting, and they used to put cover in it like that. But it was real good water up there in Caroline, just real sandy land. Real good water.

I think one or two years it went dry when we had our droughts, back in the early days, in the '30s. And in the '40s I think they had a drought too and it went dry. And if we don't have some rain soon, we're going to have a problem here. You'd have to haul water from a pond or something. There was a pond not too far from us. I don't think it ever went dry. Real low, low ground where the cattle drink out of it.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

I think everybody had a well, a shallow well that they had dug, and you'd have to go out there and draw it [water], you know. You had two buckets, one on one end, one on the other, and you would draw it out thataway. You'd have to do that yourself. I've done that many times.

Whoever needed . . . when the bucket got empty. I reckon my poor mother got most of it, but we children could draw it too, you know. Like I said, we had the rope up there and a bucket on each end, and you pull one thing, you know, and the bucket go down and get water, and then you pull it back it out and then pour that in your bucket and bring it in the house. That weren't too bad then because we weren't used to any better.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

There was a creek that ran alongside of the house; I'll always remember that being a special place to go in the springtime because the wildflowers were so beautiful. The well was out there too in front of the house, bucket well. It was on a chain, you know, you pull it up, two buckets. When you lift the buckets out . . . dump—empty it—then put it down again. It was on, like, a pulley thing up at the top.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

It was two wells. See, they dug a new well at Grandpa Garretts'. I'd say [the well was] maybe 30, 35 feet [deep]. I was always afraid I was going to hit that bucket and do something and get that milk in the well. We didn't have no pump. You hand pumped it.

RICHARD KOCSIS

He [grandfather] had a trough by the pump, under the pump, and the water would run down the trough. And he had pipes, water pipes running to the chicken yard, and that's how he watered the chickens. And that was 100 feet at least to the chicken yard from the pump. Because the house is here, the water pump was over here. He had it underground, going down the hill.

Sanitation

Washing up in the morning or after work might be done in a basin. Bathing took place in a wash tub with water heated in the kitchen. The use of outhouses and chamber pots was a necessity, and often was the source of colorful commentary.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

There was a shelf out on the back porch outside the kitchen door, and on that shelf there was a basin, and there was a bucket of water. And hanging beside it was a towel, and

there was a soap dish out there. And by the way, the soap was pretty rough in that time. We used Octagon Soap. I think that was about as much as I can remember early. That was right rough. But anyhow, Daddy would always get washed up right out there, and, of course, you'd get real dusty. And Daddy was bald-headed except for a fringe around, and he would splash water up and down his—not splash the water—but with his hands, he'd wash. I've seen him open his shirt many a time, turn his collar all down in, pull it out, and then he'd wash his neck, back of his neck particularly because depending on what you were doing out there as to how much dust you got. But he'd get it all off before he'd come in. I think that was about the biggest in the wintertime. There was always one inside the kitchen to take care of.

The well at Betty Hicks Enos' childhood home.
Photo courtesy of Betty Hicks Enos.

ALBERTA BUMBREY HENDERSON

Bath, we had to buy the soap. Sometimes Mama used to get a cake of Ivory Soap.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

That was what we had to take a bath and all. We had our tub that we had up in our bedroom, we girls did—Margaret and I shared a bedroom—and that was where we would take the water, the hot water. And we had a little I guess you'd call it a pot-bellied stove up in our room in the wintertime, and, of course, that was where we could heat it in the wintertime. But we would carry our water up there after we become old enough that Mama didn't give us our baths. We would take that up to our room and take our baths in our privacy. And she and I would take separate baths. I tell you, our coming up was so different from what it is now. It was so different that it's almost hard for me to tell you all the crude ways . . . that's the only way we had to do.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

I used to take a bath in [the old washtub]. Don't hurt you, make you tough, make your skin tough. Great big old round tub. We'd have to line up. Sometimes you'd change water, sometime two people take it in the same water. But we got clean. When I got bigger, I used to go to the run, take a cake of soap and a towel, take it right to the run. Water get warm in the summertime. Not in wintertime. Summertime we used to do that, we'd go to the run. Some of the boys we know, all of us get together and go to the run and take a bath in the run. On Saturday, we'd come out of the field, go to the run and take that shower . . . bath, ain't no shower, bath. And then play in that water. That's what we used to do. We didn't have no bathtub like they have now or shower. No, we didn't have that. Didn't have nothing like that.

LEONARD BRUCE

It was 17 of us in a four-room house: two rooms upstairs, two rooms downstairs. No electricity, no bath, no running water. We'd take a bath in a washtub, you know, maybe two or three, then you'd dump the water, you'd put another tub of water and let the sun heat that up. No running water, no electricity.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

We didn't have electricity, and we had outdoor plumbing, nothing inside. And we had, of course, two-story house, and to get these big tubs up the stairs, you know, for us to shower once a week, or bath I guess you'd call it in the tub. I always remember that as being such a chore to do.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

Saturday night for our bath, right? And they had a washtub, washstand with the basins, you know, and the soap and towel.

RICHARD KOCSIS

Once a week bath. The water would be brought in and put on a stool, two buckets of water with a dipper, not covered. It would get warm. You want cold water, you have to go to the well and get it because the bucket in the house, it wouldn't stay cold long.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

We had to heat water and pour it in a tub to get a bath. I remember that. In summertime, we'd let the sun heat it.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Well, first of all, the "outhouse" was a "backhouse," and it was just a little house with a seat in it with the holes in it, sort of a shed roof on it, and the back was open. And then the backhouse, the outhouse—same thing—down the hill, it's moving down now for drainage. Then I think the privy came next. That was when the health department decreed that we should have . . . dig pits and put the house over it and the seat. And then it had the ventilating on it. The vent, that was made of four boards put together, and it ran up through the roof, and at the bottom you had screen wire on it to keep the flies out. At the top you had the screen wire also. Then it went up through the roof, and it had a little cap on it; it kept out the flies.

There was a growth of aspen outside, and before we'd go in, we'd always take a switch or two along with us and open the lids and swish around in to get rid of whatever you didn't want. Spiders and things of that kind. But the funny part of it, we bought our own—Harold and I—bought our own farm up here in Spotsylvania, and Mason, he had never seen an outdoor john. I forgot to tell you a while ago that "john," the johnny part came along in World War II. Prior to that, it was the other, the privy and so on. And over there, I had to take him out to the privy, and somebody had . . . because they didn't have a bathroom and he'd never been without a bathroom. So somebody over there had taken a heavy cord and tied it to a nail in the back of the lid and had a thing up there, another nail up there to put it on to keep the top from hitting the back, I guess.

So I would take him out and park him, and when it was time to leave, the first time I got so tickled. He said, "Wait a minute, Mom, wait, wait, wait." I said, "What are you going to do?" And he reached up, and he caught up to that string, and he said, "Whssh, whssh, whssh." I said, "What are you doing?" "I flushing it, Mama, I flushing it." But anyway, those are times a long time ago.

You have a house, you have a seat. The section a little bit lower than the seat of the back of the house is open, and all this space down here where the deposit has been made is open, period. If your chickens were so inclined, they could go up and peck and scratch. The house itself was open at the back. Then if it got too much to handle back there, you'd always move the house. We have such sweet topics, but it's all living.

You would always take down . . . sometimes we had a rack that we'd hang it [a catalog]. Otherwise, it was just laid over in the corner there. There's something else I forgot to tell you too. Our Sears and Roebuck was a thicker one, and Sears and Roebuck had more papers in there, didn't have so much glossy stuff. You never . . . the glossy stuff was a last resort. But the other you could pull out, and as you sat there contemplating, you would just take and pull out the page, how much you thought you were going to need and crumpled it in your hand. And you'd pull it out, and then you'd crumple it some more. You'd pull it out and crumple it. By the time you were ready to use it, it wasn't too awful. It depended on how energetic you were and how much time you had as to how well it would do.

In some of the outhouses, there'd be a bucket over in a corner, there'd be corncobs in it. As I said, you wouldn't find it in ours, but there were those that had them. I don't know how well they worked, but they must have done all right for somebody or else they wouldn't have been there.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

With my grandmother, I'd say most of the time, there were ten. No electricity and, you know, toilet paper was kind of expensive, for ten people. So what they did, they used

tissue paper and Sears Roebuck catalogs. That's what was there, you had to provide something, and toilet paper was too expensive.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

We had toilet [outdoor], and used . . . we got catalogs and we used catalogs in the toilet. Because toilet paper, we didn't get no toilet paper and all. No newspaper there, so we used to get catalogs.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

Had lamps, oil lamps. We never got electricity till my mother . . . after my mother built the store. We had outside toilet with six holes. I tell you where it was. It was down in the garden on the edge of the garden. And it had five big holes for older people, one child's hole. Yes. And see, in the summer, my mother's friends came from Washington, D.C., to visit, and we'd have a catalog in there for them. And oh, they loved that. They'd all go down and sit in the toilet talking. Yes. But it [the catalog] was to wipe with.

It was six [hole]. And it was the big holes for big . . . because we always had carloads of people that came for a weekend, you know. They loved it.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

Toilet yes, two-seater. I tell you. Yes, sir. They [catalogs] came in very handy. They weren't like that [slick pages].

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

We used to go to the "White House." Had to go down a path. You had to go through the garden. We had a half-acre garden, and the garden was surrounded by pear trees, cherry trees, and plum trees. It was just like a swale, and it was a path in the middle. And you went down that path right through the garden, and then at the end of the path, you turn to your left, there's a big grape arbor, and then the little "white house" was at the end of that. And we called it the White House. It was two of them; one was there and one was down at the stables. We never had a modern convenience. They were just ready to put electricity in Ridgeway when A. P. Hill took it. Had it all . . . we had signed for it and everything.

There were three seats in the White House. So we never had any modern utilities, no running water. We had the 80 foot well, and we had lots of springs around. We had one big spring that we had. And, of course, the horses had—the stream ran all around—lots of water for the animals in the pastures, the cows in the pastures, the horses, the mules.

LAVERNE BAYLOR GWATHMEY

We had outdoor [toilet]. Far from the house, yes. We had the house, and then we had the barn with the cow and the stuff, and on the other side of that was the outhouse. Well, I don't know about snakes, but I know bumblebees were in there because they got in my pants and tore me up.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

That was awful going out there, you know, out in a cold outhouse, and you had to sit there and go to the bathroom. But everybody, I think, had a potty in the house for the nights, you know, get up in the night, you couldn't go out so you use the pot. Wasn't that nasty?

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

We had a toilet outside. It was pretty close to the house. You didn't have to walk—there's a little path from the house right out to it, you know—and when we needed another one, my father would find another location, lift this thing up and take it over to the other

location, close that other one up. Well, you know, we had—they had a facility—utility I should say, that they would have in the bedrooms. Chamber pots. And I remember my grandmother having one, using that all the time practically. Of course, she was elderly, she couldn't do that. So we would just dump them. We all took turns at that one.

HOME AND FAMILY

The family was the cornerstone of life. Many recounted fond remembrances of loved ones long since past . . . the sound of a father's voice, mother's Sunday dinners and grandma's stories in the twilight of evening. Equally vivid are descriptions of the homes . . . houses in which generations lived and grew, its rooms, its situation within the farm. All places and people that live on in memories.

ROSE HICKS FARMER

Both my parents were born and raised in A. P. Hill. My mother came from Cash's Corner, and my father came from Howards Corner at Delos. All the six children of that couple were all born at A.P. Hill.

At Cash's Corner. Oh, my grandma had the prettiest place in the world. She had a wraparound back porch that was concrete and the kitchen and the dining room, and then you came out on the porch and went into her room. And that's where you had her bedroom, a sitting room, that's where you visited. And she had a big parlor that had the organ in it, and then upstairs were all the bedrooms, except her room was downstairs.

[The house had] the living room, and it was a hall all the way through, and the kitchen and dining room were on the back of the house. [There were] bedrooms. One bedroom downstairs, my parents'. [There] was a back porch and the kitchen and a dining room and a pantry. [There was] an outbuilding there on the back side of it. There was the woodpile. And right behind there was the well. And then there were fields all around it because you could see back where the wood line is. There were all fields back out there for tobacco and corn and all that stuff. Had lots of storage buildings, hay barns.

They had everything; nothing you could name that Grandma didn't have. She had an orchard that she had done herself. She put all the trees and things in it, I mean, she planted the seeds. When the first unit that came to A.P. Hill the summer after she moved out, they said fruit was up to your waist in her orchard. She had a beautiful place. There were fields in the back of it, but all around that house, she had every kind of outbuilding that you could think of. There wasn't a thing that she went lacking for.

[*Describing family photographs*:] There's my twin Mildred, and this is Rose, and this is Dell, and this is Ann, and Donny, and Ralph. There were six of us. But, see, look at my mother. And this was my daddy . . . it's all he ever wanted was a horse and a dog. And that's my mother and daddy the day they were married. And that was him when he was a kid. Just to give you an idea of what we had. We look like a dustbowl family from *The Grapes of Wrath*.

JAMES LOVING

You know, my mother and father, I don't have any pictures of [them] . . . [I] never remember a picture. They never would let nobody take their pictures. That's the way they was.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Dorothy Francis was [born] September the 14th, 1918, and for years I never knew her name was Dorothy because we all called her "Sister."

I was the fourth child, and I remember Daddy reading the Bible to us when I was very, very young. I just vaguely remember that. We always had such high respect and regard for my father. If he'd come in the room and we would be honored if he would take our seat. We would go, "Oh, Daddy, take my seat." He was such a special person. And I remember standing behind his chair and combing his hair; I loved to do that, comb Daddy's hair; that was the greatest thing. As the family increased and more of us to care for, I suppose, he just didn't read the Bible to us . . . well, he did on occasion, but not as frequently as he used to when we were younger, much younger.

We had to take care of our siblings. And I remember Seward, of course, I took care of. He was born September 25th, 1930, so I was 10 years old when he was born. And I remember I just did everything for him, if I recall. And I remember him telling Daddy, "Daddy, make Lucille rock me." We had this long porch with all these rockers on the porch, the front of the porch, and I always remember Daddy saying to me, "Lucille, rock that child." So, of course, being the obedient daughter that I was, "quote," of course, I would rock him. I felt I was going to pinch him all the time I'm rocking him because he just . . . he just looked to me for everything. I was his surrogate mother so to speak.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

The house was so cold I slept with so much covers on me until I couldn't turn over. The house . . . the middle room was long. The other kitchen was long and had an upstairs and downstairs. That was my Granddaddy Garrett's place. I was born at this one. I just had a normal little girl's active life.

Dad had a barn, had a buggy shed, had a shed that he put his hay in, had another for their smokehouse. And that was put there in Grandpa's time. My Grandma Garrett died when I was—I wasn't but 3 years old—I don't remember much about her. And my other grandma, she died . . . I was 7 years old in March, and she died in December.

Grandpa give Aunt Susie and Uncle Harry and Aunt Eva and Aunt Roger, he give all of them folks' children enough land to farm and make a living. And when Uncle Cleveland [died] during that flu epidemic in 1918, he was buried on the place that Grandpa give Aunt Susie.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

We were brought up in a very Christian, loving family, I must say, and I can't recall anything that is disagreeable and unpleasant in the family. Really, we were very close-knit family.

My mother did warn us to always do what was right and be honest. My father was always the one to always tell the truth regardless of how bad it might be. So we grew up with that—those restrictions that we had, too—in the family, and we just knew we wouldn't think of disobeying. Because our parents, we respected them, their guidance, it was very important, doing what we were supposed to do.

Sure we had differences like kids did, but not anything that we ever lived with or carried with us through our lives. We certainly wouldn't do that. We were . . . we had a good, wholesome lifestyle. Always plenty to eat, plenty of food, not always a lot of the niceties that we would like to have had, but we really didn't know about those things, truthfully.

Well, my most vivid memory, as I reflect, is on my grandmother. She lived with us; she was 73 years old when she died. And I remember her death very, very well. The Broaddus family had been down visiting her, and so they were ready to leave, and my grandmother died with her brothers around her bed. I remember that. But she was a wonderful woman, and she always . . . we always went up to Grandma Bruce's on Sunday, always Sunday dinner at Grandma Bruce's. Well, I shouldn't say always, but frequently. And Grandma never wanted to go, and she would have cookies baked for us, and it was always gingerbread cookies, you know, decorated with the eyes and the mouth. I can see those things to this day. But that was something we looked forward to getting home because we knew Grandma, while we were gone, was going to be baking cookies for us. And that was a special time and a memory to have of her.

"Grandma Bruce": Fannie Brooks Bruce (left) and "Grandma Trice": Alice Victoria Broaddus Trice (right).
Photos courtesy of Lucille Trice Tompkins.

I do remember something very vivid, though. My grandmother had a sister, Aunt Crissie, and she was jilted—now, this is the story—and she lost her mind. She was jilted at the altar. And I remember going to the Broaddus farm, and I was pretty small, young at that time, I'm sure. But I remember going in the attic, and they had a plantation house, they had slaves and all. And we were going through the trunks, and we came across these hoop skirts and Aunt Crissie's wedding gown. That was a very sorrowful story, you know, that she went to the wedding—to the church—and he didn't show up. But I do remember going in there into that trunk, and pulling out all these clothes, and they were . . . the wedding gown was in there with the hoop skirt and the veil and all that stuff.

I'll have to tell you a funny story. I had an aunt, my mother's sister, and she had seven kids. And one cousin and I—I went there to spend the night—and they had what they called a parlor, as we had, and they had this bedroom with a feather tick bed in it. So

my cousin and I ripped the feather bed open and got into the feather bed, and these feathers flew all over the place. I'll always remember that.

So when—the next morning—we were covered, the room was covered, they were so fluffy and everything flying around. And my aunt says, "Wait until your mother hears about this." But I guess she had a change of heart because she never told my mother. I would have probably gotten a spanking for doing that. But the two of us, we decided to get in this feather ticking in the bed. Maybe we were cold, I don't know. I'll always remember that because those things were flying all over the place

The Old Home Place, 1940: Trice family - Davis, Ashton, Lyland, Norman, Mom and Dad, Nellie, Dorothy, and Lucille

Photo courtesy of Lucille Trice Tompkins.

I don't think she ever told. We often talked about it, years afterwards. We'd say, "Remember that time…" Or she may have told my mother, but I just can't recall ever being reprimanded for it.

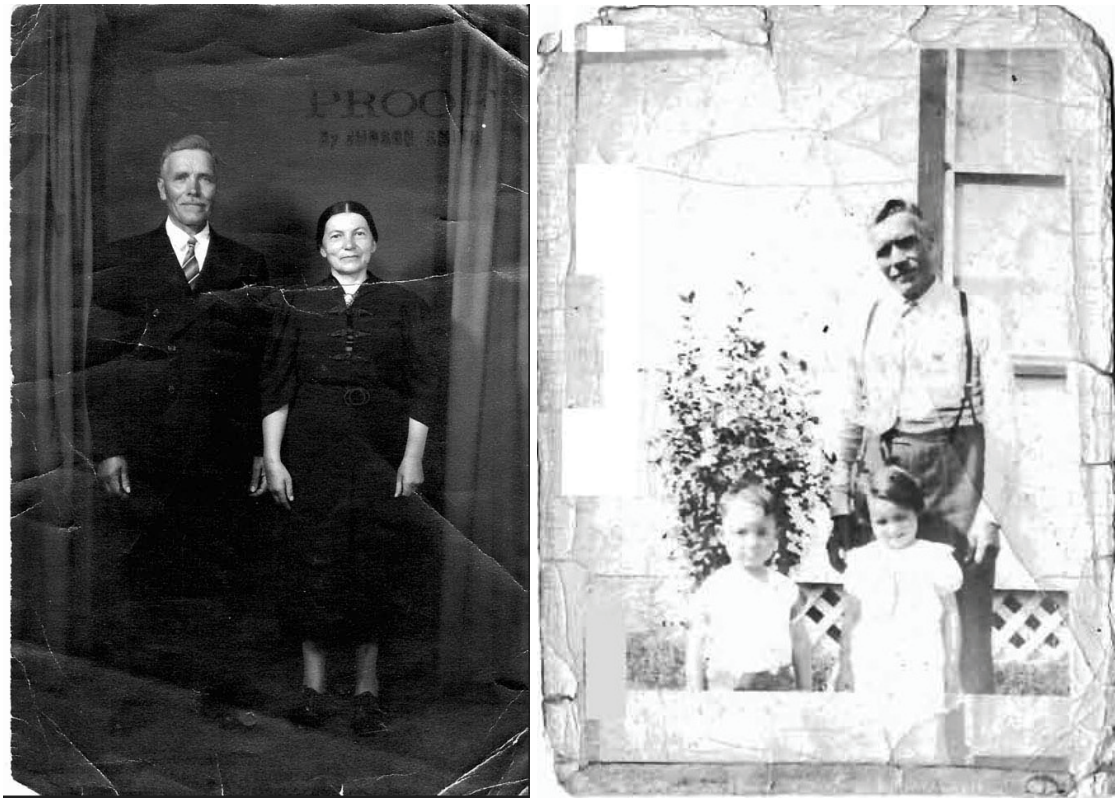
[I also remember summer three to a bed was] Very, very, very hot. We used to bring the quilt or whatever—it was always a handmade quilt, my mother did that in the wintertime, try to make something—and we would bring it down. There was a hall that went straight through the house. And we had—as you came into the house, on the left-hand side was a parlor—and that room no one ever went in. Now, we needed that room desperately, but my mother kept that for company. Anybody that came, they went in that room. But I remember when I was growing up, that first we had a bed in there, didn't have a sofa or anything. Then my father—the bed was moved into another room—and that was used, and then he got a sofa one time when he took the tobacco down to Richmond. So we kind of had that like a parlor because the girls were getting older and we were dating, and my mother felt that should be something fixed up a little nicer. But that room, as I said, was never used except for company, and my mother regardless of whether anybody had been in there or

not, you had to dust that and clean that every single week, and to this day I hate to dust. The smell of anything that would—the dusting polish that we used to use and stuff—it was a horrible smelling stuff, dark, dark, dark polish. That was like medicine. It was just a real pungent, strong odor to it. I don't know what kind it was or anything, but I remember putting it on a cloth and rubbing it in, polishing that furniture. But it was mohair furniture. You know, you sit on it, there'd be sticking coming up.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

Our grandparents owned it [the farm]. Steve Kocsis and Johanna Kocsis. And they had seven children; six were born there, and the oldest one was born in Czechoslovakia. Bernard Kocsis.

Their aunts would pick us up. They lived in New York, and they'd pick us up and bring us down here [to the grandparents' farm] every summer. It was a beautiful home he [grandfather] built. The old one, it was ready to fall down, and they were living in it. It [the new house] had all hardwood floors. I don't remember too much of the house. All I do is I remember I was homesick or something, and I crawled in the closet and they couldn't find me. And I was wrapped up in somebody's fur coat that was in there.



Left: Steve and Johanna Kocsis. Right: Richie, Helen, and Grandpop.
Photos courtesy of Richard Kocsis and Helen Kocsis Wizesninski.

RICHARD KOCSIS

My grandfather, no. He came here himself, and then she [grandmother] came later with my father. He left her. And the family says, "You go back and get her." They done that years ago. They skipped the country [Czechoslovakia] and came here.

We grew up with Uncle Jimmy and Aunt Clara, we grew up with them. They were like Mother and Father. We were with them every summer from the time we got out of

school, the next day we were on a train. And then we'd come back a couple days before school started. That was every summer, even when we were smaller. We'd get off [the train] at Fredericksburg.

The house at the Kocsis farm.
Photo courtesy of Richard Kocsis and Helen Kocsis Wizesninski.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

My father was raised by an aunt, his mother's sister. Her name was Cora Lee Greenstreet. She never married, and I think the reason why she raised my dad was because my dad's brother, her sister taught school. And she lived with—I think it may have been her uncle—his name was Thomas Rose, R-o-s-e, was his last name, and he never married. So I think it was property that was handed down. But in this house, we had four huge rooms, and the hallway upstairs and downstairs was big enough to make two rooms out of each.

Uncle Tom and I'm sure Grandma, my dad's mom, probably grew up in that house. I don't remember my grandfather; he died kind of young. I think he was in his 50s when he died. And I know they had their own home, Grandpa and Grandma, which wasn't that far from where we lived. Probably wasn't over a couple miles or so. And I think Aunt Cora and Uncle Tom wanted my dad, you know, because they were thinking then about, "Well, we're getting old. We don't have any children, and we need to leave this place to somebody." And Grandma teaches school, so seemed like the perfect solution.

See, it was actually 11 of us, 11 children, and 11 children in 17 years kept Mama pretty busy. Actually, I remember walking with my dad [Robert Allen Bullock, Sr.] to the spring to get the cans of milk or whatever that needed to be kept cold. I was his little sunshine. He used to say, "You are my sunshine." And I had to reach way up because he was tall and hold on to his finger. That was my job, to hold on to him instead of him holding on to me.

Last family photograph at the Bullock house, ca. 1941. Standing, left to right: Ruby, Blanche, and Elizabeth. Crouching: Wellford (or possibly Andrew).
Photo courtesy of Nancy Bullock Napier.

Robert Allen Bullock, Sr.
Photo courtesy of Nancy Bullock Napier.

We were taught how to work, and I do not regret it to this day. I'm thankful. But at the time I didn't think it was so great, but it was good. But I don't regret not one minute. The funniest thing, because I remember my older brothers and sisters dating and whatever—and especially the girls, you know—their husbands or their future husband had to ask my dad for their hand in marriage, and we'd all be sitting in the room. Of course, I was probably in the corner because I was listening, and I wasn't allowed to talk too much. And when whoever would ask for my sister's hand in marriage, my dad would start, "Well, going to church, and I know one thing, she knows how to work." And I'd sit back in the corner and say, "Amen."

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

I remember when my daddy [Charles Rich] died. I was 7 years old. He died . . . he was a meat cutter and a chef and a whole lot of things. He used to stay at home in the wintertime, and he'd go to Wiscasset, Maine, in the summertime. And he died while he was in Wiscasset. I don't know [what happened]. They never tell you what happened to people that die. They sent his body here.

Charles Rich, 1917.
Photo courtesy of Gladys Rich Ferguson.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

[My mother's name] was Julia May, and she spelled it with a "Y," M-A-Y, Callis, C-A-L-L-I-S. [H]er mother died very young, when she was nine months old, and her aunt and uncle, Richard Garrett and Julia Garrett, they took her and raised her, but they did not adopt her. They let her remain with her original name, but they raised her. And they owned a home and so many acres there in Caroline, and they lived there, and all five of my mother's children were born in that house, and we stayed in that house until 1940 when A. P. Hill took it over.

[T]he family bible, my grandfather gave the bible to my grandmother when they were married as a wedding gift, and I believe it was in 1873 that he gave her. Anyhow, all of our births and all was recorded in that, every child right on down to some of my nieces and

nephews were recorded in that. We have always kept it in the family, passed it on from one to the other.

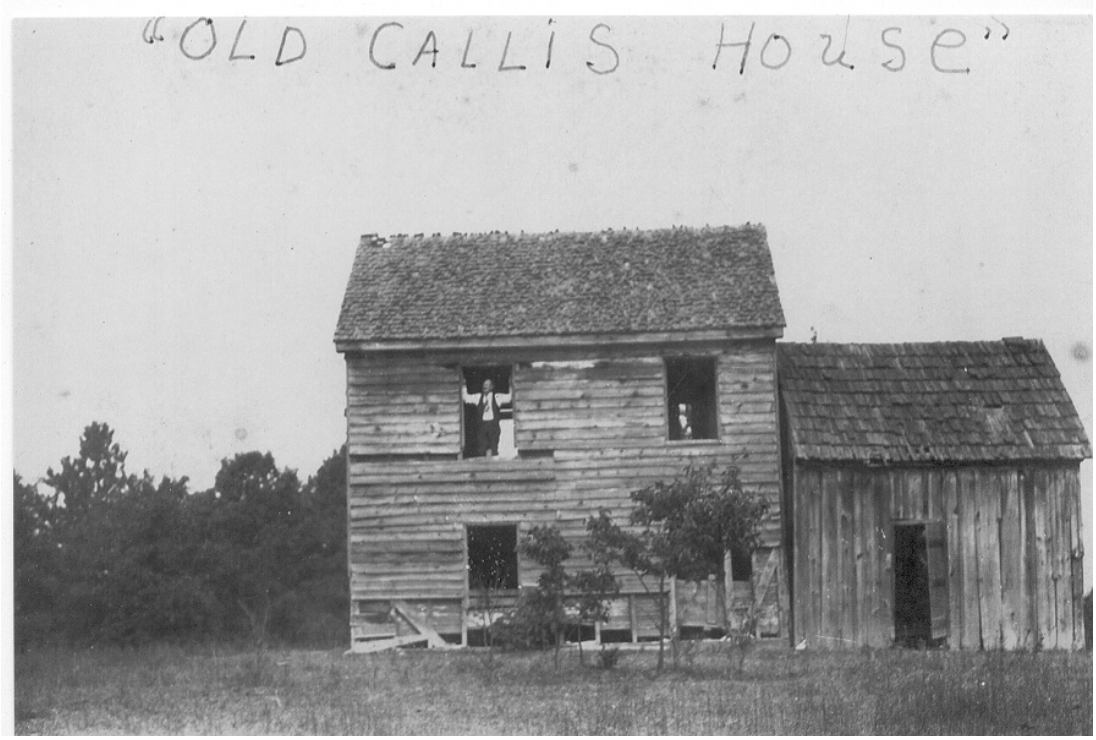
My Grandfather Callis died earlier. I can't give you an exact date that he died, but I never knew him, but the uncle that raised us, I was small when he passed away, that was Richard Garrett. I was probably about one or a little bit older, but I never knew him except by pictures. And Margaret, of course, was older than I, five years older than I, and so she was the one that went to his bedroom and found him asleep and had passed away. Then my mother and father continued to stay there in their home. Now, his wife, Julia, she had already passed away, and I'm not sure, probably about three or four years before he did.

The oldest girl, which is Birdie, Julia Birdie, she knew both of them very well, spoke of them quite often, Uncle Dick and Aunt Julia. Then, of course, when they passed away, my mother inherited the place, and that was where we were raised.

My mother's father remarried. [Mother] had two sisters, Lillian Callis Timberlake and Birdie Greenman, who lived in New York. The wonderful part about my mother was that she was taken by her uncle and aunt when she was just nine months old, and they raised her and she inherited her property . . . where all of we siblings were born and then was passed on to us until Fort A.P. Hill took it over in 1940.

And my father [James William Phillips, Sr.] had bought I think it was something like 250 acres of the adjoining property and increased the acreage that we had, and we lived in just a regular simple country home that had eight rooms and front and back porch. And we just had a wonderful life. It was hard work because we all helped on the farm.

I have a sermon book that my great-grandfather used, and I plan to donate it to one of the museums. We children got in it. I have places in it, "I am now 11 years old," and someone else wrote, "I am now 12 years old." And some of the pages, evidently we got hold of them as children and tore some of the pages.



Original Callis family home, ca. 1916.
Photo Courtesy of Anna Mae Bullock Jones.

Richard and Juila Garrett homeplace.
Photo Courtesy of Lillian Phillips Mills.

Wedding photo of James William Phillips, Sr. and Juila May Callis Phillips, ca. 1890.
Photo courtesy of Lillian Phillips Mills.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

We had a parlor. See, all houses were built that same way. You walked in first to a huge, long porch, and it had a swing on the porch and all kinds of lawn furniture. And right off of the porch there was a parlor, so you didn't have to invite guests to go walking in other rooms or pass other rooms. There was a parlor, that's where you took your guests in. But then you walk in the hall, there was a long hall, wide hall, and there was a big table where you put your books there. You got ready to study that night, you'd get your books and study. Then to the right was my mother and daddy's bedroom. And in those days, nearly everyone had a large bedroom on the first floor, and it was decorated with furniture and sitting room. They had rocking chairs in there, and the children would pile up in the bed and listen to the parents talk and discuss things, and the adults would sit in the bed and a great big wood stove. It was like a sitting room and a bedroom combined, but we used the bed to crawl up in it and listen to them.

I can say that the way I was brought up, my parents, I'm grateful to them that they taught us the value of hard work, the value of honesty, the value of faith in God and trusting Him to see you through every problem and every need and supply every need, which He did. And they taught us values, you know, what was really important in your life is to not just make a living for yourself but to help your neighbors also, be a friend to mankind and aid them in some skill that you have that they don't have. They were just helpers, one to another. They practiced that. They were famous for exchanging recipes and shortcuts on the farm. They would help each other out. And on threshing, when they're threshing wheat, they would come and help each other out. And they would teach each other skills that they didn't have, too.

Bruce and Trice families, 1924, including "Grandpa Bruce" (far right.) and "Grandmother Trice" (far left). Girls in front row are (left to right) Nellie, Mary, Lucille and Dorothy (better known as "Sister").

Photo courtesy of Mary Trice Lambert.

But my daddy was a wonderful man, very conscientious, very spiritual. I never heard my daddy ever utter a profane or vulgar word or never raise his voice. And he taught us about his ancestors. He said, "We don't have the money to send you to college, but you have the standard of living in examples we've shown you."

And my mother's family was very energetic and very outgoing and very industrious, very aggressive, but they were kind and they looked out for each other. But they were great workers, extremely industrious.

But all I have to say, they were a church-going people, they were godly people and talented people, talented in farming, and they were charitable people, always doing things for people and looking out for the sick and poor and very outgoing. And most of them had blue eyes and fair skin, and they had the coloring of the Scots people.

They came from Great Britain, my daddy's ancestors. It was same place George Washington came from. So four generations were named George Washington. So we don't know whether they are kin to him or not. No one ever investigated it.

Most vivid memory I have on the farm is when I was eight years old, my grandmother was very sick, and she [mother] had asked someone to volunteer to sleep with my grandmother because she wasn't well. And we need someone to start the stove and fire in the morning, and she asked for a volunteer, and I volunteered. But my grandmother said, I was trying to keep her feet warm and rub my feet against hers, and she said I was disturbing her sleep and that she wanted to sleep by herself.

So about a week later, and we knew she was real sick, and we had to start the fire as soon as we got up for her, my mother came in in the middle of the night, I don't know what time it was, but I know it was still pitch dark but it was sort of turning toward morning. And she had a flashlight in her hand, and she says, "Mary, wake up, wake up. I need you to go after the doctor for Grandma. I think she might be dying." Here I was, I had four sisters older than me and one brother, and she says, "You've to go for the doctor." Now, I told you we lived about two miles from the road, and then it was another half a mile to the phone, just two and a half miles. She said, "You have to go."

And I looked at the road, I says, "It's dark outside. How am I to look?" And she said, "Well, you take this flashlight and keep it towards your feet, keep it towards your feet and you won't fall. And I'm going to write a note for you to give Mrs. So-and-So." She says, "And tell her to call the doctor." Well, they had a old phone where they rang it on the wall. And I says, "I love my grandmother so much," and I started to ask her why didn't she ask someone else. And she said before I could ask her that, she says, "I'm asking you to do this because I know that you will not complain."

And so I got up and I dressed and I started praying, "Lord, suppose I fall in the [mud]?" There was a stretch of our road was trees on both sides, and the road was muddy all the time, summer and winter. I said, "Suppose I fall in the mud?" And there was a deep gully right beside where the trees were. And I got real afraid that I was going to fall in.

And so I prayed. And the Lord just seemed to say to me, "You won't fall. I'll be with you," just like he was speaking to me in my spirit. So here I took a note and was on my way, and I started to slip in the mud. And then I began to pray, "Oh, Lord, please, I can't fall in the mud, and I can't see." See, it was trees on both sides. Finally I just said, "Walk slowly." seems to me the Lord said, "Walk slowly, and you will see." So I walked slowly until I came to one side where there was no trees, a little bit of land.

So I went to the lady, I rang the bell, and she said, "Lord, Child, what are you doing out on this night?" She let me inside, I handed her the note. And she went to grinding the phone, you know, until . . . the doctor didn't answer and didn't answer. Finally a long time

he answered, and she read the message that my mother had written that she thought my grandmother was dying. So then she wrote back on the same note what the doctor said, and I took the note back to my mother.

But as I was coming back, I was walking down the road, and I was very, very sad and felt like crying, you know, that my grandmother might die. And all of a sudden this brilliant light came, and it shown, and the sun wasn't up yet, and just sprayed me. And I heard in my voice, "Well done, My Child." Just like that. Never told anyone about it, never mentioned to anyone.

And then it seems like it's an unseen angel came down, and I heard . . . and I got this distinct message, "Your grandmother will not suffer anymore. She'll be going to heaven, and she will not suffer anymore." And I got that distinct message. And then all of a sudden I began to be happy, a supernatural joy that came over me. And I began to run home, "Oh, she's not going to suffer anymore. She's not going to suffer." And then the doctor came, and my grandmother died that day. Well, it's a strange thing. I seemed—every time I felt like crying—I seemed to get the message again, "Remember, she's going to be all right. She's not going to suffer anymore." And then I began to have peace, an inner peace. "She's not going to suffer anymore," because she'd been bedridden for a long time. "She's not going to suffer anymore." I got that message, and I'm not going to weep and cry anymore because she's not suffering, she's with the Lord.

I did not tell anyone because they wouldn't believe it and some might have been jealous, and I did not tell anyone, kept it to myself. I felt like they would mock me and say it didn't happen.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

It was nine of us children. I'm the baby. Them older ones always thought I got all the attention. They couldn't do a thing to me, I'd tell my dad.

Well, [between the farm and the store] he[father] managed to raise all these children and buy us a piece of clothes occasionally and have enough to eat and had a little money.

Well, we couldn't have a room apiece. The girls had a room and the boys probably two rooms, but we didn't even have a bed by ourselves. I think Florence and I slept together, but that was almost a necessity because we'd have froze to death if we didn't have a little extra body heat.

[W]e would have have plenty of cover, blankets and quilts. My mother tried to make a quilt every winter to use on the beds. We never got cold in the house, but you know, your face was kind of cool. But it looked like you didn't mind that, you didn't notice it because the rest of your body was under the covers.

CHARLIE LOVING

The lady what raised me, she was born and raised there [on A. P. Hill lands], her grandpapa and her papa and all of them born around the same land. The old man, I think he come from over down off of [Route 17] down there once when we was young, raised down there. Anyway, he went into the Army 1917 and come back 1919, so he was there before that. How long before that, I don't know. She was raised there, that was her home place. I reckon her daddy, granddaddy and grandmama I guess, as far as I know.

The old man that raised me, he went in [the Army] '17, come out '18. I remember when the war quit.

CHARLES FRANKLIN ROYE

My grandmother . . . she was telling me how he [great-grandfather] met her mother. And she was telling me that he used to travel with these sawmills, so these sawmills was

already moving and developing projects or divisions even back then. The maps are being made out. So in one travel, he went to this area where he met this lady who was my great-great grandmother, Lucy, who became Lucy Sales.

My grandmother and my great aunt told me of their childhood on A. P. Hill. And what was so inspiring because my great-grandfather had a sawmill . . . which is inspiring to me because he was an entrepreneur. He had people working on his sawmill. And the store that was on A.P. Hill, he had a rapport with them. Those were very good merchants as well, I think, because she mentioned them, out of a lot of respect.

She [great aunt] was always telling me about Tuckahoe Swamp. They were near Tuckahoe Swamp. [A]nd him [great-grandfather] owning a sawmill, and I know land was very cheap then. He had—I know he had something like 30-some acres initially—and then a neighbor, who was Mr. Murray, gave him another 60 or 70-some acres, so totally he had 100-and-some acres over there before the president turned it into a fort property. And he had two boys and two girls, my grandfather did.

It was Arthur Sales and Percy Sales, and then there was Emma Sales and Mamie Sales who were the daughters. And Emma Sales was my grandmother. Alex Sales was their father, and the mother was Lucy Sales. And let's see, my father, Charles Edward Roye, his father was Linwood Roye, and my grandmother was Emma Roye.

My grandfather was a guitar player. That's how he charmed my grandmother. He would come over there courting, play his guitar. Grandma—he used to come over there—yeah, that's very popular then. Like I say, his name was Linwood Roye.

He [great-grandfather] built it [the home place]. He built it because [he had] a sawmill, you know. She told me he built his house and when Percy got married, his gift to Percy was to build his house. [I]t was wonderful how she said with Percy, how he was distributing [to] the children, their heritage or their blessing, and Percy married Delia Holmes; he married a Holmes. And it goes on. See, Grandma married Linwood. Grandma and Aunt Mamie used to be down at the sawmill working just like anybody else. In fact that was a family sawmill. And they had a horse and buggy, that's what they used to go to town with.

Mr. Murray was a lone child, and see, my grandma and great aunt used to be sent to him—he had a whole bunch of land. He had a whole bunch of land joining my [great] grandfather's land, and him and my [great] grandfather were friends. But Mr. Murray was very popular because he was a black man who knowed law, but his parents were white and they disowned him. You see the taboo right now? And by this is how he acquired his property, through his birth, the white, which was taboo at that time. So he befriended my great-grandfather, and my great-grandfather had the girls to always go over and take him his meals. And so they became very good friends. And he kept my [great] grandfather abreast with the law.

This is probably how he kept his property because this guy . . . he never lost a case over there. And then my great aunt used to tell me when he passed, my great grandfather went over to the place and got his legal mother. [S]he only [took from] him one dish, a piece of china. And he had all this land, and he stayed in his one little room on all this land. But he was a good man. They used to go over there . . . because he had chickens, you know, on the farm and everything—all the basic—if it was recyclable, they got it, from the chicken cluck to the egg. Even from the pig to the oink.

So we're going through this early 1900 era because I have dates, initially my [great] grandfather had 30-some acres, and then there was 70-some acres that was deeded to him through the will of Mr. Murray. And see—because my great grandfather went to his mother

and being fair-minded—see if she wanted to contest that or give her that. Now, her statement to him is—when she went there—she only wanted on thing and that was that piece of china. And she gave him all the land. People were very friendly country.

And I contribute Mr. Murray's knowledge of the law was the strong point of my great great-grandfather acquiring land and being able to hold on to it. And then with his ability to work sawmills and run his own sawmill. Like I say, I'm proud that he gave Grandmother— Grandma got married—he gave her a cow; when Percy got married, he gave him a horse. So you see, this makes a statement about the family.

NANCY GOULDING YOUNG

My grandmother came up to teach school in this area from down at—she was a resident of Middlesex County—and she met my grandfather and married and they had six children. And of the six children, only three children were born. So we only really have one young man now carrying the family name from our side of the family, our branch of the family, which is sad to think about. But I'm really proud of my relatives. I had a wonderful family, I really appreciate my family.

Warren Hall Goulding holding Nancy Goulding, and Helen Lee Bullock Goulding in front of the old home place.
Photo courtesy of Nancy Goulding Young.

I think they lived close to the Rappahannock Academy area. I was 3 when we left there, but I have wonderful memories of my family. With so few children in the family, I had a lot of attention from my relatives, and I'm very happy about that.

My parents . . . my mother was Helen Lee Bullock Goulding, and Warren Hall Goulding. They resided in the A. P. Hill area.

And then my grandparents were also living in that area, and that . . . Nanny Hall Goulding and Thomas Robley. Thomas Robley had died before I was born—but the

house—I don't remember a lot about the house. I do remember a big huge rock in the front yard. I remember that they had a hat rack as you walked in the front door. It's the kind that you hang on the wall—rather than the old upright ones—that you can squeeze together or pull apart, and I do remember that. I remember just vaguely visiting that house.

My cousin, she remembers the long, narrow dining room. She remembers my father sleeping in a bed. He was a bachelor; he married really late. He was 53 when I was born. And she remembers that he had a bedroom and you would enter it through the back stairway. And it was a big feather bed.

It [the house] had a porch, that I remember, and I think it had round columns on the porch. I know that it had a back stair, I do know that. And it was a frame house. I have a picture of part of the house with my parents holding me. This was at my father's home place, and the car in the back and, it had shutters on the windows, and it was a frame house.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

[T]here were three Elizabeths in the family, and my grandmother was called Lizzie by all her cousins. They were raised . . . she was raised at Hearns Pond in A.P. Hill.

And the Hearns was . . . my grandmother had three brothers. Their mother died when they were young from so much childbirth, and the father was Ennis, his last name was E-n-n-i-s. And the Hearns . . . here's the way it goes. The father took them and dropped them off at Hearns Pond, and old Mr. Hearn was a Yankee; he fought with the North, and all of his children, his daughters and sons, they were first cousin to my grandmother and her three brothers. And what it was, let me explain to you, my great-great-grandmother was Pinkie Gibbs, G-i-b-b-s. Their great-great-grandmother, the Hearns– she was sister to Pinkie—that's how it come they were all raised together, see, because they were small children, and in the olden days they did these things, you know. That's what happened. So that's where she was raised.

My mother married my daddy . . . my mother came from Rapallo, Italy. And my mother was Catholic. My mother came to America when she was six years old with her brother and two sisters, and they landed at Ellis Island. She said the most beautiful thing she ever saw was the Statue of Liberty, and she couldn't speak English until she was 10 or 12. She went to Catholic school in Washington and learned English. And my daddy [Wirt Taylor Hicks] was raised, there were . . . Grandma raised and Granddaddy raised eight children. They had ten, two boys died at childbirth. They had four boys and four girls.

What happened, he [father] went to Washington, D.C., got a job on the streetcars, the trolley cars, he met my mother at Glen Echo Amusement Park, and he promised my mother he'd never bring her to the country.

And then he turn around and he developed allergies, and a doctor in Philadelphia told him, he found out he had come from down here, and he told him, "You go back to Virginia, you won't have this," whatever it was. You know, years ago, the cities were full of all this stuff in the atmosphere—then what happened—my daddy told my mother he said, "I told you I wouldn't take you to the country," but when a doctor told him he needed to leave and come, then he came. Well, what happened, he moved here when he came in '22, and it's right up off of [Route] 17. It's up there at Rappahannock Academy, right in the Rappahannock Academy area. But that's where we moved.

It [the house] was long. It run long like this, had a cement porch, the floor was cement. And it had a hall, it had an ell on the back of it. And at the back, that was a porch where that ell was. And we had a living room, dining room, had a kitchen, had another

room on the front; I've forgotten what Mama used that for. That was on the first floor. Then upstairs, we had bedrooms over all of those.

Wirt Taylor Hicks.
Photo courtesy of Betty Hicks Enos.

We had Harry Brown. He lived in the house with us upstairs, he lived upstairs in the ell. No, she [mother] didn't rent it. He lived there with us because he worked for us. It was a living room, a dining room, a kitchen. We had a slide in the kitchen you pushed the food through, an opening you put the food through it. Well, it was just an opening. Well, it had a cover that went down, and then they had—off of that porch on the first floor—was a little room that was in back of the house that run across like this.

We had one old house that was a little house and it was my grandfather's brother. He had two brothers. This one never married, he was an old bachelor. And he had cats galore. They were up in the house with him, you know, and he lived right beside our house because my mother would call him when she heard noises. [S]he'd call him, and he'd say, "Oh, Margaret, good God, nobody wants you." She'd raise the window and call him, yeah. Isn't that something?

And there was one old man that used to come by that would walk . . . what do you call it? He was like a hobo, and he knew my grandfather, but he would go from town to town like hobos.

There [was] a fence at the front of the house. We had a board fence one time years ago. [I]t rotted down.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

I remember my mother's mother, my grandmother on my mother's side. She used to smoke a pipe, sit on the front porch in a rocking chair and rock all the time. Had long hair. She was part Indian. I used to sit on the steps, she'd be sitting in that rocking chair . . . she

made a pipe out of corncob and sit there smoking that pipe. That's my mother mother. I don't remember her name [Emma?]—that's so long [ago]—I was little. I don't think I would have been more than that tall.

EVELYN PENNEY UPSHAW

No, we [our house] just were on blocks. [T]he old [ancestral] house? Oh, yeah, now, that had a cellar. But I guess it wasn't very far to the old house through the woods. [T]hat clay curve, though…was there in the road. Yeah, just left it [the ancestral home] empty. I know it leaked. The roof leaked a lot. I remember that.

Photo courtesy of Annie Penney Purks and Evelyn Penney Upshaw.

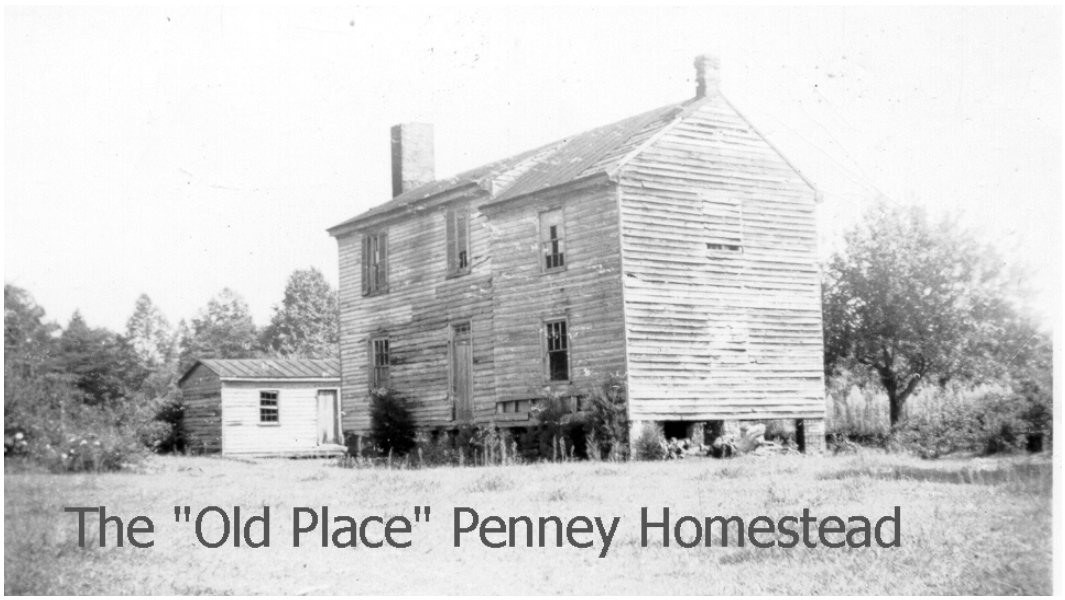


Photo taken in 1940.

Photo courtesy of Annie Penney Purks and Evelyn Penney Upshaw.

Well, I remember a gully back of the house. It was a steep gully because I used to take my book and go over there and sit on the edge of that gully and read.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

That's Penneys Corner—that road that went around our back field—that went to Holmes's Pond. There was dirt road. You know, you used to go back of the back field, that road went on around. I think that went to Holmes's Pond. You know the back field that had a long road, we used to have to thin corn. I think that went right on around to Holmes's Pond. Who was that old man that used to make molasses? He used to come up that road.

[Our house was] Two story, white. Wood, uh-huh. This way had two rooms and the kitchen and dining room we built on a little ell that way. Yeah, it had a chimney, one on each end.

Annie Penney posing in one of her mother's bushes at their home at Upper Zion, 1938.
Photo courtesy of Annie Penney Purks.

Mama had one bush of everything, forsythia, rose bushes, flowering almond. We had . . . Mock orange. Smokebush. Mama had plants everywhere. What is that tree that was in our yard? Linden tree. And we had a mimosa tree, bush. To the left was the kitchen and dining room separate. I don't know what kind of foundation they had. Wasn't any barns except way down—way away—from the house. But the kitchen and dining room is the only . . . and they had a hazelnut tree and had all kinds of apple trees, but I'm sure now they're all gone. Well, they're probably all burned out or grown out or something. [And a] Persimmon tree. No, there wasn't a lot of outbuildings. I'm sure before my time there were, but all I

remember is barns, but they were way down below the house. Because, see, after we left it wasn't any—I reckon if there was any there that fell down because just colored people lived there, you know, that worked on the farm, and they didn't keep them up enough. And then the colored people that worked on the farm moved in [to the ancestral home]. They [rooms in the house] were beside each other. The dining room was on this end and the kitchen . . . it was just two rooms. On the right was the living room, and on the left I think was a bedroom. It was two rooms.

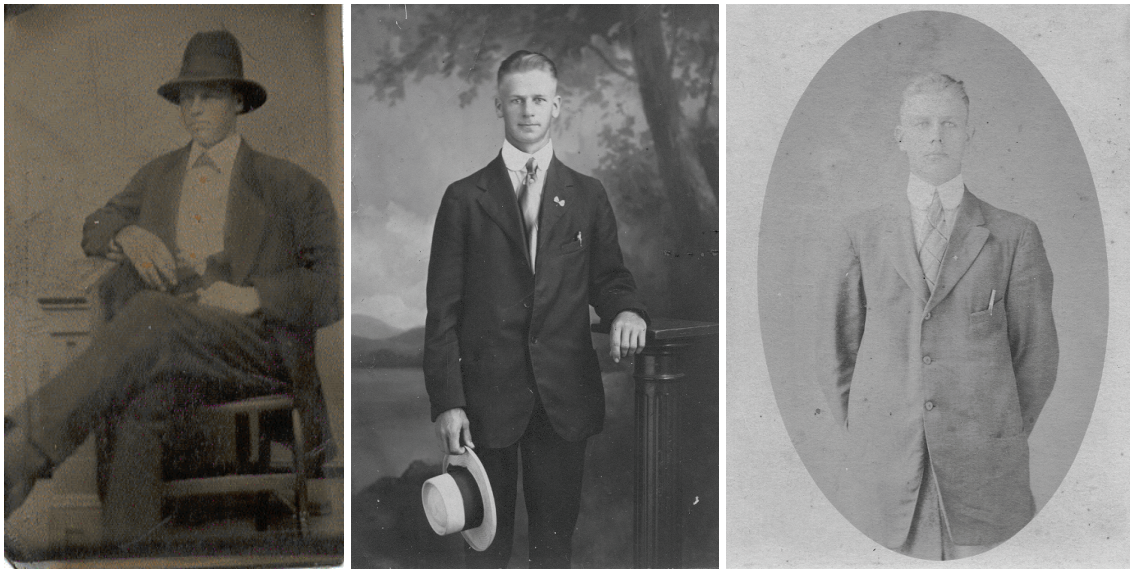
HERB COLLINS

I had a lot of families that lived over there in A.P. Hill. The Buckners and the Wrights were two of them, but the Conway family was related to me and some of the other families there in A.P. Hill. I was 9 years old, of course, when A.P. Hill came in, but I visited relatives as a little child, and I remember going down long gates to the houses to visit them, and that was the Wright family. And that was an old Buckner home place there at A. P. Hill that I remember going to.

The Wrights that lived at Fort A. P. Hill was Mother's sister, Ethel who married Robert Jessie Wright. Every now and then we'd go up there and visit. And I remember the house well. It was a frame house, an old house, and they moved the graves from the house. The Wrights married into the Golden family, and the Buckners married into the Wright family, and the Buckners married into the Conway family. So all of those were related. The place where I was born and raised at they bought in 1787, the Wright family did. And the Buckners, part of the furniture down there came out of the Buckner places in A. P. Hill. I have a table in there that came out of the Campbell place. The Campbells in A. P. Hill were related to me too, Cornelius Campbell's place. And the name of the place was Old Egypt in A.P. Hill, Old Egypt, which was Cornelius Campbell's home place.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

Willard Hazel Lumpkin, he was born in the small community called Brandywine in Caroline County, Virginia, on December 22nd, 1927, and he was called "Hazel." That was the name he was called, his middle name. He was the youngest of three children, and he had



Left to right: Thomas L. Lumpkin (1878), William Thomas "Buck" Lumpkin (1917) and John S. Lumpkin, *ca.* 1905/10.
Photo courtesy of Judi Lumpkin Hardin.

two older sisters, Zora Marie and Bessie Pearl, and Bessie preferred to be called Betty. According to family stories, my father weighed 13 pounds when he was born, and my grandmother Lottie Mae Lumpkin, his mother, nearly died during the process of childbirth, and that's probably why they didn't have any more children after that.

Now, Hazel's father's name was William Thomas Lumpkin, and he was always referred to as "Buck," so you'll hear me refer to Buck Lumpkin quite a bit. Buck Lumpkin was a truck farmer, and in the summer, he raised cucumbers and tomatoes to take to the pickle factory and a tomato cannery, which were located in Port Royal, Virginia. And as a child, Hazel had to work in the fields, and he can remember loading baskets of cucumbers and tomatoes into the 1935 Ford pickup truck that his father Buck owned, and they made the five-mile trip to Port Royal.

I sat down with my Aunt Zora Marie Lumpkin, Hazel Lumpkin's oldest sister, and talked to her. Zora was the first child born to Buck and Lottie Lumpkin. She was the granddaughter of Thomas Lumpkin and Mary Etta, and also the granddaughter of Harry Farmer and Julia See Farmer, and she was the older sister to Bessie Pearl and Willard Hazel. I have some things that Zora remembered, some items about Thomas and Mary Etta's children.

Another child of Thomas and Mary Etta was Blanche Lumpkin. She was an older sister of Buck's. She never married, and according to her death certificate, she was a housekeeper for families, and she actually died of encephalitis.

Johnny Lumpkin was a younger brother of Buck's. He was very close to Buck. He and Buck were very close, and I have a picture of that. A lot of times you can tell that they were always together. Johnny never had the opportunity to marry. He got tuberculosis as an adult, and he died. He was a farmer in Brandywine, and he died from pulmonary tuberculosis.

Zora remembers that her mother Lottie said that Johnny was a very handsome man and that Lottie helped nurse him when he became ill with the tuberculosis.

Zora was, however, the first grandchild and the fair-haired grandchild of Thomas L. Lumpkin, the first child of Buck's. And although she says her father Buck was strict, her grandfather Tom would let her do anything she wanted to do, including toddling down to the blacksmith's shop that he had and turning the handling to fire up the coal until it was bright red. And she said that she loved doing that, even though at the time she didn't know it was dangerous, and in today's standards it would be very dangerous for somebody who was just only around 3 years old. She loved doing that, and he allowed her to do it.

Zora also loved her maternal grandparents, Julia See Lumpkin Farmer and Harry Farmer, and she would ask her mother Lottie if she could go down to Grandma and Grandpa Farmer's to visit and spend the night. And she remembers packing a little bag and walking down the road in Brandywine to get to her Grandparents Farmer.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

When we approached the home place, the great-great-grandfather's house spot was up front. We came on around, and here and on around and here's a gate, and that went straight down to the house. Well, right in—the cemetery was right here—and right behind the cemetery was a big barn, and that's the one we called the tobacco barn. That was built—that was tall— and it had the windows, the opening were just like slots. You had double doors, and they went way up, and they were like that so that you could open them up and air could get into the tobacco. The windows that had those long covers, doors, I don't know what you call them, they were fastened up at the top and they were fastened at the bottom,

and Daddy had a long pole that he had a thing on that'd open and close them when it's necessary. And they were on that, and the ground was beginning to slope, and, of course, it was even in the back, and in the front, you had these—what do you call them—it had the blocks on them to keep them straight. It had a nice big floor like this, 12-inch boards, 10-inch boards, heavy boards.

Julie C. Lumpkin Farmer and Harry Farmer, 1930.
Photo courtesy of Judi Lumpkin Hardin.

No building great-great-grandfather's house spot anymore, but there's no way in this world you could deny that it was the house there. Out in the middle of that field, there were apple trees. There were two apple trees, finally got rid of that one. And the registry tree, that was still there when A. P. Hill came. But all out there, the soil was—this one particular—when I was describing that you came on down the road and you turn here and the old house had been there, was a broke turn, and the house was right off of that. And the soil was the color of that pewter tray that needs polishing, gray, dark, so much different from the sandy loam that you had otherwise. And there would be shards of dishes, old dishes, and bits of household wares, just little bits.

And when you stepped up into the barn from the front side, to the right was a granary bin. It's where Daddy kept—it was divided—and he kept wheat on the front side and oats on the back side. And then above it were where all the trestles were for holding the

tobacco, and there were two. You have down here on up to the top. That's the reason it had such tall windows in it. Then over in the other section was sort of the tall, two-story shed section that was added to it. And in the top of that was tobacco, the crop was so big he put tobacco over there, but down here he would put some of the farm machinery in.

From there, you go on down, and right straight was the house. The house was built like most people down there, most ordinary people. It was two-story. On the side plan, you've got a wide hall, stairway going up, one large room here. You'd go right straight on through, and it was a back porch, and that hitched on two rooms: the dining room and the kitchen. And then as time went on, we decided to do a little better than that. Oh, yes, there were three rooms upstairs. Daddy added to the back of this another large room, and it had tall A-roof, and you could go into that from one of the upstairs bedrooms, and it was used for storage. But anyhow, that worked out fine.

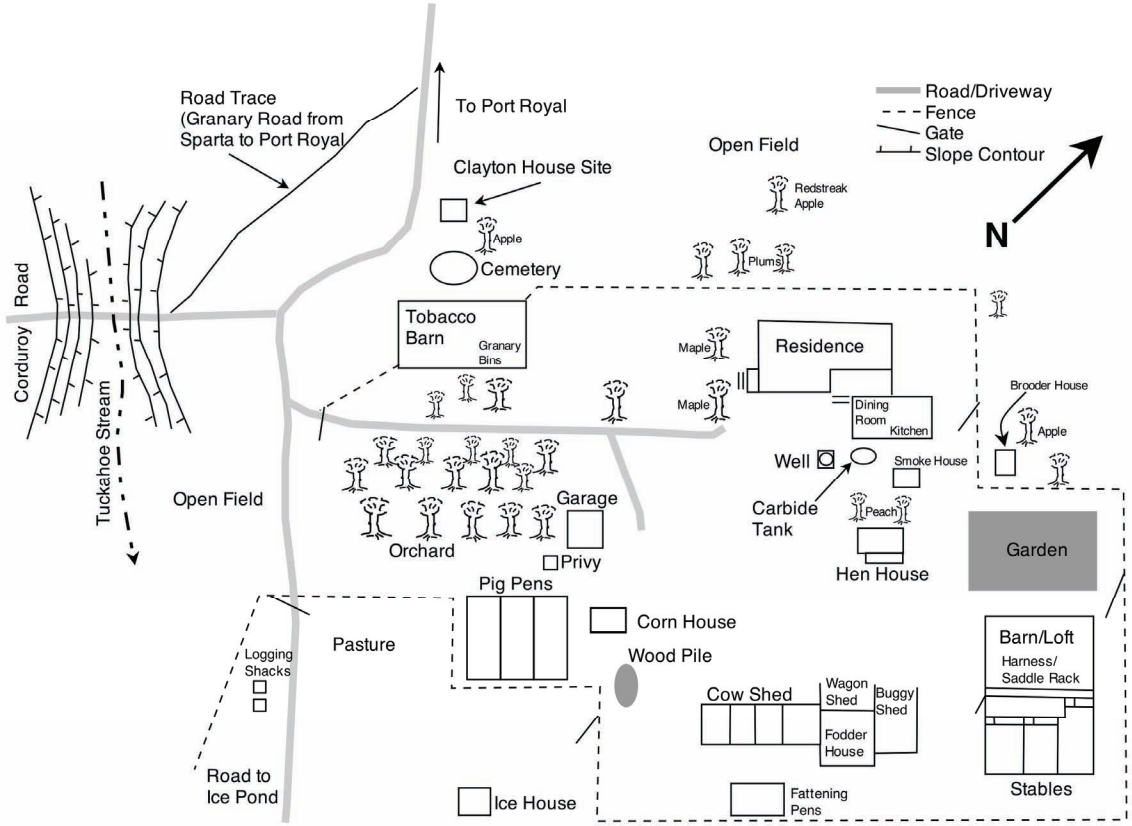
And next door to it going downhill-wise, we could call it smokehouse, we never did do any smoking in there, but it was a meat house, meat storage. And right up here was a well. The well at one time it had just a hand pump in, and then the pump wore out, and Daddy decided he was going to put the open well. And I think one time he must have thought he was sorry about that because Virginia got herself up there. She was having to fill the horse trough which was down below. I frighten myself every time I think about it now. I got up there. I didn't have any shoes on, and I got up there and parked my feet on the open well top and got up here and started drawing, leaning back so I wouldn't fall in the well, leaning back drawing water. And Daddy had fixed a box thing over here with a pipe in it, the pipe went to the trough. You pour the water in the box. I got down along enough to pour the water in the box, let it go down, and I was up there again. And Daddy caught me doing it nearly scared the tar out of me. But anyway, I think it's just as well.

And that was the well and the smokehouse. Then on the outside of the fence back there was a brooder house where Mama raised a batch of chickens, and back here was beside—in line with the meat house—was a hen house, the one I was telling you about how the snake got in it and how the people lifted them from. And then you go on, the garden was there.

You go by the garden, then there's a big barn out here. That's what we called the horse and hay barn because it was a combination. The horse part with the stalls were there, and it was a hall, in other words, space like this between their mangers and part over here, and that's where he hung the . . . was a rack for the harness. And down there along with them was more machinery over in this part. Then upstairs was a loft, and that was hay and was hay over here. Then from there you go back here. You've got what was a buggy shed, the wagon shed, and the fodder house. That fodder house was log. I don't know how in this world it got to be log, but it was. That's where you put the corn stalks and so on and whatever. And then in that line all built together, this was an open cow house, and it had—oddly—it was a shed, and the roof on that one was all wooden roof. It had the boards put together, and then over the crack between the boards was another smaller strip; in other words, the only thing you ever had to do was to be sure that your nails and all were in place. And then the others were enclosed on down that line, three or four of them, I've forgotten.

And in front was a hog pen. That was a fattening pen where we took them their last days. Then coming on around was corn house. Corn house was up on high stilts sort of like. And then beyond that were the pens, hog pens that went down the hill, and there were three of them, and they each had houses. That was one of Daddy's crops, money crops. There were there in various stages.

And then there was a privy, and it was behind the garage. The garage was a one-car garage; Daddy kept everything in there that was related to the automobile. But over in one corner was a great big barrel, and in it he kept bran. He didn't have room enough to put it in the other buildings. And that he had bought from the mill, and he'd go in there and get a big can of it for the hogs for their slops. And I believe that's about all of our buildings which took care of everything. And, of course, I told you about the icehouse which was not too far away down the hill.



Map of the Wright farmstead from an original sketch by Virginia Wright Durret.

The horses enjoyed this one thing. Turn the horses out and—see—going sort of downhill, and down here on the bottom the sand had collected, all kinds of sand. And I used to think it was the greatest thing when Daddy'd turn the horses out, put them down in the pasture. First thing they'd do was head for that bottom for a wallowing session. You have never seen horses wallow and kick and get up and shake, and evidently they think they hadn't get enough and lie down and do it again. Oh, it was the greatest thing to watch them. And I think that's about all of my buildings.

Going back up to the house, the front door always intrigued me. I don't know where on earth Daddy got that front door, but on the outside was a wooden—I don't know the expressions for these, but I hope you get the picture—sort of a wooden application of a wreath that had streamers from it, and that was in the middle of the bottom section. The top section of the door was glass, and it had some kind of design on the glass. It was designed in white. You could see through the door all right, but it was just pretty. Mama always kept a lace curtain-type thing over it. Of course, you had to do that. You weren't a

good housekeeper unless you had pretty things, and she could do it. But I've always thought about that door, and I wondered.

We never did have a leaking roof except one time. Daddy had just painted the house, and I don't know where in this world that pigeon came from . . . yeah, I got to tell this now. The pigeon came, had one pigeon, and we had lightning rods on the house. It would come and would sit up there near that lightning rod right on the comb: the peak of the house. And the pigeon sat there, and that wasn't all the pigeon did; pigeon pooped all down, went down the side of the house there. And Daddy got very excited at it, messing up his nice clean house. So he got tired of it, looking at the stuff all dripped down the side of the house, not all the way down but up there. So he got his shotgun and came out and shot the pigeon, but that's not all he shot. Daddy had to replace that comb, that part of it. I think about that every once in a while and laugh about it but wasn't laughing as Daddy looked at it, and he wasn't laughing either. It was just something else to do.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

Back in that time, it was really Grandmother who drove the family, so to speak. It was Grandmother who had the vision and designed the plan for Mother and Daddy and a maiden aunt who was still in the home and a bachelor uncle who lived in the home as well.

So it was Grandmother who at the break of day and the business then, the plan then was to get up really early, because in Caroline County, the spring and the summer, the weather was very, very uncomfortable, high humidity, hot sunny days that you wished for a thunderstorm to bring along some rain later to cool things off. But it was Grandmother who early in the morning outlined what had to be done in terms of the children and the mother anyway. The father knew that he had to plow or he had to do this, that, or the other. But in terms of directing the children, it was Grandmother who said, "Well, now, today we've got to do such and such. And Cleo, I want you to do such and such today," and that kind of thing, "And we will do so and so this day." So it was Grandmother, not so much Dad.

Her name was Jenny Jones, Jennatta Jones, but she was called Jenny, and she was called Aunt Jenny by most white people. She was a highly-respected person in the community, not quite five feet tall, boundless energy, very, very religious, and strong, strong, strong woman. Jenny Jones. I honor her memory.

My other Grandmother's name was Laura, Laura Louise. She was a heavy-set woman, quite fair, whereas my Little Grandmother [Jennatta Jones] was my color, deep brown. Big Grandmother was quite fair, reddish hair. You know in that day and time, there were still traces in many black families of what had gone on—what had happened during the time of slavery, that is—when slave masters fathered children by both their wives and by their slaves. And so my Big Grandmother was an obvious second generation from that. She did not have the drive and the strong sense of herself that was so much a part of my Little Grandmother.

And even though we were . . . I guess you could call us poor. We had our own land and our own home and that kind of thing, but I think we were still working poor. But even so, we had what I suppose you'd call today middle-class values, and so hard work and doing well in school, being a regular member of church and having a good character and being reminded of who you were; those were all very, very important and critical to my upbringing and, I think, to the upbringing of most of the people who lived around me here in Caroline County.

My mother was fascinated with the name Lucille. My mother's name was Grace, and she thought that was just a biblical name, and she wanted something fancy and fanciful. And she thought Lucille was just so wonderful, and so she perked up, "Lucille, the baby's name is to be Lucille." Well, as I mentioned, several of my aunts were schoolteachers. My father's oldest sister was in the room, and she said, "Grace, you can't name that child Lucille. The child's name is to be Cleopatra." And that took care of that. But I've often looked back on that and thought to myself, "Thank God for Aunt Ida because I simply cannot see myself as Lucille."

My people had a habit of naming or nicknaming their animals, so the cow was named Jack. And, of course, living in the country, you had a dog. The dog was Jack. And there were always cats around the barn, and my grandmother also had geese and ducks and all those kinds of things. And I came along as the first grandchild, the oldest grandchild, and so, of course, I became Jack. So my grandmother would go to the screen door and yell "Jack," and maybe the cow would go "Moo" from down in the meadow, and the goose would come flapping, and the dog would get up from under the tree and head out, and she'd really be calling me.

And one day when I was five or six years old, either five or six, I had tired of that. I decided I was just not going to tolerate being called the same thing as a cow was called. And so my grandmother called "Jack," and, of course, there were all these different answers, even the chickens clucked and so forth when she came to the screen door and yelled "Jack, Jack, come here." So I went there to the door because I knew she really meant me, but I went with a purposeful mind. And I stood there, and I said, "Little Grandma, I'm not ever going to answer to Jack anymore; I'm not Jack. I'm not going to answer to Jack anymore because all these animals are Jack, and I'm not an animal. God made me a person." I remember that speech completely, and that's the way I said it to her.

And she looked at me, and she said, "Yes, you're right. You're not Jack anymore. That's all right. Come here, Cleo." And so that was that. And I remember when my father came in and my mother and we were all assembled at the supper table—supper as we called dinner then—my grandmother making the announcement, "Cleo is not to be called Jack anymore. She's to be called by her name," and that was that. Grandmother had spoken, nobody questioned it. It was obeyed. So I became Cleo after that.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Well, family [memory], I guess, the good times we had. We had a lot of fun together, and I had wonderful parents, and I had a wonderful grandmother that really looked out for us and did a lot to help, she did. One of my most vivid memories was a fire that almost took the house. [Flames] they were just leaping up these pine trees and everything. And I remember my grandmother taking her trunk out into the yard, "I want to save my trunk." What she had in that trunk I don't know. It was just very threatening for us to go through that. But it did burn around, but it did not burn the house. We were afraid that it was going to.

And, of course, I remember because the girls took care of these five boys. There was one boy, four girls, and then these five boys. So I had twin brothers, and Nellie, my oldest sister, and Sister, well, Dorothy was her name, they took care of one of the twins and the other one took care of the other. And the story would go if Norman was crying, Nellie wouldn't do anything to help. "That's yours. I'm not going to do anything." They had a thing going there with that. But we did take care of the siblings, the girls did. They did a lot to help my mother when it came to that.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

They lived on another man's farm. It was a great big house, great big house. And from what I can gather, it was built from material from England…got the material from England and had it shipped over here. It was a frame house, but it had a brick foundation, which was about six feet tall, and three feet wide, so it was big. It had a dirt basement. We mostly used the two upstairs rooms, which was great big rooms. The rooms were, I reckon, 20 feet by 25 feet big. Well, the rooms on the ground floor, we used it as a—what we called it—to keep our meat in because we killed the hogs once a year. Then we'd smoke the meat and take them up in that room and hang them up, and then during the wintertime and all, we'd cut off a piece and use it. Shady Grove [name of house], that's it. In the front yard, it had a great big oak tree with—I don't know—probably 25, 30 feet in diameter…somebody had started to cut it down one time and built a fire in part of it at the bottom, so that left a good playhouse when we were kids that we used to play in. It was a tremendous oak tree. I wished I had a picture of it, but I don't. Then my father built a bench leading off from the oak tree, and he used to cut hair for people occasionally, on weekends mostly, cut hair for 10 cent a piece, 10 cent a head.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

Well, his [father's] father died when he was 15 years old, and his aunt was a schoolteacher, and she went away to Pittsburgh, and he bought the house that was her home for his mother and his sisters and brothers. And he was a hard-working man and a good man, and he bought it and left and gave it to her to live—he didn't give it to her—but she lived there. And he was working on Skinker's farm in Moss Neck, so we continued to stay there until the government came; then we had to—he bought our house in Spotsylvania—bought a home in Spotsylvania, and we lived there for a number of years. And then he built another house, he was a very industrious man. He made $15 a month. And he owned a car, he married my mother with three children, he took care of us.

And my mother was very industrious. She was raised by white folks, and she used to take in washing and things to help with us. And also, she would board the teacher, and whenever we had—the pastor came for our service, our church meetings—she would always take care of them on weekends. My mother was a person who pushed us, and she had *The Afro*, *The Journal Guide*, *Pittsburg Courier, DC Afro*, and we had all the—and *The Grit*—but we had newspapers. Of course, the white lady that raised Mama would always give me her—give me books—and I had books to read, you know, most children didn't have those when I was coming along.

Don't even ask. We had a old, big Home Comfort stove, and we had to get up early in the morning and make the fire and cook that bread. At that time, my mother would always can sausage, and my father would cure the meat and all, and we'd have potatoes by the barrel and fish . . . salt herrings by the barrel. And we just lived off what we—in the winter—what we had in the summer. And put our potatoes and things in the kiln [pronouncing "kill"], I think that's what they called it, in the ground. Bury them, yeah. I think they called it a kiln; they bury them in the ground with straw.

Aah, they [bathroom facilities] were—that was the little outhouses—and I was the caretaker of the little pots. Uh-huh, that was my duty, take them out in the morning before I go to school, bring them in when I come back and clean them up.

[The outhouses] were clean. We had Mr. Sears Roebuck down there and Montgomery Wards down there. We didn't have no fine, nice soft paper like we have now. And they kept lime in there to keep the scent down and all. They were clean.

And some of them had one stool, but most of them had at least two stools in them. It was a ways away. You had to walk a good ways from [the house] . . . yeah.

We had a well. I'll tell you a little tale about the well. We had a well, and my mother used to tell us, "Don't you-all play at the well now." She went into town on Saturdays; that was a daily thing for them, to go to town every Saturday and pick up little goodies for the week.

We lived 17 miles from Fredericksburg. And we had a icebox, you know, they put the ice in the top, but my mother had a special can that she put the butter in and lower it on a chain in the well. So she was in town that day, and my brother was very mischievous, and somehow he turned the butter over in the well. We put him on the chain, I think about it now, and let him down in the well to get the butter and put it back in there, and Mama never new it. We put that butter back in there, never did tell Mama. I think she died and she never did know it.

Well, sometime—back there—the well, see, in summertime would dry up, but spring never dried up. The spring run all the time. And we washed from the spring and well was out in the yard, but we had to walk downhill to that spring.

You know, they would take the hams and punch holes in the hock part and hang them up, smoke them, and put them—make smoke—I don't know how they made smoke, but had a little house that you put them in there. I guess they made them with wood or something, I can remember that.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

It was a two-story [wood] house, and we had three bedrooms and a kitchen, dining room, and parlor. We used the dining room as a family room, today would be a family room. That parlor was across the hall, only special people and Christmas.

We had to make fire. We had woodstoves. And you know, it was—we had woodland as well as farmland—but your trees, something would happen and trees would fall in the spring of the year or whenever, he would chop them up and they'd store that for the winter to use because, see, now, Mama cooked with wood, too. So we had to have wood all the time.

We didn't have a silo. Now, we had a smokehouse. Everybody had a smokehouse. See, we had no refrigeration, and they had smoked the meat to cure the meat.

We had a icehouse. Mama's two brothers lived real close, but the icehouse was on our property, and in the wintertime, they would drive the wagons out onto this mill pond and chop the ice. We could always take a day off from school and take the ice and put them in wagons and carry it up to the icehouse. And I don't know where the sawdust came from, but they would put sawdust . . . put the ice in and put layers of sawdust and ice. We keep that all summer. See, they had a hole deep down in the ground, and it was cooler down there, then this sawdust—[would not let the] sun, heat get to it.

ETHEL WAUGH SANDERLIN

Well, sometimes it got pretty chilly in the evenings because I remember the beds . . . when Aunt Jo would put this big quilt on us with nothing but all these feathers, and you'd get lost in them feathers. But it was warm.

And then in one of those rooms they had this little tiny coal stove, and we'd all go in there to take a bath in this big tin tub. And I remember my mother telling my sister, "Do not sit on that stove," because it wasn't a big one, it was just a little one. And my sister sat on the stove and burned her butt. The water—had to heat the water in the kitchen—and just

keep bringing it in so you got enough in the tub for us to take a bath. That was the water that they caught outside when it rained.

Josephine Ellis Woolfolk, known affectionately as "Aunt Jo."
Photo courtesy of Marion Woodfork Simmons.

Oh, we had good food. Aunt Jo would make the big biscuits, and we had the fried chicken and pork chops and potatoes and rice and corn. Oh, I can't think of all the stuff that we had. Lima beans. Of course, we had like the succotash with the lima beans and the corn. Always had good food.

Left: Willie Woolfolk and his homemade wooden leg; *Right:* Willie Woolfolk and his baskets.
Photos courtesy of Marion Woodfork Simmons.

Uncle Willie used to make baskets, and people would come along and buy his baskets. And he also made his own artificial leg. And he made chairs and caned them. He'd have them out there on the street, or on the road.

DAVID CLARK

My first memory of living there and playing at Cash's . . . it's located about four miles north of Port Royal on the east side of Route 301. First thing I remember was just playing in the yard, and I fell through a porch when I ran out of a door. I remember that. I remember these huge, huge sycamore trees in the yard. In fact, I went back, like, 50 years later almost, and that's how I could identify where the house had been was those same sycamore trees were there.

I don't remember too much about that house, but it did not have electricity and no indoor plumbing.

VIRGINIA HEARN WHITING

They [the Rollins family] lived in a . . . well, most homes out in the rural areas were frame. They lived in a frame house.

I went other places I can remember, visiting other families that had a well. In fact, I can remember visiting one family where you had to walk down the—take your buckets—and walk down the hill because that's where you got the water, and then walk back up the hill.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

It was a very simple wood house that my Aunt Estelle used to say you could see out through the wallboards. In the winter, the snow would come in, and it would be snow on the floor in the winter, so it wasn't insulated. And it sat up, as I can tell by looking at pictures, it sat up on, I guess, cedar blocks because down in that area the water shelf is kind of high so you can't dig much of a foundation, and they may not have been able to. There wasn't much to the house, and I'm sure that when the Army came in and bulldozed it or when it finally fell down, there wouldn't have been much left to it, not having much of a foundation. So it was pretty simple.

Well, there were eight children, five girls and three boys, and my grandfather died . . . Baynham died in 1929. So it was very hard, but I suppose the older children stayed around and helped out as much as they could.

And my Aunt Estelle said she used to have to take water down to my Uncle George and his wife Rita who lived in the flats down on the Pratt property. And you'd have to go down Jack's Hill to go across Route 17 and across that big huge field to get to their house, and she said she hated to do it because—or she'd taken bread down or some kind of food or something and it was—she said there was always a bull out in the pasture, and it scared her, and she hated to do it.

But Jack's Hill was something that . . . it's still there, but it's been chopped off because 17 kind of—it used to just be 17 but now it's 17 south or 17 north—which went through the hill, but it's still pretty easy to see how you'd have to . . . be quite an effort to go down those hills and how they would have to cut across—they would cut across—she said they'd have to cut across John Hall's property and somebody might come out with a shotgun and threaten them, you know, "Get off my land," or something like that. But my Whartons were hard-working people, very hard-working. But they were wild and wooly too.

And then I vaguely remember my other uncles, very big men, tall, big men, big hands, hard-working.

And I don't think that any of them—really—they couldn't read or write. I think my grandmother . . . my Grandmother Martha could. The boys probably left school a lot earlier

than the girls anyway so that they could work. Her daughter and then her grandchildren who lived with her down in Howertons always called her "Big Mama," and my Aunt Estelle was "Little Mama." So she ruled with an iron hand, but they loved her. She was very, very hard-working, and she had to raise those children by herself. It was rough, it was really hard during those times. They didn't come from wealth, and they didn't have a lot of land that they could make money off of, so it was hard when they lost the property.

There was no indoor plumbing.

She [mother] would tell me that, of course, they would can, and they had something in particular that she really liked was the canned peaches and canned—I want to say prunes—but I'm not sure. They made lots of jams and jellies and everything to feed themselves, and I don't know where they got—I guess they slaughtered their own hogs—but as far as steaks and things like that, I guess they just didn't really have any. They ate chickens and pork. I do remember them saying, too, that was kind of neat, they'd have a treat.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

No, we worked together. The boys would work with the girls. Like I say, there was three of us, and I was the middle girl because it was my oldest brother, then my sister, and then there were two more brothers together, then me, then I had a brother, and then my baby sister. So older children would always watch the younger children, help out with them while the parents did other—they called it dangerous—more dangerous jobs they didn't think the . . . a child would understand.

Oh, my father built my house . . . our house that we grew up in, yep. He and a lot of his relatives and some more people that he knew would build—he would go to the lumber mill or sawmill—and he cut the timber. But he couldn't be at the sawmill and at the house site building at the same time, so those people that didn't work at a lumber mill, they built houses back in that day.

We had three rooms upstairs, kitchen we had around front, dining room, kitchen, and we had a porch going all the way around with posts my father put—you know—back in that day, I say now they train people just to do one thing, but back in that day, those people that came along, they knew a little bit of everything. Knew how to measure, take a rule and measure things, they learned how to sow seed and put guano and everything in the dirt, and they would come in and lay a floor.

They [people] just went from one thing to the other constantly every day except on Sunday. They'd go visit on a Sunday.

You know, when you were working like that and your mother and your father are strict on you too. They're going to make sure that you do—whatever you do—do it good. And they used to tell us all, "You're not going to be working for me every day rest of your life. You're going to work for somebody else, they'll wonder 'How did you ever come up? Who taught you?'(laughing)" I said, "Yeah, you can tell my mother was a schoolteacher."

He [father] built the house before he got married. So he took my mother, his bride, into a home of their own. They weren't going to live with nobody else. My father was very independent. I guess I got part of that in me of him. Very independent.

Sure. I got to know about that [outdoor plumbing] early, yep. We used to have the night chambers, you know, they used to call them night chambers, but they weren't nothing but night pots. We used to have to go dump them down into the toilets. Yeah. Every now and then, and that came lately, too, they would come by and put some kind of disinfectant in it.

Yeah, we'd go to church and then go to visit, go visit relatives that we hadn't seen all week. And the children would disagree on a whole lot of that, bring subjects and issues to the parents. Growing up is something.

Horace Johnson, he was a cousin of my father, he had icehouse, and he would just pack it with—what did they used to use—pine tags. And then when the ponds would freeze over down there, they would go get this ice in big blocks and stack it away and put all them pine tags and straw. It was two things they used to store the ice with in the icehouse. We—our family didn't have it, but some of our relatives did, yeah—they did have those icehouses. That's what we put in—back in that day—they had these they called them icebox. Push them into a part of the refrigerator, and that ice . . . and then we used to cover it with newspapers, and that would last for a whole week. And then later on they got to bringing ice around through the community. And later on they brought fish around like that also.

Well water, yes. And we had to have our well cleaned every now and then. My great uncle used to—on my father's side—used to come down. Bill Parker used to clean that well out for us.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

We had a frame house with, let's see, five rooms, and a kitchen and a spring. Then we would go to the spring and get the water, and I was always a little frightened because I didn't like to go down to the spring because it was in the woods.

Saturday afternoon, Mother would bring out that washtub and pour water in it and get ready for church. Everybody had to take a bath on Saturday night. And we played around with the kids in the neighborhood during the day, but, you know, that was our daily routine on Saturday, getting ready for church for Sunday.

Everybody had a little job to do, bring in wood, split kindling, whatever, feed the dog. Mine was wash dishes, bring in kindling, bring in wood. Sometimes I would help my brothers, we would have our saw, crosscut. Everybody had a job to do. And you pulled off your school clothes, you put on your work clothes.

Well, we had homework, and I would do my homework, but my brother never did his homework; he was lazy and would go to sleep, fall right down . . . eat, go to sleep. But I had homework to do, all of us had homework to do. By lamplight, too.

VERGIE MILLER

Well, yeah, we'd go pick blackberries and blueberries, make jelly and jam aplenty, plenty of sweets. My mother made rolls every morning, every Sunday morning she would have these hot rolls, and we had plenty of food and plenty of milk and plenty of butter. As I said, we raised hogs, so we—food wasn't a problem. All of us was big and fat at that time.

They had—there was a man next to us, he had a icehouse—and they had a place outside they called . . . what'd they call that thing? It's up on legs, cooler or something. Anyway, they'd put ice in there and it kept it. Even if it [milk] went to clabber, we used it.

Oh, yeah. Everybody had to have it [an outhouse]. You know one thing, and I didn't think much of it then. If it was cold weather, you just go. I don't remember us saying that it's too cold to go out there. Now . . . they always had them a good little distance. But they kept it clean.

In the fall, Mother used to want somebody to pick peas. She'd take us, and we'd pick peas, and that's the way they made their extra money.

We had to work, we had to pick up chips for to start the fires in the morning and put wood on the porch.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

The banks at the river where I lived were taller than this room. I never went to the river but one time. Mama and I went and had a fishing line, thought we'd go fishing. But I never went to the river; it was dangerous.

We got plenty of Indianheads [arrow heads] on the farm when we were plowing. Had plenty of those. And the little minié balls, they called it, and pipe stems. Mine are all gone, I had some, but a lot of people have quite an assortment of things that they . . . those were the good old days.

I was teaching school then. I came home for Christmas with the first money I had earned and had some new clothes, pocketbook and shoes, and the house caught on fire and burned everything. I was—I guess I was—22, 23, something like that. And so I just stand there and watch it burn. We couldn't do a thing. My mother had a new diamond ring and some beautiful jewels from old times, but she went in and picked that one ring out. She could have taken the whole box, but she took just the one. That's the craziest thing she did. They were all interested in saving my brother who was 13 years younger than I. He was still just a little fella. They got him out, and none of us got hurt, and we were thankful for that. And Dad went right ahead and had another house built, and it's still there.

DOROTHY PUGH THOMAS

It was a two-story building. I think Henry Farmer helped to build it. A two-story building, and at that day and age, country houses did not have modern conveniences. It was an outdoor john somewhere, and the well was out here somewhere, but this was two-story. And it was very nice. And then way down here, about down here, is where the big grocery store was. This couple . . . I never did know who built the grocery store. It could have been Henry Farmer, of course. See, Henry Farmer was a carpenter or builder at that time, which doesn't hurt to know that. Now, it has nothing to do with part of this, but the more you ask, the deeper you get into it. Well, it doesn't hurt to know this Henry Farmer was a carpenter at that age or at that period in life. And, of course, he built that house and this house and the other house and your store and the shop and stuff like that.

Well, it had three [rooms] down and two [rooms] up. But there were two halls, downstairs hall and a upstairs hall, so there were five rooms. Because on the back of this house was a room that was used like a kitchen. It was attached, but it was added on, so it would be two rooms down here, two rooms up here, and that kitchen was attached.

My mother was a city gal. This Mrs. Pugh was a city gal. Maybe she didn't know much about wood. She—it seems like that oil stoves were available—and she cooked on an oil stove. And I never saw any wood stove. But we had a round heater in the room for heat.

A round heater was [a] wood stove. That was a wood stove. And this oil business, the oil was furnished to them by a company in Fredericksburg for cooking purposes. But later after I was married, which would be later than '36, '37, somewhere around '37 or '38, my father bought a small cooking range that had the top to it. And I don't know whether they come in one, two, three—in sizes or not, but it was not a big—in other words, it was not like a Home Comfort. Home Comforts were a right good size cooking stove, but it was some kind of good, hot cooking stove.

Had a icebox. And a man would come through the area with ice. I don't know whether it was once a week or Friday or Saturday, and we would buy like a hundred-pound block. And that would do for a right good while. So we did have a ice—not a refrigerator—but old-fashioned.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

If she [sister Grace Kate] had lived two hours longer, she'd been 94. And then there was Altha and William and Linda and Cora and Elvert and Richard and Catherine and myself, and my youngest brother was named Fred, they called him Fred but it was Frederick. Yeah, it was 11 in the family; four boys and seven girls. Well, you know, in them years, people had big families. They could afford it. And a lot of them dropped out of school to help on the farm.

Well, the house, and it was a little catty-way, and then the dining room and kitchen was not joined together. Separate, uh-huh. Most all people had it then. And a big porch on the kitchen and dining room, and it was a big porch where we go upstairs, up the steps. And upstairs was this way, and this way was my mom and daddy's room to go in. So on Sunday night, the whole family get together for dinner, talk on the porch. And my daddy was a wonderful singer, and we used to sing hymns at home. I can remember that, yeah, I can remember that. I was out of high school then.

Yeah, it had a cellar down in there where we store things there at. And then in the outside, see, people didn't have a refrigerator, and we had what you call a pie safe on the outside where we kept things to keep it kind of cool overnight.

My daddy had a big icehouse where he put sawdust in. And he go to the river, the boys would help him, and cut up ice in great chunks and bring it back and put it in that cellar. And that's the ice we had. When—on Sunday—we'd need ice, we'd go down and get it. But snakes would be all around in that sawdust. You had to watch how you'd got.

But I remember that pie safe very well. Mama used to cook over the weekend and put stuff in there, you know, to keep it cool. Yeah, yeah. Stand on legs, and I can picture exactly where it was standing at.

And then it was two trees, and we had a great big hammock for people to go and lay in during the summer because didn't nobody have no air-conditioning or nothing.

Well, you get to the two-story house before you get to the kitchen. Then we had the wood pile next to that. Wood pile, and then we had the outside toilet.

We came from out of the road, and we turned and the barn was on this side, and the stables was on that—they called it stables—to keep the cattle in. And then we came a little ways, and then that was the house to pull up in the drive. We had a garage here, and then the two-story house was right there. Then the kitchen and dining room was out. Well, the kitchen was almost joining, but it had a little clay walkway through that from the basement cellar.

And, you know, they had a fireplace down in the cellar. They had a fireplace upstairs, but we very seldom used the fireplace. We used lamps. And then in the morning, we had to clean them lampshades up. That's when I went to school all the way through with nothing but lamps to study by.

We had a pear tree as we go—after you pass the kitchen—you go a little road, and the school was across the main road. There was a pear tree there, we had to go down in the pasture and go up that hill and cross the road to the little school we went to, Naulakla School. But it was a pear tree there, and he [father] said that's where he going to be buried, but he died first and he didn't get his wishes. He was buried at Greenlawn Cemetery.

We had to draw the water at the well.

Yeah, behind the kitchen was the smokehouse. And all kind of people would go in the spring and catch salt herring fish and store them up in that smokehouse. Because that's what we was raised on, salt fish, but now, you know, people don't do that. And I still love salt fish.

And my daddy would raise all his wheat and corn and carried it to the mill. We never bought no flour or cornmeal. And that's all we had, you know.

We slept on a straw mattress. People then didn't have no mattress like they have now.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

All I had was one brother. And then I had three cousins that Mom and Dad raised, so—they were all boys—so the rougher they come, the better . . . the harder they fell, you know.

It [the homestead] was kind of in the fork of the road coming from Corbin, from Liberty, and from Rappahannock Academy. They called it Raines's Corner. It was the old home place. His [father's] mom and dad's old home place. And, of course, when they both passed away, then it was left . . . well, it was sold and my dad bought it.

Daddy had just remodeled the front of it [the house] and was going to get around to the other—the back of it the next year—and, of course, A. P. Hill took it over before he could get the back of it done. But what I liked about it, the rooms were large, and the hall when you go in the front door, you keep right straight down the hall and you come out on the back porch. So we had a screen door on the back porch and one at the front. And nights in the summer when it was real hot, Daddy and I would get our pillows and we'd sleep in the hall. Never locked the door, never had to bother about locking the door. And that's where he and I would sleep, in the hall. I can remember that.

Yeah, always a nice breeze. And we never had a fan, anything like that. Raise up all the windows. Nice breeze because we had a lot of shade.

A stove, a tin heater. That's what we had in the rooms there for heat.

Well, my family was very wealthy in heart, but they were poor otherwise.

Daddy was a jack-of-all-trades. He'd do everything he could, you know, to save the family. But he'd give it all away if he thought somebody wanted it. My daddy was the type of person, if he ever met you, you were his friend.

I remember my grandmother on Mama's side. And I always loved to go to her house. We'd go there on one Sunday, and we would go to—Mama had three sisters—and we'd all go to one house or the other, either our house or one of theirs, every Sunday after church, we'd meet at one house or the other. And Mama had two brothers, so—and Grandma—so of course, we'd take those turns, you know. But it was always so nice for the family to be together one Sunday at one house or the other.

Well, I helped Mama do it [fill the oil lamps]. She had a little funnel she'd put it in the lamp, you know, you could put oil in. She'd pour it, though, because she was afraid I'd spill it. And I'd put it from lamp to lamp, you know, fill it up that way. Wash the lampshades every morning, get them clean for the night. We had one for every room.

I believe he [father] went up to Corbin post office and got it [oil for lamps]. I think that he'd get it by the five gallons at a time, can, you know, five-gallon can, fill it up. That would last us awhile, maybe a week. Of course, we just burned it at night. And went to bed early, 9 o'clock we had to go to bed. No matter who was there, we had to go to bed. My daddy would look at us until he got both of our attention and do like that (making motion), and we knew what he meant. So up the steps we went.

Mama'd always read the Bible to us every night. When she put us to bed, she'd read a Scripture and read something from the Bible to us. I miss those days. She did my children the same way because she was living with us. She lived with us 30 years. Took care of my kids while we both worked.

Oh, yeah, we had one [chamberpot]. Mama and Daddy had one in their room, you know, because they were older. And I used to tell them, "Mama, don't go out there. You might fall." So she would use that, and had a top to go on it, you know. And I'd carry it out in the morning to the outhouse and throw it in there. It was rough, but we thought we were living on easy street. It was easy to us, you know, we got so used to it.

Well, it [the outhouse] had a door on it, and Daddy could move it whenever the holes down in the ground filled up that he had dug. He had two holes, for two people to go in at one time, like two children go in one time. So anyway, that was it. When it filled up, then he would take it and cover it over, move the house to another place and dig two more holes. And that's where he did it, out in the edge of the yard, backyard, away from the well.

I would say it [the farm] was about five or six buildings back there as well as I can remember. And a little bit closer to the house, there was a chicken house right at the edge of the backyard. Then, of course, Daddy had that all fenced in there for the—keep the chickens in that—rather than out in the yard all the time. That's where I was feeding the chickens.

One of those was the tobacco barn, but not a great big one, it was just a little small one, but Daddy didn't raise that much tobacco. Maybe about three or four rows of tobacco, that was it. He'd always put it beside the corn or somewhere like that, you know, on the outer edge of it, the corn. Save that space for his tobacco.

Yeah, they had one building for the mules, one for the cows. And then we had a building there that Daddy would put the wheat stuff in until he got ready to carry it to the mill. And he had bins and all in that to put the wheat and stuff in, and the corn. And so I would say it was five or six, I expect, all together.

You know, we stayed barefooted so much, you know, in the summer until we just got used to not having shoes on our feet. Until it got cold, then we had to have them.

We put the potatoes under there [the root cellar] and sweet potatoes, and let's see. I think they were the only two kind because Mama canned the rest of the stuff. But I know it was either the . . . and she used to dry the apples. Lay them up on top—go upstairs and put them out on top of the porch—porch top, yeah. And we had one on the back porch same way. But, of course, we didn't get any at all of the back of the house.

We had a few [fruit trees]. We had a peach tree, cherry tree, maybe just a couple or something like that. And Mama used to can the cherries and stuff, make cherry preserves, all that stuff. We never got hungry, that's one thing I can truthfully say.

I think it's the best food in the world cooked on that [a wood stove] I really do. It's a whole lot better than cooking it on an electric stove because you burn it up on that. Mama could make the best bread, pies, cakes, everything like that. She was . . . it was so hard for her to get used to using my electric stove.

One [memory is] of Daddy and I sleeping in the hall to keep cool at nights in the summertime. It had a screen door there and never locked it, either one of them, the back or the front.

When Daddy was repairing the house, I was helping him carry the board—the old boards out by the shed—and throw them down. And a nail hung me on my arm. And, of course, he took me to Dr. Travis, and the next day I burnt my ankle on the exhaust pipe of a gasoline washing machine at my cousin's house. And blood did fly. But he took me to Dr. Travis. I told him it was all right, you know. They tried pulling it together, stop the bleeding, and finally they got it stopped, but he took me the next day anyway, to Dr. Travis. And I had burnt my ankle then too. He asked me was else was I going to try to do. I told him I didn't know. I didn't try to do it; I did it anyway.

EVELYN ELLIOT KEY

As far as I can remember, we lived in my grandmother's place, Grandmother Elliot, her place, which was located on [Route] 301. Of course, a lot of things I can remember was my dad and my mother and my sister and my brother, there were three children in the family, lived in a house in the back of her house, my grandmother's house, which we had maybe two or three rooms that we stayed in, like, a living room and a kitchen. Then at night, our bedrooms was in the main house, which we went in and slept in my grandmother's house, we had bedrooms in my grandmother's house.

NANCY GOULDING YOUNG

My parents . . . my mother was Helen Lee Bullock Goulding, and Warren Hall Goulding. They resided in the A.P. Hill area. And then my grandparents were also living in that area, and that . . . Nanny Hall Goulding and Thomas Robley (phonetic). Thomas Robley had died before I was born—but the house—I don't remember a lot about the house. I do remember a big huge rock in the front yard. I remember that they had a hat rack as you walked in the front door. It's the kind that you hang on the wall—rather than the old upright ones—that you can squeeze together or pull apart, and I do remember that. I remember just vaguely visiting that house.

I was 3 when we left there, but I have wonderful memories of my family. With so few children in the family, I had a lot of attention from my relatives, and I'm very happy about that.

He [father] was a bachelor; he married really late; he was 53 when I was born. And she [cousin] remembers that he had a bedroom and you would enter it through the back stairway. And it was a big feather bed.

It [the house] had a porch, that I remember, and I think it had round columns on the porch. I know that it had a back stair, I do know that. And it was a frame house. I have a picture of part of the house with my parents holding me. This was at my father's home place, and the car in the back, it had shutters on the windows, and it was a frame house. I think they lived close to the Rappahannock Academy area.

We're getting into another family; my mother was from – her surname was Bullock—and this was her aunt and my great-aunt. She ended up living in Washington; she left her home . . . and she called it Egypt. This was the home place down in Caroline County named Egypt.

Very independent lady. She never married. And I'll tell you a strange story. Her niece, my Aunt Mary, inherited her watch that she put on a chain, she bought a gold chain and put it on. And when she passed away, her sister gave me the watch. And I couldn't get the back open. And we were sitting in here in this living room, and my husband and I were having dinner, and I had the watch on. He said, "Oh, your watch is open." And I looked down, and the back of the watch was open, the clasp had come undone. It was inscribed with her name, and it was 90 years to the day, 90 years to the day. So now that watch is over 100 years old. I don't know that that's important, but just a little tidbit. Gives you cold shivers to think about it.

CHAPTER 3

COMMUNITIES

Brandywine, Naulakla, Upper Zion, Baylorsville, Delos, Etta, Spindle Shop, Lent. These are just a few of the named communities that dotted Caroline County before World War II. Some were nothing more than a crossroad. Others boasted a post office, one or several stores, a church, a cemetery, a school, a local doctor, but probably not much more. Although most people's lives were defined by their family relationships, these places represented the larger context in which those lives played out. They were set within a network of waterways that fed to the Rappahannock River, with woods and fields patch-working the countryside. Dusty roads led to the towns of Bowling Green and Port Royal. Fredericksburg lay to the north and was one of the few larger towns visited. Washington D. C. and Richmond were as far away from home as some would ever travel.

J. W. Phillips, Sr. service station at Delos 1941
Photo courtesy of Annie Mae Bullock Jones.

COMMUNITY

Small towns, villages, perhaps a small grouping of houses or farms, a community was not just a small dot on a map; it was a place of mind, a spirit of "kin." Black and white worked side-by-side, played together, broke bread together, sometimes even lived together and had families together. Conflict was infrequent, but people were mindful of their "place," both in terms of race and class. Good times and bad, community was about survival; in order to live, all needed to pull together.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

Back then, there were three institutions primarily: the home and the school and the church. And Caroline County was deeply steeped in and with those three institutions. So, yeah, there were good times. There were proscribed times, too, because, remember we were at that time in a deep period of legal separation, segregation, and so one had proscribed boundaries and fences. And I suppose even as a child I was not particularly comfortable with fences because I think fences are necessary and boundaries are necessary to discipline children and for staking out property, but beyond that, I would be like water lapping at many shores. So even as a child, I was somewhat agitated by the boundaries of racial segregation.

I think there was an almost ingrown understanding, which was then aided and abetted by instructions from your parents and particularly from your grandmother, in my case, and in the case of many of the families there. Grandmother was a strong figure. Grandmother was the cement. She was the bond, she was the spoke around which black families in that day and time revolved.

And I do remember my grandmother telling me some things as it became necessary, that is, but much went unspoken but sort of came maybe through the air or just the sense of being. You knew that you went to a black school, for instance. You knew that you went to a black church. You knew that Miss Jenny, who would be Miss Jenny to black people, was Aunt Jenny—that was my grandmother—to white people. So I mean, there's just a certain climate that you operated in, bespoke those differences, and so you realized early on.

By the time I was five years old, I realized, you know, that there were fences, there were boundaries. And to be comfortable and have everything continue in an okay vein, you had to observe those boundaries. That's not to say I didn't realize, you know, the imperfection of them and the wrongness of them, but I certainly being a good—a good granddaughter and daughter and so forth and a good student—I certainly observed them. But I was aware that they were there, and I knew even then that they were artificial and should not be there.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Yeah, I remember all about that [segregation], but it didn't affect me because I played with them all my life, and I didn't like it, the segregation. And I still am happy to be with them. I don't see—I've had some nice people—and Mama always had one in the kitchen that helped her with cooking and cleaning. And all of them that lived over there, like I say, we called them "uncle" and "aunt," and I didn't—I couldn't understand about segregation—because I didn't feel that way.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

Well, we had three colored families that lived on the place, and they [helped out]. 152 [acres], I think it was.

MARY SCOTT BROADDUS HALEY

[In our community], there were both. Mostly white people, and the black people worked on the farms. Well, the ideal in that day was to have a house where you could let them live because you were assured some help. They had the small houses for them to live there with their families. And they paid them wages but also gave them a place to live. They [the tenant family] were my friends. We played together all the time.

ELIZABETH POWERS HICKS

Oh, wasn't on the place we lived on, but it was beyond that. And you know, I had two brothers, and I followed them, I just thought they were the greatest things in the world. We went out there and found that place where they had a still all set up, and one of them must have told Daddy because we all got our tails beat. [We didn't] go out in those woods again. But that was close away over on the tract of land, I think it might have been on Daddy, but it was way over near Delos, the road that went back through that way. But I know we went over. Another time we went over there it was an Indian burial ground somewhere back in there. My brother showed me that, and we got another whipping from that. And that's the only two times I remember Daddy ever putting his hands on us.

ROSE HICKS FARMER

My daddy's brother owned a grist mill at Delos, he had Hicks's Mill at Delos. And he ground the corn and the wheat for everybody around there.

When you left [Route] 301 and turned right at Howards Corner, you went toward Delos. And our house was on the right across from St. Paul's Church, a colored church. And just below that was Mr. John Smithers's store, and that's where we were. This was a family—the house that we bought was the Bruce family house—the old man that had all those boys.

Now, Gray's country store was at Upper Zion, but Smithers, Mr. John Smithers had a store at Delos, and that's where all of us came from, Delos. John Smithers, I've got a picture of him. He lived in the back. It had sort of an attic, but I don't think it was any living quarters.

JAMES LOVING

We had what we called "12 acres more or less," that was the little place we had. And adjacent on each end of it, each side, we had William McKinney lived on one side, which was, I would say, on the north side, and on the south side was Jim Rollins. But we had another family live in there…I can't remember whether he owned the piece of property or whether he rented from Rollins. But his name was Jordan, Bromley Jordan. And he lived . . . was our next-door neighbor on the south side. It did have a dividing fence that came across between our place and his place. The house and everything was right here, and Rollins was there, and our place was right here, so that's the way it was.

At Lent, [there] was a post office at Lent, Virginia, was the nearest place, about three miles from us. And, of course, Port Royal had a post office.

We could hear about the stills, you know, people would catch people having a still or something. But we never did. We made wine. I used to make wine myself, different kinds of wine, blackberry wine, dandelion wine, stuff like that. I used to make that myself. Homebrew, I used to make beer too.

The home brew—the bottles—I capped it up when it wasn't quite right. If you do, of course, they accumulate a vacuum inside of them, it'll blow the tops off; they had to be just right. But I didn't wait long enough for it to be just right, and that's what happened.

And then I tell him, I said, "That old furnace acting up again." That's all he ever knew about it.

They had a pickle factory, but that was at Milford. My wife used to—before she was married to me—she used to work the farm because all the family was sick. And she used to haul pickles . . . haul the cucumbers up to Milford. She used to tell me she used to carry them up there.

That's where I was baptized, at Upper Zion Baptist Church. But Melvin Gray had a store there, and I went to school there a little bit, and I was baptized at the church, and Henry Pitts had a post office; that was his post office. And Penney right here, we rented from Penney, a house from Penney, and we lived there when I was baptized, and that was 1929, October, I can't remember the date. But it was October. Henry Pitts, he had a post office and a store, Henry Pitts store, and he used to run a post office. And Melvin Gray used to be there with a store, school, and the church. And that's where I was baptized at. And we lived at Penney's and Naulakla. There was a post office there. Now, that's where my wife went to school, at Naulakla. She went to that Naulakla school, and that was—Farmer's store—the Farmers were in down there. Carters, Lovings.

Naulakla school . . . that's where my wife went to school at because they lived in the Naulakla area because they lived on Tuckahoe Swamp, place called Tuckahoe, and they were just across that, and the house was just up from that.

This cucumber factory, like I said, was in Milford. But the tomato factory was in Port Royal because I remember that very well because we used to carry tomatoes down there to the factory, sell them by the bushel.

Doc Martin's Fork, it used to be a road in there, I don't know where the road went to. It went on down in Essex somewhere. But anyway, it come by Naulakla school and turned like that, and when it got there, it was a fork in the road right here, and the house used to sit right in there. And this went on down to Brandywine, this road did, and that was Dr. Martin. And we—my father and them—rented a house, and that was 1928, that's the way I remember that very well. And I stayed there that winter with them.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

They would come up on a barge at Port Royal, and most people would trade a ham for so many salt fish. Our neighbor that lived next to us, he would butcher the hogs when time—October, November—whenever it turned cold. When Dad would think it was cold enough to do it, he'd go down and holler and they could holler back because they didn't have no telephones. We were just plain country folks, plain old . . . just as poor as Job's turkey.

Four-tenths of a mile I'd say was my nearest neighbor. They were Garnets. Well, no, they didn't help you none. There was about 8 or 10 of them kids, but his wife was my dad's first cousin, and, therefore, we were good neighbors. They was good neighbors.

Well, we called it a one-horse town. It was—as I say—we didn't realize we was poor. We didn't have sense to know it.

I cooked in the sawmill for 16 men. I was with Jones and Martin. [I'd] cook what they told me. They liked my cooking . . . most time they didn't have nothing but salt fish and cornbread. But I'd cook a big head of cabbage or beans or something or other. I made more than anybody else except for Debbie Sawyer. I'd get nearly 9, $10 a week. I had money. That was 1940, '39.

I walked from my house, left the baby in the crib, and [my husband] he'd get up and dry her and bring her to me. [We] didn't have no money to buy no playpen; he made a

playpen. And they give it to me, and I carried that over to the sawmill to cook sweet potatoes. We had plenty of sweet potatoes. Mr. Jones had two potato houses, and I'd cook a half a bushel of the little small potatoes. And the men, they would bring a little bucket and they wanted supper to carry home, they were going to—I reckon—divide it with the children or something. And if I had any left over, I just give it to them.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

The fire. That was one of the most memorable things, when all around us was just engulfed in fire because we lived back in the woods off of the main road. We had open fields around us, but I always remember there was a lot of pine trees, and they were just engulfed in fire, just spreading terribly, and we really thought it was going to burn the house down. So my grandmother, she moved her trunk outside in the yard. I can see that trunk sitting there now. She wanted to save whatever was in that trunk; I don't know what was in there.

I remember one time . . . my father did a lot of lumbering—you know, cutting the trees—and would have a man come in and take them, haul them away. I remember that my brother Davis fell on one of those trees that had a big splinter up, and the splinter went into his hand and into his arm, so we were putting a tourniquet on him to keep him from bleeding to death. I always remember that.

My mother told the story often about when she was first married that she and Daddy would go down in the woods and cut down trees, and she'd help him saw them and, of course, they had to skin the bark off, you know, and she worked, you know, doing those things with him.

They had a sawmill in Milford, and they had one in . . . several places in Caroline County—as a matter of fact—big sawmills where they would process it, cutting the slabs.

My brother George was the oldest boy, and then there were five boys after four girls, so the girls had a lot to do to help with the farming and things that if you had boys, they would have been doing, I suppose. And my father, of course, had to hire people to help him but paid them very little, maybe a dollar a day or something like that.

[He hired] the Taylors. They were wonderful people. They were our neighbors. In fact, years and years prior to my father coming to the world, the family owned that land all the way up to Route 1, but then the Taylors bought some of it or they sold it to them or something, I don't know just what the transaction was, but then we were further down in the woods, so to speak. They were closer to the road. They were great. They let us stay in their house if we were waiting for the school bus, you know, to stay warm until we saw the school bus coming.

He [father] hired other people, but mostly was just local people, two or three families in there that were local, lived close by that helped. I can't recall the names of the other people, but there were a few people. He didn't really hire that much to be done; he did most of it himself.

It [newspaper] would be delivered. We had a mailbox at the end of the driveway. We had to walk to the mailbox. It was about a mile to walk, or maybe mile and a half off the road, yeah, it had to be a mile and half. That's where the mailbox was.

RICHARD KOCSIS

They used to hang their clothes out here over here, and then there was a cemetery, and then the road. The road was from here to that house there, that far from the house. They were near the road. Last time I was there, all that was there was the foundation with

the six-by-sixes on it, oak. Last a long [time] . . . I don't know why they last. All the rest of the house is gone.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

Rappahannock Academy, they had a post office in the store. And then I think probably the next closest would have been Port Royal. See, Port Royal was kind of a port where a lot of the products like wheat, oats, corn if we sold it, would be shipped down the river.

See, my dad had a sawmill also when he was at A. P. Hill. And he cut the logs at the sawmill that went into Dr. Travis' Lodge. The Lodge wasn't his home, but it was his land, and it's right there at Travis Lake.

[H]e moved that sawmill to wherever it needed to be because it really never made any sense to…cut the trees down and take the limbs off and then haul the logs or the remainder of the tree any distance. [T]he sawmill itself, I have seen them, you know, [was] really not that big that they can't be transported probably by horse and wagon or maybe four horses and a big wagon from one place to another wherever the trees were that they were cutting—[T]hey were cut with crosscut saw at that time—you have to thin the woods out, especially after trees mature. If you don't cut them down and make use of them, then they'll get diseased and you lose.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

Lent was a small place. It had a post office and a general store, but it didn't have too much stuff in it. We used to go to Port Royal to buy groceries on Saturday. Port Royal was about three and a half miles from Lent. Lent was comprised of I think about 12 places, 12 houses.

Left (top to bottom): Homes of Bob and Ellie Bruce; Richard and Frances Rollins; Ryder and Jean Carter. Right (top to bottom): Home of Bob and Alice Carneal; Gas, grocery and U. S. Post Office.

Images courtesy of Gladys Rich Ferguson.

It was Robert and Ellen Bruce, Robert and Alice Carneal, was Dick and Frances Rollins, was Ryder and Jean Carter, was the church. Then there was Jet Holmes, then there

was Charlie Jones, was our farm, which was Sally Rich, next was the Garretts, [Hatcher] and Fannie Garrett, then there was the Johnsons, Alice and Henry Johnson.

Left: Zoar Baptist Church. Right: Home of Jet Holmes.
Images courtesy of Gladys Rich Ferguson.

Left (top to bottom): Homes of Charlie Jones; Hatcher and Fannie Garrett. Right (top to bottom): Homes of Sallie Rich; Henry and Alice Johnson.
Images courtesy of Gladys Rich Ferguson.

[My father built a log cabin.] That was just about gone when I was born. See, I was the youngest. And he had just about torn it down when I got big enough to notice. [Then he built the main house.] It was a big house, big white house. It had five rooms downstairs and four rooms upstairs; the unfinished room, I think that would make five. Living room, the bedroom, the dining room, the kitchen and the hall [were downstairs]. It was all bedrooms up there [upstairs].

There was an old kitchen left on the farm. [T]hey had this kitchen, and it's different from the log house that was standing nearby. The kitchen was apart from that. And the only thing I can remember in there was a coffee grinder on the wall. It was just there. Used it for storage.

Rich's were farmers, Alice and Robert Carneal was postmistress and postmaster, Jess Holmes was a farmer and a sawmill worker, Mr. Carter was a farmer also, Mr. Jones just worked for people, did odd jobs.

I don't hardly remember my father. He died when I was very small and left Mama with nine children. She used to sharecrop with Mr. Garrett. Henry Johnson was a farmer also.

It [Lent] was almost half and half, but more whites than was colored. And you know, people talk about segregation and all that, but we weren't segregated where we lived. We lived in a big white house, and we came and went as we liked, and the neighbors treated us with respect and we respected them, and we got along fine. Everybody was happy. The little Garrett girl, Louise Garrett, was my best friend. We played together all the time.

The post office [in Lent] had a little store. And had the gas pumps in front. [In] Lent you could get the bread if you need it. We didn't [buy] eggs, had chickens. Flour if we ran out, salt, things like that. And Port Royal had everything. Syrup, you could buy it by the canning jar, you get it filled up. And canned meats and tuna and stuff like that.

There was two stores there [in Port Royal], but we shopped mostly at W.T. Powell's. And the store across the road Mr. Goldman ran, we went there but never went there for weekend stuff. We had transportation on Saturday. Esther's husband family had a car, and he carried us in that. Wasn't anything else to do (laughing); it was just a store.

The Community of Lent, described from the memories of former resident Gladys Rich Ferguson and painted under her direction by son-in-law C. J. Watkins, Jr.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

[In Milford] They had a pickle factory, an ice factory, and a grocery store there. That's where we could get groceries and take our produce to.

We would be picking butter beans and the black-eyed peas, and then after we picked them, we would shell them, we would spread them out on newspapers so they wouldn't get too hot. And a lot of times, that was in one of the rooms in the house, downstairs room where the air could circulate around.

And then we would shell them, and Mama would take them to Bowling Green and Fredericksburg, and then in latter years, Papa would take them as far as Charlottesville—he had a restaurant up there or boarding house up there—and then he also carried some to Tappahannock. And when he went to Tappahannock, he planned it so it would be oyster time.

So he could bring back oysters, and he knew who ordered oysters through the country here around us and through the community. And when he went up to Charlottesville and that far, he'd get apples.

And, like I said, the black-eyed peas and butter beans, we would shell those, put then in brown paper bags. We didn't have the cellophane bags like we have now. [F]igure on a pint or a quart, that was the way people would [buy] them, a pint in a small bag and a quart in a larger bag.

Then Mama and Papa would take them to Bowling Green or Fredericksburg and sell them. I went with them a lot because I was the smallest and Margaret had already gone, and Sister by that time, she was married, and so I was the baby, I was left behind, and so Mama used to take me.

I can remember Mrs. Proctor there in Bowling Green. Her husband . . . he was a watchmaker and had the shop there in Bowling Green, and Mama would take me by Mrs. Proctor's. And while she was doing the chores that she needed to do, she would let me sit in the kitchen at Mrs. Proctor's. And I thought, "Oh, boy, this is a real privilege to sit in here." And she had a cook and maybe she'd even be doing laundry and stuff like that, I guess I knew well enough to behave myself because they never had to scold me or anything. Of course, I was just glad enough to be there. And Mrs. Proctor had a sister that did a lot of sewing, and I'd sit and watch her sewing with her sewing, sewing by hand.

And Mama went about her way doing what she was going to do, and then she'd leave me there, and she'd come back after a certain time it was all right for me to stay there, and she'd come back at a certain time and get me, and I had had my entertainment for the day. I had a good babysitter. Things like that that people just don't do now. I mean, you have to have a regular babysitter come in and all that, where our mothers would take us with them wherever they went. They didn't leave their children behind.

[W]e were raised where it was the old saying to be seen and not heard. And when you went to anyone's home and you went visiting with your mother and there were elderly people around, you didn't dare say a word. If you had to go to the bathroom, you might come and touch your mama, tell her what you needed. But you did not take any part in that conversation unless they directed it to you. If they said to you, "Well, Honey, how are you today, whatcha been doing?" Well, most of the time you had a doll tucked in your arm, "Well, how's your baby, what's your baby's name?" something like that. But uh-uh, to take part in a conversation, no, you couldn't do that. That was terrible.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

My great-grandfather had nine slaves. See, what happened was, he had 1,000 acres of land, Caroline County, and we don't know how he accumulated 1,000 acres, but he did have some slaves, and he released them when he died, released them to family members to let them go. But they were treated like family members, you know, they called them—the colored people —Aunt So-and-so and Uncle So-and-so, Uncle Ted, Ned, whichever, so they were treated like members of the family.

We never had any conflict. That's what I wanted to tell you. We loved each other, and my mother used to give them—see—we took our corn and our flour to the mill and had it ground for cornmeal and flour. And I can see my mother now, she used to dig in the flour barrel and give people cornmeal and flour. They just looked out for one another regardless of who you were. If a person had the need, they were there, they were there. [N]ow, part of that 1,000 acres that belonged to my great-grandfather, there were two . . . evidently it was a servant's house—and they gave it to them—and so they lived in one of them, and another one was the one that lived on the corner of the paved road.

It was better than a mile from our house to the paved road because he had a lot of land. But what he did, my great-grandfather, he was very wealthy, but he lost his wealth

during the Civil War. And so he wouldn't take any money at all for his preaching. [T]he black people could grow their own crops; they would grow their own food, too. He saw that they were taken care of.

So he began to sell off the land after the Civil War because they began to just ruin the land, soil and everything, so he began to sell off the land. So I would say that there were about four or five families that surrounded us that had the land that belonged to my great-grandfather, because he had 1,000 acres.

[We lived near] Delos, the country store was the center of everything because it was walking distance, and sometime my mother would send me to the store twice a day, she'd forget something. One time . . . I woke up one night vomiting and face red, and I had too much sun. So she got careful not to send me without a hat on because the sun could be pretty hot.

There was no post office. The carrier would come around 10:00, 11:00. We knew the time, and she'd come and put the mail in the box and pick up the mail that we had to mail. And we'd buy stamps, we'd leave the money in the box, and she'd give us the change, and we'd buy stamps that way. We knew her. We knew everyone who did things. Her name was Hicks. Everybody knew everyone, and everybody had some kind of skill and some kind of trade, you know, if it was personal at home, some were really good at training mules and all.

So one day they were going to Fredericksburg, and I said, "I want to go to Fredericksburg." So I knew the jobs were hard to find and were not going to be easy for me to find. So I didn't know what to do, so I just started and I prayed about it, and I started entering some of the restaurants, and on Princess Anne Street, there are several restaurants there, and I asked them if I could, and all of them said, "we don't have any openings, we don't have no openings." And after going to about three or four places, this one person said to me . . . oh, I remember praying, and the Lord told me, my spirit said, "There's one store you haven't been in to." So I went down there, and, sure enough, there was one I missed. And I said, "Don't you have even a part-time job so I can get started." He said, "Well, I have one of my clerks who is going to go on vacation for two weeks. And if you want to, I'll let you come in and work for two weeks." And I said, "I'll do it."

I gave him my address, and I said, "Send me a postcard because we don't have a phone." And he sent me a postcard to go. And so I worked that two weeks. And then you had to have experience everywhere you went, and I began to get part-time jobs still. Then I went in nurse's training. I worked in Fredericksburg for six months, and then I made enough to pay my tuition for nursing school and I entered nursing school.

We had a family cemetery. I was only eight years old [when Grandmother died], and I wasn't allowed to go to the cemetery. [S]he had the service in the home. All the people came to the home. They had refreshments there, and they all went to the gravesite together and they buried her. But they had the meeting, and the families and all came to the home.

They didn't have embalming then, so they had to bury her right away. Oh, that was about six miles they had to travel on [to the cemetery]. But a hearse, they had a hearse, you know, took her there. I think it was motorized. [M]y daddy had cars to drive, so they didn't go in wagons; they went in cars.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

Oh, we had one neighbor that came almost through our yard, edge of our yard to get out from her house, and they was a nice family. And then we had my mother's brother lived across the road—it was just a dirt road—from us. We could see their house. And then

Mama had some nice friends that could come to visit and help her and all. I mean, they would help her, like, when we'd kill hogs, you know, taking care of the meat. She could always get some of these ladies to help.

CHARLIE LOVING

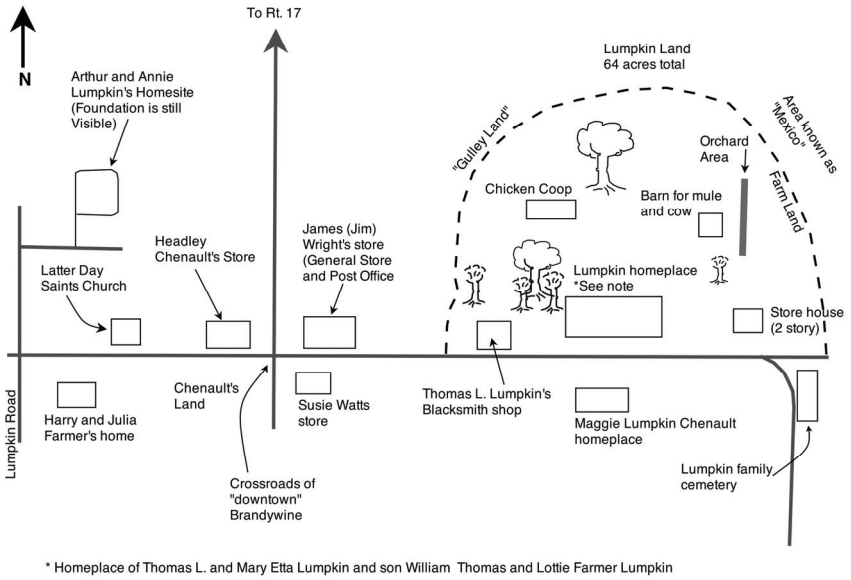
Well, let's see, if I can get it together right, I think it had three names there. Well, actually, the post office was Brandywine, but we was about, I don't know, I would say about three miles, probably, from Brandywine, but that was the post office, store and the post office down there. But it was known as Hickory . . . there was a big hickory tree out there. I think if I'm not wrong, I think that was Witherspoon Shop. There wasn't no shop there to my knowing, but I believe it was a shop over there behind that hickory once on a time. Then it was called Goldman's Corner. I think it was three names that that place had.

It was about as far from us as—well, I reckon from the house trying to come up to the road and all—maybe it was three-quarters of a mile. Because we had a half a mile road. So Hickory Road, probably three-quarters of a mile from us.

I don't know about too many of them making it [whiskey], but we had a guy up the road there about a mile or so. Now and then the old lady used to get over and buy a little bit, not no big thing. Had a couple or so different ones she used to let have sometimes. But he didn't drink. Wouldn't let me have that much then because I was too little.

It was just ordinary neighborhood like everybody else, what ordinarily goes on in a neighborhood. We didn't bother going around no fairs, no dances. Sometimes they go over to her brother house or something or other like that now and then. Go down the store or post office.

Yeah, I remember when they had a church there [Brandywine], and tore the church down before we left from down there. I don't know whether it was after the Army got it or a little bit before. Had a school down there that—that's a gang down there they—some of them was so dadgone bad wouldn't nobody teach at the school; they closed the school down, Brandywine School. Mexico down there.



Map of Brandywine based on description by former resident Buck Lumpkin.
Courtesy of Judi Lumpkin Hardin.

Well, that's where grandmama and granddaddy lived there down where they call Mexico, go from our road come right on by Headley Chenault's store. Well, he lived down in there, too, a little ways, not too far. Go on by there and go on back down over to what they call Mexico down there. I knowed one or two of them down there, I didn't know a whole lot of them. Was a gang of them down there, and old man and some of them boys and kids were just terrible. Wouldn't nobody teach the school, had to close the school there.

Oh, they got along all right. Had some different ones, had both colors around down in there. Everybody got along all right.

CHARLES FRANKLIN ROYE

But we didn't have the problems like that [racism] in the country, and my great-grandfather, they didn't have it over there either because the white people . . . he had white people working for him. Things were simple then.

Him [great-grandfather] being a sawmill worker and building his own house means he had a taste of wood and the craftsmanship. And see, what happened, see…he had a God's gift. See, it was a black-and-white thing then, and white folks who had sawmills would come get my great-grandfather—because I think, like I say—he had a gift that they needed to keep things up and running. So that made him popular with the other entrepreneurs in running a sawmill. So apparently, he had acquired enough experience from that with his gift to get some capital and get some land and then start cutting over there.

The engine, the combustion engine, the sawmill engine. And I think this is what gave my great-grandfather the edge on working because he kept the engines running. You see, everybody didn't have that combustion engine knowledge either, and I think this was his gift back then in the early 1900s. He knew how the combustion worked. Because everybody else was basically horse and buggy, ax, horse, saw, horse and buggy. And see, this combustion engine which cut . . . they had these rollers or however they did it then.

She [great aunt] would tell me at the sawmill. Both of them worked the sawmill. They worked the sawmill, and she mentioned that her father would be out in the fields with the horse plowing, he plowed, corn, potatoes, whatever.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

[At] Rappahannock Academy, the land that we lived on belonged to my grandparents, and the one next door to that, my daddy acquired that. A lady was real old, and she worked in the post office and had a son that he was . . . well, let me see if I can tell you. She was a postmistress, and she worked at the old Rappahannock Academy post office. I called her Bea. She had a son, I don't know if she ever had a husband or what, but her son was Walker Buckner.

EVELYN PENNEY UPSHAW

And we were from the Upper Zion area. We were below Upper Zion.

And then across the road, was the old—was where that Aunt Somebody lived—the colored woman. Was it Ferguson? Okay. I remember going over there and visiting the little—when they had a—somebody had a baby, and I went over to see it.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

[T]hat's [the road] where you used to turn off the road to Port Royal and Bowling Green. Sister, do you remember that hill going up other side of Delos Lake? [W]ell, I thought it was steep. Yeah. I was always afraid we weren't going to get up there. We used to come over after picking cucumbers and get under that water.

Who kept that store? Wright. [W]e used to come from Bowling Green, then turn off that—whatever the road to Port Royal—and come to Delos. Annie and them used to live right where Mr. Smithers' store was. And Mason Taylor, you know, lived down here, or Bob Taylor. And Whittaker, you know, the Whittakers lived in that big house? One of them married Eunice Sale, Louis Sale's daughter. And Brewer Bruce lived right there.

But it was known as Hickory Mill. That water was so nice. It was called Hicks's . . . Joe Hicks must have run it. I don't know, but Earl Hicks's Mill.

And we had an old car, I reckon, half running. After we picked cucumbers all day, we'd come over here in the evening. No, we didn't walk over here, my daddy brought us. We had a Model A.

That's where Minnie Roy [Ferguson] lived. There was a lot of Fergusons that lived on the Motley place, black people.

May Whittaker's house . . . I reckon it had, what, eight rooms in it. I used to run away and go there. I could see where they were. And when my daddy came up the road on a horse, I went home through the fields (general laughter). See, I could see home and see everybody, so I didn't run very far. I can hear Miss Whittaker, "Child, your mama is calling you."

It was a house [across the road]. William Ferguson, colored man. [The Martins lived] Down this way and some at Upper Zion. There was a whole lot at Upper Zion. [Upper Zion had a] Church, two stores, and a post office. It'd take about 15 or 20 minutes. It's not far [from home to church].

There's a lot of Bruces like a lot of everybody.

There was a real old I guess almost crazy, she was a beggar or something. Long time ago, they used to have fairs for the school and all, and this old woman would walk around and beg. And she walked up to Mr. Homer Bruce and said, "Mr. Bruce, I'm hungry. Will you give me something to eat?" He said, "Miss Josie, if I didn't have but one sandwich, I would break it in two and eat both pieces (general laughter)." He was so great. "Break it in two and eat both pieces."

Not until you got to Holmes's Pond Road, it was three colored houses, Harry Johnson . . . yeah. Holmes's, right further down. And then went right on past to the pond. Harry Johnson lived right up there. That's where we got ice. No, it wasn't over there. Ice was on the other side of the road, on Maynard's. How about a school…and a church, Free Mission school. Black. Free Mission Church and school, and that Holmes man had a store.

Daniel's Corner is where Aunt Ethel lived. And Mr. Wilbur Motley and the Collawns.

Naulakla. It was a post office and a store. Laura Wright's daddy kept a store down there. I was trying to think who kept the store. Wright. That was Maynard's granddaddy. And they kept post office back up there.

[At Upper Zion] The post office [was] on this side. Melvin Gray had a store. Then right up a little further, Baynham Wright. Upper Zion Church right there. That was Baynham Wright's store. And then right on this corner was the post office. [T]hey had those Delco light thing, Robert Hughes used to . . . don't you remember the Delco lights? And Robert Hughes was the only person that I ever knew could work them.

LEONARD BRUCE

Yeah, you'd pitch in and help, yeah, sure. That's right, all you have to do is say the word, yeah, [the community] they'd pitch in. They stuck close together. If any of them knew that somebody was sick or needed a hand, they would come.

Oh, [race relations] it was real good, it was real good. Papa used to hire the blacks to help pick cucumbers. He would raise lots of cucumbers and haul them on the wagon to Milford to I think it was run by Lang Pickling Company.

Well, Old Egypt, is a old, old place. It was three stories high, and several families lived in that house. I think that building is still standing. Called Old Egypt. Oh, my, it must have been built way back, like 1700 or 1800's or something like that. It's a real historical building. And I think it's still standing, I believe it is, as far as I know. Several families lived in that one house, yeah. It was some Carters that lived there, uh-huh. I remember that. I think it was two Carter families that lived there. I forget who else. But that was called Old Egypt.

FRANCIS BRUCE

Some of my brothers went to Maryland and places like that and went to work, some of the older boys. I think some of them worked at shipyard and places like that up in Maryland. You know, after they got a little age on them, they stayed on the farm until they . . . and there was a few too many.

Some of them cut excelsior wood, yeah, or worked at . . . hauled wood to the excelsior mill, maybe. Had a lot of excelsior mills then, you know, made excelsior.

Gosh, I forgot their names, some of the younger black boys. Anyway, some of them used to come over and play with us. We picked cucumbers together and worked together.

I think most of them went to the same store in that community. I think they did. Yeah, kind of a community. Yeah, they worked with us and helped us pick cucumbers. There weren't too many black families in that neighborhood, but what was there, they was really close.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

Buck Lumpkin's farm in Brandywine originally contained about 100 acres; however, he had to sell some of the acres off to pay for two funerals in the family. Buck Lumpkin made wooden caskets when needed for children who had died in the Brandywine area, and his wife Lottie would line the caskets with nice cloth fabric such as silk and linen and cotton.

But what [aunt] Zora remembers most about Walton and Ethel when they lived in Fredericksburg is that she and her sister Bessie would catch a ride with the mailman coming up from Tappahannock on his way to Fredericksburg to visit on the weekend at Uncle Walton and Aunt Ethel's home. Zora said they would have so much fun walking around the town of Fredericksburg.

Buck Lumpkin was a truck farmer, and in the summer, he raised cucumbers and tomatoes to take to the pickle factory and a tomato cannery, which were located in Port Royal, Virginia.

They had hogs and chickens, and that was basically what provided their meat and eggs. Also, schooners loaded with fish would come up the Rappahannock River to Port Royal, and Buck and Lottie would go and trade things to get the fish, and then they would salt the fish down so that they would have salt fish to eat.

On one of the fishing trips, Mr. Foster caught a big catfish, and when he swung it around in the boat, the catfish fin caught like a hook in the muscle of Hazel's arm, and Mr. Foster had to pull it out, and according to Hazel, that was very painful. Another old lady in the neighborhood…taught Hazel how to knit a dip net, which was used at night to catch herring when they spawned in the spring at the mill creek just below Port Royal.

Hazel Lumpkin had always lived on the home place of his parents, and he expected that he would die there, and he actually had picked out a place where if he married, he would build a home for himself and his family right on that farm. Buck Lumpkin, Hazel's father,

finally sold the land and did not contest it. It was 64 acres at that time, and he received $2,775 for it, and the final date of the deed is September 17th, 1942.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

We didn't have any Native Indian folks in our immediate vicinity. There were some Indians . . . well, with Indian blood; there weren't any full-blooded jobs—down in the lower part of the county next to King William—and I think there are still some down around the Central Point on in that area. But that was far away from the A. P. Hill area. And I don't recall any at all. We just had our black and white people.

Oh, we loved them [black people], and I think they loved us. We never . . . we were entrusted to their care without question. As I told you a long time ago that when we left the house, "Mom, I'm going to see Aunt Teuci" or "I'm going to see Aunt Cora" or something like that. And as I've said before, the only thing she said was "Watch where you put your feet." And my brother and I were laughing about that the other day, "Watch where you put your feet." And, of course, that is to be sure you didn't step on a snake or something. Because we had different types of snakes down there. They were so long, the black snakes, they were so long. And I know that there's a difference in them, but I don't recall exactly what.

We would go up, I'd run up and see Aunt Lucy. Aunt Lucy was Aunt Lucy Baylor, and why she was with Uncle John and Aunt Teuci, I don't know, but she was there, and I'd go see her. And I loved her, and I don't know why, we just sat and looked at each other more or less. And the walls were colored with newspaper—I mean—they were papered with it, and I would look at those and talk about them. And I don't know what little girls talk about, but not much. And she very graciously listened to me, and she'd admonish me that I was getting too close to the stove, now, didn't want me to get burned, you know, that type of thing. And when I thought I had stayed long enough, I'd say "I got to go now." And she said, "Well, don't stay so long before you come back" and all of that. And I'd tell her bye.

And about that time Cora or somebody, one of the girls, would come to escort me to the front gate because they had geese out in the yard, and those geese could scare the tar out of you, honk, honk, honk. And they'd come running. So the girls would escort me outside the front gate, and that would take care of that.

Then I'd go see Aunt Cora, and Aunt Cora was a pretty lady. Aunt Teuci was more of what you would think of—and that's T-E-U-C-I—she was more black. She had a round, shiny face and so on. But Aunt Cora was light-skinned, and her husband was a great, big, fat man, Uncle Charlie. Sheppard was the last name. And he was sort of light-colored too. And I used to go over to see . . . I'd take turns going. And I guess Mama—well, as Sonia used to say—you know, "Mama must have been glad to get rid of you."

But I remember one time we went to see Aunt Cora. They had had breakfast, and she asked me in, of course, and we sat there in the area where they ate. And I went home and told my mama that Aunt Cora had prettier glassware and prettier china than she did. And she did; it was beautiful. And I don't know . . . and everything was just in ship shape. Nothing was out of place, anything. But I had enjoyed . . . those two—I enjoyed so much—and, of course, Uncle Alec Sale. Uh-oh, now, what was her name? Now, I didn't get to go see her very often because that was across the creek, and that was too far. But I don't remember that one at all except I remember Uncle Alec Sale.

[Aunt Teuci's last name was] Jones. That was Uncle John Lewis Jones' wife. And Uncle John Lewis is the one that used to . . . was always exchanging work with Daddy. He's the one that's shucking corn that time.

Well, I mean, that was just established when I came along, segregation. And I didn't hear anybody fuming and fussing about it. Because down our—if they fumed and fussed—I never heard it because they were happy and we were happy, and everybody helped everybody else when they needed help. Like down at Grandpa's, my maternal grandfather, across the road there was Aunt Sally Pratt. She was a midwife. Grandpa and Grandma had 13 children, so it was nice having Aunt Sally down at the foot of the hill.

And then right next door, next lot up was Uncle Henry and Aunt Josephine Dennis. Now, I'll tell you another one. Aunt Josephine was a pretty one. Now, Aunt Sally was like Aunt Teuci, she was black. But Aunt Josephine was pretty, she was light-skinned. They spoke very good English. Like a lot of people want to . . . ooh, I don't know how to describe it. But their speech was good and clear and all that.

Our church down there, it had the galleries where the black ones used to sit, and the white ones were down, but I don't recall any black ones being there at any time. The galleries were empty except for the section that was immediately facing the pulpit. We had a Sunday school class after we grew up a little bit. They sent us up there in that section, and I didn't like it at all because heights bother me. I thought I was going to pitch right down in there.

But anyplace else, you went to the store, people stand around talking—they were—it was just a congenial group. It wasn't a black one over there and a white one over here at all. It was a group of people that were standing around talking regardless of what color they were.

I don't know, segregation didn't come about until—oh, up the road from us—between us and Upper Zion, there was a black—it was a church and a school, and they all—it was a black congregation, a black school. And it was called Free Mission. And I don't know anything about them except that there were people coming and going at the proper times. So as far as segregation was down there, there wasn't any animosity brewing.

At Port Royal, the biggest thing that I remember was a theater, floating theater. You've heard of that one, haven't you? Oh, my, I was a little thing—and I will have to admit it, that Mama and Daddy, bless their hearts, small-time farmers—but they were big hearted and big minded about practically everything. I remember we went down to the theater, Beulah Adams was the leading actress, Beulah Adams.

And I remember that we left the car, it was parked out there, and you could see those posts or—still out there in that area where that steamboat, that boat came up—where the floating theater came up. Anyhow, the walk that went out there, it was very good and wide, and I remember Daddy'd really squeeze my hand, hold it tight. He said, "Now, you walk carefully and hold tight." And somewhere out there, there was a board missing. So my daddy gets spraddle-legged on this to help me over it, and he said, "Now, step wide, step wide," and I stepped as wide as my little fat legs would take me.

And we went, and all I remember, it was so pretty, oh, everything was so bright and beautiful. I don't remember anything about the acting. I was so intrigued with the lighting, and I was so intrigued with that thing of popcorn that Daddy bought for us. Oh, that was such good popcorn. And I think I finally went to sleep, but anyhow, that I remember a lot.

And do you know, the last time that it came up the Rappahannock, that floating theater, it came to Hopkins Creek just below Tappahannock, and my date took me down

there. I don't remember a thing about it other than it was there and that I was a part of saying goodbye to it. But I remember the things as being little.

What else was down at Port Royal? This floating theater. I have a bureau down there in the back that I bought at Emmett's mother's sale, and it had belonged to our Grandmother Wright. And I know that that came down to Port Royal by boat because in pencil written on the back was my grandfather's name, Sam Wright, Port Royal, Virginia. So it probably came in a boat like so much of the stuff did.

My Grandfather Farmer worked down there at Port Royal before . . . I don't know whether he met Grandma there or where he met Grandma. But anyhow, he worked down there at Port Royal, I guess, with all of the billing and lading and whatever it is that they do when he was a young man.

They were just tremendous days, they really were. My parents were farmers, and we were on land that had been in the family for generations. Dad inherited his block, which was the home place of my grandmother's grandfather, my great-grandfather, I suppose. And he had two daughters, and when he died, my grandmother inherited half of his property down there at the head of Tuckahoe Swamp is what we called it. My grandmother's sister—no, my grandmother inherited her mother's share—each side, I guess, I'm not good at directions anyhow—on one side of it and her sister inherited that which was on the other side—so that would mean that as they grew up, the families would slice off a piece, give it to somebody else in the family. And as a result down there, you found everybody practically related to everybody else because as it went along, each one got a piece.

So that's what happened when my dad came along. He was given . . . well, they didn't exactly give it to them. They would deed it, and they would tell them to pay rent, and at their death, then it would become their own. And Dad got the part that was her grandparents'.

Just look at how many generations of our family had been there. Well, right there where we lived, let's see, I would be one, Daddy would be two, Mammy would be three, Grandpa John would be four, Great-Grandpa Turner would be five. Five generations right there that we know of. And then if we go out toward Naulakla, I mean, that's where I sat. Then when we went out to Naulakla, that was Grandpa Samuel. I would be one, Daddy would be two, Grandpa Sam would be three, Grandpa James would be four. And then Grandpa James and Mary would be five. Okay, there's five any way you look at it, and you stop to think about it.

Oh, they had that way of doing things. For instance, if they decided that when this child grew up and married, "Son, you get from there to there to there to there," and a block of land was cut off for him. He can have his own—build his own house—and everybody would help him and so on. And it went like that for both families, and that's why they were—all of us Wrights and what have you down there because we had been the recipient of land that had belonged to our ancestors.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

Mother bought Watkins Liniment from the door to door salesman. He came on a regular basis, and they came through there selling bibles, would come with the big pack on his back. And he had to walk so far from the mailbox back to the home place. But he'd have this big pack of—and he was selling bibles—I remember that. But we would talk about Mr. Flippo coming in so often with the Watkins. And Mother always bought spices from him and liniments and such as that. He carried everything hanging on his whatever he

drove. It was a big carriage, I think, looked like it was a bus of some type. But it wasn't a wagon; it was a big covered vehicle that he had.

EMMETT FARMER

I remember steamboats coming to the wharf here at Port Royal, and people would put—well, if you had a cow or calf or whatever—you could put that live cattle on that boat and send it on to where you wanted it to go. Also, anything . . . wheat, corn, soy beans.

Another big thing I remember was in the spring of the year, when those boats came in, they were loaded with fish, herrings. And my daddy used to take cured hams and carry them down there to the boat and trade the hams off for fish, herrings, and bring those fish home and put them down, salt them down in barrels. And I recall so often, I said, "I wonder why in the world he trading off those good hams for fish." But later on I understood why because the fish would go so much further feeding people.

And back in those days, a lot of the farm help that we hired, outside help, my mother would have to give them one meal a day at least. And a lot of times salt fish was the answer to that too, salt fish and corn bread, which was, I guess, a staple there. I've heard the old saying go that "If you eat a salt fish, it will stick by you all day." Whether that's true or not, I don't know. But I do remember eating a lot of salt fish; today I still like them.

ALBERTA BUMBREY HENDERSON

One thing, all the neighbors look out for each other, you know. Like killing hogs time, all of them come over and help kill and help put the meat away. Then the next one, they help each other. And this woman named Miss Chambers, I think, I don't know, she used to make our clothes. Take feedbags, and the man at the store, Mama said that all the feedbags with print, you know with pretty ones, and this lady used to make the skirts—we didn't wear no pants—and dresses. But we stayed clean. Good neighbors.

JOHN GARRETT

Now, they tell me—this is just what I've heard—there was an axle grease factory there that made axle grease for these old wagon wheels, you know. And it was called Mica Axle Grease, and that's what the community was named after. That's what they tell me, now.

LEONARD BRUCE

You know where the bridge is at Port Royal? If you turn right right at Port Royal and you go up to a little creek, and we'd fish in that creek. And then that would take you to the main body of water.

Papa bought the house from a Bob Bruce, and he was killed by lightning and his wife—he was painting or doing something on the house—and his wife said, "Come on down and observe the Lord's work." I think he cursed, and when he cursed, the lightning hit him and killed him dead. Yep, sure did. The name was Bob Bruce.

FRANCIS BRUCE

My mother's people came out of Harlem during the . . . that's way before World War II. They lived in . . . moved to Caroline County. It was in the—I guess it was—in the 1800s that they came . . . they came into Port Royal on boat, and they landed and spreaded out from all of that.

My father's people, they came from Scotland, they were Scottish. There was a bunch of Bruces in Caroline. I think it was 17 families that were Bruces there. They landed in Port Royal too and got off the boat. And that's the reason all of them lived around A. P. Hill.

We'd go to Port Royal, right there where that bridge go over. They used to have a wharf there where used to bring stuff in, and we used to stand on that wharf and fish. You didn't have to have no license then for fishing.

My dad bought the place—it was Bruces on it at first—Bob Bruce owned before we bought it. I think Papa paid $700 for the whole place back—he bought it back—let me see. He bought it in the early '30s or the late '20s, you know, before I was born. We had 176 [acres], I think, as well as I can remember. Land then didn't mean as much toward the price as it do now, I mean, you bought land different.

AUBREY REYNOLDS

A guy that lived down here at Woodford by the name of Gene House, that's his name, that's moved a lot of houses . . . right down the road here where Buck House and his guys come over there [A.P. Hill] and moved it.

A bunch of houses came from over there. There's one right over here [Route 2] by the store, the guy that owned the store. He came over here from Texas and got one of them. It's over here by the store here.

I know they told them they'd give them what they wanted, and if they didn't get out, they'd come there and put them out. I don't know where they went, you know, until they get off the property. Then when they leased some of the houses over there, a lot of the houses were moved over here [Route 2]. There's two or three houses going up this highway [Route 2] here.

GLORIA WOODFOLK REYNOLDS

They moved the whole house, that's what I remember. Three doors down [from current Route 2 location] is where my father got a house from A. P. Hill, and we lived in that, had four rooms until he was able to add on to the house. It was just a little old wooden house, two rooms upstairs and two downstairs.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

When my grandfather died, he left my mother I think it was either 15 or 20 acres of land, so we had that. He left that to my mother, so we had that land, she got paid for that. I think about a dollar a acre. I think she got about 15 or $20 for the 15 or 20 acres. Well, she couldn't do no better. The Army said, "We're going to take it and here's what we're going to give you." Well, they tried to negotiate, but you couldn't negotiate. When they said they going to pay you so much, they'll pay you so much. Just like when you got some land now where the state highway wants, they come by, say, "We're going to give you this much. Take it or leave it." Well, some things that we really didn't need we just left them, which if we had them now they'd be worth something. Like those stone crocks and all that, stone jugs, five-gallon jugs, two-gallon jugs and all that.

The neighbors would help if you got behind on planting your crops, they'd help you. If they got behind, we'd help them.

Well, we used to kill either one or two [hogs], most of the time two. And the neighbors would come over and help you; when they got ready to kill, you'd help them. Just get the hogs and cut the throat and kill them and put them in a barrel and scald them is what we called it. And then we'd get all the hair off. Then the next day you'd all get together, and we had a table there, a wooden table, lay the hog up on the table and cut him up in different things, ham, shoulders, different parts of the hog.

MAYNARD PENNEY

Well, my dad and his brother Eddie, they were very close and worked back and forth all the time. And then they—the big time that they went around—they cut wheat with a binder, you know, they pulled it with like several horses or mules. Very few had an old tractor. And that cut the wheat and tied it into bundles. And you'd set those bundles up and put across, across the top to shed the water. And then they'd come around with the wheat thrasher and a whole bunch of people would go with it—you know, neighbors, and they would—you'd have to haul the bundles of wheat in and put it on the thrasher. And then they caught the wheat and bagged that and blew the straw up on a big straw pile. And the kids liked to get up there and play, and your parents had a fit because where you did, the water went through it and rotted it.

There was a story I've heard my daddy tell, and that story was true. There was a black family near us, and it was father and mother and the father's mother, grandmother, and was children. And this was in the . . . down in the Depression. We called him "Ham." Ham came to my dad and said, "I don't have any food for my family. Do you have any work for me?" My dad said, "Well, Ham, there's no money." He said no money moved. You know, you bought it at the store for what you made, and Ham said, "I've got to do something to feed my family. I don't have any food."

Well, my daddy always had plenty of food, and he was going to have an abundance of food. So he thought about it, and he told Ham, he said, "I can't pay you, but if you want, we'll go and cut"—it probably was excelsior wood—"and I can't pay you until I can sell, and I don't know when it'll sell, but it will." You ricked it and dried it, and then you ricked it in big piles. Then they'd come with a truck, load it on, take it generally to Milford. They had two or three excelsior mills. "But I can guarantee you your family will get plenty to eat." So Ham said that was the best deal that he knew of.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

That [the farm] was my Grandfather Sale's. He had a long tract of land, from the highway all the way down to the river, and Dad got the part down the river, and his brother Charlie got the next one, and William, a younger brother, got a little small piece, but he never lived there; that was sold. That's how he came by it. It was inherited.

I grew up on a farm and lived there until I got married. It was bordering the Rappahannock River over in Skinkers Neck, and my father raised wheat, corn, and beans. They were the main crops. And I used to ride a horse all over the fields taking water to the people that were working. I had a horse at my disposal all the time. And one time my two cousins lived up on a hill right above me. That was my father's brother and my mother's sister, so these children were my double first cousins. And I rode a horse up there bareback one day to get them to come down and play with me. When we started down the hill, the horse started trotting, and off we slid. Horse walked on down the road and started grazing, so we caught up with him and went on home walking.

The farm was about 300 acres. Didn't have any trees anywhere except in the yard. It was all open. And my dad had a tenant that lived there and helped.

We always got the *Freelance-Star* for as long as I can remember. And they all went to church, and they'd sit out there and talk, the men. They always were standing around and talk, talk, talk about what each one knew, and mostly farming. They didn't know much about the world, I don't think. Except Dad had one brother that was in the First World War, and I had pretty cards he sent me when he was over there and I was little. They all burned.

Oh, yeah, there were some [bootlegging] around, but I didn't know much about them. Yeah, there was one, a white person that had a distill in the bathroom, and he made his wife wait on people. That I heard about as something awful in the neighborhood. It wasn't close to me. It was up on the hill and around in a part I'm not familiar with. But I knew that. I knew the name of the people, too, but I'm not going to say.

VERGIE MILLER

We lived in a little community called Free Mission. We had no electric, we had no telephones, we had no radio, no television. [News came] Just by word of mouth. I mean, just had a local newspaper from the county. I guess most of it was by word of mouth.

Well, our post office was Upper Zion. That's where we got our mail. That was about three miles from where Free Mission, the little—and the church—Union Baptist Church, was right there at Free Mission School.

It [the community] was most—all one—it was just friendly people.

People had them [fires] down there, but thank the Lord we never had one in our lives. But Anna's folks had several of them burn, burnt everything. I think Anna had just moved down here from Pennsylvania, she and her husband—and somebody said I think they had a stove downstairs—they had hung their clothes too close to the chimney or something and caught on fire. But I think their house burned down. Because her brother and sister stayed at our house for about two or three weeks until they got somewhere to stay. They was going to high school, and they stayed at our house until they got something.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

Well, we lived in the Naulakla area. Well, it was a farming area, and everybody there had their own farms. Most of that area where we lived were all relatives. They all came from, you might say, the Wright—W-r-i-g-h-t—clan I guess. They were all descendents of that group.

Well, we were in the southern area, which was south of [Route] 301. And we were right down at the bottom edge of it because below us was this mill pond, and that was the perimeter line which is there today, and it's called Perimeter Road. Now, we weren't far from that, not through the woods anyway.

[The Harris family] were the ones that owned that grist mill and pond, and the pond ran on up to our farm too. Well, at that time it [the pond] was just fishing for the family use. It wasn't for sale or nothing like that. And in the wintertime, it was colder at that time, and we'd all ice skate.

Somebody would probably, like, go to the store or to the post office, and they would meet up with somebody would tell them news. Because when we were children, we didn't even have a newspaper, and later on, we got the newspaper from Fredericksburg, *The Freelance-Star*, that's down there. But that wasn't delivered at [home]—when we were children—and that finally came through the mail. In our area, they were all farmers. And we had a doctor in our area. We had an uncle that had a grocery store. And he had children, boys, and they farmed and he ran the grocery store.

We had some blacks in our area. We didn't have a whole lot in our area. As I told you, we had those three families that worked for Daddy. That was all that was in our area.

Well, where we lived at Naulakla, if we went west three miles was Upper Zion, and if we went about five miles north was Brandywine. But at Naulakla we had a post office, we had a store and a school. Now, this has some families, but Farmers and Wrights were the majority there because the Wright clan was what all of us came out of.

DAVID CLARK

I was born at home at Cash's Corner in Caroline County, which is in . . . A. P. Hill took this place from us in probably 1940 or '41. Well, it was just a home that actually belonged to someone, as I understand it, from New York, but we were renting it. And I was born in this place called Cash's Corner; Cash's was the name of the house.

VIRGINIA HEARN WHITING

My grandparents had property there, had the farm there named Hickory Grove. And I had a couple aunts that also had farms in that area. Then I had several other family members that lived in Port Royal proper and one from the family that lived in Bowling Green. So we were down there very frequently, go down to visit to the different ones and go to the old home place.

I enjoyed that very much as a child because you could run through the house, run through the dogtrot, I think that's what they call it when you have that long hall that goes right through a house. We'd run and play, and the boys would go down to the Hearn Pond, which was on the property, so we were there frequently, and I knew all my aunts and uncles very well.

Well, that area was called Lent, Virginia, and I think that's gone now, they don't use that. I think over the years county lines and so forth have changed. But it was between Port Royal and Bowling Green. The church I think was called Greenlawn Church, a little church down there on the property is where many of my aunts and uncles and my grandparents' graves were moved there from the home place. So it was very close to that area right in the middle of everything when A. P. Hill came down.

Well, let's see. The one that lived closest to the Hearn place, to Hickory Grove, was the Rollins family. That was my Aunt Frances, and she had married a Rollins, and they had a big farm. I know they had fruit trees, and I remember that farm better because it was operational, I guess, and the other was just sort of still there. We would go out and play in the fields. We'd go in the barn and jump out on the hay pile like you see in old movies. We really did that. We'd climb trees. She had a big family of kids, too, so we all had just a gala time, I guess, while the adults were in there talking about old times or talking about various adult things, we would be out playing and having fun. That farm was also taken into A. P. Hill. It was on that same property.

On the Rollins farm, which was my Aunt—her name was Frances but we called her Aunt Fannie—she had married the Rollins folks, and they had quite a number of children, I don't remember how many now. But I don't think any of those children stayed down there either. I think when they got old enough, they left the area and went other places to build their lives. But we would go down . . . and that was a working farm. I remember that they had horses and lots of fruit trees and a big barn that we used to love to go in, and that's where I jumped off into the hay stack.

He [grandfather] came when he decided that he wanted to live back over here in the South. He came over, he did some sharecropping, actually, with—I don't know who it was—but it was across the river, on the other side of the river from Port Royal, there were big farms over there. And apparently he did some sharecropping; he was going to save up enough money to start buying himself some property. However, within several years after he did that, his father died and left him a portion of something which gave him the ability then to go ahead and buy property.

So according to the lists of real estate sold and so forth, periodically he bought more and more and more until he had a really nice-sized property. I did have the acreage

somewhere. But it started out with a smaller piece, and he just kept buying as he could. But when he first came back, he worked for somebody else.

Well, the thing that I remember is the—like I said in the beginning—is going to visit this place, and it looked kind of run down at that time. But just running up and down the steps, I thought that was a big deal. There were quite a few steps in the front. Running up and down the steps and running through the house and like kids can be happy with the simplest kinds of things, you know, and that was one of them. And I'm sure my brothers ran with me too, the ones that were alive then. Just knowing that that was where my grandmother and grandfather had lived.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

As far as we can document, my mother's family—well, my mother's family and all of our family from that area—lived on the A. P. Hill property. We go back to documented 1790 when is the first Wharton that I can find in the census records. And they all lived in the area of Brandywine, Naulakla, down close to Route 17 in an area called Etta or Pinhook. And all our relatives lived near the intersection between . . . the road that led from Brandywine to Naulakla and that led up to the Essex County line where Enon Baptist Church is.

The land that they had that I have seen was pretty hilly and went—hilly and rocky—and went to a stream that was in the back of the property. I think it was Portobago Creek. The Lumpkins were cousins that were on one side, and then my great-grandfather had his store, and John Hall had his farm that faced out onto the road, and then my great-grandfather's acreage was behind there. So if you look at the A. P. Hill plat maps, you won't find the Wharton name on there; you'll see Ruth Powers' name on there because she had bought the property in the early '30s probably. And my grandmother and the family were allowed just to stay there. There was no reason why they had to move until '41, of course. That's why you won't see any evidence on that unless . . . you have to go back through the deeds to see when it was turned over to Mrs. Powers.

I know that one of my other uncles, George, who was my father's—mother's older brother—he and his wife worked in the farm across and they worked on a mill. I think they ran one of the mills. I think Charlie Loving may have said that they worked at the mill—maybe there was a mill at Hickory—but they couldn't do anything unless they had a wagon.

Well, they had stills. There was a stream or a creek, you had to have water, and they had a creek that ran back through the house that if you look at the plat maps, you can see where the creek went by their property. And I guess it was pretty easy to do it except it was illegal and you had to worry about the revenuers as they called them. The revenuers would come in, and they'd try to—supposedly my uncles would camouflage them and hid them and try to . . . but then I think—I wondered if my grandmother had ever been sent to jail, but they said my uncles had a couple of times. But they'd break up the stills, and then they'd go back and fix them up again.

I guess if you had to—a little extra income—and since you couldn't sell what everybody else had already in the way of food, they didn't have enough farmland to actually or enough manpower just amongst the family to make enough that they could sell, like, to wholesale it or anything like that, and they didn't have other people. They might have had some help, some other people, but they didn't have anybody that they hired.

So I guess people just knew where to go to get it.

If you . . . it's hard to describe it unless you look at the map. But the one direction would have taken you to Route 17, and at the end of that was a little post office and a little

tiny community called Etta, which was supposedly named after Henrietta Pratt, who built a little church there for people who weren't able to get to the churches that were farther away, so they called it Etta. It was also called Pinhook; that was farther down the road. Then in the other direction, there were . . . was Naulakla and Upper Zion.

I just know of these places from having heard of them and then having interviewed cousins who lived there. We did go to try to visit, but that's in the impact area; Naulakla is in the impact area now so you can't really go and walk anyplace off the road, although I know Virginia Durrett said she did—she went out and walked—when they were on a tour and she said, "I found a field of periwinkles." And according to what I've talked to the old folks say that if you find fields of periwinkles, that would be where the graves would be because that's what they used to put flowers on the grave.

I never found any periwinkles, but when I was down at Brandywine walking around, I did find yucca plants that would have been bulbous and so year after year, they would come back. So you could kind of get an idea of where a garden would have been or where, maybe, the front of the house or something. So I did find yucca plants that might have been out somewhere on Headley Chenault's property because there was some cement foundation that as I kicked around the yucca plants and knocked off some dirt, I did find some stones that may have been part of the foundation of his house. The other—I guess, I don't remember except that—well, they're all on the map. I just know that Spindle Shop would be where they would go on Friday nights to hear music or go to the dance hall. But I didn't remember in particular what she called—she didn't mention the places—the communities per se.

My grandfather, [Festus Wharton] who was a Civil War veteran, and I don't know why he was murdered at his well of his home. And there was a small article in one of the Fredericksburg—I guess it was, like—I don't know if it was *The Free Lance-Star* that was there in 1914, *The Caroline Progress* didn't start until 1919. So I found one little paragraph in the newspaper that said that he had been shot by an unidentified person.

He was living on the road to Naulakla out near Hickory, in a area called Hickory—and they've never been able to determine—they had suspicions and ideas of who may have done it. But it was probably somewhat of an inner family feud for whatever . . . my Aunt Estelle said that my grandfather had been trying to get them to come down and live with them because they thought he might have been getting people angry enough that they might want to have shot him. I think the headline in the paper said, "Civil War Veteran Murdered in Caroline." So we never did find out or they never did find out for sure who was the assailant.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Well, I grew up . . . it was two miles from Central Point and about two miles from a little place called Passings, Virginia; that was going toward the north. And Central Point, where my grandfather, grandmother lived was going toward the south.

I was two miles from Central Point and about a mile and a half from Passings. We lived between the stores because my father had bought land there after he married my mother.

That was a community that I should say the people married the people from Central Point, and some Central Point people married the people from Passings, crisscrossed marriage.

It [Passings/Central Point] was the heaviest population because—that was an area that was only Native American people for a long time—and they went from Richmond, oh, I'd say all the way up to New Jersey. They followed the coastline all the way up into Nova

Scotia. From Florida to Virginia. That was the heaviest back at that time, and they had big families, 12 and 14 children. Where would you be today with those families?

But there were some black and some . . . we called them "Englishmen." Oh, yeah, there was the Lovings, there was the Samuels, there was the Tignors and the Lees, they were English. They tell you they were English. They lived neighborly. And then there were Colemans. I'm trying to think what other people.

They were around, but they were further away because my family, there was seven or eight— they would—purchased our land side by side. Brother would live beside a sister, sister would live beside a brother. Even . . . was miles of just relations, relatives. We grew up into neighborhoods like that because they made up the most of the neighborhood. And back in that day, segregation was kind of strong, very strong. But we lived between both, got along with them all. They were a little bit . . . fear. They stood fear of Indians. They had fought them for so many years before 1900. See, 17- and the 1800s, they were still fighting Indians, yep. So they feared us a little, not too much of that.

[After acquisition] some of the neighbors would come back and forth. They visit each other for things they wanted and to work together, they did.

My father's people, like I say, they hunt. And then my mother's people went in for . . . I don't know if you ever heard of shodding a horse? Fixing a horse foot.

My mother's cousin had a shop set up for that. She used to say "shod the horse hoof," and when my son saw that, which was his grandmother, he said, "Oh, you're going to cut off the foot, hurt the horse." They didn't understand. And that was what my granddaughter said, too, "You're going to hurt the feet." Well, it was odd to them, they had never seen it.

My uncle used to carry fish that he caught, and he would sell fish and ice cream. Have you ever heard two combinations? That was my mother's brother. But he made a little business. He was really just meant for business. Everything he would start at, he wanted business, he turned it into a business. And he had this little—called it a racer—we used to call it a June bug. He used to carry fish around in a wooden keg. He'd carry fish around and sell fish, and another . . . ice cream, a whole ice cream with a freezer, a turn-type freezer. And we would laugh, and "Oh, Floyd, we're so glad to see you." We'd run hands all dirty and everything, and he'd plop a round ball of ice cream right in our dirty little hand. Sure, we didn't care. Children, what did they know back at that time anyhow? We would lick all of that good . . . we used to laugh at him, "How you making today?" He would go around through the neighborhood sell fish and sell ice cream sometime, not all the time he had the ice cream. And depends on the time he had, too. Oh, boy, life was funny, but it was interesting, too. And it's more interesting now that I've gotten much older than it was at the time it was going on.

You know, in other words, we grew up working. My mother and my father said, "That's the only way you're going to get in this world is to do for yourself," and for generations that's what we did. So, you know, you don't know nothing other, but you make yourself a living. You're not begging. And we were very proud, we were very proud.

And then there were some families that didn't farm, and we would always help them. Oh, yeah. I remember snow on the ground, a lot of my cousins would come in…you know, they couldn't get out make any money so they couldn't buy no food. We used to help them, yeah. It was a neighborhood, they lived neighborly. They still had their spats, but they would still live neighborly, help one another.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

The gossip came from the older people. We would go around the corner of the house and listen to what was going on. We weren't allowed, you know, in that day, to go sit around like the kids do now and listen to everything, but we would go around, you could hear some weird tales, too.

Well, we lived in a little community. There were the Cole family, the Chambers family, the Wallace family, the Jackson family, and our family. And we all kids played together. There was one family, the Dishmans, and then the family that my mother was raised by, and that was the only two white families in our community.

Well, my mother—older people in those days when they had babies—my grandmother had this baby and another family took my mother, and the lady that took her died when she was 8 years old. And, you know, that kind of puzzled me until I was grown enough to understand why did he ask this white lady and her husband to raise her. But I guess at that time, most black people had a lot of children and this family didn't have any children, so I figured he kind of figured, I guess, well, they'll be able to feed her and take care of her, so they did. And we all were born there, and we all lived together. She used to ride us around and call us her grandchildren—we didn't—we just didn't know any different. There was Guinea, Massaponax, that was in Caroline below us. And our community was called Moss Neck, like I told you. That's about it.

Well, we used to go out and pick up Indianheads—arrowheads, you know—things like that. And my daddy used to sell them. The white folks would buy them. Yeah. You go out and start digging around, the next thing you have a arrowhead, and it was different kinds of arrowheads.

Of course, Moss Neck is A. P. Hill now. We lived in the Moss Neck area called Skinkers Neck, Skinkers Neck off of [Route] 17.

They used to have a mill down in Caroline, did anyone tell you about that—they grind the flour and the wheat—they grind the wheat and corn. You go over there and take the corn, and all he would do he'd take some for himself, you didn't have to pay for it, well, my father didn't pay for it. We would always have two barrels of flour and one barrel of meal to take us through the winter.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

Everybody was kin to everybody else. I mean, not really kin, but everybody chipped in together.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

It was . . . well, it wasn't any of us real close. We could see the houses, but it was at a distance because Daddy's farmland went all round like that (demonstrating), and nobody could be real close to us. We had three neighbors that we could see, and that was it.

MEDICAL

Birth and death were part of the everyday for folks. A visit from the doctor was an event to be remembered in any family. More often than not, a newborn was first held in the strong and caring hands of the local midwife. Herbal cures and home remedies were staples of many farm wives, meted out as needed from curing a fever to a skinned knee.

LAVERNE BAYLOR GWATHMEY

We put you in a little buggy and take you to the doctor because that's what happened—I was standing between the house and the corn house where we had the flour—there was a wagon. My father was loading the wagon, and I was standing on the wheel. And the horses pulled off and threw me on a stone, and I remember they picked me up and carried me to the doctor. But they thought I was dead.

BARBARA BAYLOR THOMAS

For most minor injuries, though, the parents just had the home remedies and took care of it.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

I knew she [mother] went to the hospital, Daddy told us. We were young, and our country doctor—we had a country doctor—Dr. Harris sent her to the hospital; she had to go to the hospital. And, of course, being older, I knew it had to be serious, don't you, when you go in the hospital and have four children there, and to Richmond, too. And then thought she was coming home, and he was so happy and stayed down there a week or so. And the next thing all of a sudden she died overnight. Cancer somewhere, in the lower part somewhere. I don't know because Daddy didn't say, and we were children—and I reckon—if he even knew.

JAMES LOVING

I remember being vaccinated down there during the time my brothers had typhoid fever. And I went down to his office and he vaccinated me so I wouldn't have it. I never had it; I don't know why, but I never had it. You've heard about the typhoid fever, how it did. In other words, it's a fever that you have, as far as I know, that your entrails on the inside, you can't eat nothing like any kind of meats or anything like that whatsoever. Nothing but juice, that's about the only thing that you can live on until that fever left, until you got better. That's the way it was because I remember I think they told me about this, I don't know.

But anyway, a fellow, his children had it, and I don't know who they was now. But they said he went out and he killed a couple squirrels, and he taken the squirrels and boiled them, you know, cooked them, and he give it to the children, and right after that they passed away. Because if they eat anything—meat or anything that's hard—it went right through the entrails, which was like tissue paper. That's the typhoid fever. I remember my brothers lived on orange juice all the time. The oranges, what they left, I used to get it. I used to get the oranges and suck all the juice out. See, I never had it; I never had the typhoid fever, but they did.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

They [the doctor] come around there. We had a doctor that would come to the house. My grandma, she had a heart condition, and she always dressed like Aunt Jemima, with a long skirt. And the doctor would come, and her blood pressure would be up, and he would give her Epsom salts. Make you shiver to think about. But it'd be so much it wouldn't dissolve . . . that would work to get her blood pressure down. By that time he was still in a buggy and horse.

I know one time I had a boil, I got a scar on one side of my face that I had a boil. And the doctor lanced it. He put me down on the floor. I went to the office, and he put me on the floor and told my daddy to sit on me because he was just going to cut it and drain it. And daddy was a person you didn't pick on children. Mama would tan your fanny in a minute, but Daddy, I never knew my daddy to hit me a lick in my life. And one of the times

I saw him cry was when I got married. I reckon he knew what I was getting into, but I didn't. I thought I knew it all, I was sure I did.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

My mother, as I said, was in the hospital then, and my sister Dorothy and I were kind of taking care of the rest of the family doing things, and we would cook breakfast and get the lunches and everything ready, and then went off to school ourselves. Well, she [mother] had some problems. I never knew exactly what it was. She may have had a miscarriage, I'm not sure about that. But she was pretty ill, and we didn't think that she was going to survive. And we were thinking Daddy was already thinking of how he would divide the family, where we were going to be, going to aunts and uncles, you know, because there were nine of us home at that time. Nellie had finished school and was in Richmond working for the DuPont Company, that's where she was working. But my mother did survive, and glad to see her come home. I felt I didn't want to have to patch any more overalls. I used to have to patch overalls, and we did the laundry, we did everything, Sister and I, do everything.

It was in the '30s, yeah. Seward was maybe five years old, something like that. She was in Mary Washington [hospital]. And I remember going up to see her one time when she was in the hospital, but that was kind of a sad time for us.

My father was asthmatic, and he had a lot of allergies and things—difficult for him—for a farmer. In fact, my mother said that she married him—one reason she married him was that he told her that he was going to open a store, he was not going to be on a farm, he was not going to operate a farm.

RICHARD KOCSIS

They talk about people getting germs and all that. We used to play in germs, in the pigpen, in the chicken yard.

We never had candy and stuff like that other children had, soda. She [grandmother] used to get a case of soda every month for medical reasons. Her doctor said that she needs 7-Up, so she would give us 7-Up.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

But Mother died very young. She was only 59. It was a kidney infection, and she passed away from that right before we left in '40.

She was still at home up until 16 days before she passed away. Then we took her to the hospital, Mary Washington Hospital, in Fredericksburg. And I was with her through all of that. If she had been able to have had dialysis, we probably could have saved her, but in those times, of course, all we had was our country doctor, Dr. Randolph Travis. He was located there at Travis's Mill we called it. He delivered Margaret and I, but I think Dr. Broaddus in Bowling Green delivered the older ones, older girls. But that was why my mother's life was so short.

And the most tragic thing to me that happened while we were living there in that residence where I was born, my brother was probably 17, 18, anyhow, he was old enough to be dating. And we had the telephone on the wall where you wind it up, and it was right by—we had a big trunk, and it had a metal top on it—like most people had those in those days and time, and that was where he kept his underwear, his socks and things like that. And he was getting ready to go on a date, so there he was at the trunk getting ready, and the lightning struck on the telephone, jumped from him on that trunk top and threw him all the way from here to over there.

And my mother, of course, rushed right to him, and there for a while both of them were out, just completely out. So we got Dr. Travis there very quickly, as quickly as he could

get there, and we had to take both of them and put them on the bed, and they were both unconscious. And Dr. Travis said that my mother actually saved my brother by going to him, and she took part of the shock from his body, and that was why she was out. But I remember Doc Travis, he was really something.

So they both were out, but Dr. Travis came, our local doctor came, and took care of them, but he said my mother actually saved my brother's life because part of the shock went into her body. But for at least a year or more my brother would have spells, just we'd be sitting talking or at the dinner table, and he'd pass out. And once or twice he passed out at school, and, of course, he was going to Mica school at the time and driving the school bus. He also drove the school bus to Sparta.

[H]e always said he was a bad luck child. Anyhow, he had appendicitis—real bad—and managed to drive the bus about halfway from Sparta home before he really collapsed, and they got him to Mary Washington to the hospital, and his appendix had already burst. But he came out of that fine, too. So that was just some of the things that happened at a country home in those days when all you had what I call a wind-up telephone.

She [mother] passed away in June and my father actually didn't move until '41, I think it was October of '41 that he moved off of the property. But I, of course, in the meantime had gotten married. I had gotten married in '40, the 21st of September, 1940. Norman Mills and I got married, I was able to drive, and—he was working—and he would leave the car out here at Long Branch, and I would walk from our house back there on about a mile and a half and get the car and go down and take care of my mother or go to town when she got in the hospital, take care of her, and then leave the car in time for him to come home in the evening.

The day before she passed away, I tried so hard to fix her something she could eat, and so I thought of her canned pears, and I told Dr. Travis, I said, "I'm going to try to give her a little dish of the pears." And he said, "Whatever you can get her to eat." I know he knew that her days were numbered because he said, "Give her what she feels like she'll eat." And so I opened a can of those, and I gave her a little dish of them, and she ate them. Well, the next day I had to call him back, and I always laid it on the pears. He said, "No, Lillian, that didn't have anything to do with your mother's death. She was already going. That was just one of the last things that she could have." And, of course, they moved her from there to Mary Washington, and she was there I think about 15, 16 days. She never knew anybody. We tried so hard. Our pastors that had been coming to see her and all tried so to get her to recognize them, but she didn't. It was just one of those things that was meant to be.

Well, as we look back on it now, it was a blessing because she was no longer suffering—and no matter what they did—at that time they did not give you diuretics. They literally drew the fluids. And she was like this [indicating]. I don't know how much that they would have drawn off of her, but it had to be pounds because she only weighed about 95. I'd say she gained at least 20 pounds or looked like she did, but most of it was in the stomach area.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

We were hardly ever sick. We hardly ever had sickness. He never came to the house other than to deliver a baby and see my grandmother, he'd come to see my grandmother. [Mother] Had them [her babies] all at home.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

When you picked cucumbers, you couldn't let them get but so big because some of them just became what we called hog feed, and you had to be very careful about picking to be sure that you picked all that were hiding under those big leaves and things.

I remember probably . . . I just remember that was the last time that I helped Dad out there. I was home for something, and he was emptying the baskets of cucumbers into bags so he could carry them on in. And I had a wart, a big old seed wart there. And as he was pouring them in, the rim of the hamper pushed against that darned wart, and I got my mouth open, and I couldn't say anything. I couldn't make any, and I was just (making gasping sound) like this, and Dad kept on pouring the cucumbers until he got through.

And when he got through, I yelled. And he said, "What's the matter?" And I held my hand out, and there was the wart. It had been pulled out by its roots and was just hanging there just by a tiny little thread. He looked at it, said "Look the other way." And I did, and he reached in his pocket, got his trusty pocketknife out and finished it off. That [hurt], but you can feel a thing in there now, and that was 1939.

And I'll tell you something else. When you were out gathering it, there's a tiny little varmint known as a "chigger." You'd get loaded with chiggers that burrowed in your skin, and you itched and itched and itched and itched. And I was trying to remember when I thought about that just how did we . . . what did we do to get rid of the itching? I don't know. I'm sure Mama had something there. But it's a tiny little thing you can see, very tiny, but he's red. I couldn't see him now, period. I don't recall if we did anything to get rid of them. But I do know that it was sort of miserable, and they paid us back for disturbing them and all that good stuff.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

Someone hurt themselves and suspected that the bone might be fractured or even broken, [my grandmother would] go right out and get what I called lamb's ear that she called bone set, bone set. Where your arm—and I'm remembering a boy whose arm was—poor Mitchell, and she gave him something to bite on, and she said, "Now, you bite down hard on that, Mitchell," and yanked his arm and he yelled "aaah!" But she had straightened the arm out, so she was a doctor, too, in a way, and then wrapped it round and round with bone set and tied that—put brown paper over that—I remember, and then tied it with just plain cord, white cord, the string that I can see in my mind's eye.

The boy never went to a doctor, and he grew up to be a man with a straight arm that he then used to work with. But she knew about bone set and would use that and other home remedies for health needs because, again, you know, going to the doctor was for when you were nearly dead, then you went to the doctor; otherwise, you'd come to Miss Jenny and others like her. There were midwives and so forth in the county as well.

My cousin Agnes—called her Cousin Addie—was a midwife, and she practically delivered every black baby in this area, this part of Caroline County at the time. She was about five-ten. I see her now in my mind's eye with her hair braided down close to her head, and she always covered her head with a clean scarf. Invariably wore either white clothes or navy blue, long-sleeved blouse buttoned up to her neck, very severe soul, and then a long, full skirt all the way down to her ankles, and black shoes that came up to her ankles, and the skirt reached right down to the black shoes. And she had a black bag, and she went from house to house as the time appeared and delivered babies. Most of the homes then would either have a borning room on the first—or bedroom on the first floor—or as the time approached, the father in the home would bring a bed down to the first floor. And Cousin

Addie would then go in and deliver that baby, and the mother would stay down in that first-floor bedroom until, oh, I don't know, a month and a half or something like that and then maybe return to a second-floor bedroom.

But, yes, midwives were very important because, you know, there might be only a few doctors as such in the county. The only hospital was in Fredericksburg. So people who had skills like my grandmother and then people who were midwives were very important, very important people in the county to people who were ill or about to become ill.

Most of those folk were elderly women like my grandmother who had experiences learned and bequeathed to them by their mothers and grandmothers and so forth. Almost every community had two or three of those women, older women who understood wildlife and what wild plants could be used for what purpose and that kind of thing. Certainly she was one of those women.

And I'm thinking of the sassafras tea, the tonics, the spring tonics. Every spring she'd go out and gather roots, again, from sassafras bushes that grew all around here in Caroline County. And then that was made into a tea. Unlike the chicory that was used in the coffee, that was made into a tea, and that was a spring tonic. You had to drink cups of that in the spring; that was to cleanse your system out. And, actually—every now and then—you can still buy a liquid sassafras tea in certain stores, and from time to time I go in and buy a small jar of that just so I can relive the sassafras tea time that I used to enjoy with my grandmother.

ALBERTA BUMBREY HENDERSON

We called her Cousin Lucy, every time Mama have a kid, she come up there and sit and wouldn't let the lights get in the room for five or six days. We couldn't go in there. She'd take care of her. We had good neighbors. Mama have a kid, she'd come right there and stay, took care of us, took care of her. We didn't see the baby for about six days. They'd say "keep the sun out" or something, I don't know. It was something, though, to sit down and think about it. One thing, I ain't had no bad experience. Some people does. I was young.

[That medicine was] made from some kind of roots. Probably came from Africa, the roots. I thought [it was called] sassa . . . sassa is a tea. She used to boil it, too. Poke salad, they had berries on it. She used to go there and get it when it's young, about like that, first coming up in spring of the year. Cook that and we'd eat it. She'd say it'd clean you out. There's some down there in that patch. That lady back there come over down this side of the line over here. I said, "What you looking for?" She said, "I looking for pokeberry. I get them once a year, clean me out." It's a green stuff like collard, and she cooks it. She said she cooks it like cooking greens.

Eat that hunk of Vicks salve, we had to eat it. And Mama never could take it. She'd get that castor oil. Hold your nose. Castor oil. And hold your nose and take your head back, she'd make you swallow it. Every time she give it to me, it come back up. She says, "I can't do nothing with you, it won't stay down." That stuff is nasty, nasty. But it helped.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

We'd get sick, they used to go in the woods and get some wild stuff to make a tea, you had to drink it. It was some kind of old green-looking stuff. I don't know what the name of it was. Grow about that tall, green-looking leaves. Make a tea and tell you to drink it. That's the way you get well. Didn't run to no doctor. She used to dig up the sassa, the small one about that tall, and get the root—wash them off and put them out and let them get dry—then they make a tea out of it.

Used to give a little turpentine with sugar. Put the turpentine on a spoon and put a little sugar in it. You had to take that too. I don't know what it for, we had to take it. I don't know it what for. I had the flu. I went and got me some onion, some liquor, some honey, and lemon. Cut them onions up, and put all that stuff in there, put that on the stove and cook it. Let it get real hot, and you drink it hot as you can drink it, jump in bed and cover up. You sweat it out. I woke up, I was soaking wet. I didn't go to the doctor. I sweat it out.

I know one thing she [mother] did, remember, she used to take soot out of the stove if you get a cut and put on it. You know, the soot be in the chimney. But, see, infection, at that time, Mama kept it clean and everything, and that infection get in everything, bacteria. I wonder where they got all them remedies from? I guess folk parents on down the line.

See that cut right there? I was holding a piece of wood and taking this ax in the right hand, hit right down in that, cut my arm right there. My mother pulled the stove out and—it was cut way down in there—and put soot in it, wash it off first, wash all the blood off, put soot in it, and wrapped it up. And never went to the doctor to get it sewed up, looked like it had been sewed up. They didn't believe in no doctor. You get cut now, the first thing you go straight to the emergency room, sew you up.

And they used to give me kerosene and put a little sugar in it. Kerosene, put a little sugar in it. You don't take a whole lot of it, just a teaspoon and put sugar in it and take it. I don't know for what. Old people had a lot of things you'd take. No use asking, they ain't going to tell you no way. Just tell you to take it, that's all. There's a lot of things, I tell you, old people used to do.

CORA BUMBREY GREENE

We used to go in the woods and collect some kind of medicine called "ivory." It had green leaves on it, and when they had pain in the stomach, Mama used to give us a leaf of it and say, "Chew it, the pain go away." And the pain did went away. And when you got a cut, they'll take the soot from the stove and stick it on that cut, and it did heal. Back in them days, you couldn't hardly find a doctor. Mama had one doctor, when each child born, he would come deliver, and then had a midwife used to come. But if you got hurt or anything, they treat you right in your house—give it to you—find something to put on and get well.

[The midwife] would come, and when Mama would get ready to have a child, she would come and deliver the child. And you'd stay at home, have the child. And back then you couldn't stay in no bed no 30 days or hang sitting around do nothing, you got to get up and help do. And I know Mama did . . . had to get up because there was a whole lot of us. And Daddy'd just leave the house as soon as the sun up and go in the field, and he would carry some of us in the field with him. And we didn't come back out of that field until the evening, about 5 o'clock in the evening.

LEONARD BRUCE

Oh, there was a black lady that used to—that would—all the children that was born in our family, this black lady would come and take care of my mother, you know, midwife, yeah. Every time my mother would have a child, they would call Aunt Susie or Aunt Florence, and they would come. A lot of times—she would take care of everything—you know, childbirth. Most of us was born at home.

FRANCIS BRUCE

Because I remember Leonard, he fell out of a tree and broke his leg. They had to—we had one doctor as I can remember—Dr. Travis, and he set his leg, didn't have to go to no hospital. Just two or three of them got hold of him and put a cast on. He was right in

Bowling Green. That was about five miles.

The black lady, Florence Armstead, that lived over from us, she was midwife to us, she delivered some of the kids. Good people too. We started off, then a little later on we had a doctor came along. Dr. Travis, he delivered a lot of us.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

Bessie was Buck's favorite sister because she was his baby sister. Bessie died from tuberculosis at a place called Pine Camp in Richmond, Virginia, and Pine Camp was affiliated with a hospital in Richmond. And at the time, that is where people with tuberculosis were sent to try to recover. According to family history, tuberculosis was a disease that appeared to be fairly rampant in the Brandywine area and amongst the Lumpkin family.

Bessie Lumpkin, 1917.
Photo courtesy of Judi Lumpkin Hardin.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

We had to go all the way to Upper Zion to call up to Bowling Green because they had the telephones crank wind up. Dr. John Broaddus was our doctor. He traveled in horse and buggy.

We had a midwife, Miss Sally Pratt. All of us was born by same lady, Miss Sally Pratt. She went around to all the homes. Anybody having birth, she was there. She lived in Naulakla area.

They used to take poke salad—how did they do that… I don't know whether when you got a burn or when you got a sore or something—pick that salad and put it… put it in a cloth and rub it on the place. I never got a burn, but I remember them using poke for that.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

And I'll always remember this man by the name of MacNess, that he was selling drugs, well, obviously not drugs drugs, but home remedies, I would put it that way. And I remember that we somehow, I guess, that we must have had some disability that he was going to give us this worm candy, and I'll always remember that man. He would have . . . (laughing) it was really funny when I think of it. But he had a toolbox on the side of his car, and that's where he kept all of his samples. And he would open that thing up, you know, and all these things were in. So he'd come there periodically, which we would—my mother would purchase stuff from him—I know we had cough medicine, but my father was a believer in Vicks salve. It's like, you use that for everything. If you had a pain in your stomach or whatever might be wrong with you, you rub yourself with Vicks salve.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Yeah, they had—earlier, many years earlier—they had a Dr. Bates, and they had a Dr. Camel. I think Dr. Camel was in the Sparta area, I don't know if you've heard of Sparta. In the Sparta area, and I think Dr. Bates was out there on Route 17 out in that area. I'm trying to think of the name of the little town nearby, but anyhow, out in that section.

Well, they [the doctor] would come for delivery, baby delivery. Then they had midwives. And some of them [women] would have children without any . . . assistance whatsoever. I think several of my brothers was born without any assistance, yep. That's what my mother told me anyhow.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

Yeah. We had Dr. Martin that lived, oh, I don't know, three miles from us I reckon. He delivered me. Yeah, we had one [midwife], Aunt Sally [Pratt]. And you know, I don't believe she was even married, come to think of it. I never heard anything about her husband, I don't think so. She had a horse and buggy. And then a lot of people would go get her, you know.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

We had Dr. Harris from Port Royal, and he made house calls, so he would come around. And the ladies in the neighborhood if the person was sick enough and couldn't take care of the family—all the ladies—one would come one day and cook, wash, iron; another one would come another day and take care of the family.

We'd be sorry Mother was sick, but those other . . . we thought they were really cooking because they would let me in the kitchen. You know, my mother, she was kind of strict when it come to cooking and all, but they let me in the kitchen, and I watched them make the jellyrolls and blackberry dumplings and things.

We had midwives, too. Miss Emma Turner, that's the only one I can remember in Caroline. The husbands would go and get them when his wife was in labor. But don't ask me what they did because we weren't allowed to be around. I remember my mother had measles, and Dr. Harris came to see her, and they always told us, you know, all those old wives' tales, they bring them in the—I'll stand up in the tree, "Climb the tree, look over in the room, (inaudible) going to take the baby out of the suitcase."

VERGIE MILLER

Well, see, it was a doctor living—a Dr. Martin was living right there in the area, and he's the one that used to—I guess somebody had to go to his house and tell him. But from where we was living, I was thinking where he was, it wouldn't take over 10 or 15 minutes to get there. Of course, maybe with a horse and buggy it took a little bit more. But they were close by.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Every time a doctor came, I ran to the outhouse because I didn't want to see him (laughing). That was when I was little. I can remember that just as well. Old Doc Joe Holloway and he had a big lip, and I was scared of him. He wasn't coming to see me.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

Of course, he [father] practiced medicine because he had the office right there, just his home office [at Ridgeway]. And he would sometimes at night after his office hours in Port Royal, he would have people come in the evening to his office . . . home office. And he said he would never get to eat his dinner. Every time he'd go to eat dinner, somebody would come to the office and say, "Oh, Doctor." Call out to him, "Oh, Doctor, I need you." And he'd get up and go out to the office.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

Well, the only thing would be Daddy would go and get Dr. Travis, which was down the hill there from Liberty, his place was. So that's the only thing, just when Mama when into labor with us, he had to go and get Dr. Travis to come and deliver us. It was hard times, I'll tell you.

He [Dr. Travis] always picked on me. Mama said the night I was born, Dr. Travis come, he found out I was a girl, he said, "Old flapper. Girl, she ain't nothing but an old flapper, send her back where she come from." Daddy took me, he said, "You're not sending her nowhere. She's going to stay right here with me." Of course, after that he was always teasing me about something every time he saw me. Good old doctor, though. My brother was named after him, Randolph Travis.

SCHOOL

Some of the happiest memories were those of attending school. For many families, the importance of learning to read and write was a central concern; many parents saw it as a necessary tool for their children to deal with an ever-expanding world. School was an extension of the community offering a respite for many children from back-breaking farm labor.

LAVERNE BAYLOR GWATHMEY

The name of the school was Baylorsville School. That was right in the neighborhood. Big class, yeah. I don't know where these—well, yes, Dennis Baylor—they were in that area, Eugene Baylor. They were all Baylors. All of them were Baylors. Except the teacher. Even this teacher was related because that was my aunt.

I think we were a bunch of nice kids. I think they [the teachers] walked [to school]. I know Miss Annie walked, but she lived right there. And Mr. Paige—I think Mr. Paige—I don't know where Mr. Paige came from because he lived in Bowling Green. Let me see. [School went] from elementary probably to fifth or sixth or something like that.

ROSE HICKS FARMER

[At Delos] It was a one-room school with six grades. I was in the sixth grade. And Miss Virginia Wright was their teacher, and she is now Virginia Durrett.

[At school] I remember we had to walk quite a distance next door to get the water, brought in a bucket of water every day. And the boys kept the fire going because it was a woodstove. Very interesting, we learned a lot there.

She was just amazing, Miss Wright was. She had, like, the two little ones in the first grade here, and then right beside them she'd have the second and the third, they would be up front. And then the next small group…and the big ones got to sit in the back. Nobody ever gave her a hard time. We didn't lack a thing. When I went into seventh grade, I had no trouble at all.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

And then they tore down a school at Mica, one that had been abandoned, and my dad helped. And my Uncle Harry was a carpenter, and they built that school, and that's where I went through the second and the third on through the sixth grade.

At Brandywine, where they built—just a one-room school—and it had what they called a cloakroom that they'd put wood in that, didn't have no woodshed, nothing like that. Then I went to Sparta High School for the seventh grade. And when I got to the seventh grade, we had 45 minutes for a class and at the one-room school, we'd have five or ten minutes. That like to drove me crazy sitting there, like, if you had your spelling lesson, won't take 45 minutes to write down ten words. But I had two teachers then. And I hear them talking about how bad they was . . . how the kids do now.

They ought to have had the principal that I had. He was a mathematician, and he would give you, say, three numbers to the tenth power, by the time you finished you had a long line of figures. But he'd sit on the fire escape at recess, and you'd better behave yourself, I can tell you now. He wouldn't punish us girls, but he would beat our hands. He would beat the boys, he'd give them a choice; they could take a lickin' in the hands with a ruler or he would give them that numbers to the tenth power. But let me tell you something, they respected him. Julian Martin was my principal.

That was Sparta High School. I played basketball. We'd win. I was a guard. See, Caroline had five high schools, Sparta, Ladysmith, Edmund Pendleton, Mica, and Lee Maury, and we played them all.

And the teacher that taught me them two years, she drove horse and buggy from Naulakla and taught me first and second grade. And then we moved into a school that Dad and them tore down at Mica, and [a] man donated land. Well, that land didn't mean as much. An acre or two of land bring a small fortune where then a acre of land didn't mean much.

[Later,] we rode a school bus that didn't have not seats. Had a middle seat, and we'd set on the middle seat, homemade. The cab had—the girls—their dad owned the school bus, they rode in the cab of the truck and we rode in the back. I'd say school would be my [best memory] . . . because I had some good times. That's where I got my husband, coming home from school.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Nellie—my sister Nellie—had beautiful penmanship, and my father would have her do all the writing, contacting people when he needed anything special written.

I remember the one-room school that we went to and my cousin taught us for years in that one-room school. In Delos, yeah. And we just had a pot-belly stove there that we got the fires going in the morning. And at recess time, we had no equipment, play equipment or

anything. Baseball, we'd play baseball, but nothing that you could use like a merry-go-round or anything like that. But we would climb the trees, swing in the trees, I guess, did things like that, fun things to do, I suppose.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

I never did go to Mica [School]; I was too young. And Mama didn't want me to go anyway because I was her baby. I was almost 7 when I started to school. You had to read already because sitting down at the table while brothers and sisters were studying, I mean, I felt like I needed to study too. So I would get my brother's book next to me and . . . one of them would help me read until I learned to read.

Mica High School homecoming queen, 1937.
Photo courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood.

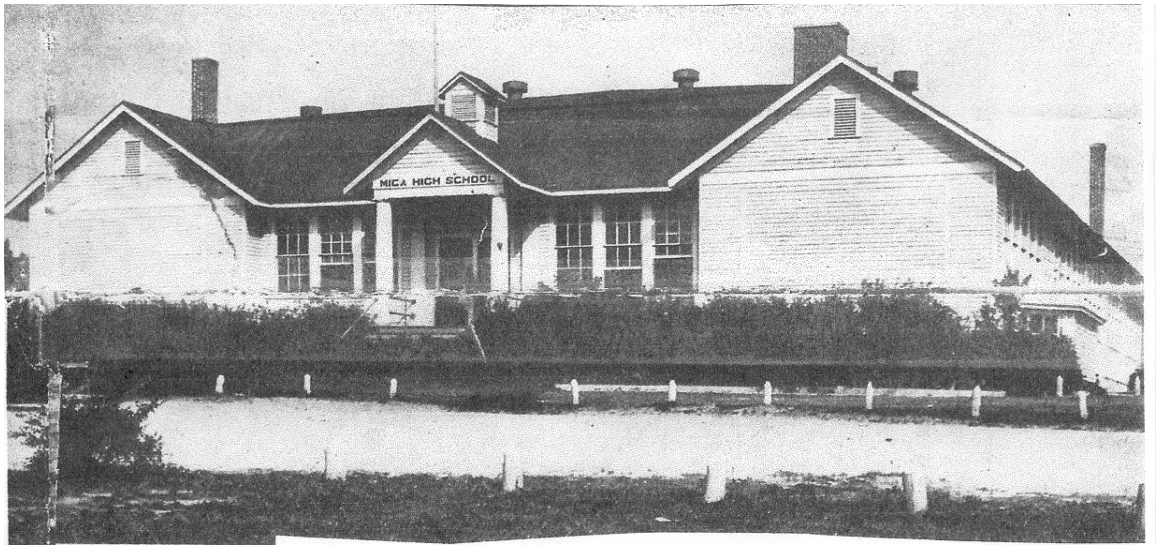
One of my dad's sisters, Aunt Louise, she taught at Mica. She lived across the road. Across the road from school. Her house still stands. And the commanding officer, the first one, lived there. And obviously Aunt Louise's house was not that old at the time, it was a nice house, still is. They tore down everything. The only thing they didn't tear down that I know of or of the two or three little buildings plus Aunt Louise's house across from the school and maybe a building or two by the school and Liberty Church and Travis Lodge.

She taught school, she was into the Eastern Star, she was [a] matron . . . in that particular chapter. Nothing ever stopped her from doing what she wanted to do. She was a very determined lady. And probably Grandma was before her time, too.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

Mica was the school I went my entire 11 years at Mica and graduated in 1939, and Norman, my husband, went to Long Branch one-room school here. I guess at that time his address would have been Corbin, but it was still considered Woodford as far as mailing address. And he went there for eight years and then went on to Mica and graduated at Mica 1939 in the same class as I did. He was valedictorian of his class, very studious and very outgoing person except after about 20 years, he was stricken with what they said was muscular sclerosis of the spine. Said it came from an injury when he was small, which was hard for his family to think of but one real bad fall that he had.

I went to Mica High School. Well, the main high school burned about the time I started to school, and we had one part of the year that we had to go over to Mr. Bowie's warehouse right across the road until they rebuilt the high school. Then I went back over there and then was there the other ten years that I was in school and graduated in 1939.



Mica High School sporting its sign painted by Lillian Phillips and Anna Klimek.
Clipping courtesy of Lelia Holloway Lewis and Estelle Holloway Allen. Originally printed in *The Sunday Star*, June 8, 1941.

All of us were involved in Mica. My oldest brother graduated from there. And my oldest sister would have graduated. But she was smart, one of these smart girls, and ran away at Christmastime and got married, so instead of graduating in June, she was already married, so she didn't get to graduate. All the rest of us siblings graduated from Mica; my two brothers and my other two sisters graduated, all of us graduated from Mica.

At that time, the original school had burned, part of the original school had burned the first year that I went there. It was an accident. They didn't know, of course, I believe at that time they were still heating with wood, and I think they thought it was one of the heaters that they had. But anyhow, we went over to Mr. Bowie's. Mr. Frank Bowie had a store, post office and store there at Mica, and he also had his residence. Well, he had a furniture factory. Furniture factory was all originally there at Mica. The old building, his storage building was where some of the classes had to go to . . . until the other school could be rebuilt.

And I'm carrying a scar right today on my knee. That was when they had the trees and all cut down, were cutting down and rebuilding the school. And I was in the first grade, and we were running and playing, and some of the bigger boys we thought was chasing us, which they did. I stumbled on one of those stumps, one of those sharp stumps. And they had left them jagged, they didn't do like we do now, cut them right off even. They had left them jagged. And I caught one of those stumps on my leg. And, of course, Doc Travis had to take care of that. He vaccinated me was the first time he took care of me, and then he had to take care of me for that, and that was in the first grade, so I was only about seven years old. I remember that very vividly.

Brother Ro was driving the school bus. I think he became involved in it because naturally I ran to him. We used to call him "Buddy Bo." I couldn't say Brother Ro, so I called him Buddy Bo. He helped me take care of that, take me to Doc Travis and help me.

I guess they carried me home. I don't remember actually what happened after that. I remember the falling and why I fell.

Mica's state-of-the-art educational facilities.
Clipping courtesy of Genevieve Powers Davis.

We had a big sign printed by hand that said, "Mica High School," and she [Anna Klimek] and I, we were given permission to leave our classes and go and print that sign up. And I don't know where it went when A.P. Hill came in. I never did find that out. Painting, the printing of the lettering of "Mica High School." We did it on a piece of board in black letters. She and I were excused from class to be able to do that.

And the other things that I remember are being in school, being in the plays that we used to have, and when I was in, I guess, about the second grade – somebody brought a little rocking chair – and we had little bells, and we sang Jingle Bells. And I had a doll and I would use that little rocker, and I sang, "My dolly is sick, my dolly is sick." And I don't know what made her well.

And the bells, we all stood in line and it was around the second grade, and Mrs. Lucille Alvis Mills, and she was my teacher. She was my second grade teacher. And we had to sing Jingle Bells.

[S]o that must have been, what, about six when I started, and I was born in '21, so that would have been about '27, '28.

VERGIE MILLER

Yeah, they came to the schools and so on, the extension agent. Seems like there was a Ruffin man, he was extension agent. I've forgotten what his name is. His brother used to

be principal of the school, George Ruffin, and I know his brother was a extension agent. He used to go around to the school.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

Delos School was elementary school, and that was to the fifth grade – fifth or sixth—I can't remember which. Then we went to Mica.

[I]t was about . . . almost two miles from our house to the paved road. And I always said that we had to go another half a mile on the paved road to the left, and in Delos there was the school. We walked.

[O]ur school bus driver was to the right, and we had to go almost a mile to his house. And we were friends, and I'd walk there too. We walked everywhere. And then I had first cousins that was almost across the street from them, and I walked there too, and sometime I spent the night with my first cousin. We had good, strong legs, and we were well-developed. And we were kind of hefty looking. We didn't have a lot to eat.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

We used to have a little school when I was in Caroline, and it was right behind our store a little ways. Our store was right at the corner, a fork of the road, and this little school. And that poor teacher had seven grades that she had to teach every day—just one teacher—but then we went to Upper Zion. It was a school there when we got, like, the seventh grade, I think. And then I went to Sparta School to graduate.

I don't know that it even had a name. Maybe just school at Brandywine. But you know, I still remember my teachers because I was such a good little girl and didn't give any trouble. I was so shy. I really think I was a pet because one of my teachers then had dark hair and she had curls, and she would teach me and I could play with her hair while she was teaching, with my little dirty hands.

Wilshire, Miss Wilshire. She was so good. I think she liked me because I didn't give her any trouble.

[A]s far as I remember—we would go up to her desk and sit, like, at the front because her desk was right up front—and I think she would teach us what she could in, like, fifteen minutes to get to the next class. And we learned something, but that was poor learning, wasn't it? I just would rather have been at home.

One time it was one boy and two of us girls, three in the class. She didn't have that many. She had very many children, but not many in each class because she had to teach about six or seven classes.

It was just one big room that everybody stayed in at that desk, you know, one room. And then we had a little room when we went in to put our coats and things. And then when we had to go to the toilet, we had to come out of the school and go way down there in the woods, near the woods. The bathrooms was that far.

And I went down there one day with some of my friends, there was a little stream of water, and I fell in it trying to jump that. And they helped my dress off, and I went on back to the school and stood up there by that fire and dried out. I remember that very clearly. It was a stream, and we were jumping across it, and I fell back. And it was in January; it was cold. But I was scared, afraid I'd done something wrong, so if I could have hid it from her I would, but I don't think she said anything.

I never wanted to skip that school because I felt like I was going to get behind if I did because I wasn't the brightest in the class.

Mica High School class of 1938.
Photo courtesy of Betty Hicks Enos.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

There were 12 of us that graduated. We had one boy, and he didn't pass, up at Mica.

This is when we had May Day. Oh, wonderful, wonderful. The principal told me he wasn't going to let me graduate, and guess what, he said I hadn't done well enough. The night I graduated, he let me graduate. Honey, I walked off the stage crying like a baby. Yes, indeed.

They started the soup kitchen while we were there, and they only had a few vegetables in it. You paid 5 cents for a bowl of soup. Oh, the kids all came. The kitchen was for the whole school. See, we had seven grades and four years of high school.

Yes, we did [have electricity], towards the last, but at the first, I don't know. We had a generator at first.

[The school outhouse] There was two, only two seats in it, and the boys, they had two seats. And you know what, they'd go out—they didn't want to bring wood in in the winter—so they'd go in the toilet, yeah.

They'd send somebody out there to tell them to come in and bring it. And I'll tell you what, no air-conditioning. The windows were wide open when you had weather like we've had, the hot weather. I wore these high heel pumps, and they were like a suede, and I had a habit of slipping my foot out. One day, somebody took my one shoe, threw it out the window, and the principal called on me to do something. And I said, "I can't do it." He said, "Why?" I said, "My shoe is outdoors." And it was one of the boys that done it.

[T]hey are my graduates, '38. Yeah, the principal told me he wasn't going to let me graduate, and then I got excited, and then I told him, "I'm not coming to this firetrap next

year," and I walked off the stage tears rolling down my face. Guess what I used to be? We blacked our faces, we used to be in minstrel shows, and I sang *Blue Moon*.

Not the class, I was – they had picked certain ones for the minstrel shows—and I was in *Blue Moon*, and one of the girls, she was in that minstrel show, and we had dates that night, double dates together, and we didn't have nothing but hot water. We went on dates with these men, our eyes were the funniest looking thing. We couldn't get that grease out of our [eyes].

[And] May Day. You know, they used to have them.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

I'd say three or four miles [from home]. It wasn't long. We used to walk—it wasn't that far—but we used to walk to school up there [at Upper Zion]. And then up here is where Mr. Jim Beazley used to live. Yeah. They lived a little above Upper Zion. I'd say a mile and a half [to Upper Zion church] because we used to walk it because Upper Zion School . . . was a school up here too at one time before they sent us off. I think that was Mr. O. T. Beazley.

I used to drive the school bus over here. Yeah. [I was] 16. Because wouldn't nobody else drive it. I didn't have the sense. Baynham Wright was driving it, and kids got rowdy one evening. He told me, said, "You take it in, I'm going to tell Willie Brown I'm not going to drive no more." So stupid me, I did. Mr. Brown said, "How'd you get on it?" I said, "I don't know." All right. And he said, "Will you drive it until I get another driver?" Another one. And I drove it until I graduated. That was dumb. I mean, kids went right down there. I wouldn't drive around now.

LEONARD BRUCE

There was just a elementary school. Oh, it's all torn down now. It was on Milford Street, Milford Road leading from Bowling Green to Milford.

No electricity, no heat. Had a woodshed in the back of the school, yeah, and we had to go out there and get wood and keep the fire going.

Yeah, I remember the teachers, good, wonderful teachers. But I had . . . do you know what a spit devil is? It's in the firework category. And I had one. You have to rub it to get it going, and I throwed it in the middle of the floor, and Miss Campbell, she saw that thing, and she went and stomped it. That's the worst thing she could have done. And then it threw the pieces, and the little pieces were sputtering all around in the room.

Miss Campbell. And every morning, they would say allegiance to the American flag, and then she would read a scripture, too, and have morning prayer before they start the class.

Oh, yeah, we'd go barefooted going to school. We'd walk about four miles to school through the woods if the bus leave us, because sometime the bus would get stuck, you know, the road wasn't tarred and especially when it snowed, you could sometime get stuck in the snow. And I remember walking all the way home barefooted. It snowed while I was at school, and there I was barefooted, and I had to go walk all the way to the house which was a little over a mile barefooted.

FRANCIS BRUCE

Well, they had school buses then in older times. And the other times if we missed the bus, we would walk to school because we lived . . . it was about five miles. That didn't mean much. A whole lot of times we'd have to do our work on mornings, we had a lot of trees, we cut excelsior wood. You know what excelsior is. Papa would get us up early and do that before go to school. And when you—after we got off from school—a whole lot of

times you'd just have overalls with suspenders, he'd tell us get off our Sunday clothes and go to work (laughing).

I know when we first started going to school, they didn't cement the walks around the school. They used slab planks for walks at first. Then it got real modern, and they started putting cement around. It was a big expense going to school, a lot different. Most thing, we came along, I never heard of a football. We used to have baseball.

Yeah. Had a boy [at school]—I was a little bitty old thing—weighed about 75 pounds, and he used to try to beat me up. Then a little bit later after we got grown, I faced him and asked him did he want to fight then. Because I worked on a farm, I got a little stronger then.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

When the younger generation—Grandpa's younger generation came along—Grandma had relatives down near Sparta, and at Sparta they had a 1909 school open down there. So they went down, and they'd spend the week with relatives down there, and Grandpa would go in his carriage down on weekends and bring them home and take them back, and I reckon Grandpa got tired of all that. So when it was time to get a school, they started building schools, Grandpa gave the land right up in front of his house, part of Plainview, to build a school. And they built it right up there, and when it was time needed teachers . . . and then if the teachers needed a place to board, they boarded at Grandpa's. And they had what they called a School League; today we call it the PTA. And they would get together up there, and that was their good times, their community time. And you'd better believe that they did less talking about what's going on at school that—they would have oyster suppers—they would have ice cream festivals. Well, those were about the only two that I can remember that they did because I remember they had oyster stew, it was 25 cents a bowl, yeah, 25 cents a bowl. And I remember that same uncle that I told you, Uncle Clarence, bought a bowl, and he looked down at it, and he said, "You know, I probably have to take my overcoat off and dive in to find those oysters."

Well, I can tell you at Sparta, I can tell you how mean I was as a little girl. The thing of it was over at Naulakla when all of us little cousins were over there and the girl from up the road, Frances, I don't know why, we were sort of—she was being ostracized, in other words— we were just pushing her out. And we were all out back of the school at lunchtime, we had an hour to eat, and we were eating. And Frances was sitting over there by herself, and she had fried chicken. And I had a little cousin who was very . . . oh, I don't know, he was cute, but he was very mischievous.

And he looked over there, and he said, "Hey, everybody look. Frances is eating dead chicken." And she looked up, and before I knew anything—and I was the leader of it—we had gotten her up in the middle, and we had a circle around her, and we were holding hands and skipping around Frances singing, "Frances is eating dead chicken. Frances is eating dead chicken. Frances is eating dead chicken." Wasn't that ugly? It was just as ugly—but we were having a good time—didn't think about poor old Frances.

Then when we went into Sparta—and we carried our own lunches—and I remembered that some of that upper brass brought sliced bread. Now, sliced bread with us was very, very special. What I didn't realize was that the biscuits were special too. I had a ham biscuit that morning in my lunch, two ham biscuits plus something else. And here was one of those people that had sliced bread, and she had potted ham on it, potted meat. Well, it smelled good, and it was spread on it so thin you could just see a thin line, and I traded her . . . and she was happy to. I traded her one of my ham biscuits for half of a potted meat sandwich. And at the time, I thought it was great. The sliced bread, you had to buy it. The

biscuits you made from the flour you made on the farm. And the loaf bread, or the light bread as we called it, most of the time at that time it was in a whole loaf. Then as time went on, they sliced it for you, so you had a sliced loaf.

And as I got older and now as I think about it, it was stupidity on my part. That potted meat was right good there for a while, for a number of years and was very popular for sandwiches because it was easy and was inexpensive. And I don't know, I stopped eating it one day when I got smart and started reading the label, and that's when I stopped eating the stuff. I haven't eaten any of it for years. Goodness knows what's in it now.

We didn't have such things as cafeterias and all that, and oftentimes we did exchange food in that fashion. I guess there were more ham biscuits than there were potted meat sandwiches. Some of them brought biscuits with preserves on them. I might have had some of those, too. Because with peach preserve, you wind up with about a quarter of a peach in there. And you bite through, it doesn't spew, bite through and it's a biting type of thing. We'd carry an apple. Once in a while we'd carry a baked sweet potato; they were good. Most of the time we'd wait until we got home and ate the sweet potato. Mama would have a platter of them ready for supper, and we'd get one ahead of time.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

I went to Mica two years, and then they changed the bus route, and we were really closer to the road that runs from Bowling Green to Port Royal, and that—we were closer to that bus route—so they changed the bus route for me. My other two brothers had not started to school. They went to Bowling Green their entire year until A. P. Hill came along. I transferred in the third grade.

I remember we'd get home about 4 o'clock in the afternoon from school, school bus. And when I drive that road now—there's Greenlawn Cemetery—I don't know. Have you been along there, that little narrow road that runs in the back? That school bus I remember would chuck, chuck, chuck up trying to get up the hill. And there were times we'd all get out of the bus and walk up the hill so the bus could get up the hill (laughing).

We'd get home from school in the afternoon about 4 o'clock, my mother would have something coming out of the oven for us, a treat, apple pie, and she used to make it in a biscuit pan because it would be long and she could cut it in squares, and we'd have some of it to take to school the next day. But she would have some treat for us every day when we got home from school.

And then my brothers and I—I loved to play ball—they did too. I played softball, and we would go out and play for about an hour, sun permitting us. If sun went down too soon, we didn't. And we'd play ball for a while, and then we would have to quit and do our night work. I feed the chickens and do all of that, get up the eggs and all of that, and my brothers would do the milking and watering of the animals. That was a treat for us after school, around 4 o'clock. Then, of course, we had to come in and study, so we had full days in the country, sunrise to sunset.

Sometimes you were working after . . . I use to remember had to go out and close the chicken house at night to keep the raccoons and all from getting in. And I'd be afraid. I was afraid of spiders, had a big web going across and I'd walk into that spider web. That was nighttime as I got older. I used to think about that.

RACHEL BRUCE FARMER

My father always called Mica school "nightclub." Every time we had to go up there, he didn't think you ought to go in at night. He always called Mica a nightclub. Activities going on. The ball games and plays and little dances and this, that, and the other. They used

to have proms up there, you know, junior/senior proms, and they used to have parties up there. They had a lot of plays. I guess for us it was an outlet, somewhere to go. And they had May Day. That was the biggest thing in our school was May Day. Every May the 1st, they had a big May queen and the court, and then they'd have ball games in the afternoon, and they would sell a lot of things on the grounds like ice cream, people would come. And it was just a big thing, May Day. We looked forward to that. It was the highlight, I think, of the whole school year, other than graduation. You could go to that if you were an outsider, you could come to that also.

Genevieve Powers on graduation day at Mica School.
Photo courtesy of Genevieve Powers Davis.

EMMETT FARMER

The last year of the high school, this is kind of interesting. I know you probably heard it. The last year they had high school there, well, they had said previously that they were going to close all the high schools and consolidate them. Well, a bunch of us at Mica said we didn't want to go to Bowling Green because we've been going there the whole time and we want to finish up there. So they had taken all the seats, the benches, whatnot, taken them out of the high school and carried them on down to Bowling Green. But we had a sit-down strike. We said, "We ain't going." They brought it back and it stayed there.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

School was also a very important part of good times for me and for most of us, I think. I learned to read when I was about five years old. Several of my aunts were schoolteachers. In that day and time, they—major careers opened to upward-moving

Negroes, as we were called then—would be to become a schoolteacher or if you were male to become a preacher. And so I had plenty of those teachers and preachers in my family. So school was fun, and being smart and doing well was very important to the family and to the family values.

I attended Bethlehem School. In that day and time, the schools for Negroes were, for the most part, started by churches, and most of the churches here in Caroline County for blacks and whites were Baptist, of the Baptist denomination. So most of the one-room schools that were built for colored children were built by the black Baptist church. And our church was the Bethlehem Baptist church, and so the school, of course, built by that church was Bethlehem School.

It was a one-room schoolhouse that was taught by a member of my family, and again, to tell you a little bit about how the culture operated then, on Saturday and Sunday, my teacher was Cousin Julia, but Monday through Friday she was Miss Julia. When I became five years old, I was allowed to go to school because I could already read.

And so I remember my cousin pulling me aside at Bethlehem church on the Sunday before going to school and saying to me . . . and she spoke with a speech impediment. Excellent teacher, mind you, but a speech impediment, which I shall try to duplicate. She said, "Cleo, tomorrow we will come to school. I will be your teacher. I will not be Couthin Julia Monday through Friday. I will be Mith Julia, or Mitheth Brown to you Monday through Friday. Only on Thaturday and Thunday, then I am your Couthin Julia. Do you understand?" "Yes, Cousin Julia, I understand." And I understood, and I never called her Cousin Julia in the . . . oh, I suppose she taught me in that one-room school at least five years. It's a true story. And I never called her Cousin Julia during those years in school. During school time, she was always Miss Julia, but otherwise she was my cousin Julia. But school was great fun for me.

GEORGE W. BUMREY

And they had one lady that teaches school, she has to teach seven grades. I'm talking about Mt. Dew, had to teach seven grades. One teacher had to teach all them kids. Little old small school. You see, you got the first grade, got the second grade, you got the third grade, you got the fourth grade, you got the fifth grade and the sixth and the seventh. She had to teach them all, just as many as could get in there. And she teach them to fifth grade.

ALBERTA BUMBREY HENDERSON

We had to go to Port Royal to school down there off [Route] 301. And that lady, I remember her name, Miss Rich. The biggest girl had to cook the oatmeal and the stuff for breakfast in the morning. And then she served hot meal, oatmeal, stuff like that. I know the county superintendent, too, Vaughn. I used to listen to everything, and the teachers [said] we done hear but we got to leave that other school. From then on, I had a different feeling. I say, here we trying to learn and they don't give us the same thing they give the other kids. But she did best they could, though, and she was 97 years old when she died. I think died a couple years ago. She was a good teacher.

MARY BUMBREY HEAD

At 8 or 9 o'clock, we had to be in the bed because we had to get up early, go to school, had to catch the school bus. I think we went to Bowling Green because I remember one big room, like these rooms here, it was just one big room. And we all went to that one school. It was, like, first to the fourth grade in that room. I guess after fourth grade, you go somewhere higher, you know. And by that time, we had moved up here. It was so far away that we had come there—it was so far, I guess—they walked over and they had to walk back

because we wasn't too far from Port Royal, I remember that. And I think we had some friends in Port Royal because while we lived there, we used to go that way through like—it wasn't the woods—but it was a road, and we used to walk down there to the next person house and go down there and, like I say, sit around and play mud cakes, Popsicles™, build houses, put little dandelion flowers around the house and all that, so it was fun.

Mica School, October 1929.
Photo Courtesy of Nancy Bullock Napier.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

Naulakla [school]. Nothing but a square building. All in one room. Woodstove for heating, had to open the door in the summertime for air-conditioning. Walked, for 2½ miles each way a day. Sometime we carried it [lunch] in a paper bag, sometime we carried it in a molasses bucket, if we had a bucket.

Well, we'd leave home going to school about—I don't know—get up about 7 or 8 o'clock, leave home and go to school about 8 or 9 o'clock. Then you got back 4 o'clock in the evening.

And we'd have prayer in school, say The Lord's Prayer and all, and get your knuckles cracked if you didn't behave yourself . . . Yep, Stand in a corner too . . . put the hat on.

LILY TAYLOR CHILTON

I was thinking about describing how the rooms [at Mica School] were laid out… there were steps to go up to the front of the building, and there were steps that led into a auditorium. On each side of that auditorium were rooms, and behind the auditorium was a room. Miss Gladys Liverman taught back there. On coming in the auditorium on the right-hand side was Miss Spenell, first grade; Miss Alvis, second grade; Miss Winnie Henshaw. Fifth grade, Miss Liverman at the back. And then you went across to the other side of the auditorium, and there was Mr. Newman's room [pastor of the Christian Church in Fredericksburg], Mr. Caldwell's [also principal] room, and Miss Hall's room, and then the office down at the end.

Teacher Miss Hall at Mica School, 1938.
Photo courtesy of Betty Hicks Enos.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

For high school, that was Union High School, that was the only high school around for blacks. And all in that area where A. P. Hill taken over, they had to go to Union High School, and that's why it included so much part of Caroline. They didn't have buses. The parents took them up on a Sunday night and leave them with the homes, the homes. And a lot of the Holmes, of course, the people are dead now. But a lot of the Holmes lived right there at the Bowling Green primary school, the Taylors, there were Banksters . . . they were in the Bowling Green area near the high school.

And they'd pick them up on Friday evenings and bring them home for the weekend. Get their clothes washed up or whatever they had to have for the week up there. Then they had . . . teachers would come in from Richmond. They boarded at the school. They had space for teachers to board at school, but they didn't have room for pupils to stay.

No, most of them [teachers] came from Richmond. The lower schools, the primary schools, the teachers came out of the area. Miss Mary Fortune she taught at Free Mission. Miss Maggie Jones taught at Free Mission, that was my teacher. Mrs. Harris…she taught at Free Mission… taught fourth grade, she came from Ashland.

Mostly because we [classmates] lived right in the area, yeah, we used to walk to school [Union]. My father in the wintertime, he had built a sleigh, had a sleigh and hooked mule to it and go and open up people's driveway all around in that area so they could get out with the deep snow.

Had baseball, we played hopscotch [at school]. Let me see, what else, hide-and-seek. That was most of the games that we played.

We used to have a league called "School League," and the families used to come to the school and have meetings. My father was one of the head people in the league, and he used to go around and see about children getting to school. And my father was the first person to intercede about getting a bus to come down and pick up the children from Jackson Hill all the way down below Port Royal, were over on Jackson Hill, come back and come up to Union High School. That's when they started the younger, like Vergie and all of them and that age group come to Union High School.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

I do remember something about that [axle grease factory in Mica]. And in fact, they nicknamed us, our school, the "Axle Grease School," yes, they did.

LILY TAYLOR CHILTON

I rang the bell whenever it was time, you know, to change classes. Had to change classes—I don't know if they still do it or not—but in high school, we went like in this room for math and that room for English and different times, well, I rang the bell each time. And when the children in the class saw me going out to the bell, they knew it would be time to change class. I don't know why Mr. Caldwell asked me to do it, I've often wondered. But I did for about four years, five years.

I rode a bus [to school]. No. Honey, they didn't stop at every door. You walked. I walked about two miles to catch the bus. And Nick Manarkey drove it. It was a truck that the Manarkey's made into a bus. It was built like a little house on the back of a truck chassis, and it was curtains on each side. It was a bench going down the center of the bus, and children sit on each side of it. And then there were benches on each side of the truck. So we went to school.

Oh, sure. I wore many a feed sack. Mama and Daddy had chickens, you know, and they bought chicken feed. And she would take the bags and make me dresses, so that's what

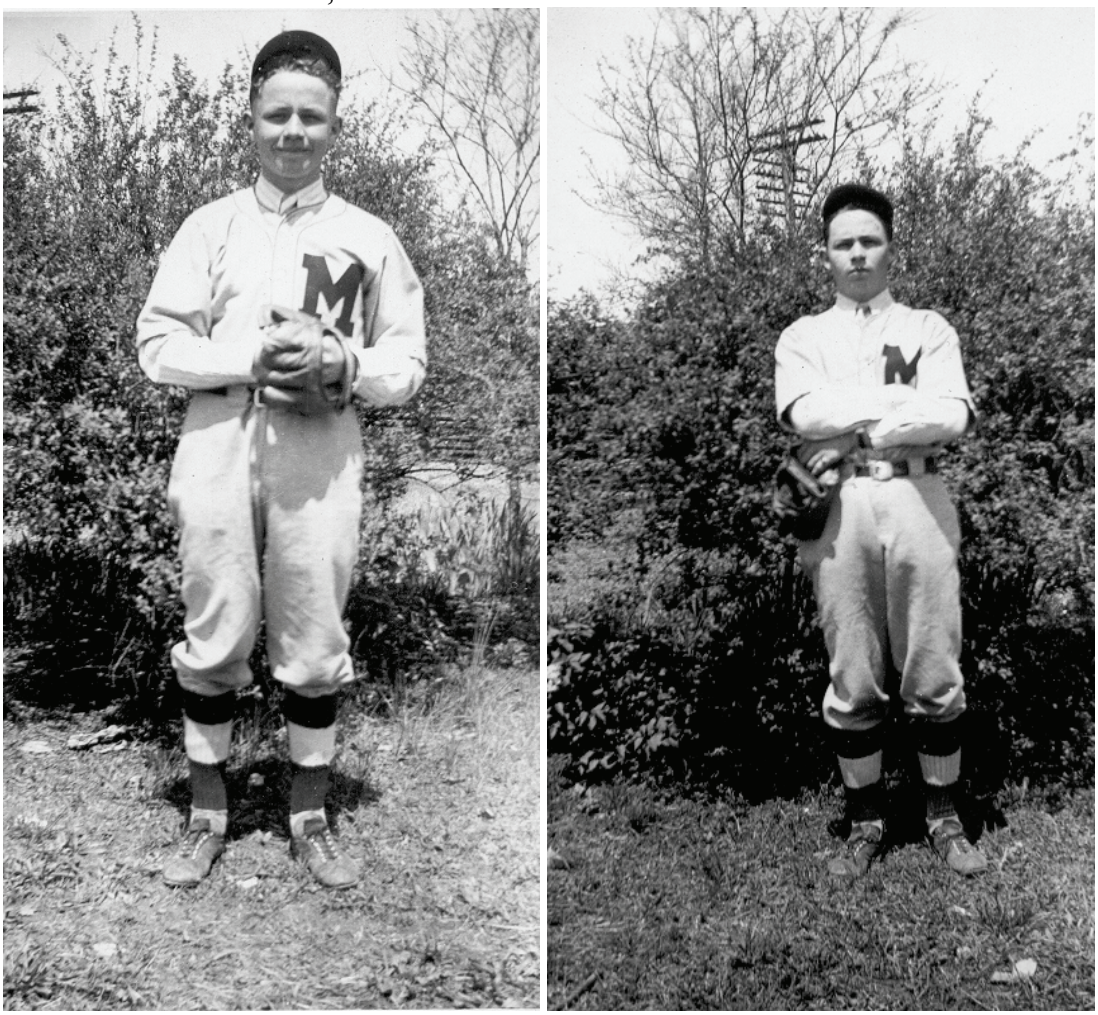
we wore to school. When you'd go buy chicken feed, you know, you'd want the flowered sacks. Lord, if you tell a child that now, they would murder you.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

Overalls [typical school clothes] . . . pair of shoes. The shoes we called them Boy Scout shoes, kind of rough leather on the outside. Most of the time we had a little different pair of pants and a little better shirt and shoes [for church] with a bowtie. That's when bowties was popular.

BRUCE HAYNES

Living in Guinea, they [family members] went to elementary school in Guinea and then went to high school over at Mica, which was on A. P. Hill. My Uncle Buck, William Louis, Uncle Buck drove the school bus there at Mica. I don't believe any of them graduated from Mica. I asked my Aunt Louise, who just passed last year, if she graduated; she said no, she did not, that she quit school and went to work at the hosiery mill in Fredericksburg in the '30s, and she lived there during the week and then came home to Guinea on the weekends. I know that my father and my Uncle Cephus quit school and went in the service in World War II. My Uncle Buck was a machinist and had a serious injury as a child in his foot and was 4-F, and he did not serve in World War II.



James C. Haynes (left) and Cephas Sale Haynes (right), in their Mica High School baseball uniforms, *ca.* 1940.

Photos courtesy of Bruce Haynes.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

Now, when I was—the first five years of school—we had a little school at Naulakla, it was called Naulakla School. So I went there five years and then had to go up to Upper Zion for the sixth and seventh grade. And all that Upper Zion area was taken too.

I know at Port Royal, the kids that went to the elementary school at Port Royal, had to go to Mica for high school, and that was the same way with us. We went to Naulakla School, and then we had to go to Upper Zion, and then we went to Sparta.

We always had a May Day, and we did that, and we had that Maypole and the girls got all dressed up in their little white dresses. Mama sewed for weeks getting ready for that. My mother was a seamstress, and I took home economics and I learned to sew.

DAVID CLARK

I remember going to school about a mile away maybe, and it was a one-room school with four grades in it. I think it was called Naulakla, and I'm not sure how you spell that. I remember walking there and I remember pasting chickens and so forth on these outlines in some books. We had one teacher and four grades. Probably no more than 15 [students] for four grades. We'd have to walk about two or three miles and catch a school bus.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

They [mother's family] said that when they went to school, they would hard boil an egg in the morning when it was cold and take the egg out and put it in their pockets, and it would keep their hands warm on the way to school, and then that would be part of their lunch.

From what I remember, they [mother's family] went to the Brandywine school, but none of them actually went any further than I think fifth grade. My mother may have gone the farthest, I'm not sure if the other ones even went that far. Of course, her sisters, but . . . because they all had to work. So Brandywine is what I remember. I heard mention of Mexico and Jericho, but I think the black children went to Mexico, I'm not sure about that, but there was another school called Jericho, and I'm not sure. I think they went to Brandywine school.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

My uncle taught school, and another—a lady from the Blue Ridge Mountain—up in that section, came down. And then my mother would substitute when they were ill, sick or whatnot, wasn't able to come in. My mother was my uncle's sister, so she would substitute to help him out, and she used to substitute for the lady teacher that was from the Blue Ridge Mountains. She used to room with my grandma. Yeah, she could walk to school, she could walk where she taught.

She stayed right through. She boarded with my grandmother, yes, she did. And then she stayed quite a few years. She married a guy from there, a cousin on my mother's side. They hooked up, you know. Somehow back in that time they knew how to hook up.

Two-room school. That still sitting there now. Yes, it is. They restored it.

Central Point School. That was in the Central Point area, as well as I can remember. It was still standing. It was down near the church [St. Stephens Church] that my uncles on my father's side and my mother's side had put together the church, the first church, I think, was in that area.

It was fun, but like cousins, you know, everybody related and everybody could see bad parts of you. Didn't see nothing about themselves, but it was always "That Cousin So-and-so. . . "

Everybody was kin to each other. I guess they must have had about eight or ten families with children of all ages, I'd say from 14, 16 I think the highest they would go, around that age, all the way down to 5 or 6. I didn't go to school until I was 6 years old because we had to walk two miles.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

Because we always had teachers from out of the community; they were mostly from Bowling Green. And they went home on weekends, but they stayed with us during the week so they could go to school. And our school was about a quarter of a mile from us, and we all walked to school. Mt. Dew Elementary. About a quarter of a mile [away]. It was next door to the church.

We would play hide-and-seek and ball mostly. But when we first started, when I first started school, we only had school 12 o'clock . . . from 12:00 to 3:00. Alphonse Page was our first teacher—my first teacher—and he was from Bowling Green. And then when they started having it all day, Miss Mary Fortune from Bowling Green—Maggie Fortune from Bowling Green—was my second teacher, and Mary Fortune was my third teacher. By that time, I was–had completed.

VERGIE MILLER

They [teachers] didn't have no transportation. They stayed in homes because they—the two—couple that stayed at Free Mission, they stayed closer than here than up the road to the school with a lady. She boarded most of them that came to that school.

One of them was from Norfolk, and one of them was from Goochland. Miss Fannie Meely, I think she was from Goochland. She's the one that lent my brother the car. And then we had one of them, Miss Cunningham, she was from Washington, and she was down there a long time.

Yeah. A lot of them [school graduates] went somewhere else at that time. Most of them didn't get to college like—because most of them—they didn't have financing. I had two sisters that went to college, but other than that, the rest of us went away to work. And they helped finance the parents because my father was paralyzed. That's the only way we made it.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

And I went to a one-room school, had to walk two and a half miles each way. Yeah, it was uphill all right, I had to go up a hill to get there. And then after that, I rode a truck to Mica school, and that was just a farm truck with a cover over it, and the cabin sat out, and the wind just whistled right down where we were sitting. And the old truck would go bump, bump, bump, and we'd start up a hill, the boys would slide out and push it. So we could get up the hill.

Benches on each side from the cabin back to the back, and that was a lot of them. After I finished high school, I went to Mary Washington College for four years and finished that. I taught school for four years, the seventh grade. I took elementary education.

DOROTHY PUGH THOMAS

Well, I can tell you at that time they did not have school buses like we have now. That would be of interest. Now, they had a truck, like the back would be open. I don't mean a pickup, but a truck and it would have a hood over it in case it rained. And you would sit on this bench or this bench, and there might be a plank here (demonstrating), and you could sit on that plank. That's how we went to school at Mica School at that time.

Now, see, I didn't go to a country elementary. There were, and at that time another thing you can put down, they had little one-room schools. I say one, I never been inside; it

might have been two rooms for the black, because at that time the black went one way and the white went the other. And it wasn't until 1960 that the two . . . got together.

So I always went to the white school, Mica High School. Now, the reason I told you 13 years, I started when I was five years old, and I would have done very well, but I fooled around before I got big enough to have brains enough to know what I should do. Anyway, I failed the fourth grade because I was not good in arithmetic, so I failed fourth grade. But when I got in the sixth grade, I was in love by that time. And instead of studying, some way or another I didn't pass, so had sixth grade to go a second time. But I did graduate in 1933 with 14 boys and girls, 13 besides me. But I should have had my tailed whipped back there when I was in sixth grade anyway. But I was up to my ears in love with somebody at that time, but that has nothing to do with A. P. Hill. It was just where the school was.

And at the schools, now, there were no indoor toilets or no electricity or none of that stuff when I went to Mica. There was a outdoor for the girls would be, like over there, and the boys would be back over this other way.

And we would have a little recess, like 10 o'clock in the morning, and we'd have a little recess about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. That would be like 10 minutes, maybe, or 12, and that would give you time to go out to the outhouse if you had to. But we didn't have anything like that at . . . and we didn't have any indoor stuff until many years later. But, see, I went to school at that time.

They heated the school with great big stoves. The belly part of the stove would probably be this big (demonstrating) and would stand almost that big (demonstrating). And the room that it was in would be a right good size room. And you'd have to leave that on to heat way back over here and maybe you'd burn up at the door, not burn up but you'd get hot. And it was heated with wood when I was in school. And by that time, it was 1930 to '35, and that was wood heat.

And the bus would stop there in the mornings at the grocery store and pick me up and take me on to school. Well, if I ever missed the bus, the mail carrier would come on shortly after and he would carry me. The only thing is he had to stop at every little rabbit hut. But anyway, that didn't happen much, too many times.

One whole long big mile, and I walked it one time, just one. But my mother was a very outstanding—outgoing person—and she was a PTA at that time, PTA president for seven years, and then she retired like a year or so, and bless her goodness, she run for another seven years. But she was right well educated for her age, and people looked up to her like they thought that she was Miss Nancy.

THE STORE

More than just a commercial establishment, the county store often was the heartbeat of the community. Here one could buy or barter for goods or supplies. A visit to the store often meant a visit with neighbors to catch up on local news or dissect the world's events. For a child, a visit to the store might mean a penny in hand, ready to take in the rapturous sights of the candy counter.

LAVERNE BAYLOR GWATHMEY

My father didn't do much farming, no, because he was in business, and he sold, like, wheat and flour. He had a little mill that was right next door, and he did the own grinding the flour and stuff like that. [It was called] Baylor's Store.

It was a stucco store, a very, very large, large store. As I say, you had the business, upstairs were living quarters, and it was a store, I'll say, upstairs maybe about six or seven rooms. Downstairs we had the store, which was huge, and then we had—it was sort of like—I guess, a large dining area there.

My father sold beer, wine, and stuff like cigarettes and all that stuff. Yeah. He sold beer and wine and stuff. I guess like now you have to have food, but we didn't have food there. It was sodas and ice cream, and on the weekend, it was just a good-time place.

JAMES LOVING

My father . . . he had a store that he had, a blacksmith shop and all that back in there. And that's where he did his work at. Half of that was a store, country store. He used to make a lot of ax handles and sell them—go around the country and sell them to different stores—hardware stores. That's the way he made his income during the wintertime.

He had regular old country stuff, you know, he kept a country store. Sugar and coffee and things like that and canned goods and boxes of peanuts, I remember that. I went out there one day, and I remember going in the store and telling him I sure would like to have—I wished the rats would run around and knock the peanuts down . . . But he used to keep all kinds—everything mostly, you know, just a variety store. Candy for the kids. I don't know about clothing or things like that, I don't think he had none of that.

You know where Bowie's store is? My father used to leave from where we lived at, and he used to go through Bowling Green, that's where he used to sell ax handles. He used to go by Bowling Green where Broaddus used to live in Bowling Green, I believe it was. And then he'd go all the way up Route 2, and he'd go to Bowie's store and then come cross over to [Route] 17, come back by Skinkers, and sell ax handles there and then come on back. And that's the way we used to do it, and all day, that was Daddy's job, and I used to go with him, I remember, in the wagon.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

We did a lot of ordering, of course, from Sears Roebuck catalog and from Montgomery Wards, you know. They would be mailed to us, it was a mail order house because we didn't get to the stores that frequently. There was a post office in Bowling Green and in Port Royal, but we had a rural driver that came and delivered the mail to the boxes that were on Route 2.

My father, when he would go up [to Mr. Smithers' store] at the evening, he would always bring a treat back to us. It could be an apple, could be a little bag of candy, or just something. John Smithers' store, the store I'm telling you about, he had that [canned pineapple]. Then there was a grocery store in Bowling Green, too, and I can't remember . . . I guess the A&P was there. I think there was a chain store there; I believe it was the A&P. And then there was an independent, Kidwell.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

The Taylors used to come around. They'd kill a cow and—that was after cars—and come around. And if Mama had a little bit of money, she would buy a little small chunk of beef. But that was very rare. You wouldn't think that you would eat it, but it was . . . Have half a white sheet and that got all oozed bloody water and what have you. Flies and you name it.

The post office in the store, this old man Jim Wright was the postmaster, and he'd set on a nail keg and ask me, he said, "What did your mama tell you to get today?" "A box of matches and a row of pins." "Well, then, you don't have but 2 cents, you got to buy her

a"—a row of pins then was—I don't know if you've ever seen them. You had three rows on this side and three rows on that, and you folded it over, and you'd get one of them for 1 cent. And that's what he'd always ask me, he said, "What did your mama tell you? What did your mama tell you to get today?" "A box of matches and a row of pins." And when we'd get molasses, we carried the pitcher.

And if you wanted a quart of molasses, he'd put it in that pitcher, pump it out of the barrel. And my brother, he'd carry it part of the way, and then he said he done carried it his share, he wasn't going to carry it no more. And I knew if I didn't carry that molasses home, I wouldn't get no molasses to eat. I made sure I carried my share. What I'd give for that pitcher now.

[At the store,] a dozen eggs bring you maybe 15 cents. You could buy enough oil to put in the lamps to last a week. Whenever you needed some sugar, when Mama would make preserves—when she had strawberries selling them at 5 cents a quart—she would take that money and buy sugar.

[At the store] they had candy. I'd buy a BB Bat for 1 cent, and that was about that long (indicating). Now, I was in high school and if we got a penny, they had a little store, and we'd buy that BB Bat, cut it up in four or five pieces and divide it with each other.

RICHARD KOCSIS

They [grandparents] just bought tea and coffee and sugar and salt and pepper, flour . . . well, they would have the wheat ground, and corn, they would have it ground at the mill. They didn't buy it. Just coffee and tea, they had to buy that, and sugar they had to buy and black pepper and salt. That's it. They had everything else, honey and everything.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

We had hogs, and there was a country store about three or four miles from us, his name was Mr. Smithers. And he exchanged and took anything in, and so we had hams and we had a smokehouse, so once you smoked the hams, they did very good for all winter. So we traded hams and got good money for the hams, you know, people come for that. We had potatoes, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, we brought that in trade. Eggs, we had lots of eggs, they traded eggs. And some people had several cows, but we didn't have those many, we had ten children. We traded, for sugar, and we would bring flour in, meal, because a lot of people didn't have a farm. They just had a small plat of ground, maybe a garden and that was all. So they would come in and get the flour and the meals from the trading. It was just like money. You know, we didn't feel poor doing it.

And Mr. Smithers and his wife owned the store, and they were glad to get everything we were bringing in because somebody was coming in to buy it who just had a little acre of land, and they needed the flour, and they needed the cornmeal and the eggs and the hams they brought in. And they sold yardage goods, too, so my mother would come and she'd exchange a couple dozen eggs for some yardage to make us a dress. He sold thread.

And people would meet in that country store, and they'd exchange news, you know, news in the county, what's happened, what's going on. And they loved to chat, and they had these big barrels of nails, and they'd sit on those barrels, and they would chat and loved the fellowship of one another.

And Mr. Smithers was so kind, he would never bill people. [Y]ou had accounts, too. And if it got up a little bit high, he says, "Now, this is not a bill, but I'm just passing you this, and this is what you owe now." But he never billed us, never billed us, per se. If we were in, sometimes we'd ask him, my mother would say, "Well, how much do I owe you now?" She would come in, and then she'd bring in maybe more hams or something else.

Top and bottom: Mr. Smithers' store at Delos. "That was a gathering placed for the neighborhood. Mr. Smithers' store had everything from salt fish to yard goods."
Photo courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood.

Photo courtesy of Lucille Trice Tompkins.

John Smithers at his store in Delos.
Photo courtesy of Rose Hicks Farmer.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

Well, [at Father's store] mostly he sold was canned goods. He would sell bologna, something like that that he could get rid of right quick. He did some shoes, some clothing.

Well, we had a ice truck to come around, a truck sell ice, like, once or twice a week, and we'd buy a little block then, even for our homes.

We had somebody from Fredericksburg that come in. It was one of two companies up there, and sometime—he always had a pickup—and he would go, like, once a week or something and buy groceries, to Fredericksburg.

We used to buy eggs, and then some man come around and buy the whole case, all we had. And I think he would sell them to a bakery, you know, to make their cakes and pies. I bet some of them eggs was half rotten. They brought two dozen in a few days, but they didn't usually have any way to keep them on ice.

I think he always had money—my dad—he didn't buy it if he couldn't pay for it. [O]nly thing we would charge, like, when you buy groceries, you buy them this week and the truck come and bring them, well, next week you paid for them and then bought some more. He never believed in buying anything that he couldn't pay for. And I'm just like that.

He would charge a few people, but he had a pretty good idea they would pay it. I don't think he lost hardly any money crediting . . . that he didn't get paid for because he wouldn't charge everybody.

As the children got old enough to take care of it, we all had to take our turn clerking in the store. Well, he [father] didn't stay at the store much; he was first at the store and then at home because our house weren't close. And so we could eat anything we want to when he wasn't there. He was tight. He couldn't turn us nine children loose in the store to eat anything they wanted.

I don't think at the end of the week you hardly had $100, you know, you didn't take in much money then. People would starve to death on it now, but then that kind of kept us going. And Mama could get her flour, meal, and stuff out of the store, you now, to feed us with, but we always raised a garden. And she did a lot of canning.

Beryl Wright and Zora Lumpkin in front of Headley Chenault's Store in Brandywine.
Photo Courtesy of Steve Nazigan.

[At the store] we sold gasoline, too. That's one thing I didn't like, going out pumping gas—people nowadays—they pump it themselves, but we had to go out every time and pump it. And most of them couldn't buy but about two gallons.

Sometimes you'd sit there [at the store] two hours and not a soul come in. But at night, some of the men would go to the store because that was their entertainment.

We had nothing in the house. Papa spent everything he could find in the store. That was very decent, but the house came up short because he thought that store would make a penny.

At first, the store was in front of the house, and then it was upstairs in the kitchen; we didn't have a bathroom then. The kitchen was back of the store, but it was one building.

CHARLIE LOVING

Headley Chenault run the bigger store. Headley was—like, the way we were—if we come out at the hickory, come out and make a turn. Old Man Headley had a store here. This one go to Pinhook, Old Man Wright, he had a little small store and post office.

[The] Black people store? That had to be Free Mission. Let's see. I know the old man— Willie Lonesome—I think he had a post office there too. Old Man Willie Lonesome. That was heading from our way heading towards Upper Zion and Bowling Green, if you went that way. So he had a little store up there. I believe he had a post office there, too, I think he did. So that's the only one that I know of there. Now, going around from the other two stores down here, take the back road, they call that the Old Hickory Road, too, come out at Upper Zion. Back around through there, there was two or three stores on that. One of them was Robert Wright.

They had a store there. Louis Carter, yeah, they had a store on that back road around there, Louis Carter and Robert Wright. And looked to me like there was another one, but right now I can't put in place who that one was. Go from Brandywine back to where I'm telling you about the mill at, that was Pinhook right at 17, Old Man Robert Wright run that one.

Old Man Julian Wharton, the old lady's brother what raised me, he had a blacksmith shop, but he was up there next to where I was talking about Lonesome up by Free Mission. He had a blacksmith shop in there. That's the only one that I know of, shoe horses.

Old Man Jim Wright, that was Anna Wright's daddy. First the grandpa had the store and post office down there at Brandywine. I didn't ever know him. He died a little ahead of me.

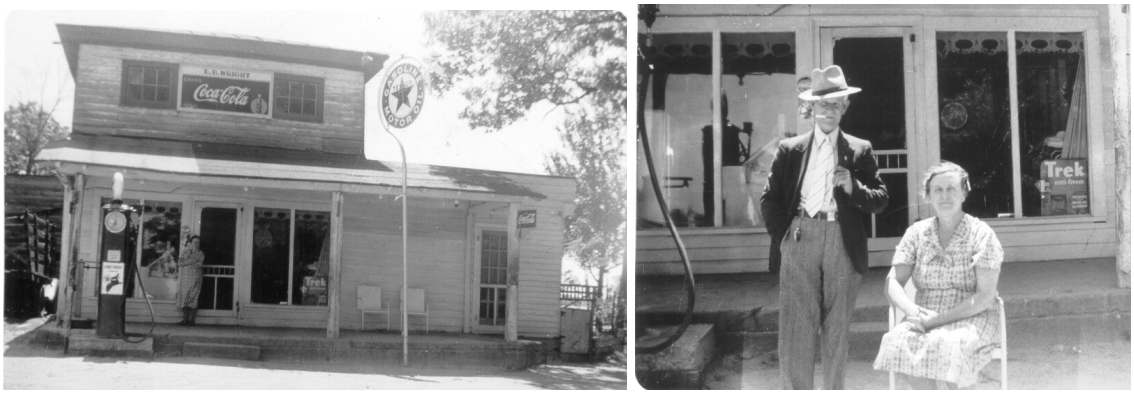
Headley Chenault had gas. Had what you call a Delco plant, what we call now is a generator, a Delco plant in a little house they got at the end of the store, that's where he got his current from. He had electric lights and electric in his store so that way he could make his own currents, charge them batteries. When the batteries start getting weak, you go around and charge that motor up and charge them up. Old Man Wright, he didn't have nothing but lamplight.

Old Man George Wright run the one [store] at Pinhook out there at 17, right down from the mill. Eddie Baynham Wright, Upper Zion, Eddie Baynham Wright had a little store. He run the post office. Melvin Gray had the big store. That was at Hickory Road come back in there, they wandered on through there and come out up here before you get into Bowling Green, just out of Bowling Green, on that road. That was a back road that took off from Brandywine, went on around and come back at Upper Zion.

Old Man Eddie Baynham had a store and post office, Melvin Gray had a big store. Was Old Man Henry Pitts, I think, once of the time, but Melvin Gray had it when I

remember. I know where Old Man Pitts' house was, the wife was living there and I think a daughter and so on right across the field from that. Mama used to live right next door to them at one time.

Old Man Jim Post, now, he had a blacksmith shop up there at that corner. Old Man Jim Post, he had a blacksmith shop up there.



The E. B. Wright Store at Upper Zion (left) and its proprietors (right), 1940.
Photo courtesy of Evelyn Penney Upshaw and Annie Penney Purks.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

We lived on the farm, and when A.P. Hill bought the property, she [mother] had already decided to start a business, and she started the store up there on 17. It's called Betty's Inn; it was named after me. So it was during the Depression, you see, you had to have food to live, you know, and Mama said she thought of the black people, they had no store to go to, and that's what it was. In the '30s, sometime in the '30s.

Betty's Inn, 1942
Photo Courtesy of Betty Hicks Enos.

[I]t's off the base, it's on 17, and it's only a short distance where we lived. The funniest thing, we had cows and horses, every time they take the cows and horses, and bring them down to where the store was built, we had sheds built for them, they'd go back home in A.P. Hill, the cows and horses both. Isn't that something?

They wanted to go home, that was the animal. But Mama, my mother started selling beer and everything, soft drinks and everything. Beer was 10 cents a bottle, Cokes were 5 cents a bottle, and I worked there, and then when they started bringing troops in, boy were we busy. And we sold egg sandwiches 5 cents a piece. In the store, my mother made bologna sandwiches. She had a ham cooked every day. [At acquisition, we moved] Into the store upstairs, that's what it was.

"This is me in the store behind the counter hiding from somebody."
Photo courtesy of Betty Hicks Enos.

LEONARD BRUCE

Oh, Miss Ora Wrights', yeah, yeah. We'd go barefooted, you know, and take a few eggs, and she'd exchange them for candy or sugar, whatever we needed, you know.

Miss Ora Wright. That old store is still there. You know, where you're going into A.P. Hill from Bowling Green, that little store is right there, Upper—the beginning of Upper Zion Road. The old building is still there. But anyway, she could look at a egg and tell if it was good or not. She'd hold it up to a light, see, and sometime we'd carry a egg by mistake that the hen had been setting on, you know, and she'd give us the dickens, say, "Hen been setting on that, what you bringing that egg in? You know that egg isn't no good." That mean we wouldn't get no sucker. That was Upper Zion, yeah.

Upper Zion and Miss Ora Wright's store, yeah. That's still sitting there. That was the only store that we had except we went to Upper Zion. See, we lived off of Upper Zion Road. It was a store and a Methodist church at Upper Zion.

FRANCIS BRUCE

We had a little country store there. Wright's store. Used to take eggs and get your groceries. Yeah, that's right. Get eggs and whole lot of times—to see if the eggs—if a hen had set on them, you put them up to the light. and if you see a little spot in them, they've been setting on them too long. You think you want to go back to that?

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

One story that Hazel [father] likes to tell is that one day his mother Lottie sent him to the country store down at the Brandywine crossroads to sell some eggs. And he was supposed to use the money to buy a few things that she needed, and then with any money that he had left over, which happened to be a nickel, he was supposed to go a little further down the road to his grandmother Julia Farmer's home to buy some butter. But Grandma Farmer did not want to take any money from her little grandson, so on the way back up to his home, Hazel stopped by the store again and bought him three of the big iced cookies with the leftover nickel that he had had. And on the way home he ate all of the cookies. However, he could not keep the cookies a secret because he ended up with a toothache; apparently he had very bad teeth.

Grandfather Thomas L. Lumpkin was a blacksmith in Brandywine. He also tried running a store for a while in a building that is referred to commonly as "The Storehouse." Mother Lottie and father Buck fixed up and lived in The Storehouse for a while when they first got married, and they were married on November 26th, 1919. After the family members began to die off, Thomas and Mary Etta's family, Mary Etta died and then the children Bessie and Johnny, Buck and Lottie moved into the big house and lived in the house that had belonged to Thomas and Mary Etta. Buck and Lottie had three children: Zora, Bessie, and Willard. When Thomas Lumpkin died, Mary Etta had already died, Buck bought out his remaining three living siblings, their share of the home place so that the home place and the 64 acres around it became his. And his sisters were Ida Howard, Maggie Chenault . . . Maggie's husband ran a store at the Brandywine crossroads; his name was Headley Chenault . . . and Lucy Wright. Lucy was the postmistress at Brandywine, and she had the post office in Jim Wright's store in Brandywine.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Mama's chicken and egg crops. Our eggs—Uncle Henry—Great Uncle Henry at Naulakla had a general store and a post office. Great Uncle Henry Wright at Naulakla had a general store and a post office, and bless his heart, he died in 1926, but I remember him so.

Mama would take her eggs in, and I was little, and she would give me one egg, and she said that I could take that egg and do whatever I wanted to with it. So I always bought candy with my egg. And I used to insist on standing there holding my one egg.

So when Uncle Henry got finished over on this counter, well, the candy was over here, so he'd go around the back all the way and I'd go across. And he'd hold his hand out, and I'd give him the egg. And then he would take this little bag, they were the smallest little old brown paper bags you ever did see. There were about five or six inches long but a couple of inches wide. And he'd take his two big fingers here and open up that bag, and then he'd say, "All right. Now, what do you want to go in your bag?" And I'd point out this one, and he'd put one in, and I'd point out this, and I'd point out that, and he would put one in.

And finally, he said, "Honey, your egg, that's all your egg will buy this time." At that particular time, he started to twist the top of the little bag, and I was still standing there with my finger pointed out to another piece. Well, bless his heart, he got that piece up. He said, "Now, that egg has been spent." I mean, it was that sort of thing.

Traveling salesmen used to come by buggy, but the last ones came by little . . . my brother and I were talking about this Sunday. I asked him—I couldn't think of what kind of vehicle—and he said he thought it was a Model A. It had to be a Model A or Model T. A Model T. He would have his box of commodities on the back fastened. But the Model A sounds better and looks better to me. It had . . . it's built there in the back. It had everything from vanilla and lemon and salves and pins and needles.

Right, right. As I told you, it beat anything I ever did see, that when people were coming through, they always managed to get there at our house for mealtime. I think I told you about the wheat people and all of that, always managed to get there when we were . . . I don't know whether he managed or whether he accidentally did, but I think he did too manage. Anyhow, it was very nice to bring those things through, was very convenient.

I've been wondering since I thought about it the other day, I've been wondering how they actually made their—a living because if they came to my Mama's house there and she fed him—I just don't know how it worked. But anyhow, I do know that they were interesting people. Mr. Jones was the guy, the last one I remember, and that was sometime in the '20s, had to be. Well, anyway, we'd all had our supper. We didn't eat dinner then, we ate supper. We'd had supper. We were sitting out on the front porch there visiting, and he'd been invited to spend the night, and he was delighted to. And I disappeared and was gone for a while. When I came back, I was clad in my little white nightie and declared that I was going to sleep with him.

And I was always getting my poor old Daddy in a bad spot. He's always the one to get me out of it. Funny thing about it since I've been thinking about it, Mama never did get me out of hot water. It was always Daddy.

And Daddy said, "Oh, no. Mr. Jones got to have his…" well darn if I haven't forgotten it as fast as that. Anyway, Mr. Jones was going to have to have a good night's sleep and he was tired and I'd have to go and sleep in my own bed. And I did not know that it wasn't right to sleep with Mr. Jones. I did remember . . . I don't know whether that's an exact quote.

Fish. I was thinking that Daddy went down to Port Royal to get his fish, but my brother said that they brought fish to the house. I didn't remember it that way, and I still think that Dad went down there, for some of them anyway. So the fish would be brought on around. And there was one other that my brother told me that I had not remembered until he said so, and that was when somebody in the neighborhood butchered a beef, they'd

get some ice and spread it out in the back of the buggy or something of the sort and put some on there and cover it.

And they'd come, and you could buy—they'd have a little scale—buy so much. And as far as the price was concerned, neither he nor I could come up with a price, but you can bet your bottom dollar it wasn't a dollar, period. Because when they brought stuff like that around, you would have to have cash or something of the sort, and farmers did not keep cash, period. They would mostly barter, practically all the time.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

[If I had a quarter when I was a little girl] the greatest pleasure was thinking about, the daydreaming, "Boy, with this quarter, I could buy a Coca Cola, I could buy an Eskimo Pie, I could have a Popsicle, I could get a bag of potato chips." I could do all of those things with this quarter. Or I could save it and then I could go to maybe the county fair, you know. And I knew Grandma was going to insist that I save a nickel out of that quarter to put in church.

But there were so many things I could do with that quarter. But meanwhile, the fun thing to do with it was just to save it and think about all of those, relish the thought of the things that you could do with it. That was really the most perfect part of the whole deal because, after all, I had lots of aunts and uncles and I was a good child, so I was given cold drinks and a Popsicle and that kind of thing from time to time anyway. So just the daydreaming about what I could do with it was the fun thing. You could even buy a doll for a quarter then, small doll baby.

One of my favorite purchases was a bottle of Jergens Lotion which you could buy at that time for 10 cents. So I remember that I loved the smell of it, now I can't abide it because Jergens Lotion still exists. But to me, it was out of the world, it was a store-bought kind of thing. And so I bought a 10-cent bottle of Jergens Lotion and just enjoyed putting it on my hands and rubbing it in and smelling it and all during the day going back to the bottle and rubbing it and smelling it, that kind of thing. So that's one of the purchases that I remember making and thought it was wonderful.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

[For seeds, my father would] just buy it from the man that run the store down in the bottom there from our house. Ben Skinker. Post office, sell gas, sell food down there, and my daddy used to deal with him. We used to go down to the store for my daddy. He sent us to the store, get groceries. It was a big store, sell everything, clothes, everything, sell everything. I used to go down there cut wood for the man. I'd go cut wood for him, he'd give me about two gingersnap. Cut a great big pile of wood, stack it up on the porch, then go to the spring get water for her. And the same thing, give a stick of candy or something like that.

Then we used to go there fishing. The man that owned the store, we had to come up through his yard from catching the herring, and we had to give him half the herring to sell to other people that didn't do the fishing. He'd be sitting there waiting for us to come up from getting the herring, and he'd take half of it. Then he'd sell it to the ones that didn't go to fishing. It made me feel bad because I done the work. Did all the work in the water catching them, then had to bring them out over the bank, carry them home. It made me feel bad, I catch them and then he take them. That's the way back there then they lived.

ALBERTA BUMBREY HENDERSON

I remember when I was little girl . . . George, do you remember Mr. Skinker [Ben Skinker] at the store? They was nice. He had a lot of kids. I think he had 26. When their kids outgrow the clothes, she would give Mama all them clothes for us. They was nice, it was real nice. I remember that because I used to wear so many dresses. But he was nice in a way. When I was a little girl, we used to play with his kids. They was very nice, yeah. He used to correct them, too. When they go in that store, we'd say, "Go get some candy." They'd bring out one piece. He must tell them, "Don't get but one." We'd tell them, "Bring a gingersnap." He must count them out, they'd bring five for five girls. But they was nice. We used to play with them all the time, yeah. It wasn't all bad. But the bad part, I was too young.

NANCY BUMBREY JACKSON

I used to go down there [Skinker's Store] and play with his kids, he used to have his—Sarah, Jane, and Betty—we used to go down there and play with them, and we used to make them go in the store and get ginger ale and cheese and stuff. He caught us one day, but he didn't do nothing, told us better not come back in that store, didn't want to get nothing out of there.

We used to go down to the store. And I remember one day Mama send me down there to get some syrup, coming on back to the house, I turned that top, opened that jar top and took my finger and ate syrup all I wanted to eat syrup before I got home. We used to do some bad things. When we was children, we used to do things like that. I got more whippings than anybody else did. Used to call me a tomboy, that what they used to call me. I wasn't scared of nothing.

JOHN GARRETT

Sometimes when the older hens got so they wouldn't lay, we could just take them to the store, you could sell a hen at the store then. Mr. Ben Skinker ran the store right across the hill from where we lived up on top of where you go around that crooked—there was a mill dam what it really was to start with. He ran the store up there. I'd go over there, and we'd buy some soda. Soda and molasses are about the only thing I know of that we bought. I'd go over there, and he had fired up these old balance scales. And soda came in a big, I don't know, I reckon a 50-pound wooden box; it was a big box. And I'd get some soda, and he'd put it on the scales, you know, put a piece of paper and weigh it on the scales and wrap it up with a string. And I played ball with them things all the way home, and I never had one come open. He could tie a bundle better than anybody I ever saw.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

Free Mission [area]. Upper Zion was our post office. That was the store that we'd go up there to the store, and they had telephone at the store, ring the telephone. If anything happened in that area, we had to ring to Bowling Green to get a doctor to come down.

We had a store. The Grays had a store over there in Free Mission, yeah, we [Grays] set up a store there. It was small. We carried the regular things and all that you could sell for homes like matches and stuff like that you use in a home. Not too much dry goods, no. Everyone had pickles because they put down in a barrel. They take them and put them in big jars. They used to get these big jars to put them in, then you could get one out like that.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

And I remember taking eggs up to the store to sell them in Delos. My grandparents lived just maybe a half a mile from that store. Well, I've always remembered getting cheese.

He had this big circular thing of cheese, heavy thing, and he'd cut certain amount of it for us. And he sold fabric to make clothes, and he sold, of course, kerosene for the lamps.

[We had] no telephone. The Phillipses had their farm, it was a very small farm, next to us, and she had a little store in one of her rooms, and she also had a telephone. And the telephone was on the wall, you know, one of those wind-up things on the wall.

Well, it was a treat if we went into Fredericksburg. There was a store, the hardware store in Fredericksburg. My father knew the man there very well, and he could buy most anything. And also Southern States, he would go to Southern States for supplies and seeds and all that that he had to get.

Actually, we did a lot of catalog ordering, things from Sears and Montgomery Wards catalog. That's where we got our clothes and our shoes and all that sort of thing.

MAYNARD PENNEY

Mother's father ran a store and a post office and a barroom on down from us two or three miles, place called Naulakla. She used to help him in there. She'd tell me the stuff they did. He'd buy a little bit of everything. He'd buy sumac. That's a plant you'd cure, they break it and they'd make dye and other stuff out of it. And then they would bring in butter and eggs, and they'd bring in animals that they'd killed, you know, rabbits and quail and all that, meat and vegetables.

[The black store] We didn't walk there much, but Melvin Gray had a store, and Eddie Baynum Wright, they had two stores there. And we dealt with Melvin mostly. It was a small store and I believe he lived in the back.

I remember—at the store—we used to shop at Melvin Gray, but Eddie Baynum Wright I remember—and I don't know because they came out with kerosene refrigerators before they did—and I remember going over there and you got a cone of ice cream for a nickel and we just thought that was wonderful.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

Most of the time—my aunt [Alma Farmer]—had a store [Farmer's Store], about three miles through the woods to her store. And we used to go over and buy the groceries and stuff from there, whatever we needed or what we could afford to buy. And she had a telephone in her store, and if we had a reason to call a doctor or someone, we'd run over there and make a call. She had a post office in the store. And my grandfather [Aniston Farmer] had a store there too before my aunt did.

We used to always have some eggs or butter or something that we'd take and get a Pepsi-Cola or package of crackers or something. You could buy a Pepsi-Cola then for a nickel, and now, of course, you're a dollar or a dollar and a quarter.

Used to get them [shoes] in Fredericksburg. We used to go up to Fredericksburg once a year. My daddy used to take a ham or shoulder or side of bacon up there and trade it for some shoes and pants for us for school. And he'd tell you he'd buy you one pair of shoes, you could wear them out if you want to quick or you can make them last all the winter. And we made them last as long as we could. Because we knew times was tough because that was in the '30s, and I know you don't remember the '30s, but I know you've heard your folks talk about it.

BRUCE HAYNES

If you look at the map there in A.P. Hill over in the Rappahannock Academy side, you will see "Sales Corner." The family history is that was a cousin. At least in 1940, it was a couple hundred acres of land, I believe, owned by Cyrus (transcriber's note: he might be saying "Silas" instead of "Cyrus.") Sale. Now, I haven't been able to find Cyrus Sale

anywhere, not that I'm a master genealogist, but family history is he was a cousin. The family history is that William Joseph Sale, who would have been my great great-grandfather, had a store over there. Well, I know for a fact that my great-grandfather Louis Cephus Sale did, indeed, own a store in Guinea; the store is still there. Anybody that's alive today is going to know it as Alan's store, which is in Guinea. The house there right at the end of the road as the road turns to the lower crossing at Guinea was the Sale house.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

If they'd [mother's family] get a penny or so, they would stop by the store at the intersection of Brandywine on the road that went down to Naulakla because my great-grandfather had a store on the corner. James H. Wright owned the store that was on the corner, they would stop in and get a piece of penny candy. Headley Chenault had the store on the opposite corner, and then catty-corner to that was Susie Wright—Susie Garrett's store—that would have been my mother's grandfather, where she would stop in and get some penny candy.

Well, my great-grandfather had a store at the intersection there in Brandywine, and he actually had the post office and the store. Actually, my Uncle Andrew after my great-grandfather died in '28—my Uncle Andrew—it was Andrew or Robert ran the post office there.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

My grandfather owned one of the stores in Central Point. And at the time that I grew up, it was this Englishman, Pumroy Pitts owned the other store, the one that was in Passings. And my grandfather owned a . . . we called it a dry goods store. They carried horse collars down to marshmallow cookies. Had a variation of commodities that they carried.

I used to go down and clean. After my grandfather got old, I used to go down and clean and beg him for marshmallow cookies. And he would tell me, "Child, they are no good for your teeth." He would give me a gingersnap, and I would be so unhappy because the gingersnap did not have the icing on it that took my eyes. I was drawn with the pink and white coconut.

My grandfather used to keep the post office, the one at Central Point. Yeah, my grandfather kept that up until he was 75 years old, and he said he got so tired of looking at print, print, print, he gave it up. But that was the only post office that I knew of in that area from the time I was born up until I left. I think he had given it up at the time that I left.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

They had an old country store, and it was run by one of the Skinker brothers that raised my mother. And we used to—my mother would take eggs down there—and it was like trade eggs for some molasses or bread or flour and sugar. That was the only one in our community.

VERGIE MILLER

But they had two—when you went to the post office—was two big stores there, Melvin Gray ran one and a Wright, he ran one. Pitchman had it before them, and he died, and then this Wright man, he taken over. But they had two stores that you could go in and get most things than the little local store near us.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

It [the store] was one right down from us name—Bob and Gracie Wright—and they run a little country store. And my mama and we would take eggs down there to change for stuff we need because my mama raised fowls and hens and all.

DOROTHY PUGH THOMAS

I don't remember anything about where they ordered peanut butter or where they ordered—now, agents—we called them salesmen, would come through the country about . . . we'd almost know when they were coming. I don't remember whether it was any more than once a month or not, but they would buy cookies in bulk—like—I forget now whether it was 150 pounds, 25, 40 a small box of different kinds of cookies. And as a child, I can remember that the salesman would give me a cookie to try. I remember that. Boy, I thought that was great. But, of course, I was about five or six or so many years old. I was never a pretty child, but I was cute, and the salesman thought I was cute, and they would give me a cookie and, of course, that made my day. And I was five, six years old, seven years old.

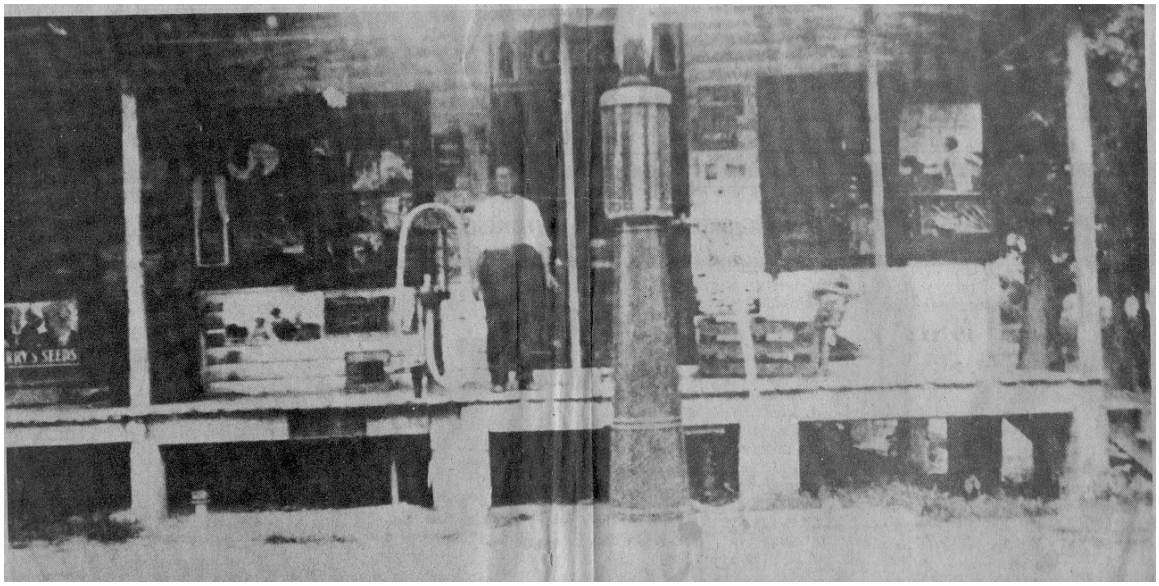
And a group of Gypsies went through one day, and they stopped at the store. And, of course, I had no fear of anything, and I was out in the yard where they were parked. I guarantee I was talking, I guarantee I was asking them what was what or what about this, that, and the other. And after they were gone, my mother told me, "Dorothy, don't you know that was a bunch of Gypsies? They could have taken you right on off." Well, they didn't mean a thing to me.

They came in horse and wagons, I think it was. It wasn't a motor vehicle of any kind. Came through the country—but, you see, because he [father] had this grocery store—they would stop there for peanuts or whatever he had to sell. I was all over the place worse than a worm. But anyway, they didn't bother me, thank goodness. But now, there was one time that a group of Gypsies did come through the area, and that's A. P. Hill, before A. P. Hill. Now, I don't know where they came from, and I can't really tell you where they were going, but I know they were there one time. And it worried my mother more than it did anybody else because she was old enough to know what their trend . . . I didn't know what they looked like. It didn't bother me.

But before it was Woodford, it was Mica, and before Mica, it was Ezra. And Ezra goes back to, like, 1900 maybe, and then it was Mica. But my father's grocery store was like a mile or so away from that—and the post office at Mica was a post office—but it was also a grocery store, combined. And it was an eighth of a mile, maybe, from there to the school. An eighth, you see, would be good walking distance. And between that store and my father's store was another store. I didn't know . . . this was the Thomas store right here. This was the Thomas right here and the Pughs right here. And they were all within a three-mile radius. And the Thomas was relatively new. The Mica post office was all in the A. P. Hill area, and my father's store was in the A.P. . . . well, the other one was too, but I never was in this Thomas store, so I never knew anything about it except I knew it was a grocery store. So that was three stores there in that short space. I reckon they all made something, I don't know.

But the sad part about my father's situation—now, this could be a business condition, A. P. Hill area, my father's grocery store—it was Depression time. People would come to the store and tell Daddy they wanted a pound of beans or a dozen eggs or a pound of butter or peanut butter and put it on the ticket, but you knew good and well when they said that it was not money to pay for it. So my father could not continue to do that for

everybody because if he did, the stuff would go off of the shelf but there wouldn't be money to replace it, and it was kind of a—what kind of a force would you call that—a Depression force that he had to go out of business due to Depression time. Now, that happened in A. P. Hill, and that was a overall condition at that time. It affected, you know, so many people.



W. Preston Pugh's store in Woodford, 1927.
Photo courtesy of Dorothy Pugh Thomas

Now, my father had what you would call a white store, but the black and the white patronized that and came there to buy stuff. One thing my father did that maybe he should never have done, he started this business of account. And you'd go there, and you'd buy two or three gallons of gas but you didn't pay for it, and they would holler and tell Mr. P to "Put our five gallons of gas for Hailey Taylor . . . " or whoever the person was, maybe at the end of the month they'd pay you for it, maybe they didn't.

ELSIE RAINES CARTER

We would always go to Corbin post office; that was the closest. We'd go there, and he'd get me—give me a penny and tell me go get me some candy—and I'd get a whole lot of candy for a penny. I can remember that.

TRANSPORTATION

Getting from place to place took many forms: horse and buggy, mule and wagon or just two feet walking the dusty roads. A car was a wondrous thing to behold. For many residents, transportation provided some of the most vivid memories of growing up.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

My young brother got in a mule and wagon and [it] took off with this child in it. How old was David when the mule ran away with him in the wagon? Went from up on the hill all the way down in the bottom through the fields. Scared us nearly to death. And finally I think one of the men in the car drove down there enough to stop the mules from going. But that was a scary time when a young kid, he couldn't have been over 5 or 6 and

got in the wagon, and the mule started up and took off down that hill right on through the bottom.

It was David, I think. He wasn't driving, they weren't driving. He got in the wagon, and the mules took off. And see, up on the hill, they just were going anywhere. Not a soul in there to tell them where to go or anything. And it did scare you to death with mules going in the wagon. I don't know what started it up or how the child got in the wagon or anything, but I'll never forget that one because we were scared to death.

In Port Royal, gosh, in the beginning there was no bridge there. If you went across to King George side, you had to go on a boat, one of them flat things. Ferry boats, yeah. But then it wasn't long after that before they had the bridge. They put the bridge up after 1936, I think it was, somewhere about that time they put the bridge up.

BARBARA BAYLOR THOMAS

We'd roll the truck down the hill trying to drive it and couldn't get it back up (laughing). A pickup truck.

ROSE HICKS FARMER

[Our transportation] was a wagon with a board across it. And the kids sat in the body of it, and Mama and Daddy rode on the board.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

[We] hooked a buggy up, hook the horse to the buggy and Mama and Daddy'd—and I was so embarrassed—I didn't want them to see me riding. I would stand in the back of the buggy until it got up almost to the church, then I'd get out and walk the rest of the way so they wouldn't know that I rode or was in it. And it was a rainy day, and we was going to school, and I was in high school, he would hook the horse to the buggy and carry us to the school. I was embarrassed. I shouldn't have been, but I was.

RICHARD KOCSIS

I don't remember how they got there [to church] before the car, probably wagon, horse and wagon. But the daughters were working in New York and sent money, and he [grandfather] bought a car. And that's how he built the house because he wasn't making enough money to do all that. They were poor.

[We caught the train] In Chester, Pennsylvania, and got off at Fredericksburg. 228 miles to here; it's 200 to Fredericksburg, I guess.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

One time we were sitting and waiting for the train to come, and she [aunt] had her suitcase sitting with her hat on it. And the train—it was the wrong train—and the train went by, and her hat flew under the wheels. I remember that.

[Roads were] All dirt. It was all dirt here when they [grandparents] moved here. It was all dirt. It's a dirt road down here yet.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

I think my daddy was about the first one to have a car in Caroline. I don't mean that literally, but in my area because the families that we lived close by, they were nice and friendly, but most of them didn't have a car. And we had a little church there that they would walk to church.

CHARLES FRANKLIN ROYE

I remember another thing they said, my great-grandfather had an ox and a cart, all right. This is how he used to come over to his son's house; he had an ox and a cart. That was Ham, that was my great, great-grandfather's dad.

I know they didn't have a tractor because, see, the horse that he [great grandfather] bought, he bought a circus horse, you know, when they had the circus come around. Because she [great aunt] told me about the circus horse. And he might have had more than one horse, but he used to take this circus horse and go to the church on Sunday.

Anyway, she was telling me when the horse would pass another horse buggy, he would stop. And this is on a Sunday, and she was telling the story where they were coming back from a church—and they were passing—and the horse would go into these fits and stop. And the white gentleman that's coming by to go to church and they can't get by, and he think the horse . . . this is going to provoke an incident. But like I'm saying, he [great grandfather] had respect with the community and the white folks that he wasn't alarmed by it. So the next Sunday, his horse did the very same thing.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

And when I went to school, I used to drive the car, our car up to the top of the hill at the gate. It was three cedar trees there, and I'd leave the car there. Then I'd wait. As soon as the school bus came, then somebody would come from the house and get the car and take it back to the house.

And down here, my grandfather, he sold excelsior wood, you know, they made paper out of it. And he'd load it in barges. Old big barges would come here, they were long barges, and the one end had the living quarters of the man that was on the barge, yeah. And I remember because I used to come and stay with my grandparents because my grandmother had a cook, and they made pies and cakes, and I loved all that.

Potomac steamboat at Port Royal, 1930, Captain John P. Davis of Fredericksburg.
Photo courtesy of Betty Hicks Enos.

Here in Port Royal. Here's the steamboat sitting at the wharf. That's was my granddaddy's wharf. That's my granddaddy, and he's the one that met all the steamboats that come from Baltimore.

Guess what I did? I loved to come to Port Royal to be with my grandmother and grandfather. When they were filling the icehouses, I went out in the yard, my mother didn't know it, and you're going to laugh about this, and the black men that drove the old Model T trucks, I'd catch a ride to Port Royal.

[Y]ou know what, she [mother] wanted to tear my rear up, yes, she did. And she went out there and told all those drivers of those trucks, "If she comes out here and wants to go to Port Royal, don't you take her. Leave her here (laughing)." I was thumbing on my granddaddy's trucks. They were his trucks. Isn't that something?

He [grandfather] was the agent there. See, he owned the telephone line. He'd call to find out where the steamboat was. He was in every kind of business there was. Isn't that something? If he needed men to work, he'd go up from his house up the street here, go right to the corner, and all these colored men would be hanging out on the fence, and he'd get any of them he needed. And see, he paid them, you know, and they didn't have to worry about their pay, see.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

I stepped on Peuman Ayers. I was coming—it had rained, and you know how that dirt used to—Papa and Harry Johnson and I were on the wagon, and you know, I was running barefoot and Peuman and Jessie Lumpkin, and he was drunk so he thought he'd lay down. And I run down that ditch and stepped on him. That scared me to death.

FRANCIS BRUCE

They had all dirt roads at first. They started off with the Model T's, and a little bit later on they tarred some of the roads.

[There was] Mostly walking at first before you got a car. Papa started out with Model T's. You could buy a Model T after it got a little old for about $25. He'd take one, fix that one up.

Mostly—in the early days—I imagine they was hauling them in wagons, but then Papa, he started off in Model T's. He just put side board on the fenders and fill it full of vegetables and haul it to the market. It was something.

I think this country store close to A.P. Hill, used to call it Miss Wright's, she had . . . we used to pump gas up there. I think it was about 19 cents a gallon, about 20 cents. And if it went up to 25, that was really high. Anyway, anybody had the money then, they could have bought the whole county. They sold a little bit of everything there, you know, that was back in them days.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

In 1926 Daddy got himself an Essex car. His first one was in 1918, he had a Maxwell touring car. The doctor had the first car, Daddy had the second car in the neighborhood, and it was quite interesting. But what I wanted to tell you that had to do with crops—and then he got an Essex touring car in 1921, I think it was, and then a little later he got—1926 he got the sedan. There were very few with the glass boxes on them. So Daddy had a black sedan; it was a coach. Had these two doors, big wide, and the seats in the front were the kind that were separate, and you turned them back and you step over to go to the back which was a regular seat.

The day that it was brand-new, Daddy drove up to church, we went to Enon Baptist Church, and drove up and parked it where he ordinarily parks, and the men kept coming

from wherever they . . . country churches they're always standing around. And here they all came and surrounded Daddy's car, all walking around.

Daddy never was one to accept a lot of fun, you know, poking fun at people, was a very serious person. And it bothered me no end when—I had an uncle—who was Mama's brother, who was very, very much of a little clown. He walked all around and around, and he turned around, he looked at Daddy, and he said, "Andrew, what in this world did you want to go and get yourself a hearse for?" And I thought, "Oh, my, oh, my. Uncle Clarence, you said the wrong thing." But Daddy didn't say anything; I was so glad.

But that hearse did an awful lot. Daddy, he could take that side seat out, you had the whole back, used it as a trunk. And I remember one Christmas, we were going to town and Mama was going shopping. And Daddy had just killed hogs, was cold as blazes, and that hog was frozen. So the seats in the back of the car came out, and Mama put some old sheets and things down in there, and that old frozen hog was wrapped up, and I got to sit over on the side next to the window. I don't know where the rest of the children were, I guess they were in there too, but I remember I was in there with that frozen hog.

You know, you had to have a quart of oil in the car every time you turned around. Five gallons of gas and a quart of oil is what Daddy ordered when he went up to a tank. So he had this big can of oil at the house, and he would supplement the supply. And he asked Mama if she had something there in the kitchen that had a nice spout on it that he could pour. And she gave him this pitcher, had a fine pouring spout or mouth, however you call it. And I don't know how long he kept it down there, but he used it at all times. And when we were getting things together to leave, I asked Mama if I could have that pitcher down there in the garage. And she said, "If you want to clean it up, yes." It's cleaned up, and I have used it. It's very unusual looking because it was defective in that it got cockeyed in the mold. I want you to see it. Oh, it has a fine—that mouth on it—the spout part. That's the one that Daddy poured oil in and then poured it in the car.

Virginia Wright Durrett with her father's cut glass pitcher.
Photo by Allan Morton.

LEONARD BRUCE

Papa used to haul with the wagon until he got his first Model T. Papa would haul loads in the Model T, and then he started buying Chevrolet trucks from Mr. Blatt at Milford because that would haul more load than the Model T would.

Papa would take them [sweet potatoes and watermelons] to Washington, Washington market. He had Model T's. He would take all the seats out and load it with watermelons. But the tires wouldn't hold up; they would blow out. And then you started getting A Models, [you] know what the A Model Ford is. They had better tires and could take more work and stronger. But the old Model T, the rods would come loose, and Papa would have to take them down every Sunday and file the rods and put it back together and haul some more sweet potatoes and watermelons and whatever. We had a lot of watermelons and sweet potatoes.

We didn't go nowhere much, we didn't travel much.

Willard Upshaw and his first car, 1938.
Photo courtesy of Evelyn Penney Upshaw and Annie Penney Purks.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

We had a car for a while after my father left home, but my mother found the adjustment of what she had to do too stressful, so she just had to get people to drive her places when she needed to go. We did have a horse and buggy that was there on the farm, but, you know, she would just get someone to drive her to Bowling Green if she had to go.

We had a horse and buggy and we used it some. My brothers would use it. We would go to the store, the country store there. There were times that she couldn't get anyone to take us, and we have gone to church on Sunday in the horse and buggy. Now, my

mother was a faithful Christian and kept us apprised of everything and saw that we got to church one way or the other. Now, with my uncle—I had two uncles on my mother's side—my mother's two brothers, and a sister, and they had cars, they had children, and they would take us places a lot. And there were other people that lived around the store there at Delos that would take my mother to the train station.

Because we always visited my father [who was in the hospital after being wounded in World War I] at least twice a year. Because of the distance, we would take the train at Milford and ride to Washington, and my mother had a sister living in Washington. We'd spend the night in Washington, and then we would—her husband would take us to the train station—and we'd get on a train and go to Perryville, Maryland, to visit my daddy. So that was a three- or four-day trip because we only could stay a . . . well, we spent the night once in a while up there. But it was an expense that we had to bear along with everything else.

Richard Wharton on his mules in Brandywine.
Photo courtesy of Linda Krebs Butt.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

[Our family had] an old Ford, but primarily how they got around was to walk, to walk. And I'm a walker to this day. It was not unusual for my father to walk from Rappahannock Academy into Bowing Green, for instance. Now nobody would think of walking it because it's about 15 miles, 12, 15 miles, really. But that would have been done and was done many a time. We walked to church, we walked to school, we walked to the store. You walked.

But back then most people walked. You—a number of families had an old Ford or an old truck, beat up truck—but for the most part you walked or, you know, mules, you had an old wagon with a mule hitched to it. On real cold days or something like that, snowy days, maybe the wagon would come along and pick up any of the children who were on their way to school, walking to school and then drop them off at the one-room school, that kind of thing. But for the most part, you simply walked.

JOHN GARRETT

Back in those days, you didn't have all these trucks on the road, and, see, the river was right back here behind us. And those old sailing vessels would come up the river. They'd load them on the sailing vessels, and most of them, I reckon, went to Baltimore, I guess. I know my daddy used to buy fertilizer for himself, and then he sold some around to some of the neighbors, and that came up the river on those sailing vessels. They didn't have any motors on them, they just old sailing boats. Had three-masted sails on them. If you know where this—we call it "red barn" down here [Skinkers Corner]—that red barn that's sitting right on the river, and I've seen those sailing vessels come in there and up on the inside bank and load and actually go down to the—right down to the edge of the water—and they'd let them sails up and take off and go on out of there.

They'd take the crops back down the river and bring fertilizer up. And it depend on when the crops come due, you know, whether they wanted to sell right then or wait awhile. Corn particularly, you store that for maybe until the spring of the year before they'd sell it.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

Horse and buggy, wagon, [we] had a surrey. Drive the horse and buggy, we'd sit in the buggy. Of course, had a railroad running through Ashland . . . the train came through Milford, we used to get it at Milford. Then we'd go to anywhere up north and that's where you reached the north and all, even if you had to go to Richmond. Of course, we didn't go to Richmond. [We did not go] that much until we were older and we came back here, moved back. And then when we had to go to Richmond, we had cars then. But we traveled horse and buggy otherwise.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

We had a Model T, I remember the first . . . I went to a one-room school until I was in sixth grade. This was at Delos. And my cousin, as a matter of fact one of the Bruce girls, Uncle Sed's daughter, she taught us. So I remember my father buying the first Model T, and I was just maybe five or six years old. And I was walking home from school, and here Daddy comes down with this Model T Ford, you know, I think he paid $300 for it. I think he probably borrowed half the money to do it.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

Horse and buggy or wagon or by foot, three different ways of transportation.

By that time [the 30s] we had an old Model T Ford. And we had to stop about every two or three miles going up there [Fredericksburg] to put water in the radiator because it would heat up. And in the wintertime or fall of the year when it was cold, I mean, that car was cold inside. We'd wrap up in all the blankets we could find to keep warm going up there.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

We had a car. Used that [a horse and buggy] until we got an automobile. I think I was six years old when Daddy got his first car.

ETHEL WAUGH SANDERLIN

Either walk or somebody would come along with what they called the old car.

DAVID CLARK

Everybody seemed to walk everywhere in those days; there were no cars, although at some point my grandfather had this old Model A Ford. And actually when I was there a few years back, I actually saw the chassis of that car still there with one of the fenders on it and so forth. You, know, that's been a long time, it still hadn't rusted all the way to the ground.

I asked my aunt and my mother and so forth how they met their husbands, and they said, "Well, we met them when they were walking from here to there and they passed by the house," and so forth. It was not like they went out to a place and met people. It's people walking by.

"You Can't beat us." Alice Cain and Kathleen Cain Eidecker on horseback, 1925.
Photo courtesy of Evelyn Penney Upshaw and Annie Penney Purks.

VIRGINIA HEARN WHITING

Going to Port Royal from Fredericksburg seems like a hop, skip, and jump right now, but at that time, it was a day trip. It took a little while to get down there. Speed limits were a little different than they are today, so we had just a full day of it. And, of course, being on the Rappahannock River, we always had to run down to the water. There was a . . . there was no highway across the river then, so we just went down.

There was a pier down there, and it was in very great disrepair the whole time that I was young, and you had to step over cracks or missing boards and so forth to get in or out on the pier. But the highway wasn't there, so it was really a different village then than it is even today. Hasn't grown much, Port Royal, even now.

They had had a ferry boat. Now, I don't remember seeing that. There had been more boats that went up and down the Rappahannock River there for many years. We would go down by boat frequently. My dad had a nice big boat, and we would go down and pitch up at the end of the pier and walk in, jumping over, as I say, the cracks and missing boards. So finally the pier was just torn down, and when the highway went across, they thought that was going to be a real boon for the town.

Well, he kept it [the boat] up on the Chesapeake actually. He kept it up there somewhere, and he would just bring it down periodically and come up the Rappahannock to

Fredericksburg, and then we'd take a little trip. But it was mainly because—it was a boat that—we had a lot of family things on it, but he just liked the water, and he liked fishing, and they'd go off on fishing trips and so forth. But he had to take the family every once in a while.

From the pictures that I've seen of Samuel Batson Hearn and his buggy, and, of course, that was the big thing then, going back and forth in buggies, it's no wonder it took so long to get different places.

I guess since my daddy was in the—had the motor company and sold automobiles, he probably was one of the first to have—in fact, I have a picture of him as a young man before he and Mother were married that he's in an automobile looking real big, you know. That was a big thing. So I guess if you've got a motor company, you'd better be riding around in a car.

Bringing groceries from the train.
Photo courtesy of Estelle Holloway Allen and Lelia Holloway Lewis.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

Because they had a loan that they had taken out, [they] used the farm as collateral to buy a car. And we do have, like, an old Model—I wouldn't say it was a Model T—it's a big car, not a touring car, but it was a big Ford, I guess. And I found the record that they had bought the car and had borrowed money from Bernard Powers, and when they . . . or from the bank at Port Royal and defaulted on the loan. And the farm went up for auction, and it was bought by Ruth Powers. It was 56-some acres. That was back off the road.

I'm sure they had wagons for hauling. So as far as any other transportation, I guess they just took the train to Baltimore or the boat to Rappahannock; that's all they ever used.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Well, when my mother and father first moved there [Central Point] early, they had buggy travel with the horse. We had many horses, and we had mules, too, from time to time, this went on. And my father and mother traveled by buggy, and we used to take corn to the mill to grind, wheat and corn to grind it to flour and meal. And a cousin on my mother's side had the grist mill. We worked with family, would go into each individual trade that he liked and he would work at it, and we as relatives would help him by furnishing him work to do and raising things to have done.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

We traveled by foot from house to house. And not too many people had cars at that time. My father had a car, the Chambers had a car, the Coles had a car.

We had families that came by horse and buggies to church. And we had a deacon who had a ox, and he used to drive his wagon and ox to church.

In the area where I lived, railroad wasn't available. They [people] had to come—go to Fredericksburg—17 miles, to catch a train.

VERGIE MILLER

They had horse and buggy, and we had a carriage too. When we go to church on Sunday, put some at the foot of the buggy, some in the back. At least we was moving.

Railroad, yeah, they had it up here in Milford because my sister-in-law used to come down, they was away in Pennsylvania, they would come down on a train, and they'd get a cab, a Fleming cab, his father was working there and he worked, and they would bring them down home.

That was about ten miles. So I guess it would cost a arm and a leg now. Yeah, they already had rail. And the boats used to come in to Port Royal, that's not too far. They would bring in—when people wanted fish or herring to put down for the winter—that's where people used to go down there and get the fish and all off the boat when it came in.

Foot, some of my family did more. My brother said he . . . there was a church right at us, but the church I belonged to—I still go to it now—they taken the members but they didn't take the church but they should have taken the church. And my brother said they used to walk there; that was about ten miles, I guess. But I was blessed, we were right at a church that we went to on first and third Sunday. And it didn't take over five minutes to go to the school, the public school. But the rest of them, my older ones, they had—I mean—all of them was that close to school and the church, but if they wanted to go to other churches, they walked. To the post office in Upper Zion, if we had to go up there if we wanted stamps or whatnot, that was three miles. But I didn't mind it, I enjoyed that walk, so that's where we went.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

He had [a] wagon, and I loved to ride on the tailgate of the wagon, yeah. I done rode horses, you know, in my early days.

DOROTHY PUGH THOMAS

Model T was the oldest. Well, my father had a Model T when he first . . . when I first came to live with him. See, I came from Fredericksburg to Woodford on the train with my uncle to live with these people. And it was—now, before that—he had a Model T, but I think at that time he had gotten a Model A. And he had that—and then when we—we graduated from that to a Chevrolet, a 1928. I remember getting . . . I remember that. And that was something special, a new car at that time.

ELSIE RAINES CARTER

He [father] had the old cars or a pickup truck, something like that.

CORA BUMBREY GREENE

Wasn't no cars either. The only one had a car was just the rich—the people I worked for—they had a car. Nobody . . . no black people had a car. They had nothing but a horse and a wagon. We used to ride on that.

INDUSTRY AND SUPPLEMENTAL INCOME

Although most people lived and worked on farms, many sought supplemental income as a source of cash, a scarce commodity. In turn, certain kinds of industry were required within communities that were not supplied on every farm. Common industries in Caroline County included sawmills, excelsior production, general timbering, railroad tie production, and gathering sumac to make shoe dye. Another source for supplemental income was sale of surplus farm produce or specialty products.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

And he [father] liked to . . . he and a friend would kill a cow or something like that and sell the meat, but he'd go around—they'd go around and get up—people that wanted it, and then he knew exactly what to take to them when he did do it. Wouldn't have a whole lot of it left over.

This friend of his usually had a steer or something like that they would kill and sell it. Of course, Daddy usually furnished the truck. Of course, then they would split it, you know, whatever they got for it, which wasn't much at that time. That's the way he made a little bit of money that we had.

VERGIE MILLER

Fishing. Yeah, we used to . . . people used to come around selling fish then. And we used to buy it, just look for them folks to come. For a quarter, you could get a whole lot of fish.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Then we did a lot of hucksitting (phonetic) in Fredericksburg from our garden and farm. We called them patches. We'd have a patch of tomatoes. It was more than we could can or consume at the time, and we used to hucks it to Fredericksburg, yes. We got scales, used to hang on and take them in the car. (Transcriber's note: Mrs. Tapscott's use of "hucksitting" and "hucks" are, I believe, her derivations of "huckster.")

Farm, lumber mills. My father ran the lumber mill for a while. We used to call them sawmills back in that day. Yeah, he ran a sawmill for a while.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

And she [mother] had 18 pear trees; that's the big pears. And we sold them half a bushel for a dollar. Yeah, my daddy planted them. He bought 20 pears, and two of them died.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

Even into their older years, my grandfather raised a huge garden. He remember[ed] his wife Zora talking about a large strawberry patch in front of their Brandywine home. Zora would help pick the strawberries and place them in baskets. The baskets of strawberries would be set on a roadside bench for sale. Zora enjoyed meeting and talking with the customers from Port Royal, including Dr. Rogers N. Harris, who had come by to purchase the strawberries. The strawberries were sold for 5 to 10 cents a basket. And I today now understand why my father Hazel Lumpkin on his farm at Woodgrove raised strawberries and sold them because they were a part of his heart. In the wintertime, Buck Lumpkin would cut excelsior wood that was used for packing.

LEONARD BRUCE

Butter beans, raised them by the acres, sweet potatoes, watermelons. This lady—Papa was selling butter beans by the quart, see—and this lady jumped up, said, "Man, you charging me too much for these butter beans. I can go down to the store and I can buy them so much a pound." She didn't know it was two pounds in a quart, see, Papa sell it by the quart. Papa thought for a minute and said, "All right, Lady, I'll be glad to sell them to you for that." So she poured the quart of butter beans on the scale, came to two pounds. And if she hadn't of said nothing, she would have got them cheaper.

No, we didn't raise it [tomatoes] for the cannery, but we raised them to sell to Fredericksburg farmer's market, yeah.

We cleared it [the land] by hand. Of course, most of the trees in Caroline, A.P. Hill was pines. And we didn't have power saws, we just had the crosscut saw and the ax. And, of course, we cut the excelsior wood, we cut it for excelsior wood, then you skin it and you let it dry. You put it up in pins five foot high, and then you take it to the mill, and they made excelsior out of it. You know what excelsior is? They pack furniture in it. Now they use paper to keep from breaking stuff, you know, glass and so forth.

We'd cut our firewood, and then we'd cut excelsior wood. And used to be a blind man Papa used to hire to skin it with the drawing knife, you know, you've seen that I reckon. And you pin it up to dry out, and they'd put on some sort of apron so it wouldn't mess the clothes up, made out of plastic. They'd skin it and pin it up, put two pieces this way and two—five feet high until it dried out—and then they'd take it to the mill.

I remember one man had a truck, that was Willie Fortune, had a big truck, and Papa would get Willie Fortune to haul excelsior wood. And I was a little boy, I had a little car for Christmas, see, and a lot of sand in Caroline, and I'd get in the sand and I put a string on that little car and I'd say, "This is Willie Fortune's truck." I'd make like (making truck sounds), and make it start up and pull it through the sand.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

On the farm, it was 160-some acres. There was a lot of timber on the farm, and that was part of their livelihood is to cut the timber and sell it. It wasn't for fuel. It was for building, I guess, because it was big size, quality stuff. And for posts, too, I suppose. He did cut some cedar, too, because cedar is supposed to be very good and durable, lasts forever.

It was [sold to] L.A. Clark in Washington, D.C. So there was a contract I guess he must have had with them, but they must have come down to have gotten the timber when it was cut because I don't think my father hauled it away, I don't recall that. I think he had trucks that came in and got it.

My father also grew sorghum and made sorghum molasses, and he would have these long trays, conveyors kind of thing, where you had to get a fire, of course, under it. And you're stirring it constantly… All took turns at that.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

And we had woodstoves back then . . . my dad at various times would sell some timber and the slabs that came from the timber is what we used to saw up and use for heating at home. And at one time he had enough timber cut that he supplied the schools in the county. Of course he got paid for it. But the schools had woodstoves, and we helped saw that wood in lengths that were necessary for the stoves when I was young.

I don't know how many years ago, but I was still young, I remember my dad saying he had to go to Charlottesville, and he'd always say, "I'll be back when I get back." And

Photo courtesy of Evelyn Penney Upshaw and Annie Penney Purks.

when he got back, he had bought the farm next door. And I don't know exactly how many acres, but I think somewhere around 250 acres, and I think it had . . . much timber on it, too, so we had plenty of slabs to furnish the schools and make money.

[Slabs] That's with the bark. It may do for building a hog house or maybe some type of enclosure, like you want to enclose some area to put calves or cows in. Picture a tree, and it goes through the saw, and then they turn it and you cut off more and you turn it and cut off more. It's going to have a little bit of the inside of the tree, but most of it is going to be the bark. You talking to an old country girl.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

Well, we had sawmills in the woods, and we would go by the sawmill paths. We'd just walk through the woods.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

My Daddy would make railroad ties. He'd select a big tree, one that—I don't know—the ties had to be certain measures. And he would select a tree where he would think that he'd get one above the other, at least two out of it. And when the tree had been felled, he would measure, exact measure, and then—I can't remember what you call them, but anyhow—with his ax, he would chop here, he'd chop here, looked to me like it was probably about eighteen inches or something like that, but it was the length to go in our wood stove. And then they would chop down in it, and then that was slit off from the tree itself. It guess it might be de-barking, I don't know.

That part was put aside, and it came to the house and used as firewood, and that was the reason for cutting it certain lengths on down. And then—I shouldn't be trying to tell you this because all—I can sort of see thing, but I don't know anything about the measurements. They had to be cut and hewed according to a certain measurement to be accepted by the railroad or to be accepted by whoever bought them.

It was supplementary income and a cash crop. And, of course, that was done only once a year. Every winter that was what happened, he'd cut—I don't know how long—but when I was growing up, he was doing that every year. Because it took quite a bit. He had to get them down to Milford, and Milford was about 11 miles from home. And we'd be a long time, and we'd keep the fires burning at night, and then we'd be so happy. We'd hear the jingle of the trace chains as they came around the graveyard up there. They were the chains that hitched the mule, horse—the animal to the single tree which was attached to the wagon—and that was his pulling.

MAYNARD PENNEY

And they cut railroad ties and excelsior wood. They cut trees and smaller trees into 4 ½-foot lengths and took drawing knives . . . it's a knife with a handle that curved on each end. And you make a stand, and you bark that wood and then rick it and let it dry, and then you sold it. Then they made excelsior for packing for all kinds of stuff.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

We used to have sorghum, my father had a sorghum mill. Used to grind it for molasses. He used to go around to places—people that raised sorghum—or they would bring it to our place because he had a regular sorghum mill. And they had a mill that they carry around, you know, and grind it all like that. My father did a lot of that for people, they have their own molasses. Then they had a place to cook it, a vent to cook it, and you put that syrup in that and heat underneath of it. And they had different sections, and when that section of the molasses got so, they'd push it around to another section like that. And they'd have sorghum molasses. You had to get those gallon jugs like that. I had forgot all about that. My father had a mule at that sorghum mill, and the mule would go around and grind the sorghum, the juice run out.

We used to break sumac and dry that and bring it up to Milford, pack it in bags and sell. We children, you know, young, did that. We got it off our place. Go and break it off, let them dry. Then we'd beat it up and put it bags and bring it up here and sell it at Milford.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

Oh, we made all our own molasses. My daddy had cane, you know, he grew the cane, and we cut it down and grind it up in a mill. And then my mother would stand . . . we'd stand until 11 o'clock at night stirring that molasses and filling up a large tin full. And people would come and buy it.

My daddy broke sumac for make dye. My daddy, he had a wagon and we would go and fill that wagon full. Oh, old people did a lot of things, you know.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

And we also made sorghum molasses. We grew sorghum, and the neighbors would come and bring their sorghum tray you . . . start the fire at the bottom of it with wood. And you have to stir the syrup all the time. I don't know what he put in it, but they had jars and jars of sorghum molasses. We had that for breakfast with pancakes.

FRANCIS BRUCE

We used break sumac [pronouncing shoe' make] too. Used to have a bush, you called it a sumac bush…and they used to make dye for shoes. We used to break that. Anything to get a dollar for to live on. That came up wild. You broke it off, and they used leaves for the processing plant.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

My mama took in tourists. She did everything, Honey, to make a dollar. Isn't that something?

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

He [father] would take the wheat, he'd have it ground, make flour for us to use. Because I used to go with him to the mill. The old mill there at Thornburg, just down the road—down the hill from Thornburg—that's where he used to take it.

JAMES LOVING

My father would go back and forth to Alexandria to work up there during the summer months, and he always come back in the fall of the year and spend the winters down at that old home place, and then in the spring, he'd go back up there, just back and forth.

CHAPTER 4

SOCIAL LIFE AND ENTERTAINMENT

The family stood at the center of life in Caroline County. And for many, family and society was regulated by the strictures of the Christian church. The church provided the guidelines by which people led their everyday lives, as well as a network of mutual aid within the community. As such, attendance at church and church functions served as the primary social outlet. Other entertainments were often structured with Christian guidelines in mind, although not always, and not for everyone.

Playing on the fence. Ladies include Verna Minor and Madge Bruce

Photo courtesy of Steve Nazigian.

SOCIAL LIFE

Certainly farm work and house work consumed a great amount of time in Caroline County of the 1930s, but there was occasionally time for socializing and entertainment. Many participants reminisced about dances. There would be school dances, barn dances, and home dances where a family room would be entirely cleared of it contents to make way for dancers. Small local bands played spirited music on the violin and banjo. Some people remembered makeshift outdoor movie theatres showing silent movies on a bed sheet fastened to the side of a barn. The showboat—a floating theatre—would tie up at the wharf in Port Royal and perform live. Without question, the most popular sport was baseball. Many participants remember playing baseball either at school or behind Chenault's store in Brandywine.

LAVERNE BAYLOR GWATHMEY

The only person used to dance was me because I used to dance in the store for pennies. I sure did. They had a little platform, had something like a little round platform, and then I would entertain. I would get on that little platform and dance. I wasn't that old. I was little because I was down here when I was 9 or 10, but I was a little girl. Used to dance for pennies. In the store. That's the only entertainment I think they had (laughing).

Betty Hicks playing in the front yard with her doll.
Photo courtesy of Betty Hicks Enos.

I remember you-all used to go set up movies. Remember we used to have movies? In this building right across the road here, her father would come here and set up westerns . . . It was pretty often. Had movies. Westerns, most all of them were westerns.

[After school we would] probably just go home and play. Like me, I had doll babies, I played with doll babies. My brother and I used to . . . we used to play ball. Baseball. They had the little soft balls, we used to play with those. And then we had animals that we played with. We always had animals, dogs and cats.

MARY SCOTT BROADDUS HALEY

Oh, we had bicycles and we fished and the men hunted. We would go to Richmond most any time to movies and shop. Actually, we just had fun playing . . . Carroms, baseball, softball. Carroms; it's a board game. Oh, tennis—we had a—our father built us a tennis court. It was a clay court, but we did play tennis on it. Fishing, we had a pond. It was purely recreational, mostly. We did eat a few fish. Quail. That was my father's favorite thing, to hunt quail, and they were plentiful in that day, but not today. He had bird dogs, pointers and setters.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

Floating theater they called it. I went one time to see a play, and I was young too, and you know, I'd never seen a real live play. You know, everything you used to see in the old days was movies. And my father had to take me that time we went to this and it was beautiful. I couldn't get over real people out there acting like this. It would come from Fredericksburg, go all down the river back and forth, and it would stop in Port Royal and probably in Tappahannock and I don't know. And it was wonderful.

ELIZABETH POWERS HICKS

And then, later, the only thing came on was *Amos 'n Andy*, and then that *Inner Sanctum*. That door, I can hear it now. And we'd sit there with our ears glued to the radio to hear that door (making creaking sound). And they'd say "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen." And then it went along to the story. Each week it was a different thing. We would kill if we didn't get to that radio and listen to that thing every week. And *Amos 'n Andy*, Daddy's favorite program.

I can remember one time we were going to the movie, we were supposed to go, and David and Buddy went out squirrel-hunting. And some way Buddy got shot in the leg with the .22, and we didn't go to the movie . . . we could have killed him.

It was, like, on a Saturday or something when we were supposed to go, and, of course, they went squirrel-hunting that morning, and both of them had .22's. And the bullet went right through the thick part of his leg, so they had to take him to the doctor and he cauterized it. But still, we got knocked out of going to the movie, one of the old westerns, you know. But we very seldom went to any movies.

ROSE HICKS FARMER

My mother was the organist. My mother played church organ. My mother played music with her uncle and Maynard's uncle.

But they had a little band, and they'd play all night long. Her uncle and Maynard's [Penney] uncle, Uncle Eddie [Penney], her brother Dewy, and Marshall and Freddie Shaddock. There was a place there in Port Royal called Goldmans Corner, and they had dances down there, and Mama said they'd pull the curtains down to keep it light out so they could keep on dancing all night, dance all night long, which was great. My uncle had built that new house, and he had one dance in that before the Army took it.

JAMES LOVING

I can remember was the old hoe dances that they used to have at people's houses, but that's after I got up 16, 17 years old before I knew too much about that. My wife, they used to have dances at their place down in Upper Zion, Virginia, when she was a little girl.

My brother used to play banjo, guitars, and mouth organs. I used to have a Jew harp. I could use the mouth organ…but I never used a banjo, but my brother Jack, he was good with the banjo or guitar, playing music. My father . . . used to have a ukulele, and he

used to play that a little bit. I don't know whether he ever played a tune or not, but he'd pick on it, anyway.

That was 1928, and, of course, I knew my wife when she was only, I don't know, about 8 years old because my mother used to have a Victrola, a talking machine that played round, silver—what they call them—the record, cylinder record I guess you'd say. And she'd used to come over and listen to the records. We were living then in Beasleytown, and, of course, like I said, I knew her before I even went to school at Upper Zion . . . Of course, I was seven years older than she was, and I knew her when she was about 8. But then, like I say, where we lived in 1928, I used to go over to Beasleytown and I come from Martin's place, and I'd come through there and right by her place, and she would be out maybe on the wood pile or over around there somewhere, and I used to stop and talk with her. That's the way it was.

Left to Right: Willard Upshaw, Marshall Shaddock, Beatrice Penney Cain, Annie Penney, and J. E. ("Eddie") Penney, 1937.
Marshall and Eddie were members of a favorite local band that played at dances.
Photo courtesy of Annie Penney Purks and Evelyn Penney Upshaw.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

It's just one little special time that we had growing up as children. We would have a lot of the relatives, cousins, that would come down on Sundays, that was a special day for us to get together after church. And what seemed to me like mountains were just hills down in the woods, and we had this grapevine swing that would swing from one side of this big hill over to the other side. And that was the neatest thing, that was what we would do every Sunday or whenever we felt like getting away from the farm, so to speak.

But I remember one Sunday we were—five or six of us were on this thing—and it

broke right in the depth of the valley, shall I say, and to this day I remember that I was on the bottom with all these kids on top of me. But it was the most sorrowful thing when this grapevine came down. It was big, it must have been like maybe three inches at least in depth. But that was such a special time that we always had when we got together.

And one other thing, too, that I remember. My uncle that used to take us down to the Chesapeake Bay for fish fries, he drove the school bus, and we would also take honey, the wild honey bees, you know, and in the wintertime, this is what he would do. But to find out where the honey was being stored or where the bees had their hives, he would sprinkle flour on them. If they were around the bushes, shrubs or whatever, he would sprinkle this flour, and you could see them just for a long distance where they would be going to their special place. And then in the wintertime, we would follow their trail, so to speak, I guess. I always remember that as a special time. And he would go down in the bus, and then, of course, take the honey, and the bees sometimes were in the honey and they would come fly around in the bus with us, and we'd be screaming and yelling, you know.

[He would] take the whole thing. He always left some honey for the bees, though, for the wintertime because it was in the fall that we did that. Those were the special times. He was always there for us, this uncle, to take us whenever we wanted something special to do, Uncle Joe was always available. And I remember they had a sled and had the horses that would pull it, and it would come over to our place, this is when it was deep snow in the wintertime. Those were just memories.

They [the Broaddus family] were musical people, and they would have concerts on Sunday afternoon on the plantation, and they would come from all over, people, to hear them sing and play. That was something that they always did, and, of course, as I said, the neighborhood would be invited to come. I guess it was sort of a tradition they had.

It was Broaddus's Pond—it was one of the family that owned—a millpond they called it. As a matter of fact, it was a pond where they had a gristmill there. So in the summertime we'd go down there and swim, and one of my brothers almost drowned. My mother went out to get him, just got him as he was going down, I think, for the last time. I'll always remember that, too, kind of a scary time. That curtailed our swimming after that. We weren't swimming, we didn't know how to swim, any of us, just wading.

We tried to amuse ourselves, that's true, [didn't have] much choice. But I had dolls, I loved dolls. I did have some beautiful dolls. And when I went to Washington, D.C., to work, my mother gave them to the Taylor family, the black girl that was my age. And I came home one weekend and my dolls were gone. She had given them to this child, she wanted them, I guess.

They were Christmas dolls. I remember one in particular. It had a china face, and it had a kid body, soft kid body. China head and face and china hands and feet, but the rest of it was kid. And it didn't have real hair—it just had—it was china. That was my special doll, I'll always remember that. I had kept it all those years as something I just treasured. And I guess I must have gotten it when I was pretty young, little. So I had six or seven of them.

And when he took this [tobacco] to Richmond, of course, we always got something special for the house. As I recall we got a Victrola one time, one of these grind-up things. Well, there were only three or four records, I think, that came with this Victrola. One was a Easter one and two or three that . . . we would just play it over and over again. It was just music to our ears, which we didn't have. We didn't have radio or anything.

But I remember they had the floating boats [in Port Royal] that used to come. They were called floating ships, they could come in. And I remember my mother and father with some of her sisters and some of their family would go down to these boats for the

entertainment. They would get on these boats, you know. But they came, like, once a year. They called them floating boats, and they had music. And that was the only entertainment that I think my mother and father ever attended.

Trice girls: Nellie, Dorothy, Lucille and Mary Lyell

Photo courtesy of Lucille Trice Tompkins.

Well, my uncle drove the school bus, and at summertime he would bring that school bus down and pick us up and take us down to Port Tobacco, it was down in the Chesapeake Bay area. And we would go down there, and we would—he'd pick up all the kids and all the people in the area there that wanted to do this—and we would haul sand. They would take the things out, you know, the nets we had and bring them in, and we'd have fish fry, Fairview Beach. Well, I remember Port Tobacco, that was the main place, little beach there. So we'd have a picnic, and that was the greatest thing to do—to be able to cook those—they would cook the fish. My aunts would do all that, and we'd bring stuff. Always had fried chicken, always.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

We had a county fair when I was in high school at Bowling Green because I won a first prize on my sewing. [I made] kind of like a housecoat and I chose bound buttonholes to do, but I did them.

RICHARD KOCSIS

We had, you know, play toys, a hoe, a rake, a shovel and all that. And we tore all that [tar]paper off [the chicken house], most of it. And boy, he [grandfather] came home out of the field, and he had a whip, a horsewhip, and he was chasing us around that house. And there was a side porch off the kitchen where they ate in the day, and there was a round table like this, and it had that linoleum cloth on it, and I crawled under there. And she [sister] was running around the house, and I'm watching him. And he's with that whip, (making lashing noise), and he never got me, but he did smack her a couple times.

Oh, we would do wrong, and they used to shell corn by hand, you know, the sheller. Well, we would have to go into the barn and get the shelled corn and bring it back to the kitchen and put it in the corner and kneel on it, my sister and I, in the corner kneeling on corn. Now, you know when you get up, those corn are still in there stuck, and that hurts. We'd stand up and they pop off. And that corn impression would be in your knees. We tried not to be bad, but you can't help it (laughing).

There was a pear tree that grew up about that high, and then it went this way that long, then it went up again, and we used to play on it like a horse. Crazy tree.

Friends would come over. All the time people would always come over. People were closer then. They would visit Sundays. And church first. During the week, people didn't visit much; they were working. Just on a weekend you'd visit, and people come over, relatives would come too.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

Uncle Leslie had a squeezebox. Accordion, a little one, and Daddy had the fiddle, but neither one of them played. But Grandmom had bought it for them in New York. But why I threw that violin away, I don't know.

We got on the farm, we stayed on the farm. Only went to church, that was it. The only time I got away was when the snake bit me and they took me to the hospital.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

[I remember] Playing on the mountain. It seemed like a mountain, but I'm sure it was just a little hill. But we used to run up and down it. It was so much fun just to run up and down that little hill. I think it was probably near the home, but it may have been in the wooded area. I guess I wasn't the only one, probably my brother that we would play on what I would call the mountain. But it was not a mountain, but to a little child, it was a mountain.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

[Kids would] Play ball. I played ball, I just loved playing ball. I went to high school, and we was the champions for four years. I pitched, and we never lost a game. Softball. [I played with] Neighborhood kids because all my brothers and sisters, they were too old to play with a little thing like me. Ada was three and a half years older than I was, and going on up.

The Garretts had this big—they had a huge house—basement, first floor, second floor, and third floor, all the way up. It was big. And we used to play in there. We had more fun playing in there. They had a room for everything. [I'd play] With Louise. Hide-and-seek. I don't think [we played] anything other than hide-and-seek.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

But with the kids—we would get a lot of us girls, or boys too, some of them—would get together, and we'd have a watermelon feast. And then sometimes if our mothers got behind us too much, they wouldn't let us break one, we'd have to cut it in slices and eat it

properly like it should be done. But every once in a while, we would just go and get the watermelons that were marked and because we got one that wasn't marked, then we wouldn't like that. We would be told about that.

[It was marked] With a X, just a little X. [With] a branch or anything, with your fingernail, and mark it with an X so that you could see it, just enough to cut the top rind, just the top rind. And they were the ones that were ripe enough that you could eat.

Like I said, sometime we'd get together and be playing and have them and start, like most children do, start eating it with our hands and then wind up throwing it at each other. That was when Mama come into the picture. "What are you doing? You know you're not supposed to do that." That was one of the things I wasn't to do.

And the other thing was I was not to walk the fence. We had a rail fence, old-fashioned rail fence around our house, and we had a mimosa tree that was right beside it. And I could swing from that mimosa limb to that fence. And every chance I got, when I saw the other children doing it, I wanted to do it too. I'd say, well, I skinned some knees, and Mama would always catch me, it looked like. Every time I'd get up on the fence to walk the fence, Mama would catch me. Of course, she didn't whip me or anything, but she said enough words to tell me that that was one thing little girls did not do was to walk fences, and just about that positive about it. You never heard a word . . . I never heard my mother use a curse word. She didn't have that word in her language. But she could tell you sharply.

When my daddy got behind me, I knew it was time to stop what I was doing. All he had to do was call my name, and I could just absolutely freeze in my tracks when he said my name with tone of voice and if I was told that I was looking at him, his look. That was enough. I stopped doing what I was doing real quick.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

One of the things that we enjoyed the most in those days, the school bus drivers had to buy their own school bus, and they had to maintain it. So my uncle drove a school bus, and in the summertime, he would stop at our gates and pick cousins up and close friends, and we would go to the river. Now, it think it was part of the Rappahannock River, we would go to the river, and the women would prepare all kinds of food, delicious food, and freezers of ice cream, fried chicken and spread it out for all . . . about maybe 12 feet of food. Of course, other people would come in their own cars, too. And the men would go out first to fish, and the children would go swimming. Of course, there would be older people looking after the children, make sure they [didn't] drown or go out too far. The older women would talk about all the times of the day and set up the tables and exchange recipes and also exchange news if someone was sick. Because they were very cognizant about if someone was sick, they'd go take them food and go to visit them and help them any way they could. And so they took care of that end. So every section was provided for, you know, and they had pleasure.

The men came in and had dinner spread out. Then they went out fishing again in the afternoon. And they brought those fish in, and the men cleaned the fish, and they had a portable sort of a charcoal burner or something. But anyway, they cleaned the fish and fried them themselves, that going to give all the women a break. They even made the cornbread cakes, and they'd put it on the frying pan, and they would fry their cakes of cornbread to go with the fish. And they had coleslaw already made. So the men prepared the meals at night.

And we would sing going along to the picnic, if you want to call it that, that outing, and we would sing hymns and folk songs together going back. And you could hear us probably for miles around. We were just as happy as we could be. We were poor, but we

didn't consider it a handicap at all; we had each other. And our city cousins would often come from Baltimore and different cities, from Washington, and join us. We just had a wonderful time. Usually they were so tired when we go home because we went swimming again in the afternoon that people went home to their own homes. But it was just wonderful fellowship. That was a primary recreation that we had. We had, of course, a lot of dinners on the ground at church.

But the primary recreation for wintertime was square dancing and Paul Jones. And the families would take turns, you know, we had large rooms. And they would clean out all the furniture in one room, and that would be the room that we would dance in. And in our church we had a wonderful guitar player and violinist. They would come and play the guitar and the violin.

And we would do Paul Jones, square dancing, some would do Charleston, and just every kind of dance you can remember you knew. We sang folk songs, we sang hymns together, and it was just a delightful time. Now, the older people had chairs lined up all around the wall, and they would watch us—those not able to, some of them had rheumatism or unable to dance—but even the grandchildren, they'd dance with the grandparents.

And so they would talk about things, who was sick and who we can help and exchange notes, you know, over how we can be useful to someone, and just exchange recipes. And they have served homemade cake, homemade candy, pound cake, and they served iced tea and coffee, no alcoholic beverage. And no one was ever invited that was known to drink alcoholic beverage, that was not allowed anywhere in the company, and we weren't allowed to go to any public dances because they said because alcohol was served.

A typical family celebration: the first Hicks-Houston family reunion picnic in Delos, 1936.
Photo courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood.

During Prohibition, never. One time we went to a public dance that was held in Port Royal, the high school dance because—we couldn't meet in the high school—and we went there. But our parents didn't really want us to go, they said, because we were exposed to certain kinds of language and behavior that they didn't want us to have. But only one time did we do that.

CHARLIE LOVING

We'd go to Upper Zion for tent show. Go around, have a look around and see what

they got, look at the movies they had. Movies weren't even talking then. Black and white.

Very few [radios], there was one or two scattered around, weren't too many. They first come up, Old Man Julian Wharton had one. They go over there and listen at the fight or either go down to Headley Chenault's to the store down there and listen at it down there.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

The neighborhood children would get together, and we loved to play cards, but my daddy didn't approve of it. So when we would see him coming from his home up to the store, we would have to break up our game and get rid of them cards in a hurry. We really did. He wouldn't let us play cards.

I really only have good memories. I don't regret it because we had nice neighbors and we would get together, I mean, like Sundays or Saturdays when we wanted to work, we would always usually go up to our store and we had a field back of it. And we could play ball, and the neighborhood children would gather. And Sunday evenings when the store was closed, we would go up there . . . even in the wintertime and just hang around. It weren't open but we would hang around and talk and just get together with some of the other neighborhood children. That was kind of little gathering there. We'd just talk. Didn't have nothing to do but talk. And we did play ball some.

I think the main thing was what we did, we had to walk to do it because a lot of people didn't even have a car. They'd have to walk to the store, but I think we always had a car or pickup, really. I think the main thing that we enjoyed, the kids got together more and just talked, played cards, played ball, you know, because we couldn't go nowhere that we couldn't walk. Then, money was scarce, and what you did you had to kind of entertain yourself and the neighbors did that. I know different ones would come to my mother's house a lot, and they would sit there, you know, and talk for two hours. People visited more.

CHARLES FRANKLIN ROYE

I don't know much about my father's father side of the family, but my great aunt discussed that he was a local who came over courting, you know. He played the guitar and there was carrying on the fancies trying to catch my grandmother's eye.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

[O]ur house was a "Dew Drop Inn," and anybody that drank, they would – there was a drop leaf table in there that was our dining room table, [b]ut our house—people came, they set their alcohol on the dining room table, and we never had no trouble or nothing. [T]hen Mama made home brew one time.

I don't know what she made it out of. But the thing of it is is we knew it was homebrew, but then we had some friends that lived up the road. These women, these young girls, they made homebrew, too, but guess what, they wouldn't wash the bottles, put the beer in the bottles with all the dust. Isn't that something? Yeah, I remember all that.

And the roads were dirt and sand, deep sand, and a lot of times, they'd have parties down on the river down here, right down the river.

Mama and Daddy would do that. But what happened, people would come from Fredericksburg and Tappahannock and Bowling Green to the parties. And then a lot of times, some of them that came from Fredericksburg, they couldn't get back at night, so they'd come by our house and want to spend the night. So Mama and them took them all in, yes. Well, you know what it was, they were drinking, and the thing of it is, it wasn't that many cars in the road, it wasn't, and black people lived across the road from us, we knew them all, and we didn't have any trouble, you know what I mean. So it was wonderful.

LEONARD BRUCE

Of course, we stayed out of trouble, but one time my brother took the neighbor's buggy and tied it behind the car, one of the wheel ran right off of it, have to go get another wheel. But we didn't get in no trouble.

We'd play marbles, and on Saturday night if you had a few pennies or nickel or dime, you go to Bowling Green, and you buy a Coca Cola. In cold weather I remember one time, there were several of us cousins and brothers, it was real cold, and somebody said, "Let's go swimming." Have to break the ice. "Oh, I think that's a good idea."

Oh, yeah, once a year, Papa would take us fishing, see. Cousins and all of us, I reckon about 20 of us all together go down there and be fishing and catching fish.

If you turn right right at Port Royal and you go up to a little creek, and we'd fish in that creek. And then that would take you to the main body of water. And man, we was catching fish to beat the band, and Papa done thought of something he done forgot in the field, and he said, "Boys, don't y'all reckon we'd better go up there and tend to so-and-so?" We felt like breaking all the poles up.

Oh, we'd play marbles, yeah, we'd play marbles. And we'd take the ball bearings out of the Model T front wheel to get one of them good ball bearings. And Johnny would come back every day with his pockets full of marbles. He was a good shooter.

But after—after we got back from church—we would have a ball game down in the pasture. And we didn't have quite enough to make up the teams. There was a black boy up the road, he would come down and play ball with us to make up the team. And we was . . . we would go to Bowling Green, but the blacks couldn't go in the restaurants, see, not them days. And one day he said, "I wish I was a white boy." See, we were just like that. He wasn't allowed to go in the restaurant. Anyway, he worked for Mr. Taylor on the farm, but he couldn't go in the restaurant. And we was close, we was real close, we were just like brothers.

Yeah, they'd have square dances. In the house, and the neighbors would come, several families. Had them on Saturday nights. Oh, my grandfather, he was a great violinist. You had live music, yeah. Violins and banjos, guitar. My father could play the banjo, and my grandfather, he was a great violin player. My brother Wesley, he would play the guitar. Papa would play the banjo, my grandfather would play the violin, uh-huh, and you swing your partner.

No, we didn't have no money to get in [to the county fair]. But I remember we used to climb a tree so we could see the car races. And they would throw rocks through the fence, you know, they wasn't no tar track then, made out of gravel. But we didn't have no money to go to fair, not to get in.

FRANCIS BRUCE

That [marbles] was big. You would make a round ring and put all the marbles in the middle. And you had a steel ball bearing that come out of a ruined car, and you would shoot it. And if it stuck in the middle, you could shoot them all out. So then they would tease one out of cheating, so that was the biggest thing.

Used to be a Martin used to live close to us, he was pretty good because they played marbles all the time. But that was a really big thing. Yeah, that was my favorite. I think you could buy them at the country store. Oh, you trade marbles for different kinds. They had different colors and stuff like that.

Oh, my dad and them was—a little bit later on—they took a little trip to Baltimore to see some people, and we pulled a Model T—one of his Model T's—to pieces. And we couldn't go to bed for a week, afraid we'd get beat, we couldn't get it back together.

It wasn't that good (laughing). I think it cost him about $25 for somebody to come put it some of it back together. A lot of little things happened. We used to—a little bit later on—they come out with these firecrackers where you put it on the spark plugs, and Papa went and started his car up, the thing went off. I got beat for that. I don't know if I done it or not, whoever he caught first (laughing).

We had our own baseball team, plus it was eight boys, we used to get in a cow pasture and play ball. Made your own bat, didn't have money enough to buy no bat.

People used to have dances in their own house. My grandfather, he used to play the fiddle. And everybody would go from house to house. That was on the weekend they'd have them. Of course, didn't have time during the week because you had to be working. No more than my granddaddy on my mother's side, he played. Then they had some other people around in the neighborhood played music. The big thing was the Grand Ole Opry on Saturday night, used to listen to it.

Used to have the carnivals. Carnivals used to be in Bowling Green. Yeah, it was big. Well, mostly you had the merry-go-rounds, and a lot of little stuff that you enjoyed.

And a few gypsies, they had something to get your money, fortune-tellers. Most of the time, after we got a little age on us and we had a couple dollars in our pocket, we'd let somebody hold our pocketbook while we go in and let them tell you . . . they'd tell your fortune for a quarter. We had a lot—we afraid we'd get robbed—we had about $2 in our pocket. But it was . . . that was about all the recreation we had. They had music. Mostly country music then. Used to have some animals for you to see. Of course, that was big. It was a whole lot . . . whole lot for us anyway.

I know one thing, we used to go fishing a little bit, that wasn't nothing to really laugh about. And he [father] used to try to get us up early try to break us from going, he wanted us to work. I remember one time we was planning . . . 4th of July was supposed to have been a big time for us, so we got ready to go fishing. We went by my granddaddy's house and he seen some weeds in the corn, and we had to pull weeds that day instead of going fishing. That wasn't no funny.

I reckon the nearest one [icehouse was] probably next door to us, they used to cut ice. We had a couple ponds close to us where they used to cut ice. I can't never remember ice ever being that thick for to cut since. We used to like to go skating on these ponds, little ponds around. Yeah, all the boys, they used to like to skate, especially the ones that was at home. Lot of them after they got a little age on them, they went to work some other places. You skate with your regular shoes. Yeah, you didn't have no ice skates.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

One day Hazel [father] and his cousins, and I believe he said that they were Aunt Maggie's children, Maggie Chenault's children, who lived across the road from them, were playing on the porch at Hazel's home, and some bumblebees had built a nest in a hole in the wooden porch post. And the children decided that hitting the post with a stick and making the bees buzz would be fun, and they would laugh and say, "Listen to the radio" because that's the way the old radio sounded when they buzzed when you first turned them on. However, Hazel's fun ended rather quickly when one of those big black bumblebees came out of the hole and stung him on the forehead. He had a bad reaction to that bee sting, and nearly died from it.

Hazel's recreation as a child consisted of playing with neighborhood friends and relatives, and they were happy if they could find an old rubber tire to play with. And they would also swim in a mill creek in the summer, or they would just make up their own games.

Another form of Hazel's recreation was fishing. There was an old man named Clarence Foster who lived in the area that was known as Mexico that was near Hazel's home, and Clarence made Hazel his fishing buddy. And Clarence and Hazel would go fishing off of a wooden skiff on Snowden's Farm on the Rappahannock River. Hazel's sister Zora would sometimes make black walnut cookies for them to take to have to snack on while they fished.

On one of the fishing trips, Mr. Foster caught a big catfish, and when he swung it around in the boat, the catfish fin caught like a hook in the muscle of Hazel's arm, and Mr. Foster had to pull it out, and according to Hazel, that was very painful. Another old lady in the neighborhood taught Hazel how to knit a dip net, which was used at night to catch herring when they spawned in the spring at the mill creek just below Port Royal.

Lumpkin boys ready to play baseball, *ca.* 1905.
Photo courtesy of Judy Lumpkin Hardin.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

I remember that there was a lady, and she lived down on Uncle Clarence's farm there at Maringo back there and her name was Rhett, and that women could out jig anything I think I could ever think of somebody would always be there with a fiddle, always. There were a number of them, and there was always somebody there making music. And that woman would get up there, and she could cut the rug more or less. You never seen such jigging in your life. They'd play the Fiddle and banjo. They were the two instruments that we became familiar with.

My younger uncle had just gone to VPI [Virginia Polytechnic Institute], just started, he was a freshman at VPI. He was dating some little girl down at Sparta, and they had spent the day at Grandpa's on Sunday. They were going home, and . . . Grandma always said that her turkeys put Richard through VPI. My Grandmother Farmer had a mess of turkeys there, and that was her money crop, you better believe it. Anyhow, Richard had brought the little girl home, I mean, had borrowed Grandpa's Model T, and he was taking her on back home; I think she lived somewhere down in the Sparta area. And as they were going on not too far from Grandpa's, there was this pretty animal. The banks were high, the road was—and this

pretty animal up there—and she was so excited about it, it was so beautiful. She said, "Oh, Dick, get him to come closer, he's so beautiful." Well, Dick knew better, but he didn't do better because it was a skunk.

(Laughter.)

But anyhow to please the little young lady, he went up to shoo the skunk a little bit closer, and the skunk didn't want to be shooed, and the skunk let him have it. So Richard had to come home. Oh, they tell me it was quite a thing. Richard smelled so bad, but anyhow he got home and he messed up . . . Grandpa's car got smelly too. But anyhow Grandma had heard that if you dig a hole and put it in the ground that it would deodorize it. So Richard's brand-new suit was buried, and he cleaned up, and they went on their way. But this suit never did really recover. And so whenever we think about Grandma's turkeys, I think about Richard and that darn skunk because that new suit had been bought with Grandma's turkeys.

Grandpa Farmer, they were very progressive. His children . . . there was a traveling music teacher, and he was blind. And they'd start him out from home in a horse and buggy, and that horse would stay with the road. And if he had a student here, they'd be down on the road waiting for him to turn the horse in. So that's what happened at Grandpa's down at the bottom of the hill. Blind Anderson was his name, Anderson. This is my grandfather, my maternal grandfather. One of the children would go down to the gate down there and wait for Mr. Anderson, they called him Blind Anderson because he was blind. And by the way, he married a lady by the name of Lily White, and I always thought that was rather neat. And he would open the gate down there and turn the horse in, then get in the buggy and ride up the hill with him.

All of the children there, I think, all the older ones received music lessons, and some of the boys did too. Mama didn't go on with hers; she'd just sit at the organ with *Jesus Lover of My Soul* and stuff like that. And when she was teaching Sunday school, she used to fiddle a little bit with things, but she never did pursue it, and it was time enough to do that type of stuff.

There was something that Daddy used to do when we were little and I thought were pretty neat—no, we were good sized too—was to make shadow figures. There was one section of wall, the corner and the front window, that Mama didn't have anything hanging, everything was like this way. And Daddy would sit there, and the lamps would be over this way away from the wall, and Daddy would sit there, and he could take his hands and he made all sorts of animals.

And he'd have the animals talking, you know, with his fingers—he would have—and he would mouth the words and do like that sort of like a ventriloquist. But they were the shadow figures on the walls, and I declare, honestly, they were so real looking, and how he twisted his hands, but he said Uncle Ned taught him how.

Uncle Ned was the guy that lived in a house outside of the—my Grandpa Wright's—Uncle Ned lived in a log house right outside the backyard behind the kitchen. And it was a log house, and it was plastered between the logs on the inside, and on the outside, there were wide boards that went up and down that covered it. And it had a mud and straw chimney outside, and it was built on long poles.

And to go in, you stepped up on a big oak block, you stepped up and went into his little house. And he had a little . . . right here to the right as you went in the door was this tiny little stairway that went up to the loft. And I don't know what Uncle Ned had in that loft or what have you. But Daddy said . . . Uncle Ned died when Daddy was a little boy. Daddy took care of him because he got to the point he couldn't do it for himself. I don't

know how many other things Uncle Ned taught Daddy, but they were all those cute things like that.

One of the things—*Dan Old Tucker*—was one of the songs that Uncle Ned taught Daddy. Daddy used to sing it to us. Daddy had a beautiful tenor. I didn't know how beautiful because I did not really hear it; he didn't do much singing, just a little bit to entertain us. But at our church up here over at Bethany when we moved up here, Daddy and the choir director did a special that morning. And I cried, and I think Mama did too. We'd never heard Daddy sing. Had a beautiful tenor voice. But the only thing we'd ever heard him sing was, you know, that *Dan Old Tucker* thing, silly little thing. He just had a beautiful voice, and I was so glad that we got to hear it. I looked at Mama and Mama (demonstrating facial expression). It was quite something.

On my Grandfather Farmer's back field there, a tent was set up in his field, and they wanted to show movies up there. So Grandpa let them out there, and it was a silent movie. We went . . . I don't remember anything about it other than it was nice being there with people and that it was a brand-new experience. It was a silent movie, had the people hopping and running, you know, how those old silent movies did, the people were jerking movements and all that. Oh, they had great time there. I remember that when I was a good size little gal.

One thing we were talking and I thought about, that I enjoy thinking about, we had a barn dance. The floor is like planks about 12 inches wide, nice and wide and all that. And we had practically all of the barn floor except the granary bins. And what we did for that at that time in the country, in the kitchen you had these oil top covers for the tables, and you ate on damask on Sunday. But anyhow, we took one of those out there and put it over the end of the granary bin and put up all of our cookies and drinks and what have you. And the Shaddock brothers came, and we had the best time in there. You know, I can't believe that people had as good a time as we used to have. Oh, we would dance the *Paul Jones*. We had a square dance at the house there, Daddy and them, and they danced in the dining room. And they did a square dance, and then, of course, after a while they'd break out and go—I don't know how to—but anyway, a couple came around, and we had taken everything out of the dining room except a china cabinet over there in the corner. And this young man came around, his elbow went right through that glass door. And Daddy didn't like that at all. But anyway, they used to have the square dances and so on and a bit of *Paul Jones*-ing. By the time I came along, *Paul Jones* was it.

The Shaddock brothers, one had a violin and one had the banjo, I believe. It was string music, but they could really let you cut the rug if you were inclined to. Daddy—they used to get aggravated at Daddy—and I though he was just great. Daddy did the old-style of dancing, and when he met his lady, instead of turning her like most of them did, man, he did a pigeon wing type of thing all the way around. He could really flick those feet, and the others are sort of just standing there marking time with the music waiting for Daddy to get through cutting his pigeon wing and turning his lady.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

And we had tennis courts on the place [Ridgeway], we did play tennis. And we'd get up a baseball game. We did a lot of hiking a lot of horseback riding, and a lot of hiking, thing you generally do on a farm.

Royston made . . . yeah, we had a creek that ran all the way around the house; I think it's Golden Vale Creek right in front of . . . right there on Route 17, and it ran around the house. My brother dammed up part of the creek and made a swimming pool. And we had a

regular beach and swimming pool down at the foot of one of the hills.

We went one time to get the mail, and we dressed up in sheets. And one of the—the youngest little colored boy on the place was ascared—afraid to walk after dark. He called it spooky, he was afraid of the spooks. And we dressed up in white one night and put a sheet over our heads and went up to close to the house, and we called real funny, tried to change our voices, and called out. And he came out, he said he saw us in the white sheets and he ran. He said, "Spooks are after me." I remember that. Different things . . . we'd always try to think of some crazy thing like that to do. But we would go out and scare the little kids.

Life for residents of Ridgeway held many entertainments. Estelle Holloway goes for a ride on Mohawk the horse (left), Ed Amiss and Marguerite Holloway play tennis.

Photos courtesy of Lelia Holloway Lewis and Estelle Holloway Allen.

At night, we would all play out in the yard, and my mother would come out and play with us. She'd sing . . . and Mother and Dad would sit on the front porch at night and sing to us. They did that a lot. And my mother played the piano; she was a beautiful musician. And my grandmother played the piano, so they had two pianos at Ridgeway, and she would get one and my mother the other. And they'd play and we'd all sing, and that was a regular Sunday thing with the family that came. We'd have a regular sing-along on Sunday evenings.

They sang a lot of spirituals, and they sang a lot of . . . let's see. My grandmother, one was called *Seeing Nellie Home*, I remember that one, and they'd always wind up the songfest with *Goodnight Ladies*, that old song. But they sang the modern songs of the day, I guess, whatever they were back then. But we did have a lot of music, always music at Ridgeway.

I still have some of her sheet music. She played—she was the organist at St. Mary's Church in Alexandria—and she sang. She had lots of sheet music, religious sheet music and regular sheet music. Old time, whatever the songs were back in her day, she had lots of that. You know, I've gotten rid of most . . . I don't know where most of it is. But she did, she and my dad sang together very well.

We had several of the reunions, the first four reunions of the family were held at Ridgeway, and we always had music—we had a band there one time—a small band. And some of the colored neighbors would come in and sing spirituals, and they would bring the banjos or whatever they played, and sing for us at the reunions. The last one—now—A. P. Hill took over in 1941. Our last reunion there was 1940, and we had 200 members of the family that year. That was the largest, the last one, the last reunion at Ridgeway. So that's been 70 years ago yesterday we had our last reunion.

There was lots of activity there, always activity at Ridgeway, people coming and going all the time. They gave it the name of Liberty Hall because anybody would come any

time they wanted. It was lots of family there and lots of friends. We always had lots of company at weekends. And we used to have Sunday night supper.

Lelia and Estelle Holloway dressed for hiking at Ridgeway, 1938.
Photo courtesy of Lelia Holloway Lewis and Estelle Holloway Allen.

And chicken. We would have lamb and chicken and homemade biscuits and a great big chocolate cake. And we used to make our own ice cream; we had a big ice cream freezer. We had a icehouse that we filled, my dad had filled every winter, so that lasted about through July, I guess, we had an icehouse down in the ground.

Oh, the social activities, yes, we had a lot of those. We had a lot of very large rooms in the house, and we would have square dances. My dad would call the numbers for the square dancing, and we would have a lot—we had so much company—I say Springdale again, at Ridgeway. Every weekend we'd have company, company, company, the relatives [from] Liberty and Bowling Green and Port Royal and Fredericksburg.

Weekends we had a lot of company. We had lots of dances, square dances mostly. And it was two men in the neighborhood—the White brothers—I guess they were on the property. They would bring their violins, and they'd provide the music, and we'd have square dances quite often. And parties, lawn parties, we had a lot of lawn parties. The last one we had was before . . . it was just before A. P. Hill took over. And we had lanterns

across the yard and music and lawn parties. It lasted until 3 o'clock in the morning, I remember. That was the last one that I recall because I was up here. I was married by that time.

We went every summer to the showboat. They would come for a week and tie up at the wharf. It would tie up at the wharf in Port Royal, and it was called a "floating theater." Then it would go from there on down tie up at different . . . it went all the way down to Bundix and Tappahannock.

At Port Royal, they had a movie when we were kids. It was a picture—a movie at Port Royal school—and we went down. It was a movie, and I remember the Indians, when the Indians—fighting the Indians, and I remember that in the movie. I was tiny then. But that . . . they were in Port Royal for one week, this movie company, in the Port Royal school. It was in the summertime. And I remember it was a scary Indian story, the Indians trying to burn a house, and it scared me like the dickens.

The swimming hole was back of the house, right down back of the house. It was . . . smokehouse, summer kitchen, well house, and a big fence around. It was a great big yard. It looked like a little yard, but it was a big yard, and it was all fenced in. And then there was a woodpile where we kept the piles of wood. Then there was a hill, and you went down that hill, and there was a big swimming pool. Royston, they did a good job. I guess Thomas helped him on it. I think the colored boys helped him.

On the way down was the watermelon patch, and so we would just stop, and we'd pick a watermelon—break the watermelon—eat out the heart of it, go on down and go swimming. We gave the rind to the pigs and the hogs.

Lelia and Marguerite Holloway eating watermelon at Ridgeway.
Photo courtesy of Lelia Holloway Lewis.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

Even games were fairly proscribed, as it were. Girls jumped rope and played hopscotch; boys played with their aggies, marbles we call them now, and they made little slingshots out of a piece of . . . a branch of a tree that had a nice Y in it and put a string or a rubber band on that. Then you could shoot pebbles and pretend you were David hunting your Goliath, that kind of thing.

Girls played with doll babies and made mud pies and decorated them with reeds and flowers and that kind of thing, and boys, of course, didn't bother themselves with that kind of thing. They did—instead of jumping rope—they used the rope for a tug-of-war, that kind of thing. But, yes, we had good, good times back then. They were hard times, but they were also good times. And playing was part of the good time.

I had dolls and tea sets and that kind of thing that I played with. Just being free to

run around and having the openness and trees to climb. And back then I was a wee bit of a tomboy, which did distress my very strong church-going grandmother. She would say, "A whistling girl and a crowing hen never come to no good end."

I loved to whistle, and that just upset her so much. And I loved to climb trees, and she would remind me there of the boundary, the fence that tree climbing was for boys and it was not for girls. But nevertheless, I enjoyed climbing trees, and there were many of them on our property, fruit trees and other trees that were easy for me to climb. And I loved to whistle, and I was pretty good at it. But that distressed her.

The whole world was before you, really, on a Saturday morning. You had the freedom to daydream, to climb trees, to run down hills and pretend you were flying and all kinds of silly things. You might find a june bug, for instance, a large green beetle and tie a string to one of its hind legs and then let it just buzz all around. That was quite a game, quite a fun kind of thing. You might notice a certain pile of sand in a certain way and say, "Aha, there's a doodlebug in that pile." So you get down to the ground and whisper, "Doodlebug, doodlebug, come out of your hole. Your house is on fire and your children are alone." Silly kind of thing, but the thing was, sooner or later something just might move, some bug might just move out of there. So there were all kinds of fun kinds of things that had to do with imagination and with being close to nature itself, enjoying nature.

I don't remember the first movie [I ever saw], but I remember that it would have been in a segregated theater in Fredericksburg where Negroes were allowed to sit up in the balcony. You came in the front door and then you walked up the steps, climbed the steps to the balcony, and you sat there. And that's the only place where I would have seen a movie in that day and time because to see a movie, one had to go and to leave Caroline County and go into the city of Fredericksburg. So my first movies were in that theater. That building still stands today. I think it belongs to and is used by the Baptist church, I believe, in the city of Fredericksburg. But long, long ago it was the theater for whites and blacks in the city of Fredericksburg.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN:

We were on a hill. Facing on the side of the house was a beautiful hill that was perfect for sledding. So all winter long we just enjoyed sledding, and I think we had a makeshift sled. I don't remember exactly what it was, but I'm sure it was makeshift. But we would go sledding. Of course, we had to walk up the hill to get back. Well, right at the bottom of the hill was a real beautiful lane that went down to a little stream, and we called it Lover's Lane.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

Showboats used to come up to Port Royal to the wharf there. We would drive down there and go to a night show. They would have a dancing, variety show, dancing and all. I have a picture somewhere of that—the wharf all falling apart—but you can still see it. I've got that picture somewhere. I have a picture that my uncle—my uncle and two other fellows from Pennsylvania had come down to his property—that was my mother's brother—to hunt, and they were on the—it's not a bridge, it's a float. And you got on it, and you took these long poles and pushed you across the river. And this old car—they were pushing across the river—Rappahannock River, where the bridge is now going across to hunt over in King George.

My Sunday school teacher took me to a movie house there in Bowling Green, and the name of it was *Music is Magic*, I'll never forget it. I'd like to know something about the movie, but that must have been '37 or '38. I don't think it was . . . and then the next one was Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind*. That was Fredericksburg. That was my

second—I reckon— that was my second movie. I may have gone to some other movies, yeah, but Margaret Monroe who lived in Fredericksburg was my Sunday school teacher, and she took a group of us girls. I don't remember anything about the movie, but I'll never forget the name of it. Bowling Green was just such a country town. I mean, the movie house was like a barn.

ALBERTA BUMBREY HENDERSON

Didn't know what coffee was. Dad was the only one. Mama didn't ever drink no coffee. Daddy drank coffee. I don't think none of the kids drank coffee when they was small. Lemonade, tea. I remember after the government take the place, we moved up on [Route] 17, that was our recreation was get a RC Cola and got on the road and count the cars. That was fun.

[Our daddy] didn't spare the rod. He got the rod, them boys did. He didn't bruise them, but he'd correct them. He didn't do the girls, though.

You go to jail [for making corn liquor]. They'd make it in the woods. I never would drink it because I heard that snakes be around that thing, whatever they run it through. I read something in the paper out in West Virginia, they raid that corn liquor thing and there were snakes all around the barrel—come out of the barrel where they had—I don't know whether they been in it. I don't guess they live in there, but all around it. Yes.

We had to walk, the rest of them ride the bus. I never thought it was right. I kept it in, though. You get angry about it, but it didn't come out. That's the way the law was at that time. But they thought they was doing the right thing, I think, when they had the kids going separate. But our neighborhood where them kids was at the store, you know, we go down there and play with them, they was good.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

We'd go around and pick up soda bottles and sell them. Didn't get but a penny apiece for them. Throw away—like, people riding down the highway—throw their bottles out the window after they drank the soda, and we'd go walk the highway and pick up soda bottles and take them to the store. Didn't get but a penny apiece for them, that's all. We walked sometimes five mile one way and five mile back picking up bags of soda bottles and bring them back on your shoulder and didn't get but a penny apiece. You have a hundred bottles, you don't get but a dollar. That was a lot of walking, a lot of weight bring them back up the road. For one dollar, that's all we'd get for a hundred bottle.

Back there then, young kids, you don't pay no mind to [chiggers]. Now people go out there and walk through the grass, they'll come back, say, "Look at all those bumps on me." Chiggers. We didn't pay no attention to that stuff back when you're young. Especially when you're kids and they're playing all through the woods everywhere. That's where we hang out anyway. If we had time, we go in the woods, play all through the woods. See an old grapevine, take a ax, cut it, and make a swing, swing way out. We go through the woods, find an old grapevine way up a tree, take a ax, wrap it around that tree, cut it, pull it off, and we swing on it. That's what we used to play.

I stole my daddy buggy, you know, old shaft stick up in the air, one horse pull it. Went on down the hill, went on through the fence and all through the garden. My daddy come home, said, "Who [went] there and knocked the fence over in the garden?" "I ain't know nothing about it." Scared to tell him because you knew you were going to get a whipping. I told him I didn't know nothing about it. We used to play with anything, didn't make no difference. Make a wagon, ride it down the hill, then pull it back up the hill. We always had something to do.

[Segregation] was at schools. We couldn't go to the white school. Mica school was the white school, Mt. Dew school we had to go to it. Mica was a white school. That's just the way it was. Yeah, that's the way it was when we was coming up. Until later years, that's when they started all go to one school. I tell you, that almost something like slavery-time. My parents and their fore-parents and them, that's almost something like slavery-time. That's the way I look at it. But we just didn't have no—we didn't have no say-so over nothing. We didn't control nothing. That's the way it was.

MARY BUMBREY HEAD

I remember *Amos 'n Andy* would come on [the radio], and I'm trying to think of another one, like, scary movies, that thing would come on, and we used to listen to that. Then we'd be scared and run under the bed.

We had fun down there, though, we had fun, yeah. It was good living. I'm talking about was no problems or nothing like that. Everybody cooperated with Mother and Father, and we all got along real good. And as far as what we was doing and—my mama and dad always bring watermelon home—we ate watermelon, bring Popsicles™, we'd take the Popsicle™ sticks, make little houses, put mud around it. Then we'd make mud cakes and try to—like, her old pots or something, she used to give them to us, and we'd put like—we'd cook in them and all that. This was our outing, that's what we did.

We shot marbles, we'd walk up to the highway, look at the cars, come back. And on Sunday, that's what we'd do on Sunday, walk to the highway, look at the cars, wave at the people. And that was it; that was our outing.

CORA BUMBREY GREEN

No, I didn't have no problem with [racism] until I went to work in Quantico. That's when some problems stirred up. I mean, I ain't saying too much to nobody because I didn't want to get in no kind of . . . get myself hurt. And then on the job, there two or three white girls didn't want to work beside me, and I went and told the headman. And he came out and told her . . . there was two doors, front door and back door, and told her she could take either one of those.

She stayed there. She didn't want to use the same bathroom that we used because they had two bathroom before they started this white and the black, and they took that away with the white, so everybody had to use the same bathroom, and she didn't want to use it. And I used to get on her all the time. I said, "You ain't no better than I am. Come on, stop being more than what you is." I said, "Well, why you come here and work if you don't want to mingle with us. The man already done told you that you going to have to work with us, you're going to have to use the same rest room that we use." Finally she came around, but she didn't care about nobody.

And then when I rode the train to work, they had one coach for the white and another thing for the black. We had to walk down across this track here and catch the train in the morning, 5 o'clock in the morning, ride it to Quantico—and we couldn't—we had to go through the white coach and go on back to the black coach and sit there until the train get on. And I didn't like that at all.

When I heard music, I was working for the white family [Garrett Family]. And they had radio. And I used to hear the talking, and I used to wonder, "What, who that talking?" And they would bring it out in the kitchen so I could hear. That's when I first heard music.

I can't remember them old songs that they used . . . that old people used to sing. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, I know that one.

JOHN GARRETT

Grace Lomax . . . she was an older lady. She was, oh, gosh, she was at the house when I was born, and she died there. I guess she was maybe about 60 is about all when she died. I can see her now standing over that washboard scrubbing and a-singing. And I'd say to her, "Gracie, you mighty happy this morning." She said, "Lord, child, I'm just singing to drive away the blues." *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* was one of [the songs she would sing], and some of the spirituals. Most of them were the Negro spirituals.

WILLIAM TAYLOR

The houses—where we lived there—we was way in the woods. I mean, when I say in the woods, we was in the woods. And they did for fun, you mean the adults. There was a place over not too far, not too awful far was a club, we called it beer garden during that time, and it was Washington Inn. That was the only place I knew that—and then the other things that they had that I heard my mother and them used to go to—they had a St. Luke Hall over at the church, and they used to have events over there.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

We didn't have [newspaper]—only thing people came to Bowling Green—always on Court Monday, we called it Court Monday. And my father was always . . . everybody that lived down in that area used to come to Bowling Green, up here to the courthouse. And they'd ride the wagons, come in the wagons. If they had farming goods that they wanted to sell, they'd bring it along and sell it. And they would sit around and talk, meet their old friends that would come from different areas. And my father was famous for that; my father always came up on Court Monday. He would ride in the wagon. And he had white friends, he used to go to Milford right down here where Vergie . . . Milford Road. He used to go down to the store there, [Milford] you could send telegrams out, called it the Western Union at that time.

They kept in touch because we lived close, I mean, down in the area. And everybody met at school when they had League or something, families and all the people. Then they would have baseball games, and everybody would turn out after school, play baseball.

My father did hunting. He used to go coon hunting, fox hunting. My father was head of a fox team. They'd ride horses, a group of men, white and black, would get together and go down Raleigh area and hunt foxes. And they had dogs that would pick up the trail of the fox and all. And my father had a horn, a cow horn that made a—and he used to blow that if the dogs wandered off—he would blow that horn, that would bring the dogs back where to they were located at.

But we had time for play too. We used to visit some families house, because we wasn't allowed to go everywhere, just certain families we had to visit because we know the parents are going to correct us. If we did anything wrong, they would report back to our parents. We had to be on our P's and Q's, as they said. Then we used to go spend the night with the kinfolks and all. Then family would spend the night at Aunt Ella's.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

The only thing we had, at one time, I can remember we had a radio that was battery-operated, like a car battery. That's the only kind of music we had that I can remember. Mostly country music I think.

We used to have a May Day [school event]. Occasionally they had Halloween parties. But, you know, transportation wasn't too good back then, so they couldn't do it too much because you didn't have no way to get back and forth.

Annie Penney in her May Day Dress.
Photo Courtesy of Annie Penney Purks.

MAYNARD PENNEY

We didn't have it at our house as much [social gatherings]. But my uncle . . . well, the old home place, my grandfather's, was across the road from us, and then up the road a little bit my uncle had built a house. And he was one of the champion old-time fiddle players, he was really good. So they had dances there and the schools and different places. They had them in the homes and the schools. Then they'd have Thanksgiving and different dinners at families, and that was unbelievable. My mother used to play the harmonica. I can remember Mama playing harmonica. What do you call the thing with the harp, she used to play that.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

Well, Saturday night in our group, we didn't do anything. Saturday night was just like every other night. And, of course, Sundays we went to church. And then since this was sort of family-related community where we lived; we'd visit one family to another.

We played baseball.

Well, in the wintertime, a big entertainment on Saturday nights was square dances in homes. Now, it wasn't every Saturday night. That was the people that liked to dance, and my parents did and I learned to dance when I was 10, 12 years old.

ETHEL WAUGH SANDERLIN

Well, we always had a good time running around the woods playing.

DAVID CLARK

Oh, playing soldier. They were all around me, and that's the main thing I did. I

remember also when I was at the second place I used to walk through the fields, there was an old black guy that I understand now was blind—but he would take—my sister and I would walk with him all through the fields and the different places. And I'm not sure whether he was taking care of us or we were taking care of him.

His name was John Ferguson. He was a nice black man, and we just—my parents liked him and so forth—and they just let us wander around with him through the fields for, like, half a day or more. I'm not sure what we did, but I remember following him around.

We would have radios. I'm not sure when I first started listening to any radio, but we would listen to the news and listen to the Grand Ole Opry, country music-type stuff. Not exactly sure when all that started, but that's my first dealings with radio, is listening to some of that country music and listening to news.

Genevieve Powers tries out her brother's guitar.
Photo courtesy of Genevieve Powers Davis.

VIRGINIA HEARN WHITING

Just running around the farm. That was about all you did because you weren't close enough to any other place, I mean, any little towns or anything, at least we couldn't go to it. So we just ran around, laughed, played. Mostly just jumping around and hide-and-seek a little bit, something like that.

I can remember people saying—because back then—alcohol was the big thing; there weren't . . . I'm sure there were drugs. I can remember, in fact, hearing some older person—some older girl, not adult—saying that she'd tried marijuana and what it felt like. So that must have been available back then, but I didn't know about it until I heard that. But alcohol was the big thing. If you're going to do something risky or smart or whatever, you'd take a drink. And I can remember somebody saying that they had run out of something and they were going to have to run over to the bootlegger.

And gosh, you didn't realize how dangerous that was until later on when you learn

what kind of alcohol is doing and what it's doing to people, particularly bootleg alcohol. And later on as a nurse, I worked in some alcohol and drug abuse units, and so I'm aware of it, certainly this day. Yeah, that was, quote, the drug of choice, if you will.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

Well, there wasn't much to do for fun, so they would get together—I know that my aunt said that everybody would get together at Susie Garrett's—and, of course, they would maybe break out moonshine or they would play . . . she said it was always a lot of fun; everybody liked to go there because it was always everybody having a good time together. And of course, all the people that lived in that area were all relatives in some way, shape, or form. All up and down that road were my relatives. All my great-grandmother's sisters and brothers all lived in the area, so Susie Garrett was . . . they were all relatives. And David Garrett says that all they had was two feet and a mule, so they really couldn't get too far, and they would go to the neighboring areas, and that was just about it. I guess they did whatever they could to entertain themselves.

I don't think anybody in my family played a musical instrument, although I know that my aunt would talk about going up to Spindle Shop. There must have been, like, a dancehall, and they would go up there on Fridays and have a good time. And I think Freddy Shaddock—I want to say Freddy Shaddock was still—was 90-some years old before he just passed, and he played, so they had fiddles—and I guess—I don't know whether they'd have accordions, and they just made their own fun.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

We used to skate. Anytime we saw ice on a little puddle of water, we would skate like children, and all of us were going together. You know, all cousins, they live a little ways from Mama's home. Oh, children, they don't—it's good to be a child—but you really don't appreciate the stages you go through. No, you certainly do not.

We used to call it a pond, yeah, Silver's Pond. Yeah, we used to go over there and swim, skate in the winter months and swim in the summer.

The boys and girls sometimes did [played together]. We used to play skip rope, we skipped rope. Somebody would skip rope, and then you stop and wait, change the rope and let somebody skip it. And another thing we used to do, and oh, our parents didn't like that, they used to have—they called them curbings that went down in the well—and they were wood. You pushed them down to stop the dirt from falling into the water. And when they would have several different—my cousins had them, we had them—every time we would change a curbing in the well, and we used to set up in there and roll them.

Roll over on the land; that was before they used them. They was preparing to put them into the well, and every now and then wood—wood rots and it flakes off, makes chips and everything. And they would get about two or three there and put them on a yard so they could have them right at hand when they got ready to clean the well, they called it cleaning the well. And so we used to set up there, being kids, you know, we could just set up and run around. Oh, that was so nice. We'd roll over them. Good to be a kid, but it was good to go back and look back at yourself, too.

Well, later, as we got older, yeah, we used to go down to a lot of our neighbors' houses and dance, call figures and clap our hands. Yeah, square dancing, round dancing. Somebody would pick a guitar, we would go.

Hopscotch, we used to draw a round circle, and so many of us used to get in it, and we used to take the ball and try to hit certain one; we played that game. We played horseshoes. I'm trying to think what other game. We played tag, you know, when cousins

would come over visit us.

We didn't attend too much of that [church social gatherings] until later when they started to have—what should I say—started getting together. They had a couple of church marriages there.

And I tell you something else we used to have a lot of: ballgames. The boys used to play ballgames.

Not at the church but at the stores, up near a store, and another one, Henry Williams had one down at his place. Yeah. On his land, he drew out a diamond to play ball on. Teams, yeah, different groups, different groups, yeah, play different groups around.

They [the men] had a lodge that John William [belonged to], what was that? It was a big organization. Can't think of the name of that now. The Masons, my father never bothered with the Masons.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

Now, we used to go to Port Royal, that was about five miles from us, and we'd go there on Sunday evenings. They'd always gather there for baseball games on Sunday afternoon.

We'd go out at night and catch them [fireflies] in the jars, but you don't see them too much now. Put the top on it and sit it over there and watch them light up and go out, light up and go out.

We didn't go to carnivals. We didn't play cards, we didn't play with a lot of things on Sundays and weekends. My family was kind of old-fashioned. And no sewing on Sundays. We didn't even sew a button on Sunday.

VERGIE MILLER

I never was no party person. My brother used to go to . . had house parties a lot. I used to hear them talk about that he used to go to that, but I never went to any. But most times, at the Free Mission School, they would have big picnics or some kind of social at the school, and we used to go over to that. And then the churches have a lot of activity going on, programs, we used to go to that all the time.

They had it [county fair] in Bowling Green, but they used to bring canned goods and different things and put on the fair, and people used to—all the aprons or whatnot—and they used to bring it up there, and they'd get ribbons for it. I don't remember in my family taking animals up there, but some did. But I know they used to take a lot canned things up there.

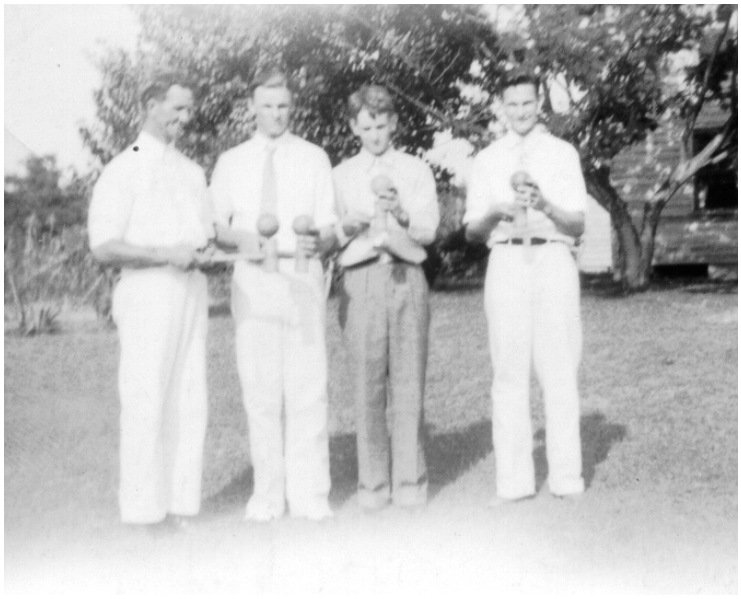
I think my brother . . . I never was a dancer. My brothers and sisters, they did that.

Well, they had . . . mostly the church lodge was St. Luke or something. My mother and them belonged to that. Of course, these younger—my sisters and all—they belonged to the Eastern Star and all that in later years after they got up here.

We used to play hopscotch. They used to throw the ball over there or something. Then we used to—we had a croquet set for years—somebody brought us a croquet set. And we just loved to play croquet.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Yeah, that was the Throton Theater came to Port Royal, and Dad had to go to everything. He was a character, fun. Mama was the other way; she worried about everything. Anyway, my life was wonderful. Always had anything I needed, and I never asked for more.



Eddie Penney, Everett Motley, Willard Upshaw and Scott Motley get ready for a game of Croquet, 1937.
Photo courtesy of Annie Penney Purks and Evelyn Penney Upshaw.

Musical entertainment provided by Eddie Penney on violin and Jake Hughes on guitar.
Photo courtesy of Annie Penney Purks and Evelyn Penney Upshaw.

I'll tell you some things I did that these children now are too lazy to make for themselves. We made our own things to play with. And one thing, my dad had a long stick,

and he put a cross stick down here, and he had a old wheel that came off of some equipment, and I took that thing and go all over the yard. And then he would go out in the woods and find a sassafras limb and fix that so it was stilts. I walked around on stilts. These people don't know anything. They weren't raised on a farm.

Well, we had tricycles, and we'd go up on a hill and come down that hill flying. It's a wonder we hadn't killed ourselves. We'd turn the bicycle big wheel around some way, made it come down.

And I loved to play Annie Over. You know, you throw a ball over a house, and the people on the other side catch it, and they'd run around and try to catch you. Well, I couldn't do that so I'd have to throw it over by myself and then run around. We played hopscotch in the ground, we didn't have sidewalks, of course. And I played dolls. I had a pretty doll that was burned and had a trunk full of hand-made clothes. All gone, burned.

They would sit on the front porch in the summertime, and I would go out in the yard. Dad wore a cap, and I'd throw the cap up and bats would come, and I would try to catch it. And then I loved looking up at the sky and seeing all the different stars and everything up there. But now you can't do that in a town or city because too many lights. I miss that. We used to just enjoy that so much. You'd see stars shoot, things like that. Other than that, we didn't do much for amusement.

Mama had a piano, she could play a little bit, but she never did that. We just sat and talked, I reckon.

Yeah, we'd read and look at books and talk. I can't think what we did. I remember my two cousins would come down and we'd play hide-and-seek. There were some coats hanging on the back of a door, and we'd run over and put our heads under the coats and think we were hiding. And they had friends that they played rook, a card game, and they would go to different houses. And Dad didn't like it much because he said they wouldn't talk. He liked talk. But they had good times playing games like that. Used to play setback and rook. Have to have special cards for rook.

Oh, yeah, we used to go to square dances. Square dance was the first dance I went to, and I danced with my Uncle Ernest. But the old people had a good time. They would meet at different homes. I remember one time we went to a neighbor up on the hill, and they had a dance in the basement. And some of the children went too, I was one of them, and we went up on the second floor and got under all the coats that people had laid on the bed and went to sleep. When we got up to come home, it was snow everywhere. I didn't think we were going to get home because we had to come through a wooded area. And the trees were so pretty. I remember that. And I went to another private dance with somebody else and met him. That's how I got to know him.

I guess they just had an old Victrola. I don't know. I don't know what kind of music they had.

Somebody was playing, but I don't know what. Probably some violins, some old hillbilly stuff. My husband like classical music, but I never could understand that.

I guess one of the best times I had was when I went out with a boy, and I didn't see much of him after that. But he took me to the Richmond fair, and we rode on everything down there, I think. And that was really something. He was a good looking man. I think he's dead now. Yeah, I enjoyed that.

Well, I might have been down there before, but we just looked at stuff. But this time I was by myself with him and we just had fun.

And tell him about going to the rent cabins. That was quite an event. My dad took us to Luray Caverns, and Jane, she must have been about 10, and Mary was I guess about

five or so. And we were going down in the caverns, and whoever was saying, you know, "We're going down, and there's houses and trees on top of us." And little Mary kind of got nervous, and he picked her up, and she said, "Daddy, when are we going to see the devil (laughing)?" I thought that was so cute, I never forgot. She thought we were going down that hole and we were going to see him.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

Give me a sponge ball, and I throw it up against the house and it comes back to me. That was my entertainment. Don't give me a doll baby. No, don't want no doll baby, still don't want them. Didn't have anybody to play with so I played by myself.

When we used to go to Liberty Baptist Church, it's where my dad was a member, after services every Sunday, my brother and I would go down to the spring behind the church. And Mama and Daddy would say, "Now, you come right back as soon as you walk down to the spring." And we'd always put our hands down there and get some water and drink it.

At that time, it was just clear as could be. They kept it just as clean and nice as could be. But now, whew, you can hardly know it's a spring there because when we used to have the Liberty reunions, my husband and I went. And every time after the services, we walked down to that spring. And he said, "What fun did you-all get out of coming down and see all these sticks and leaves and everything?" I said, "It wasn't like this then." But, of course, after everybody stopped going there and everything, it wasn't no need to keep it purified, I don't guess. Back then it wasn't anything that was being purified anyway. We never was sick like the children are today.

We all got together at whatever house—every Sunday one house or the other—like I told you. And we'd play baseball, something like that, dodgeball. Go up to Grandma's, she had a great big field, and get out there and play, Grandma Durrett. And we'd all get out there, there was a whole lot of us, I tell you. Grandma and her grandchildren.

Well, when we were living over here at Corbin—I mean Mr. Clavin's place—we'd go down to Guinea there to that Grace Methodist Church, and that's where we'd have scavenger hunts and things like that, a whole bunch of us young ones. And we had the best time. And some of the parents would go with us, you know, looking for the scavenger, but we'd finally find it. They'd send us all over Guinea everywhere, and there would be a note, you go somewhere else. And we'd go there and then they'd send you somewhere else. Until we finally got it. That was a lot of fun. But young people don't have fun like that no more.

DOROTHY PUGH THOMAS

Well, most of our social and recreation was church every Sunday, and there would be a picnic every year, I mean, at the different churches, both black or white. At that time, they were not together, back there then. The black churches had theirs, and the white churches had theirs, but that's another thing that would go with that age. You see, they don't do it that way now, but they did then.

Dances were held privately, quietly, and you don't tell your church or they'd put you out. That was unlawful. Honey, that was a sin.

And that was back in the 1920s because I was too young to be going to a dance, but I had older friends who did have, and private homes would have them. (Whispering) If you don't tell anybody. Like, it was not spread abroad that "A dance is going to be tonight over at the Broaddus home." Or "Don't tell" because if some of the head people in certain of the—like Bethesda Church—then they would be put out of church.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

Sit on that porch at night, everybody gather around, and we had about eight or ten steps, and they would fill them steps up, you know—because you didn't have chairs—so many chairs at that time. And we would get together . . . didn't have no music, but just start up singing.

It was a little place down at the other store house that we lived close by, some band would come and play, and everybody—a whole week—have music and all kind of tricks and all.

HOLIDAYS

Holidays were always a welcome break from the toil of home and farm maintenance in Caroline County. Christmas presents were simple, and there was usually only one for the children, not a dozen store-bought toys like today. They tended to make their own ornaments for the Christmas tree and baked mountains of pies and cakes. A favorite meal after the usual Christmas ham or turkey was stewed tomatoes and black-eyed peas. It was a time for visitors, but above all, for family. It was most definitely the main holiday event of the year, and people made it special to the best of their abilities.

LAVERNE BAYLOR GWATHMEY

We had a buggy and a wagon because I know at Christmastime, used to use a buggy and go around and sing Christmas carols.

BARBARA BAYLOR THOMAS

I guess 4th of July was the biggest party time. We had dunking apples. We had mule races because I used to ride Jenny, Grandpa's mule. We had that, and that's all I can remember, that and the dunking apples and then the fireworks.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

We were at a Halloween party years ago for the children in Port Royal, our club had a little party every year. And this particular year, here comes two mules and had people kind of dressed up riding along yelling and scaring people. Here they're coming on Halloween night. They wanted to scare the kids with riding these mules. But they weren't our mules. Yeah, had gone and gotten somebody else's mules across the road from where we were. And had ridden up and down the road, and I don't know if he ever found out about it. So that kind of scared the kids when they saw somebody riding the mules with the sheet hanging over them like ghosts.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Uncle Sed, he was Sunday school superintendent for as long as I can remember at Upper Zion church, we always got a little box of candy at Christmastime, but I would often go home with them and have dinner. I'll always remember they always had the fried chicken and pineapple upside-down cake. Special kind of people.

Christmas was a special time for us growing up, I remember. But I remember my mother was in the hospital at one time at Christmas. Nellie was my oldest sister, and she was in Richmond at that time working, and I remember my mother being in the hospital around that time. And my father did not have enough money to buy Christmas things, and Nellie sent him $5, I'll always remember that, and that was the only money . . . well, maybe he had a little more money, but that $5 that Nellie sent at Christmastime, she was in

Richmond, was used to buy us Christmas presents.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

Everybody put a box out [at Christmas]. We would get sparklers and firecrackers, not too many firecrackers because there was a danger of fire. And dolls, maybe something that we would use . . . sometimes games, checkers, we'd play checkers, and marbles, games that were inexpensive, but we always got something. And my mother would keep it locked up in the closet so we wouldn't go in and see what it was. In their bedroom, keep it under lock and key. We put our name on it. Everybody with a box with their name on it.

It [the Christmas tree] would be in the parlor. And there were decorations that were passed down for years and years and years. We would go out and get the tree and decorate it, the children, and my mother used to tell us we had to put decorations all through the house. So I'd go upstairs, and I'd have holly with berries in it. And on top of all the trees I'd put holly berries, holly with holly berries, everywhere you saw running cedar, the running cedar and holly all throughout the house, decorated the whole house.

[P]eople came to visit Christmastime; we visited others. And everybody had candy, hard candy. You could afford hard candy, chocolate was a little expensive. So we passed around candy, and my mother always had dessert. She was the best cook, and she would always bake some kind of cake, and she would always have cake on hand. So when everybody came in, they certainly got cake and sometime got hard candy. Just had fellowship, sweet fellowship.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

I'll tell you one thing we didn't do at Christmas. We did not use a pine tree; it was always a cedar tree. And Daddy would spot that cedar tree in his walks and what have you around the farm, and he knew exactly where it was, which one he was going to get for Christmas. And, of course, we didn't want it but so big. It had to be there to . . . that could be accommodated in the room.

We had started earlier to take care of decorations for the tree. All decorations grew on the farm, all except one. The chinquapin, the chinquapin was one that we gathered, that's c-h-i-n-q-u-a-p-i-n, and it grew . . . the trees did not grow but so tall. And it grew in a burr, a sticky burr. And when they were ripe, that burr cracked and popped open. So you'd gather them before they'd fall to the ground. The fruit was about as big as the end of my finger there, and it was sort of like a chestnut. It was brown, nice shiny brown. And then, of course, on the bottom was where it was attached to the burr. And it was sort of beige tone.

So we gathered them. We boiled them until we could stick something through them. Mama had a very stout sewing needle, and with a coarse cotton thread, sewing thread, we used double strands, and we strung them one right after the other, and they became sort of a garland like for the tree, looped around the Christmas tree.

And then we gathered gum balls from the gum trees, and they were good size, like, they had spikes on them. And we always gathered them with the stem because the stem was the way we could tie a thread, a Christmas thread—most of the time it was just plain white—red cotton that we'd buy in a ball. And with that gum ball, we could tie it on as it was. We would paint them whatever was available, and that worked out very nicely. Made very interesting hanging. And I have some now.

And then there was a sycamore ball from a sycamore tree, and that was beige in tone, and it was very interesting. Its outer coat was sort of like . . . oh, shucks. Had little bumps on it. How would you describe that? Well, anyhow, that was very interesting too. We'd tie that and hang it on.

The pine cones we could color some of them or we could use them to stack under the tree. We used all kinds of stuff there. The pine cone—and we finally wound up by taking tablet paper which has lines on it—and we used crayons and color, and then we'd cut them to strips, and we'd fold them and paste them together with a glue that we'd made with flour and water. And then we made them in chains—take one loop put it in there and keep—until you got it as long as you wanted it. And then it was looped around the tree. You'd be surprised at how interesting the tree was.

The only thing that was purchased was a star that went on the top of the tree. But I have here five glass balls, and I mean, they are glass; they're not those little old things that get broken every time you turn around. These are glass balls, and there are five of them. And they were the five . . . the first Christmas tree balls that Mama had. And I got them. They were painted. Some of the design's rubbing off, but I have them.

Mama would make a . . . she didn't bother too much with a wreath. She would make a big bunch of holly and tie it together for the front door. But then, on the other hand, we had the running cedar, and we used some of that; we'd do that around the table. Then there's the little bunch cedar. It grows about eight or ten inches tall, plant style, and you could pull those, and you could use those in wreaths or what have you, but we didn't bother too much with that kind of stuff.

But I will tell you one Christmas, oh, man, we were so excited. I was little. I know I must have run Mama and Daddy up a wall. I remember that we got up the next morning and rushed down. We knew better than to get down there before we were supposed to. Rushed down the stairs to see if Santa Claus had come and what had he brought.

We didn't get to go to the Christmas tree right then and there. We got to go to the kitchen, and Daddy was bemoaning the fact. He said, "You know, it rained last night. I wonder if Santa Claus got here." I said, "Oh, yeah, he got here. I know he did." So Daddy said, "Well, I guess we better go in there and see." So we went in there, and there were all of our Christmas gifts under the tree. And Daddy put on a big show of "Now, I wonder how that happened? How did he get here? No snow. I don't think his reindeer would travel in that rain." I went rushing outdoors, and I came running back. I had solved the problem.

She had solved the problem. And she came dancing back in, said, "Daddy, I know. He came by truck." Daddy said, "Well, how do you know he came by truck?" Said, "Come on." I grabbed him by the hand, I said, "Come on. I'll show you. Some tire tracks out there now." I know I must have nearly killed my Daddy.

Anyway, Santa Claus came, everything was all right. We didn't get but one toy. Money wasn't spent in toys. And that toy could be mostly anything. You don't know what it was. I don't remember toys particularly. You got clothing mostly. If you got a sweater, oh, man, that was something. Socks, always got socks. Pair of gloves. That kind of stuff. Articles of clothing.

But we never got but one toy. I don't remember. Sometimes it might be a storybook. Oh, yeah. Sometimes we'd get some pencils, a batch of pencils for school.

And as far as the goodies were concerned, there were raisins on a stem, on stems, there were peanuts, peanuts and raisins. And then there were candies, hard candies. We had sticks of candy like horehound and peppermint, and there was a lemon stick too. And I don't remember how much of that we did, but they were not extravagant. We were well taken care of, but they weren't extravagant; in other words, save some for another time. I think that was about it.

Right now, I don't recall [anything else] because we were all so gung-ho about Santa Claus coming, and Mama was equally as gung-ho about getting us to bed, that I really don't

remember whether they did any of that or not. I'm sure they must have. Daddy was always with his harp, he was always sitting there patting it, patting his foot. He had a Jew's harp, and he had a regular mouth harp. I never could do anything with that. And with the mouth harp, all I could do with the mouth harp was (making gasping sound) blow in and out, blow in and out, you know the way kids do making music. As I said about the Jew's harp, that was well-named because all I could make out of it was juice anyway.

On our Christmas tree, everything that you could gather and, of course, we had a lot of fun taking care of them, too, making them presentable for Christmas decoration, for instance—to back up a little—the gum ball was a beauty. But this sycamore thing was interesting too. The sycamore ball had a beaded surface, because I think the last time I talked about it I said something about I couldn't think of it, and I said pebbled. No, it was a beaded surface and sort of beige in color and could do what you want to, but you always tied them. If you didn't want to put them on the Christmas tree, there was always a bowl or tree or something that you put them on just to show. But most of these were put on with the red Christmas cord. You tied it always . . . gather them with stems and tie them on and looped and then hang the loop on the tree. And I think that was the biggest thing that I wanted to tell you that I had missed on the last go round.

We never, never did put lighted candles on our trees. The only time we ever got lights on our trees was when electric lights came in. I think they were pretty and all that, but, gosh, they were so dangerous. No, we never used the lighted candle. We had candles that we put around the house in the vicinity of the tree, but we would light a candle maybe on a table or something of the sort but never on the tree.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

New Year's Day. We ate black-eyed peas during the year, but New Year's Day, we HAD to have black-eyed peas. It's a tradition. Stewed tomatoes and black-eyed peas, that was the regular New Year's Eve dish.

Ridgeway was home to so many of the family. They would come from all distances to stay at Ridgeway at Christmas. And we had a big Christmas at Ridgeway every year, and every Christmas night the families would gather. Every Christmas night we had big party with the whole family, relatives, Fredericksburg, Port Royal, and all around the area. We enjoyed it. All the kids had to have something to recite or something to sing or something to take part in the party. We were part of the entertainment. We had something to do that we had to—recite a poem—something we had to do as a little kid.

We had a Christmas tree that reached the ceiling, really tall. And my dad would go out and get the tree. And he would have the horses pull the tree home. He'd try to drag it himself, but he couldn't do it, so he'd have to hitch the horse to the tree and drag the tree down. And it reached the ceiling. We didn't trim the tree until Christmas Eve. We had to go to bed. And we came down the next morning, there was this beautiful tree reaching the ceiling with packages everywhere.

And always a doll for the girls sticking out the top. I remember little china dolls and a toy. Dad shopped on Christmas Eve always and got the fruit, got things at Port Royal. They had three stores at Port Royal at the forks. There were three big merchandise stores, Powells and Goldmans and Carters I think, but was one on each corner, great big—and Powells had a great big—they carried everything, all kinds of merchandise.

I remember my mother reading *Night Before Christmas*. Santa always brought stockings. All kinds of goodies: oranges, gingerbread cookies, dried raisins, always had a coin at the foot—a penny or something at the foot—an orange and an apple. And dried raisins

and stick candy, Mother's cookies. Always in the foot was an orange.

Christmas dinner at Ridgeway.
Photo courtesy of Estelle Holloway Allen and Lelia Holloway Lewis.

Christmas tree time at Ridgeway.
Photo courtesy of Estelle Holloway Allen and Lelia Holloway Lewis.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

On Halloween they didn't have people going around to doors. We were too far back, but my mother always had a party for us on Halloween if we were home. But up here—when I was going to school—we always had a party at school. It wasn't like it is now for Halloween. Kids played practical jokes around the area. Uncle Willie Holloway near Port Royal, he would get out and do a lot—I've heard Dad tell lots of stories on him—things he would do. They picked up a little "white house" [outhouse] somewhere and put it on somebody's garage or something like that. I remember my dad telling those stories. My dad was very dignified; he didn't do anything like that, but Uncle Willie, he was the clown of the family, and he was the one—very, very highly intelligent, read—everybody thought he

should run for Congress back in that day, just like they thought Billy should run for Congress. But Uncle Willie was so well-versed in politics and religion.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

As a child I remember the first Christmas after we had electricity, we had—my brothers went in the woods and we got a little Christmas tree, maybe about this tall (indicating) and put it at the back door—but you could see it when you were coming around our house. I say it was at the back door, it may have been at the side. And I remember we were coming home somewhere at night. We had left and left the lights on the tree, and when we came back, I thought that was the nicest thing to see a Christmas tree at the door . . . at the house lit. I just thought that was the nicest thing. It was a luxury. It was a special . . . it was just something real special because I'd never had it before. I had always decorated that tree—we had one in the house—but we didn't have lights on it. We put those lights on outside and probably didn't have a dozen lights on it, but that was a beautiful tree.

ALBERTA BUMBREY HENDERSON

Sometimes Santa Claus bring a doll baby. We just to share with all. We had to share because everybody couldn't get . . . sometime all of us got a doll, yep. And they didn't shop until Christmas Eve because everything was half . . . was cheap then. I think they used to come to town once a year, Christmas Eve, to do the shopping. Boys get a wagon, girl get the doll, and a bag of nuts and oranges and apples. Happy. One outfit, like a dress or something. A lot of people come in, take a taste [alcohol]. Yeah, Christmas used to have it. People used to come in and go, and Mama used to cook all these cakes and pies and different stuff, you know, neighbors come in and get a slice of pie, slice of cake. Daddy might give them a little taste, and the older people go to the houses. It was nice.

LEONARD BRUCE

Oh, yeah, Lordy, it was two mean boys, I never forget. And they'd wait until—the teachers would hide the Easter eggs—and them devils would go there and find them before we'd get the chance to find them.

And I remember I found a quarter one time, and I put it up in a apple tree hollow is, you know what an apple tree hollow is, and I left it up there in that hollow until near Christmas. And I climbed up there and got that quarter, and I bought me 2½ pounds of hard Christmas candy. See, candy wasn't but 10 cent a pound. So my brothers would beg me for my candy, I don't know if I shared it with them or not.

FRANCIS BRUCE

Biggest thing Christmas was firecrackers. We'd order them out of a catalog. Shoot them Christmas Eve, and "Don't shoot them near the barn," they always told us. Papa say you set that barn on fire. One Christmas we had . . . people used to have mistletoe where you hang on top of the door.

He [father] used to take us fishing on the 4th of July.

May Day was a big thing. We usually went to a big May Day. They had that mostly at the start of school at Bowling Green, when we first started school. They had mostly baseball and something for the queens and all, you know, the May Queens. That was big. Yeah, they had food and music, country music. That was really big. Had little stuff for people, kind of keep you going.

EVELYN ELLIOT KEY

My grandmother had six children, and most of the time she had Christmas dinners at Christmastime for the whole family. I can remember all the family coming for the dinners.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Halloween we'd go out. Oh, we used to be bad on Halloween. We weren't destructive, and we weren't wasteful like they do now. We'd go trick or treating. We'd dress up ugly, what we thought ugly anyhow, and go around and see our cousins. "Guess who, guess who. What am I?" "Who am I?" And they could tell by our voices. We were stupid, see, we didn't know. We just thought if we had on different clothes, they wouldn't figure who we were.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

Well, school was out for a week, and we had Christmas dinner every day of the week. You'd go from one household to another because that was all family related. And between my mother's family and my daddy's family, we went every day. We kids, we had a ball because the days that we went to Mama's family was all the same kids. But the days we went to Daddy's family, it was different children.

Well, we didn't have a [Christmas] tree when I was little, we didn't have one. I don't think we had a tree until Sister got in high school. When we did have one, we got an old cedar tree. And then years later, we went to a pine. Around here we had what they call spruce pine. They got little short needles on them. My husband and I, that's what we have because it was more open. My husband was a bird hunter, and when he had his day off from work and he went bird-hunting, he'd go around all these places and he'd pick out his tree. Because where he hunted, he knew everybody.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

Oh, yeah, that [holidays] was big time. My mother would be cooking all day Christmas Day, all day Thanksgiving Day, and then sit down at night and everybody'd be sleeping.

My mother was favored for making her cakes, pies, and she would always have—in fact, we raised turkeys, and she—we had turkey Thanksgiving and Christmas, twice a year. The rest of them she sold. And I remember one time just before Thanksgiving, we had a wire fence, and the turkey hung his head in there. Mama said, "Get him before he die, get him before he die." Then she cut the head off the turkey and had him for Thanksgiving.

VERGIE MILLER

They were big days for you to cook, cook your turkey and whatnot.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Christmastime, he [father] just about told me everything I was going to get before Christmas Day. He couldn't keep it to himself, hinting, you know.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

And at Christmastime, you know how she cooked the big ham? In a great big skillet outside and made fire under it and cooked that ham. And then she cooked cabbage in that. After you take the ham out, cook cabbage in there. It was good. My mama would make pies for Christmas, pies and cakes, you never bought one. We made all hers. Take them blackberries that she canned up, and we put them in the stove—on the top of the stove and stew them down—and then made the cake layers and pour that up on it, oh, it was so good. But people don't do that now.

We would go to each house during Christmas, eat at one—our house one time and then another one of my brothers and sisters—another one, and that's the way we did. People don't do that now. They don't have time. That's the way we did.

CHURCH

Spiritual conviction varied widely in Caroline County. For some, faith ran deep and strong, and for others attending church was a community event. It was a chance to meet with friends and neighbors and share gossip along with worship. Many people fondly remember the church picnics with wonderful home-cooked food and the camaraderie of good friends and neighbors. Sunday school was a popular topic with a church's 'amen corner' being put to good use. Tent meetings were the year's high point for religion, and many people had stories relating to these revivals.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

There was the tent meetings, was one over at Brandywine. And that was—I don't remember that night who was doing the preaching over there—but anyhow we went. And Daddy had his Essex car, the touring car, so that would be in the early 1920s, be '23 or something. Anyhow the man preached, and inside the tent, they had the seats—they were sort of stair-stepped, they were just boards up there. And we were sitting up high, and this man was talking about going to heaven. And over to the side of him, I had noticed that there was a sawhorse, and there was a board just like a seesaw. And a man stood up there, and he'd been talking about all this stuff, of course. I was sitting up there wishing he were finished. And he talked about going to heaven, and would you believe it, that foolish man put that board up there on that sawhorse, and he angled it so that he walked up a little bit going to heaven, and he went off that board going to heaven.

And as a child, I just looked at him, I thought, "Well, that's stupid." I really did. And then when we came out, Mama was awfully upset. While we were in there, well, somebody had . . . Daddy was upset. Is the motor meter on the top of the radiator, you know, that thing that tells you about the heat and all that? Well, somebody thought it was interesting enough to steal it. Well, anyhow they stole it. And then Mama had a pillow in the car that she always rode to help her back, and it was one that she had embroidered it and everything real pretty, and somebody took that. So all in all, we wondered how many people went to heaven that night on that thing.

And then another time there was a meeting over there, and I was told about this by my cousin, and bless his heart, he's dead now, but he was such a great guy. And there was a gentleman down there by the name of Jordan, and he enjoyed preaching, so he would have meetings too. So Mr. Jordan had his meeting over there at Brandywine and the cousins, there were three of them, decided they were going to play a trick on the poor guy. And "Marengo" was the name of Dr. Martin's place that was there between Brandywine and Naulakla. And my Uncle Clarence, the one who talked about the hearse, bought it after Dr. Martin died, and the creek that ran down behind it, Peumansend Creek, came out down on Tidewater Trail. Well, anyhow, he came . . . my cousin said, "Now, I can't sing," but said "Mr. Jordan came on down that hill, and he was coming along singing 'Dumpty, Dumpty, Dumpty, Dumpty, Dumpty, Dumpty.' " That was the way Rollin said he was singing. And they were hiding in the bushes down there.

And what they had done, there was a walk across the stream, you drove through it, there were no bridges, and there was a walk place there, and they had loosened the walk so when you hit it, you hit the water. And they hid in the bushes to see what was going to happen. And he said, "Mr. Jordan came on down, he went 'Dumpty Dumpty Dumpty Dumpty,' and he hit that board, and it dumped him, dumped him in the water."

I said, "Oh, Rollin," he said, "Yes, he did." He laughed and laughed. He said, "Yes,

he did." I said, "Well, what happened?" Well, they wanted to know how much of a good man he was, and they were disappointed. He said, "Do you know, that man got up out of the water, brushed the water off, and went on up the hill . . . no, brushed the water off him, said 'Praise the Lord,' and went on up the hill, 'Dumpty, Dumpty, Dumpty, Dumpty, Dumpty.' " And there they sat. I said, "Were you disappointed?" He said, "We were disappointed," but said, "We did prove a point; that he appeared to be what he said he was."

If you'd see him around in the neighborhood, he was just an elderly man who enjoyed talking to people. And the only thing—he lived on a farm—a little farm back there behind my maternal grandfather's, somewhere back in there. I never did know exactly where he lived. But most of the time he was on his preaching jaunts or around the Brandywine area, maybe they needed it more. I don't know. Maybe they're more susceptible to that kind of gathering.

But in that particular period of time, whenever there was anything going on in the neighborhood, people gathered, regardless of what it was. The old gentleman lived to be a ripe old age.

Well, anyway, Mama made me a nice pair of underpants. They were so pretty, and at church, I wore them that Sunday, they were brand-new, and I wore them to church. And in my Sunday school class . . . we had a corner. Didn't have Sunday school rooms then, we had a corner over in there, one of the amen corners. And Miss Ruth Haynes, Miss Ruth was our Sunday school teacher, and I was sitting with Paul the preacher's son, and he was born in June and I was born in May, so I always felt pretty close to him, and we got along fine. And there we sat, and I decided that Paul ought to see my new underwear and that lace that was on it. And I was so busy showing it to him that all of a sudden Miss Ruth's arm swung around there, and she said, "Pull your dress down," and she pulled it down for me. Well, little girl, I got a lecture on it. And by the way, Paul thought my underpants were pretty. He liked them. Yeah, he liked them.

All churches have amen corners. They're very special, and why—I don't know because—why they call them amen. Because where we sat, nobody sat there unless it was . . . I mean, we sat there during Sunday school. On the opposite side of the church was the other amen corner, and the men sat over there and had their Sunday school class. In the middle of the church up front, the ladies sat. In the back on this side were the young married women, and over here were the teenage girls and boys. And finally upstairs, up in the gallery, in the back gallery, I got up there—was up there one time—the galleries are not for me. That was a steep gallery. I felt like I was going to fall down in there. But I don't know why they were called amen corners. It was something that must have come down from time to time, because they had always been called the amen corners.

My church was Enon Baptist Church. It was just below Caroline County . . . just below A. P. Hill line. Right smack outside the boundary because back there in the beginning when they were doing so much firing up there, they were getting cracked windows and things like that, and they did replace them for them. Up there in the pulpit under the floor was the remains of one of our early ministers. He was Dr. Baynham, and he actually was a medical doctor, but he also at one time in his life he was in Pennsylvania, and he met up with the Baptist religion, and he came back, and he preached in a couple churches down there. And he was a bachelor, and he said that when he died, he told them, that he wanted to be buried under his pulpit, and that's what they did; he's under the pulpit. And in the back is a marble tablet fastened to the wall in memoriam as if he were in a regular gravestone, but it's right there in the back. And there are these two big columns that come from the roof on down to the floor. It's very impressive there.

The cemetery is right behind the church, and it's one of the most well-kept cemeteries even now that I think I have ever seen. And there is a walk, a gravel walk that goes down the middle with little cement runners on either side to hold gravel in place; it goes all the way across the cemetery. And outside the back gate was an outhouse. So right at the entrance of the cemetery, which is close right there to the church, they used to have a batch of strawberries, wild strawberries growing.

And oddly enough, I always had to go to the backhouse when the strawberries were in. So I'd whisper to Mama that I had to go, so Mama—she always nodded—and I'd get up very quietly, leave, and go. But one time during the strawberry season, I unfortunately came back in with strawberries on my mouth, and Mama—well, anyway—she got the picture, and she was rather reluctant to say yes so quickly from that time on. I had to be sure I needed to go to that house.

At Enon Church we had the meetings, annual meetings, we called them protracted meetings—and I'm sure they were called protracted—so labeled because the meetings lasted a whole week. And by that time, Mama had cooked up about everything we owned, and by the time it came to Sunday, she was scrambling for the Sunday dinner to go. Can you imagine how many chickens she had to cook every . . . get ready and get up early in the morning and get ready to go down there with all the other stuff to go along with it? But that was what you were supposed to do. And the women, so many of them were relatives that they more or less checked to see "What did Russell bring today" or "What did Lydie bring today," that sort of stuff.

It got to be rather interesting. I remember one little girl, a young woman rather, came one day, and she was putting her food out. They had these long tables to put the food out, and then they had these plate racks over here that went along. They would fix you a plate . . . no, no. They didn't fix—they brought you a platter, and you—in other words, they served everybody at the plate rail. And I remember when Rebecca was putting her food down and she was saying something to my Aunt Lydie, and she looked very much concerned. And I was standing nearby, and she told Aunt Lydie that she had prepared her chicken the night before and had put it in saltwater, you know, the way they do it to soak out the animal heat and all that stuff. And she said that it didn't smell quite right to her. So she asked her if she would smell it and see if it was all right to put out. And I remember seeing my Aunt Lydie hold up the platter and sniff. She says, "No, Honey, put it back in your basket." So Rebecca put it back in the basket. She had lost it. It had spoiled a little overnight. And they were the things you had to watch out for, and that's where an icehouse came in so well.

At the end of the week, those who had indicated that they would like to be baptized, and that in itself was more than interesting. By that time, Mama was having a hard time trying to get together enough food, but she always managed.

And we went down to Port Tobacco which is on the Rappahannock River and not too far, you just left the church and kept going down Tidewater Trail, go right across Tidewater Trail, just keep right on down, and we were down there. Well, anyway, we were baptized in the river. I was baptized in the river at the age of 12 in the Rappahannock River. That was it down there. There was one song the choir always sang in the group that went along, *Standing on the Shore*. It was very impressive. Here we were, there's a guy on this end, the preacher on this end, and here we are holding each other like this (demonstrating). And sometimes the water'd be a little bit on the rough side, and that would be the reason so that we wouldn't fall, create a scene of some kind. But it was so impressive. Here they were back there standing on the shore, singing *Shall We Gather at the River*, and I was 12 years old. And

I mean to tell you, I was very much impressed, and I think all of us were at why we were there and what we were doing. And looking back, it was—you know—now they get dipped in the baptistery. I can't believe it, I mean, to me it's not the same because back in the beginning we had the rivers and the streams for the baptisms. And it makes a lot of difference after all. That's been a long time since then.

I remember that one of the churches up near Mica, Bethesda, we used to share a preacher, and he'd preach to us two Sundays and them two Sundays. And so their young people, I remember they came down to share a night meeting with us. Anyhow, I was one of the speakers that night. We did not have electricity down there; we just had the oil lamps. Had the most gorgeous one, and it's still there. What is it we had that hangs down, the big one in the middle of the church? Anyhow, it's the most gorgeous thing. It's original, unless they've done something to it. And my uncle electrified it sometime long before he died. But anyhow, they had the oil lamps going that night, and there I was up there expounding forth about something, I don't know what, and a gnat flew into my mouth. And I didn't know what to do with that blooming gnat. So I ate it. I wanted to reach up there and grab it and spit, but I couldn't do that. So I rolled him around on my tongue, swallowed, and kept on talking.

For church purposes, the breaking of the bread, they always got the whole loaf because you'd break it. Oh, I was always glad when that Sunday came along at church when they had the breaking of the bread because after church was over, we'd go around the side of the church where the deacon was packing up his stuff—and he'd have—see, everybody's pinched that bread, but that's all right. It's after 12 o'clock and you were hungry. The other thing about it, it smelled so good. So it's out there, and you can have a hunk of it if you want to. So he was real happy to pass out little hunks of the bread that was leftover to whatever child came along. So I always thought that that loafed bread, uncut, was the most delightful, and I still think so. But then they came along with the sliced bread, and it was so much more convenient to make a sandwich.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

We would stand outside Mt Olive [the black church] and listen to them clap hands.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS:

They had what they called a protracted meeting. Baptist black church lived right outside of our farm across the street and a little ways down. And we had lot's of black neighbors that lived around, and we have some pictures here of those. And we would—they had children—we had so often to go up to their homes, and I remember the kids singing to us. And it was one special neighbor, Campbell. I think her name's on her. She did our laundry, and she and the boys would come there bringing the laundry home. They lived across the highway from where . . . the entrance to Ridgeway. In fact, we were—how far from the main highway—we were half a mile of farmland until down to the house.

LAVERNE BAYLOR GWATHMEY

I don't think we even went to church much on Sundays. I don't even know of a church. Like I said, I really didn't go to church that much when I was young. It was mostly after we moved.

Well, the baptism was, as I say, we went to a place called the Buzzard Pond—which is—you see that pond now on your way to Fredericksburg. I can't say how far it is from Bowling Green . . . it's the other side of Bowling Green. It was . . . we used to call it the Buzzard Pond. Whether that is the name of that pond now—I don't—but we all went there

and were baptized. That pond does [still exist], yes. I see it whenever I go to—when you go straight up [Route] 301 going to Fredericksburg—you see that pond. That old building is still there on the right-hand side.

MARY SCOTT BROADDUS HALEY

Church was an important part in everybody's life. We always went to Salem Baptist at Sparta. They were close to Mt. Zion, and were able to purchase the pews when Mt. Zion was taken over by A.P. Hill. Salem purchased the pews. And I have one of the old pews, and our daughter and son have one of those other pews. Salem has new pews today, but when they sold the ones that came from Mt. Zion, our children bought one apiece.

It was not all day. It was Sunday school and church for about an hour. But it was sort of the center of many activities, but not as much so then as it is today.

ROSE HICKS FARMER

St. Paul's is down there where we live. That's at Delos. Oh, it was a pretty little church. And it was in a grove of trees, and they had reunions and all down there. And their revivals, we could go down and sit on the bank on the side of the road, and [the] sand was that deep, and we would listen to them sing. They had beautiful voices. They had great services, they really and truly did.

JAMES LOVING

[There] used to be a church in a place called Lent. I remember we used to go up to Lent church. Of course, that was, near as I can recall, that was about three miles from where we were.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

Sure I went to church. I've been going to church ever since I was big enough to know. We went to a little Methodist church. And then after that they built another church, and that was a school and a church at that same time, and I went there one year.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

My grandmother was a Broaddus that married a Trice, and she said that her family wanted her to marry in the Trice family because it was so many ministers in the family. Got to marry a minister's son. But my grandfather did preach, but he was never ordained as a minister. But on the Broaddus side, there were a lot of ministers. They were a very well-known family, very humanitarian people, did a lot of good works for other people. My great-grandfather was an overseer of the poor. That was his title, I remember. It was my grandmother's father.

My grandfather was a minister [George Washington Trice], but he was never ordained, but his father was a very famous minister that preached at Liberty Baptist Church for 25 years. They had to disband five churches, and Upper Zion Church was the one that we had attended and, of course, was a member of. But my great-grandfather was married three times, and my grandfather wanted my father to be a minister, and he didn't want any part of that. But he always told the story that his father would take him down to the woods and stand him on a stump and make him read the Bible and quote all this Scripture and everything. But he [grandfather] died suddenly of a heart attack; I think he was, like, in his 50's.

Well, they did have a youth group; it was called BYPU. I don't know what that meant, but I remember it being BYPU. And, of course, you had to go back there on a Sunday night for that. And I don't recall going those many times, you know. We would go if my older—my two older sisters would go with a date, maybe—but I can't remember ever

going with a date that I had. Maybe I did a couple of times, but it doesn't—not a real good memory of that—I mean a firm memory of that. But they would go, so then, of course, they'd go with their dates. It was a time that they'd get to go.

And my mother always tried to get us to church on Sunday, that was to Upper Zion Church where we would go. I was baptized at Upper Zion. Reverend Ritter, Dr. Ritter, he was our minister. And my grandmother, on my grandmother's side, she was a Broaddus, her family, they were all ministers in there. In fact, Andrew Broaddus I, II, and III were her uncles. Well, great-uncle and—would have been my great great-uncle, I guess—they preached 106 consecutive years at Salem Baptist Church in Bowling Green.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

We used to go to church every Sunday. St. Mary's. Was it St. Mary's church? Yeah, St. Mary's, because Daddy's buried there. That was a get-together. I mean, you went to church, and after church you didn't run out of church and run home. Everybody got together and talked and—you know—they were the good days.

Upper Zion Baptist Church (left) and its pastor, Dr. L. M. Ritter (right).
Photos courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

That's Zoar Baptist Church. That was the white church. My family went to the colored church up about a mile and a half. It's called Mt. Olive. We went to school there too. Just a one-room school, you know, they went around, different neighborhood school, one room with one teacher, Miss Maggie Jones. She was such a good teacher, when I went to high school they thought surely I came from a city somewhere because I knew so much. And she used to walk to school every day about two and a half miles she walked to school. [Grades] One through seven. My mother started me to Sunday school when I was 4 years old. I walked a mile and a half back and forth to Sunday school.

When I got baptized, I got baptized from Port Royal church, and I was at the Port Royal church, and Esther and Mama went to Mt. Olive Church.

[In the] Rappahannock River. Reverend Davis baptized me. And I don't know, it wasn't very fantastic, it was just natural it looked like, where I was baptized. And it didn't

have a bridge at Port Royal then, they made the bridge when I was about 15 years old. And I walked to King George.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

My sister-in-law made our wedding cake for Norman and I, and I have a picture of it, and she made our wedding cake—and we were married in—Reverend Hunter Newman was pastor and teacher at Mica.

He was the little church with the big welcome. It was a Christian church on Main Street in Fredericksburg.

We went to Zoar, which was there at Lent at that time. Margaret and I were baptized in— it's a pond right behind where the church was—it's behind the old Garrett house. Herns Pond. Both Margaret and I were baptized in there when I say, about maybe I was about 11 and she would have been 16. We joined at our church, Zoar, the old church Zoar. Reverend Clary, Amos Clary was filling in as pastor at that time, and we joined when he was helping with the pastor. We had interim pastors that would come in at that time. And my father was keeping the Sunday school together. He was helping to teach Sunday school and ordering the material and things that they needed for Sunday school.

And then after that closed down, we went over to Upper Zion and were there for a while.

Well, they just had a spot that we could go down to right on the side of the bank of the pond. It wasn't anything special made or anything. It was just a place that they had cleaned off in the pond, side of the pond, up a part of the pond where it was deep enough for baptism. And they had a little shed there. I think it had a door to it. Anyhow, that was where we went and changed clothes after we were baptized. And our mothers took big towels and took us over there, then we put dry clothes on. That was where we changed our clothes.

But it was just a regular service like you would have in the church. You have the regular service there, and your friends that wanted to come, it was announced in church, and your friends that wanted to come and gather with you, that's where they came. It was on a Sunday that Margaret and I both were baptized at that time. Of course, I reckon Ro and Sister were baptized later on, but Margaret and I were the two that were baptized there at Herns Pond.

HERB COLLINS

Well, what happened, he [Reverend Luck] had that [book] published in Fredericksburg, and he had copies of it on the back bench for the last service at Bethesda and Liberty Church, and members of the families took them home with them. And I have one that my Aunt Wright took with her home.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

[We attended] Upper Zion Baptist Church. It was the largest church in the county, and my great-grandfather preached there. My grandfather was not a full-time preacher, but he was ordained and he was an Elder, but he farmed mostly, and he had bad health. He died when he was 53 from a heart condition.

But my great-grandfather preached for 20 years at Liberty Baptist Church, and that's part of A.P. Hill. My great-grandfather . . . they only required two years of seminary. But I have many articles about him, and they said he was a very learned man and very astute with the Bible . . . I have some detailed information about his preaching and description of his preaching, how everyone loved him.

And he preached for 20 years at Liberty, but he also taught priests in Upper Zion. He was strictly a Bible person, you know. Some preachers are more or less real social, but he associated the Bible to almost everything and they said everyone loved him. And he was the first pastor in Virginia that helped the colored people to establish their own independent church.

[H]e helped with the money-raising and helped with the training, and they wanted their own independent church. They had been attending the white church, but they wanted to have their own church. And so he went before the board and said, "Let us help them get their own church because they want their independence and help them to break away from the slavery also."

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

Florence and I – my sister and I—we would make all kinds of excuses for not to have to go to church, and most of them was we didn't have nothing to wear. And he [father] said, "If y'all look around, I believe you could find a dress to wear." We didn't want to go. Not that we had that many clothes, you know. My dad made my sister and I go to church, we had to go. And we would have had the best time if we could just stay home. Because he was a very, very strict father, but my mother would let us do anything. She worked so hard, she didn't have time to tell us, you know, boss us.

CHARLIE LOVING

Didn't go [to church] very much. They went to Upper Zion now and then. I think I went up there a couple times with them. They didn't go to church too often. Upper Zion was just a little church, had one down in Brandywine too. I think I remember going down there two or three times, had a church at Brandywine.

CHARLES FRANKLIN ROYE

See, the church over there is very popular because my great-grandfather was a deacon there, he was a deacon, and like I said, they're buried there. [T]he church they used to go to with the horse and buggy. Now, that church is down in Sparta, in Sparta. In fact, the A.P. Hill line, you can almost throw a ball to the line.

That church is Mt. Zion. And that's what happened there because my great aunt used to tell me that he was a deacon there, her father was a deacon there. And he is buried there. And then she told me that they—somebody was buried—I think her father might have been buried on A. P. Hill. The family had a burial established there, but then they were moved to that Route 2 cemetery over there. And the record wasn't kept that good, so we have family over there.

NANCY GOULDING YOUNG

Have you heard of Bethesda Baptist Church? Well, my grandparents were really active members in that church. Well, there were three churches, Liberty and Bethesda and ...

BETTY HICKS ENOS

My daddy, he belonged to Bethesda, and that church is on the road going to Mica from Rappahannock Academy, and they tore it down.

EVELYN PENNEY UPSHAW

I think now that we gave the land for the church to be built on, apparently, Upper Zion. [The original land grant of] 1200 acres runs in mind.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

[At Upper Zion church] They had bees got in one of those columns one year, and they took it down, got the bees and the honey out of it.

Wasn't much a distance between the church and the cemetery. Had a baptistery. That was the first church around here that had a baptistery. Mr. Ritter was the best preacher. He was the only one.

[The congregation was] All white, yeah.

EVELYN PENNEY UPSHAW

I was very young [when baptized at Upper Zion] because I sat on the visiting pastor's knee, I remember. I was just very young.

LEONARD BRUCE

We walked to Bowling Green about four miles through the woods. Every Sunday we'd go. And then we started going to Lebanon, that was a little closer, you know, Lebanon Church.

FRANCIS BRUCE

Mostly I can remember was Carmel Church. We go to it now. Oh, we went to a Methodist church over here when we moved to Hanover. We didn't go to church much. I don't know if . . . I'm sure they had churches.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

Hazel attended Enon Baptist Church, which is about 3 or 4 miles from the Essex and Caroline County line at Supply, Virginia, and he joined the church at the age of 12. This church still stands, and it was not taken in by the Army. A lot of the families that lived in the A. P. Hill area did belong to the church, and you can—still today—you can see the Army post fence line where it's behind the church and the grounds.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

Take you down to the river [to baptize]. Most time it was three or four, maybe as many as six.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

Reverend Cosmore Young at St. Paul, used to call him "Hustle." That was the only pastor we had that I remember because I was baptized . . . I joined the church under him at revival. Baptizing in the river. You baptized in the river because you walk out to the edge not too far, just deep enough so you dip down. And that was a grist mill, too. They had a bridge to go across, the water go down to feed the wheel to turn the grist mill.

Used to go to meetings, Baptist meetings, had the homecomings, had all-day meetings. I used to go to Mt. Zion, first Mt. Zion where Vergie belonged to. We used to go to Bethlehem, that was in the area, that was in the Mt. Olive area. And Mt. Olive Baptist Church, we used to go to Mt. Olive, that was up in the Mt. Olive area because there, see, all that area moved in A. P. Hill. They were in A. P. Hill too, and they have a cemetery, Mt. Lawn Cemetery. Bethlehem, Mt. Olive, Free Mission, part of Free Mission was up there. But St. Paul is first, then come Bethlehem, Mt. Olive's to the right of the cemetery when you go in the gate at the cemetery up there.

Mostly at Free Mission we could walk. But our church [St. Paul] was up in Delos area, and we used to go in the wagon . . . go through Mill Hill and go up to our church. And that was at meeting time when they had homecoming, revival. We used the surrey on Sundays mornings. They'd ride with the top over it. My brother drove.

VIRGINIA HEARN WHITING

Yeah, Samuel Batson [Hearn], this is my grandfather, the one that lived on this property and so forth. It was very interesting. Another thing about Samuel Batson, too, is that he was a big church person, and he belonged to Liberty Church, which was somewhere in the area there. And then they decided that the distance to get to Liberty Church by horse and buggy, I guess, was, you know, why didn't they have one close at hand? So they all—not all but a lot of them that lived in the same area that he lived in decided to establish a new church— which is this Zoar Church.

So several members of the Liberty Church got together and they formed that, and he gave the property for the church to be built on and was instrumental in a lot of the other parts of the church and for over 40 years he was, like Sunday school superintendent or something. So that was a big part of his life, I think.

Samuel Batson Hearn and Mary Virginia Gibbs as newlyweds, ca. 1869/70.
Photo courtesy of Virginia Hearn Whiting.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

And I can remember, you know, on Sundays, now, we would go to—on First Sundays and Second Sundays—we walked to church. And Fourth and Third Sunday was our regular church service, we only had one Sunday a month then, and we rode in the car.

We had Sunday school, we had plays for kids on—for us on Mother's Day—and, you know, celebration of Christmas. But it [church activities] wasn't anything really going on

like it is now, every night.

Our church was in the Mt. Dew area, and Brother Taylor's church was up in the Mica area, but my father belonged to that church.

Church was a special thing to us in those days because on Sundays, that's where we met all of the people in the neighborhood. Of course, being young, we weren't allowed to do certain things in the church like the kids do now, run up and down the church aisle, walk across the pulpit. It was a sacred thing to us. But it's not like that now.

I think everybody that was in the neighborhood attended our church, and then we would go to Bethlehem, which was Taylor's church, that was about 10, 15 miles from us, on Fourth Sunday. That's how I know so many people on that end.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

There's a record at Enon Baptist Church, which is actually in Essex County, but it's right on the line, they would go down to Enon Baptist, which is still there. In fact, a lot of descendants on my great-grandfather's side are still going to that church, and they have a reunion every other year that we go to.

So they are on the records there. But going through the records, I found that they were cut off from the church because they hadn't paid their tithes, but that was after my grandfather had died and my grandmother obviously wasn't able to afford to do that. But her name and the name of some of my other aunts and uncles are listed on the record, so they must have been baptized. They said they baptized them in Portobago Creek and they—complete immersion baptism. I remember my Aunt Estelle saying how she really didn't like it, how it frightened her when they put her all the way underwater. I don't think she ever went swimming ever since because she remembered that.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Now, we visited other churches, but I couldn't tell you about that. I think we went to Jerusalem, and I'm trying to think of what other church. There was Mt. Olive, that was in Essex County.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

Well, our church [Enon Baptist Church] is the A. P. Hill boundary line. Our cemetery all around our property of the church is cemetery is the A. P. Hill line. And that's how we lost so many many of our members because they all had to move away. And when they moved over into, like, Spotsylvania County, that was too far to commute to church, and so many of them went down to King and Queen. See, King and Queen borders Caroline and Essex and all down in there. And then some of them moved farther away than that.

VERGIE MILLER

Well, the church didn't have—the would just have homecoming mostly in the summertime where the—at that time, they had it three days of the week, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and they had dinner out there. Well, that was big doings then. And people enjoyed getting together. And I used to say it's a wonder people haven't gotten sick then because hot as it was, they would leave those trunks out there, and nobody ever got sick. The Good Lord sure taken care of us.

In the area, I went to Union Baptist, that's the church. Yeah, the first one [pastor] was a Reverend Thornton and a Reverend Cosmore Young and Reverend Addison Smith. Addison Smith was the last one when we moved out of the area, and he taken the church in King and Queen, but all of them have passed long ago. This Reverend Cosmore Young, he had preached at Union Baptist and he'd preach at St. Paul—I think the same day, and he'd

go—he drove a horse and buggy the whole time that he was pastor of those churches. He lived in Essex County, and he had a church in Essex County, his home church. But he was a good speaker, all three of them, they were excellent speakers.

Summertime when we were leaving the house it was revival, you start the hymns, preaching, we couldn't get there fast enough. We'd start running.

Most of them around there in Free Mission, they went to that church. We went to Mt. Zion because that was my father's church, and my mother went to St. Paul. But most of them that was living around that area, that's the church they went to.

Well, I wasn't baptized there, but my brother was baptized. That was right close to the church at Union Baptist. They baptized in a pond. I was baptized down at Mica. [It was not] so bad dipping in that water. I didn't see no snakes. I never thought about a snake. That's the oldest way to baptize you.

They [deacon and pastor] help dip you underwater. But now they have some grown folks that dip underwater, but back there then most everybody was small.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Dad had to go to the barn and feed his cows and milk his cows and feed his team and everything, and that happened early Sunday morning. Then he would be ready to go to church. And Mother had to cook, have food ready for us when we came home. And we went to church every Sunday over at Bethesda. That was about 10 or 11 miles from home.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

We went to church three times on Sunday. It's a little church they called Enon. That's where I was baptized. We went in a horse and buggy and tie the horse out there while we in service there. And then had to come home and fix lunch and then go that evening back to church. And I was baptized in the river.

DOROTHY PUGH THOMAS

Now, I was closer to the Liberty, and my father was a deacon in that church. And we went every Sunday, but we did not have services in the morning. We had—the minister that supplied that church was in Bowling Green in the morning—and he'd come to Liberty in the afternoon, and we'd have afternoon services. I don't ever remember going to Liberty in the morning.

And I never heard of a prayer meeting, you know, at that time. I don't know when the prayer meetings ever were instituted into it. See, the same minister who was in Bowling Green supplied Liberty, too, and he would—we'd have Sunday school at 2 o'clock, I reckon until 3:00—and then we would have preaching from 3:00 to half past or maybe quarter to 4:00. That's what we had, but that was back there when I was a child.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

At Liberty, go for Sunday school, and we'd go for preaching, too. [There] wasn't any rooms upstairs. It was just a place where one Sunday school class would be here and one here and one there and one there, like that. So, of course, we would all congregate wherever we were supposed to be. Then when Sunday school was over, then we would go downstairs to the . . . where the congregation was and get with our parents. We didn't sit with a bunch of children, we had to go to our parents.

Well, at that time I didn't. I just sat there and listened. But, of course, I knew better not to—what I'd get—my daddy never had to whip me because I knew when he give me a look, I'd better straighten up. But Daddy wanted us to mind, and that's what we did. And

he didn't have to tell us; he'd just give us that look, you know, and we knew exactly what he meant. But we always enjoyed it. We looked forward to going every Sunday.

NANCY GOULDING YOUNG

Have you heard of Bethesda Baptist Church? Well, my grandparents were really active members in that church.

HOME-BREW, MOONSHINE, AND WINE

Social drinking varied in Caroline County from the occasional tipple to serious moonshining. Some families completely abstained from drinking alcohol. Others made wine from grapes, dandelions, or other fruit. Some made home-brewed beer. Most was for home or family consumption. A few took up bootlegging as an industry and supplied the countryside in a clandestine fashion.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

Granddad Holloway used to every night before dinner, he had to have his mint julep, every night. He called it a toddy. "I've got to have my toddy."

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

I remember I would beg him [grandfather] for some mint julep to taste it. Then he would give me a teaspoon and Marguerite a teaspoon of mint julep. But he had to have that every night before dinner. We grew a lot of mint.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

We used to raise some grapes and made a little bit of wine—but that—nobody drank it, so we finally got rid of the grapevines after we moved. Yeah, we made some jelly. But then, like everything else, you can just buy it and you don't have to fool with making it. That went with our grapevines I had out here. We brought some up when we moved up here, and they stayed out here for years, but nobody wants grapes to make jelly. Nobody wants them to make grape juice, so I just got rid of them.

FRANCIS BRUCE

[Made wine out of] Grapes and stuff like that. Make a lot of wine. Well, used to have grapes then, made wine. It was a big thing.

Stills, there were plenty of them. Papa, he used to visit a few of them (laughing). Yeah. There was one not too far from us. You could never tell nobody about it, where it was. Yeah, [they] made a living. Then a little later on after the ABC still law came in, they got a lot tighter on it. Yeah, it was a lot of stills then. People sold a lot of it at their houses, too. They had a little law about whiskey, but they weren't as tight on it as they would be now.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

My father used to make dandelion wine, uh-huh. He used to make dandelion wine and carry it to his sister up in Baltimore. His sister lived in Baltimore, and she used to serve wine at Christmastime, people coming in, you know. First time my husband got drunk on it.

MAYNARD PENNEY

Well, probably more grape [wine]. I was trying to think what else they would have used. You could use about everything to make wine, blackberries and grape were probably the biggest. But we didn't use a whole lot. They made—you could go maybe two or three

miles—and get homebrew beer and moonshine and raisin jack and applejack and about anything you wanted, homemade stuff.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

Well, they'd make some wine in the summertime, but none for to sell, just for home consumption. Because they had plenty of bootleggers then. You could buy a pint of bootleg liquor for $2, buy a half gallon I think for $5. Well, most of them would give you a taste, and then if it tasted pretty good, it was all right.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

He [father] liked a little toddy sometimes, but he was not a drinking man. Gave me a little taste one time, and I had cramps so bad. That's the only time I remember tasting it, I reckon. I never smoked. I never drank. And my husband never smoked or drank. And my brother never smoked or drank. So I thought that was a very good record. Dad smoked; he smoked Chesterfield cigarettes, I remember that.

DOROTHY PUGH THOMAS

And men or people—mostly men—would have money for that quart or something of moonshine they called it. I don't know what it cost at that time, but I know that the moonshine guy would make money. And, of course, it was illegal, but all of it was done without the officials knowing it. Now, I don't guess I can prove who they were, but I know they were around. I know that. But I wouldn't be able to put a name, I don't think I could put a name to them people, but I know it was . . . now, I wouldn't say it would be on every corner; it was not that prevalent, but it was there. I had to stop and think about who the bootleggers were.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

Made wine, and a lot of people down through there had corn liquor. Neighbors used to make it. I don't think Daddy made no wine. The wine was legal, but you make corn liquor, if you get caught, you go to jail.

I know a man feed the hogs off the mash, and he had the hog walking around the pen drunk. It's true. I know a man down in Tappahannock used to feed it to the hog, and the hog running around the pen drunk.

And they used to make some stuff called "home brew." That was the beer. I ain't never drink any. Old people used to make that stuff. You know, they didn't buy no liquor except corn liquor. They drink that, they get high off of that, too. I don't know [they made it]. I hear talk of making it.

CHAPTER 5

THE WILD WORLD

Beyond the domesticated sphere of the farmstead, lay the natural world. Sometimes it provided a bounty: fruits to pick, nuts to gather, fish to catch, animals to hunt, water to drink, and the beauty of nature. Other times, the natural world was a wild place of danger: snakes, chiggers, forest fires, and brutally cold winters. The residents of Caroline County utilized natural resources and protected themselves from nature's wrath, and were very aware of the wild world.

"The ride is fine," enjoying the pleasures of the water. Members of the Cain and Penney families go for a rowboat ride, 1920 (left), and Ethel Wright Penney goes fishing, 1940.
Photos courtesy of Evelyn Penney Upshaw and Annie Penney Purks.

WILD FOODS: HUNTING, FISHING, GATHERING

Fond memories of fishing and hunting and picking berries and nuts were had by many participants. Wild plants were welcome additions to the usual meals enjoyed by the families of Caroline County. They especially liked berries for canning and making puddings and pies. Fishing on the Rappahannock was a way of catching supper and enjoying a quiet time with friends. The relationship with wild meat was mixed. Venison was scarce, but people caught smaller animals for food such as squirrel, groundhog, and turtle. People described cleaning and eating of small game as extremely unpleasant, but for many it was something they had to do.

ALBERTA BUMBREY HENDERSON

Mama would put [groundhog] in a pan, put sweet potato around it. Long as I didn't see that . . . see the thing laying in the pan, look like a pig. But she soaks it in vinegar and got all the . . . she said, "Getting all the wild stuff out." Then she put lemon juice or something, I don't know. I didn't never eat it, because when you touch it, it sticks to your hand. It's sticky-like. But everybody said it was good. Everybody in the neighborhood ate it.

JOSEPH BUMBREY

The herrings ran in large crowds like the salmons, and he [father] used to take large nets and catch them. Wasn't no pole fishing. I'm the one that didn't eat them. No, still don't eat them. [My father used to go hunting.] At A.P. Hill, he'd bring home possum, rabbits, squirrels, anything he could find in the wild, groundhogs, things like that.

BARBARA BAYLOR THOMAS

Arthur, Sam, Allie, and Daddy, they're brothers, they went hunting and shot squirrel, rabbit. And because your daddy—remember the shotgun that used to sit in the corner—we were never allowed to even touch it.

ELIZABETH POWERS HICKS

Had bullfrogs, too. We used to catch bullfrogs. You just cook the bullfrog legs. You skin them and then you cook the legs. And they taste just like fried chicken, but she would never eat them. Whatever one they caught in the spring we ate.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

We had hare gums. Daddy would build—take some little short boards and make a little hare gum and set it—and the rabbit would go in there and then you took the rabbit out and broke its neck and even cooked the head. I didn't ever get to eat that, but Dad would crack its skull and get the brains out and eat it and . . . Yuck.

We'd just skin it and save the hide and get a penny for it, two pennies. They'd come around—somebody in a community—I reckon they got about 5 cents for it, and they give us 2 and they'd take 3.

I didn't like fishing. Mama did but not me. Dad, he'd squirrel hunt. Where we lived, the land was so uneven until Daddy's gun wouldn't hardly kill a squirrel in the top of the tree. But he would go hunting. We didn't have meat every meal, I can tell you that.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

People laugh at me because I say I liked the rabbit they cooked. She [mother] fried it and made gravy for it, smothered it in the pan. It was very good. My brothers would go

hunting, and my father-in-law would go hunting and they brought us rabbits. I don't think they got anything else, we never ate anything but rabbits. [N]obody ever went fishing.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

My brothers [hunted]—the guns were behind the door—no one dared touch them. And that door stayed closed up, concealed at all times. And so they would go after school and sometime get up early in the morning, and they would kill squirrels and rabbits. And my mother, that night we would have rabbit pie and squirrel pie. She would put dumplings in it. She would boil them, you know, clean them good, cut them in small pieces, and she would boil them, cook them, and then she would make it just like you would make a chicken dumpling. She would have dough that she would put in it, and she'd make gravy. And there was chicken or squirrel, whichever they caught. Because with ten in our family, it took a lot of food. So that took care of a lot of our protein. The winter, she didn't have to kill all of her hens.

CHARLIE LOVING

I never cared for much hunting. Used to go down to Port Royal to Pratt's farm down there, and head down there to the river and fish down there sometimes.

LEONARD BRUCE

Well, me and my brother Elwood used to do a lot of hunting. Hunt for squirrel. I never did kill a deer. But I had a pair of leather gloves on one day, you know, and a squirrel run up in a hollow, and Elwood said, "Put them leather gloves on and reach up there and get that squirrel so he won't bite through them gloves." I grabbed that squirrel and that joker grabbed my finger. That tickled Elwood. I thought . . . I said, "I thought you told me he wouldn't bite through them gloves."

But it wasn't many turkeys in Caroline, wasn't very many. I never did kill a deer. We'd hunt for squirrels and rabbits. Yeah, yeah, we ate the rabbits. And we'd trap of a bit too to catch some minks and coons. That helped us a bit through the winter months, you know, when nothing going on.

Get the furs and let them dry out. There was a place in Richmond that would buy them, and they was from somewhere up north. I forget exactly where they was from. And we'd take them down there, and they would buy them. Of course, the minks brought the most money, you know. We'd catch coons, there was a lot of coons. And sometimes you'd catch a polecat. And I didn't know that joker would put that stuff all over, and man, my mother smelled me coming across the field and sent me some clothes to [change].

FRANCIS BRUCE

[Father] He trapped mostly coons. Fur was selling good, coons and minks, stuff like that. Most of the time we'd have people come there for to buy stuff. He would—they would kill them and put them on boards—stretch them, and hang them up. And there would be a guy come by for to buy the hides. That was good money for Christmas because he mostly catch them in the winter, trap in the winter. Because in the summer they'd hide [be no] good.

It was some turkeys then, but Papa, he never did much hunting—rabbits and—mostly rabbits. I never did see many squirrels because we had mostly pine trees and squirrels don't like pine. We used to have mostly just rabbits. But we had plenty of chickens and stuff, too, so you didn't need to hunt turkeys.

Yeah, we had some turkeys too, guineas. If you had guineas you didn't need no dog because they let you know when somebody coming.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

My brother used to go hunting for turkey, and one year he got a turkey right before Thanksgiving. We had a delicious Thanksgiving Day dinner, the turkey that my brother had shot. Oh, and squirrels. Used to make Brunswick stew with the squirrels. Possum, no, we didn't have possum, but the squirrels and birds. We had some quail.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

My father was quite a huntsman. He was quite a marksman. He was very good with a rifle, shotgun, or whatever. And so, yes, he—during deer-hunting season—rabbits, squirrels and I get a kick now because, you know, I'm overrun with squirrels all through my yard and through my pear trees, the apple trees and everything. Squirrels are all over the place eating my apples. And I think as I walk out and they scatter, I think "Boy, 60, 70 years ago, you would not be doing this. You'd be fearful of being shot."

But, yes, wild meat was a great source of—the variety of it added to the diversity of the food table—there because, otherwise, you were primarily eating some form of pork or chicken, one or the other, with an occasional roast beef thrown in, but maybe you got roast beef once a month if you were lucky. So primarily you were eating chicken and some form of pork every day of your life, and back then people ate meat every day of their lives and for every meal. Breakfast, lunch, and supper, you were eating meat. So fish, then, salt fish provided some diversity there, as did rabbit, squirrel, deer.

Some people ate—we never did—but some people ate coons or possums or something like that they were called, but my family never fooled with them. They said they were too much like rats or something. Well, groundhogs were eaten back then, and I assume some people eat them today, too. So the table was amplified, it was diversified by wild meats, deer, squirrel, and rabbit, those were the three that we were very used to, very common in our lives, those three.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

My daddy used to go hunt, and he'd kill squirrel, rabbit, cook groundhog, might cook coon, I don't know, I was small then. Might eat coon, I don't know. Anything wild, they used to go in the woods and catch it. Yeah, used to kill groundhogs, my mother'd cook them. I didn't have a choice. You hungry, you eat anything.

My daddy used to hunt all the time, he used to go hunting all the time and catch wild game, kill it, bring them back to the house. And sometimes I used to help him skin them, yeah. Just hang them up and take a knife and go around the leg and pull the frill off. That what pliers do, use pliers. I don't remember my daddy killing any deer. He might kill them, I don't remember that.

MARY BUMBREY HEAD

I think [my father] went hunting for rabbits and squirrels, yeah, yeah. [My favorite part was] the leg. Because nothing really too much on the back. You got the four legs and you got the—she always cut across the back—and you got the back. And then [my mother] would do squirrels or rabbit or whatever she had for breakfast in the morning, have rice, biscuits. And she had a woodstove, and that's why we had to pick up the bark and take it in the house so she could start the fire with. And my daddy would cut trees down, and we would bring in the wood for her.

CORA BUMBREY GREENE

And my mama used to put ashes in the hot water and scald them [groundhogs] and then pull all the hair off of them. And you clean them and put them in soak, and then Mama used to bake them, put sweet potatoes around them. And I don't know if you can eat a

turtle now, but back that time, you could eat turtle. Didn't have river no poison or nothing, and I think we ever eat turtle. And used to catch eels, eel was just like a snake, and I didn't like them. We cook them over—in the night—the next morning you get up, they done turn back white. You had to cook them again. My daddy used to eat them. He used to skin them, and somebody said they was cousin to the snake. And you skin them, and you soak them, and you get up and you cut them up in small piece, and you put flour on them and put them in the frying pan and fry them. My daddy said it taste just like chicken. And he used to eat them, and I tried, but when I look and saw the one turn white overnight, I said, "I don't want none of that. No, indeed. I'd rather be hungry."

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

And my brother was big for night hunting; he would go night hunting in the woods. And we would tag along, we were just young kids, tag along. Night hunt for possums. He had a possum dog, Old Sport, and he would tree a possum. But Royston was a great one for night hunting.

For some hunting was a sport. For others, it supplied necessary meat for the table. Lelia Holloway hunting at Ridgeway (left), and a hunting dog treeing a possum (right).
Photos courtesy of Lelia Holloway Lewis.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

I remember my father would go hunting for rabbits and squirrels. Once in a while in the winter they would bring a bird, but I just don't remember what kind of bird it was, dove maybe. The men always cleaned it. And my uncles had—lived on farms nearby had extra—anything like that, they would clean it. Same way if they went fishing, they would clean the fish. We didn't have to worry about that. Mama could skin a rabbit. I watched them skin a rabbit or squirrel.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

My oldest brother, in fact, he would kill the squirrels, and sometimes what we had to eat George would go out—he was a wonderful marksman—so he would be out there

shooting the squirrels, and we'd have them for dinner that night. It was always good to see him bringing them home. And rabbits, my father used to have rabbit traps, you know, they would go in and something would fall when they would hit a certain area of the thing. And he also caught mink. He would set traps for mink, and we used to sell the fur to Sears Roebuck.

MAYNARD PENNEY

We didn't know what a deer was back then, you didn't see any deer. We didn't see any deer until later years. But they fox hunted back then and rabbit hunted and quail and turkey and stuff like that.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Well, my father hunted all of his territory. My father and a lot more of the neighbors around go hunting. Kill rabbits and we used to catch them in rabbit gums [sic], is what they called a rabbit trap. Yeah, I used to set mine, too. I did whatever I saw was doing before me. And I used to make it with the nails and the saw and the hammer, bait it with wild onion. We killed them and ate them, cooked them. Rabbit meat is good meat, too, very good.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

Daddy wasn't much of a hunter. He would rabbit hunt and a little bit of fishing, not much for fishing.

We did [ate rabbits] up until they claimed that it was a disease in the hide of a rabbit. And Mama and Daddy thought that if the disease was in a hide, it might be in the meat, so that ended us eating it. And you know, that reminds me, Daddy had a rabbit gun, and he'd set it just like in that corner right there, and we were told as little children that was Daddy's gun, not to bother it. I don't remember ever touching it.

VERGIE MILLER

Oh, my Jesus, my father and all my brothers, they used to come from Pennsylvania every year to hunt.

That's where they did it. Well, at least my brothers still came down from Pennsylvania up here. But in the area, they'd come, bring two or three extra people with them, go hunting. They'd stay there about a week, couple weeks. They'd have guns or something and catch that rabbit.

Sometime they take them back with them. We'd have some there, and they would take some back with them. My one brother, he wanted so bad to get a deer, but he never did get that deer.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

And we would have Canadian geese that would come and light on those wheat fields when they were just starting to grow. And Dad put those shocks all around and dug a hole, and people from Bowling Green would come over there and get in there and shoot geese. Oh, they had more fun. You'd shoot the geese and then somebody had to pick them and fix them, and they were the devil to fix.

My husband, he was in the service for a little while, and when he came out, he got sick and they knocked him out. We went over home and stayed quite a while, and he had so much fun. Dad had a little place down on the river that the ducks came in, and I think he threw a little grain out there. And one night we were over there, Jane was a baby, and Wilber and my dad went to the duck blind. It was so cold, I thought they would freeze. I said, "Why don't they come home?" Finally Dad came home because it was too cold. Wilber knew he heard the ducks, so he stayed on. Finally here he comes. "How many ducks

you get," Mrs. Sale asked him. He said, "I didn't get but 13." She said, "Butt it again." She couldn't believe it. Wilber said, "You'll know when you and Virginia finish picking them." And we dressed all of them.

And he [father] had some ducks that he—you know—had broken wings but weren't dead, and he put them in the lot out by the house, and we had wild ducks and they came all over the yard. I have a picture of that somewhere.

He [father] loved to hunt. Birds and rabbits. And I had a "hare-gum." Do you know what that is? I had a handmade hare-gums, I guess it was made by my grandfather. It's about as big as this narrow shoebox made out of wood, and the front of it, the door fell down and you had some [something] and propped it up. And the rabbit went in, and he'd go get his treat, whatever I put in there, and the door would go down. So I had to walk up through the field to see if there was anything in it. I think I caught one.

We didn't have squirrels at home, no woods. They didn't bring home squirrels. My husband did, he loved squirrels, and I had to start cooking when I first got married was a squirrel, and I didn't know what to do with it. He fixed it, you know, skinned it and cut it up. So the first one I put it in a roaster and roasted it like you do a chicken. And then right across the back here where it's nice, I cut it in two pieces and fried it. He thought it was out of this world, so much so that he took a piece to his mother and said, "Mother, will you do me a favor?" She said, "I will if I can, Son." He wanted her to eat a piece of that squirrel. She wouldn't do it.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

No, Daddy never hunted. My cousins used to hunt, and that's who those dogs belonged to was one of my cousins there. He'd go rabbit hunting or something like that. Oh, yeah, yeah, always bring Mama some rabbits. And they would skin them and everything for Mama so she didn't have it to do. And then she'd fry the rabbit. Oh, it was good. She would take some flour and dip it in that and then put it in the pan and fry it. And it was really good, just get it golden brown. It was some kind of good.

They'd [cousins] go turkey hunting or squirrel hunting or something like that. But as far as deer-hunting, they never did do that that I can remember anything about. Squirrels and rabbits and all that. I used to love it. That was better than chicken any day.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

The guys did [hunt], yeah, but the girls didn't. Yeah, deer, rabbits and things like that, squirrels. I used to make the best squirrel pie.

Fishing

Pole fishing was both a pleasurable pastime and a way to get some fresh meat on the table. Catching herring with a net when they ran in the spring was serious business, as salt herring was a daily dietary staple. Those who did not catch their own fish bought them from those who did.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

Zora does remember that she sometime would go fishing with her father, Buck, and they would go past somebody's house, an aunt, and her daddy, Buck, would tell her to be quiet because if Aunt So-and-so saw them with the fishing pole, then she would invite herself to go along with them.

VERGIE MILLER

Was ponds around. We used to go when we were small, but we didn't catch nothing

big. But, yeah, there was ponds around. And there was a catfish pond right back of us. We used to go down there—at that time, a lot of people said they didn't like catfish—but it was nice until we went there one day and a eel got on there. Didn't go back no more.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

Salt fish, yeah, we sure did. We ate a lot of salt fish.

[One time fishing we pulled up] A bass. That was the first I met my husband. We went in a canoe, no, not a canoe, a boat, rowboat. And I caught this five-pound bass, first fish I had ever caught. And that was when I met my husband on that fishing trip. I had a hard time pulling it in. And we just had a bamboo pole, you know.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Oh, mercy. We did a lot of funny things. He [husband] went and took his fishing rod when we went one time and we stopped at Delos out here, went fishing a little while. And then he lost his rifle or fishing gear, whatever it was, I reckon it was his fishing rod. So he kind of marked the place. We went on over home and spent the day, came back, he went by there and found that rod.

We had a little boat, just a small boat. We'd go down to the country here. One time I had so much fun. I put some tomatoes and bread and something else to spread up quickly, carried it with me, and we floated all around under the bends and fished and stopped and ate and, oh, it was wonderful. Just like going to Florida and back.

He [father] used to fish drift nets in the Rappahannock River, and we'd catch herring. I guess that's where he got them. Herring and shad. And I'd have them put those nets across the valances on the porch so that they'd dry.

We didn't get any catfish. I tell you one thing used to get that I didn't care for. About once a year he had a long ditch that he had cleaned out, and he'd get turtles. And Mama had to cook the turtle for that man that did it. His name was Brokaw (phonetic). He'd always do the cleaning.

I didn't like it, and I didn't like the turtles, so I didn't have anything to do with that. Just plain old dirt turtles, go in the ditch.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

We used to have roe herring, and get it down at Port Royal off the boat, salt herring. I remember that, and then we did a lot of fishing, too. We did a lot of fishing around there. We went fishing a lot Occupacia Creek. It was down in Essex County. It was a big creek. We'd go fishing down there. A lot of the family would get together and go fishing.

We used to go fishing—when we were kids, we would take a fish—put a pin on a hook and just pretend we were fishing off the creek, just the creek, there was little tiny minnows in it. And we had a log bridge over that creek, and I remember sitting on that little log bridge fishing minnows, little tiny minnows. That was Golden Vale Creek, it goes all the way around, it went all the way around the farm.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

You'd go down to this pond and just fish on the shore. We would never let them put a boat or anything out because—what did they say—that it was too dangerous, it was deep in certain places, you know. So they could go down and stand on the shore and fish, so that's what they did, catch a few fish. We'd just let family do it; we didn't let everybody else come in there and do it.

I guess it's perch or something like that. Oh, I would cook it. The man that lived with us to work on the farm, he was real good. He would clean it and all that, and I didn't

mind cooking it. And a lot of times we caught catfish, too, and I wouldn't even touch those things. And now they're a delicacy when you buy them in the store. And all that white meat—and I just couldn't—just for the thought of them being a catfish; I think that's why I couldn't eat it. But I cooked them. They look beautiful and smell good too when you cook them. And just the thought of a catfish, I thought, "I can't eat that thing." But I would cook it for this man and my father.

FRANCIS BRUCE

[I]t was about six miles [to go fishing]. We used to go fishing—we used to go night fishing—about four of us boys. Used to catch catfish and bring them home, and next morning Mama, she'd cook them for breakfast.

[J]ust mostly boys [went fishing]. I can't never remember family going fishing. Mostly . . . didn't take too many vacations anyways.

EMMET FARMER

I remember going fishing quite a bit over there at the Rappahannock; I enjoyed that, and some of the other cousins would get together and we'd go fishing from time to time. But, you see, we owned a farm, and these cousins, they had farm work to do, too, so we didn't get that much free time as you did because we had these jobs we had to do when we were there. But anyway, we had some time to fish and sometimes in the fall, we would go squirrel hunting or rabbit hunting. Get some of the cousins or some of the neighbors around and squirrel hunt or rabbit hunt, but we didn't have time to run that tire up and down the road.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

Primarily [fishing] was man's job. My uncles or my father, the boys, did the fishing. Back in that time, there were girls' things, as I've said, and boys' things, male things and female things. Fishing was a male thing. And then cleaning them and preparing them was a female part of the job, preparing them to eat, to be eaten. Salted fish were a staple part of the diet of black people and white people in Caroline County back in that time. After all, the rivers and creeks and so forth, people went fishing not just for pleasure, though it might have been providing some of that. It also provided food for the table. And so when you went out and caught a good haul of fish, you salted it down. So, yes, salt fish was very much a part of the diet.

My grandmother purchased them in kegs, and then they were put down in brine and so forth. And then as you needed them, you'd take them out and overnight soak them, changing the water several times so that they would be fresh enough, less salty, for you to eat the next morning, as you prepared them for breakfast. And just talking about them, mmm, I can smell them, and I'd like one right now.

That was a staple along with cornbread and strong cup of black coffee or glass of buttermilk for breakfast, fried salt fish. And my father, to his dying day, even though his doctor had five years prior to his death told him he was never to eat another salted fish, he until he practically died, he ate them anyway because it was so much a part of who he was and what he liked. So, yes, salt fish were very important to the diet.

I've skinned a many rabbit and skinned a squirrel and certainly cleaned many fish and been stuck by some of the fins when I've handled it carelessly. So, yes, that would have been girls' and women's work. So I would have not only have been involved with the cleaning of those, but also in getting fresh water and putting it in the pan so that they could be washed thoroughly and then put down to be soaked in salt because my grandmother never allowed any wildlife to be eaten that had not . . . or any domesticated life for that matter because

chickens, the same thing, were put out in a cold pan of water that was heavily salted prior to her preparing it. So not only did I have to help skin the animals and clean them and then bury the entrails but also to make certain that they were put in fresh salted water to stand and soak, as she called it, until it was time for her to prepare them. She always said to take the wild taste out of them, they had to be soaked in saltwater.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

My cousins would go fishing at night, you know, with the net and catch fish and bring them home, and he [father] would salt them down. We had these kegs, wooden kegs, and he would put them in there in salt. You talk about something good, I love salt fish.

Oh, he would tell me to pour the salt in, and I'd pour it in until he'd tell me to stop. And then he'd put down another layer of fish, and he'd say, "All right, pour some more." I'd pour some more in there for that. Just continued on until he got the keg full.

He'd [father] give them to people, you know, if they said, "We certainly do like salt fish." He'd say, "Well, come on, I'll go out here and get you a bunch of them." And he'd go and get it for them, you know, let them take it home.

Of course, when you prepared the fish for your meal, you had to put them in soak overnight, but I just as soon have them right out of the brine because I liked salt then. But I couldn't do it now because of my cholesterol and high blood pressure. But the salt, salt is good on them. But soak them overnight and get them ready for the frying pan the next morning. And I been out there in that meat house more than one time and got fish for next morning breakfast. Had brine all the way up my arms sometimes. I'd go down in the brine, find a fish, come back and wash my arm and my hand.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

Of course, fish were one of the mainstays, the mens in particular wanted the salt fish, so they would get the herrings and pack them down in salt. And they would stay until they were corned. They'd get them in the spring when they were running, and they'd put them down in that salt, pack them in the salt, and that's what they would call corned.

Or either if you didn't do it yourself, you knew somebody else that was catching, and you'd get your fish from them and put them down—pack them down in—oh, they used to have those big crocks they called them, pack them down.

MARY BUMBREY HEAD

My father would go fishing. And I remember he had a net, and back then, you catch a lot of herrings. So sometime my father would catch, like, 500 herrings at a time in this net. And I remember that because he used to bring . . . and sometime we would have to scale them and clean them, yeah. It wasn't too much fun, but we had to do it. The herrings have so many bones, you couldn't eat them right then. My mother and father would salt them down and maybe let them set for three or six months or something, and that rock salt would eat up some of the bones. It's just like now if you buy them in the store, you buy salt herrings in the store, it's from the salt, the rock salt.

[My father would catch them in] like a running water off the Rappahannock River, something like a clear water because you can see them. And my father used to have these hip boots on, he used to get out there in this little screen of water and set the net, and he would run the fish up in the net. My mother would clean them like . . . she used to try to get us to clean them. We tried to do as much as we can. And then she would buy this rock salt, and she would salt them down. Sometimes she would cook them with all the bones in it. You let them soak overnight in water, and that'll get some of the salt out of it. But you don't

get the complete salt out, but some of it would come out.

JOHN GARRETT

You had to scale [the fish], open them, and you put them down in a brine, and they stayed for about eight, ten weeks. And then after that, you took them out of the brine and you packed them in a barrel. At that time, we had old big wooden barrels, and we'd pack them in those old wooden barrels. We'd get a barrel full every spring and last all year. You'd eat them—while they were running—we ate them fresh. But after they stopped running . . . they weren't around but a couple weeks or so in the spring. And then you had to salt them down.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

My daddy hunted and fished. Just for pleasure. All he fished and got, we put it in the barrel for our winter.

Gathering Food

Gathered food was seasonal. Berries, grapes, and nuts were the most common. Families took advantage of gathering and storing nature's abundance during these times as a way to supplement their diet. Some even went as far as encouraging wild thickets of berries or the like to ensure their presence for the following year.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Blackberries, there's two varieties. One—I think that's the earliest one, it grows—it runs on the ground, and it's dark in color, and it's larger. All those little segments, I believe that'd be about as good as any. And they were larger and sweeter than the other berries. Now, these came early, and we were always trying to find them because they were so good to eat.

But then the other ones, the high berries, or the ones that were tall, grew sort of in a bush like. That berry was redder, and it was tangier than the one . . . the dewberry. And most of the time when we got the dewberries, we ate them, just washed them and ate them in bowls with a bit of sugar. And sometimes we liked to pour milk over them, cream or whatever. And they were good like that. Most of the time that was the way we ate those.

But then the tall high berries, they were tangier, and Mama would make them into puddings, and she would can them so we'd have some for puddings. Sometimes we just ate them as fruit. But we just had plenty of fruit that grew from the land. And the same thing was true about our grapes.

Fox grapes were the ones that grew up in the trees. And most of those were down near our ice barn, and I never did know why they were fox grapes unless they were a delicacy of the fox. But anyway, they were large grapes. And they were good.

And the other you would find growing along the fence rows, and they were the very small grape, and they were loaded with seeds. They were dark, and, oh, great big bunches. We would gather those, and you had to do a lot of washing on those because they were so small.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

Mama's farm was known for pears and huckleberries. She had acre[s] of huckleberries. People used to come pick them. I think they [the huckleberries] were wild. Just let them grow wild. They had huge crops of huckleberries. Like blueberries, but they're smaller. They're good, though. We used to try to go in Mama's canned goods when she left home, and one day we made the mistake of getting blueberries.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

Picking berries, yes. It was a lot of blueberry bushes on the farm, and our farm adjoined the Collawn farm, who was a cousin. He was a cousin of my dad. And his farm joined our farm, and he had more blueberries on the farm, just over the line. And he didn't like anybody coming over the line. He was—we called him Cousin Newton—little old man. And we would sneak over there every time we got a chance and pick the blueberries from his side because he had more, he had more blueberries on that side. But we had lots of blueberries, lots of blueberries.

EMMET FARMER

At our house, we lived near the railroad track, and on each side of the railroad track, there were just strawberries, just oceans of strawberries, and everywhere you looked it would be these big wild strawberries. And we would pick those, and, of course, Mama would make preserves out of them, and go down there in the woods and pick fox grapes. They would be wild—grapes that would grow on—well, up in the trees, you know, they were running. And we used to go down there and pick fox grapes. And Mama used to make preserves out of those.

WILLIAM TAYLOR

And all the young boys, everybody, all the young boys carried them little old—you remember them little old cups you could buy that was aluminum—they fold up? You always had one of them in your pocket because you run up on a spring—but every spring had a tin cup tied to—hooked up to the tree. You knew where . . . you had to know where the spring is at. Those were some of the things you learned in there. You knew where you were going, where the spring was at, knew where all the creeks was at. You knew where the blackberry vines was at. You knew where the huckleberry bushes was at. You knew the old places where you could go get the plums. Anything that you . . . you found out where all these places was at.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

And there was another nut, chinquapin nuts. There were a lot of wild nuts. Chinquapin, it's like no other. It's kind of like your finger, only bigger. It's kind of like your thumb but bigger round. There were all kinds of nuts and berries and blueberries, and there were wild strawberries. We had a patch of ground that my daddy said the ground was too poor to put fertilizer in it so we had wild strawberries. And blueberries were in abundance and chinquapin nuts—we ate in the summer—that gave you protein. We had a wild cherry tree and a tame cherry tree, huge, huge trees. And it seems like the Lord just took care of us. What we didn't plant, the Lord planted for us.

We children did [gather]. My mother gave us a bucket, said, "Go pick some blackberries for supper." We'd go and come back with a whole pan full of blackberries for dessert. She'd put sugar in them, and that's what we had, blackberries for dessert. And sometimes she'd bake cake to go with it, we'd put the blackberries on top of the cake. And wild strawberries, too.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

Mama used to take my brother and I and go picking down in our pasture and pick raspberries and blackberries and chinquapins, don't forget chinquapins. Oh, me, we'd always go chinquapin hunting. It's a nut, and it's in a shell. And when it gets ripe, that shell bursts open like, you know, and you finish it and get the nut out of it and eat it. Good.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

And we had a big blackberry patch out in the back of the house, beautiful big wild blackberry patch. And we would just pick those blackberries. My grandmother always made blackberry pudding or blackberry shortcake or something. She could do that, loved it. We just ate them during the summertime, just had lots of blackberries. But I can't recall ever saving them. But I do remember the apples and the . . . mostly apples that she would dry and some peaches, I think. She'd put them on . . . we had tar roof. The henhouse was all a tar roof, and she would put the stuff up there and dry it.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

We used to go picking huckleberries and blackberries and I guess what they call now blueberries.

MARY BUMBREY HEAD

I don't remember we went out and picked blackberries. I think we was afraid of snakes, so we didn't go—because there was a lot of woods, you know—and my parents didn't want us to go out there in that. But we picked blackberries when we got up here, yeah.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

Blackberries grew wild all over the place, huckleberries which today we call blueberries, but we called them huckleberries back then. And so, yes, going berrying was—and nutting, too, for that matter of fact—was a very important part of life. Perhaps my first earned coins were earned from picking blackberries and then selling them, 25 cents a bucket to a neighbor, a little old lady who wasn't able to get out and pick her own blackberries. So she wanted a blackberry pie, Cleo picked the blackberries and sold them to her for 25 cents, a quarter well-earned because you got stuck to death, and, of course, you ended up with blue fingers and blue mouth, too, because you ate as you picked.

So, yes, that was great fun, and I would pick huckleberries for Grandma, again, to make juice or to make jams, to make a wonderful blueberry pie, or huckleberry pie as we called it then. And then in the fall, of course, you could go out and gather nuts. The thing with the blackberries, though, that you had to be mindful of was my grandmother always taught me that not only do little girls like blackberries but black snakes like blackberries too. And I was never one to be fond of snakes, and so I always looked before I took a step because I was fearful of interrupting the snake's lunch or something. But, yeah, blackberrying was fun in a way and was also meaningful in that it could earn a quarter, which was a big piece of money, big piece of money.

I never picked mushrooms. My grandmother always told me that one had to be very, very careful about mushrooms. She knew from her mother the dangers of things not only like the mature pokeweed but mushrooms as well. And she would say to me, "Now, you never put this—anything from this family—" as she would call it talking about mushrooms and toadstools as they would call them, "in your mouth. If you pick one . . ." because some of them were pretty, and occasionally I would come to her, she said "You bring it to me so I can see it, see the beauty, but then you throw it away. You never put it anywhere near your mouth."

And so I knew from a very early age that, yeah, you could admire that and you could pick it and take it, let Little Grandma see it, but that was the extent of it. But picking mushrooms in terms of food wasn't a big time thing, really. It was more to observe their beauty.

There were, of course, walnuts and pecans, and there were chinqua—chinqua

berry—chinqua nut, very small nut, very hard nut. Chinqua nuts I think they were called. Very, very, very hard to crack with a hammer. Wonderful, wonderful meat, though, better than pecans, really. I loved chinqua nuts, I think that's what they were called, chinqua nuts, very, very small nut. And I haven't seen or heard of one, I guess, in 50 years, to tell you the truth now. But yeah, I used to love to go get those.

And black walnuts were a favorite because my grandmother would then make black walnut cake, pound cake, and cookies and that kind of thing. So nutting paid off handsomely in homemade cookies and cakes and that kind of thing. Yeah, it was great fun, and besides, I was a tomboy so I loved being in, around, and climbing trees. So that gave me a valid excuse to do so without Grandma yelling at me.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

Well, the black walnuts, they would have a board, and a hole would be bored in it because some of the walnuts had a cover on it that turned brown and would fall off; sometimes it would be halfway. But you'd push a nut through the hole with a hammer, something heavy, and that would kind of strip that off, and then you'd take a hammer and crack that nut, but you had to hold it and crack it and then use a pick and get it out. We did black walnuts, English walnuts. We had a English walnut tree in our yard which not many people had, and we used to save all of those walnuts to put in the fruitcake. Then we had to chop up all the meats, the cherries and the rind that had been sweetened, like orange peel is candied. And you put all those fruits and nuts in your fruitcake and end up with a big bowl like this (demonstrating) of batter. When my mother used to make cakes, and she'd tell us, "Don't run, don't run through the house" because that would shake that stove and shake the cake and make it fall. She used to say don't run when she was baking, don't run through the house.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

The black walnut is very woody. Now, the English walnut, you know, you can almost squish that in your hand, but this is a black walnut, and it's very, very woody. And Daddy, down on the chopping block down on the wood pile, whenever we were ready to work with them, he would cut a little trench down into the chopping block. You put the walnut down in it, and with a regular hammer you try to just crack it. Because if you hit it too hard, it'd fly everywhere and you've lost everything.

So you hit it rather gently, and you turn it over, and you keep going until you've cracked it all around. Then you put it in and you keep going that way. We had no nut pickers or anything of the sort, so we used a nail. Now, whether it was an eightpenny or I guess it might have been a sixpenny, you get down in there. But the walnuts did a great job.

Mama'd make a pound cake and stir in broken walnuts. Oh, gosh, I could drool now. And sometimes she'd make a regular icing and . . . hickory nuts did the same thing. Hickory nuts were awful trying to get the meat out of them. They were reluctant to let go. So we used a very small . . . I think it was probably a sixpenny or a smaller one to get the hickory nuts out.

But anyhow, Mama would—yes, indeed—we got candy every once in a while. Black walnut fudge candy. We didn't get it too often, but we got it every once in a while. And something else that we used when I was growing up that I don't believe that people use as much now: brown sugar. And we used brown sugar—very special—for candies, for puddings, did we ever do any for the ice cream? Yeah. Caramel ice cream.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

I remember one day in specific. My sister Marguerite went up to the barn, and we

had the black walnut trees, and my dad had gathered a lot of the black walnuts. He had them in the barn in a barrel. And we decided we were going to hull them so we took the grinder and hulled the black walnuts, and I remember that specifically. We hulled those black walnuts. They had big hulls on them, the nuts, and we got a big barrel of nuts. We just took it upon ourselves to go up there and get the black walnuts and hull them.

ANIMALS

In farm families of Caroline County, everyone had daily interactions with animals, domestic and wild, such as chickens, guinea hens, turkeys, horses, mules, cows, dogs, and cats. Often-times snakes would feast on the chicken eggs, and many people had stories about black snakes in the henhouse and elsewhere on the farm. Snakes tended to strike fear into the hearts of almost everyone.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

And one day, Daddy came over to the store, and Uncle Henry asked him if he was missing any Dominique chickens, that he had bought some the night before from our neighbors. And Daddy said . . . well, anyhow, Daddy came back home and Mama started counting chickens, and she was missing some. And the odd part of it is that some of our neighbors had decided they needed some extra money, and so they had gotten the chickens from our chicken house. And Daddy couldn't figure how it happened. We had all sorts of locks on it. But one of the guys would come in the kitchen and make small talk, sit on the wood box on the other side of the wood stove in the kitchen and make small talk. And I remember Mama saying to Daddy, "I think something must be in my chickens. They sound like they're restless." Everything stopped, and the young man sitting on the wood box kept on talking. So that didn't happen—wasn't very long that he left—and that was after the one on the other side had got what he needed.

Daddy had already fastened the henhouse very carefully and securely. And then there was a roost, and there was an outside walk-up roost where they went up, and it was a square door about 12 inches. And when chickens are asleep, their claws hold them on to the roost, and so Daddy tried it and it worked: All you had to do was open the entry to the roost, put a stick in there and run it in, and the chickens would sort of move along and cling to it. All you had to do was to pull it on out very carefully until you got to the opening and just catch them by the foot, and that's it. So that went on . . . that was something you needed to do in the money market.

She [mother] got a incubator and started purchasing chickens from up there at Milford where they had farm supplies, and she'd do them by the hundred or something like that. And then there'd be so many that we'd eat and so many that she'd keep, that type of thing, sort of turnover thing there.

I remember one time we heard chickens in the middle of the night way over on the other side, and they were cackling and carrying on. Daddy got up out of the bed, grabbed his shotgun, and when outside in his long johns, and it was cold as all get out. Shot up in the air—least—that we were sure that Benny had his chickens. And I think about Daddy in his long johns out there in the middle of the night, tickles me.

One of my chores was gathering up the eggs, getting the eggs out of the henhouse. And there was another time I went in there one night, and I was just reaching out, reaching, reaching without looking. And then I reach in to this nest, and it didn't feel right. And I

looked, and there was a black snake curled up in that nest that filled the whole nest. I went yelling out there, and Daddy happened to be down at the barn feeding, yeah, that was feeding time, and he came up with a pitchfork and got him out. And this sounds like a lie, but so help me, it isn't. He brought that thing out of the henhouse there, and after he had stuck the fork through, gutted him so he didn't do anything more, Daddy took that thing, ran the fork through just back of the head to see how long it was, and he held it up this high above his head, and that thing was a good six feet long. Now, you don't even see them like that anymore. It had filled the whole nest up. And Daddy just shook his head and took him on down into the spring branch and dumped him down there. He said maybe the buzzards would get him. He was in after the eggs. He had eaten all the eggs because there were bulges in his neck, on down his body.

I remember one time my sister's boyfriend gave her a duck for Easter, and that little duck grew up and got to be a big duck. And he followed my father around just like a little puppy. But there was one thing for certain and sure, that duck had learned what the squeak or squeal of that corn house door when it opened. When Daddy opened it, it squealed. And he said it was such a nice thing that was going on that he didn't have the heart to put any oil on it to keep it from squealing. As soon as he opened the door and it started squealing, that little duck—big duck by then—came running from wherever it was, and Daddy always gave him some corn.

My Daddy put cats in the corn house to take care of mice. But up the road from us was Mr. Motley, and he was a sawmill man, and he had a lot of animals because he would move from property to property. And he had a big corn house up there. And Benny, who was the son of Uncle John Lewis that I was telling you about, used to work for Mr. Motley, and he went to get corn for the team. That was part of his job before he went home for the day.

As he opened the door, this big black snake slithered across the front there, and he closed the door real fast like. And Mr. Motley came along, and he said, "Benny, let's get going, get that corn going." And Benny shook his head and said, "No, Mr. Motley, there's a snake in there." Mr. Motley said, "You do not do anything to that snake. That snake keeps down the mice in my corn house." And Benny said, unfortunately—or maybe fortunately—he said, "Oh, Mr. Motley, I can't go in there with that snake. Either that snake's going or I'm going." Mr. Motley said, "Take your pick. Snake stays." Needless to say, Benny stayed too.

At our house, Daddy would put the cats in there and let them stay for a while. He never let them stay too long because if you're going to use that corn for your own food, you don't want too much cat in there.

Daddy didn't make his own horse tack. It was purchased. It was purchased ready-made, but he was always mending this or that or the other. And when he mended something, it was always to be sure that it did not rub the animal, that it did not make bad places on the animal's hide. He was very careful about that. No, he purchased his all done. And there was a rack in the hall of the barn where when he took the harness off, it was all put up right there. And the bridles were all on it. He bought it I think at the local store. And then what he didn't get at the local store . . . they carried practically everything down there that was needed on the farm. I don't remember him going to town getting it, but that would be another option. But most of the larger local stores carried things that the farmers needed. I know Uncle Henry, he even had plow points, that sort of stuff. But I can't visualize anybody with the harness stuff yet, but that's the way it worked.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

And chickens. And I have to tell you this real funny, funny, funny thing about the chickens. So it was during, I guess, the fall of the year, I think, she was awakened in the middle of the night, and she heard a squawking of her hens, and she was wondering what was going on. So she went out to see the next morning and found some of her hens were missing. And she told my daddy, she said "I see all these feathers in the yard, and I heard this commotion, and some of my best hens are gone." He said, "I know what's happened. A fox has come out of the woods, and he has dug into the fence, and he's killed them." And so my daddy was kind of deaf and he couldn't hear anything that was going on, so she said, "Well, I hope he doesn't come again. You go back and fasten that fence." So he did.

And about a week or two later, she heard a noise again. Here was—maybe a week—and she said, "Look, more of my hens are missing. We've got to do something. The feathers are all in the, lane and I've heard a noise."

So one day she was in the country store, and there she saw this crate with these hens in it, and she asked Mr. Smithers, the storekeeper, she says, "Where did you get these hens from? These are my hens." And he said, "Ma'am, so-and-so from down the road brought in them and traded for some food." And so she said, "Are you sure of this?" "Are you sure these are your hens?" "I am absolutely sure they are my hens." And so he said, "Well, you going to have to do something about it. I don't know what to do myself."

And so she talked it over with my dad, and they decided to take a warrant out for him that he would continue to come and steal her hens if he didn't do something. So they had a reputation of not working too steady, you know, kind of a loafer around about. And so they took out a warrant. So it went to court, this is something they'd never done before, going to court. So this is kind of comical. My mother had these sayings, "Same dog is not going to bite me twice," "a stitch in time saves nine." Oh, if she was absolutely sure of something, she'd say, "I know my onions." That was a saying she had.

Okay. They got to the court, and the judge asked my mother, he said, "Now, Mrs. Trice, are you sure that these hens are yours?" She says, "Your Honor, I am absolutely sure. I know my onions." He says, "Now, Mrs. Trice, I didn't ask you about your onions. I asked you about these hens." So she said, "Yes, they are my hens." And finally he admitted to it and they cleared it up. And she didn't have any more of her hens stolen.

Well, he was so poor, he knew he was so poor that they didn't want him to go to jail. And as well as I recall, they gave him probation, and I think some of the neighbors tried to give him some jobs, tried to earn his living. They were uneducated, too, see. They didn't go to school, and it was hard for them to find a job. But they could have done labor working on the farm, and maybe they didn't want to do it, I don't know. But it was settled, and she never had any more of her hens stolen.

And I have to tell you something really funny. This is about my first cousin—my mother's oldest sister—she married a farmer too. Oh, was she a righteous woman, just a pure woman. She had 14 children, and she was just a dear.

Her husband was a good man, but he kind of liked the bottle from time to time. But she raised turkeys for a living, and she made good money at Christmastime. She got enough money for all her children to get Christmas and everything. So they had this wagon, they put the turkeys in the wagon, and her husband would go to cities or towns and sell the turkeys.

So she sent him out to sell the turkeys to get the Christmas money. She waited and waited for him to come home, and he didn't come home, didn't come home. And she sent one of the children, she said, "You take one of those horses and you go find out where your father is. I'm afraid something has happened to him." And they said they went I don't

know how far, and they said, "Well, we saw him down the road a distance coming toward us, and so we didn't travel any more."

So finally when he got there, they found him fast asleep in the wagon, and the horses came to the house by themselves. And she told him "The horses have got more sense than you." They knew how to get home. And he had a little bit too much to drink, apparently, and tired of selling the turkeys. Turkeys were gone, of course, and he had kind of gone away with some of the money, too. So that was a big family thing that they loved to tell. But he didn't do that but one time, I can tell you.

Can you believe that? The horses started up on their own and came home and knew how to get there. Well, yeah, all the turkeys were gone. Maybe it was a little hard job selling, doing the selling. I don't know where he sold them. But every Christmas she raised the turkeys, and she sold the turkeys for Christmas. But isn't that neat? [T]he turkeys were in the back, and he went to the stores with a wagon. There was some dirt road where you could get to the stores. [T]he horses, they got home, and they knew right where they were supposed to go to the stall and drove right up to the stall. You know they were thirsty, too. Isn't that funny?

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

We'd go to the barn when we heard the old mule named Satan kick—wanted to get out—and she'd kick the door trying to get out. We'd say, "What in the world is all that racket up there?"

Willie Holloway riding Satan, the mule, at Ridgeway.
Photograph courtesy of Estelle Holloway Allen and Lelia Holloway Lewis.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

My dad was in the 'White House' [outhouse], and it was right under a great big black walnut tree, big huge black . . . we had lots of black walnuts that grew on the place. And my

dad was taking his turn in the 'White House' and a big black snake fell right on his lap. I remember that. My dad, he wasn't scared of anything. He was like old granddad. I remember . . . I think I was six years old when my granddad died.

CHARLES FRANKLIN ROYE

She [great aunt] did speak about the meat house, smokehouse, because my grandfather used to go over there and steal from them, my great-grandfather, because this is how it was.

[Y]eah, he knew he was there. Because, see, this is how it was. My grandfather was so uppity in mind that he wanted to be a nudge better than . . . see, my great-grandfather had built Percy's house and gave him a horse. So he built my grandmother's house and gave her a cow. Okay, you see? But my grandfather didn't want the roof that Percy had on his house, so my great-grandfather told him, "I'll build a house, but you got to go buy your own roof and put it how you want it."

Now, that's when he came over and—it wasn't working out the way he wanted to, so you know, they're going through this ordeal—he came over and stole my great-grandfather's chickens, and he sold them to the store. You see? To get the roof for the house. Now, when my great-grandfather goes to the store and these people, they gave him the chickens back because they knew they were his chickens. This is comical, you know. And I know my grandmother . . . we were back in the early '20s.

And they had pigs. They had pigs because I remember that from what my great aunt say. Alex used to go over there and steal out of the smokehouse. See, I know his father was there, his father was there, and I remember her saying he had a ox and a cart.

CORA BUMBREY GREENE

[My daddy] had a cow, he had a horse—cows and horse—he had a horse because they had to pull the plow. We had to milk the cow—and the snake had got to the cow before we decided—Mama would tell us to go milk the cow. Go there and milk the cow, saw the blood coming out of the cow tit, I ran and told them. Daddy said, "Well, a black snake must have got up there and sucked her." But after that, she was okay after we got the blood out of there. But I ain't wanted no more milk since.

And the black snake—we would go the henhouse—was plenty of snakes around then. We go to the henhouse, and the snake done got up in the nest and eat all the eggs up. And when they killed the snake, you hear the eggs bursting inside of him. Uh-huh. And one day I was sitting there playing—had a stick jigging that bitty snake, and I thought they was worms—come to find they were copperhead moccasin. They could have bit me and killed me, but I didn't know what they was then at the time. And it was brown, and I was sitting there with a stick just playing with it. And my daddy ran and grabbed me up, and he said, "You know that a copperhead moccasin." And that's why I'm scared of a snake now. I don't go in my backyard. I can't stand . . . I'm scared to death. I don't even look at snakes on the TV because I dream at night about them.

EMMET FARMER

We always had four or five hogs. Most of the time we would kill four hogs or maybe five hogs, and, of course, the hams shoulders—we called it the middling—which was the piece in between the front legs and the back legs. That was all salted down and smoked and whatnot and kept through for the seasons. The hogs were always killed in late November right around Thanksgiving, and they were killed and then cut up and salted down. Spring of the year, you had to take them out of this box and get the salt off of them, smoke them,

smoke the meat, whatever you had, ham, shoulders, and middling. And then it had to be prepared and put in bags to keep for during the summer months.

I wasn't hardly big enough for help killing the hogs, but I had to help them get things ready to kill the hogs, get the water and fire and so forth. Then one job that I always had to do was get the wood to smoke that meat. Mama'd say, "Well, we got to have so much hickory." She liked the hickory, and also we had to have some apple. We'd have to go out and trim the old apple trees and get some limbs that were large enough to help smoke that meat. But she always wanted hickory and apple, and that's what we had to do to smoke that meat.

We had an old iron pot. You heat the water in this iron pot—and then when the iron pot—this water had to come out of that and go into a barrel to scald the hogs to get the hair and stuff off.

I can recall this one particular fellow, he would kill a beef or whatnot in the summer months, and he would come around with this meat in a buggy. And he had this meat cut up, different sections of the meat, and the only thing he had over it was just like a sheet, but Mama didn't go for that too much. He did that quite often, he would kill this—I don't know what he killed—a cow or a steer or whatever. But I can recall him coming around with this buggy with that meat in the back of it and selling it.

We always had three horses. I never did know why three, but it was always three. I think maybe why it was three because a lot of these plows and a lot of these pieces of farm equipment, a lot of them would take three to pull it, particular plow, particular—what do they call it—disk, a drill, wheat or beans or whatever. But a lot of the pieces of equipment required three horses. Some of it you could do with two, but there was always three horses.

I rode the horses only from the barn to the field. See, all this area up here was farmland, and all on this side here was farmland. It was about 125 acres all together, but some of it he didn't farm. Probably 90 to 100 acres was farmable.

We would never take a horse into town. We didn't do that. But the only time we would ride a horse like from—see—the old home place is way back over here now. Ride a horse from that point to the field, wherever you were working, but you really didn't need the horses just for riding, they were strictly workhorses.

RACHEL FARMER

My father killed hogs also, and he would gather the neighborhood hogs up, so that was a big thing to us, killing hogs. And he would take a barrel and put water in it, but he also put these railroad—the rails that come off the road—had pieces about this big, get those red hot and put them in the barrel to get the water hot. Then they would kill the hogs and put the hogs in that to scald them.

ELIZABETH POWERS HICKS

We raised turkeys, and them stupid things, it'd rain and they'd stand there [and] drown. They would drown, yeah. [Beaks] wide open. Those things were terrible.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

The horse would run me into the house. If I went to the well . . . we didn't have running water. If I went to the well to draw a bucket of water and that horse saw me, it would come after me, and I'd go all around, that horse would run all the way around. Well, I'd wait until the horse got on this side and I was on that side close to the house, and I'd take off to the house before the horse could get to me. The horse would lay his ears right back and just run right to me. I was scared to death of it.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

But a snake bit me there. That was in the woodpile. When they found out that the snake bit me, they came over and moved that whole woodpile to find it. And they found it in the cut woodpile. They moved the whole woodpile for nothing. Grandpop drove me, and I was crying, and Aunt Clara had me in the backseat, you know, and I was crying and Grandpop said, "Shut up." Yeah. He grabbed me and sucked the poison out.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

An eagle tried to take me off when I was a little baby. My mother put me in the carriage and went to the spring…and she came back and a big eagle was sitting on my carriage and getting ready to pick me up and carry me away. My children don't hardly believe it.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

I have to tell you another story. This was funny too. My daddy decided he needed a new mule. And so he went to this man's house and made agreement and paid him the money for the mule. But my daddy couldn't ride it, he had to go about two miles or more. So he hired this man to ride the mule to the house. He took him there in his car, you know, ride the mule. That was in the morning. My daddy waiting, and about noon he hadn't come. He said, "Well, he should be here." Here it was in the evening, and the man hadn't come. "Where is this man?"

So he got in the car and went the whole route again because, see, he thought he was sick and fell off the mule. He couldn't find the man, he couldn't find the mule. And he went to the owner, and he said, "Well, he left this morning." So here we were, and finally he went to the sheriff's office, he said, "I'm going to ask him to help me to look for the mule." He trusted this man . . . didn't distrust him, but he thought something had happened to him and they had to find him. So the sheriff looked around, he couldn't find him.

And then finally, finally the man showed up. And he said, "I stopped over and spent the night with a friend." Instead of coming straight to the home to bring the mule, he decided he was getting tired and he was going to stop over, and he asked him to spend the night, and he spent the night with him. And so guess what happened? The sheriff said, "I want to know what happened to that man." So evidently, the sheriff told the editor, he laughed about the situation, and there it was on the front page "Lonesome Trice" – the man's name was Lonesome, last name Lonesome. So there at the top page of the newspaper "Lonesome Trice for Lonesome Rider."

Were they embarrassed. They were so embarrassed, you know, because he loved this man, and he trusted him, but he didn't think it was anything about it to stop over, and he got talking, got late he said, and they told me, "Spend the night." And he had to spend it with them. I thought that was a good story. Yeah, [he] got the mule fine.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

That's where the cow about threw me. I thought she was going to walk home and I wouldn't walk, but she didn't think so. She made me walk.

What was that other thing? Weasels. Weasels used to get them [chickens]. They were mean. A weasel would kill them and suck their blood and leave them. They wouldn't eat them. But foxes would take them with them. They said it [weasels] sucked its [chicken] blood, I don't know.

LEONARD BRUCE

But one of them mules didn't like Johnny, see. For some unknown reason, if Johnny

got near that mule, he going to catch it. See, a mule always kick you with two back feet at the same time, see, and man, that mule kicked Johnny. And I don't know where he landed, like to have killed him. But Papa thought a lot of them mules. My brother thought Papa needed a little vacation, so he took him way down to Florida somewhere, and Papa got to thinking about them mules, said, "Boys, don't you-all reckon we better go back there and tend to them mules?" Papa wasn't [excited] about Florida at all. All he was thinking about was his mules in Caroline County.

We had several cows and Papa had a lot of mules, had a mule for each one of us boys, yeah. Had nine boys and nine mules. But he thought a lot of them mules. He would pet them up. Oh, let me tell you about Papa selling one of the mules to this fellow. Fellow said, "Mr. Bruce," he said, "That mule that you sold me died." Well, Papa thought for a minute, he said, "Well, he never had did that before."

It was . . . probably had about four or five cows and seven or eight mules. He wouldn't buy a horse because the horse would eat too much, see, and had too big of feet. See, a horse had bigger feet than the mule, and the horse would step on his plants, and Papa didn't like that, see, so he just had all mules. And then the mule was easier to take care of than a horse. He didn't eat as much.

Yeah. About seven or eight hogs each year and cured the meat ourself, you know, salt it down and smoke it. Oh, yeah, six cows.

FRANCIS BRUCE

We had just enough cows for the milk for ourself. Hens, we had a lot of chickens. Mules, Papa used to have six mules.

We raised hogs. We had hogs that we would . . . we would kill them twice a year so we could have meat all the winter. Yeah, smokehouse for to smoke the meat. Cut hickory and build a fire in there for smoke. It was a whole lot different from what it is now.

My dad was a big hunter, mostly rabbits. He had a little old beagle that he used to take out and hunt rabbits. He just had a old 12-gauge shotgun.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

He [grandfather Buck] did have two old, stubborn mules that he used to pull cultivators in fields. And they had one cow who liked to kick, and Buck's wife Lottie, who was Lottie Mae Farmer, would have to tie up the cow's back legs to keep it from kicking her and the milk pail over while she milked the cow. They had hogs and chickens, and that was basically what provided their meat and eggs.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

Had cows . . . chickens, turkeys, guineas . . . no, not too many ducks. Guineas and chickens and hens, turkeys. We raised turkeys . . . for home consumption. The turkey would lay eggs and hatch with many young turkeys. They'd go in the woods and set up their nests and then we had to go find them. They were tame turkeys on our place and all.

We killed chickens. That's what we lived by, chickens. I picked them and cut them up. Mostly fried chicken or stewed chicken with dumplings.

Had horses, mules . . . and we had dogs. And the cattle, we used to bring the cattle up and put them in the barn, and the team stayed in the barn.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

We had hogs; we always raised hogs, my father had that. And usually after Thanksgiving, they would slaughter the hogs, and we kept everything from those hogs, believe me, the grease or the lard we had to use in the wintertime. And she would make

byproducts of the pork which we had to eat. And then they would cure the hams, pepper them and cure them. One time he had a smokehouse that he would try to preserve them by smoking the meat and all.

Well, she [mother] did [make] head cheese with some of it, you know, the feet; and scrapple, she'd make scrapple. Everything was used. And of course, the lard, they dried that, and we'd use that for the shortening for everything. Fried chicken in it. Always had fried chicken; never baked it, never cooked it any other way except frying.

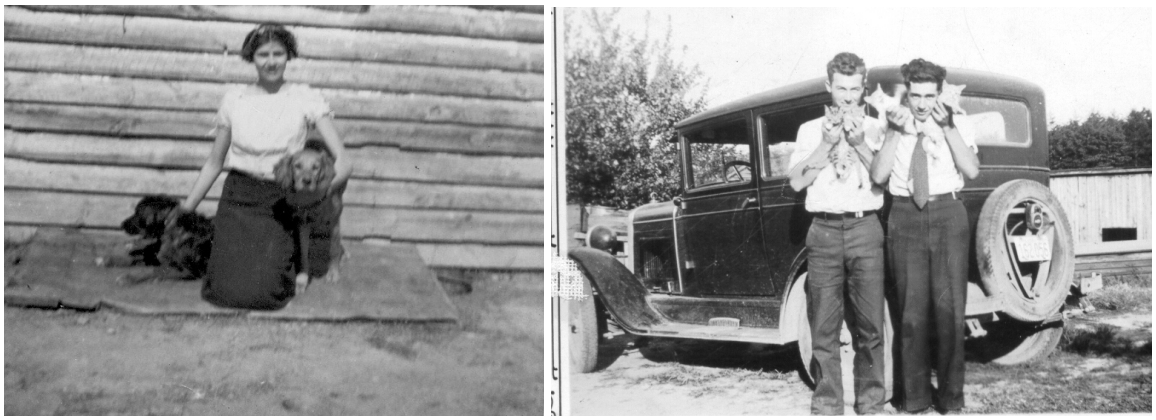
He had horses, my father, because of course he had plows and everything that he had to till the soil with and rakes and all that kind of thing, and it was always horse-drawn.

Well, when my grandmother was living, she had the back side of the house for her chickens and her livelihood, I guess, although my father paid her a certain amount when he took over the farm. And then the front part of the house my mother had. And I would say maybe we had 50, 60 chickens, hens. We had a lot of chicken to eat, believe me. Every Sunday we had chicken. Of course, we always had something special for Sunday.

Always had cats and dogs, but they were—the dogs were always outside—but the cats could come in for some reason. They were just special little animals that we loved growing up as kids.

WILLARD JASPER FARMER

We had a great big barn where we used to keep a horse or mule and a cow. We had another building where my father built what we called the smokehouse. And then we had another building we called the chicken house, which we had some hens and chickens.



Left: Dorothy Chenault with the family dogs outside her father's store in Brandywine, 1937.
Right: Marshall Shaddock and Carol Wright with the farm cats, 1932.
Photos courtesy of Dorothy Chenault Allan; Annie Penney Purks and Evelyn Penney Upshaw (respectively).

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

We had horses and cows and chickens and had turkeys for a little while. Mama couldn't do much with raising turkeys. Pigs, had plenty of pigs.

Yeah, we had guineas. Daddy liked those. They were real good guards. They were at the barn, and they would nest on the big old dock wheel. And I had to go get the eggs, and I had a long-handled spoon to get the eggs because if you put your hand in there, they wouldn't go back, so I took the eggs out. And the meat was delicious to cook. It's dark meat, and it's really delicious.

I claimed one of them [cows], Pinky. And I was going to get all the money from her calves, but I never got any. I don't know, he usually had about five or six, I can't remember exactly.

VIRGINIA HEARN WHITING

Yes, they [the family] had some chickens, and they had some horses. I'm trying to think, one of them had some guineas. You don't see guineas much anymore, but I can remember that, they had some guineas. I think the only place I've seen guineas in the last few years has been in Africa, and there I thought they were indigenous to the United States. But the horses and the chickens and the guineas. I don't remember anything else much.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

Yes, they [the family] had some livestock from what I can remember. I have pictures of them farming with my uncle on a mule and my other uncles with the hogs, so they did have chickens and some hogs. But as far as I know, they only had a milk cow, and they didn't have any other animals. They didn't have any cattle.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Four [cows]. Sometime we had six. We had four milking cows all the time. Little calves, we'd sell them, put them in the truck and carry them away. We didn't have a truck at the time, we'd always get one of the neighbors or a cousin. Like I say, I think that's why they settled together one right beside the other or one right around the other, to help one another, yeah. That's how we survived, I think, too.

We raised turkeys. I never forget looking for turkey nests for them eggs, I never forget that as long as I live. My mother used to say, "Go see where that turkey went, follow that turkey to her nest." They was—turkeys would steal off and go to their nests—and sometimes when I found a nest, I would find at least four eggs because we hadn't been there for a few days because they would go off and hide, go off in the woods. And we had woods in front of us, and our own property woods in the back of us. And such as a highway we had back in that day ran in between, and this was our neighbor's woods over here and this is our woods over here. Just like it is there today.

Yes, we had chickens. Eggs, eggs, hens has pecked me so much for picking up the little chickens. Oh, I love it, when those little chickens hatched—they would look so—little fur balls. I used to like to pick them up and hold them in my hand. Hens pecked me many a day. Several [roosters]. They would crow in the morning, oh, my goodness.
I did have one [a chicken] for a pet, but it died. She had about 12, 13 chickens sometimes. One hen would do that. It was a whole lot of work for her, and she used to peck me. I [fed her] a little grass and everything so she could have it to eat.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

They had cows and mules and horses and all sort of animals. She [mother] raised chickens too, and she sold chickens, and she sold turkeys, and she sold eggs. But we raised pigs, and we had an old pig that was a runt, it was my pig. And time to kill the hogs, I just knew my daddy wasn't going to kill . . . we called it Mississippi Sony (phonetic).

And so we'd go out and grunt like a pig, and you'd see him leave all the other pigs, he'd come trotting. And he'd come up on the porch and play with us, we played with him, rather. And when they [were] killed, we couldn't eat that meat. We didn't know, we thought every time we got a piece of hog, it was . . . So we never had another pet hog.

No, snake[s] didn't bother me. The crayfish used to bother me. You know, they say they clean the springs out or something, and when you go down there they would be down there, and the frogs would be jumping in the water. That's what bothered me; I didn't worry about the snakes. I don't even remember ever seeing a snake.

ETHEL WAUGH SANDERLIN

I know he [Uncle Willie] had chickens, too, because they used to come on the porch and Aunt Jo would shoo them off.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

We had horses and cows, hogs, chickens. We had a whole lot of horses.

VERGIE MILLER

Yes, always had cows and pigs and horses. Of course, had to have the horses to work the land because at that time most nobody had tractors. Yeah, always had a couple cows so we had plenty of milk. And to this day, I love milk. My mother, father, and I had a sister used to milk. I tried but it didn't work for me.

Well, we had a henhouse, they called it. We had one when we first moved up here, we had hens and pigs and all. But we had a house that they stayed in. You go in there and get the eggs up and all that.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

We had pigs and cows and horses and chickens. And we had a pet dog that he could tell the dog to go get the cows out. They had to go down a long lane and turn and go this way, and that dog would go get the cows out, bring them up. And the dog—Daddy had some hunting dogs—so one Sunday he put the pet dog in a pen and let the others out. When we came back from church, the dog had hung himself trying to get out. It had jump over and couldn't . . . that was sad.

Well, we had a little white horse that was a little smaller than the average horse; that was my pet. I had access to that. And then he had four others, I think it was, big old horses. And then he had mules. One of them, oh, he was strong but he was stubborn. If he didn't want to go, he wouldn't go. They got sense, more sense than humans sometimes.

They would stick a hog, and he was running around crying, and I was running around crying until I got on the truck.

We sold most of them [hams]. We kept about two. But I tell you what was even better was a fresh ham, but they never did that. They use them to sell or grind up for sausage. But I have eaten them, and they are so good. And we had fatback. One of my old friends called it sowbelly.

We made souse and liver pudding, just about everything. We used all of it. And some of them even took the intestines and made chitterlings. I never ate a chitterling. They'd clean them, they were just as clean as they could be, but I never did eat one. But the doctor came over, he used to love them. He was a good doctor, John Broaddus. He used to go eat them. And Tom Blanton, too.

Yeah, people loved pig feet. Mama and them put them in souse, but Mary Campbell always had pig feet.

Mercy. I had to get the eggs, and sometimes an old hen would go setting and I'd put my hand under it and she'd peck me. And one time there was a snake in the nest. But my biggest project was cleaning the henhouse. We had a great big long henhouse, and it had—what do you call it—roosts, I reckon, and then a long place up at the top. And they put all this wheat things, you know, when they thrash wheat, what was left over. And when they ate the onions, I couldn't eat the chicken.

But I can tell you something else. I'm just getting to the fun part. I'd go out there and clean those things, I loved to do things like that, and I loved to cut grass and pull weeds and work outside. I didn't mind at all, I loved doing it, and I'd do it sometimes even if they

didn't ask me. But I was going to tell you, during the war, my husband got a permit to run a cab so he could make a little extra money we needed so desperately, so he got some extra gas when gas was rationed. We went over home one—well, every time we went—well, this particular time, we went over there one Sunday, and we came back, Dad had put a old rooster in a paper box, we brought it home. We were living in an apartment down here, and the rooster got out of the box, it was going like this all over. Do you know, he took a rifle and shot it right in the apartment. But that wasn't the funny thing. He also had a tank of gas in the trunk where the rooster was, and when I scalded it, it tasted like gas. But we ate it anyway and sat there and laughed saying, "Other people want gas, and here we are burping gas."

Everything he brought home I had to take care of. I had a box. Brought home a old crow that was hurt, and I had to feed that thing, play with it and look after it. I guess he thought I was—I was his boy then—because he didn't have a boy. And then . . . I can't think what else. Some birds, a lot of birds with a wing . . . crippled.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

Then a cat came to our house there at Corbin, and Daddy called him "Tramp." And that cat didn't live long after my daddy passed away because that cat laid in bed with Daddy every night and slept. And the day Daddy died, he went up a tree, could not get that cat down to save our life.

WINTER

Winter in Caroline County in the 1930s was different from today. The average temperature was much colder, and it stayed cold much longer. The snow was deeper and remained for days or weeks. The Rappahannock River froze solid enough to allow cars and wagons to cross safely. Many participants remember skating on the ponds and their fathers cutting ice for the ice houses to be used in the summer. The Knickerbocker Storm was a very large blizzard that is remembered as being particularly vicious. In late January 1922, the storm hit the eastern sea board and covered the area with 3 feet of snow with drifts up to 16 feet deep. One informant was told that the blizzard hit the day she was born, and the delivery Doctor was trapped inside with the family until the storm subsided.

EMMET FARMER

I can remember the cold weather when you getting that ice, too. Of course, back in those days when we had cold weather, it lasted for a long period of time. And ice got thick. I can remember when the Rappahannock River froze over too, all the way over. I didn't see this, but I have been told by this man, Mr. Pratt from down Camden Farm, driving his horses and a carriage up from Camden Farm to Port Royal all on the Rappahannock River only ice. So you know ice is really thick.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

My father used to say the ice was—they could go across the river just walk across it—and I thought, no, we don't have winters that cold now anymore; thank God we don't. But that was the only way you got across the river. But when it froze over, I don't reckon you could get across there.

I was born in a terrible snowstorm. With no telephones, I reckon he [father] had to

get in a horse and buggy and go let him know my mother's ready to have a baby. And he lived between here and Bowling Green up in the country. And the snow was three feet deep when he got there, and he had to leave his horse and buggy out there all night because it was snowing so bad. So I reckon he stayed in the house. But thank God he got there in time for my mother to have the first baby, now, and then be a snowstorm like that. Wasn't that something? That was the time the Knickerbocker Theater fell in Washington D.C. that same night.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

Another thing we would use—getting away from the animals—we would make snow cream in the winter. We'd do that a lot. Sugar and—brown sugar and vanilla and—the clabber reminded me about it. They would take the snow—we did that as kids—and put cream in it, and we put vanilla seasoning, and it was really good, but it didn't last long. It soon melted. We had such deep snows then, we did make a lot of snow cream.

Winter snow at Ridgeway.
Photo courtesy of Lelia Holloway Lewis and Estelle Holloway Allen

FRANCIS BRUCE

The logs and stuff, we probably used it for firewood and stuff. You had wooden stoves. You had cut wood during the winter for the heat. We lived in a two-story house, four rooms. Had the room for the girls and room for the boys upstairs. And you'd get up of a morning in wintertime, you had to break ice in the water bucket for to get a drink of water.

LEONARD BRUCE

Oh, yeah, the roads wasn't good especially if you have a deep snow, you couldn't go to school. I remember the school was closed up about two weeks one time because the buses couldn't travel. It had so much snow that the equipment they had couldn't clear the roads, so we had to stay home. And so we'd get tired of staying in one time, and Papa said,

"Boys, let's go to Bowling Green." So Papa, he gets on the mule and we followed the mule track all the way to Bowling Green which was about four miles.

And I wanted me a hot dog, see, and I don't know if I had money enough to buy that hot dog or not. I think the hot dog was 10 cents, but I don't think I had but a nickel, and I don't know if I got that hot dog or not. Money was tight, yeah, money was tight.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

I remember waking up in the morning and breaking the ice in the wash basin and the wash basin . . . the pitcher that went along with that wash basin. Each night you took water up. Before going to bed, you took water up in a wash basin so that you could wash yourself in the morning before putting your clothes on. And some mornings it would be cold enough in the bedroom so that you'd have to crack the ice in the wash basin and crack the ice that was in the . . . covered the water in the pitcher as well. And the pitcher, of course, you would then have to get some hot water from the kitchen stove or the tea kettle, one or the other, to make the water in the wash basin bearable to wash one's body in. But I definitely remember cracking ice in the wintertime.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

In the wintertime, Buck Lumpkin would cut excelsior wood that was used for packing. But the wood would be cut in 5-foot lengths, and they would skin the wood, rack it up. And then a family friend . . . would haul the excelsior wood to the excelsior mill in Woodford, Virginia, and he would sell that to supplement his income, his farming income during the winter.

Annie Penney Bruce shoveling snow off the walk in the February 1940 snow storm.
Photo courtesy of Annie Penney Purks and Evelyn Penney Upshaw.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

And another time would be we had a pond, an ice pond. And when it would get freezing time—it was a little dam, a wooden dam—Dad would go down and slip these big pieces of timber into the rack there, and as it built up, it wound up being a dam. And it was not rushing water, it was just running water, that was all. And so when it's time, Dad would go out there with his ax and cut a little hole to see how thick it was. When it was time, he figured it was thick enough, ice was thick enough to preserve it, that was a big time.

We had people that would come, and they'd skate on it. And that skating would be just a matter of sliding, no skates on the shoes, just sliding. They'd do a little bit of that, and then Dad and them would start cutting it. And they had these long poles with hooks on the end, and you'd chop a block, and with the pole you'd pull it up on top of the ice and get it on out toward the shore. And then it would be loaded into wagons, and the wagon would take it on to the icehouse. They'd have a fire down there, and some of them made quite a bit of a fun time.

The pond supplied my maternal grandfather's icehouse, and they always had an argument, but neither one was swayed by the other. Grandpa thought that the ice would keep better in straw, layers of straw. So he was over there, oh, I don't know, right across the road. His place was called Plainview, was right across the road from Naulakla, and he put it in with layers of straw. But not my daddy; my daddy decided and he just knew that sawdust was the best, so he always had sawdust for his, layers of sawdust. And that worked out pretty good.

We had ice well into the summer. And in there Daddy had made a box with a screen over the top of it, and he'd pull that sawdust away from the ice, put the box down on it, and then you'd put your crocks of milk in there, you put your butter in there if you wanted to and so on, and that kept things.

I remember one day I went down there. There was always a ladder to go down in. As time went on, it would get deeper and deeper and deeper. Well, anyway, I went down there one day, and over on the ledge to the right, to me it looked like a long black stocking. And my mother wore black stockings at that time, and I wondered what in the world was her black stocking doing in there. And I went over a little bit closer, and I must have made some noise, and the black stocking crawled away, and I was glad that he did because there wasn't room enough for that black stocking and me in there. But he crawled away and that was it. But after that, I always looked more carefully; I'd open the door, and I'd look all around up in the—what do you call it—the plates up there where the roof comes down? Well, whatever. Anyway, I always very carefully took a look at that.

Oh, yes, and on the side, Daddy would keep his ice hooks up there on the ledge—and we had—it did pretty well up until the very late summer; that was the time it just sort of get out of it. We would take ice and wash it, put it in the refrigerator at the house; we had an icebox more or less.

A house that was built over the ice pit. The cover—it was up—you sort of bent your head when you went through the door. And you'd have the slanted roof, and it did have weather boarding around the side like people ordinarily have. And the pit itself inside, it had walls. I would say they were probably about ten by two inches thick. They were heavy oak walls there. And as I said we had a ladder that we needed to go down as the ice . . . as we used the ice and as the ice melted. But before we left from down there, that icehouse had become a landfill. I have heard that you should seek out icehouses on old places because that's where you find an awful lot of stuff, and I'm sure there was an awful lot of stuff in ours because before we left from down there, that's what we did.

Let me see. Oh, yes. In 1940, I think was that awful snow that we had up here, and Daddy was taking his tobacco to Richmond. You see, you store the tobacco, and it cures, and you strip it off the stem, tie it up in bundles and so on, and then you'd take it to Richmond to the market. Well, Dad never had that much, just a gentleman friend that would take the crops, maybe two or three crops at one time to Richmond, so Daddy always enjoyed going with him.

And he had gone down there, this was February of '40 I think it was, and while he was down there, this snowstorm started. It was a terrible storm. And I had just started teaching over there at Ladysmith, and my sister was boarding—she was working at Bowling Green with a dentist—and she was boarding there. So I had come over, and next morning we went down to breakfast, and there sat my father. So we went over to see what was going on, why in the heck he was there. Well, it had gotten so bad in Richmond that he decided that he would come on home see about Mama because Mama was at home by herself and our small brother.

And he started out walking from Bowling Green out the back way, and he got over there so Mr. Carter let him a horse, I think it was a horse, anyhow an animal, to ride home on. So Daddy rode home, checked on to see that Mama and my brother were all right. Then he got on his horse and with the other one led him on back to the man that he'd borrowed him from. So that's what it was like when it got that kind of . . . that was a tobacco story.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

My aunt had a icehouse. And we talk about cold winters now, they never cut ice until it got 6 inches deep, and now if ice gets 2 inches thick, we think it's awful. They'd go on the pond, the mill pond. I think they sawed it.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

My great-grandfather cut blocks of ice off, went out on the Rappahannock River here and cut blocks of ice off, and he had a mule and a sledge wagon behind it, drove it right out on the ice. And that's hard for me to believe now, but I believe it because I was told that by not just my grandmother but other members of the family as well. Drove that thing, that sledge—sled out onto the river—cut blocks of ice, put it on straw bed that he had on there, then drove it back up to the property. And he had an ice well there dug in the ground, I don't know, a place about half the size of this room, perhaps, down about six, eight feet down in the ground that was lined with straw, and then ice was then placed down on the straw. And then he provided black and white—primarily white families with ice during the summer. So that was one of his lines of business.

My father spoke often of when he was growing up here in Caroline County, snow coming almost to his knee, walking through snow that was almost to his knee. And I've had the privilege of reading diaries from here, right here in Caroline County, one from right up the road on [Route] 17, a family up on 17, speaking of similar kind of things. So it wasn't just a fantasy from my father. But it's just amazing to think of how severe the winters could be in terms of depth of snow and the chill and so forth. And now it doesn't happen that way anymore, so obviously the weather patterns are changing, have changed.

MARY BUMBREY HEAD

[In winter, we would] stay in the house, wouldn't go out of the house. Because we lived so close to the Rappahannock River, we were scared to do that because we might slide right on in the river, yeah. But mostly we stayed in the house. Look out the window, that's about it.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

My father in the wintertime, he had built a sleigh, had a sleigh and hooked mule to it and go and open up people's driveway all around in that area so they could get out with the deep snow.

My father had an icehouse. We owned the pond . . . and he used to cut ice and put it up in the icehouse.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

My uncle did [cut ice], and father helped him to cut the ice in the wintertime. And we stored it at . . . it was my mother's brother. And he had an icehouse, and he would give us some ice during the summertime. I remember that very well. We were very close to Uncle Brewer, and Uncle Joe was the one that had the icehouse. We had no ice house, but we had an iceman. Had one of those—but we didn't have ice all the time—once in a while we'd have it. But my father would get the herring fish, you know. He would put them in brine, and they would have salt fish, and it would soak them for the wintertime. Well, we got them [salt fish] down at Port Royal, someplace down there he'd get them, and then sometimes a man would come through selling fish. But we were so far off the roads, a lot of them just didn't want to come down.

EVELYN ELLIOT KEY

I can remember also the winters that we had, we had some bad winters when we lived there. The weather was really cold, and I can remember going by that pond [Burris Pond] and people out there skating. That's the truth; I can remember that. Of course, it was amazing to me because I never had seen anything like that before.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

But you know, we didn't get out of school like they do today. The old school bus would go some way or another, we'd get there. And it really had to be a deep snow the school would close.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

Playing in the snow. And Daddy had an old drag that he made, hooked the mules to it and make it there in our driveway out all the way up to the highway and back. And he used to tell me, "Stand up on it, we got to hold it down now." So that's what we'd do.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

Yeah, we skated on them during the winter months. Now, I say the climate has changed so we don't get any of that like I was growing up as a child. We had ice—snow one year that ice came on it and we could skate—it would hold me up. And I enjoyed skating, putting on my galoshes and gloves and coat and a cap. Oh, I thought that was so much fun to just walk on ice, scoot around. We danced, used to dance on the ice.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

Uncle Ned. He was a Christian, and he used to love to come and sit in the kitchen and talk to me about the bible. I'm not kidding. In the country, storms back in those years were terrible electrical storms, and they would come at night more than in the daytime. And I remember several times a storm would strike a barn, and it would catch fire, and it would burn down. And we would be so—we knew it was close—and we would go out in the dark and look, and we'd see . . . you could see the flames, you know. And we always felt so sorry for anybody, we felt sorry. We'd try to help them all we could if a barn burned or if a stable burned and the animals burned in it.

The storms used to be so, so terrible that when we were really small, my mother

would get in the middle of the room, and all three of us—this was ridiculous—all three of us would sit . . . the rocking chair had wide arms, and all three of us would sit in her lap. Ridiculous maybe, but it wakes you up in the night and you're frightened. Children want to be touching something, touching somebody. This is when we were toddlers, just real small.

I remember storms burning down barns and stables and a horse and mule, and that was precious then when you lost an animal. The same way with hogs. I remember once we went out on Sunday afternoon riding, and we got back, and a storm had passed through—and it struck—we had two huge black walnut trees in our backyard that we played in the sand under all of our life. The lightning had struck the tree, and it stretched over what we called the old kitchen, and our dog was sleeping under the kitchen, it was built up off the ground. And it didn't kill our dog, but it killed a hen that was sitting on some baby chickens.

But storms were terrible back in those days, terrible. I remember it struck the fence. We had barbed-wire fence around our property. It struck a post and ran down the fence and burned all the honeysuckle that was on it, just little things like that. And I remember going back to Uncle Ned, I remember I used to—I was really small—and I said, "Uncle Ned, you think we're going to have a storm tonight?" He said, "Now, Miss Thelma, Miss Thelma, you'll be all right even if we do have a storm." But I do remember.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

This was down in the meadow at A. P. Hill, in the cow pasture when they had deep snows.

Betty Hicks and her mother in the snow.
Photo courtesy of Betty Hicks Enos.

CHAPTER 6

ACQUISITION

The stories of these places were cut short by government acquisition of lands to create Fort A. P. Hill. The lives of these people were redirected, oftentimes onto paths none of them would have ever conceived. For all, their loss of land stands out as a milestone. But the forces of larger tides in the world carried their stories along, as many recount remembrances of major events such as the Depression and World War II. As small as it was, Caroline County did not exist in a vacuum.

A soldier on guard duty, 1942.
Photo courtesy of Bruce Haynes.

ACQUISITION

They were given 30 days. One month to collect a lifetime of memories, of births, deaths, and marriages, first Christmases, birthday parties, barn dances, school dances, and catching fish with childhood friends under the familiar limbs of a brook-side oak. One month to leave the homestead, the land that for many people had been in the family for generations. It created turmoil: an unimaginable change in a formerly safe, quiet, and stable rural life. Some fought back hoping to change the decision. Some were furious, and they refused to leave. The older people took it the hardest. Many never recovered from the distress of leaving their home place, and they died in the arms of profound sadness.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

Somebody told us that they had gone hunting over there shortly after we had left, so asking about if they went by our house. At that time, they called it the Sawdust Trail? The Sawmill Trail? Saw-something Trail, and he'd gone hunting down there, gotten permission. So he—as much I think was more curiosity than it was hunting—and I asked him if he went into our house, and he said yes.

And I said, "What was it like?" He said was eerie. I said, "Was it all in one piece?" He said, "Well, I'll tell you, all of the wiring had been pulled out." And I said, "Well, Daddy took down the mantelpiece in the living room looking for my Little Girl gold pins that had been put up on the mantle and had disappeared, and I thought they'd gone down behind it. And so Daddy promised me before they left that he would take that thing down and see if it did slide down there. But they weren't there. And I said, "He put the mantle over against the wall. Was it there?" He said no. So somebody went through afterwards and did a bit of scavenging hunting.

Because everything we left down there was stuff that Daddy didn't think he could use over there. I remember in the garage he left a big mirror that had been taken off the top of a buffet. The mirror was bad, it needed to be redone. Shameful. It was Grandma's. We should have brought it with us when we left it down there. It was gone. And walking around, he told us what was gone, what they didn't see. We asked was such-and-such there, and he said no and no. So somebody, apparently, did a bit of scavenging after we had gone. The Army took all the buildings down. There are no buildings at all. When we went down there in 1992, that would be the 50th anniversary, more or less, and A. P. Hill gave us a tour. And I understand that the morning before, that morning early that they'd had somebody to go to check the roads that we were going to be sure that there wasn't any unfriendly stuff on the road. And honestly, it was eerie. I keep going back to that word, eerie. We went down there. The roads were as good as they were when we left, and the fields had not grown up. Nearly all the fields were open.

But there was not a house left. When we got up there around where we had lived, of course, we were in—not on the main drag—we were in cross country then, and he stopped his bus up there and looked back, and he says, okay, there is your house. And there was this great big fire tower. I said, all right. Is there a patch down there that has periwinkle and flowers and everything. He says, "Yes, ma'am, it is." And that was what was left of the old graveyard, which was in . . . so that meant that that was sitting right in the middle of our little farm or where our house was, one of the two. Within myself, I could see the house. I could see the people. And you know, I can still see them, thank goodness. And I can still see them, and I can still see where we stopped on the road there and looked back across where

he told me that was our house where that fire tower was.

Somebody told me that after A. P. Hill they were through there, and I said, "Did you go by our house?" "Yes." And they did so much . . . somebody did so much scavenging hunting down there. It's a shame. But then, on the other hand, the people who did that needed them, don't you reckon? And Uncle Sam wasn't going to use it—and Uncle Sam was going to take care—they took care of all of those houses down there; there are no houses down there. So all in all, I guess it's just as well that there was somebody who found that they needed it and they were able to get it and use it. More power to them. At first I fussed at them, whoever they might be. But then after I got to thinking about it, I thought, "Well, that was nice. Good for them. Killing two birds with one stone."

My grandfather Farmer had tobacco barns, and so on, and corn and wheat because the soils were that nice sandy loam. When we left A. P. Hill and we moved over here to the western end of Caroline County over in C. Don Blanton's area, the man that Daddy bought the farm from spent some time with him to tell him what grows here and what grows there, what you need to do here, what you need to do there on this field. Because there was absolutely nothing about the soil where we went that resembled the soil where we came from, because the soil where we came from would grow anything, and we were proud of it. We were proud of it.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS:

They were very sad . . . my dad was so sad that he refused to leave Ridgeway because we were just ready to get the electric, and he had people to work the farm, and everything was settled and, of course, we were all away. I was up here . . . I had been married for quite a while when it happened. And my mother was used to the area, but my dad had worked in this area but he left Ridgeway—he went to work in Baltimore with the engineering company—and he worked all over this area. So he knew all about it, but he still wanted to . . . but he still hated to give up Ridgeway; they hated so bad to have to give up the house.

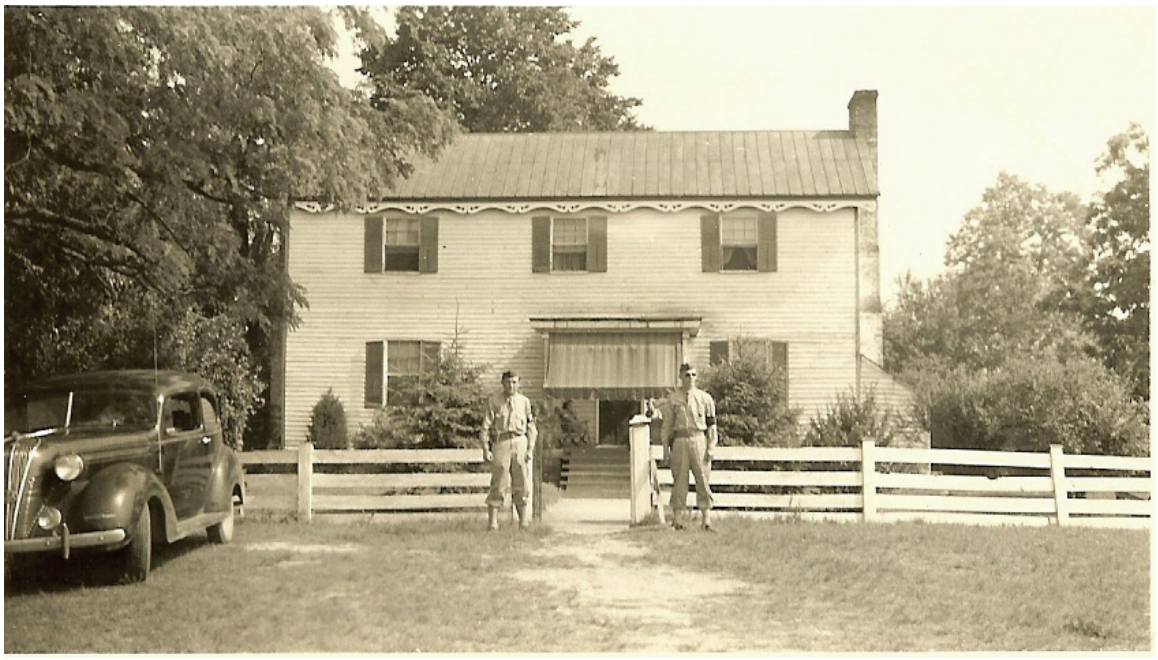
ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

[Giving up the farm] broke our heart. Cried, tears pouring down my cheek.

We were the last ones to leave in the whole area, we were the last one. And that's why we had the [Army] sentinels around the place.

The hills at Ridgeway.

Photos courtesy of Lelia Holloway Lewis and Estelle Holloway Allen.



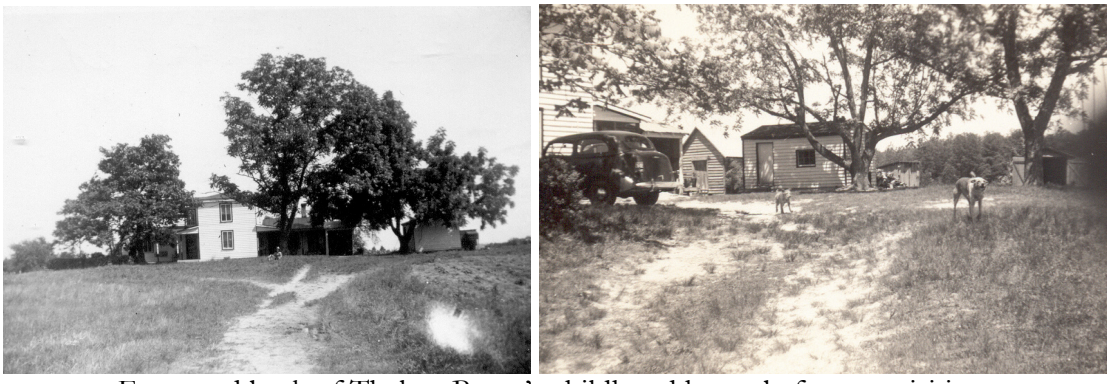
Army personnel guarding the house at Ridgeway.
Photo courtesy of Lelia Holloway Lewis and Estelle Holloway Allen.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

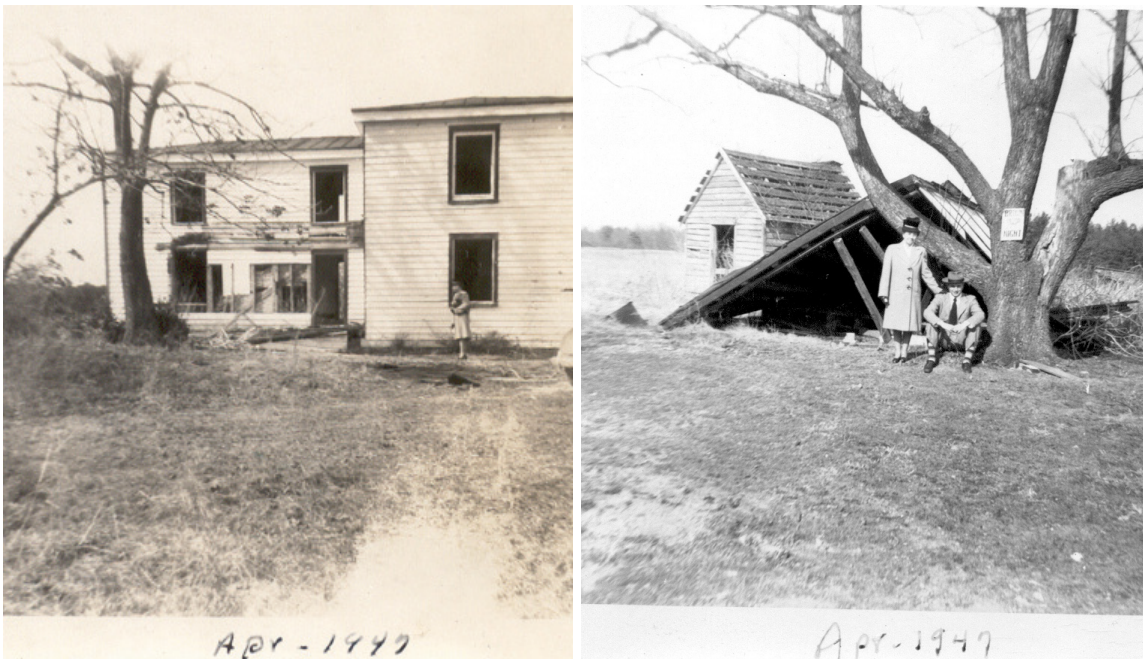
Now, my mother, we hated to leave our home—but we knew—when A. P. Hill came along, we knew that it was probably better for us all because it had been a struggle for my mother.

We didn't use it as an excuse; we accepted it. And so my mother said, "I'm going to move nearer to a city." We considered moving into Bowling Green, which was just about five, six miles from where we lived. We lived between Bowling Green and Port Royal on the road to Mica.

We loved our place, and we hated to see it go. It upset my mother because it was her home place, and she had seen it from almost a log house that her father built on, like, 200 acres or whatever, and then added to the house as the children came and tried to go out and add to the acreage of the farm so he could take care of . . . he had five children.



Front and back of Thelma Bruce's childhood home before acquisition.
Photos courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood.



Linda Bruce visiting her former home, April 1947 (left). Linda and her son, Vernon Bruce, pose with a collapsed outbuilding and a government notice, April 1947 (right). Few properties remained after the troop occupation at A.P. Hill, the Bruce house being a rare exception because it was used for General George S. Patton's quarters.

Photos courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood.

Trees planted by Thelma Bruce's grandfather: apple trees, cherry trees and pear trees.

Photo courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood.

And with Mama living at the home place, she really hated to give up things like the old pump organ and the wagons and the—my grandfather, back in those days—most of their purchases or large purchases were through traveling salesmen going through riding a horse. And my grandfather was well-known to take them all in because he bought a lot of stuff from them, trees, orchards and fruit trees and everything. Many, many, many farm items were sold through . . . I'm thinking of the word. You'd call going through—traveling salesmen is one word for it—one description of them. Peddlers. They'd go through selling anything, anything. And my father had an orchard of fruit trees, cherry trees, apples, peaches, plums, every kind of cherry you could think of, sweet, sour, and black. He used to make a lot of wine, so they knew to stop by and pick a jug of wine.

First row of vehicles coming through Bowling Green, June 1941.
Photo courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood.

EMMET FARMER

And about that time Fort A. P. Hill was beginning to come into the news, which was a lot of controversy back in those days. A lot of people said, "I don't want to leave my land. I don't want to give my land up." The government said we had to go, but where we lived, we was on one—the opposite side of A. P. Hill—which we did not have to move, which we were very fortunate in that respect. But it was, as everybody knows, so many people had to leave their homes when A.P. Hill did kick on.

RACHEL BRUCE FARMER

Well, I think old people, I think it really did them up because they didn't understand. And a lot of them were old, and they wondered where they were going, and there was no transportation and they were very, very upset.

Well, a lot of them just gave up, and a lot of them moved to other counties. I guess . . . I was young, and it didn't affect me; I was thinking about courting—and it really—it didn't affect me because my parents didn't have to move either, so I just kind of laid back

and watched it roll by.

But I remember walking on the highway just going to the store, and all these soldiers in trucks would pass because they were getting ready to move in then. A lot of—and the older people didn't get paid for what they thought their property was worth—but they had to get out anyway. I remember that my grandfather's house was in that area at Delos, and he didn't get anything hardly for his land or his house when it was sold.

[My Grandparents] lived up in Naulakla you talking about. On my daddy's side, my grandfather had a small farm, and he raised a lot of . . . just about everything that he ate. But he also—he would sell—like, calves, he would sell pigs or whatnot, more or less self-supporting, I guess.

But he was the one that was hit real hard [with acquisition] because he had really gotten up in age when A. P. Hill came along. And he was Grandpa Sam, and Grandpa Sam just didn't want to leave his farm. But he had to go. But we went up there so often, after church particularly. We would go up there after church on just about every Sunday. And Grandma Alice, I don't know how many grandsons she had, but she could cook a meal and feed all them grandchildren, everybody.

I think the hardship was that they had no way to get away, you know, there was no transportation much, and most of them that went by horse and wagon. And some of them were old, and they had to take their old parents with them. It was a great hardship on some of them. And I guess some of them died and really never got over it.

EMMET FARMER

Our school reunion which Mica school reunion we have every year, and I can remember real vividly this one lady that had to move off of her land for A. P. Hill. When we had this reunion on this particular day, she got this colonel, this was up at Mica, and she was telling him about the hard times that the government forced her off of her land, "Didn't hardly give me anything for my land." She said, "I consider that it's still my land." And this colonel said, "Lady, I'm sorry. I can't help you." He said, "I was not even born back when A.P. Hill came about." But he stood there and he listened to her, and he said, "Lady, I'm sorry, but I can't help you." But anyway, it was a lot of hardship, a lot of hardship.

Mica School Annual Reunion luncheon, 2007. Attendees include: Blanche Smith and Lucille Trice Tompkins (foreground), and Nancy Bullock Napier in the kitchen (top left).
Photo by Jerrell Blake, Jr.

CLEOPATRA KAY COLEMAN

There was a great shock of it all, that the government could do this, that the government could and would do this. And my grandmother, like many other older folk then, never really got over that. It was a killing time for her because, mind you, this was land that had been in my family since the time of slavery, and I'm not just being personal here. I think this was true for other families as well.

As I said earlier, Caroline was a very stable kind of community. Whites and blacks lived close to each other, next door in many cases and that kind of thing and had lived on the land for generations. So it wasn't just a moving in the sense of today's family, the way my children, for instance, will move from one place to another because they're upward bound and moving to a larger home and think nothing of what they've just left other than just "So long, goodbye."

But back then—you were—there was a cleavage. You were being asked to depart from the soil of your grandparents. As far back as you could remember, that's where your people had been, that's where some of your people were buried on that land. That was a land that had fed you. That was a land that you had plowed. That was a land that you had—that had—your water and your life source came from that land. It provided you with a living, and it had provided your family with living for several generations. And so it was more than just moving.

[My parents] felt awful, but they also . . . there was a ceiling to their feelings. In other words, I've indicated that there was a time where things were proscribed, there were boundaries and fences, and so another boundary, another fence is the federal government. So the government says that you have to move, then to them in that day and time, you had to move. That's all there was to it. There was no recourse.

Now, later, of course, we became aware of the fact that many of the white families or several of the white large landowners around us dashed off to Washington D.C. in gloves and a fur coat and said, "Look, this plantation has been in my family for three generations, and it's historic land and so forth and so on, and, you know, please draw your boundaries around us," as the federal government did in some cases. But that was certainly not an option that was open to my people, to my grandmother. White gloves she had, she used for church going. A fur coat she did not have, so . . . and she certainly was not apt to get on a train and ride to Washington D.C.

So, yes, there were conversations, and it was a mournful time, but again it was a time when people tried to protect their children. So that kind of talk would have been talked about, would have been exposed, would have been shared after I had gone to bed, not while I was up. But occasionally there were a few murmured statements that I knew they were—you know—I wasn't completely out of the picture. I knew it was awful.

And I had caught my grandmother crying several times back then. Women always wore aprons over their dresses. And so it was not unusual for me to come upon her in the kitchen wiping her eyes on her apron because she had to leave this place that she called home and her mother had called home, the only home that she knew. So, yes, it was fairly often.

And my father being a farmer and not knowing exactly where he'd land and what kind of work he'd be able to find—he was not an educated man—what he'd be able to do, yeah, it was hypertension time. It was a time of anxiety and stress, no two bits about it.

An organ that had been the family for a couple of generations, my tricycle, some carpets, Persian carpets went down in that well that had provided us with cool water for

generations there on the place because we knew we could not take those things. So my bike and carpets in particular I remember being—my uncle and my father—lowering those down into the well. And many of our things were put in the well, and that was fairly common then because you could not take them with you.

You couldn't take it with you because the likelihood was that you were not going to move into a ten-room frame structure similar to many of the structures that my grandmother lived in and we lived in here in Caroline County. Lots of things, lots of things went down the well, buckets and pots and pans and so forth. That was fairly common. And even to this day, I have a well outside my old home here in Port Royal. And since I've owned this place, I've always intended to have this well cleaned out just because of those memories of an earlier well in my life because I'm thinking, "There might be some stuff down in this well, too, since my bike and so many other things went down into our family well." Yeah, that was a fairly common disposal place.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

[At acquisition] Well, my mother went in the store business, and I . . . tell you what I did. I went to work at Dahlgren for the Navy.

We had to move. My neighbor right across here, she's black, and they told them they had to move, and a lot of them, she told me, her people packed the well full of stuff they couldn't take it. They had no way, no way whatsoever. Wasn't that something? [Her name is] Cleo Coleman. She was Cleo Kay.

GEORGE W. BUMBREY

All of them felt bad because we didn't know nothing about it. Only time I knew anything about it, soldier—we was sitting on the porch—soldier came over, cut the fence, coming up by the porch. Cavalry—I don't know what—the cavalry came in first. They were riding horses, had machine guns on the back of the horse and the men sitting up on the front. Then the next thing, the tanks came through, and then the foot soldiers came behind the tanks. So that means we had to leave, we had to get out because if you didn't get out, they'd come by and bulldoze your house right on down, push it over.

The U. S. Army moves in past Betty's Inn, 1941.
Photo courtesy of Estelle Holloway Allen and Lelia Holloway Lewis.

I don't remember what [my parents said] said, said a whole lot. But I don't remember. We had to get out. And some people didn't have nowhere to go. We didn't have nowhere to go. We had to find somewhere to go. We were working on a farm for this man, and he had a great big old tall house, let us move in there. Junior Garrett.

I think that [John Golden Garrett] was one of them. It might have been some of them I worked for. I worked for three farms after the government take A. P. Hill. I worked for Junior Garrett, I worked for (inaudible) Garrett, then I worked for another guy named Willie Taylor. Worked for three different farmers. And all of them paid about the same. I didn't get a dollar more. The way you going to get more money is you leave that place and try to go to the next place, yeah. Ways were hard. I had to walk about five or six mile to get to the place to work. Then I had to work till sunup to sundown. You had to leave home dark, come back dark.

MARY BUMBREY HEAD

I know it was back up in the woods. I don't know, but I know it was on the land . . . the government came and got that land that we was living on. Because I think my daddy was upset about it, you know. And then when the soldiers came to A. P. Hill, they would come over to our house because there was so many womens there and one night they thought my daddy was at work and my daddy was working different shift, like 11:00 to 7:00, 3:00 to 11:00, all this bit.

And they came there one night and my daddy was home, and he always kept the shotgun over the front door. So he asked who it was, so my daddy say, "Y'all go somewhere and hide because I don't know who's at the door." So we got under the bed and we hid. Then my daddy just opened the door up, and there was these soldiers standing there, and they started running. I guess they figured, "Well, Mr. Bumbrey ain't here so we're going to go over where all them women's at," you know.

So the next morning, my daddy got up and went to, I guess, A. P. Hill and tell whoever was in charge because they always come down from Newman or something like that, and went and told commander about it, and they told him all that was off limit to the soldiers down there. And he told him if he had killed every one, he wouldn't have got a day because he said no trespassing, it was off limit to them.

And then after that, we really got scared then because we figured they going to come back. Yeah, that's what he told him, it was off limit and was a private place where we lived at, they had no business being there. I think what's happening—because my mother was washing for them—and they probably was coming over and see how many women was in the house and, you know, they might have said, "Where your daddy?" We might say, "Oh, he's at work." You know—you don't be thinking—you know how kids be thinking. So I think that's what they was trying to do, but we never had any more problem with them after my daddy went over and talked to the commander over there.

CORA BUMBREY GREENE

I think they give 30 days to get out. I don't think Daddy didn't find no place either in no 30 days. Another family didn't find . . . but he did find a place later to move all of us out. And then one family couldn't find no place. I can fair remember when they set him out and bulldozed the house over. That's what they did with all the houses because everybody was so upset and didn't believe it, that they took all this land and some of it, they didn't do nothing with it, just took it and give the people no choice. Told them they had to get out.

I don't know some of them even got paid for it. I can't remember my daddy got anything. They didn't even get paid for it. The government just . . . and they give him but

$200 or maybe $100, anything. He said, "You got no choice. You have to go. They're taking it to make a place for soldiers train to be fighting." And you had to take it. Back there, black person couldn't find no lawyer or nothing to stand up for him at all.

[My daddy] found a house with this white man on this farm, and he worked on the farm. And I was 13, and I went in the kitchen in the morning before I go to school and get their breakfast for them. And then I came back—got myself ready and walk out to—about a half mile to the highway to catch the bus to go school. It wasn't a regular bus, just a bus. And then in the evening when I come back, I had to still go up there to the house and cook for them, clean up. Then I come back home and do the work at home because there wasn't no well—no running water—had to get the water at the well and go to the spring to get water to drink.

And then during the summer, I stayed there working all day long for 65 cent a hour . . . 65 cent a week. 65 cent a week, that's what I worked there five, sometimes it was six days for these white people. And then after that as we growed up, I used to pray God would let me grow up so I can get out of here.

And then he found a place, and he moved from there, because we was scared, the soldiers were around us everywhere. We were scared to hardly to walk to the highway to catch the bus because they was after young girls back in them days. And when my daddy and Mama did leave to go into town somewhere, they had to get somebody to stay with us. There was another family that lived a little ways from us and had two boys, and he used to let them come up and stay with us. And the house that we moved into, it was leaking, no lock on the door.

And then the servicemen used to bring—my mother decided to wash clothes—and they used to bring loads of them, their clothes, khaki suits they had. And my mama used to wash them—and I used to stand up—all of us girls stood up and ironed them. And had nothing but a woodstove, and the iron, you had to put a handle on the iron after it got hot and stand and iron them. I know we used to iron over a . . . I'd say over a thousand suit of clothes for the soldiers. That was extra money for us.

WILLIAM TAYLOR

Well, you know, at nine years old, you just hear your parents talking. But the thing that struck me the most, they had a airplane on Sundays used to fly and write in the sky. And it used to say, "U.S. Army May 31." That's what it used to write. Just about every Sunday, you'd see this plane, and it'd be writing "U.S. Army May 31." That was the date we had to be out.

I guess it was a month before we left, a big fire came through. It didn't burn our property, but a lot of people property was burned. They knew where it had started at. It started all the way over—back them days—the railroad was locomotive, you know, the train, and it started . . . this fire had been burning for two or three days. Before they got it under control, it burned a week, I guess. It burned houses, burned up, you know, when it came through, it just burn everything that was in its path. They was trying to stop it. Yeah, they had firefighters and they had . . . back them days. My mother—my father, all the able-bodied men—was fighting fire, and I remember my father and my uncle having us to stack up the stuff that we needed to take with us, and see. They had a truck, and they was with the fire, and they told us that we used . . . we had all these things with water to throw up on the house, you know, in case sparks or something. We were scared, I'll tell you.

Now, this is only what I heard as a kid. They said there was a guy that didn't . . . said he wasn't moving. And they say that the Army came and ran a truck through his house.

Nobody knows whether it actually happened. But he left out of there.

BARBARA BAYLOR THOMAS

We didn't get the news about [the land] being acquired by the Army until my father received word to come down . . . that they were moving the family cemetery. That's when we found out that the military was taking it.

In essence, it didn't separate the bondness of the family, but it did scatter the family a little. Because in Baylorsville, everybody was, like, just next-door neighbors. Absolutely, all relatives, all relatives, nothing but Baylors, everything was Baylors. And then when they moved to Dawn, then they just kind of put miles between the families. And even though they kept in touch with each other, it was still a little scattered, they weren't as close.

I know that some of the family members naturally were very upset. But it was, I guess, if the government's going to take it, they're going to take it.

GENEVIEVE POWERS DAVIS

Probably had it in a sale when we moved from down there up here. Probably sold it then. That's what we did with a lot of things we had in the old house, and I had a beautiful old bell, was up on a high thing, and I'm so sorry we ever sold that. But you know, we'd ring that, like, at lunchtime or some times like that, you know, or when you got everything ready. And we sold it at the sale when we moved up here, and that was something else. I wish we'd saved that bell.

MARY SCOTT BROADDUS HALEY

I want to talk about the time that the government took the land, A.P. Hill. I was only 6 years old, and I remember concern on the part of everybody's family, especially ours, because my father had purchased the family home place, which is Airy Hill, from his father. It had been in the family . . . Richard, who was in the Confederate Army, had it, and he was killed when he came home from the Army riding a horse. Anyway, my grandfather was able to keep the farm, and it had passed down to my father. He really didn't want to lose it, and a lot of his sisters were living nearby. Word had come out that all of this territory would be taken in with all the other 70,000 acres. I remember riding with my father and mother looking—trying to find a big enough farm—and I knew that it was a sad time, really sad time. And he was also looking to see if he could find a place for his sisters to live and that kind of thing.

He did have a prosperous farm; he raised a lot of food. And I guess they took that into consideration when somebody met somewhere and all of a sudden one Sunday morning, I remember in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* there came an article on the front page that this little section of the original part was cut out and would not be taken. So that was just something I'll never forget.

Well, it was just unbelievably good to know that we didn't have to move. But at the same time, we felt really bad for the people who did have to move. There were several families that did not have to move because they changed the boundary. They changed the boundary from old Route 14 to Route 641 and 640, and that cut a little section out. Right there, near Sparta.

The Henshaw family, they lived at the home place called Hazel Grove, which is near Rappahannock Academy. My grandmother was Ida Lee Henshaw married to Thomas Scott Henshaw. They purchased Hazel Grove.

All of what I'm telling you now was taken. They had 11 children, but five died in infancy. And the ones who lived were Fannie Helen Henshaw, Virginia Courtney Henshaw, William Thomas Henshaw, Edmond Lee Henshaw, Tod Scott Henshaw, and my mother,

Mary Elmore Henshaw, who was the baby, born in 1901. When she was 5, her father died, and it was a really hard time for them.

But my grandmother raised all the children with help from the boys. And I think all of them went to school and helped on the farm. And this is only what I've heard, stories that I've heard. I have a letter that my mother wrote to my aunt when she was 7. My mother used to tell us stories about her horse. She didn't want a saddle for him; she was a real young age, like, 7 I guess, put her foot in the horses knee and climb up, and she would ride down to the store and take eggs and sell the eggs and come on home.

But the boys did farm, and my uncle who was next to my mother stayed at home and was married and was living there when the home place was taken, so it was his, Tod Scott Henshaw, who later became sheriff of Caroline County. But he owned the home place when it was taken. I can remember my husband and I taking my mother and father out there on special days to see if we could find the home place, and later on we couldn't see the house. But we weren't allowed to go in there very much because that was in the impact area. Then all the vines grew up over it, so then we knew where it was but it didn't look the same.

I'm not sure how it affected my uncle; I'm sure it bothered him, but it was always sad to bring the subject up to my mother. And we shouldn't have done it, but we went there on a Christmas Eve because we thought she wanted to go, and it made it more sad because she remembered all the old days. She would have been sad anyway if the home hadn't been taken because all of her ancestors were gone, that type thing.

They would go to a little house down near Sparta and watch for airplanes. Yes, airplane spotters. Everybody in the community took their time, day and night, to go and—if they heard a plane—they were trained how to try to tell what kind it was, what direction it was going.

We would come to Bowling Green and just many, many trucks and soldiers. We could hear the shooting, and fires would start sometimes; that was a frightening thing to see at nighttime, the red glow from the fire.

ELIZABETH POWERS HICKS

Well, they came and made him [father] an offer on the property, what in '38, '39 or something like that? And he didn't take it. And then I remember we were sitting there when the troops were on both sides of us, it didn't go across the road. But it was '42 when we moved up here, so we sat there to '42 until the court settled the case. You either took what the government offered you or else you—if you refused to take it—then you had to go to court. And that tied up for a year, year and a half, I think.

JAMES LOVING

The only thing I can remember, airplanes used to fly over there a lot, you know, and they said—afterwards I heard that that's what they were doing—mapping out the piece of property, mapping out the area, you know.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

You know how young people are, take life as it comes and let it go at that. It [acquisition] didn't bother me. That move just . . . I didn't have very much to move. Mama went to baby sit for a woman in town, and Dad worked in Fredericksburg, and it kind of upset them. It upset them more than it did me. My husband was farming on this place right here, and he didn't have to go in service. And I just had the one baby, one girl, and she was born in '40 because I moved up here in '42 and she was 2 years old. We thought it was awful to have to move. But I was married and gone before that. I was in the area, impact area at

Brandywine.

When Grandma Farmer died, she was buried at the home place, but they dug all them graves up and—supposed to have dug them, but I don't imagine that—they might have took a little shovelful of dirt.

My grandma was buried there, and one of my aunt's little girl died and they buried her there. Well, then when Grandpa died 15 years after I was born, he was buried at another home place—another family's—my Aunt Susie's first husband, Uncle Cleveland, Daddy's brothers– three brothers married three sisters; three Garrett boys married three Farmer girls. And Aunt Susie's first husband, he died when the flu epidemic went around in 1918. And all them bodies were supposed to have been dug up and moved off A.P. Hill, Greenlawn.

RICHARD KOCSIS

You could see the stars at night in bed [in the old house]. That's what my mother said when they went down there to visit. Just built it [a new house], and the Army came right after they built it. It had a cellar, outside door. I forget if it had a door in the kitchen or not. Did it? I think so. And my grandfather was displaced, [and his] wife, and . . . I think Aunt Louise was with him, she's the youngest.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

Yeah, they took the house down. It was a nice home. It's a shame. They should have used it for offices or something.

NANCY BULLOCK NAPIER

Well, I guess I wasn't really old enough at the time to feel the impact, and the most that I really understood was we had to move. And before we moved . . . the military had brought some tanks in, so they were visible.

[When we had to move] I remember that we had to put a new roof on the house and on the barns and on the chicken houses and the hen houses and the garage, and all of them needed painting. So that was first priority I'm sure after we got the crops in.

Oh, everybody was devastated. You know, your neighbors, the people you went to church with, they've know[n] them ever since they were small, and you went to school with them. And when you're a farmer, you know what your land is like, you know what you can raise on it.

But you know, you knew your neighbors, you knew you could count on your neighbor, you were established in the church where you went, the children were comfortable in school. Yeah . . . everybody was devastated, but they couldn't do anything about it. And my dad, I know he wanted to stay in Caroline County, that was what he wanted to do. So he found this place that was more run down that what we were accustomed to, but made a living here and raised children here. And I'm a part of it; this is part of it.

Yeah, it was scary. I think probably at the time people were thinking that we were really at war and we could be struck by the enemy. I'm sure that crossed people's minds. And then, you know, all this urgency to get the heck out had to be on people's minds too. I'm sure it affected the older ones more than it did me because I was so young. I didn't probably realize the impact as much as they did.

I felt it, or I guess it was maybe the overflow from the older brothers and sisters. And I didn't understand it all. You know, when you see your older brothers and sisters and Mom and Dad and Aunt Cora and all those reacting to something which you can't fully understand, yeah, it was scary.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

[Mt. Olive Church had] a cemetery. All the cemeteries in the A.P. Hill area were moved, one for the colored cemetery, one for the white cemetery. The colored cemetery is on the road to Woodford, you can see it from No. 2, and it's beautiful. My husband and I saw the cemetery being beautiful. The government had it, they give them, I think $1,000 or so to upkeep it. And the trustees they picked never did anything to it. It was full of blackberry bushes and trees about 18 inches at the base, almost a jungle. So we went in and tried to fix it, and they told us at Bowling Green the best thing was to reorganize the cemetery and get new trustees, and that we did.

Bethlehem had a cemetery, Mt. Olive cemetery, Baylorville cemetery, and Mt. Dew cemetery. They were the four that had cemeteries in there. And the people from all cemeteries when they died, they moved them there.

We used to go to Bowling Green just to see the soldiers walking down the street. It was exciting. I never seen that many people before.

That was very traumatic, it was very traumatic. The trouble was everybody had to move, everybody looked for a place to go, and most of the places other than Caroline that had places, they'd went to people. My husband and I and his mother moved to a place in Brooke, Virginia.

I got married in March, and they were coming in then. My mother was still living, but she didn't move with me. I had to go with my husband. She was upset, but knowing Mama, she made the best of everything. She moved to Bowling Green.

Most vivid memory was when our house burned down. I had gone away for [a] school . . . trip, and I came back, I didn't have any house and the furniture. It caught up in the chimney. Total loss, everything. That was 1941. All of us moved out knowing the government was going to pay us later on. We didn't get enough money for a good farm. That's when we rented. My mother and Esther and her children, all of them were there.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

We were all born there at home, and our residence at that time was what is [Route] 301 now. We owned that property until 1940 when Fort A.P. Hill took over, and my father was the last to leave the property because mother had died in June. I actually left A. P. Hill when I was married in September of 1940.

We had been told about it or rumored about it. I've forgotten when they first told the residents. Yes, she [mother] knew. She knew that she had to move, and we always felt that kind of contributed to her condition worsening. But the only doctor she had before she went into the hospital . . . she only lived 16 days after they took her to the hospital. And Dr. Travis took care of her through all of her sickness and everything.

I stayed with her, of course, during the very last times. Like I said, even though I was married, I would come back and help.

But no, my mother never left there, she died in Mary Washington. She actually never left her home place. She passed away in June of '40. Of course, that was when all the plans were being made. And you know how older people in particular say, "Well, that was the death of her. Mrs. Phillips just gave up when she found out she had to move. She gave up."

But she didn't pass away from depression. She passed away from the kidney infection. She had awful kidney infection. I'd never experienced and hope I never experience like it again. Dr. Travis was just so wonderful.

I know when they were moving people out and finding houses for them, it was so many black people that did not have housing, could not find housing, and right in front of

our field on the property owned by Mr. Hayden, still is owned by the family, they built I think it was about eight or ten small I'd say four-room houses. And they let the black people live in those until they could find places.

HERB COLLINS

Of course, my best memories connected with A.P. Hill were when I'd go up to Bowling Green, which was our shopping center at the time, and see all the Jeeps and the tanks lined up and down Bowling Green streets. And as a little boy, that made a deep impression with me, and you know how curious a little boy at that age would be of all of that equipment. And that was unheard of. We didn't see all of that, but when they came in there, they came in with the tanks and the Jeeps and parked them there.

I heard that at the time that when the Army moved in there, of course, they used many of the houses as target practice and blew them up, and accidentally they blew the roof off of Liberty Baptist Church and had to put it back because evidently whoever did it didn't realize that that was to be saved and that was to be the chaplain's church there on the reservation.

They gave hardly nothing. I mean, you were settled there at A. P. Hill, but to go out with the money they gave you and buy another place—it wasn't sufficient to relocate—because you didn't get enough money out of the property to buy another place with.

MARY TRICE LAMBERT

And funny thing, when A. P. Hill came to buy my daddy's farm, he said, "Well, are you telling me you have this 100-something acres," whatever it was, I don't remember how much land he had, and he said, "They say in the county courts that you have 1,000 acres of land." And he said, "No, in those days, they didn't bother about it – when they had a sale, they didn't bother about registering it, they weren't required to register the sales." So they had to go to all these farmers and get their signature that they had bought that land from my great-grandfather. Well, they had [a] written agreement, but I don't know about whether my grandfather still had the written agreement or not.

I was married in '40, and this was in '41 when they took it, so I'd been married a year. And the only ones that were left home . . . my brother Lindbergh had left. The only ones that were left home, I believe it was my youngest brother when the Army came to take it over. I believe my youngest brother were there. No, I take that back. One of my twin brothers had lost his job . . . he took training. There was a training school, and he was waiting on a job at that time. He had worked with one place, and he had finished his job, and he was just staying there until he was supposed to start another job, one of the twins. I would say he was about 18 then, and the other one was about 16. I'm not sure, I think about 16. So they were the only two children left there.

Well, it was bad at first because they couldn't find a house to go to. They traveled everywhere. My husband and a lot of people were trying to take them and find one, couldn't find houses to buy. See, they were giving them the money, and they couldn't find a house anywhere. So the A.P. Hill people found this rental house for my daddy. And they had cholera for the chickens and killed all my mother's chickens, killed a whole lot of them, almost all of them. And so they had to find us a house—and somebody took him—but he found this house and he bought this house. They bought this house and moved into it. And it had acreage, I don't know how many acres. [B]ut it was a lot of woodlands, and there was farmland too. And my daddy was happy there.

And they were happy with it because my brothers put in the running water, you know, the well, they put in a bathroom, so she had running water for the sink to wash dishes

and all like that. But they still had wood stoves for heat. But she had electricity.

Of course, it had electricity, that was a nice thing about it. See, the county was so poor, they didn't have the money to bring electricity to them. So they had the electricity, and my mother would use the hotplate a lot for cooking. They had a phone installed, so they were happy. And they had a bathroom. And they had nice neighbors close by, they didn't live far away from the neighbors. And it was closer in to a lot of people that they knew, and it was closer in to Richmond. You know, Richmond was kind of one of their favorite cities. So they were happy; I think they were happy.

Well, my daddy, since that was his ancestor's family, he took it hard, I think. But my mother was happy, and she said it was an improvement. And my daddy realized after they had the bathroom in and had the phone in an emergency, he realized that that's what they needed. And I think it was a blessing in disguise.

DOROTHY CHENAULT ALLEN

We had to work in the field, but we just raised, like, a couple acres of maybe tobacco and maybe a acre of cucumbers. He just had a small farm, but then later on he did buy a nicer farm, a bigger one. I think not long after that, the government came through and bought it.

We didn't know the government was coming. I don't think he'd [father] have ever put out a nickel to buy that because I think the government paid what it was worth, but it wasn't worth nothing then, very little. [I]t joined our other farm, so he just added that in.

I'm not quite sure, but we had a few months, maybe six months or something, before we had to be out. They gave us a few months because people couldn't get out, you know, next week because wouldn't have anywhere to go. And some of them moved to Fredericksburg area, and that was right hard because we just lost most of our friends.

Well, they set a price, what they would pay you. And if you weren't satisfied, you had the privilege to take them to court. And I don't know of anybody did. I don't know if anybody did or not.

[Y]ou know, the land wasn't worth much then, back then like it is today. You'd get money for it today, good money, but back then, it wasn't worth as much. And I'm sure they gave us what it was worth then. But you know, when you got to pull up and find somewhere else to live, it's worth a lot, isn't it?

It probably affected my dad more—but I think—my mother could make herself satisfied. And one simple reason because she worked all the time, and I don't think she had time to think about it.

We've got a nice place down here, but it wasn't home for a long time. You have to learn— make friends—and the friends you had you lost most of those. Some people . . . I think some people never got over it. Some of the older people, I don't think they could ever really and truly get adjusted.

CHARLIE LOVING

About 13 [years old at acquisition], I guess. Like I say, '42, I think I would have been somewhere right around about 13. Soldiers had done got out there before. But yeah, I saw them come around. Soldiers had done got out there and run all over the place before we left there. I laughed at one of them one day. I was down in the cornfield with a motorcycle running across the cornfield (laughing). Yeah, they was running around there before we left. I'd see fields half full of them out there, four, five, six of them out there in the field. Used to see gangs of them go past the road up there at the house where I was, the trucks, I saw them going back and forth.

See, this started, what was it, '41. There about a year before they ever halfway made up their mind on the one thing or other thing. And really before we have to get out, a whole lot of them left before we left. We left a few of them in there; most of them were gone.

Well, as far as I know, I don't reckon that probably nobody really liked it or wanted to get out of there, but they didn't have no choice.

BETTY HICKS ENOS

Mama had the store when the Army first came in. They brought paratroopers in. My Lord, the windows, they opened the windows in some of the side rooms, and they were jumping out of the windows, yes, they were, but let me tell you what I did. We had regular Army, and we had National Guard. Well, you know, they would fight quick, so I had to be a bouncer. And the store would be packed, and I'd see what was happening, so I'd get in and go around on the floor somewhere or other and come up in between them.

When I left, I was going to dances.

EVELYN PENNEY UPSHAW

We came back before the house was completely demolished because I remember Bill said, "Mama, I thought you had a nice home." I remember he said it. Oh, he was a little fellow. He was maybe 5 years old.

ANNIE PENNEY PURKS

I was 18. We moved in '43. See, they had one set, the upper section move, and then about six months later [the others moved]. Nobody got a whole lot.

My sister and grandma and grandpa [graves] were moved. [Sister lived] Six months. And my granddaddy and grandmother were moved to Greenlawn. But it's still a lot of graves back there. Yeah, there was a bunch up here.

I think they moved them to Greenlawn. Supposedly. They didn't get anything but a piece of dirt. I mean, what was there? Some of those bodies, some of them had been there . . . I think they moved the stone to Greenlawn, the ones that had stones. Now, in ours, they just had the old, and we bought stones to put on ours. But I think most that they moved out of here, they moved the stone with them.

I mean, that was a bad time, that's why you had to move, I mean, you had to move. My daddy said those people that came from Washington didn't know a pine tree from a lily.

(General laughter.)

He had a lot of young, growing temper. And everybody, you know, that had land for sale put it up because they knew you had to buy. It was awful. [A] lot of people changed schools. I was 18.

[Some temporary housing was built] For people that didn't have . . . well, I mean, a lot of people didn't have land but they had to move.

Well, you know, we left, all those old pictures. They wouldn't let us go back and get them. In a closet. You know, the great big old ones, and my dad tried to go back and they wouldn't let him.

FRANCIS BRUCE

I never did go to school much after I come out of A.P. Hill because you thought weren't no school like the one you went to, you know.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

Grandpa Harry Farmer and Julie Farmer were devastated when they lost their farm to the U.S. Army, and they moved in with a daughter by the name of Virgie and her husband Wesley Houston. They apparently were still living in Brandywine, and they invited Grandma

and Grandpa Farmer to move in with them. Grandpa Harry became quite depressed living that way. He had nothing to do but eat and sleep; however, he was grateful that he had a roof over his head.

Felix and Stanley Farmer, his two sons, bought an acre of land at Ladysmith, and they cleared a portion of the land and built a patch of woods—but left a patch of woods—and being excellent carpenters, they built a four-room house. That is where Grandpa Harry and Grandma Julia lived out their years. They were happy because they were able to be self-sufficient again. They had a vegetable garden. They raised a little bit of wheat. They were able to become self-sufficient and live on their own again, and they were very happy to be able to do that. So they were one of . . . possibly a success story of moving from A.P. Hill.

My father was born in 1927 and they left in 1942, so he was probably 14 on the verge of becoming 15, so he was about 14.

LEONARD BRUCE

And the first thing I remember about the government taking our land was a man from the government approached Papa . . . my father's name was Homer Bruce. There were 17 of us, nine boys and eight girls . . . and said, "We're going to take your land, and you have 30 days to be out. We're going to give you $5 a acre for your land." And Papa just stood there. All he did was just listen, was no remarks or anything. He just looking down at the ground, didn't know what to say or what to think, you know.

We had cleared all the land there by hand, and Papa had purchased about three other small farms in that same area. I think he started to moving them with a wagon and the mules. Papa found a place down at Penola; that's a railroad town in Caroline. We wasn't familiar with that part of the state. An old shacky house, and the wind would blow the old shutters up against the house, and the river was down there in the bottom, and we would hear the old hooting owls. It was in a strange place.

No. They gave you so many days to be out. I remember the man from the government approaching Papa, said, "We're going to take your land, I'm from the government." I believe they paid Papa $5 a acre for the land, I believe it was, and gave him 30 days to be out. Oh, I guess it took us several weeks to move. I'm not sure if Papa had a truck then or not. And we moved to Penola. It took us several weeks to move. Of course, we didn't have much to move, had cattle, cows and mules and house furniture. Of course, it wasn't much furniture.

FRANCIS BRUCE

That was in '38? We moved out of A.P. Hill in '39. It was really something. And they told you when you had to move, and they gave you the price of your place, too.

They give . . . I think they gave you a year for to get out. And Papa, he was scared that they was going to come in the middle of the summer and take it, which they wouldn't have done. Take a crop. So we moved out in '39. We weren't supposed to move until '40. And then we had to get everything together and move.

I guess it took us a couple weeks to move—time to move the cattle and all your—everything you had, your chickens and your hogs. It was a whole lot . . . it was a big thing for the people because most of them had done worked near about all their life for a place and then the government tell you, "You got to move."

It was really something. Wasn't much they could say. Disappointed. Some of them people had lived there all their lives. Which it was a big thing for us, too, because people didn't have any money for buying . . . where was you going. You had to look for a place.

Well, it was [not] many places that people with a little more land that they . . . places

you could move in here now because a lot of the farmers had died or something. We didn't have too far to move. We moved to down at Penola they had a farm down there that a guy . . . weren't nobody working it. Moved down there first.

Well, it was . . . I'm sure I didn't hear them say much about it, but I'm sure it was something, really kind of like a disaster.

Yeah. You didn't know what you were going to do, right. It was something . . . I think the only reason they picked A. P. Hill because it was a good sandy place and it was kind of in between probably Fort Meade and some of them other places, easy to get to and good sandy land. Yeah, it was something when they moved, had to move.

We didn't really talk—at least my dad and them probably knew a lot of stuff—but it bound to have been bad for all of them.

I didn't like leaving there. I thought where we lived at was the garden spot of the world. After I went somewhere else, it just was a big thing.

Oh, yeah, all of us pitched in, sure. Yeah, used trucks, he had truck in for the move in '39. I think he had big trucks and all. They did, they really did. I don't know how they made it . . . because they had their own thing moving. Some of them moved in wagons. Most of them done their own thing then.

Well, my next door neighbor, I don't know where they moved, Chenaults. I think they moved down here in Hanover too. They probably knew somebody had a place, I imagine. They gave them a real good notice. I think they gave them . . . they gave them about a year of notice. They had to, to move.

Store at Villeboro gate on Route 2, "Soldiers Welcome," 1942.
Photo courtesy of Bruce Haynes.

They had to wait for payment until they had somebody come around and check the place. They paid them later on. It probably took them about a year for to get the money. It

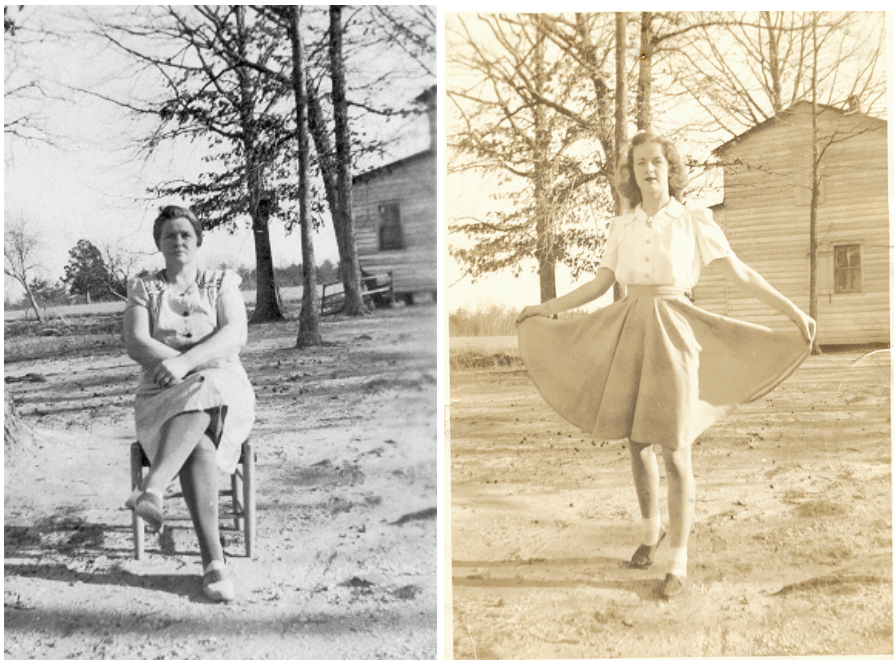
had to kind of go through some kind of court or something, channels.

Maybe one or two of the Carters and Chenaults, a few of them, but most of them, they moved all over the country for to find places because that was a lot of families, it really was. They took I think it was 175,000 acres one time; then the next time, they took all of them up next to Villeboro going towards Fredericksburg, they took that next. It was two parcels of land. We had the best truck land of any of them, it was real sandy land. We had 176 [acres], I think, as well as I can remember. Land then didn't mean as much toward the price as it do now, I mean, you bought land different.

Government paid us 35 . . . I think it was $3500 for the whole place. I might be wrong. Pretty close. It wasn't much. In other words, we had to pay a little more for the place down here in Hanover that we bought. I think Papa paid 5,000 for that. Penola, we just went rent—we just went on somebody else's place. We stayed there about three years. Then we moved to Hanover. We couldn't buy no land there. This guy, he owned all the land around Penola.

MARIE GRAY THORNTON

We moved back down here [from Pennsylvania] and built directly after that, they were talking about A. P. Hill coming here and taking away the land, because we didn't finish completing our house down there. My husband . . . and father did the building; my father was a carpenter and did all the work. And we didn't live there too long because before we had to move . . . Well, naturally they were upset. I mean, they had to pull up where they had lived all their life and all and move and had to find places to live.



Final farewell photographs at the home place in Brandywine, 1942. Lottie Lumpkin (left) and Bessie Pearl Lumpkin (right).
Photo courtesy of Judi Lumpkin Hardin.

JUDY LUMPKIN HARDIN

Actually, in 1941 the Lumpkins realized that they were going to be forced to make a big change in their lives. The federal government came in and began to buy the land where the people were living in order to make Fort A.P. Hill. Nobody really wanted to sell their homes, but they knew they had no choice. Hazel said that the area he lived in was one of

the last areas to be bought and that they held out hope until the bitter end that the takeover would not reach them, that the Army would just decide to stop and not buy any more land. The government did not pay them very much money for their land. Buck Lumpkin, Hazel's father, finally sold the land and did not contest it. It was 64 acres at that time, and he received $2,775 for it, and the final date of the deed is September 17th, 1942.

Because the available land in the area had already been bought up by people who had been the first people out of A.P. Hill, the Lumpkins moved across the Rappahannock River to King George County and rented a tenant farmhouse on a farm on [Route] 301 about a mile from the Rappahannock River bridge and the Rappahannock River. The farm was owned by a man by the name of Alex Walker. He was a lawyer out of Charlottesville, and that's how the Lumpkins ended up in King George.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

My father had 186 acres. He did not want to move, as a lot of others did not want to do. He had a massive heart attack . . . and they had no—of course—they couldn't farm the land because it was subject to being taken over at any time. And they had a difficult time finding a place because everybody was moving and trying to get a place to live. So they lost an awful lot. And I remember my father . . . he only got $5,000 for that land and the house, and it had been in our family for four generations. There were three generations of us that lived in that house.

The following poem was recovered by Lucille Tompkins upon her father's (George Washington Trice) death. The poem had obviously meant a great deal to him because he had carried it in his wallet since leaving the family farm.

In a Bygone Tidewater Garden
Two timid muted crickets call
Where strange weeds mantle a mouldering wall-
It doesn't take much gift to see
The beauty here that used to be.

Pale vines now shroud the boxwood walk
Where earth shows through a lifeless chalk,
But in the shade of strangling weeds
The last live cane of rosebush bleeds-
One brave, bright flare of petaled flame
Forlornly sad in a sorry frame.

The sun is high, the sun is bright-
Yet it seems to shed a midnight light
On the ghostly ruin of what had been
A home and garden that folks lived in.

I move to go, but my foot moves not-
Held by a spell in this tangled spot
That seems to have something it cannot tell
Of joy and sorrow, of heav'n and hell,
Of passion's heat and the ice of hate-
In those that were borne through the garden gate . . .

A buzzard's shadow from overhead
Briefly brushes the flowerbed-
Or what a flowerbed had been
Before death struck, and the roof caved in.

With a sigh I leave; down the dusty lane
I meet a man bent with age and pain;
From limply sagging, toothless lips
The brown stain of tobacco drips.

I halt to learn, perhaps if he
Remembers the place as it used to be.
He blinks at me with a vacant eye,
Wobbles his chin, and shambles by . . .

AUBREY REYNOLDS

Everyone had short notice to get out there. I understand it wasn't a long notice; short notice to get out, give them what you want. I remember them [deacons] saying our church down there, Bethlehem Church; they only gave them $800.

MAYNARD PENNEY

A lot of frustration because everybody had to get out, and, of course, everybody that had anything they would sell, the prices went up because they knew the market. They didn't pay you enough extra to take care of all your moving and the problems you had to go—to find a place. My dad drove all over. He was not a good driver, and that little old Ford car wasn't old, and he went over a large part of Virginia and part of Maryland looking for a place to go.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Took our church and our school, but I wasn't going to that school then anyway.

Well, some of them, they raised Cain at first, but then most of them, I think, got better living quarters than they were in. Except Mama and Daddy never felt at home in a church after that. They had to move up near Fredericksburg.

No, I don't think they [her parents] said much about it because it didn't affect us, I mean, it [the Army] didn't come down there.

Dad had to buy a little spot of woods up the road, and during the war, a person came and built a little shack there and served the soldiers when they were camping up there. Sandwiches. Little restaurant sold sandwiches and snacks. They were right across the road from us. And during that time, it was just like a city of camps all around.

And Dad always told me, "Never buy anything you can't pay for. You can charge it but know you can pay for it." That was his philosophy, and that was a good one.

KATHERINE PARKER CHINAULT

You don't want me to tell, you really don't want to know. They were very upset about it because that was all they had and they knew they had to go someplace else. And luckily we found a place, but so many people did not find places to go, and it was bad on them. But you know, yet, in a way it was good, too, because at that time, as I said, we were all family association, and that way you got out to meet other people.

Yeah, I was 19 because I had graduated from Mary Washington, and the first job that I had—see, I graduated in business—and the first job I had was the acquisition office in

Bowling Green. And, of course, when I went in, you know, you were sworn, you couldn't tell this, that, and whatever was going on. And that very first night, my daddy said, "How much are they going to give me for my property?"

Of course, that first day, I had no idea what it was. But had I known, I couldn't have told, and I never did tell him. When he was notified by the government how much he . . . but I don't remember what we got.

Now, there were a lot of people that did not think they got enough because a lot of them felt like they weren't getting out because they wanted to go and it was being taken from them. Now, there were some people that didn't own property up near Milford, Virginia, cabins were put up for those people to live in until they could acquire someplace.

Now, just like where we lived, Daddy had tenant houses. Well, where we moved to, we could take one family because there was one house there, but we couldn't take the others. So they had to get out and find places. Some of them went up there to Milford, and they stayed there forever; they didn't try. They were forced out, and they felt that the government should do more for them.

We moved on George Washington's birthday. That's how I remember that. Now, that was in '42. We had to be out by last day of February of that year. Now, the ones that lived in that northern area, they had to be out by December 31 of '41. But the ones in the southern area had to be out by the last of February of '42.

Well, some moved before that, didn't everybody move same time because we didn't even have a truck to carry the household furniture, and everybody depended on somebody else's truck, you know, to carry them.

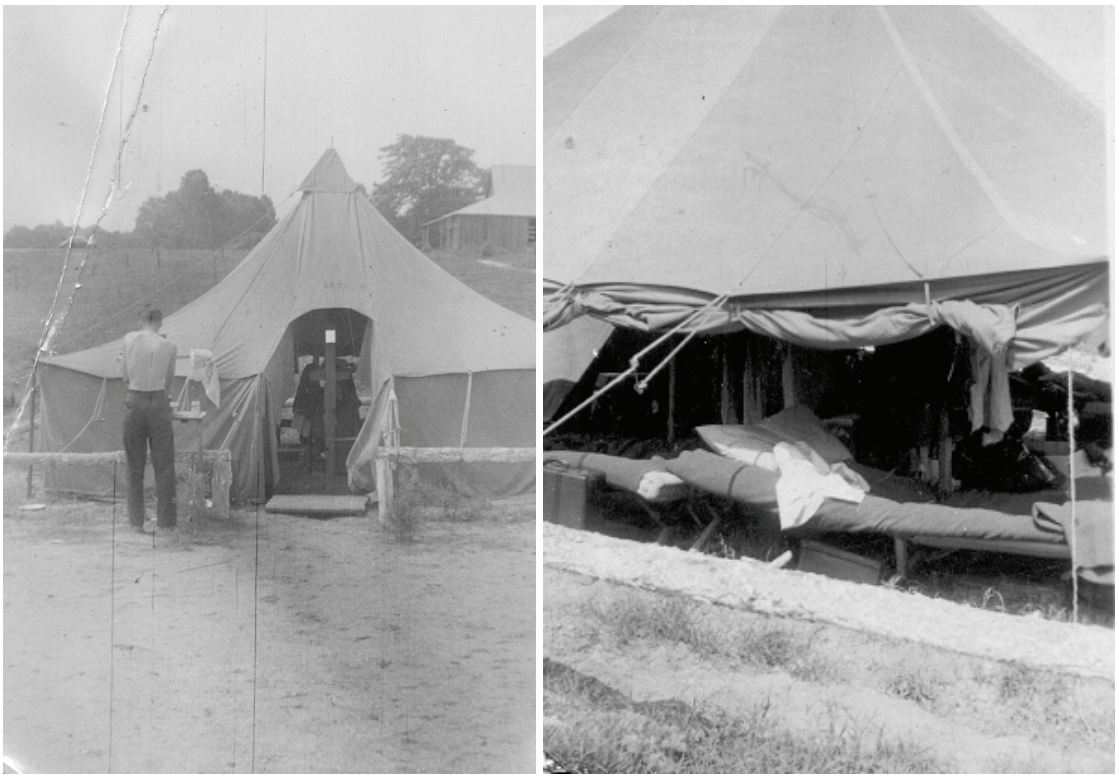
And you know, my mother knew that nobody would ever live in the house again, we had been told most likely that houses would be burned. But do you know, Mama scrubbed every floor in that house. And, of course, Sister and I tried to tell her, "Mama, you don't have to do that," but she did. She wasn't going to leave it.

BRUCE HAYNES

The connection to A. P. Hill is through the fact that my father worked there sometime in '41, '42—not exactly sure—at the PX before he went in the service. Now, having observed the military on maneuvers there, and I'll show you plenty of pictures, and listening to his brother who had enlisted in the Marine Corps and was at Parris Island during the time, my father said that he would never be in the Army or the Marines, so he enlisted in the Navy in 1943 after seeing how the soldiers had to live at A.P. Hill.

They all [Hanes' family]—they worked over there—but the main connection [to A. P. Hill] was through my grandmother Beatrice Sale Haynes. Now, she was born 1900, married my grandfather James Louis Haynes in 1917. Her mother was Clara Howard Blackley who married Louis Cephus Sale in 1899. Now, Louis Cephus Sale was the son of William Joseph Sale who was the son of Spilsby Sale. They all lived—were born, lived, and died—in the area that is now A. P. Hill, and we've got records of when they were moved, when their graves were moved, their bodies were moved down to Greenlawn there in Bowling Green in '40 and '41 when the Army began buying up the land.

So on my grandmother's side . . . I never knew her; she died in 1939. But plenty of the relatives would speak of the Army moving them out in 1940 and '41, buying up the land, and they all moved various places. Most of them ended up around Corbin, which is up on Route 2. The church up there, Round Oak Baptist Church, I often tell my wife we're going to go visit relatives when we go up to Round Oak and take pictures of the tombstones. That's the kind of relatives that don't come around on Saturday nights and have dinner with you.



Army living conditions at Fort A. P. Hill, 1942.
Photos courtesy of Bruce Haynes.

Left: Lewis C. Sale and Clara H. Blackley, June 20, 1899. Right: James L. Haynes and Beatrice Sale Haynes.
Photos courtesy of Bruce Haynes.

ETHEL WAUGH SANDERLIN

Everybody agreed to move except this one man, Boyd Childs. And he said he wasn't going anywhere because they were not going to put him out of his house, and they were not offering him enough money. And everybody left and left Mr. Childs there. He went to bed one night, and he woke up in the morning, they had broke in his house, and there were soldiers sleeping everywhere. And that's how Mr. Childs left.

Well, when they [the government] . . . they sent her [mother] the letter because they said they would be moving the body, or their remains [of family members], rather, to wherever they wanted them. And I remember my mother saying, "Well, there's nothing left there because they've been in there since 1819, so what do they think they're going to find?"

Well, as she said, there's nothing you can do about it. She said, of course, they came in and they said they wanted the ground and they gave everybody their little bit of money.

DAVID CLARK

What we did was we moved to the other location, and I seem to remember they used to call it Spindle Shop or Goldmans Corner, I'm not sure which, and we lived there until we were forced out sometime in 1941. . . late '41 or '42. I would go out when the soldiers were maneuvering, holding maneuvers all around us when we were living at this next place, and I remember being in the field with these guys with this heavy artillery gun. After they would all move out, I would go over into the area again where they dug all their foxholes and so forth to see if they left any equipment lying around. Like, I would have liked to have had a nice bayonet if they lost one.

They basically took the house. They don't give you a choice. They make you some offer of money as the way I understand it, and at a certain point, if you keep turning them down, they use the law to just say "you're out of here." And we had to move to Port Royal.

VIRGINIA HEARN WHITING

The house was torn down and my—the youngest daughter in the family—my aunt Sue Christie said that she went down every day and sat as they tore the house down. She would sit there and just sort of cry a little bit, and finally they gave her a brick and told her to take it on home, I guess, from the foundation. But she watched the whole procedure. She was the one, being the youngest, you know, she was sort of watching out for things.

I don't remember the exact quotes or anything but I can remember the overall feeling that I had from listening. I remember that . . . well, everybody was very upset, very upset. I can remember Aunt Fannie was having to give up her farm and leave. The old homestead property of my grandparents was going to be absorbed into A. P. Hill. And I think that some of the others had property down there, you know, but just didn't live in that area. Everybody had an interest, and they were very upset about it and wondering what they were going to do, and particularly my Aunt Fannie because she was living right in the middle of everything.

They were wondering if they were going to be paid properly. I can remember just little things like that. Apparently, she must have been satisfied because she went to Port Royal and bought an old house that it's now a restaurant, I think, on [Route] 301. She bought that property and moved. Most of her kids were grown up and away from home. I would imagine . . . she was a widow at the time because he [husband] died before all that took place, so she had to do a lot of things herself. But she did move there, and I'm sure that was fine in the long run because as a single person, she would have had a hard time of it on a farm later, you know.

Left to right: PFC Poluck, David Clark and PFC Wolak. Taken on maneuvers, 1942.
Photo courtesy of David Douglas Clark.

And I don't know who took care of the old home place or who got—I imagine if they sold—well, they had to sell it, I think A. P. Hill bought it. I do know that after it was purchased—this one—Uncle Charlie was still taking my brothers down to the pond, but then I looked on the map a few years later to see, and I didn't see the pond so I didn't know what had happed to it. But she was the main one that everybody was worried about.

Well, that was just the sort of gist of—actually—I don't know that he [father] said too much about it himself because he was ill during that period of time, and then he died early. But I just remember others, you know, conversations leaving me with that feeling.

I think that, like I say, that one particular aunt, they were just worried about . . . I guess when you own property, and it's still that way, I think, today that you can be rich in property— maybe not have ready cash at hand—but if you had lots of property, that was a big thing. So to lose property and wonder what you're going—if you're going to be compensated for it—at what you think you should be getting, I just remember that. I don't remember anybody saying, "Well, I'll readily give up my property for this, that, or the other." But like I said, I think that she probably was better off because being a widow and children grown, you know, leaving home, so I don't think she had but just a daughter with her, probably, after that time.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

Well, of course, everybody was really upset, and that meant that—of course—my grandmother wouldn't have the benefit of selling that property because it had already been taken over by Mrs. Powers. So where she had the benefit of all those acres that the Army was offering market value for, my grandmother just had to move. So they went down to Warsaw, and friends had a house, an old wooden house that was down at Emmerton, and they stayed there. And then I'm not sure how long they were there, but my Aunt Estelle who had always lived with her mother, married, and then they moved down with my grandmother to Howertons, Virginia, which is in Essex County, although it was just a little farther down the road on Route 17; it's called Dunnsville now. And that house is still there, and my cousins still live on that property.

There was a cemetery on my great-grandfather James H. Wright's property behind the store. And as far as we know, there were little square stone markers that marked the graves, but there was nothing on those little square stones or square—I don't know—they could have been cement. But they simply marked where a grave was. The only two markers that had any writing on them were James H., my great-grandfather, and Sarah, his wife.

So those—that cemetery was documented when Mr. Davis came through—and he marked out where the location of the graves was, and he must have spoken to one of my great uncles to find out where or who was buried in those particular graves. And then all of those that were in my great-grandfather's cemetery were moved to Greenlawn, and they're located all the way down at the very far right side that goes sort of down to the bottom of the hill, just before the hill starts to do a turn and go back up.

He [Mr. Davis] was the person who was in charge of disinterring all of the people that needed to be re-interred from the fort. So supposedly that was his job; he would go around and document all the cemeteries, and then that's—the papers that A. P. Hill has—I think that might have been one of the good things that came about because at that time, he was able to talk to people who knew who was buried in their own private cemeteries, so that was written. That might have been information that would have been lost forever because most of the people buried in this cemetery did not have gravestones—and so he would—that was his job, to diagram markings.

But as most people actually believe, there was probably very little of the actual

remains that were transferred because what would have been left—these people were buried in wooden boxes, and there weren't vaults, so picking up a few bones, maybe, and re-interring them—it was—you might have been lucky in some cases. But I think by and large, a lot of people think that they didn't—they made a good effort to try to move everybody over—but some people believe that there's still people that are still there, although there was an awful big effort to try to be good about that, especially from the church cemeteries. Like, Upper Zion had so many people, and there were so many of those graves that were unknown, but they have them all re-interred.

BEULAH PARKER TAPSCOTT

I think my father came in and told me, and I don't know if it was talked about at one of the stores. I don't know if it was in Central Point or Passings, probably was Passings.

I think my father just came in and say, "I heard that they're going to open up an Army base," he said, "which I'm not happy about, and they're going to take part of Port Royal, Supply." He started naming the little places there that he knew when he was growing up. "And they going to enclose all of them. I hope they don't get us."

Well, that was—his [father] brother lived not far from him, his cousin lived not far from him—they were not happy over the situation; they were not, even being near, not had to be enclosed in it, because he had thrashed wheat through there, through that area for years.

I know what they did do or have done. They moved us around, they changed the boundary line that I've been used to—and they did away with some of the little—I call them little holes in the wall, like Naulakla.

See, they changed so many names. Like I say, they changed the roads and the . . . well, we call them signs, but it's a number of the road, yeah. They went in Caroline and all down through Essex and put new road signs, yeah.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

I don't think they really understood it until—it really hit them when the family—they had to move. And it was kind of sad because everybody would gather together and talk and cry a little bit. It was sad times at that time. We didn't have any say-so in it at all. We just . . . they gave us a certain time we had to be out, and you had to be out. I don't remember exactly how they were notified, but I'm sure somebody probably came to the house and told us.

A lot of the families were relocated. Some relocated in Spotsylvania, and some moved away to cities, and they were just scattered around, you know, to different places. But those that were left here, they continued to be together and meet on Sunday afternoons mostly.

They had government projects in Spotsylvania that the government had built for those people who didn't have—didn't require property after they left—because everybody didn't own property at that time. They [the government houses] probably had four rooms and little wooden and they all were in one area. Something like a little village.

But they weren't paid the value of their land, we just had to take what they gave us. And my father was one of the first ones who got paid, my father and Taylor's grandmother and a couple of members from our church, they were the first ones that they paid off, so we had to go. We didn't own the house that we lived in because my father was a sharecropper at that time. But he owned a house in Mica right next to Bethlehem Baptist Church, a nice big house with about 12 acres of land. And he only got $700 for it.

VERGIE MILLER

When I moved out of the area, I was 20 years old. It was sad. I couldn't believe it because you were losing all your friends; they were going places you would never see them anymore. Some of them I didn't see anymore. Of course, most of them—a lot of them have passed on—but a few of them I still keep in contact with. But it upset the whole community, your church and everything else, school and whatnot. Going places . . . at least you didn't know where you was going because my family rode around for weeks and weeks and weeks to all the counties trying to find a place to live.

Well, they paid you what they wanted to pay you, and that wasn't enough because we had 52 acres down in the area, and we came up here, we didn't get money enough to buy these 16 acres. Of course, they give other folks more than they give us. And they just set a price, you just have to take what they give you or nothing at all. So it was kind of sad with that. I mean, working with the government, there's nothing you can do, your hands are tied.

Well, some of them [relocated families] went over [to] Colonial Beach and Spotsylvania, some of them over at Hewlett, different places. And ones over at Colonial Beach, I mean, some of them I didn't see because they went to other churches.

Oh, A. P. Hill soldiers moved everybody. Yeah, they furnished you transportation because I left that morning for school . . . no, I guess I was working up here at the cafeteria in Bowling Green. And that was a sad day when I came here to this house. But Mother and them was almost—had finished moving but—other than the cows and horses, my brother was living up here in Bowling Green, so he came down in his truck and he brought those up there. But everything else inside the house, the soldiers moved it.

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

Around 10 [years old], I think. I know I screamed and hollered and cried because I didn't want to move. We moved over there to Mr. Clavin's place over near Guinea. I didn't go over there with Mama and Daddy when they went to pick the—you know—look at the house. I don't know who it was that told Daddy about the old man wanting somebody . . . a family to move in with him. I don't remember who it was, but anyway, that's how come we moved over there. But anyway, he was a nice fellow. We took care of him until he died. He was a nice old fellow. Everything was left to his brother, and, of course, he sold it then. So we moved out.

Oh, Daddy was heartbroken. I tell you, Daddy never was well after that. Yep, kept just going downhill. He told Mama, he said, "I'll never buy another house." And he never did, just rented. Rented the house down here at Corbin, and it was an old store in front of it, so he run that for a while until his health got real bad. He had to give that up, too.

Well, Daddy always said he didn't know why the government had to take over A. P. Hill, I mean our home, well, all the homes, in fact. But you know, you go back down there now, what a waste of land, all of those homes. Just upset everybody been there for years and years and years, way, way, way back. And they had to go and start a new life. And naturally, it was hard for the older ones.

They [the neighbors] all were just heartbroken. They knew it wasn't any use. Uncle Sam says go, you got to go. You only have a few days—I mean—a few weeks to get out. Had to find something.

I think somebody had told Daddy about it [acquisition] somewhere. I know he come home, he was awful upset about it. He said somebody's going to be coming here going to buy our property. And, of course, we were all of us concerned. "Well, what do they want to bother us for? We don't bother nobody."

But anyway, it wasn't long after that before they were there. Came on a Sunday afternoon, I think it was. We had gone somewhere, went with somebody somewhere. Daddy didn't go with us. That's when they took the picture of the place, and Daddy—we come back—he told us what had happened. I think we all cried. Started crying then and cried until after we got used to the other place. Oh, me.

DOROTHY PUGH THOMAS

And there were . . . another thing that would be nice for you to put down: that there were individual family cemeteries. Now, you would want to know that. And the Pughs were like all other families; they'd had their plot at such-and-such a place. When the government territory took over, all the graves were moved to Greenlawn, which is where they are now. And if I go to the grave, that's where I go.

Now, somebody—I suppose government paid somebody to move all the graves in Liberty—and there were four churches. I'm only talking about the white churches. There were four white churches, and each church had right many graves. And they all had to be moved, and they all went to Greenlawn in Bowling Green. And it is a government project now; the government keeps it up, like perpetual care. But there were people from A. P. Hill in it.

DORA COLLAWN CARTER

Seventy-seven acres. When they took it, I don't remember how much he [father] got for it. I just don't remember. See, I was in high school, and I was so thrilled with high school, I didn't ask no question like kids do now.

WORLD EVENTS

The world outside was a tumultuous place of wars, dangers, and insecurities, seemingly far removed from the tranquility and safety of Caroline County. The Civil War, World War I, The Great Depression, the Pearl Harbor attack, and World War II were of great concern to many of the participants. Some had memories of their grandparent's experiences during the Civil War. Others remembered stories handed down through the generations. The closeness of some of the Caroline County families is demonstrated by similarities in Civil War stories told by different people. Participants reminisced about great personal losses from the First World War, and of the fear in the build up to World War II. The depression for many people in Caroline County seemed to be less of an issue. The self subsistence of farming families meant that they usually had all they needed with or without a depressed economy.

LEONARD BRUCE

I remember airplanes fell in that field one time, came right over the house, had done lost one of the propellers, and I knew it wasn't going far. So it went a little over a mile, and it fell in Broaddus's field, and people all around, they thought that was like a reunion with the Stetson hats on. Had these big Stetson hats on and pretty horses, it looked like a reunion.

FRANCIS BRUCE

But a airplane fell one time right near our house, and that was big. I can't remember too much about it. But the whole neighborhood was there to look at it. That was big because there weren't many airplanes. I don't know how they got it up. I think a motor

went bad, I think. I think they had twin motor planes then.

Civil War, Spanish-American War, and The Great War:
Other wars loomed in the memories of many families. Some participants had family members that served, or who passed down stories about the Civil War, Spanish-American War, and The Great War.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT DURRETT

My Great-great-grandpa who was Great-grandpa John's father-in-law, he lived down at Naulakla. I used to hear him tell the tale about when the Yankees came through. Oh, before the Yankees came through, he hid all of his cured meats over in the woods there. And when they did come through, the Negro living on the place took them, showed them where the meat was, the Yanks took the meat, and the Negro went with them. And that's all I've heard on that end, which I thought was quite interesting.

ESTELLE HOLLOWAY ALLEN

And the story goes that my grandfather, who was a surgeon, and he would run out on the battlefield and pull the soldiers in that were wounded and take out the minnié ball. And who has some of the minnié balls? We even had some of the minnié balls.

And they were called "damn Yankees." They said . . . I was grown before I knew "Damn Yankees" was two words.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

My granddads, yes, both granddads on both sides, mother and father. Granddad Holloway was a surgeon in the Civil War. He was a doctor in the Civil War. And my great uncles, I have two great uncles in the Civil War. Robert E. Lee, I have a picture that I don't know where it is—we've lost it—of Robert E. Lee shaking hands, he and my grandfather together, had their picture taken together in their Confederate uniforms. And we had a sale at the Ridgeway before we moved, a family sale, estate sale among the family, and that picture, someone in the family evidently got that picture. We've never found out where the picture is. It used to stay on Mother's piano, the picture of Granddad and Robert Lee together.

Our grandfather—mother's father—was shot at Battle of Manassas with a minié ball, went right through his leg. My mother's father, my Grandfather Sewell was shot in the Battle of Manassas. Joseph Carbury Sewell. My mother was a Sewell. I have a sword from the Civil War. I have a sword from the Revolution; we have a sword from the Revolution. My great, great, great-grandfather Clement Sewell was in the Revolution.

Granddad's letter. Granddad was in the Civil War. He wrote to my grandmother during the Civil War before they were married. That was written by Granddad while he was in the Civil War

"Often while in camp or amidst the turbulent and tempestuous storms of battle will my thoughts revert to the happy moments spent with you—moments which will occupy prominent position in the tablet of my memory."

That was written by Granddad to Grandmother during the Civil War. They were married right after the Civil War. But he had . . . they were cousins by marriage. His mother was a Royston, and they were cousins by marriage, my grandmother. They weren't blood kin, but they were cousins by marriage, and he called her in the letter "my cousin." I took that to the reunion one time and read it. But that was written in the last year of the Civil War. It's getting hard to read, but I've had it a long time, and I had several letters from

Grandmother to Granddad written during the Civil War and afterwards. They had a big family, Grandmother had at Spring Garden, there was my dad and my uncle and my aunt, the one I'm named after, was born at Spring Garden, and the rest were born at Ridgeway. There was five boys and three girls in the family. It was hard to give Ridgeway up because it was really the family home. So many generations.

I remember Grandmother used to sit in front of the fireplace tell us all those Civil War stories. She told us so many stories about the Civil War. She told us all about—she was born at Rappahannock County around Amissville—in that area. And Granddad was in the war, of course, in the medical corps, and they would correspond. I think you read one of the letters. And he called her "Cousin," they were cousins by marriage, but there was no blood kin. And she would tell us about when they lived—she was a young woman—Sperryville was the name of the post office.

She'd tell us about entertaining the officers at what is now the Washington Inn up there at Amissville. She would tell us all so many stories about that. And the soldiers . . . she had met Granddad before the war. Right after the war they were married, and she used to tell us about the trip from Sperryville in a buggy, horse and buggy from Sperryville to Spring Garden at Rappahannock Academy. She would tell us stories of that. But so many stories of the Civil War.

My grandmother had two brothers that were doctors, they were both in the medical corps, and of course my granddad was. And they knew each other very well, and she would tell us different stories about things they did.

But mostly about entertaining the officers. She said they were—it's the Washington Inn right there at Washington—and that was the building that they used for the parties and dances. She said one night—she was a great dancer—and one of the officers, a cavalryman, hung his boots . . . the spur on the boots onto her ball gown, and it tore it. She said she had to take—go into the lady's room—and they had black ladies in there taking care of things. And she said she took her ball gown off, and one of the black ladies in there sewed it, fixed up her gown. And she came back and danced . . . she said she danced the night away. That's the way she worded it.

We buried our china . . . three times our silver was buried, and china. I have one piece of the old china that's broken downstairs. But they buried that three times. Let's see. Now, that was at Spring Garden, before we went to Ridgeway because that's where they lived until my granddad moved into Ridgeway in 1880. Because the soldiers—the northern soldiers—would come in and rob you, get whatever you had. We were told all kinds of stories.

They would raid the houses. My mother's home at Falls Church, beautiful home she had at Falls Church, was raided. And my grandmother, mother's mother, Roberta, drove her—her husband was my granddad was in the war in the Battle of Manassas where he was wounded—and my grandmother took the buggy and horse and went to Richmond to get out of the area they were in in Falls Church. It was so bad, they were robbing everybody's homes there. And she drove to Richmond by herself. She really had a lot of nerve. In a horse and buggy. And went down to Richmond, and had some friends in Richmond, and she stayed down there before she would get robbed again. I know the family did hide the silver and the china and things that were necessary.

But I remember mainly she was living . . . she and Granddad were married right after the war and during her trip to—and I told you about that—and they had to go across a big stream, and they got the buggy wet, and a lot of her clothes got wet in the trip from Sperryville to Rappahannock Academy.

She told us so much about the dances and the parties and them working. They did something to aid the Confederate soldiers, things they would do. They would bake, and they would entertain, try to help in any way they could. Different things she told when we were little, and she would gather us around and tell us about different things. And about her brothers, where they were, they were all in the medical corps, the two brothers and my granddad. They were together at one time in Georgia. They ran across . . . found each other down in Georgia.

Grandmother would say that Granddad had amputated legs right in the makeshift hospital in the fields, just makeshift. And he would go out and take care of the wounded. She said he did have to take off a leg. They only had makeshift hospitals, tents, like in tents on the field. But she said, "Your granddad had to operate right on the fields, right in the fields. He tried to save everybody he could." Of course, I guess it was a lot of ones, she had a to-be husband and two brothers that were doing the same thing, working on the battlefields trying to help the wounded.

I was so little when they got back from the First World War, but I know that my cousins would talk about it. The two that were wounded, Robert Ferrish—Bob Ferrish—came back with all kinds of wounds, but he survived until he was quite old. My—his brother—was shell-shocked, he had a big black spot right in the middle of his forehead. And he wore that until he died, he had that great black spot in his forehead. A shell must have gone in. But the other cousin, his brother, he was left for dead on the field. But he did come to, and they got him back, he survived. But he did have lots of wounds, and he was not very well. He ran a print shop in Port Royal, and he married and had a family. But he didn't do any heavy work, he couldn't do any heavy work. And then I think the others all survived without any injury. Of course, my dad at that time was crippled anyhow; he couldn't have gone to World War I. But I don't remember much about that. I remember them coming back. I remember some of them coming back, and they brought us different gifts from France.

They brought us coins, and they brought us a doll. I got a little doll from France. I don't know where it is now. But they brought us—especially my Uncle Joe—he brought quite a bit back. He stayed over in France for quite a while after the war. He's the one that delivered [Estelle].

LEONARD BRUCE

One [ancestor] was Robert Bruce. He was killed in some battle in the Civil War.

JUDI LUMPKIN HARDIN

The only military service that I've really found of the line of George and John and Thomas, the children of Isaac and Fannie, George was in the Civil War for a while, but I don't see a lot of military service.

CHARLES FRANKLIN ROYE

My great-grandfather on this side of the family was out of Roanoke—and he was—how he got established over here is that he was befriended by a[n] officer [during the Civil War], which gave him his roots over here. He was a runaway slave from Roanoke, but when he got over here, he was befriended by a Confederate officer.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

My father was a Spanish-American War veteran to start with. He was in the Spanish-American War in Louisiana and then went into Texas when they went from Louisiana to Texas. And we were lucky enough, I and Margaret and my brother Ro and his wife and my mother went to Texas for my father's delegation in San Antone, Texas. He [father] was a

delegate and he and my brother drove a car that he had bought, a new Ford, and five of us drove all the way from here to Washington and then to New York, and then from New York we went across country and went down to Texas, and then coming back we came up through Mississippi and the southern route and back. We were gone 19 days, and in those 19 days, we touched 19 different states. That was in '35, 1935.

I had to lose about two weeks of school because I was in the first year of high school, and I was given permission to lose that amount of time. Of course, it was a wonderful adventure to me. [W]e went to Washington, D.C. to pick up my aunt who I was named for, and then we went to New York, to Binghamton to see my mother's other sister, she was there. And then we went from New York, we started to making our way across country and then came over to Michigan and then went down to Texas to San Antone, Texas. And then when we came back, we came back the southern route from there. But my father was a Spanish-American War veteran, and he was a delegate. [T]he office at that time was located in Fredericksburg, and he belonged to the unit and all as long as he lived, and when he passed away, his widow is drawing a small pension, of course, from that.

JAMES LOVING

Well, World War I, my father used to work in Port Royal for different people down there because he used to do plastering and bricklaying, and he worked down there during the war. I can remember—I think he got—it was two dollars and a half a day. And flour at that time during the war—because he never raised any wheat, you know, to make flour—so he had to buy the flour. And a 12-pound sack of flour cost a dollar and a half, so that's how much the flour was. I remember that part, and near as I can remember, sugar was about 30 or 40 cents a pound. That's during the war.

THELMA BRUCE GREENWOOD

My father in 1929 became ill, and after many examinations by various doctors, he was diagnosed as disabled, 100 percent disabled, World War I veteran who was shell-shocked, gassed. The Germans used mustard gas, and that is what eventually made him ill, and he was eventually accepted by the Veteran's Administration hospital in Perryville, Maryland, which he remained there until—that was in 1929—and he remained there until August of 1966.

So that left my mother at home with a daughter . . . with me and two younger brothers. And she picked up and took care of us and maintained the farm and was able to pay off the mortgage on the farm and kept us going and got us through . . . all three of us through high school, so I owe an awful lot to my mother, Linda Bruce.

The government accepted my father as a veteran and took care of him, but it was a number of years before my mother got any assistance from the government, though my father was 100 percent disabled. So we had a rough time there for a while. But they did eventually get some legislation in where they accepted the fact that there were World War I veterans who had been overlooked.

There were two veterans in Caroline County that I'm aware of that had to be hospitalized permanently. Forty-one years; he spent 41 years in the hospital.

We got a radio as soon as we got electricity, and it was a small one. We'd all sit around it. I remember listening to it when Hitler was going through Europe. Oh, gosh, I was scared to death. You see, I've always been mindful of war. Then, of course, my age group, I mean, all of my relatives went in service, and we lost a lot of friends in service. I still have some feelings, I just have difficulty dealing with some of it sometimes. When I'm talking with other people, it's always there. I have a soft spot in my feeling, the heart,

because I know what it is to lose someone because of war.

And my heart aches because my mother had it all, had to absorb it all, and she was strong enough to do it on her own. She could have thrown up her hands right from day one and walked away from everything. I can show you a picture of her the year that he went in the hospital and after she got it all together, got her act together, and she was a different person, but it was just like death. And we had nothing. And I was old enough she talked to me. My mother talked to me from early age, and it put feelings in my soul that I never was able to shake or get rid of or outgrow.

William Baynum Bruce and Linda Bruce at the Veteran's Hospital in Perryville, Maryland, 1937/8.

Photo courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

I remember a little bit about it [WWI]. I remember pictures of those tanks. I thought that was the worst thing I ever saw. They had a picture of them rolling over a little

child or something. But the pictures on the postcard, I remember one of them was a little girl and it had little geese running around. I don't know why I remember such funny things.

The Great Depression

The historical period now known as The Great Depression was just daily life for those who lived it in the 1930s. Although poor, rural families were able to produce their own food, a distinct advantage over their urban counterparts.

HELEN KOCSIS WIZESNINSKI

The way I understand it, it was like a Depression for them all the time; it was poor all the time. Till the girls grew up and went off to the city and sent money home. And then the boys left, and Daddy was supposed to do the same thing, but he didn't do it. He went up, and he found Mother and married her, and he never sent any money home. But he did buy them a Victrola, yeah, he bought them a Victrola.

DOROTHY PUGH THOMAS

When you got ready to go to church, I don't know what you used for money to pay the preacher or anybody else or anything else in keeping up the churches because you'd have to live through a Depression time to truly get the gist of what it was like. It was not a happy time, I tell you that. Actually, as you get older and think of it again, it is kind of depressing time, and that is why he [father] had to get out of the [grocery store] business. And whether he was ready for retirement would be beside the point. And he was not only . . . it wasn't just him; it was anybody else in the community that tried to make a living almost any way, really. And you would maybe be planting corn—but you—unless you saved corn or treated corn some way yourself, you wouldn't have money to buy the corn to replant for a couple years. And whether it was hay or beans or corn, soy beans, wheat, rye, barley, whatever though, and there was . . . well, I guess it was a trying time. And I was right much of a child that would not understand it at that point. But as I grew older, I knew more, you know, more about it.

DAISY GARRETT HOUSTON

[During the Depression] I didn't bother about worrying about that then. We didn't know we was poor. We just thought we was ordinary people. It didn't mean nothing to us.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

It [the Depression] was tough times, but we had as much, I guess, as anybody else around. What you didn't have . . . what you didn't see you didn't notice that you were missing, I suppose. I remember, though, many times that we would want shoes or clothes or something, we'd go to Daddy, you know, and I'd say, "Look at the holes in my shoes, Daddy." And he'd say, "Oh, put a piece of cardboard in there."

Well, the Depression—my father—yes, we had a tough time in the Depression, really. And I remember my brother, my oldest brother, went to CCC camp, and he helped to build the roads and things up in Luray and that area. And he got $30 a month and sent $25 home to my parents, and he had $5 to live on for the month. I remember that very vividly because, you know, at that time very little money, and we had a terrible drought. There was no rain for a whole summer, just very little anyway, and there was crops were failing, you know.

RICHARD KOCSIS

They would send us eggs. In the Depression. It was a metal container that held the eggs like these milk baskets, and it was sealed. And they put it on the car, on the freight car

at Fredericksburg, and it would come to us [in Pennsylvania], and we would have fresh, what do you call, free-roaming eggs. They were eggs then.

GLADYS RICH FERGUSON

[The Depression] It was bad, but you know, I don't think we fared as bad as some people did because we raised our own food and all. [Everyone was] Equal. Stamps were 2 cents then, and gas was 18 cents a gallon. Mr. Garrett had a car, Mr. Ryder Carter had a car. I think that's all.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS MILLS

[Mother] left behind a long legacy in those years because the people that knew her—knew her through her sewing—we had a couple of extra bedrooms upstairs, and the people, the salesmen, they come through the county, some of them with horse and buggy, and she would take them in overnight and give them breakfast. And if they wanted their dinner at night, we had what we call supper then, had our dinner in the middle of the day, and they would come back for supper, and she would put them up overnight. So she was known as taking care of that too, those people like that.

But she was known through the community then. She also went with the social services in her latter years out of Bowling Green. [T]here were people in the community that she knew needed to be taken care of, needed food, needed clothing. And she would get the food, and she would do some of the sewing—maybe if they wanted to get the material—then she would sew it, dresses or little pants for the boys, whichever it might be. And she was know[n] for that. That was, I guess . . . in the '30s. Yes, so it would have been in the Depression. Yeah.

CHARLIE LOVING

Well, [during the Depression] couldn't nobody buy a job around there. People was going around begging for 25 cents a day and give them a little bite to eat once a day or twice a day, and couldn't even get that. At that time, we was at the mill down on 17 from Port Royal. When you go to Port Royal, go down there about two miles, that mill they got down there, the mill is gone now, it's tore down.

At that time when we was down there, I don't know exactly, but about '33, I think he left there in '33 if I ain't mistaken. Around about '28, '29 along in there, I don't know exactly how long I was there, I don't remember, but actually I wasn't even down there. That's where I wound up and come back to. See, I come up from Baltimore. My mama, she run off, went to Baltimore, and when she come back, what I understand I was 18 months old, brought me back to that mill. The old man was running the mill then. And then he had a '28 Chevrolet Coupe. I remember the day we left that mill over there and went back to the other place, to the home place.

FRANCIS BRUCE

Depression, that was hard. That was in the early '30s, the Depression. It lasted . . . look to me like it lasted near about up to World War II, Depression. It wasn't much money around. Well, people on the farm mostly raised their own stuff to eat anyway, the food and all, so we was a little better off than the people that was living in town then.

[Y]ou didn't have no money. You had food. Yeah, you always saved your own seed, like your corn and stuff. You made your own clothes. [Mother] She made all the girls' clothes.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

Well, since they [the family] were so poor and didn't have any money, much anyway, they raised all their own food basically, the Depression probably didn't hit them as hard as it

would have it somebody who had stocks or something. Because at that point—I don't know exactly when—I don't know when my grandmother actually lost the farm, exact year right now, but that would have been about the time of the Depression. But they owned that, they owned the property before it was auctioned off, and they just made all their own stuff. And I don't know, I guess James, my great-grandfather, still had the store, so he was pretty frugal if not very tight with his money, so I don't think he ever put any of it in banks.

The story goes that when A. P. Hill took over and the soldiers went in and started—you know, after everybody had left and they started tearing the houses down or knocking—bulldozing them, that they supposedly found $500 stored up underneath one of the bricks in the chimney. I heard that story from a couple of people, so he may have taken all his money and stashed it up the chimney. They didn't trust the banks, I guess. Well, there weren't any banks around unless you went to Bowling Green.

So as far as being affected by the Depression, that probably wasn't as bad for them as it might have been for others.

VERGIE MILLER

People had a hard time [during the Depression]. They was getting on some kind of relief of some form that some people was on. But thank the Lord my parents never got on it because they was raising a lot of stuff on the farm. I mean, we canned enough stuff and had plenty of food to eat, but I know that people down there used to go to Bowling Green somewhere and get this relief basket.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

I really never knew it was a Depression. That's when Dad sent me to college. I don't know how he did it, but he did. That didn't affect us. We had plenty to eat. You know, we killed three or four hogs every year and hung it in our meat house outside.

MARIE THORNTON

The Conservation Corps Camps, they had a CC camp up on Jackson Hill somewhere, Port Royal area. I remember they had one, but I can't remember too much about it. A lot of people went. I had a nephew went to a CC camp. I'm trying to think, was it my sister's oldest boy? I do remember CC camps. One was over here in [this] area, the road [Route 301] that goes from Carmel Church . . . they had the CCA camp back in there because they had the sign up for a long time.

DAVID CLARK

I also remember my grandfather, who was Charles Henry Golden, had built a raft out of some logs, and he had me on this raft in a place in A. P. Hill called . . . still called Herns Pond. And I fell off of the thing and he had to recover me from the pond. I kind of remember that. I also remember some CCC . . . what they call CCC people.

It was the Civilian Conservation Corps that President Roosevelt had started up to give people jobs and so forth. And a lot of people were put in the CCC across the United States, in all the states as I understand it. But I remember seeing them coming—working in the woods—and one of the things they did was to plant a lot of trees and so forth. So it was kind of make-up jobs, but it was intended to improve roads and trees and stuff like that. That would have been 1940 almost, '38 to '40, somewhere in there. [In] '38 I think.

The Second World War

World War II did not end with acquisition for many of the families impacted by the forming of Fort A.P. Hill. Most able-bodied men joined the armed forces, and sons, brothers,

husbands, and fathers went to war, changing the face of the nation.

RACHEL BRUCE FARMER

I remember when it came on the radio about the Japanese bombing Pearl Harbor. That was the worst thing. I was scared to death. I was afraid next thing they'd be over here, you know. I think everybody was probably glued to the radio at that time. During that time, about two or three days later I had gone to bed, and I remember hearing an airplane going over, and boy if I didn't . . . I was so afraid because I thought we were next. All in all, it was one bad day.

LOIS FORTUNE GARNETT

On the radio, we heard it on the radio. We heard—when they said that they bombed Pearl Harbor—we was wondering, "Where's Pearl Harbor?" So that's when I remember hearing it all. Of course, right after that, we started seeing soldiers around because . . . we were wondering what they were even going to do with A.P. Hill at that time. We didn't have an idea too much what was going on.

LUCILLE TRICE TOMPKINS

Well, they were twin brothers, Ryland and Norman, and the one was in the 1st Marines and another one in the 2nd, and they were in the Pacific conflict. In fact, they were drafted, I guess, or maybe they even joined because they were going to be drafted, they went in the Marines. And they met in Okinawa, they were fighting in Guadalcanal and all through the Pacific. Norman was wounded several times, and he had a lot of citations and, you know, things that were given him, had a Purple Heart. But they met in Okinawa.

Ryland, he was the last one to see the planes off before they went on the raids and the first ones to get them back here. He readied the airplanes, he worked on them. He was there— he said he saw them good-bye and some of them—they didn't get back. In fact, he was in a lot of conflict himself, you know, with the Japanese dropping the bombs around them, but he was not wounded, but my other brother was.

And then I had a brother in the Seabees, he was also in the Pacific. That was Davis, Aaron Davis. He was in the Solomon Islands. There was an interesting story he told about hiding peaches, digging holes for canned peaches to store them there, just to have something in reserve. Couldn't get food, anything he could salvage . . . that he could put in there in the ground, he did.

HERB COLLINS

The Sanitary store was in a frame building at the corner of Main Street and Milford Street, and it's still standing. In the back of that store was a small room which they used as sort of a day-room for the soldiers to come and sit in and write letters home, and we encouraged them to do that. That was before the USO buildings were built.

Now, there were two USO buildings, one in Bowling Green which still stands and is used as Town Hall. The other one was down where the Caroline Library is now—the Community Center—that was for the blacks, they were segregated at that time. That was put down there because at that time the black school was down there, the high school and the elementary school, so that seemed a logical place to put that.

I tell about the USO building, and the soldiers would go up there, and the women in Caroline would go up there and dance with them. And some of the women who hadn't found husbands, found husbands in the USO building there in Bowling Green. I remember one thing that was in one of the restaurants because, you know, sugar was rationed during the war, so they had a sign up, "Use little sugar and stir like hell. We don't mind the noise."

And, of course, shoes—we had tickets to buy shoes with—and we saved tinfoil wrappers from tea boxes and things like that, and we wadded up tinfoil that we were supposed to turn in. I never found where to turn it in, but I had a big wad of that that I saved up. And, of course, we bought war savings stamps, and the school bus driver would go to Bowling Green and buy those for us during the day, and we had our little books we kept those in.

Now, the gasoline also was rationed. And you could get gasoline for farm use, but the gasoline for the automobiles was rationed. The way they could tell that, they would put a color, red coloring in the gasoline, and if they caught that in your car used from the farm, you were prosecuted for it. They were very strict about that. We also had blackouts where we'd pull the curtains down at night and turn the lights out, and I remember that.

[M]y mother and father, there was a fire tower up here, and they would go to the top of that fire tower and watch for airplanes and take down numbers on airplanes. And my mother said when she first went up there that that thing would rock with her and she was frightened, but she got so she could go up there without any problems, so my parents were involved very much in that.

And my mother worked at that Naval Proving Grounds in Dahlgren during the war taking lot numbers down on shells. And she would get up about 5 o'clock in the morning, they would leave, and they had a bus that took the workers from Caroline to Dahlgren to work up there. So that was the deal on that.

LEONARD BRUCE

And then started taking my brothers in the military, and three of them was in Europe, one was in Italy, two was at the Battle of the Bulge. And one at the Battle of the Bulge, his name was Frank, and he was all to pieces when he got back; his nerves was just about shot. Anything unusual happened, he would just cry out in the night. He just had had it. Let's see. Frank and Aubrey was at the Battle of the Bulge, and Elwood, he was in Salerno, Italy, he was in the boot. You know, they was going up the boot, and Elwood, he was a jeep driver. He always drove the commander around in the jeep, and they turned it over, but Elwood had to pay for it, he had to pay for the jeep.

I was . . . we was getting ready to hit Japan. I was in the Seabees. We had a motto, "We can build and we can fight," we can do both. They learned us a lot of judo, and I still know it. We was getting ready to hit Japan, and all of a sudden the war was over, and the guys went crazy. Horns was blowing and guys hugging each other. Some dropped to their knees. Went home. Coming into San Francisco Bay, I'll never forget it. One guy had field glasses, and one had a telescope, he would study the stars, he would predict our next moves and stuff like that, you know. And actually we saw the birds; that's one sign that we were nearing land, see, and those that got off that boat, some of them knelt down and kissed the soil coming home. And after the war, we had a reunion, the Bruces' reunion, it was 17 of us, nine boys and eight girls.

FRANCIS BRUCE

Well, all of them [brothers] mostly were in the service a little different times. Some of them were drafted, and some of them signed up on account of the . . . they wanted to go and help in the war. And my older brother—they took—they drafted him in service. And Leonard and them, I think they signed up. And Aubrey, he landed on D-Day in France. He went in when they first started out telling them, "You'll be back in a year."

Bruce family reunion after acquisition, *ca.* 1950. Top row, left to right: Elwood, Leonard, Aubrey, Frank, Laura and Homer Bruce (parents in center), Francis, Johny, Wesley, and Bobby. Bottom row, left to right: Virginia, Shirley, Mae, Betty, Dorothy, Ethel and Evelyn.
Photo courtesy of Leonard and Francis Bruce.

HOWARD MacCORD, SR.

1941 was the year I first was exposed to A.P. Hill. I had already had almost 10 years service in the D.C. National Guard in an engineer outfit. It was the 121st Engineer Regiment, and I was in Company F, Fox. In February of 1941, the D.C. National Guard was called into federal service. We were stationed at Fort Meade, and I was the company first sergeant. I'd had worked my way up in ten years to be a sergeant; they made me first sergeant. We got equipped and added on to what basic training we had and needed.

And in the summer of '41, we were still at Fort Meade, my company was sent to A.P. Hill to help do some pioneering work for the preparation camp. It was to be a training camp for the war. We moved down . . . we had our own trucks and our own tool kits. We set up camp, I'm not sure of the exact spot where it was, but we were in tents, but we were only there about three weeks. And our job was to clear rights-of-way for roads and tank trails. We were clearing underbrush, chopping down small trees, teaching the men how to organize work and use hand tools like machetes, brush hooks, chain saws, all those things, crosscut saws. It was good experience for engineer soldiers.

My job, of course, was in the company headquarters. I was concerned with morning reports and duty rosters and that sort of thing. I was not out there with an ax in my hand, nor did I even know exactly where they were working every day. The other people . . . there were officers with the company. I ran the company headquarters.

Another activity we did was to man a water production—water point on Peumansend Creek just above where Highway 17 crosses it—this little area that we set up a water point. And the other troops that were there at A.P. Hill could come there and get water for their needs because the post utilities had not been built yet. As far as I know, they were still clearing the families out of their homes. I was not involved in that at all.

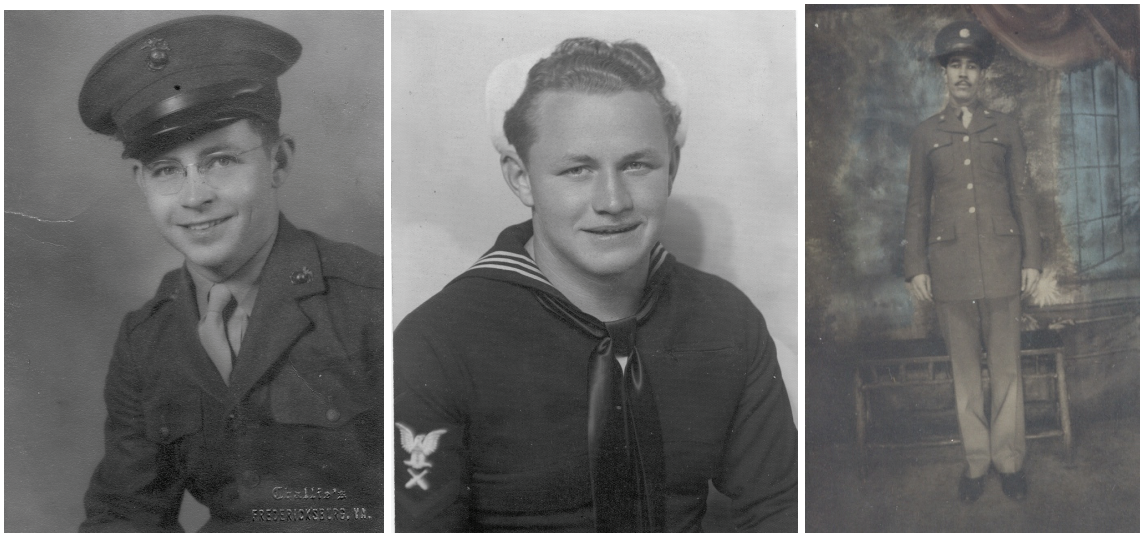
Like I say, we were there about three weeks. It was good training, and I vaguely remember the water point and the tent camp that we were in. One project we did, it was on the – a north camp just off of 17, a team of well drillers with equipment from Fort Belvoir

came down with the mission of drilling a well to serve that particular camp area. They needed manpower, so some of my company men were committed to that work. And one of them was a good friend of mine who was interested in geology, so he very avidly studied the core samples as the cores were brought up from the well. Anyway, I think the well went to a depth of 600 feet, and they finally hit an artesian source, an aquifer that was under pressure and water came to the surface. I don't know whether it's still in use or not; it may have died by now. Anyhow, that was one of the highlights, drilling the well and operating the water point on Peumansend Creek.

LELIA HOLLOWAY LEWIS

[When I first heard we were at war] we were down at my husband's home in a Northern Neck county, he lived down there. And we went down for the weekend when we both—I was working—he was working. [In] '41, we hadn't been married very long. And we were having dinner with his parents, and his brother, my husband's brother Grayson, was out in the car, had the radio on in the car. And he came in while we were all eating dinner and announced the news that we were at war. We were just having a meal and getting everybody happy, and he said we were at war, it came over the news. And then we got the news all about it. When we came back that night—we were living in the District, and when we came back, every—troops were on the highway, and the bridges were guarded. I remember that so well, coming back on that night. I think it was on a Sunday, a weekend I know because we were down there for the weekend. But when we came back, all the bridges were guarded, the highways were guarded, and you had to stop your car at certain places just coming back that night from . . . after we had gotten the news that we were at war. And I remember Roosevelt's speech the next day. It was a scary time.

I remember when my husband went to be drafted. I mean, he was—that day—he was in his 30s, mid-30s then, the day he went to be drafted. And he called me, he called me from the headquarters—wherever they went—I don't know where they went for the physical. But he called me, he said, "Well, I didn't make it." He had varicose veins badly in his leg, and he says, "I didn't make it." And I said, "I'm so glad." But we did have a lot of cousins in the war. And I had a cousin, Uncle Joe's oldest son was a pilot on a B-17, and his plane crashed and he was killed in the war.



Local servicemen (left to right): Cephas Haynes, 1943; James Carleton Haynes, 1944; Edward Rich, 1945.

Photos courtesy of Bruce Hayes and Gladys Rich Ferguson, respectively.

LINDA KREBS BUTT

But my Uncle Purcell enlisted in the Army and was sent overseas.

Purcell Wharton from Brandywine, killed in action in Normandy, France, 1944.
Photo courtesy of Linda Krebs Butt.

VIRGINIA HEARN WHITING

And my mother later on worked down at A.P. Hill for a while. She was a secretary to one of the officers down there. I was not living in Virginia then, I was living in other places. But she went down—with World War II—patriotism was a big thing. I mean, it was a different thing than it is today. People raced out to go in the service. All of my friends raced to join up immediately. There was just this big feeling of nationalism, patriotism, whatever you want to call it. So there was a real different feel about the whole wartime . . . so many of all the men, actually, most of them anyway, were all ready to go off or go off into some war kind of situation.

Even before we went into the war, I think there was a feeling about, "Why aren't we in there?" You know, this was happening, that was happening, Paris had fallen, and England was at war. And what were we doing?

I think we were glad to be in it, although it was terrible about the Pacific area and Hawaii and all that. It was sort of a relief in some way when he said that we would be going to war because I think everybody had felt like we should be helping. But I'm sorry we had to get into it the way we did. It was a time that you just don't forget. And, of course, later on, we had rationing and we had all those different kinds of things. But I think everybody was happy to do whatever they needed to do. Women went into the work world full force and haven't gotten out since.

Well, what I ended up doing, I went on with my education and went into nursing school up at University of Virginia and bought war bonds while I was in college, was buying war bonds all the time, you know, and being very patriotic, writing to a number of different soldiers that were introduced to me by friends that just didn't have—that would like to have a letter—so I would write every week. You know, did all the things that I thought I could do.

DAVID CLARK

I remember the soldiers maneuvering all around me, all around our house. And even the small airplanes in World War II, the little L-5, it would be like a Cessna or a Piper Cub these days, flying over and dropping messages out of the airplane to troops on the ground. I distinctly remember that. I mean, I'm standing right there, and they're going right almost over my head. And I'm standing at the edge of our property, but I could see all this stuff going on.

A lone airplane flies over the newly established Fort A. P. Hill.
Photo courtesy of Bruce Haynes.

VERGIE MILLER

I guess maybe somebody told us [about WWII] or from other places. We had family away, a whole lot of them away. They could have wrote us. They couldn't call because we didn't have a phone. They could have wrote and told. I really don't remember how Mother and them first found out about it. But I guess it was some kind of communication.

They had ration stamps. You couldn't buy but so much of [some things]. Yeah, I well know because you couldn't buy sugar, you couldn't buy leather. Yeah, I had them stamps, I used to go to the store for Mother.

VIRGINIA SALE BROADDUS

Yeah, I cared about all of it [WWII], but I can't do anything about it, so I tried to make the best I can. I didn't discuss that [the war].

ELSIE RAINES CURTIS

Really, the only thing I ever heard them say anything about [WWII] was gasoline, you know, you had stamps or something to get gas. And that's the only other thing I ever heard him say anything about.

I don't remember, but I'm sure that's where I heard about it was in—because, see—Mama and Daddy were very particular about what they said in front of us to make us worry about things like that. I'm sure that they talked among themselves, you know, but didn't want my brother and I to hear about it. So, of course, they knew that we would worry because I remember a fire broke out there in A. P. Hill one time at night, and you could see the fire going up trees and stuff like that. It was in a wooded area. And I know how scared we were, we were so afraid it was going to get to us, but it didn't. It was over on the other side, but it looked like it was right at you, you know, especially at night. Of course, they never would talk to us about anything like that because they knew we would worry about it, be scared to death, rather.

AFTERWARD

In attempting to compile a history of the people and places that existed before the creation of Fort A. P. Hill, appropriate participants had to be located. On the one hand, the informant pool needed to be as diverse as possible in order to paint a complete picture of representative lives. Both men and women were interviewed. The racial demographics of the informant group closely mirrored the racial demographics of the historic population of Caroline County before World War II: roughly half the people were white, roughly half the people were black, and a small portion of the population was Native American. People of mixed ethnic heritages were not uncommon within the historic population or the informant group. Participants interviewed represented equally diverse historic economic groups as well: large landowners, small landowners, tenant farmers, and sharecroppers. Finally, participants were from all areas of the land that is now encompassed by Fort A. P. Hill. Some families lived in what is now the impact zone of the base. Other families lived at various communities in all directions. Some families lived on the very edges within the land that was taken. A few even escaped the fate that the other people shared; living on land that was originally slated for acquisition, but then the boundary was changed to exclude them, or they watched as the boundary came to their doorstep, but stopped and spared them.

Despite these conscious efforts in identifying a diverse informant group, a few intentional biases were observed when selecting participants. The older the informant, the better. Older people who still had and could convey their memories of their lives, families, and communities before World War II were selected with preference. People who were adults at acquisition had a better perspective of those events. However, the number of people in this age group is fairly small, and younger people were interviewed as well. They often had excellent memories of their childhoods on the farm, and could also relay stories about their parents, siblings, and grandparents. In a few cases, a small number of even younger people were interviewed who did not live on Fort A. P. Hill lands at the time of acquisition. These people were often members of families who had lived on A. P. Hill lands, of which none of the older generation still survived. They primarily passed on family stories told to them. Provided below is a list of all participants interviewed and their self-reported ages at the time of the interview. In all cases, participants and their families were asked to share family photos that depicted the people and places of Fort A. P. Hill's past.

Name	Age at Interview (2007)	Pages
Alberta Bumbrey Henderson	"77"	62, 101, 158, 171, 186, 205, 244, 259, 276
Annie Penney Purks	"83"	14, 24, 27, 37, 40, 45, 52, 54, 61, 94, 97, 103, 122, 142, 152, 182, 212, 269, 295, 324
Aubrey Reynolds	"71"	159, 329
Barbara Baylor Thomas	"75"	6, 95, 167, 210, 254, 276, 318
Betty Hicks Enos	87 (Estimated)	14, 5564, 72, 88, 93, 103, 119, 152, 181, 200, 211, 224, 234, 268, 306, 315, 324
Beulah Parker Tapscott	"I'll be 85 on February the 8th, 2008."	20, 29, 32, 40, 43, 48, 49, 53, 65, 88, 134, 164, 174, 191, 207, 218, 220, 249, 260, 271, 280, 298, 305, 335
Bruce Haynes	I am 58.	20, 190, 206, 330
Charles Franklin Roye	"I was born April the 15th, 1952. I'm 55 right now."	116, 152, 211, 234, 268, 293, 340
Charlie Loving	"79 going on 80. I'll be 80 the 16th of next August."	23, 30, 39, 52, 64, 95, 97, 116, 151, 199, 233, 268, 277, 323, 344
Cleopatra Kay Coleman	"I was born, let's say, in the early '30s, so that makes me more than 50."	18, 24, 28, 44, 52, 62, 70, 84, 87, 93, 96, 128, 142, 170, 185, 204, 215, 242, 278, 283, 287, 302, 304, 314
Cora Bumbrey Green	"My age is 81, I'm 81 years old. I was born January 16th, 1926."	91, 172, 219, 245, 278, 293, 316
Daisy Garrett Houston	"90"	10, 37, 45, 50, 51, 57, 66, 78, 82, 85, 89, 92, 99, 105, 144, 167, 176, 194, 210, 230, 265, 276, 294, 304, 319, 343
David Clark	"74"	77, 133, 162, 191, 216, 247, 332, 345, 351
Dora Collawn Carter	"85"	21, 28, 32, 40, 51, 64, 69, 71, 97, 137, 166, 208, 219, 224, 254, 260, 272, 281, 337
Dorothy Chenault Allen	"88"	14, 39, 45, 52, 60, 76, 99, 103, 116, 150, 180, 198, 210, 234, 268, 323
Dorothy Pugh Thomas	"93"	21, 68, 136, 192, 208, 219, 253, 272, 274, 337, 343
Elsie Raines Curtis	"78"	21, 28, 36, 48, 51, 53, 61, 71, 79, 82, 88, 138, 166, 175, 220, 224, 253, 272, 281, 284, 286, 300, 305, 336, 352
Emmet Farmer	"84"	17, 28, 31, 41, 47, 86, 91, 94, 283, 286, 293, 300, 312, 313
Estelle Holloway Allen	"89"	9, 26, 46, 53, 93, 243, 258, 264, 273, 278, 282, 292, 309, 338
Ethel Waugh Sanderlin	"75, 6/25/32"	53, 71, 97, 131, 216, 247, 299, 332
Evelyn Elliot Key	"May 7, 1932; I'm 75."	19, 65, 78, 87, 96, 140, 259, 305
Evelyn Penney Upshaw	"88"	121, 152, 268, 269, 324
Francis Bruce	"I'm 80 years old, March 18th, 1927."	16, 24, 40, 45, 54, 57, 61, 63, 69, 74, 87, 90, 98, 154, 158, 172, 182, 202, 212, 224, 235, 259, 269, 273, 277, 283, 296, 301, 324, 325, 337, 344, 347
Genevieve Powers Davis	"85"	6, 49, 55, 68, 77, 81, 84, 95, 167, 209, 227, 254, 273, 282, 300, 318
George W. Bumbrey	"79"	18, 26, 44, 49, 63, 91, 101, 120, 171, 204, 244, 274, 278, 315
Gladys Rich Ferguson	"86"	26, 37, 43, 50, 52, 58, 64, 65, 71, 77, 82, 88, 89, 111, 146, 220, 231, 266, 276, 285, 295, 321, 344
Gloria Woodfolk Reynolds	"69"	159
Helen Kocsis Wizesninski	"75 on June 16th"	10, 41, 55, 58, 68, 76, 84, 92, 101, 108, 210, 231, 266, 295, 320, 343
Herb Collins	"55"	123, 267, 322, 346
Howard MacCord, Sr.	"I'll be 92 in about four days."	348
James Loving	"My age, I'm going on 98"	9, 28, 37, 71, 80, 85, 104, 143, 167, 194, 224, 227, 265, 319, 341
John Garrett	94 (Estimate)	56, 158, 205, 216, 246, 285

Name	Age at Interview (2007)	Pages
Joseph Bumbrey	55 (Estimate)	49, 84, 276
Judi Lumpkin Hardin	born in 1952 (55)	16, 63, 123, 154, 173, 202, 220, 236, 269, 281, 296, 302, 324, 340
Katherine Parker Chinault	"I'm 85. And I was born May 18, 1922."	20, 40, 41, 64, 87, 91, 131, 161, 174, 191, 216, 247, 260, 271, 280, 299, 305, 329
Laverne Baylor Gwathmey	"77"	9, 103, 167, 175, 193, 226, 254, 264
Lelia Holloway Lewis	"May the 19th, 1911." (96)	7, 50, 61, 65, 69, 76, 93, 103, 157, 175, 223, 239, 257, 264, 273, 279, 282, 286, 288, 292, 301, 309, 338, 349
Leonard Bruce	"Age is 82."	15, 37, 41, 61, 74, 90, 94, 101, 153, 158, 172, 182, 202, 214, 221, 235, 259, 269, 277, 295, 301, 325, 337, 340, 347
Lillian Phillips Mills	"85"	12, 27, 29, 32, 39, 44, 47, 53, 54, 58, 66, 72, 77, 80, 85, 90, 95, 101, 111, 148, 168, 177, 231, 267, 284, 321, 340, 344
Lily Taylor Chilton	"Oh, shucks, do I have to tell that? I thank God I will be 91 Wednesday."	187, 189
Linda Krebs Butt	"I will be 59 years old November 13th coming up."	20, 26, 97, 133, 163, 191, 207, 218, 249, 271, 298, 334, 344, 350
Lois Fortune Garnett	"I'm 81; I'll be 82 in February, and I'm not ashamed of it."	21, 32, 90, 130, 135, 166, 174, 192, 207, 219, 250, 260, 270, 285, 298, 335, 346
Lucille Trice Tompkins	"87"	11, 26, 29, 34, 38, 43, 48, 53, 57, 63, 69, 75, 77, 78, 87, 92, 99, 101, 103, 105, 129, 145, 168, 174, 176, 189, 194, 205, 216, 221, 228, 254, 265, 279, 287, 296, 305, 328, 343, 346
Marie Gray Thornton	"I'm 92."	15, 27, 48, 52, 55, 63, 75, 78, 96, 103, 173, 189, 205, 216, 223, 246, 269, 273, 296, 305, 327
Mary Bumbrey Head	"My age is 71. I was born 6-5-36, June 5, 1936."	63, 78, 87, 92, 186, 245, 278, 284, 287, 304, 316
Mary Scott Broaddus Haley	"73"	22, 37, 41, 70, 76, 143, 227, 265, 318
Mary Trice Lambert	"I'm 86."	14, 27, 30, 32, 38, 42, 60, 66, 75, 81, 102, 114, 149, 169, 180, 195, 224, 232, 255, 267, 277, 286, 291, 295, 322
Maynard Penney	"Oh, I'm 74 and proud of it."	19, 65, 87, 96, 160, 206, 223, 247, 273, 280, 329
Nancy Bullock Napier	"Well, I am 71, will be 72 in October."	10, 30, 45, 51, 58, 64, 109, 146, 177, 221, 231, 320
Nancy Bumbrey Jackson	"81"	63, 65, 83, 205
Nancy Goulding Young	"Well, I was born January 31st, 1938, in that area at home." (69)	55, 57, 118, 140, 268, 273
Rachel Bruce Farmer	"83"	45, 58, 86, 184, 312, 346
Richard Kocsis	"I just turned 74 in September the 4th"	10, 39, 41, 51, 55, 57, 68, 78, 99, 101, 108, 145, 168, 195, 210, 231, 320, 343
Rose Hicks Farmer	"I'm 80 years old."	24, 51, 71, 77, 104, 143, 176, 210, 227, 265
Thelma Bruce Greenwood	"My age is almost 85."	22, 47, 62, 77, 82, 86, 89, 95, 184, 214, 243, 259, 279, 288, 305, 310, 341
Vergie Miller	"February the 27th, '21. 86 years old."	19, 32, 40, 78, 91, 97, 135, 161, 175, 179, 192, 207, 219, 220, 250, 260, 271, 280, 281, 299, 336, 345, 351
Virginia Hearn Whiting	"I'm 83."	36, 87, 97, 133, 162, 217, 248, 270, 298, 332, 350
Virginia Sale Broaddus	"I am 95 years old. That happened last April the 11th."	21, 24, 32, 41, 54, 64, 75, 84, 88, 90, 92, 101, 136, 142, 160, 175, 192, 250, 260, 272, 274, 280, 282, 297, 299, 329, 342, 345, 352
Virginia Wright Durrett	"Oh, 91."	17, 23, 29, 35, 42, 44, 48, 50, 61, 68, 72, 76, 85, 90, 97, 99, 102, 124, 155, 170, 183, 202, 212, 223, 237, 255, 261, 285, 288, 289, 303, 308, 338
Willard Jasper Farmer	"Age is 82."	19, 46, 70, 80, 94, 130, 159, 187, 190, 206, 216, 246, 269, 274, 287, 297
William Taylor	"75. July the 31st, 1932."	246, 286, 317

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APPENDIX A

LAND OWNERS

Following are some of the records associated with lands acquired by the U.S. Government for the creation of Fort A. P. Hill. The first column lists the legal owner's name. The column with the heading "Sheet" refers to the map sheet on which the property is depicted. The tract number is keyed to the maps. Acreage and cost are listed next, and the last column indicates if the land was acquired by purchase (P) or condemnation (C).

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Acors, Mary E.& James B.,Jr.	et al	3 F7	**550**	109.80	$9,000.00	P
Acors, Russell G.	et ux	3 F6	**65**	101.40	$12,000.00	P
Adams, John Q	et ux	3 C2	**590**	323.80	$5,800.00	P
Adams, John Q	et al	3 E2	**611**	42.30	$600.00	P
Allport, Mary C	est	5 F5	**305**	14.50	$200.00	C
Anderson, W J	et ux	6 D9	**956**	210.00	$3,900.00	P
Andrews, Edwin M	et ux	6 D8	**53**	98.00	$5,000.00	P
Andrews, James C & Clemetta		5 E3	**669**	117.00	$2,500.00	P
Andrews, James C & Clemetta		5 D2	**670**	127.00	$6,700.00	P
Andrews, Richard B		5 G2	**894**	118.00	$3,200.00	P
Armistead, Harry H & Estelle	et ux	6 A6	**312**	30.00	$1,500.00	P
Armstead, Walter & Florence	et al	3 E11	**344**	15.80	$725.00	C
Askins, Harvey	et ux	6 K7	**1191**	41.00	$2,475.00	P
Ayers, Joseph & Ara	et ux	3 K9	**817**	40.00	$1,000.00	P
Baker, Harry (Henry)		2 F6	**57**	23.00	$220.00	C
Baker, Lucy	est	2 F6	**56**	24.00	$250.00	C
Banks, William		2 E6	**54**	39.25	$380.00	C
Baptist Church		7 J6	**1212**	1	$1,200.00	C
Baylor, Annie Bell		3 F6	**455**	40.80	$1,500.00	C
Baylor, Arthur W	et ux	3 E4	**389**	50.00	$1,300.00	P
Baylor, Arthur W	et ux	3 G6	**390**	53.20	$4,400.00	P
Baylor, Beulah	et ux	3 C6	**556**	23.20	$1,400.00	P
Baylor, Clarence L		3 D6	**391**	5.20	$75.00	P
Baylor, Emma	et al	1 F10	**371**	13.70	$300.00	C
Baylor, Eugene	et ux	3 F5	**160**	11.60	$225.00	P
Baylor, Eugene	et ux	3 D5	**393**	10.00	$430.00	P
Baylor, Eugene	et ux	3 E4	**394**	14.00	$125.00	P
Baylor, Eugene	et ux	3 F6	**395**	29.00	$1,450.00	P
Baylor, Eugene	et ux	3 E6	**459**	15.30	$4,500.00	P
Baylor, Freddie E.	et ux	3 F5	**396**	13.60	$425.00	C
Baylor, John R	est	1 G8	**49**	51.20	$300.00	C
Baylor, John W	et ux	3 E6	**85**	33.20	$500.00	P
Baylor, John W	et ux	3 F6	**448**	20.90	$350.00	P
Baylor, John W & Annie L	et ux	3 F5	**304**	10.80	$1,150.00	P
Baylor, Lawrence W	et ux	3 F6	**402**	9.70	$1,350.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Baylor, Lawrence W	et ux	3 F5	**404**	35.50	$400.00	P
Baylor, Lawrence W	et ux	3 E6	**659**	13.20	$300.00	P
Baylor, Lawrence W	et ux	3 F6	**660**	6.80	$150.00	P
Baylor, Lawrence W & Martha	et ux	1 F8	**708**	29.50	$350.00	P
Baylor, Mary A	et al	3 H7	**150**	68.40	$1,200.00	C
Baylor, Melvin	et ux	1 D8	**658**	1.10	$500.00	P
Baylor, Philip		2 B4	**58**	68.00	$920.00	C
Baylor, Wilcie C. & Annie F	et ux	3 G5	**604**	124.20	$4,150.00	P
Baylor, Wilcie C. & Annie F	et ux	3 F4	**605**	68.80	$2,700.00	P
Baylor, Winnie	est	2 D6	**48**	22.80	$160.00	C
Bowie, Ada Lou	et al	4 B2	**374**	70.4	$1,000.00	P
Bowie, Frank Eugene	et ux	2 A10	**41**	73	$950.00	P
Bowie, Mrs. Eugene		1 H9	**327**	67	$5,500.00	P
Bowie, Willing	et al	3 F1	**746**	209	$7,300.00	P
Boyle, Martha	et vir	7 H10	**1110**	525	$5,422.00	P
Boyle, Martha S	et vir	7 H5	**639**	110	$2,224.00	P
Boyle, Martha S	et vir	7 G5	**1193**	134	$1,300.00	P
Brame, P. E.		6 C1	**400**	162.4	$1,100.00	C
Broaddus, Alice M.		3 C10	**673**	91.5	$5,300.00	C
Broaddus, C. A. & W. R.		3 D7	**614**	70.4	$1,450.00	C
Broaddus, Cornelius	et al	5 D3	**770**	216	$6,200.00	C
Broaddus, David	et al	7 H7	**1194**	16.5	$110.00	C
Broaddus, Gouldin L.	et al	2 G7	**21**	120	$1,000.00	C
Broaddus, Gouldin L.	et ux	2 E10	**221**	422.4	$17,250.00	P
Broaddus, Gouldin L.	et ux	2 G10	**270**	0.3	$25.00	P
Broaddus, Harvey S		5 B1	**557**	145.8	$10,000.00	P
Broaddus, J. J.	et al	5 F1	**890**	133	$6,300.00	P
Broaddus, James P.	et al	3 E10	**711**	385.5	$1,400.00	C
Broaddus, James Pelham		5 F2	**710**	61	$1,550.00	P
Broaddus, Madeline	et al	5 D2	**571**	120	$7,000.00	C
Broaddus, Victoria Green		6 J2	**672**	20	$300.00	C
Broaddus, W. Russell	et al	3 C10	**757**	65.5	$1,640.00	P
Broaddus, W. Russell & C.A.	et al	3 C7	**788**	165	$800.00	C
Broaddus, Wayland S.	et ux	5 F2	**712**	135	$8,800.00	P
Bromskin, Florence		7 J6	**1236**	1.25	$20.00	P
Brooks, Aubrey A		5 A1	**570**	30	$600.00	C
Brooks, Bessie M & J. A.	et al	5 G5	**891**	323.5	$9,000.00	P
Brooks, Bettie A.		5 F4	**880**	225	$5,100.00	P
Brooks, C. A. & R. L.	est	3 E1	**705**	270.4	$6,200.00	C
Brooks, C. S.		5 E5	**902**	80	$1,600.00	C
Brooks, Claude	et ux	4 A8	**503**	106	$5,400.00	P
Brooks, Frances	est	4 H2	**413**	6	$110.00	C
Brooks, Fred K.		5 F4	**905**	80	$4,700.00	P
Brooks, Jennifer	et ux	3 G3	**143**	230.3	$7,250.00	P
Brooks, R. Lewis	est	3 A1	**743**	3.1	$225.00	C
Brooks, Richard	et ux	7 G7	**996**	25	$250.00	P
Brooks, Willie L.(Ellis M.)	ex etal	3 D7	**615**	176	$900.00	C

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Brooks, Willie L.(Ellis M.)	etal	3 E4	**667**	58.4	$750.00	C
Brown, Andrew Moore		2 C3	**109**	77.6	$900.00	C
Brown, Ardell	et vir	1 J8	**296**	4	$75.00	P
Brown, Edward	est	7 G7	**1195**	16.7	$250.00	P
Brown, Henry		1 J9	**105**	36.5	$1,452.00	C
Brown, John Henry		1 K9	**375**	6	$60.00	C
Brown, Martha	et al	1 G7	**285**	16.2	$300.00	C
Brown, W. B.		2 B2	**66**	82	$1,455.00	P
Brown, Warner B.	et al	2 E3	**73**	103.6	$1,335.00	C
Brown, William	est	4 E1	**229**	14.8	$300.00	C
Brown, William H.	et ux	1 G9	**182**	24	$6,000.00	P
Bruce, Brewer V.	et ux	4 B9	**784**	72.8	$5,250.00	P
Bruce, Homer	et al	3 E4	**656**	16.3	$125.00	C
Bruce, Homer H.	et ux	5 D1	**308**	163	$5,600.00	P
Bruce, James P	et al	6 H9	**954**	67.2	$3,200.00	C
Bruce, Joseph H.	et ux	4 A11	**811**	130.4	$800.00	P
Bruce, Lucian F.	et ux	5 E1	**671**	75	$2,600.00	P
Bruce, Percy E.	et ux	3 E9	**263**	98	$9,000.00	P
Bruce, Seddon J	et ux	3 G8	**407**	122.9	$13,000.00	P
Bruce, Spurgeon E.	et ux	3 G9	**585**	57.2	$8,000.00	P
Bruce, W. B. & Etta H.		3 K8	**504**	116.2	$5,900.00	C
Bruce, Warren B.		3 F10	**476**	113.5	$10,000.00	P
Bruce, Warren B.	et ux	3 F8	**589**	167.7	$10,000.00	P
Buckner, Mary L.		3 B1	**704**	20	$600.00	C
Buckner, Richard C.		1 G11	**205**	94.8	$5,500.00	P
Buckner, Richard C.		4 D5	**206**	106.5	$2,100.00	P
Buckner, Rosa E.	et vir	1 F10	**655**	6.6	$600.00	P
Buckner, Spencer	et ux	1 F11	**360**	15.8	$675.00	P
Bullock, Annie L		1 J9	**295**	59.8	$3,225.00	P
Bullock, Edwin L. (Collis E.)	et al	2 b9	**101**	210.5	$2,000.00	p
Bullock, Grace & Andrew	et al	2 A8	**86**	87.6	$1,850.00	p
Bullock, Ida L		2 B11	**95**	362.8	$10,500.00	P
Bullock, John L.	et ux	1 J9	**200**	20.8	$3,300.00	P
Bullock, Robert A.	et ux	2 A8	**99**	50	$475.00	P
Bullock, Robert A.	et ux	2 A10	**100**	129	$2,600.00	P
Bundy, Hattie	et al	4 B8	**368**	56.8	$3,000.00	C
Bundy, John	et ux	7 F10	**1279**	68	$2,500.00	P
Bundy, Lucy	et vir	4 J8	**1363**	8	$275.00	P
Bundy, Robert	et al	7 H7	**1172**	22	$130.00	P
Bundy, William B		4 G4	**449**	16.4	$115.00	C
Bundy, William B		4 H4	**453**	21.5	$1,050.00	C
Burnett, W. P. & M. H.	admin	4 G9	**1339**	0.17	$1.00	C
Campbell, Effie		4 D3	**573**	41.6	$1,000.00	C
Campbell, Elliott, Jr	et al	4 E2	**283**	328.8	$14,500.00	P
Campbell, Leonard & Effie		5 E2	**895**	60.5	$3,060.00	C
Campbell, Nellie J.	et vir	5 E3	**887**	1	$125.00	P
Carlton, James Elmo	et ux	4 H7	**602**	119.6	$1,100.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Carlton, James Elmo	et ux	7 B2	**1124**	196	$11,000.00	P
Carneal, Edmond S.	et ux	1 D10	**644**	30.4	$1,600.00	P
Carneal, R. W.	et ux	4 H4	**295**	90	$3,250.00	P
Caroline Co. Farmers COOP		3 F11	**809**	1	$4,100.00	P
Caroline Co. Sch Board,Trustees	Mica	1 G10	**6**	7.2	$19,563.00	P
Caroline Co. Sch Board,Trustees	Upper Zion	6 B4	**7**	2	$2,870.00	P
Caroline Co. Sch Board,Trustees		1 D9	**13**	1.5	$2,057.00	P
Caroline Co. Sch Board,Trustees	Baylortown	3 E6	**14**	2	$1,281.00	P
Caroline Co. Sch Board,Trustees	Delos	4 A9	**15**	2	$2,165.00	P
Caroline Co. Sch Board,Trustees	Bethleham	2 B9	**17**	2.5	$646.00	P
Caroline Co. Sch Board,Trustees		6 E3	**18**	1	$1,882.00	P
Caroline Co. Sch Board,Trustees	Mt Olive	4 F3	**19**	1	$866.00	P
Caroline Co. Sch Board,Trustees	Naulakla	6 G6	**34**	0.5	$1,020.00	P
Caroline Co. Sch Board,Trustees	Mexico	7 H6	**1167**	1	$1,000.00	P
Caroline Co. Sch Board,Trustees	MT Dew	2 K8	**1427**	0.4	$550.00	P
Carter, A. J.		5 F3	**901**	385	$9,240.00	C
Carter, Andrew	et ux	6 G7	**971**	66.3	$1,500.00	P
Carter, Bertha A	et vir	6 J6	**1280**	105	$4,110.00	P
Carter, Bradford F. & Lizzie M	et ux	4 A7	**434**	128.4	$7,375.00	P
Carter, Charles H.	est	4 D8	**356**	44	$1,450.00	P
Carter, E. G. & Annie L.	et ux	5 G6	**976**	95.5	$3,470.00	P
Carter, Henry	est	7 C3	**1001**	33.5	$400.00	C
Carter, Henry	est	4 J7	**1231**	23.5	$2,000.00	C
Carter, Lettie		4 J9	**1289**	74	$830.00	P
Carter, Mary G.	est	2 A2	**416**	22	$131.00	C
Carter, Melvin	et ux	6 D2	**783**	43.2	$2,000.00	P
Carter, Melvin	et al	6 G7	**958**	25	$275.00	C
Carter, Napolen B (Melvin on map)	et al	6 G8	**957**	48.5	$800.00	P
Carter, Philip Rowland		6 A3	**858**	148.6	$1,500.00	P
Carter, Philip Rowland		5 J3	**859**	76	$500.00	C
Carter, R. C.	et ux	7 F5	**1196**	1	$20.00	P
Carter, R. J.		4 J6	**1395**	11	$300.00	C
Carter, Richard C.		7 E6	**163**	309	$6,300.00	P
Carter, Russell Webb & Elizabeth	et ux	5 H4	**896**	42.2	$3,550.00	P
Carter, T. J. (Judson)		5 E2	**893**	97	$6,100.00	C
Carter, W. R.	est	4 H6	**552**	107.6	$2,400.00	C
Cash, A. W., W.S., D.S.	et al	4 G7	**562**	316.8	$3,200.00	C
Chambers, Isaiah	et ux	2 J6	**52**	15	$900.00	P
Chandler, John	et al	6 B2	**818**	40	$1,000.00	P
Childs, B. H.		1 E10	**352**	54.8	$800.00	C
Childs, B. H.		1 D10	**353**	6	$425.00	C
Childs, W. B.		1 E10	**355**	45.2	$2,550.00	C
Chinault, Arthur L	et ux	3 G11	**713**	24	$400.00	P
Chinault, Arthur L	et ux	3 F11	**714**	34.5	$3,600.00	P
Chinault, Bagby	et ux	7 G9	**1122**	12	$140.00	P
Chinault, French	et ux	7 G9	**1123**	6.7	$65.00	P
Chinault, H. V.	et ux	7 D8	**450**	118.5	$2,200.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Chinault, H. V.	et ux	7 D7	**1138**	3	$1,500.00	P
Chinault, H. V.	et ux	7 E8	**1282**	46.5	$2,800.00	P
Chinault, J. M.	et ux	5 E6	**875**	143	$5,800.00	P
Chinault, R. B.	et al	6 H7	**928**	30	$1,500.00	C
Chinault, R. B.	et al	6 G8	**929**	25	$400.00	C
Christian, Daisy		6 C9	**972**	140	$1,500.00	P
Christian, Daisy		6 G6	**1245**	3	$150.00	P
Christian, Richard A	et ux	2 F9	**24**	18	$500.00	C
Christopher, J. C.	et al	5 E6	**889**	36	$1,550.00	C
Christopher, Joseph	et al	6 A7	**392**	36.5	$1,200.00	C
Christopher, William	et ux	5 H6	**885**	25	$1,450.00	P
Clark, B. Rudolph		4 B3	**213**	65.9	$1,500.00	C
Clark, Eva	et vir	7 D7	**478**	7	$600.00	P
Clark, William		2 A5	**113**	22.4	$300.00	C
Clarke, Mary		4 A3	**177**	60.6	$100.00	P
Clarke, Mary Elizabeth		4 F2	**342**	147.1	$4,000.00	P
Clarke, Maurice Grady		4 H3	**454**	385.2	$6,000.00	P
Colbert, Chartine	et ux	2 B6	**80**	90.4	$500.00	P
Cole, Robert	et ux	2 J6	**36**	14	$950.00	P
Coleman, Catherine	et al	2 B7	**225**	82	$950.00	C
Coleman, Harry		4 D2	**318**	14.5	$100.00	C
Coleman, Henry	et ux	6 E4	**715**	25	$600.00	P
Coleman, Nancy		4 D2	**376**	13.7	$9,500.00	C
Coleman, Nellie		2 G11	**167**	4,4	$55.00	C
Coleman, Robert	et ux	2 B6	**280**	57	$400.00	C
Collawn, M. Weston		6 G5	**1244**	77	$2,700.00	P
Collawn, Mary V		3 H2	**199**	56	$4,800.00	P
Collawn, Robert W		3 H2	**197**	47.2	$5,500.00	P
Collawn, Robert W	et al	3 H1	**198**	54	$1,200.00	P
Collins, Alfred R.	et ux	6 C9	**162**	30	$850.00	P
Conway, George F.	et al	4 F4	**610**	284.4	$1,000.00	P
Cook, George B.	et ux	4 J8	**675**	22	$325.00	P
Cooper, William	est	1 F10	**366**	4.8	$700.00	C
Corbin, Gatchell & Farley B.	et al	3 B3	**609**	81.2	$7,000.00	P
Crosby, Travis		3 K1	**207**	4.4	$520.00	C
Danridge, McKensey	est	2 A5	**292**	5	$70.00	C
Danridge, McKensey & Wife		2 A5	**289**	2.5	$255.00	C
Dennis, Alexander	est	6 H7	**921**	72.5	$1,000.00	C
Dennis, Alexander	est	6 H6	**1248**	6.5	$250.00	C
Dennis, Henry		6 H8	**959**	15	$150.00	C
Dennis, Robert		7 H6	**1059**	8	$200.00	P
Dennis, W. H.	est	6 H6	**1249**	8.7	$700.00	C
Dennis, Walker	et ux	7 H6	**1060**	6	$105.00	P
Denson, F. W. (Marice E.)	est	1 K4	**387**	40	$360.00	C
Denson, F. W. (Marice E.)	est	2 G3	**189**	114.8	$2,025.00	C
Derieux, Waring	et ux	3 G2	**465**	1	$75.00	P
Dillard, Lizzie G		1 K2	**67**	260	$9,500.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Dobbins, Alex	et al	4 D1	**346**	92.3	$1,300.00	C
Dobbins, Richard		4 C2	**238**	144.5	$1,650.00	C
Dobbins, Richard & Alex		4 C2	**239**	20.8	$160.00	C
Dorsey, G. R.		3 J10	**810**	190.8	$4,000.00	P
Dorsey, G. R. (Davis, J. P.)		5 J7	**842**	134	$3,660.00	P
Dorsey, George		7 E10	**1284**	312	$4,565.00	P
Druiett, Ann Stefaniga		1 F7	**139**	35	$700.00	P
Durrett, Ashton & Hazel B.	et ux	1 H2	**22**	72.4	$3,500.00	P
Durrett, Robert	et ux	2 C5	**25**	151.2	$2,900.00	P
Eager, J. Curtis	et ux	5 C5	**170**	137	$3,000.00	P
Eager, Nettie M		5 C5	**175**	266.5	$8,500.00	P
Edwards, Carl A.	et ux	3 B3	**563**	35.2	$2,400.00	P
Edwards, Linard H		3 B4	**468**	71	$3,700.00	C
Edwards, Mack L		3 C4	**564**	62.8	$775.00	C
Edwards, William B	et ux	1 K6	**269**	13.3	$50.00	P
Elliott, E. P.	et al	6 H9	**930**	30	$1,300.00	C
Elliott, Eustace M		6 H9	**931**	4	$130.00	P
Elliott, J. W.		3 G11	**676**	213.8	$10,000.00	C
Elliott, J. W.		6 C4	**739**	49.2	$1,800.00	C
Elliott, Loetilla G.		3 D9	**489**	0.5	$50.00	P
Elliott, Mrs. Loetilla		3 D9	**466**	8.41	$3,300.00	P
Elliott, Russell J	et al	6 B1	**829**	212.2	$8,500.00	P
Elliott, Waverly C.		3 C9	**678**	15.2	$2,700.00	C
Elliott, Waverly C.		3 D10	**679**	18	$350.00	C
Elliott, William C. (W.L./Beale R.L.	et al	3 C9	**808**	2.4	$300.00	C
Elliott, Zoettilla		3 E10	**662**	18	$425.00	P
Ellis, Eugene B.	et al	1 G7	**142**	90.4	$750.00	C
Ellis, Victoria		1 K9	**598**	16.8	$525.00	C
Ellis, Victoria Frye & Tom A	et al	1 A7	**140**	4.8	$225.00	P
Elmore, Daisy H. (Hicks,C.F.)	et al	4 G1	**491**	54.6	$4,000.00	P
Eppo, Emma		2 J6	**35**	18	$275.00	C
Epps, Emanuel	et ux	6 F6	**748**	33.5	$1,400.00	P
Epps, Montague	est	6 J6	**1285**	20	$1,000.00	C
Eubank, Lou	et al	6 K3	**1246**	9	$150.00	P
Eubank, Robert	et ux	2 A1	**68**	60	$1,850.00	P
Evans Ada M.	est	3 H8	**483**	56	$5,000.00	P
Evans Ada M. (George P.)	est	1 H7	**321**	468.8	$6,000.00	P
Evans Ada M. (George P.Lyon)	est	3 G6	**484**	253.2	$4,250.00	P
Evans Ada M. (Lyons, Ada M.)	est	2 B6	**103**	189.5	$7,500.00	P
Evans, Ada M (Geo P Lyon)	est	2 D9	**153**	393.6	$8,500.00	P
Evans, James	et ux	3 F11	**716**	10	$475.00	P
Farish, Joseph T	et al	4 H1	**279**	1.6	$20.00	P
Farmer, J. Leonard		6 J7	**1199**	19	$840.00	P
Farmer, Taylor	et ux	6 D8	**825**	34	$550.00	P
Farmer, Arthur	et ux	6 D8	**745**	33.3	$2,150.00	P
Farmer, Arthur	et ux	7 G4	**1323**	2.6	$150.00	C
Farmer, Clarence S..	et ux	6 J4	**634**	429	$10,750.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Farmer, Floyd	et ux	6 F9	**316**	89	$3,100.00	P
Farmer, Frank P	et ux	1 J1	**565**	0.01	$30.00	P
Farmer, George R	et al	3 D3	**477**	171.2	$3,900.00	C
Farmer, Harry	et al	6 K2	**635**	64	$2,400.00	P
Farmer, Hattie C	et vir	6 D9	**469**	33.3	$400.00	C
Farmer, Jennie		3 E9	**680**	36.5	$2,500.00	P
Farmer, Lloyd	et al	6 F9	**401**	68	$1,000.00	C
Farmer, Ruth	et vir	7 F9	**1125**	6	$100.00	P
Farmer, Samuel F	et ux	6 G6	**922**	90	$4,500.00	P
Farmer, Samuel F	et ux	6 G5	**925**	52.5	$750.00	P
Farmer, Taylor	et ux	6 E7	**717**	40	$2,600.00	P
Farmer, Thomas	et ux	7 E8	**1286**	27.5	$550.00	P
Farmer, Virgie R	et al	6 J7	**1198**	20	$750.00	P
Farmer, Virginia R.	et al	6 H7	**963**	33	$1,400.00	C
Farrish, Lelia John D.		7 D1	**1311**	315	$15,750.00	P
Fawner(Fraughnaugh) John	est	5 D2	**772**	70	$3,800.00	C
Fawner(Fraughnaugh) John & A,		5 D6	**773**	50	$3,200.00	C
Fed Land Bk of Baltimore		1 C10	**98**	1100	$3,500.00	C
Fed. Farm Mortgage Co		6 B1	**786**	77.3	$1,700.00	P
Ferguson, Alex	est	6 F1	**807**	129.2	$1,000.00	C
Ferguson, Alexander	est	6 H2	**995**	48	$700.00	C
Ferguson, Andrew	est	6 H1	**997**	36	$500.00	C
Ferguson, Ella	et al	6 J1	**718**	128.75	$2,300.00	P
Ferguson, Emma Street	et vir	1 J4	**185**	16.5	$1,475.00	P
Ferguson, Herbert	et ux	4 J10	**851**	198	$3,000.00	P
Ferguson, Herbert (W. L. Roane)	et ux	4 J11	**681**	4	$140.00	P
Ferguson, John	et ux 2	2 E6	**108**	18.8	$730.00	P
Ferguson, Joseph	est	1 G5	**117**	27.2	$170.00	C
Ferguson, Joseph (Mattie)	est	1 F10	**431**	42.9	$727.00	C
Ferguson, Martha		6 J2	**1398**	25	$800.00	C
Ferguson, Mattie G		1 F10	**237**	31.2	$1,600.00	P
Ferguson, Myrtle		6 B3	**819**	57	$950.00	P
Ferguson, Peter	est	5 A1	**399**	5	$400.00	C
Fitzgerald, Mary Baylor	et vir	3 F6	**457**	6.5	$300.00	P
Fletcher, Sarah	et al	1 D9	**365**	41.1	$1,750.00	P
Fletcher, Sarah		1 D11	**414**	25	$300.00	C
Flippo, James B	et ux	1 G3	**114**	224	$1,100.00	P
Flood, Allen		1 J10	**102**	43.6	$650.00	C
Fortune, James R.	et ux	3 H8	**618**	10.1	$350.00	P
Fortune, James R.	et ux	3 H8	**641**	171.1	$4,800.00	P
Fortune, Richard		5 D4	**176**	133.8	$6,000.00	P
Foster, Clarence	et ux	7 F7	**1061**	19.5	$400.00	P
Fry, Carrie		3 G4	**409**	4.8	$500.00	P
Frye, Annie E (Fries)	et vir	3 G4	**525**	16.7	$850.00	P
Frye, Gusa d	et ux	3 E4	**654**	116.4	$3,200.00	C
Frye, Ida	et vir	3 B7	**617**	12.8	$2,450.00	P
Gaines, William	est	7 H7	**1426**	4	$1,000.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Garnett, Albert,	est	6 J3	**638**	25	$706.00	C
Garnett, Charles W	et ux	6 D1	**830**	273.6	$4,200.00	P
Garnett, Eddie L.		3 D9	**682**	51.8	$8,637.00	C
Garnett, George W.	et ux	7 E8	**1287**	79	$1,721.00	P
Garnett, James E	et ux	3 E6	**601**	1.7	$120.00	P
Garnett, Joe E	et ux	4 J6	**1397**	33	$1,050.00	P
Garnett, John N	et ux	3 D9	**411**	85	$11,000.00	P
Garnett, Julian W	et ux	1 G2	**384**	19	$500.00	P
Garnett, Larry	etux	3 J10	**820**	150	$5,000.00	P
Garnett, Lucy	et vir	3 E6	**16**	17.3	$425.00	P
Garnett, Lucy (Smith)	et vir	3 F6	**51**	3	$715.00	P
Garnett, Lucy (Smith)	et vir	3 F5	**412**	10.6	$300.00	P
Garnett, Mary Lou (& Robert L)	et al	3 E8	**481**	139.8	$13,500.00	P
Garnett, Montgomery G.	est	3 G7	**549**	165	$3,600.00	P
Garnett, Patsy	et al	7 E8	**1238**	40.8	$300.00	p
Garnett, Roger,	et vir	7 E8	**1288**	12	$1,900.00	P
Garnett, Rosa	et vir	7 F6	**1026**	15	$375.00	P
Garnett, Stephen	et ux	4 K6	**1393**	133	$4,200.00	P
Garnett, Walker	et ux	7 E6	**1086**	69	$2,465.00	P
Garnett, William	et ux	7 F6	**1027**	10	$950.00	P
Gatewood, Bettie	est	4 F3	**377**	3.2	$7,500.00	C
Gibson, Anna Johnson	et al	6 G11	**926**	59.25	$1,000.00	C
Gilmore, Lawrence & Wife		1 D11	**693**	2	$50.00	C
Golden, Mary F		6 H1	**832**	18.75	$1,350.00	C
Goodloe, Spencer		2 G10	**174**	15.2	$355.00	C
Gordon, Alice		2 B3	**71**	108	$1,319.00	C
Gordon, Innes		1 J2	**128**	22.2	$300.00	C
Gordon, Inness & Jesse		1 J1	**253**	1	$165.00	C
Gordon, Jesse		1 J1	**126**	21	$290.00	C
Gordon, John	et ux	1 H1	**127**	23.4	$2,575.00	P
Gordon, Mary	est	1 G10	**383**	15.2	$900.00	C
Gordon, Robert V.	est	2 B1	**388**	42.5	$720.00	C
Gordon, William		1 G10	**351**	16	$40.00	C
Gouldin, J. H	et ux	2 G10	**63**	259	$6,000.00	P
Gouldin, J. William (Ruth R. Powers)	et al	6 F6	**70**	54.5	$800.00	P
Gouldin, James D. C. Jr.	et al	3 B2	**621**	238.8	$6,250.00	P
Gouldin, Nannie	et al	2 G8	**76**	400	$5,850.00	P
Gouldin, Robert (Pattie)	et al	5 J4	**881**	162.5	$10,250.00	P
Gouldman, A. J.	et ux	7 C1	**1255**	7	$775.00	P
Gracik, Joseph	et ux	1 G6	**147**	136	$5,350.00	P
Gravatt, Sarah H.		7 D6	**1290**	75.75	$1,550.00	P
Gravatt, W. D.	et al	5 B3	**898**	17	$450.00	P
Gravatt, William Ancel & Jeanette	et al	6 G2	**806**	153	$4,155.00	P
Gray, Allen & Eppe	est	2 J6	**35**	18	$275.00	C
Gray, Allice Carter & A. H.	et vir	6 A4	**410**	8	$3,000.00	P
Gray, C. B.	et ux	5 H6	**886**	57	$3,200.00	P
Gray, George A	et ux	5 G6	**462**	86	$5,700.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Gray, George Allen	et ux	6 D6	**787**	72.4	$2,400.00	P
Gray, Harriet B		6 K1	**677**	90	$2,600.00	P
Gray, Isabella		4 J8	**1325**	11	$350.00	C
Gray, James H		4 K8	**1326**	6	$185.00	P
Gray, Joseph & Isabella	est	4 J8	**1327**	16.5	$325.00	C
Gray, Lyle B		4 E8	**505**	39.6	$1,175.00	C
Gray, Mack C.	et ux	6 C4	**877**	25.8	$620.00	P
Gray, Oliver C.		2 A2	**93**	14.8	$90.00	C
Gray, Reta Reeves	et al	6 B3	**760**	22.5	$600.00	C
Gray, Reta Reeves		6 B4	**759**	51	$900.00	P
Green, Lettie	et al	6 K2	**987**	35.2	$1,600.00	C
Green, Silas	est	7 J7	**978**	26	$600.00	P
Green, W. A.	est	6 J2	**986**	53.7	$500.00	C
Greene, Jonnie	et vir	3 E6	**470**	12	$600.00	C
Greenstreet, Cora L.	et al	2 C8	**107**	248.8	$5,450.00	P
Grizzard, Edgar B		4 A9	**831**	4.29	$175.00	C
Grymes, Fayett		2 F11	**173**	18.6	$277.50	C
Hailstock, J. Tally		2 A4	**290**	22	$100.00	C
Hale, William	et al	7 F11	**1241**	33.5	$275.00	P
Hall, Heirs of Lewis	amtx	6 J2	**1007**	29	$500.00	C
Hall, John H.	et ux	7 F9	**1028**	51.5	$2,300.00	P
Hardman, Ephraim L.	et al	3 H8	**471**	51.6	$2,200.00	C
Hardman, Ephraim L.		4 G9	**482**	38.1	$550.00	P
Hardman, Ephraim L.	et al	3 H8	**547**	14.3	$350.00	P
Hardman, Ephraim L.	et al	3 H8	**548**	4.4	$150.00	P
Hardman, Mary		4 E3	**642**	5	$150.00	C
Hardman, Mattie&Katherine Smith		4 G5	**506**	39.4	$275.00	C
Harris, Charley (Charlie?)		1 C9	**653**	0.4	$15.00	C
Harris, Maude		2 D10	**245**	46	$470.00	P
Harris, Maude		2 D10	**246**	43.6	$500.00	P
Harris, Maude E		4 C3	**323**	366.8	$8,000.00	P
Harris, Maude E		4 C3	**323**	366.8	$8,000.00	P
Harris, Maude E		7 F4	**623**	243	$9,800.00	C
Harris, Maude E		7 F4	**623**	243	$9,800.00	C
Harris, Maude E		6 E10	**973**	326	$7,500.00	C
Harris, Maude E		6 E10	**973**	326	$7,500.00	C
Harris, Maude E	et al	6 F9	**974**	37	$800.00	C
Harris, Maude E	et al	6 F9	**974**	37	$800.00	C
Harris, Robert W.	et ux	6 E8	**838**	138	$3,000.00	P
Harris, Robert W.	et ux	6 E8	**838**	138	$3,000.00	P
Harrison, Washington	est	2 J5	**55**	34.5	$625.00	C
Harrison, Washington	est	2 J5	**55**	34.5	$625.00	C
Hauser, Theodore V	et al	2 D5	**417**	45.6	$800.00	C
Hauser, Theodore V	et al	2 D5	**417**	45.6	$800.00	C
Hayes, Ida		6 G9	**938**	60	$650.00	C
Hayes, Ida		6 G9	**938**	60	$650.00	C
Hearn, Lucy Etta (C.K.)	et al	4 H6	**538**	186.4	$700.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Hearn, Lucy Etta (C.K.)	et al	4 H6	**538**	186.4	$700.00	P
Hefflen, J. M.	et ux	2 A3	**27**	221	$6,500.00	P
Hefflen, J. M.	et ux	2 A3	**27**	221	$6,500.00	P
Henderson, Blanche U.	et vir	4 G5	**539**	111.6	$3,150.00	P
Henderson, Blanche U.	et vir	4 G5	**539**	111.6	$3,150.00	P
Henderson, Blanche U.	et al	6 B4	**719**	54.8	$3,000.00	C
Henderson, Blanche U.	et al	6 B4	**719**	54.8	$3,000.00	C
Henshaw, T. Scott	et ux	4 G2	**151**	152.4	$6,000.00	P
Henshaw, T. Scott	et ux	4 G2	**151**	152.4	$6,000.00	P
Herring, Richard		1 D10	**426**	2	$20.00	P
Herring, Richard		1 D10	**426**	2	$20.00	P
Hicks, Alvin B.	et ux	3 K10	**844**	142	$5,950.00	P
Hicks, Alvin B.	et ux	3 K10	**844**	142	$5,950.00	P
Hicks, Mary E (C. F.)	et ux	4 F2	**146**	156.5	$3,500.00	P
Hicks, Mary E (C. F.)	et ux	4 F2	**146**	156.5	$3,500.00	P
Hicks, Samuel		3 B6	**622**	34.4	$1,200.00	P
Hicks, Samuel		3 B6	**622**	34.4	$1,200.00	P
Hicks, Wirt T.	et ux	4 G1	**20**	236	$5,350.00	P
Hicks, Wirt T.	et ux	4 G1	**20**	236	$5,350.00	P
Hill, Aubrey	et ux	1 E5	**244**	1.1	$75.00	P
Hill, Aubrey	et ux	1 E5	**244**	1.1	$75.00	P
Hill, Samuel	est	1 E5	**325**	10.5	$300.00	C
Hill, Samuel	est	1 E5	**325**	10.5	$300.00	C
Hill, Thomas J.		4 J7	**1308**	5	$200.00	P
Hill, Thomas J.		4 J7	**1308**	5	$200.00	P
Hill, William	et ux	1 E5	**193**	14.4	$1,600.00	P
Hill, William	et ux	1 E5	**193**	14.4	$1,600.00	P
Holloway, Frances, G		2 H7	**72**	58	$500.00	P
Holloway, Frances, G		2 H7	**72**	58	$500.00	P
Holloway, J. M.		4 G2	**306**	56	$650.00	C
Holloway, J. M.		4 G2	**306**	56	$650.00	C
Holloway, J. T.	et al	2 H7	**32**	8	$100.00	C
Holloway, J. T.	et al	2 H7	**32**	8	$100.00	C
Holloway, James H.	et ux	2 B2	**104**	104	$3,000.00	C
Holloway, James H.	et ux	2 B2	**104**	104	$3,000.00	C
Holloway, John T.	et ux	2 H7	**33**	54	$5,900.00	P
Holloway, John T.	et ux	2 H7	**33**	54	$5,900.00	P
Holloway, Joseph M	et ux	4 E5	**541**	235	$11,750.00	P
Holloway, Joseph M	et ux	4 E5	**541**	235	$11,750.00	P
Holloway, Robert G.	est	2 B10	**1116**	0.24	$100.00	C
Holloway, Robert G.	est	2 B10	**1116**	0.24	$100.00	C
Holmes, Edward	est	4 D3	**233**	1.2	$30.00	C
Holmes, Edward	est	4 D3	**233**	1.2	$30.00	C
Holmes, Ellis	et al	6 D4	**567**	12.6	$200.00	C
Holmes, Ellis	et al	6 D4	**567**	12.6	$200.00	C
Holmes, Ellis J.		6 D4	**871**	52.5	$1,400.00	P
Holmes, Ellis J.		6 D4	**871**	52.5	$1,400.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Holmes, Isabella		4 D2	**537**	24	$200.00	C
Holmes, Isabella		4 D2	**537**	24	$200.00	C
Holmes, James A		4 H4	**643**	9	$100.00	C
Holmes, James A		4 H4	**643**	9	$100.00	C
Holmes, Laura	est	4 D3	**252**	35.5	$360.00	C
Holmes, Laura	est	4 D3	**252**	35.5	$360.00	C
Holmes, Major	est	6 E7	**876**	8	$140.00	C
Holmes, Major	est	6 E7	**876**	8	$140.00	C
Holmes, Sally		6 E7	**873**	17	$250.00	P
Holmes, Sally		6 E7	**873**	17	$250.00	P
Holmes, Thomas	est	4 H5	**497**	42.3	$1,450.00	C
Holmes, Thomas	est	4 H5	**497**	42.3	$1,450.00	C
Holms, Josephine & Lewis	est	3 D7	**628**	13.1	$200.00	C
Holms, Josephine & Lewis	est	3 D7	**628**	13.1	$200.00	C
Holms, Linsey		2 F8	**44**	28	$216.50	C
Holms, Linsey		2 F8	**44**	28	$216.50	C
Houston, DeWitt C		6 G8	**828**	66	$1,100.00	C
Houston, DeWitt C		6 G8	**828**	66	$1,100.00	C
Houston, Frank M	et al	6 A4	**529**	4	$2,300.00	C
Houston, Frank M	et al	6 A4	**529**	4	$2,300.00	C
Houston, John H	et ux	6 F7	**975**	91.5	$2,250.00	P
Houston, John H	et ux	6 F7	**975**	91.5	$2,250.00	P
Howard, Arthur L.	et ux	1 G8	**144**	11.2	$1,300.00	P
Howard, Arthur L.	et ux	1 G8	**144**	11.2	$1,300.00	P
Howard, Lucy		5 C4	**789**	90	$3,300.00	P
Ilgenritz, Pearl E (Fritz)	et al	6 B8	**939**	76	$3,150.00	P
Innes, John & Jesse GordonNote5		1 J1	**253**	1	$165.00	C
Jackson, Andrew	est	6 G7	**945**	5	$200.00	C
Jackson, Arthur,	et ux	1 D10	**419**	36	$2,200.00	P
Jackson, Clarence	est	7 H5	**1029**	10	$300.00	C
Jackson, Daniel	et ux	7 H5	**1063**	10	$325.00	P
Jackson, Hiter		1 J4	**266**	26.8	$185.00	C
Jackson, Jacob N.		3 F2	**626**	51	$700.00	C
Jackson, Jacob N.	et al	3 F2	**742**	49	$700.00	P
Jackson, James Ruben	est	2 C7	**220**	106.4	$680.00	C
Jackson, Jinnie	est	2 D5	**31**	43	$595.00	C
Jackson, Killis S	et ux	4 C2	**307**	86.8	$1,500.00	P
Jackson, Lawrence	est	7 J6	**1201**	10	$526.00	P
Jackson, Lawrence	est	7 J6	**1232**	4	$281.00	P
Jackson, Lawrence	est el al	7 J6	**1233**	20	$700.00	C
Jackson, Lee	et ux	1 D10	**427**	3	$50.00	P
Jackson, Maria	est	2 G11	**234**	8.8	$60.00	C
Jackson, Martha	est	1 G7	**284**	19.2	$125.00	C
Jackson, Mary	et al	7 F7	**1064**	24.3	$725.00	P
Jackson, Matilda	est	2 C7	**218**	10	$80.00	P
Jackson, Travis		4 D1	**343**	24.8	$210.00	P
Jackson, Wade	est	7 G7	**1133**	12	$125.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Jackson, Washington		2 F8	**39**	25	$330.00	P
Jackson, William H (Mabel)	et ux	6 E4	**878**	5	$100.00	P
Jackson, William S	est	2 B5	**236**	41.2	$640.00	C
Jackson, William S	est el al	1 A9	**322**	38.3	$375.00	C
Jeter, Bessie W.	est	1 K8	**1100**	0.03	$1,000.00	C
Jeter, Henry W.	et al	6 G9	**949**	26	$925.00	C
Jeter, Howell		7 C2	**1330**	100	$1,350.00	P
Jeter, R. E.	est	6 G9	**950**	33	$750.00	C
Johnson, Alice	est	4 H5	**451**	14	$120.00	C
Johnson, C. C.	et ux	6 D3	**763**	8.3	$120.00	C
Johnson, Cora	et vir	3 C6	**624**	14.5	$200.00	C
Johnson, Dandridge	est	6 H11	**964f**	6	$1,500.00	C
Johnson, Eddie W.	et al	7 G6	**92**	10	$100.00	C
Johnson, Eliza		2 F9	**30**	11	$200.00	C
Johnson, Eliza	est	6 G8	**943**	8	$65.00	C
Johnson, Eugene	et al	3 C6	**568**	5.1	$150.00	C
Johnson, Eugene	et al	3 C7	**625**	8.6	$700.00	P
Johnson, Eustace M	et ux	6 H10	**951**	42.5	$1,250.00	P
Johnson, Frank		6 C 4	**464**	25	$300.00	P
Johnson, Frank & Belle		6 C4	**872**	20	$400.00	C
Johnson, Garfield	et ux	3 C6	**569**	56.2	$3,600.00	P
Johnson, Harry		4 J6	**496**	21.3	$150.00	C
Johnson, Harry Lee		6 D3	**767**	8.3	$300.00	P
Johnson, Helen		2 E6	**75**	210	$1,700.00	P
Johnson, Henry	est	4 J6	**542**	16	$725.00	C
Johnson, James	et al	6 E3	**850**	16.6	$265.00	C
Johnson, James A.	et ux	6 G5	**749**	7	$400.00	C
Johnson, James T	et al	6 E3	**467**	1	$35.00	P
Johnson, Julia	est	1 J6	**256**	3	$30.00	P
Johnson, Julian L	et al	6 H6	**933**	5	$400.00	C
Johnson, Luther A. (Sarah)	et ux	4 G3	**418**	12.4	$1,250.00	P
Johnson, Patrick	et al	1 J6	**379**	58	$1,600.00	C
Johnson, Patrick	et ux	1 H5	**380**	21.6	$150.00	P
Johnson, Philip	est	6 34	**862**	1	$25.00	C
Johnson, Robert B.		6 D4	**764**	28.3	$750.00	C
Johnson, Salina		6 G8	**944**	6	$50.00	C
Johnson, Sarah J.	et al	7 F11	**1239**	35	$725.00	P
Johnson, Virgie M.	et al	6 G11	**927**	18.5	$400.00	C
Johnson, William H.		4 C8	**348**	1.5	$325.00	P
Jones, Archy	et ux	4 J9	**1291**	12	$300.00	P
Jones, Arthur	et ux	4 H8	**791**	14	$475.00	P
Jones, Cosmore		4 J8	**1336**	28.5	$1,100.00	P
Jones, Ella	est	4 J5	**452**	13.8	$200.00	C
Jones, Eugene B.	est	2 G9	**79**	17.4	$2,168.00	C
Jones, Herbert	et ux	2 G9	**190**	10.1	$425.00	P
Jones, Jennie		6 E4	**762**	8.3	$100.00	P
Jones, John L		6 E5	**856**	20	$500.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Jones, Luberty	et vir	1 J8	**336**	4.8	$700.00	P
Jones, M. H.	et al	6 B8	**940**	149	$77.00	P
Jones, Mary E.		1 K9	**645**	14	$125.00	C
Jones, Mildred L.	et al	3 G5	**524**	21.4	$1,150.00	P
Jones, Richard T	et ux	6 A5	**94**	56.3	$1,100.00	P
Jones, Richard T	et ux	3 E8	**240**	102.3	$8,600.00	P
Jones, Richard T		3 G2	**328**	98.4	$1,225.00	C
Jones, Richard T	et ux	3 G4	**429**	48.2	$500.00	P
Jones, Richard T (Henderson, B.V.)	et al	6 C3	**720**	54.5	$1,200.00	P
Jones, Robert (Nancy E.)	et ux	1 K9	**264**	6	$1,200.00	P
Jones, Robert Lee	et ux	6 C7	**941**	234.5	$15,000.00	P
Jones, Sallie B		1 J2	**119**	72.2	$2,861.00	P
Jones, Susie (Virginia)	et al	6 E4	**761**	19	$750.00	P
Jones, Virginia Lonesome		6 E3	**822**	2.5	$10.00	C
Jones, William	est	1 K8	**259**	70.6	$550.00	C
Jones, William E (Emmittee C)	et al	3 G1	**301**	86.4	$1,700.00	P
Jones, Willie L		2 G5	**473**	5.3	$35.00	P
Jopher, John	et ux	3 B7	**703**	12.4	$240.00	P
Jordan, Amy L.		1 G7	**294**	10	$100.00	C
Jordan, Charles M		6 E1	**792**	44.6	$400.00	P
Jordan, Charles M		4 G10	**834**	287.1	$4,400.00	P
Jordan, Charles Murray	et al	6 H1	**833**	156.2	$2,900.00	C
Jordan, Everett C	et ux	6 B8	**934**	154	$4,700.00	P
Jordan, Femie		6 H7	**932**	30	$750.00	C
Jordan, W. Frances	et ux	6 F5	**750**	218	$6,000.00	P
Kay, Bessie May		1 G10	**29**	42.6	$1,400.00	P
Kay, Laura (Charlie T.)	et al	2 G9	**2**	107.2	$3,250.00	C
Kay, Luther T. Jr	et ux	4 B7	**507**	650.6	$12,000.00	P
Kay, Luther T. Jr.	et ux	3 K8	**5**	124	$1,650.00	P
Kay, Luther T. Jr.	et ux	3 H6	**430**	45.6	$500.00	P
Kay, Luther T. Jr.	et ux	3 H5	**432**	297.2	$3,300.00	P
Kay, Luther T. Jr.		3 E2	**508**	88.1	$4,000.00	P
Kay, Luther T. Jr.	et ux	4 F9	**572**	371.1	$12,750.00	P
Kay, Luther T. Jr.	et ux	5 D1	**908**	10	$150.00	P
Kay, Luther T. Jr. (R. A.)	et al	3 E3	**646**	175.2	$7,020.87	C
Kay, M. B	et al	4 B6	**475**	350	$10,052.16	C
Kay, Maurice B.		3 J6	**513**	147.8	$5,750.00	C
Kay, Maurice B.	et al	4 A3	**514**	24.2	$200.00	C
Kay, Maurice B.	et al	4 A3	**519**	55.4	$750.00	P
Kay, Mimie S. (Lucy)	et vir	2 H10	**45**	16	$300.00	P
Kay, Phil Sr		2 H9	**40**	44.76	$675.00	C
Kay, Thomas G.		3 H4	**208**	429	$10,000.00	P
Kay, Thomas G.		1 H9	**211**	39.6	$1,100.00	P
Kay, Thomas G.		3 J7	**212**	56.4	$400.00	P
Kay, Thomas G.	et al	3 K5	**474**	465	$12,500.00	P
Kay, Tie		2 F9	**23**	31	$556.00	C
Keyser, Susie M	et vir	4 C1	**179**	117	$2,800.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Keyser, Susie M	et vir	3 K1	**209**	48.8	$1,300.00	P
Keyser, Susie M	et vir	3 K2	**479**	55.8	$7,450.00	P
Kidd, T.	et ux	3 J2	**433**	49.7	$2,870.00	P
King, Laura Lomax	et al	1 F10	**251**	12.4	$175.00	C
Klock, Frances Sale		1 E4	**232**	12.5	$740.00	C
Kocsis, Leslie	et ux	2 A7	**118**	213.11	$10,000.00	P
Koday, John	et ux	1 C11	**741**	78.7	$5,300.00	P
Land Abstract & Title Co		2 J8	**84**	34	$431.04	C
Latney, Humphrey	et al	5 H6	**884**	84	$1,650.00	C
Latney, Humphrey	et al	5 E6	**888**	30	$2,250.00	C
Lee, Emma	et al	7 J7	**1111**	6.2	$70.00	C
Lee, Harry	et al	7 H7	**1065**	2.75	$300.00	C
Lee, Harry Jr	et ux	7 E9	**1292**	18	$265.00	P
Lee, Louisa		2 E7	**60**	30	$495.00	C
Lee, Malinda		3 D5	**97**	5	$75.00	P
Lee, Mary A	et vir	7 F8	**1087**	27	$400.00	P
Lee, Warren L.		6 J7	**1203**	50	$2,100.00	P
Lee, Warren w.	et ux	1 J3	**339**	16	$325.00	C
Lewis, Peter	est	2 A6	**420**	23.2	$140.00	P
Liberty Baptist Church		1 H10	**202**	5.5	$8,100.00	C
Lindsey, Walter	est	7 F11	**1240**	56.5	$1,100.00	C
Lomax, Albert		2 C6	**255**	8.4	$70.00	C
Lomax, George	est	1 G7	**282**	33.2	$200.00	C
Lomax, John	est	2 D5	**31**	43	$595.00	C
Lomax, William		2 D6	**46**	8.8	$70.00	C
Lonesome, Ben	et ux	6 E3	**821**	2.5	$100.00	P
Lonesome, Ben	et al	6 E3	**823**	39.2	$1,300.00	P
Lonesome, George F	et ux	4 C9	**793**	33.8	$2,400.00	P
Lonesome, J. L	est etal	4 C9	**769**	20.8	$200.00	C
Lonesome, Julie		3 D5	**345**	5	$75.00	C
Loving, Carter L.		6 J11	**935**	6	$400.00	C
Loving, Dora (Frank)	et al	7 G10	**1067**	50	$1,035.00	P
Loving, Elwood		3 F3	**629**	20.8	$250.00	C
Loving, J. Woodie & Mary V.		4 J11	**1300**	67.83	$2,050.00	C
Loving, Julian	est	3 C4	**592**	155.6	$3,700.00	C
Loving, Nora E	et al	7 B2	**981**	12	$1,000.00	C
Loving, Ross J	et ux	3 D4	**650**	84.5	$1,200.00	P
Lucas, Charles H	est	1 H4	**421**	14.5	$460.00	P
Lucas, Frances	et vir	2 C6	**265**	10.4	$78.00	P
Lucas, John Arthur	est	1 J3	**378**	14.5	$425.00	C
Lucas, Willie	et ux	2 B5	**78**	19.7	$600.00	P
Lumpkin, Isabel	et al	7 F6	**1136**	11	$140.00	P
Lumpkin, Annie B	et vir	6 H2	**721**	15	$2,700.00	P
Lumpkin, Annie B	et vir	6 H2	**722**	32	$525.00	P
Lumpkin, George R	et al	7 F8	**1088**	25	$275.00	P
Lumpkin, Jessie F	etux	6 H2	**723**	49	$1,626.00	P
Lumpkin, William (Thomas)	et ux	7 F7	**1112**	64	$2,775.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Maddus, Hattie Rich	et vir	7 B2	**1267**	6	$300.00	P
Marshall, James G.		3 H1	**214**	105.8	$2,875.00	P
Martian, John Mathew	et al	1 H10	**191**	113.7	$3,000.00	C
Martin, Harry	et ux	6 C5	**724**	367.5	$7,000.00	P
Martin, Harry	et ux	5 H4	**752**	47	$4,600.00	P
Martin, Harry	et ux	5 H3	**753**	92.5	$3,800.00	P
Martin, Wren C. (Maggie)	et ux	4 H7	**535**	54.2	$2,000.00	P
Massie, John	est	2 A2	**334**	7.2	$75.00	C
Massie, John	est	2 B2	**335**	7.2	$100.00	C
Mathews, Frank	et ux	2 G11	**273**	6.8	$75.00	C
McDonald, Willie Webb	et ux	6 F10	**948**	40	$1,100.00	P
McKinney, Fannie G	et vir	4 K6	**1400**	120	$4,500.00	P
Mercer, Ida Turner	et vir	7 Hh6	**1220**	5	$525.00	P
Meyer, J. Bond (Wright, E. B.)	et al	5 C3	**774**	156	$8,682.33	C
Mica Council Lodge #1057(Order of St. Luke)		2 A9	**363**	0.5	$450.00	C
Miller, Burlley	et ux	4 E11	**794**	158.4	$1,750.00	P
Miller, Wilson	et ux	6 E4	**855**	52	$1,550.00	P
Minarchi, Nick		3 A2	**630**	24	$650.00	C
Minor, Albert		4 H1	**274**	9.6	$548.00	C
Minor, John L.	et ux	1 J5	**141**	2.4	$750.00	P
Minor, Nathan		1 K6	**490**	6.4	$250.00	C
Monroe, John E	est	4 G4	**534**	41.9	$575.00	C
Monroe, Mary		3 36	**574**	4.9	$75.00	C
Moore, Grace T	et al	6 F6	**840**	129	$2,300.00	P
Morris, Dal	est	1 F4	**152**	0.8	$100.00	C
Morris, Pearl E.	et al	6 H6	**936**	30	$1,200.00	C
Morton, Alice		7 F8	**1204**	27.8	$300.00	P
Morton, Frank	et ux	7 E4	**731**	200	$3,050.00	P
Morton, Henry		7 G8	**1205**	30	$360.00	P
Morton, Henry		7 H7	**1206**	8	$85.00	P
Morton, John (R.R Powers)	est	7 F5	**1168**	25	$250.00	P
Morton, Judson		7 H7	**1051**	1	$20.00	C
Morton, Maggie	et al	7 H7	**1069**	10	$130.00	P
Morton, Melvina		2 A4	**385**	40	$420.00	C
Morton, Robert W.		7 H7	**1230**	6.4	$60.00	P
Morton, Thomas		7 F5	**1037**	90	$1,800.00	P
Morton, Thomas		7 F5	**1037 a**	259	$4,500.00	P
Morton, W. H.	est	1 K4	**249**	22	$410.00	C
Morton, William H	et ux	7 F7	**1139**	23.5	$735.00	P
Motley, E. Henry	et al	6 C6	**754**	103.2	$1,400.00	C
Motley, John L		2 G11	**161**	72.2	$8,000.00	P
Motley, Maude B.	et al	6 B3	**824**	57.2	$4,100.00	C
Motley, W. Bowie	et ux	6 G5	**778**	80	$3,150.00	P
Mt. Dew Bapt. Ch. Trustees		2 K8	**1428**	1	$2,000.00	P
Mt. Olive Baptist Ch.Trustees		4 F3	**288**	2.3	$2,300.00	C
Mudd, Louisa	est	2 C7	**219**	22.4	$150.00	C
Mullen, G. T. & C. L.		1 G3	**386**	47.2	$1,300.00	C

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Mundie, Melchie M.	et al	6 B4	**725**	120.5	$2,500.00	C
Mundie, Melchie M.	et ux	6 E7	**726**	7	$50.00	P
Mundie, Melchie M.	et ux	6 E7	**727**	39	$3,150.00	P
Myers, Aubrey	et al	5 C6	**775**	10	$150.00	C
Myers, Aubrey	et al	5 C4	**776**	28	$300.00	C
Myers, Martin, & Millie		3 C6	**728**	23	$160.00	C
Myers, Mathew		3 C6	**689**	6.5	$100.00	C
Myers, Norman	et al	4 C8	**509**	253	$11,000.00	C
Myers, Otho	et ux	5 D4	**835**	8	$900.00	P
Myers, Roland		5 C6	**852**	10	$175.00	P
Myers,Jack	et ux	3 G11	**728**	23	$300.00	P
Newton, French		2 B5	**77**	21.2	$425.00	C
Nodzak, Stefan	est	1 C11	**740**	87.8	$4,300.00	C
Norman, Eliza		3 B1	**702**	5.2	$450.00	C
Norman, Frank C.	et us	3 B1	**709**	14.3	$1,100.00	P
Norman, John W.	et ux	1 D10	**299**	36	$1,400.00	P
Norman, Littleton	est	3 B1	**701**	21.9	$1,300.00	C
Norman, Samuel		1 J9	**302**	16.8	$400.00	P
Norman, Willie Lee, Sr	et al	1 C10	**688**	10.5	$700.00	P
Owens, Mary Alma	et al	2 J8	**8**	36	$325.00	C
Owens, Mary Jane	et vir	2 K8	**291**	14	$600.00	P
Page, Elnora & Robert		4 G1	**499**	62.4	$1,300.00	C
Parker, Bertha	et vir	6 E9	**747**	37.3	$750.00	P
Parker, Bertha (Willie)	et vir	6 E8	**847**	108.5	$5,100.00	P
Parker, Hartwell	et al	6 H10	**952**	56.5	$425.00	C
Parker, J. R.		4 D9	**533**	27.7	$2,250.00	C
Parker, Lavina	et al	4 D4	**546**	6.2	$400.00	C
Parr, B. L.	et ux	6 A4	**909**	59.66	$2,500.00	P
Pearson, Charles	est	7 G9	**1127**	55	$1,650.00	C
Pendleton, E. B.	est	1 J4	**131**	14.4	$1,325.00	C
Pendleton, Eugene	et al	1 K4	**435**	0.8	$25.00	C
Pendleton, John T		3 D6	**575**	79.2	$2,200.00	C
Penney, Eustace M.	et ux	5 G1	**805**	211.6	$6,800.00	P
Penny, Charles C.	et ux	6 E3	**627**	159.1	$9,000.00	P
Penny, Joseph E	et ux	6 D3	**755**	152	$7,000.00	P
Perry Jenette		6 H7	**1208**	26	$220.00	C
Phillips, James W	et ux	4 F7	**510**	95.1	$1,800.00	P
Phillips, James William		4 D8	**581**	60.2	$1,500.00	C
Phillips, Mary	est et al	4 E9	**782**	63.2	$700.00	C
Phillips, May C.	est	4 E8	**848**	32	$800.00	C
Phillips, May C.	est	4 D8	**849**	17.2	$2,350.00	C
Phillips, May C.	est	4 E8	**857**	26	$600.00	C
Phillips, May C.	est	4 D9	**907**	36.8	$475.00	C
Pickett, George W	et ux	4 C9	**795**	100	$6,000.00	P
Pitts, Arthur	et ux	7 F10	**1209**	18	$195.00	P
Pitts, Charlie B	et ux	5 H3	**826**	114	$5,200.00	P
Pitts, Lucy Taylor		6 A3	**804**	118	$3,800.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Pitts, Mortimore		7 F10	**1210**	35	$440.00	P
Pitts, Mortimore, Jr.		7 F7	**1211**	18	$634.00	P
Pitts. Robert George	et al	7 F3	**1221**	1	$150.00	P
Poats, J. W.	et ux	6 A4	**729**	1.1	$750.00	P
Pollard, Walter (Mollie)	et ux	2 D9	**223**	6.8	$200.00	P
Porter, Sarah		2 B2	**69**	5.6	$165.00	C
Powers, Charles P.		2 F9	**42**	12	$125.00	C
Powers, Charles P.		2 C6	**276**	12.4	$100.00	C
Powers, Charles P.	et ux	1 H5	**436**	30.5	$350.00	P
Powers, Charles P.	et ux	7 F3	**1294**	5	$600.00	P
Powers, Charles P.	et ux	7 E1	**1346**	70.5	$4,000.00	P
Powers, Charles P.	et al	7 C4	**1347**	66	$800.00	C
Powers, Frances	est	4 E9	**530**	78.9	$700.00	C
Powers, James T		7 D3	**988**	812.5	$31,077.00	C
Powers, Ruth R		2 J8	**4**	28	$250.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	2 H9	**11**	43.4	$500.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	2 H9	**43**	35	$400.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	1	**81**	122	$1,250.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx etal	2 D6	**83**	106.8	$2,000.00	C
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	2 G10	**112**	4	$500.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	1 H5	**115**	20	$315.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	3 F5	**116**	55.2	$2,100.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	2 C6	**258**	8.8	$8,500.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	2 C4	**332**	82	$1,000.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	2 A4	**333**	32.4	$150.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	4 B1	**354**	79.3	$800.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx etal	4 D1	**362**	52	$850.50	C
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	3 J7	**372**	80	$900.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx etal	4 H1	**422**	7.8	$300.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	1	**437**	109.2	$1,250.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx etal	3 J6	**485**	64.6	$450.00	C
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx etal	4 B8	**501**	52.8	$900.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	3 H6	**527**	40	$500.00	C
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	4 C10	**532**	119.2	$2,400.00	C
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	4 H5	**554**	1	$25.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	4 G5	**607**	96.6	$5,000.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	4 E7	**608**	92.9	$2,100.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	et al	3 D6	**632**	36.4	$1,500.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	H4	**633**	13.9	$75.00	P
Powers, Ruth R		4 B2	**647**	26.5	$200.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx etal	3 F3	**661**	91.1	$850.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	5 C3	**663**	20	$400.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx etal	3 F3	**668**	78	$1,850.00	C
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	1 C11	**669**	27.8	?	
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	1 F8	**687**	21.2	$800.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx etal	3 C8	**695**	94.8	$1,850.00	C
Powers, Ruth R	et al	1 C10	**696**	28.8	$425.00	C

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx etal	3 C3	**707**	88.8	$1,250.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	6 D4	**756**	16.5	$550.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	4 J8	**785**	329	$5,250.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	3 F9	**803**	101.4	$3,200.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	6 C2	**816**	104	$2,200.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	3 J9	**827**	26	$525.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	6 G9	**961**	30	$350.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	6 H8	**962**	15	$200.00	C
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	6 G10	**965**	11	$300.00	C
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	6 G7	**966**	45.5	$1,600.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	6 C9	**967**	29.5	$325.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	6 C8	**968**	57	$325.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	7 F9	**1042**	96.5	$1,000.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	7 G8	**1043**	67.8	$2,200.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	7 E7	**1089**	25	$275.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	7 F8	**1144**	50	$1,100.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	6 H4	**1213**	50	$950.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	7 H7	**1215**	5.6	$75.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	7 F6	**1295**	50	$550.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	7 F6	**1296**	25.49	$385.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	7 E2	**1349**	30	$700.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	7 E2	**1350**	32.5	$2,110.00	C
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	6 J2	**1387**	23.7	$400.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	4 J8	**1351`**	28	$400.00	P
Powers, Ruth R	adm rx	6 J2	**1007**	[29]	$500.00	C
Powers, Ruth R.(John L.Jones)	adm rx etal	6 E5	**856**	126.4(20)	$500.00	P
Powers, William T.	et ux	4 J5	**1214**	43.5	$625.00	P
Powers, William T.(Hicks, R.A.)	et ux	4 F1	**320**	128.5	$2,800.00	P
Pratt, Beatrice		4 F4	**511**	34.6	$1,000.00	C
Pratt, Birdie E		4 K9	**1146**	10	$500.00	P
Pratt, Richard T.	et ux	7 F3	**517**	0.5	$50.00	P
Presgraves, Stanley T		6 G3	**796**	506.5	$8,575.00	C
Proctor, Frank & John R.	et al	5 F6	**919**	71.5	$2,625.00	C
Proctor, Frank B.	et al	5 F6	**918**	71.8	$850.00	C
Proctor, Frank& John R.	et al	5 F6	**920**	14.5	$175.00	C
Pugh, Kate W.	est	1 E9	**184**	80	$4,000.00	C
Puller, Clyde W.	er ux	5 H7	**882**	52	$1,450.00	P
Puller, Clyde W.	et ux	5 H7	**883**	25	$2,450.00	P
Puller, Robert H	et al	1 J8	**130**	168	$7,500.00	P
Purce, F. E.	et ux	7 C4	**979**	110	$1,350.00	P
Purce, F. E.	et ux	7 B3	**1353**	27	$1,475.00	P
Purce, Florence T. (RICH)	et al	4 K8	**1354**	20.5	$1,525.00	P
Purce, J. W.	est	4 K9	**1008**	98	$2,250.00	C
Purce, John R Julia		4 A9	**777**	45.2	$2,600.00	C
Purks, Fannie A		2 B1	**224**	13.5	$100.00	P
Purks, Randolph F	et al	1 F4	**350**	9.6	$2,000.00	C
Raines, R. Isacc	et ux	2 C6	**169**	281.2	$7,250.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Ramsey, J. C.		4 H8	**797**	19.6	$800.00	C
Redd, John	est	2 A5	**423**	34.4	$400.00	P
Reeves, Lawrence		4 F5	**531**	139.6	$2,400.00	C
Reeves, William B.		4 H2	**309**	22	$1,850.00	P
Reynolds, John A.	est	1 F7	**293**	54	$1,650.00	P
Reynolds, Phillip U.		3 D3	**576**	21.4	$200.00	C
Reynolds, Phillip U.	et ux	3 C5	**593**	92.3	$5,800.00	P
Reynolds, Phillip U.-Holiness Church site		3 B5	**686**	1.5	$1,000.00	P
Rich, Charles	est	4 J5	**187**	79	$800.00	C
Rich, Robert	est	7 B2	**1356**	56.7	$1,100.00	P
Rich, Thomas	et ux	7 D2	**1355**	97	$4,100.00	P
Rich, William	est	7 G6	**1216**	10	$150.00	C
Richards, Roland	et ux	3 H6	**487**	32.7	$1,250.00	P
Roane, Ella D	et al	2 A6	**424**	23	$140.00	P
Robb, Ernest S.	et ux	4 C5	**183**	141.4	$4,500.00	P
Robb, Irene & Naomi(O. Rich)	et al	4 E3	**313**	95.6	$1,200.00	C
Robb, Irene P.	et al	4 D4	**515**	54.3	$3,800.00	C
Robb, James E.	est	4 F2	**311**	50.4	$725.00	C
Roberts, Frances A	et al	5 C1	**911**	23	$700.00	C
Roberts, Frances A (P. A.)	et al	5 B1	**910**	103.5	$2,600.00	C
Robertsson, Julia		1 J4	**134**	10.1	$120.00	C
Robinson, Roy		2 D5	**226**	48.8	$950.00	P
Rollins, Anne M.	et vir	4 F3	**337**	9.6	$245.00	C
Rollins, Ida (D. L.)	et al	4 J7	**495**	70	$3,600.00	P
Rollins, Millie		2 E11	**347**	19	$400.00	P
Rollins, Sam & William	et al	4 K7	**1357**	24.7	$2,500.00	P
Rollins, William A.		4 K7	**1256**	86.5	$4,300.00	C
Rollins, William B (Sam)	et al	4 H8	**815**	52.1	$550.00	P
Rollins, William H. (Annie T.)	et ux	4 G3	**438**	34.5	$1,900.00	P
Rollins,W. A.	est	4 H7	**798**	132	$3,000.00	C
Roots, William	et ux	6 K6	**1298**	37	$500.00	P
Rowe, Alvin	et ux	2 D7	**227**	146.4	$2,300.00	P
Rowlett, J. Henry		4 J4	**494**	120.4	$1,100.00	C
Roy, Alex		4 A9	**502**	25.4	$540.00	C
Roy, Andrew, Cornelivst & Onedia		4 G9	**781**	43.2	$800.00	C
Roy, Robert	est	4 E8	**361**	38	$1,000.00	C
Rudd, Arthur	et ux	1 J5	**257**	25.4	$600.00	C
Ruffin, Elizabath	et al	7 F6	**1045**	10	$200.00	P
Ruffin, Joseph Spencer	et ux	3 B5	**595**	91.2	$3,000.00	P
Sale, Alexander	et al	6 D6	**868**	61.5	$1,450.00	C
Sale, Lawrence (William)	et al	5 B4	**899**	20	$825.00	P
Sale, Mary N	et vir	1 D9	**439**	2904	$500.00	P
Sale, Mary N (Long)		1 E10	**447**	2709	$625.00	C
Sale, Percell D.		4 E4	**543**	64.6	$950.00	C
Sale, Percell D.		4 D3	**600**	4.8	$800.00	C
Sale, Silas J	et ux	2 B4	**188**	2.4	$50.00	C
Sale, Silas J	et ux	1 H2	**201**	102	$1,250.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Sale, Silas J	et ux	2 E8	**203**	356	$3,300.00	P
Sale, Wilber Evans	et al	e f11	**733**	219	$7,250.00	C
Sale,Delia	et vir	6 D6	**867**	36	$750.00	P
Sales, John Hamilton	est	6 D5	**863**	31.5	$300.00	C
Samuel, N. Bagby	et al	4 H2	**442**	60.8	$3,500.00	C
Samuel, Frances,	est	6 F9	**946**	26	$400.00	C
Samuel, John E.	et al	4 J3	**440**	78.4	$3,500.00	C
Samuel, Thomas A.	est	6 B9	**580**	125	$27.00	C
Samuel, Thomas H	et al	4 H2	**443**	40	$1,900.00	C
Samuel, W. B.		4 H2	**441**	40	$2,550.00	C
Samuels, Nannie (Julia)	et al	5 A1	**664**	12.5	$500.00	P
Samuels, Rebecca M.	et al	2 C4	**64**	97	$3,300.00	P
Satterwhite, Cyrus	et al	4 H2	**317**	28	$825.00	C
Saunders, Ada (Julian)	et al	5 C4	**903**	80	$2,300.00	P
Saunders, Betsy	est	7 G6	**1074**	25	$812.00	C
Saunders, Mary Walton	et al	4 H10	**813**	12.8	$300.00	C
Saunders, Walter	et ux	6 K1	**912**	75.75	$1,700.00	P
Schools, Carrie B	et vir	6 B6	**860**	20	$900.00	P
Scot, Eugene	et al	1 F7	**222**	30	$675.00	C
Scott, Mollie	et vir	1 J9	**196**	17	$275.00	P
Seal, Rachel Richardson	et al	1 F8	**261**	12.3	$250.00	C
Shackfeford, Lissie J	et vir	3 G3	**319**	92.2	$7,500.00	P
Shackleford,Mrs.Billifield Cove	et al	3 J3	**444**	123	$6,300.00	P
Shaddock, Frederick C.	et al	6 G1	**164**	783.2	$15,000.00	C
Shelton, Rueben		2 A2	**415**	22.4	$132.00	C
Sheppard, Charles	et ux	6 E5	**250**	50	$600.00	C
Sheppard, Florence		3 C10	**924**	45	$550.00	P
Sheppard, Harry D (Catherine)	et al	3 c9	**734**	5	$300.00	C
Skinker, James M	et ux	1 F4	**278**	25	$750.00	P
Skinker, Joseph	est et al	2 G3	**1099**	0.5	$1.00	C
Skinker, Lucy M	et al	2 J5	**37**	13	$480.00	C
Skinker, Mrs. Ben M	et al	2 E6	**148**	77	$770.00	C
Skinker, Robert E.		1 H2	**122**	22	$130.00	C
Skinker, W. E.,	et al	2 J7	**1**	687	$28,709.87	P
Skinker, William E	et ux	2 H9	**3**	27.69	$500.00	P
Skinker, William E	et ux	2 C10	**172**	156.2	$2,500.00	P
Smith Peter		1 J8	**596**	4.8	$30.00	C
Smith, Andrew Lee		4 G4	**1160**	13	$150.00	P
Smith, Belle B	et al	1 G2	**145**	32.3	$1,000.00	C
Smith, D. C.		2 D11	**231**	44.1	$600.00	C
Smith, Dorothy Fisher(Williams A.)		7 H4	**1115**	12	$425.00	C
Smith, Floyd S.	et ux	3 K3	**578**	139	$2,000.00	P
Smith, Henry	et al	1 J5	**123**	34	$1,250.00	C
Smith, John W.	et ux	3 J7	**488**	105.2	$2,000.00	P
Smith, Lillian		2 C7	**216**	23.2	$162.40	C
Smith, M. Ella		2 B7	**217**	5.4	$81.00	C
Smith, Mary C.	etal	7 H8	**1114**	205	$2,250.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Smith, Mattie		4 E3	**528**	22.6	$400.00	C
Smith, Nelson	et ux	1 J6	**121**	22.8	$250.00	P
Smith, Nelson	et ux	1 J9	**125**	11.3	$1,200.00	P
Smith, Radford		7 G	**1053**	100	$1,570.00	P
Smith, William and Mary		1 J10	**28**	16.8	$840.00	C
Smithers, H. B.		4 B10	**780**	77.9	$550.00	C
Smithers, J. D.		4 A9	**837**	0.5	$2,000.00	P
Snell, Ethel H	et vir	3 D6	**637**	56	$2,000.00	P
Snell, Mamie T.	et al	3 E5	**649**	202	$5,750.00	C
St. Paul's Colored Ch. Trustees B		4 A9	**47**	1.6	$2,300.00	C
Stefaniga, Joseph J.	et ux	1 G6	**138**	65.5	$4,700.00	P
Stevens, C. C.		2 G11	**277**	2	$30.00	C
Stovall, Annie		2 F11	**241**	6	$75.00	C
Stovall, Annie		2 F11	**445**	14.8	$210.00	C
Street, John A.		1 J5	**87**	5.2	$155.00	P
Street, Patsie		1 J4	**133**	10.4	$120.00	C
Street, Robert	est	1 J5	**254**	12	$425.00	C
Street, Washington (Robert)	est	1	**254**	12	$425.00	P
Stuart, Edward & Katherine	et al	5 C1	**735**	6	$350.00	C
Sumner, Guy	et ux	1 D8	**359**	42.6	$5,500.00	P
Surles, John W.	et ux	4 J8	**1154**	5	$475.00	P
Surles, Sarah	est	4 J8	**1367**	9	$225.00	C
Sutton, Garnett G		3 E5	**651**	54.8	$500.00	C
Sweet Potato Assoc. Inc		3 E6	**12**	17	$22,280.00	P
Sydnor, Milinda (Mudd, Louisa)?	est	2 C7	**219**	22.4	$150.00	P
Taliaferro, Ernest		6 C2	**799**	94.8	$950.00	P
Taliaferro, Melinda		2 D8	**136**	43.2	$249.60	C
Tate, Robert H. & Sarah	et al	1 J4	**132**	10.2	$180.90	P
Taylor, Arthur L	et ux	6 F10	**947**	11.6	$500.00	P
Taylor, Clarence	et al	4 A9	**500**	30.8	$650.00	C
Taylor, Frances		1 F11	**652**	6.6	$225.00	C
Taylor, Frank W.	et ux	2 B4	**89**	2.4	$300.00	P
Taylor, George W.	et ux	4 A4	**324**	143.9	$5,000.00	P
Taylor, Haley H	et ux	1 G10	**159**	4.4	$2,750.00	P
Taylor, James Edward		1 J4	**129**	5	$315.00	P
Taylor, James H. & Henry	et al	4 E5	**544**	42.3	$900.00	C
Taylor, John Henry & James		4 C9	**765**	35	$500.00	C
Taylor, Lloyd G. & Lelia	et al	5 C2	**666**	101.5	$6,750.00	P
Taylor, Maitland, U.	et al	4 A10	**790**	381.2	$14,000.00	C
Taylor, Moses		4 C9	**800**	20	$625.00	C
Taylor, Nancy		1 J4	**135**	10	$120.00	C
Taylor, O. E & M. U.		4 D2	**381**	24	$150.00	C
Taylor, Onan E.	et ux	4 A2	**158**	22.8	$800.00	P
Taylor, Onan E.	et ux	4 C5	**516**	24.4	$600.00	P
Taylor, Onan E.	et ux	4 D4	**520**	180.6	$15,000.00	P
Taylor, Onan E.	et ux	4 D4	**523**	93.7	$3,400.00	P
Taylor, Onan E. & Audrey	et al	4 B5	**583**	109.2	$3,000.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Taylor, William A	et al	1 E9	**171**	77	$3,000.00	C
Taylor, Willis & Nancy	est	1 J4	**338**	30.6	$350.00	C
Thomas, Allie G.	et ux	1 E6	**210**	74.1	$3,600.00	P
Thomas, Charles M (The Lodge)	et ux	1 J10	**110**	621	$60,429.00	P
Thomas, John E.	et al	4 C4	**522**	102.5	$6,500.00	P
Thomas, John E. & P. A. JR.	et al	4 D6	**521**	93.6	$1,900.00	P
Thomas, Judson C. & E. P.		4 E4	**149**	41.3	$525.00	C
Thomas, Mrs. R. J.		1 G10	**186**	6.5	$950.00	C
Thomas, Willie B.	et ux	1 D7	**298**	4.3	$125.00	P
Thornton, Edward	et al	3 D1	**699**	44.6	$850.00	C
Thornton, Edward G.& Mattie T.	et al	3 C1	**698**	294.6	$7,500.00	P
Thornton, Thurston	et ux	6 F4	**766**	15	$1,100.00	P
Timmons, Warner Hair	et al	6 K3	**984**	93	$7,500.00	P
Toombs, Edmonia P		2 F7	**61**	156	$2,750.00	P
Toombs, Edward w.	et ux	2 E7	**62**	25.2	$475.00	P
Travis, Edith M. & Edith M.	et vir	4 B1	**154**	29.2	$550.00	P
Travis, F. M.		4 E1	**446**	21.5	$300.00	C
Travis, John R	et al	4 H2	**156**	91.8	$13,250.00	P
Travis, John R & Bowie, F. E.	et al	1 J4	**340**	49	$450.00	P
Travis, John R & Bowie, F. E.	et al	2 H7	**349**	17.2	$350.00	P
Travis, John R & E. B.& R. C.	et al	2 A11	**155**	263	$7,500.00	P
Travis, John R. & Bowie, F. E.	et al	4 C1	**180**	23.2	$900.00	P
Travis, John R. & Bowie, F. E.	et al	4 E1	**181**	13.2	$250.00	P
Travis, Maude B		3 H10	**736**	510.5	$13,500.00	C
Travis, R. C.	et al	5 H1	**620**	732.2	$24,500.00	C
Treblik, Stefan	et al	1 E7	**195**	133.5	$4,750.00	C
Trice, George W		4 D10	**636**	182.5	$5,800.00	C
Trice, Jane w.	est	4 D9	**839**	62.4	$1,500.00	P
Tucker, John H	et ux	5 E5	**853**	76	$7,100.00	P
Turner, E. D.	et al	6 J3	**991**	89	$1,625.00	P
Turner, Eddie & Annie		4 A1	**168**	74.9	$1,800.00	C
Turner, Eddie & Annie	est et al	4	**248**	41.3	$950.00	C
Turner, Emma June		1 F7	**215**	12	$180.00	P
Turner, John	et al	6 J3	**937**	5	$750.00	P
Turpin, J. O. & William G.		3 D2	**700**	203.2	$1,600.00	C
Union Bapt. Church, Trustees		6 E4	**370**	1	$2,350.00	C
Union Bk & Trust Co. Inc		4 B11	**262**	59.2	$3,500.00	P
Union Bk & Trust Co. Inc		6 D1	**843**	361.6	$4,000.00	P
Upper Zion Baptist Ch.Trustees		6 A4	**341**	4.6	$11,000.00	C
Upshaw, Annie E.		7 G11	**1277**	46.5	$700.00	P
Upshaw, Eugenia		3 C7	**640**	10	$785.00	C
Upshaw, Lafayette		3 C7	**584**	19.5	$1,310.00	C
Upshaw, Lafayette	et al	3 C7	**586**	20.8	$590.00	C
Upshaw, Nathanial	et ux	7 F9	**1046**	15	$775.00	P
Upshaw, Richard V	et ux	3 D7	**587**	36	$2,600.00	P
Vaughan, Ashby	et al	7 C3	**1373**	20	$900.00	P
Vaughan, Charles		4 F3	**428**	13.4	$350.00	C

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Vaughan, Clem		6 D6	**861**	10	$125.00	P
Vaughan, Elizabeth J	et al	6 J2	**271**	10	$427.50	C
Vaughan, Elizabeth J		4 F3	**382**	18.8	$900.00	C
Vaughan, Ernest	et ux	6 E4	**854**	125	$3,250.00	P
Vaughan, Missie Byrd	et vir	7 F6	**1095**	10	$200.00	P
Vaughan, Otho L.	et ux	6 E6	**879**	107	$2,500.00	P
Vaughan, William H.	et al	2 D10	**166**	174.8	$3,850.00	P
Vaughan, William H.	et ux	1 K8	**267**	91.6	$1,900.00	P
Vaughan, William H.	et ux	1 H8	**268**	242.4	$12,000.00	P
Vaughan, William H.	et ux	1 K7	**329**	41.2	$250.00	P
Vessels, Thomas	est	7 H6	**1173**	18.3	$200.00	C
Waite, W. P.		1 K3	**111**	41	$200.00	C
Walker, Willie	et ux	4 G9	**551**	176	$4,500.00	P
Walker, Willie	et ux	6 A1	**845**	44	$900.00	P
Waller, Kate D. (Dow-Dew, T. W.)	et al	2 G5	**50**	1015	$18,500.00	P
Ware, Charles	et al	6 J2	**982**	18	$550.00	C
Ware, James H. (Willis)	et ux	7 G6	**1077**	5	$50.00	P
Ware, Mary E (Willis Jackson)	et vir	7 J6	**1202**	27	$650.00	P
Ware, Robert N.	et al	7 G7	**1075**	26	$275.00	P
Ware, Robert N.	et al	7 G7	**1076**	13.5	$560.00	P
Washington, Annie	et vir	5 E1	**737**	18	$625.00	P
Washington, William & Buckner		2 F11	**165**	6.4	$96.00	C
Washinton, Matilda	et ux	2 G11	**281**	1.6	$180.00	C
Watts, Susie Garrett	et al	7 D7	**983**	3.2	$1,500.00	P
Watts, Susie Garrett		7 E7	**1422**	2.5	$1,350.00	P
Watts, Susie Garrett		7 D7	**1423**	20	$500.00	P
Watts, Virginia, A. C.	et al	4 J3	**555**	76.9	$900.00	C
Waugh, Susan	est	1 F10	**178**	16.4	$330.00	P
West, Edmond	est	7 J6	**1425**	19	$240.00	P
Wharton, Julian L.	et al	6 F1	**814**	54.4	$2,100.00	P
Wheeler, Frank	et ux	7 H6	**1078**	16.1	$650.00	P
Wheely, Judson T.		6 G10	**955**	165.8	$5,250.00	P
White, James Edward		1 H6	**425**	23.3	$240.00	P
White, Major		6 G7	**960**	8	$125.00	C
Whiting, Albert	est	7 G6	**1223**	4	$75.00	C
Whiting, David	est	7 G10	**1083**	60	$1,035.00	C
Whiting, George	et ux	7 F8	**1242**	25	$500.00	P
Whiting, Spencer	er ux	7 G6	**1080**	5	$110.00	P
Whiting, Thomas		6 H8	**953**	4.8	$125.00	P
Whiting, Winny	est	7 G6	**1079**	3	$50.00	C
Whittaker, Andrew d		4 A10	**846**	30	$3,500.00	P
Whittaker, Belle	et al	6 D7	**864**	62.7	$850.00	C
Whittaker, Mabel	et vir	7 F7	**1081**	19	$1,600.00	P
Whittaker, Maude	et al	7 E7	**1299**	1	$50.00	P
Whittaker, W. Scott	est	5 D5	**897**	111.5	$3,400.00	C
Whittaker, Wilford		6 G2	**812**	235	$6,000.00	P
Williams, Sarah	et vir	7 J6	**1226**	1	$55.00	P

Name		Sheet	Tract	Acres	Cost	PUR/CON
Williams,Sarah	et vir	7 J6	**1225**	2	$40.00	P
Willis, John	est	7 J6	**1224**	5	$125.00	C
Winder, Allie B. (Lucy Howard)?	et vir	5 C4	**779**	90	$3,750.00	P
Winston, James & Anthony		1 H6	**303**	33	$300.00	C
Woodfork, Rosa Lee	et vir	2	**9**	34	$1,000.00	P
Woolfolk, William		2 E8	**38**	24	$312.00	C
Wright, Alice B.	et al	6 E2	**802**	102.4	$1,600.00	C
Wright, Andrew J.	et ux	7 E7	**1082**	52	$2,700.00	P
Wright, Andrew L.	et ux	6 F5	**768**	60	$3,750.00	P
Wright, Dewey R.	et ux	4 A10	**841**	55.2	$3,200.00	P
Wright, E. B.	et ux	6 A4	**913**	0.5	$1,800.00	P
Wright, Erma G (Ed)	et ux	5 H5	**914**	205	$4,000.00	P
Wright, Gracie L	et vir	6 H5	**1243**	107	$5,250.00	P
Wright, James	et al	6 D6	**866**	19.5	$800.00	P
Wright, James H	et ux	5 G3	**892**	100	$5,750.00	P
Wright, James H. Sr	est	7 F6	**1217**	18	$150.00	P
Wright, James H. Sr	est	7 E7	**1227**	23.5	$500.00	P
Wright, Julian B.	et ux	6 G7	**923**	30	$1,700.00	P
Wright, Kate G. (J. J.)	et al	3 D8	**648**	113	$9,000.00	P
Wright, Lola M.	et al	4 F6	**518**	152.8	$4,000.00	P
Wright, Luther E. (Walter S.)	et al	6 F8	**606**	100	$1,900.00	P
Wright, Melvin	et ux	6 G8	**969**	63	$900.00	P
Wright, Nora	et vir	7 F4	**1118**	5	$1,825.00	P
Wright, Nora C (James Henry)	et al	6 G6	**870**	83	$2,850.00	P
Wright, Robert	et ux	2 A8	**228**	190.4	$3,000.00	P
Wright, Robert L	et ux	6 J3	**1247**	92	$1,500.00	P
Wright, Rockie & Eddie B	et vir	5 J5	**915**	68	$1,800.00	P
Wright, Ryan Gannet	et ux	4 E7	**369**	105.8	$1,350.00	P
Wright, W. Melvin	et ux	6 F3	**801**	140.8	$1,800.00	P
Wright, W. Melvin	et ux	6 G6	**970**	4	$1,600.00	P
Wright, Walter Boyd	et ux	1 G10	**157**	128.8	$6,500.00	P
Young, Cosmore	et ux	7 H6	**1047**	55.5	$1,400.00	P
Young, Daivd	est	4 C2	**492**	50	$425.00	C
Young, Edgar M		1 K5	**137**	408	$1,680.00	C
Young, Fred	et ux	7 J6	**1048**	11.2	$125.00	P
Young, James	est	7 H5	**1049**	26	$1,625.00	C
Young, Leticia		7 H6	**1119**	37.25	$1,000.00	P
Young, Mary (Samuel)	et al	7 J6	**1228**	1	$20.00	P
Young, Mary (Samuel)	et al	7 J6	**1229**	6.5	$585.00	P
Young, Maxwell		1 E10	**364**	45.8	$3,750.00	P
Young, Walter G	est	6 A6	**917**	51.5	$1,650.00	C
Young, William P		4 A2	**373**	23.2	$400.00	C
Young, William P		7 J6	**1250**	15	$680.00	P
Young, William P		7 H6	**1119-1**	15	$1,000.00	P
Young, William R	et al	7 J5	**1084**	15	$475.00	P
Young, Willie D	et al	6 A7	**916**	229	$4,250.00	C
Zoar Baptist Church Trustees		4 H5	**286**	1	$2,700.00	C

APPENDIX B

COUNTY MAP

The following map is an excerpt from a Virginia Department of Highways (1940) map that depicts Caroline County before Fort A.P. Hill.

CAROLINE COUNTY
VIRGINIA
SHOWING
PRIMARY AND SECONDARY HIGHWAYS

SCALE OF MILES 0 1 2 3 4

COUNTY SEAT — BOWLING GREEN

PREPARED BY THE
DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
NOVEMBER 6, 1940

BASE MAP PREPARED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS IN COOPERATION WITH THE FEDERAL WORKS AGENCY, PUBLIC ROADS ADMINISTRATION, ASSISTED BY THE STATE PLANNING BOARD AND THE WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

REVISIONS
7-1-52
7-1-53
7-1-54
7-1-55
7-1-56
7-1-57

LEGEND

CORPORATE LIMITS, POPULATION IN THOUSAND & HIGHWAYS THRU TOWNS
COUNTY SEAT
SMALL TOWN OR VILLAGE
COUNTY LINE
MAGISTERIAL DISTRICT
PARK, MONUMENT OR RESERVATION
STEAM RAILROAD, SINGLE TRACK
STEAM RAILROAD, TWO OR MORE TRACKS
RAILROAD STATION
RAILROAD BELOW ROAD
RAILROAD GRADE CROSSING
RAILROAD ABOVE ROAD
FORD
RFD RURAL OR STAR MAIL ROUTE
SB SCHOOL BUS ROUTE
UNIMPROVED ROAD
GRADED AND DRAINED ROAD
SOIL, GRAVEL OR STONE ROAD
BITUMINOUS SURFACED ROAD
PAVED ROAD
HIGHWAY BRIDGE 20' AND OVER
DRAWBRIDGE
TRANSMISSION LINE
U.S. HIGHWAY
Va. PRIMARY HIGHWAY
Va. SECONDARY HIGHWAY

DISTANCE ON PRIMARY ROADS BETWEEN PRIMARY INTERSECTIONS AND / OR COUNTY LINES.

NOTE:
DISTANCE SHOWN ON SECONDARY ROADS BETWEEN SECONDARY INTERSECTIONS, SECONDARY AND PRIMARY INTERSECTIONS OR SECONDARY INTERSECTIONS AND COUNTY LINES.
T T TELEGRAPH OR TELEPHONE LINE

IN USE	NOT IN USE
FARM UNIT	
DWELLING OTHER THAN FARM	
GROUPS OF BUILDINGS CLOSELY SPACED	
GROUPS OF DWELLINGS CLOSELY SPACED	
SCHOOL (WHITE)	
SCHOOL (COLORED)	
CHURCH (WHITE)	
CHURCH (COLORED)	
CEMETERY	
CHURCH AND CEMETERY	
POST OFFICE	
STORE OR SMALL BUSINESS EST.	
FILLING STATION	
BUSINESS EST. WITH FILLING STATION	
FACTORY OR INDUSTRIAL PLANT	
WAREHOUSE	
SEASONAL INDUSTRY (FLOUR, GRAIN ETC.)	
HOTEL	
SEASONAL DWELLINGS	
TOURIST CAMP	
C.C.C. CAMP	
PLAYGROUND OR BALLFIELD	
SWIMMING POOL	
PICNIC GROUND	
ATHLETIC FIELD	
BULK TANKS	
SAW MILL	
GRAVEL PIT	
QUARRY	
PATROL SHED OR GARAGE (STATE HIGHWAY)	
OBSERVATION TOWER	
AIRPLANE LANDING FIELD MARKED OR EMERGENCY	

TO FREDERICKSBURG
TO FREDERICKSBURG
TO DAHLGREN
TO TAPPAHANNOCK
GEORGE COUNTY
38°15'
Rappahannock River
Maryton
Prospect Hill
Diney Corner
Garretts Store
Moss Neck
Skinkers Neck
Skinkers Corner
Corbin
Raines Corner
Gouldin
Sales Corner
Rappahannock Academy
Rappahannock Corner
Widewake
Old Sycamore
Locks Corner
Flippos Corner
Liberty
Bullocks Corner
Samuels Corner
Port Royal Cross Roads
James Madison Memorial Bridge (Toll)
PORT ROYAL
Lent
Travis Mill
New London
Eubank Corner
Taylors Corner
Dirt Bridge
Cash Corner
Rollins Fork
Mill Dist.
Etta
Return
Brandywine
Goldmans Corner
Martins Corner
Nauloktan
Delos
Howards Corner
Baylortown
Acors Corner
Farmers Store
Rixey
Page
Broggdus
Elliots Corner
Upper Zion
Hickory Fork
Liberty Fork
Whites Store
Passing
Christopher Fork
Jones Corner
Poorhouse Corner
Smoots
Carters Corner
Elliots Mill
BOWLING GREEN
Milford
Goodwins Corner
Antioch Fork
MILFORD INTERMEDIATE FIELD
Daltons
Villboro
Washington Corner
Woodford
Dist.
Bowles Pond
Port Royal
Bowling Green
Oak Corner
Chenaults Shop
Beale
Sparta
Alps
Central Point
Bethlehem
Poplar
Athens
DeJarnett
Millers Pond
Mattaponi
Richmond
Fredericksburg
Electric
Power
Rappahannock
Goldenvale
Mount
Ware
Creek
Mill
Run
Beverly
Pamunkey
Tobacco
Marcossic

"WEALTHY IN HEART:"
Oral History of Life Before Fort A. P. Hill

Winnie the mule pulling Vernon Bruce, cousins, and friends, *ca.* 1940.
Photo Courtesy of Thelma Bruce Greenwood

"And I grew to treasure those memories because she passed it on, something that we're losing in these generations to come. If we don't record it now – them youngsters – because so many distractions, so many toys, and so many avenues have diverted us passing on the heritage of where the children come from.

And that's what makes me . . . I'm proud to be American. I don't know what, but I'm American, and I'm proud of it. And I look back . . . and this is your wealth. You inherit wealth, that's where you get wealth from. Anybody can acquire money, but you inherit wealth. And that's the value. And having her share that with me, and I'm sharing it with you; it's probably why it came down like that because this is an important chapter in the history."

CHARLES FRANKLIN ROYE
October 4, 2007