

RICHARD L. SANFORD'S MEMORIES OF EARLY YEARS (R.L.S. Memories)

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MEMORIES OF EARLY YEARS BY RICHARD LEWIS SANFORD

In a blue spiral notebook Richard wrote his recollections of events and family history, randomly and spontaneously, as they came to mind.

- 1. Sections 1, 2, 4, and 7 are his lively and interesting personal memories**
- 2. Sections 3, 5, 6, 8 and 9 are short sections on family history and genealogy**

SECTION I – MEMORIES - THE 1920'S AND ROCKWOOD

An introductory note from R.L.S. Our family had left Woodley to move to Rockwood farm in January, 1921 with three children – Jo, Walker and Richard. Nancy was the first to be born at Rockwood (1922). Tom was born there in January of 1924, Sam in 1926. Lucy, born in 1927, was the last child to be born at Rockwood. Baby of the family, Lucy suffered from eczema then and when we moved back to Woodley.



Ca. 1848

THE ROCKWOOD KITCHEN STOVE – Part of our lives for almost six decades
The Woodruff family* moved to Rockwood from upstate New York in the 1899-1900 period. They purchased Rockwood from the Bernard family who had purchased it from a Colonel Willis*.

*Woodriffs – the family of Aunt Ada, wife of Uncle Wallace, our father's brother.

*Col. John Willis, b. 1810, related to the Madison family, built Rockwood, 1848.

The kitchen was planned to be in the walk-in basement. There were no steps out of the walk-in basement to the upstairs first and second floors. The English floor and basement were well equipped to have all cooking, etc. in the basement.

When we bought Rockwood from the Woodriffs in 1920 and moved there January, 1920, Dad and Mother wanted to have the kitchen on the main floor. The Woodriffs did not want to take their fairly new Majestic range and cook stove with them, so they sold it to us. The cookstove at Woodley would have had to stay there for the use of renters if Rockwood had been rented. Dad with help from plumbers put the stove in the new kitchen.

When we left Rockwood almost at Christmas, 1927 to move back to Woodley, the big range and cook stove was brought to Woodley and hooked up again for hot water in the kitchen and elsewhere. The stove had a firebox for wood or coal* that heated the water for all purposes including bath tub.

When we left Woodley in April, 1938, to move to Faraway, the stove went along. Then in less than one year the stove went with us to Rowe's Mill on route 20 east of Orange at Rowe's flourmill and place (farm). Then in late November, 1940, while I was at Va. Tech, the stove went with the family to Goldenrod farm at Rapidan, approximately one mile north of Rapidan on Rte. 615 in Culpeper County.

*Among our sister Nancy's multiple helps to us at home at Goldenrod farm was getting a coal supply for that old kitchen stove..

Soon after the end of WWII Ben and Mother purchased an electric stove with oven, etc. for most of the cooking but kept the wood stove Majestic range for heating water, etc. – a good solution.

Then in September, 1969, Ben and Ellen Scott and their children Evelyn, Ann Scott, Jo Ellen and Harry and Mother moved to Bethany, W.Va – and did not need the stove for there was a fully equipped kitchen at the farm in W.Va. So, Isaac Nixon, a long

term employee at Grelen Farm (for which R.L.S was estate manager), heard about the stove. We moved it to Grelen to Isaac's house. after a few repairs it was hooked up to the water system at Grelen and was still in full use on Grelen in 1985. The new owners of Grelen decided to remove Isaac's house with a dozer, etc. and that was the end of THE STOVE

Ada Woodriff Sanford – Our Aunt Ada with Lawrence and baby Wallace (nicknamed Monk). Aunt Ada and Uncle Wallace's other children: Phyllis, twins Florence and Lelia, Ada, Betty and Jack.



Below: Dad (Harry), Mother holding baby Jo the first born and Grandfather Walker Sanford.



Note: There are photos of Uncle Wallace and Grandfather in younger years farther on in this text. The lower photo above of Mother with Dad and Grandfather Walker was taken at Woodley.

Game Warden at Rockwood

The range County game warden was responsible for seeing that all dogs, both male and female, had tags on their collars. The law was strictly enforced. The dog tag money went into a Dog Fund managed by the Board of Supervisors from which farmers were paid for sheep killed by dogs. Also, possibly, for same damages to poultry by hounds and short tailed buzzards, these were also paid out of the fund. We (Walker, Richard, Jo) were all tuned into the coming of the Dog Warden on horseback for our district. He usually came by the ice pond and we were very afraid he would take our dog if it had no tag on the collar. We would get the dogs in the house, out of sight for fear he would kill them with his pistol. Any such activity at secluded Rockwood was a big time thing for us – on isolated Rockwood. Stray dogs and even family dogs were often found to have killed sheep and poultry. As an aside, years later at Grelen farm* dogs killed 19 sheep one night. Some were found next morning upside down in the branch between Grelen and the Brezee place. Grelen farm was paid part of the value of the loss from the Dog Fund.

*Grelen Farm – After WWII Richard worked with the Soil Conservation Service. Later he, Thelma and children Steve and Cindy moved to Grelen a little north of Orange near Rte. 15. He was estate manager of Grelen's 1000 acres as well as the manager of several thousand acres of other outlying tracts of land.

Radio s in the 1920's, '30's

The first radio in our family was brought to Rockwood in 1923 by Grandpa Lewis, Mother's father. It was, a product of a company named Atwater- Kent. It had ear phones and a three foot tall speaker type horn and a long copper wire antenna to a high tree in the yard. We could hear stations in Philadelphia and Washington, DC. A large heavy or Shot battery was the source of power to operate it.

After the move back to Woodley, a family friend from Richmond named Marsden Smith found us a much later model battery which powered our big floor model Battery Radio. (We have a picture of Marsden Smith sitting on the big flat rock behind the Woodley house near the old slave cabin beyond the branch below the gardens.) Our Hotshot DVIRY (?) batteries were soon run down and we routinely used the battery out of the Model A Ford pickup truck.

Cooling and shipping milk

Before 6:30 AM the battery had to be put back in the truck. so that the next morning the milk cans could be got to Orange (by 7 AM!) to be shipped to Washington, DC.

To accomplish this the cows had to be rounded up by the Reynolds boys and into the barn by 5:00 AM and milked. The milk had to be cooled by letting it flow through tubes that were cooled by ice-cooled water and then poured into 10 gallon cans. Every morning Richard and Walker took the cans of milk to Orange where they were loaded onto refrigerator trucks. They picked up the empty cans from the day before. The refrigerator truck picked up many more cans at Madison Mills (at bridge on Rte. 15 over Rapidan river north of Orange), Locust Dale and many other stops on the way north of Orange toward Washington. Early round up of dairy cows still goes on at Kenwood, the farm adjacent to Woodley, and at almost all dairy farms.

Grandpa Lewis, the only grandparent we ever knew



Grandpa Lewis at Rockwood – Richard and Walker on his lap, Nancy and Jo in front

Grandpa Lewis, the only grandparent we ever knew, was still station master, telegraph operator and post office manager at the Montpelier station, still living in the post master's house at Montpelier and spending time with us at Rockwood.

R.L.S.'s Notes/Background - Lewis family at Mitchells Station

While living at Mitchells the Lewis family were members of the Mitchells Presbyterian Church. Gandpa was transferred from Mitchells to the Montpelier station at the request of William Dupont, father of Marian Dupont. Wth Mother's return to Montpelier from Charlottesville, they soon transferred membership to Orange which would clearly be the wish of Dr. Holladay, an elder in the Orange Presbyterian church in whose home she boarded. The natural turn of events led to Mother being introduced to our father who then was a member and deacon along with others in the Walker Sanford family including Aunt Lelia who was organist; other members also served as organists. Our parents were married there in the church as were Aunt Lucy and Aunt Ellie. Uncle Wallace and Aunt Ada were married at St. Thomas Episcopal church nearby. A short time after Mother and Harry were married, Grandmother Lelia Johnson Sanford died – suddenly in 1918, Grandpa Sanford, died in 1920, soon after my birth, 9/30/20. (Grandmother Lelia died in the flu epidemic of 1917/18)

The Ford that roared..... boxing gloves –

Grandpa Lewis's Model T Ford coupe had a small pick up type body in the rear. This little Model T also had a cut out in the exhaust pipe that could be on or off by pushing a little lever in the floorboards. He soon knew that Walker and Richard were in hog heaven when he let us hear the Model T roar. We would beg him to turn it on. He knew we loved it. At Rockwood Grandpa ordered a pair of small children's boxing gloves – small but well padded. He got great pleasure in putting them on our hands, well laced up and tied and showed us how to hit and duck. At Woodley he would take us down by the branch near the water fall and watch us go at it. I was Jack Dempsey and Walker was Gene Tunney, famous boxers and champions

whose names were on the gloves. At Rockwood Grandpa took much time showing us how to fly a kite. We loved the principle but the wind usually got us tangled up in the trees down in front of the house at Rockwood toward the ice pond

A lesson in thrift – Recycling part of the Rockwood Roof

At Rockwood a windstorm broke a limb off a tree and damaged the roof that was made of wood shingles. We had to make a very long ladder made out of poles to reach and repair the extensive damage. A lot of copper under the shingles was damaged and fell on the ground. Grandpa got Walker and Richard to gather it up and straighten it up and he took the copper to Orange and sold it to a junk dealer. He put the money he was paid for it in small banks for us with the message that pennies make dollars and then put the savings in the bank, kept the savings book for us.

One of Grandpa's favorite questions was, "If a man had 99 cows and one bull, how many cows did he have?" Our answer: 99. Grandpa Lewis's response, "No, 100 cows."

One, two, buckle my shoe. Three, four, open the door. Five, six pick up sticks. Seven, eight. Lay them straight. Nine, ten, big fat hen. How to raise a baby pigeon – Mix bread and water in your own mouth and let baby pigeon eat out of your mouth. It works!

Grandpa Lewis, b. 1858, prankster ventriloquist

At Rockwood Mother and Dad had a large rug which they took out of the living room to clean and hung it to be brushed and beaten with brooms to get all the dust and dirt out of it on the yard fence going toward the barns. Grandpa Lewis frequently walked from Montpelier Station over the mountain to Rockwood barns. This time he got to Rockwood early in the morning before we (Jo, Walker, Richard and Nancy) came out to play in the yard. His trick was to hide under the rug as it was hanging over the fence on both sides. He was well hidden, out of sight under the hanging rug at the yard gate – well covered by the rug. As we came out after breakfast, he made noises to attract our curiosity like a deep growl as made by a bear or lion, etc. We went to see and he made a real scary sound. All ran to the kitchen to tell Mother that there was a big bad bear out there. Mother was not in on the prank with her father, Grandpa Lewis. He, Grandpa, made a big shaking of the fence and sent us flying to the steps into the back porch. Grandpa had some ability to fake his voice and throw it.- as with a horse saying, "Don't put that bridle on me!" and "Hey! That saddle *pinches!*"

Shooting down mistletoe

Mistletoe, a green plant which hangs from a tree, on which it grows as a parasite. Seeds are found in bird manure that take root and grow on trees. One custom is to use it for Christmas time. At Rockwood Grandpa lived with us part time after the death of Grandmother Lewis when they were living at Montpelier Station. He moved with us from Rockwood to Woodley in 1927. At Rockwood there were very large oak trees near the yard and elsewhere that very rarely had stems of mistletoe growing on lower branches. The stems of mistletoe grew near high up forks in the tree branches. All the easy mistletoe usually had already been reached with a long pole or a ladder. Grandpa Lewis had his favorite shot gun which he could shoot at the base of the mistletoe and shoot it down with not too much damage to the green stem and leaves. Today we never see mistletoe in trees. It may be in some lone spots but not visible. – Feb., 2009. (Note: In antebellum times, custom was to "shoot down" mistletoe at Christmas.)

Kids playing with fire!

Walker was obsessed with striking matches as far back as I can recall. We were at Rockwood. One way or another Walker got the matches and would say, "Let's go and bush 'em." - meaning strike the matches. Sometimes we took the matches out in the field in front of Rockwood and enjoyed striking matches until they were all gone. On one occasion Dad found a box of matches hidden, not very well hidden, at the barnyard gate between fencing rails. We were switched* and we promised never to do it again. Later on we were caught in one of the rooms upstairs not then in use. We were striking matches and throwing them down a hole in the plaster where they fortunately went out before setting the house on fire. This time we were taken into the garden and beyond into the peach trees and really got it bad and again promised to stop striking matches. Probably the last time we were caught, Dad took us to the front porch and held me between his knees as he sat on the bench and struck a match and held my hand close to the flame and asked me if it was hot. I said, "No," and he held my hand close to another lighted match and I cried, "It's *hot!*" Walker and I both got the message and we stopped. Stopped Switched did not mean exchanged, but meant that the boys' bare posteriors were struck smartly with a slim flexible tip of tree branch. Switches were also used by horseback riders to get the horse to speed up.

Our going to Charlottesville never ceased -

These remarks on Charlottesville apply mainly to Grandpa Lewis. He came to Rockwood to live with us part time as he was still postmaster, telegraph operator and express agent at Montpelier following the death of Grandmother Lewis (Ginnie) in 1921 when I was several months old. He drove a Model T Ford Coupe but many times walked several routes from Montpelier to Rockwood and, if needed, drove the Rockwood horse and buggy. When it came to going to Charlottesville, we went to where Eugene (Uncle Buck), Grandpa's only son, and his wife, Aunt Alma, and two children Jimmy and Dorothy lived. (Aunt Alma was a native of Somerset. Her family home was fairly close to the paved road near the Somerset school.) Grandpa being an agent at Montpelier Station sold tickets to many locals who went both ways from Montpelier (direction of Orange or to Charlottesville). Grandpa's family had free travel on the Southern Railroad. We could go to Charlottesville free. We, the Rockwood family, went an endless number of times for family visits, doctor visits and hospital stays, etc. Many times Grandpa would take us on the train, getting off in Charlottesville near the C. & O station where all the people knew him. Uncle Buck, grandpa's son, was a car salesman at Wilhoit Motor Co. close to the station. He, Aunt Alma, Jimmy and Dorothy lived on Hazel Street farther over near the Free Bridge coming down from Pantops where at that time there were 100 to 200 acres of peach orchard (at Pantops). One of the best parts of Charlottesville were the free rides on the streetcar. They went all the way out to Fry's Spring and a Charlottesville city park, where we could play, etc. and then return to downtown. Mother knew Charlottesville. After her years at Harrisonburg, she taught four years in a school then in the center of the Charlottesville. She had the misfortune to get hit by a small car driver causing a minor leg injury. Her parents, Grandma and Grandpa, both at Montpelier, urged her to come home. She found a job in Orange at the old two story school on Bellevue as a fourth grade teacher. She lived at Dr. Holladay's home in Orange across from the old Presbyterian Church. One of the teachers with Mother was Sarah Bennett from Culpeper who much later married Manley Carter. Mrs. Carter became the principal at the school. Our going to Charlottesville never ceased....

....and many trips to the University Hospital for Dad's eye

A hired man, his wife, and 12 children lived in a tenant house at Woodley down near the old lane to the Gordonsville road. Dad drove down from Rockwood to the barns at Woodley. Details of an angry exchange of words that he had with the hired man who was there unhitching a team are lost. The man became infuriated, picked up a pipe and struck Dad across the face near his right eye. At Rockwood Mother who hadn't heard from him when expected, got Eugene, a helper, to hitch up the buggy, which she drove to Woodley with baby Nancy in her arms, to find out what was going on. Uncle Wallace drove Dad to Gordonsville, rode with him in a mail or baggage car so that he could lie down. Uncle Buck and Aunt Alma met them at UVA Hospital and took Nancy home with them. Dr. Hedges treated him as best he could but was unable to save the eye. He tried wearing a false eye but was not comfortable with it. Though emotional and short tempered, he bore up without complaint. For the remaining 24 years of his life our father simply wore glasses with a darkened lens. There were no witnesses to the altercation and no charges against the man who had 12 children.

We went to UVA Hospital for a number of tonsillectomies, little Lucy's hospital stay and failed operation for burns, my own (Gene's) empyema lung operation and long hospitalization, Harriet's birth in '36. Harriet was the only one born in a hospital; all the rest were born at home. – Note/E.L.S.

Sarah Bennett and Manly Carter

Going back to Sarah Bennett who married Manly Carter, a Republican and local horse breeder of show and riding horses: Mrs. Carter was principal when our family and our Wallace Sanford cousins at Kenwood entered school at the new one story building then in use. In the 1930's after Hoover's one four year term as President, Mrs. Carter was fired and Mr. John Thomas Walker came in to replace her as principal. Mrs. Carter went on a long trip to western states while Walker, Richard and Nancy were in high school with Mr. Walker as principal. It was sometime in the 1970's that I was talking to Robert (Bobby) Sparks at the East Main Street apartments next door to his brother's that I asked Bobby why Mrs. Carter had been replaced. D.N. Davidson* fired her because she was a Republican. I was fully aware that in those times the postmasters were automatically changed with a change in Presidents. So much for partisan politics. I still question that much power of the superintendent of schools.

*D.N. Davidson, county superintendent of schools in Orange.

Manly Carter and Sarah Bennett had no children. Their horse farm adjacent to Graham Cemetery, known as *The Shadows*, is still mostly intact. Both were buried in Graham Cemetery very close to *The Shadows*. Manly Carter's father rode with Mosby in the Civil War.

Jackass at Rockwood

One of our earliest memories of Rockwood – Walker and Richard were in the back yard which faced toward Woodley when we heard suddenly heard a strange sound like a horn blowing. The stud horse rider was coming through the gate between Rockwood and Woodley. This time he had the male jackass to breed the mare which would get a male or female mule colt. As they entered the pump house field the jack was braying loudly as he expected the work he had to do, he was hee-honking very loudly – a very loud horn type noise. The man riding the stud horse – big saddle, rain coat, saddle bags, etc, was leading the very small jack with a halter. The mare birthed a male or female colt. The female colt would not breed even though she thought she could. Not a big problem either way. The male mule could not breed

though he thought he could and would have to be castrated at about one year old. The mothers of these mule colts never failed to own up (claim?/mother?) the baby colts.

Both made good workers and would work with horses or mules. At Rockwood we had mules named Tom, Dick and Pete. Tom was out of a big mare and was the best mule or horse we ever had. He was famous for his ability to pull most anything in tight spots. He groaned a little. Dick was full sized, red and black in color and had several stripes on his back hip. Tom and Dick came to Woodley years later in 1927. Pete was mostly gray with some dark spots and was unfortunately killed when struck by lightning standing under a small tree at Rockwood. We found him and grieved as Mr. Ernest Joseph Reynolds* took two horses to drag him way off in the woods.. A sight we never forgot. Tom and Dick came on to Woodley in 1927 when we left Rockwood. They were the main team for years. Later on Dick developed a “fistula” sore on his front shoulder. He could not use a horse collar and Dad made a breast set of harness. (Note: the mule pulled the load with chest harness, not the shoulder collar of most harness.)

*Mr. Reynolds was the herdsman (dairyman), a very gentlemanly man. “Strong” language was not unusual around the farm but Walker, our brother, said he never heard Mr. Reynolds swear or use crude words. Richard says that Mr. Reynolds was very religious. He was superintendent of Sunday school at Zion Baptist Church right across the road from where his mother lived at Madison Run.

Tom, all black color, was easy to ride and was saddle and left wheel in pulling the binder* which required five horses, three in back and two in the front. We used teams to pull the binder at Rockwood. A tractor was used for this at Woodley. Some times as many as five kids could ride Tom from the barn lot to the stream in the front field. You could call Tom by whistling or by calling him. We finally had to sell Tom to a buyer who sold animals in places like Front Royal. We hated to see him go out the road to Rte 15 and away.

*Binder – horse drawn machine that cut the wheat and bound the stalks into bundles, tossed them on the ground. They were stacked together on end by hand to form wheat shocks. Later, the owner of a large threshing machine powered by a tractor would go from farm to farm to thresh the wheat which hauled to the “thrashing machine” (as it was called in those days) in horse drawn wagons. The threshing machine separated the grain and blew out the wheat stalks into a high straw stack. The grain could be sold, ground into flour at a local water powered mill as well as saved for seed. Straw was used in farm buildings housing stock. “Thrashing Machine Day” was a big all day long event with a substantial midday meal usually prepared for the threshing crew by wives, daughters and neighbors to help. (Notes / E.L.S.)

A riding horse named Byrd

When we moved from Woodley in February, 1921, to Rockwood, Dad had a gray mare riding horse named Byrd – very much like General Lee’s horse Traveler in color and size. Byrd was a good saddle horse and worked well with a buggy as needed. Many times after use as a buggy or saddle horse, Byrd, like all our horses, had to go to the ice pond for water. The work teams would go by themselves to drink and return to the stable ready to eat corn or oats in the stalls. All you had to do was take the bridle reins off the hames so the horse could reach down and drink. At times, Dad, after riding Byrd, would pick Walker and Richard up into the saddle or in the saddle with him, one sitting on the horse’s shoulders in front of the saddle. At this time I was on the shoulder of Byrd in front of Dad and Walker. It went well until Byrd waded out to the deep end of the ice pond and stirred her feet in the water as usual, and then reached down to drink. Although I was safe I felt I was sliding down Byrd’s neck into what seemed to be very deep water. A scare I never forgot.

Little dog bit one of the children

A little dog bit Nancy which happened while she was in the yard playing. We had several dogs at Rockwood. The county dog warden rode horseback around his territory to check if you had purchased dog tags. One of our middle sized dogs bit Nancy on the cheek and forehead. A bad scare! Mother and Dad agreed that we could not keep the dog. Dad thought we were not looking when he had to shoot the dog with a pistol and had it carried well above the barn for burial in a big ditch. Walker, Jo and Richard would sneak out of the yard, run over to the field where the dog was poorly buried to look and quickly run back to the yard. This was our first experience with such and we were never caught. Had we been caught, I'm sure we would have been switched.

Aunt Ada to the rescue---The Birth of Lucy (b.1926- d.1932)

What is written here is in no way complete but is to focus on Grandpa Lewis and Dr. Lewis Holladay, an elder in the Orange Presbyterian Church, who delivered 11 of the 13 children of our family. The night of Lucy's birth was warm and very heavy rains. Dr. Holladay had to reach Rockwood by coming out of Orange on the old Gordonsville Road to Woodley Lane at Madison Run Elementary School, from there to pass Woodley house and barns on to Rockwood. It was rainy and very muddy that night. Dr. Holladay had been called. He reached the Rockwood pump house field and got stuck. Grandpa Lewis went to assist him and then both were stuck. Grandpa and Dr. Holladay got into it with Grandpa telling Dr. Holladay that he didn't know how to drive in mud. Aunt Ada had rushed over the mountain on foot from Kenwood.... A path she knew well through mostly woods to Rockwood which had once been her home - before her marriage to Uncle Wallace. She was a great help to Mother. She talks about it in her own book, *Times and Places of Mary Lewis Sanford*. Dad had the lantern out near the ice house waving it in the rain, waving for Dr. Holladay to come on! All of us children were in bed and supposed to be sleeping. Dad then got Mr. Reynolds, one of our worker farm family, to get the mare horse Dolly saddled up to go and get Dr. Holladay where he was stuck – which Mr. Reynolds did. Lucy was born but how did the Model T Ford of Grandpa and the Dodge Coupe of Dr. Holladay ever get out of the mud? We think Mr. Reynold and his boys “made it happen” in today's lingo. The next morning after the birth of Lucy we woke up and knew that Dr. Holladay had been there as we had learned to tell by the strong smell of cigar smoke in the house. Before we saw the new baby, Lucy, we saw Dolly, the saddle mare, still tied to the yard gate with the saddle still on her back.



LUCY'S TRAGEDY (At Woodley) little Lucy died in surgery (age 5) after weeks of treatment at Uva. Hospital in Charlottesville for burns suffered when, unknown to the the family, she got up from her nap and started a fire in the kitchen stove to heat flatirons to iron her doll clothes. This loss had a great emotional impact on the family. NOTE / E.L.S. **P.9**

1921 – Grandmother Lewis’s passing

Mother wrote me in France after VE Day (Victory in Europe Day) in answer to some of my questions about family history that her mother had died in January, 1921 at Montpelier, “I had you with me at Montpelier when my mother died. You were 3 ½ months old. Jo and Walker were with Dad at Rockwood.” Grandmother Lewis’s passing was a blow especially to Grandpa. Mother said that she felt no comfort in going to graves but she said that it was comforting to her father who went often to Graham Cemetery* to visit Grandmother Lewis’s grave. Once while he parked his Ford Model T down the hill by the highway, Grandmother Ginnie’s picture in color in a large oval frame which he had in the car, was stolen. The picture came back to him when the one who snatched it repented and gave it to a friend requesting that it be given back to Mr. Lewis. *Graham Cemetery – on a hillside a short distance from the town of Orange on the right hand side of the road (Rte. 20) to Montpelier.

Auction day at Rockwood

After we moved from Rockwood to Woodley in Dec., 1927, Mr. Reynolds moved into Rockwood house to protect it until we built a new house at Woodley for him to continue as the dairyman. When Rockwood was sold to Marion Dupont by Mr. H.O. Lyne of Willow Grove, Mrs. Dupont Scott did not want Rockwood, but Mr. Lyne convinced her to buy it anyway since it was once a part of Montpelier but sold off by Dolly Madison to Col. Willis of Woodley.* She finally agreed to buy 220 plus acres for \$8000. Mr. Lyne got \$500. We got \$7500.

(Col. John Willis and his father, Dr. John Willis, were heirs to Woodley by virtue of Col. Willis’s marriage into the Madison family of Montpelier. Woodley had been the home of Pres. James Madison’s brother, Ambrose Madison. Col Willis added the two story wings to each end of the 1 ½ story original house.)

For auction day we advertised a sale of personal property and some livestock along with the 12 Horsepower stationary engine and Grandpa Lewis’s Ford coupe tossed in. People coming to the sale had three routes to get there- (1) the old Gordonsville Road to near Madison Run School where you got on the Woodley Lane, then through Woodley to Rockwood. (2) Take old Gordonsville to Zion Church on to 639, Chicken Mountain Road over to Rockwood ice pond and on to the farm. (3) Pass Montpelier Station to 639, then over the railroad and by the Montpelier dairy barn to the entrance at the ice pond.

The sale was well attended but money was scarce. Grandpa Lewis’s car did not sell. The stationary engine? No sale. We had to drag that huge heavy engine on its frame back to Woodley with the Model T Ford coupe. Both were later sold from Woodley. I have the newspaper ad listing the items to be sold. – R.L.S.

SECTION 2,p.10 Memories – Winter 1927 – Leaving Rockwood, Going back to Woodley



Easier to get to school from Woodley

We started to school from Rockwood driving down through Woodley, etc. then on to the Old Gordonsville Road which came out at Madison Run School. That made a little over two miles to get to a hard surface road (Gordonsville Road). There were eight gates going and coming to be opened and closed. Need I say more about how this worked going in the AM and then the return to Rockwood with just Daddy in the car. Going back in the afternoon and returning to Rockwood was a killer and time consuming.

The first 4-H club in Orange

The first 4-H club in Orange was started by the new County Extension Agent T.T. Curtis, who replaced C.V. Breeden, former agent. The Home Demonstration agent was a Miss Swiecker. Jo, Walker and Richard had a 4H project of training and showing Jersey heifers. Ada and Betty on Kenwood and Roland at Berry Hill did the same. The aim was to prepare for the Orange County Fair where many others competed for ribbons in a very competitive showing. The show calves were constantly groomed, halter broken, feet trimmed, etc. The county agent would travel throughout the county and check on the progress of the club members.

Frequently he would meet with us behind Woodley garden where Ada and Betty would bring their calves down from Kenwood for instruction on how to show them in the fair. Much of this 4-H club work was in line with the Orange County Jersey Cattle Association of which Aunt Ada was an officer and also president at times. In the 1930's and after the prime objective in the dairy farm business was to increase the percentage of butter fat in the cream or milk. The higher the percentage was the more the producers were paid. In the 1920's and 1930's many producers sold only cream to the Washington, DC market. The Orange creamery received cream from hundreds of large and small farms which was made into butter and ice cream to sell far and wide in Virginia, New York and Baltimore, etc

When Jo was in high school the 4-H calf program was slowed down and we dropped out of the calf showing but remained in the 4-H club and the Future Farmers of America class for boys in high school. In F.F.A we earned credits toward the 16 needed to graduate from High School.

Aunt Blanche

(Blanche Johnson Rowe, sister of Grandmother Lelia Johnson Sanford. She married Dr. John Rowe, lived in Huntington, WVA)



**In yard at Woodley: Aunt Blanche with (L – R) Sabrena (Brena), Baby Harriet on her lap, Eugenia (Gene).
Behind Aunt Blanche: Ben and Ellie**

Aunt Blanche made a trip from Huntington, WVA to Orange, her home county, every summer for a number of years by the C & O rail train and frequently spent a month or six weeks – some of that time at Rockwood and in later years at Woodley. She spent some of her visit time at Berry Hill*, home of her sister, Evelyn Johnson Williams.

She was a welcome guest and made herself very useful and helped with whatever was being done around the house. Of course, her sister (Daddy's mother, Lelia Johnson Sanford, our grandmother) had died at Woodley in the flu epidemic of 1918. Aunt Blanche also visited her other sister, Evelyn Johnson Williams, at Berry Hill which was the home of Joseph Henry Johnson (her father). Berry Hill was also a place that she could use as "headquarters." She could use a room set aside for her there (as stated in the will of her father, Joseph Johnson, and later in the will of her sister Evelyn and Evelyn's husband, Uncle Billie Williams.)

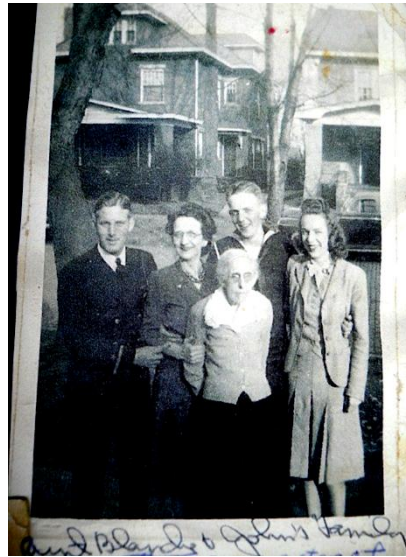
Like Aunt Blanche, our Aunt Lelia, Dad's sister – returned to Orange for the summer from Massie's Mill, VA where she worked as a home missionary. Berry Hill was her "headquarters" as provided for in the will of Joseph Johnson, Blanches's father and Aunt Lelia's grandfather.

Times were very tough and these older folks (relatives) of Aunt Blanche desired that Jack, Lillian May and Billie Robertson Rowe, her three grandchildren, have an opportunity to know the Orange County cousins. Lillian May was about the age of Nancy, maybe a little older. Jack Rowe was about the age of Jack Sanford of Kenwood. Born in 1928 Jack Rowe and Jack Sanford were very compatible. Lillian May fitted in at Woodley, stayed with Jo and Nancy in the room upstairs at Woodley above Mother and Daddy's room. Billie Robertson Rowe stayed at Berry Hill. They attended Sunday school and church as did Jack and stayed six weeks or more. I do not recall that they stayed at Berry Hill* – but we went there and played games, etc. with Roland (Bud) and Evelyn (Chip). These visits continued for a number of summers.

Aunt Blanche died in 1946 in Huntington about eight months after the death of Harry, our father. He was Aunt Blanche's nephew and the oldest child of Aunt Blanche's sister, Lelia Johnson Sanford. Aunt Blanche's grandson, Jack, was killed while flying a Navy plane in an accident near Huntington while in training. Jo at one time while working for the American Dairy Council traveled to a meeting in Chicago by train and on return trip wisely stopped off in Huntington, WVA and visited with Aunt Blanche and others. This very likely was the last contact with the cousins in WVA.

*Berry Hill – Aunt Blanche had spent growing up years there. She was one of the three daughters of Joseph Johnson. Her brother was named Wister. Spellings of his name vary: Weiseter, Wistar, Wister....

In photo, Aunt Blanche in front, her daughter-in-law Lillian Rowe behind her. Left to right Aunt Blanche's three grandchildren: Jack Rowe, Billy Robertson Rowe and Lillian May Rowe. At Mother's invitation, Lillian visited us at Rapidan right after WWII. We remember her talking about her son Jack's recent fatal plane crash. NOTE- E.L.S.



Richard's note: Early to mid 1930's – Visit of Lillian May Rowe to Woodley, her younger brothers: Jack visited with Uncle Wallace's family at Kenwood, Billy Robertson Rowe with Cousin Jo and family at Berry Hill. They were grandchildren of Aunt Blanche who married a Dr. John Rowe and moved to Huntington, WVA where he practiced medicine. Aunt Blanche's son Tom was the father of Lillian May, Jack and Billy Robertson Rowe. Tom Rowe was a "ne'er do well," as we were told. He hung around poolrooms and was a poor husband and father to his wife and children. At Berry Hill Evelyn Hill (like us, a great niece of Aunt Blanche) tells in her notes of hunting squirrels with Billie Robertson and shooting herself in the toe of her right foot with a 22 rifle...it was not serious. Billie Robertson Rowe married, was father to twins, later took his own life

L.W.E. – Limewater eggs

In many cases, to speak of limewater brings a quick, "What is *that*?" My first contact with such eggs (L.W.E.) was at Woodley and Rockwood with both parents handling the project. The crock is a heavy stone jar. They come in many sizes. Ours was the 10-gallon size but we had many smaller sized ones too. In our case at Woodley the "crock" eggs were kept in the pantry that had one small window and was adjacent to the kitchen. There were flour barrels and meal there also. This pantry also had one door on the closet. Mother and many others kept small one-gallon tins of Karo syrup for baby bottles. (A lot went to long legged children too.) Stores sold fine powder like lime for several uses. One use was for preserving eggs in lime water in large and small amounts. With Mother we would place in lime the layers of well

placed even eggs, then another layer of lime, then eggs. Never over three fourths so as to take out eggs as needed. Whenever the supply of eggs from the hen house nest were few and far between, that is when Mother sent us to the lime crock. The big heavy crock of lime eggs was covered with a wooden top and blankets, etc when we had extremely cold weather.

The Kitchen Woodbox

Details – 3 ½ feet high, 5 feet long, 2 feet wide, a solid back of the box to protect the walls of the kitchen.

The kitchen woodbox had to be kept in wood year round as all meals depended on it for food preparation. – R.L.S.

The kitchen woodbox – placed on the left side of the stove about two feet from the stove for safety and convenience. A small quart sized pan or can with kerosene to dip the corn cob or small pieces of kindling wood were used to start the fire with a match and sometimes pieces of newspaper.

At the other end of the kitchen or cook stove was a heavy metal stand or base that held the 30 gallon galvanized upright water tank. The 30 gallons were heated by the fire in the stove fire box – lined with coils of water piped in by gravity from the Maple Spring*, three quarters of a mile back toward Rockwood. There was no hot or warm water unless the kitchen stove was in use – or heated in pans on the stove. The galvanized metal tank on a heavy duty metal stand of about 18” in height was a good place to warm your hands in very cold weather and also you could stick a wet handkerchief and towel or pillow case and these would stick and dry and could be pulled off clean and dry as if ironed. “Don’t forget that.”

Windmills and Maple Spring

- In the 1930’s (both before and for some years after the ‘30s) farms sometimes had a tall windmill over a well. When the wind blew the arms of the windmill turned and by suction water was drawn up through a pipe and into a tank high above the well. By gravity the water flowed down through other pipes to faucets in the house. Windmills were not needed at Woodley since gravity brought water down from the higher terrain through pipes to the kitchen and bathroom in the house and to two hydrants from the Maple Spring located in the hilly north side of the farm – One hydrant was in the yard and one in the garden for watering and washing vegetables.

Phone – The Woodley line, 1920’s, ‘30’s and earlier

We had a phone system known as the “Woodley Line.” Sometime after 1910 Grandpa Sanford’s duties as representative and chairman of the board from the Madison Magisterial District on the Orange County Board of Supervisors made it necessary to build a phone line from Woodley to Orange where it hooked on to a local phone central office located in a private dwelling with other such private lines. The operator in a private residence in Orange was paid a small salary. The Woodley line hooked into other private lines to Rapidan, Madison Mills, Unionville and Somerset. This line from Woodley house went out the Woodley Lane crossing Litchfield, a farm owned by the Mustoes (which was on the other side of the eventual location of Rte. 15) and on into Orange. The line was also extended to Rockwood, Kenwood and others and eventually had nine to ten phones on it. Each family had a phone number and a ring such as 1- 2 – 3 longs, then 1 long and 1 short. Everybody on the line heard the rings and only the party being called should answer. Of course there was plenty of listening in by neighbors who wanted to hear the latest news. Our ring at Woodley was 3 longs and 2 shorts.

The lines to Orange from Woodley and elsewhere were on small cedar poles with one insulator made of glass or porcelain wire holder which was reached by a regular ladder to make repairs, etc.

(Prior to the period described above, railroad employees such as Grandpa Lewis (station master) already had a telephone at home so they could be contacted by the railroad company. Since few friends and neighbors had telephone service, they came to the Lewis home to send telephone messages. Note / E.L.S.)

Hog killing Day at Woodley

Several days before the Day we got the scalding pan out of storage and dug the trench for the fire under the full length of the “pan” made of very heavy oak lumber covered with heavy gauge metal nailed to the oak side and ends. The trench was 12” to 18” deep. There were several iron bars or pipe to rest the scalding pan on over the fire in the trench. One end remained opened to place wood to heat the water with some kind of smoke stack at the other end of the trench. The pan having been in storage, had to be filled with water to soak and swell the wood to be water tight. All the wood for the fire, and benches to support a platform when the hog was deemed to be “ready” after so-called scalding were put in place. Various chains fastened to the side of the Pan were used to turn the animal in the pan, many tools to scrape off the hair which, if scalded properly, worked well and if not done properly it became a very difficult job and even meant putting the pig back into the pan.

The day of hog killing a fire would be started about day light with kindling, chips and maybe a few corn cobs to get the fire started. The fire would soon reach the length of the pan if things were right and without too much smoke. The hogs to be killed were usually driven from the barn lot for hogs and held in a temporary holding pen made of chestnut rails. **(Richard says he preferred to shoot the pig with a 22 rifle, which would knock it unconscious, rather than to hold the pig down to cut its throat. Shooting was more merciful and prevented all that squealing which “tore him up.”**

After the above, when the hogs were ready to be hung on the 15’ to 25’ long pole, the experts (at hog killing) knew how to expose the ligaments in the back feet through which the hanging sticks were placed. The pig hanging from the pole was held in place by the ligaments in the two back feet. More hogs are killed as needed and some of the help started to wash down those on the pole with the water hose from the hydrant with spring water from the Maple Spring (by gravity for ¾ to 1 mile distant near the Rockwood line

The use made of the internal organs of the hog or “chitterlin’s” is too difficult to describe but in general we saved everything but the squeal. Not true literally. The head sometimes remains on and is removed. The next day the sides, hams, etc. are salted down. At the pole the leaf fat is carefully removed and delivered to the basement where preparation is going on to make lard and getting the big black cast iron pots ready to boil the fat and make lard. Before it goes to the lard press or goes into lard cans usually five gallon size or other small clean cans with good tops. Then you can talk about cracklin’ bread. (cracklins (pork rinds?) thin crisp bits of skin left after boiling out the fat.) Much more could be written about stirring the lard, pulling back from the fire and when to stop the fires that seemed to use much, much wood.

The editor/typist of these Memories remembers watching Lizzie Jones, a tall rather stout African-American lady, ca. 1936, as she stirred boiling chunks of fat to produce lard in a big black cast iron pot in the fireplace of the cellar at Woodley..

Hog Killing Day was indeed a big day on the calendar. The women of the family, among their many tasks, had to work hard to scour the large cast iron pots, and to cut up the lean portions, grinding and seasoning the sausage and cutting up the fat into chunks which were to be boiled in those large heavy cast iron pots over a fire in the basement fireplace to produce lard, getting hams and shoulders ready for smoking. Mother said that the family thought that Grandmother Lelia's hard work on hog killing day probably led to her succumbing to the flu epidemic of 1917. (NOTE/ELS)

Summer/ 1934 or '35 – Teenagers invited to a party

Walker and Richard were invited to a party at the home of Margaret Halsey at Eastern View near Hawfield Grange with Jack Samuels, Joe Dejarnette, Jim Carpenter and first cousin Betty Sanford; dancing to piano played by Mrs. Halsey. In heavy rain before the party Walker, driving the 1933 Nash car to the long farm road to the house from the public road, hit a rock that knocked a hole in the gas tank. We went on to the house and as we got out of the 33 Nash, we found gas leaking out on the grass. No one knew why, but they finally gave me the dish pan to catch the gas. We caught a little gas and tried to put a wooden plug in the gas tank which leaked. We got the car started when the party was over at 12:30 to 1:00. We made it out to the public road and the gas was all out. Walker got in the back seat and said, "I will sleep here." I walked the mile back to the Halseys' house and found the Halseys sitting on the front porch in the moonlight. They were surprised to see me. Ogden, the father, said, "Take my '29 Chevrolet, 6 cylinder and drive it home." I got in to start the auto. The battery was weak. Mr. Halsey shoved it off and luckily it started. I got back out to the Nash. We decided to push the Nash to Orange with the '29 Chevrolet, Walker to drive the Nash and I to push from the back bumper. The Nash lights were soon weak since there was no generator. When we finally got to the Rapidan Road (Rte. 615), Walker without headlights did not see the 90 degree turn to the left to Orange and ran up and over a pile of gravel that the highway department had piled there for future use. The intersection was known as Nebo. I saw Walker go up and over the pile of gravel. We got the Nash turned enough to turn left to Orange where we pushed it by the bumper to Byrd Street, Dr. Hankins' home, then to Church Street to Powell Motor Company and left it there. By sun up we went up to the barn and took the milk to Orange in the Halseys' Chevrolet. Later Ogden got a ride to Orange to get his car at the Powell Motor Company where the James Madison Hotel is located now. They loaned us a 1922 Ford Model T Pickup truck that had been traded in by C. Cosby Cluff Plumbing and Heating Company. We drove it until the Nash tank was repaired. Ogden got a ride to Orange to get his auto.



Recent photo – Eastern View on Clark's Mountain Road, built in 1839, has had major renovations recently and over its long history. It was Ogden Halsey's home. He was a descendant of Benjamin Walker (See next page) as were we and thus Ogden was our cousin.

Mr. Halsey... repaid. – Dad?.... Exasperated!

Several years later Ogden was repaid when we at Woodley got a call to pick him up near Trimmers' swimming pool on Rte. 700. He was drunk, etc. We received the call from a Mr Cook's home near Hare Forest and Trimmers pool down the road to Rapidan well after dark, 7:00 to 8:00 PM. It rained that night and was still raining hard. Ogden was too drunk to make the call himself. Mr. Cook, the bootlegger who supplied the whiskey, called and said Ogden wanted Harry Sanford and his boys to come and get him and take him home - six or seven miles away to his home, Eastern View farm, near Everona and Hawfield Chapel. Dad said get the lantern and his long brown rain coat. We left Woodley in the 1931 Chevrolet 4 Dr., arrived at Cook's house. They were waiting, lamplight in one window. They were to bring Ogden down the front steps, 10 high steps. Ogden fell most of the way and spilled some of his whiskey from the bottle that had a corncob stopper. Of course Ogden was smoking and had to have a light. We finally got him in the car. We went out Rte. 700 to Rte. 615, the Rapidan road, where we had to stop. The back seat was on fire; Dad in the back, Richard and Walker in the front, Richard driving. We stopped and put out the slow burning seat fire. There was no blaze. Several miles later the fire was under the seat and again just smoke. It was put out. As we entered the road to Rte. 637 at Nebo and turned toward Hawfield and Eastern View farm, smoke again caused us to stop. Dad in his full length brown rain coat got out first and said to Ogden, "Get out, G--- d--- it !" But this time both the top and bottom seats were pulled out and some small trash and dust. As we entered the side yard of his home at Eastern View Ogden said he had to go and take the harness off the mules, something he had neglected to do earlier. This we did with the light of a lantern and started back to the yard gate and saw Mrs. Halsey on the side porch. She had no idea who was in the yard with Ogden and called out to him. He replied, "Yes, Ma'am." We helped get him into a hall and down on a daybed with gracious thanks from Mrs. Halsey who was the daughter of Dr. Weaver who lived and practiced on Main Street. Dr. Weaver's son was a graduate of UVA Medical School and practiced at the University Hospital.

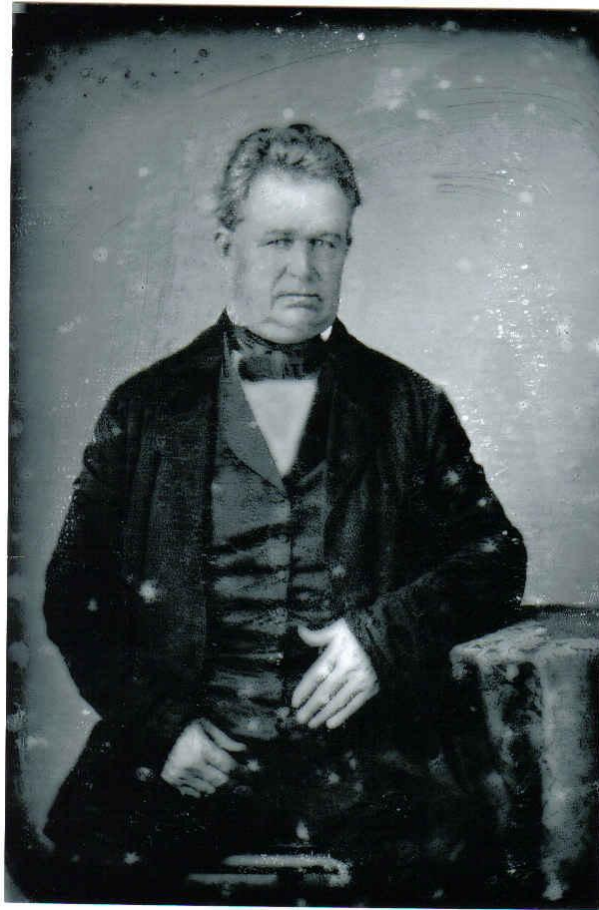
Next page: our great great grandfather Benjamin Walker

Note: our brother Ben was named for our great great grandfather Benjamin Walker.

Daddy also chose the name *Hill* for Ben's middle name: Benjamin Hill Sanford. The Hill family were not only related by marriage to Daddy but were friends....Roland, Jim and Henry Hill. Soon after his birth Ben was given a little white pig by Henry Hill. It didn't survive long since the dishwater that Mrs. Wood, mother's helper, mixed in with its feed was a little too saline.

Benjamin Walker is our ancestral link to several families of cousins who lived in the Orange vicinity. We would hear mother refer to, say, Cousin Florence Booten or Cousin Janie Steptoe. Other cousins were Janie and Charlie Walters; these relationships came through the two marriages of Benjamin Walker. Our brother-in-law Bart (Barton Hinkle, our sister Sabrena's husband) is the family genealogist and has in his files information helpful to us in understanding these relationships.

Note: (Basic information from R.L.S.) Ogden Halsey also was related to the Sanfords. Ogden's father, Robert Ogden Halsey, Sr., like Laurence Sanford of Newington farm, married one of the daughters of Benjamin Walker. Ogden's wife's name was Eloise Walker. Eloise's mother was not Lucy Henshaw Walker, our great grandmother, but Lucy Frances (Fannie) Walker. After our family moved to the Rapidan area, there were contacts with a cousin: Cousin Janie Walker Steptoe, wife of Charlie Steptoe. She sometimes came from her home on Clark's Mountain Road in the Everona area to Sunday dinner after services at Waddell Presbyterian Church in Rapidan. Janie was a grand (?) daughter of Benjamin Walker and Frances (Fannie) Walker.



Benjamin Walker

1797-1867)

Father of Lucy Henshaw Walker who married
Lawrence Sanford (II)

(Copy of a tin-type photo in the Ben Sanford family)

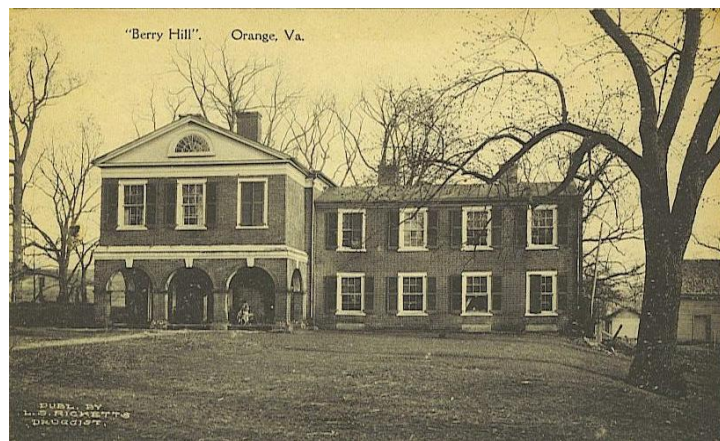
Genealogical notes from brother-in-law Barton Hinkle, our sister Sabrena's husband: "*Benjamin Walker married more than once. His first wife was Elisabeth (Betsy) Henshaw from whom the Sanford clan is descended. After Betsy died, Benjamin remarried to Lucy Frances (Fannie) Blackwell. She was 22 years younger than Benjamin, so, I think Benjamin married only these two times and had only one child by his second wife. This daughter was named Ella Rice Walker, married Robert Ogden Halsey and had several children all of whom are 'half cousins' to you. (Barton has a printout of the descendants of Edward Walker, Benjamin's great grandfather and the immigrant to this country from Wales.) That would include names of Benjamin's siblings, aunts and uncles, all of whom would have cousin relationship with the Sanfords.*" There may be some contradictions between this note and the preceding note but it is doubtful if that matters now.

SECTION 3 - Handwritten notes - FAMILY HISTORY AND GENEALOGY

**Connections: Sanford – Johnson - Andrews
Lewis – Thomas – Ross**

All Sanford connections came to Orange from Stafford County and before Stafford from Westmoreland county near Stratford Hall, Cople Parrish...before that from the British Isles, maybe near Liverpool and other parts. **NOTE:** Much information on this is in the extensive genealogy records of Barton Hinkle and now of Jim Cantrell to whom Bart has given copies of his records.

The Johnsons, originally from England, of course, came to Orange County to Berry Hill from Spottsylvania County (Louisa County?) during the Civil War or very soon after the war. The same for the Andrews family from Spottsylvania (Andrews Tavern).



BERRY HILL AND THE BERRY HILL FOLKS THAT WE KNEW.....

....plus some that lived before our time. Joseph Johnson's heir to Berry Hill was his daughter Evelyn (pronounced Eevelyn...with a long e) sister of our grandmother, Lelia, and sister of Aunt Blanche and Uncle Wister Johnson. Aunt Evelyn lived at Berry Hill purchased by her father Joseph Henry Johnson in 1872. She was a familiar figure to Mother and Dad and to some of our older siblings.

Evelyn Johnson (Williams), daughter of Jos. H. Johnson, was the wife of Uncle Billie Williams.

Of their three daughter – Jo, Elma and Isabel – two, Jo and Elma. made Berry Hill their home. Evelyn Johnson Williams' s daughter, Jo (Josephine) Williams, married Roland Hill Cousins Jo and Roland Hill had two children, Roland, Jr. (Bud) and Evelyn (Chip). Berry Hill, built ca. 1827, is almost 200 year old. It was purchased in 1985 by Mrs. Jaclyn Taylor. For several years it has been in process of restoration.



Aunt Evelyn (Johnson) Williams at Berry Hill



Cousin Roland Hill, son "Bud" in Roland's father's lap at Hill home



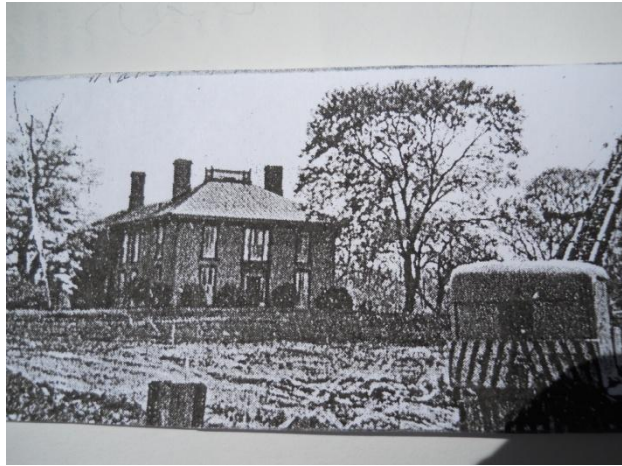
**Josephine Williams Hill
(Cousin Jo)**

Cousin Jo's sister, Elma Williams - Regrettably, no photo available for Cousin Jo's sister, Elma Williams, a tall slender quiet lady who helped in the upbringing of numerous children through her devoted work for years in the Sunday School program at the Orange Presbyterian Church.

An earlier Andrews connection:

The last surviving Andrews connection that we knew was Mable and Willie Moore, two elderly ladies that lived in an interesting old Victorian house near the railroad in Orange. Their mother was an Andrews from Spottsylvania (cousin of Jos. Johnson's wife, Elmira Elisabeth Andrews). Mable and Willie's mother had married a Mordecai Moore.

. The Moore family moved to Orange some time before Joseph H. Johnson moved from Sunning Hill farm in Louisa county to Berry Hill farm. Berry Hill is close to the southern edge of the town of Orange, very near route 15. In the 1940's and 50's cousins Mable and Willie sometimes called Mother at Goldenrod and gave her dizzily rapid reports on mishaps and calamities around Orange.. (Info. from R.L.S.)



Newspaper photo of home of Mable and Willie Moore just prior to its demolition to make room for the shopping center on the north side of Orange on Rte. 15..

On Mother's side: the Thomas, Lewis, Ross connections and the Civil War

The Lewis family was from Culpeper County. Some of the Lewis family members very likely also came out of Spottsylvania to Culpeper. The Ross and Lewis connection came through a marriage between Sarah Frances Ross (Sally) and James Ballard Lewis.

(Sarah Frances (Sally) Ross and James Ballard Lewis's children: Ross, James, and Effie, Nellie, Fannie and Dora (Eudora). Ross Lewis married Virginia (Ginnie) Thomas, our grandmother, thus forming the Lewis -Thomas connection. NOTE/E.L.S.)

The Thomas* - Lewis connection clearly came about as a result of the Civil War.

Before the Civil War George Schuyler Thomas, mother's grandfather, went to Tennessee from the Scottsville, Va. area to teach school. As a secessionist, he was in danger from Union loyalists there. He returned to Scottsville on the James River, joined the Purcell Artillery Battery of the Confederate army. After the war, at the offer of a fellow soldier to operate a store together, he moved his family to Mitchells Station, VA in Culpeper. There his daughter Ginnie met and married Ross Lewis, Mother's father and our grandfather: Grandpa Lewis





L>R. Ginnie, Geo. Thomas's daughter, m. Ross Lewis. Their daughter, Mary Gertrude Lewis, m. Harry Estil Sanford, in 1917. Mary had a younger brother, Eugene B. Lewis (Uncle Buck). He married Alma Yowell of Somerset. Their two children, Jimmy and Dorothy, came from Charlottesville to visit us in the summer at Woodley. **Much more on the Thomas/Lewis/Ross connection is in Mother's book, "*The Life and Times of Mary Lewis Samford*"**

On the Right> Ross Lewis's parents:
Sarah Frances (Sally) Ross Lewis
and James Ballard Lewis. .



From a fraction of Montpelier's *patented 5000 acres three smaller farms were eventually carved out: Rockwood, Woodley and Kenwood*** Note: *Patented* - In colonial America land grants were made by the colonial government or by the British sovereign to patentees to encourage settlement and population of undeveloped land.

Our grandfather Walker Sanford, only son of Laurence Sanford (2d), was born at Newington farm in the Everona area of Orange county and was the first Sanford to own Woodley farm.

30 years before the Sanford/Johnson days at Woodley: The Madison and Willis era
In the second half of the 1700's, Woodley (called Woodley Vale in the Madison era) had been the home of Ambrose Madison, a brother of President James Madison, who lived at Montpelier. Ambrose Madison died in the late 1700's leaving one daughter, Nelly Conway Madison, who married Dr. John Willis of Gloucester County, Virginia. It was Nelly Conway Madison (Willis) and her husband, Dr. John Willis who in 1840 built the two additions to each end of Woodley's original one and half story middle section.

Col. John Willis, Dr. John Willis's son, builds his first home, Rockwood, in 1848
Nelly and her husband, Dr. John Willis, had one child, John Willis (1810 – 1885) later to be known as *Col. John Willis*. Dr. John Willis died in 1812. Son John graduated from the University of Va. in 1830. He was the favorite nephew of Pres. Madison who had no children but his wife Dolly had a son, Payne Todd, from a previous marriage. Nelly Conway Madison (and her husband?), acquired 500 acres from her aunt, Dolly Madison, after the death of Dolly's husband, Pres. James Madison. This land lay between Woodley and Montpelier and was called Rockwood. Dr. Willis and Nelly's son, Colonel John Willis, built the Rockwood house in 1848. Rockwood is where in the 1850's most of his and Nelly's family of eight children were born.

(1850's – 1860's) Col. John Willis builds his second home: Mayhurst

Later Col. John Willis inherited from an uncle what was to be known as the Howard place, near the town of Orange. At one time it had been known as the Baylor* land which included Baylor Mountain. *This Mr. Baylor migrated to Texas, had a role in the founding of Baylor University.

By 1860 and shortly before the Civil War Col. John Willis had completed his second home at the Howard place, a very ornate mansion later to be known as Mayhurst. *Col. Willis's mother, Nelly Madison Willis, continued to live at Woodley until at some point in the Civil War she went to live with her son at the Howard place (Mayhurst). Woodley fell into a state of disrepair. Due to the war Col. Willis was also forced to give up the Howard place (Mayhurst) but was able to retain some land across the Orange and Alexandria Railroad which by 1843 had been built from Alexandria to Orange and Gordonsville.

Col. Willis built his third home, Oakburn....

...on this land near the old Orange to Gordonsville road. With some land on both sides of the railroad he built his third and final home which he named Oakburn.

Oakburn was destroyed by fire in the late 1930's when a disgruntled servant went to an upstairs room to start a fire in a fireplace but actually started the fire on the floor of the room, walked out closing the door behind him. Oakburn house was on the far side of the railroad from us and between Woodley and Berry Hill. We could see the windmill and barns of Oakburn when driving to and from town. (*Mayhurst, visible from Rte. 15 after leaf fall, has an ornate, somewhat "wedding cake" appearance. Col. Willis had. Of course, already built a *chalet* style house at Rockwood.)

1869 – Civil War over - Woodley rundown – for sale – enter Joseph Johnson



Joseph Henry Johnson

Neglected during the Civil War, Woodley continued to be neglected during the years following the war. The buildings, farmland and fences were in very bad condition. It was during the years 1869 – 70 that Joseph Henry Johnson, destined to be the next owner, moved

his family of three daughters (Blanche, Evelyn, Lelia) and one son (Wiester), from Sunning Hill farm in Louisa county to Berry Hill farm in the Orange area. He had lost his wife, Elmira Elisabeth Andrews, as well as two of their six children – Their first born - Wallace* (b.1855, d.1866) and a daughter named Fannie.(Dates of her life unknown) He purchased Berry Hill farm on the edge of the town of Orange. He spent the rest of his life there, never remarrying. Joseph Johnson apparently knew a good deal about land and its value. He became the next owner of Woodley which was being sold for delinquent taxes.

*Wallace, the name of Joseph Johnson's son that died at age 11. may have been the precedent for the first name of our Uncle Wallace who later named one of his own sons Wallace. (Nicknamed Monk). Monk also named a son Wallace.

HOUSE ON SUNNING HILL FARM, Joseph Johnson's former hom in Louisa County



No longer part of a farm the house at Sunning Hill as of mid 2011 was used by a real estate firm for office space. It is very close to Rte. 522, just past the first inlet coming from the north side of Lake Anna (Note) – Extensive renovation is being done at this time (3/11) on both the exterior and interior of Sunning hill. A family cemetery is located to the right side of the lot close to the highway, 522.

WOODLEY BOUGHT BY JOS. JOHNSON FROM COL. WILLIS, RELATIVE OF THE MADISON FAMILY

After the sale of Woodley to Joseph Johnson, Col. Willis continued to struggle with his Oakburn farm - so after the death of his wife in 1868 at a fairly young age, he had to give up Oakburn and went to live with his old friend, Garret Scott, who then was living in harsh conditions a mile or so beyond Woodley at Clifton farm adjacent to the present Rte. 628.

Now back to Walker Sanford, our grandfather, son of of Lucy Henshaw Walker and Lawrence Sanford (2d). Walker was born at Newington farm not far from Unionville in the Everona area of Orange county. Walker finished school at Randolph Macon College at Ashland, Va. There are many details that we do not know but we are certain that Walker Sanford came to know the Johnson family at Berry Hill and knew that Joe Johnson had lost his wife Elmira* who died at an early age, in her thirties, when the family was living at Sunning Hill farm in Louisa.

* Elmira Elisabeth Andrews – Names such as Elma or Ellie, probably deriving from the name Elmira, were given to descendants for two generations - Elma Williams at Berry Hill, Ellie Sanford Watson (our Aunt Ellie), and our sister, Ellie Sanford Foster. By coincidence the daughter of Elgin and Suzie Perry, actually named Elisabeth, uses the name Ellie as a first name. Ellie Perry is a granddaughter of our oldest sibling, Jo Sanford Perry.

Elmira Elisabeth Andrews (Johnson) did water colors. She painted the charming pastoral scene now back at Woodley, the home of Elmira's great great grandson, Steve (Richard and Thelma's son). and his wife Normie. Steve had it reframed and

preservation work done on it. It was for many years in the home of Elmira's granddaughter, Lucy Sanford Lilliston (Aunt Lucy, Daddy's sister) in Accomac on Virginia's eastern shore and later in the home of Elmira's great granddaughter, Eugenia (Gene) Sanford, in Arlington, Va.

It is stated in Aunt Lucy's will that the painting was done by her grandmother, Elmira Elisabeth Andrews. Aunt Lucy, who studied art at Fredericksburg College in the early 1900's, also did a number of paintings, particularly in her younger years.

Walker Sanford married one of the three daughters of Joseph Johnson of Berry Hill farm. Her name was Lelia. They moved to Woodley under some kind of arrangement with Joseph who was by then his father-in-law. We know that Walker Sanford inherited by will his father's farm at Newington. Walker's four sisters, Jane, Lizzie, Mary Susan and Lulie had received other assets in their father's will which is dated 1898. Walker's two youngest sisters, Lulie and Mary Susan died in relatively early adulthood. (More information on this below.)

Records are clear that well before Great Grandfather Joseph Johnson's death in 1893, Walker Sanford and his wife, Lelia Johnson Sanford, had already purchased Woodley.

Woodley Neglected, in Bad Shape after Civil War

We are aware of many stories about the first years of Walker and Lelia's life at Woodley. The house and all farm buildings, land, fences,, crop fields were badly neglected in the years prior to the farm's being sold by Orange county to collect taxes. This had enabled Joseph Johnson to buy approximately 500 acres at a very low price.

Walker Sanford's father Lawrence died at Newington in 1898. Walker's mother, Lucy Henshaw Walker Sanford, came to live with her son and his family at Woodley where she lived 16 years longer than her husband and she died in 1915 only three years before the untimely death of her only son, Walker Sanford. *His* wife, Lelia Johnson Sanford, had died in January, 1918, a few days before the birth of our sister Jo, Josephine Virginia Sanford, at Woodley. Note: According to accounts of her contemporaries Lelia Johnson died in the flu epidemic of 1917.

Four Generations in the yard at Woodley (or Kenwood?)



L > R Great Grandmother Lucy Henshaw... Lucy's son, Walker Sanford (our grandfather / wearing a hat).. Lucy's grandson Wallace (our Uncle Wallace) and Uncle Wallace's toddler son Lawrence,- Spot, the dog.

SECTION 4 – The 1930's, things witnessed, things remembered...

A big and important 1930's development: Route 15 extended through Woodley and other farms. –
In 1929 there was talk about a new road that would come through Woodley. There were signs of surveyors, etc. This new road would begin near the overhead bridge in Orange and go approximately seven miles to Gordonsville airport. There would be blending in to the old road at each end. The road was to be approx. six to seven miles in length. This new road would cut through Woodley and in a sense divide the farm into two parts: the land where Woodley Acres, the subdivision, and the Catholic Church now stand were cut from the rest of the farm. There would be no water streams or springs on that location to contend with in building the road. There was to be an underpass under the new road though which livestock could go and come to graze and return for water. Property owners would receive no money for right of way and we really didn't expect any. Generally, we were glad to get a new modern paved road. Wherever there was much dirt to be moved to cut and fill, a steam shovel dug the dirt and placed it in small dump trucks that then placed it where needed to level the road bed. Motor driven rollers were used to pack the soil that next would be covered with base stone crushed at the quarry on Paul Scott's place, the farm much later to be added to Kenwood. That was after the untimely death of Paul Scott then the Clerk of the Court of Orange County. The operators of the rock quarry also employed truck owners to buy any rock piles of stone that the truck could get to and paid 10 cents per load. The truck drivers had to load by hand. The rocks along the edge of woods, or in piles, as was the case at Woodley where there were several huge piles of all sizes of field rock, were picked up by hand out of the fields. Even today (2009) men on Kenwood farm pick up field rocks and place them in a front end bucket on a John Deere tractor to make the terrain safer on the equipment. The rock quarry trucks came into Woodley and into the edge of Rockwood to pick up rocks. Likewise on many other farms.

The heavy crushed stone made a base of about 12" deep, then rolled with heavy rollers. Next, fine gravel with dust, etc. was rolled and packed before tar and chips formed the final surface. The right of way taken by the highway was 110' from fence to fence. At fence building time Dad contracted to dig all post holes and furnish the posts, wire and setting up. I do not have official papers or information on this fence but I clearly recall Hugh Hall (a brother of Sally Hall, wife of Mr. Reynolds the dairyman taking care of milking at Woodley) working on the new road. Hugh and family had returned from coal mine work in WVA near Fairmont, our son Steve's school, at a place called Lumberton. Hugh and family were living at Rockwood in the tenant house that the Reynolds family had previously lived in. It was a good family connection. Hugh Hall's oldest son later was postmaster at Montpelier.

The postholes (for the fence along Rte. 15) were to be dug by Hugh Hall at 10 cents per hole with locust posts packed tight and ready for woven wire fence. Dad supplied the posts. All holes were not easy due to rocks, etc. During the road bed construction heavy under ground rocks were hit and had to be blasted with dynamite in a hole drilled with air compressors. Many times after a hole or holes were drilled and loaded with sticks of dynamite, the operator was required by law to call out in a very loud voice, saying, "Fire in the hole," several times as a warning. We could hear his voice at the Woodley barns and house. Some rocks were blown into the field and picked up.

The new part of the road was not to be used until the tar and gravel layers were finished. A few cars did run over the road causing dust. Walker and Richard in taking the milk to Orange each day, did use it before it was officially opened. It was a pleasure to see autos on the new road – and finally be able to go to town and not have to go out the Woodley Lane (1/2 mile) and on to town by Little Zion Colored Church and come into town near the Berry Hill C&O crossing.

An example of added difficulty of moving things before the new road was built: we ordered a carload of lime (RR boxcar) put off on the side track at Orange. Lime is very heavy and had to be loaded by hand shovels into wagon beds. It took a 4 horse team to use the old Orange – Gordonsville road with a load of lime (3 tons) to reach the Woodley lane at the Madison Run school, then unload the lime onto the ground later to be shoveled by hand into the lime spreader pulled by two horses to finally get the lime on the land.

The contractor for the new road, a Mr. Mitchell from near Keswick, was the low bidder at \$97,000. The contract included an underpass and several expensive bridges such as over the Madison Run stream near the present Rte. 15 and Rte. 639. Several years later Uncle Wallace at Kenwood during WWII purchased the Paul Scott place, several years after Paul Scott's death and the burning of the Scott family house. The farm included the rock quarry, the old Scott's Mill site and 100 plus acres of cut over land below Madison Run Post Office and store. That land later was sold as building home sites. The main reason the quarry was shut down was that the dynamite blasting was shaking the windows in the Zion Baptist Church. There was no shortage of rock and stone to crush.

The Hall family* – 16 boys and girls – Beck and the buggy

Background note: A daughter of the Hall family, Isabel Hall Reynolds, married Mr. Ernest Reynolds who worked with the dairy operation at Woodley. They were a vital and well remembered part of our lives. The Reynolds family on Woodley had five children (Herbert, Graham, Mable, Stella and Tommy) who were friends and playmates for the children of compatible age of our own large family such as Lucy and Ellie and, of course, the older boys Walker, Richard, Tom and Sam..

Mrs. Reynolds had relatives in the Madison Run area. Mother, in her later years reminiscing about life at Rockwood and Woodley, mentioned Mrs. Reynolds' requests on Sunday afternoons to borrow the horse, Beck, and the buggy to go visit her many family connections in the Madison Run area on Sunday afternoons.

Hall/Reynolds families

Some of the Hall family were in their own homes, others had lodgings as tenants and farm laborers. Mrs. Joseph Ernest Reynolds was a Hall. She and her husband Ernest Joseph Reynolds, originally from the Orange area, had gone to College Park, Md. for work with three children and returned. It was when the Reynoldses, moved from College Park, Md. to Rockwood.* that we first knew that Mrs. Reynolds was a member of the Hall family of 16 children.

**The Reynoldses as a “boxcar family,” -returned from College Park, MD
to their home in the Gordonsville./Madison Run area .**

So... the Reynolds family moved back to the Orange/ Gordonsville/Madison Run area, where she and her husband Ernest originally came from, when he responded to Dad’s ad in a newspaper for a dairyman to come work at Woodley. A boxcar was ordered to bring the Reynolds family, themselves and their belongings to the area. The train put their boxcar on a side track at Madison Run, the closest stop to Woodley. Madison Run was where Mrs. Reynolds family, the Halls, lived and where she had grown up. Mr. Reynolds came from the nearby Gordonsville area. The Reynolds family had spent a couple of days and nights in the boxcar including passing through the Potomac railroad yards in Alexandria.

Mr. Reynolds had an uncle who lived with them. He died at Woodley. All went to see him lying with his eyes closed, 50 cent pieces on his eyes. The family was gathered around. All was quiet and solemn.... He was buried in Maplewood Cemetery at Gordonsville.

Note: The Robertses - Another “boxcar family” that came to Woodley via boxcar from WVA. Some of their names: Ruck, Erie (for Lake Erie), Opal and Inevel. Ruck lived for a time in the laundry (cottage) after Mrs. Wood and Gracie Lee left. Ruck once broke up our stick horses and used them for kindling in his stove in the laundry (cottage).

Toddsberth, home of Dolly Madison’s son

Mrs. Reynolds’ father, Mr. Hall, was deceased. Her mother, Mrs. Hall, was still living on small acreage directly across from Zion Baptist church at Madison Run with one son, Tink Hall, single brother of sister Sally Reynolds. History records and research done by the Orange Historical Society show this location to be the site of “Toddsberth,” a home built for Dolly Madison’s son Payne Todd after the death of President James Madison in 1836. That structure is long gone. Some Hall boys: Hugh, Tink, Robert, Clifton. Note/Richard: “I should call Mrs. Reynolds oldest daughter, Mable,* in her early nineties, living in Fredericksburg, married to retired army sergeant *Safell(?)*”

*Mable Reynolds Safell, d. 11/20/10. Richard, who called her to chat about old times and other things, learned of her death in that last telephone call.

Bull in the ice house (the Ambrose Madison Ice House) – Woodley, 1935

This is not a long story but a very unusual one – finding a full grown young bull in the ice house. We had another icehouse at the barn used to cool the milk. The original Woodley icehouse was much older, built for the Ambrose Madison family. Note: Montpelier had an ice pond and an icehouse – still famous in 2009. We were all ready to get into the family auto, a 1930 4 door Chevrolet Sedan, dark red in color, and leave for school. It was an early spring day. There was no ice left in the ice house, only left over straw that was used to cover the ice to keep it from melting and thus last longer. The car was in the side yard near the hydrant and ready to leave when someone heard a noise coming from the icehouse. It may have been Sam or Tom who called out, “Bull in the ice house!” Dad was there and soon hooked up a hayfork pulley on the back side of the ice house toward the barns and had a hay fork rope attached through the pulley and somehow got the rope over the head and neck of the bull. They got me, Richard, to back the car close enough to tie the rope to the rear of the Chevrolet auto and started to pull a little at a time with others holding the rope off the side of the ice house walls. We soon had the bull on the ground. His wind had been cut off during the pulling with the car. The bull got up and we got in the car and left for school and got there on time.

Dr. Holladay – Long term family doctor – estate executor for the family

Doctor Holladay was the family doctor for our grandparents in their later years, at Woodley. I do not know who was the previous doctor for Walker and Lelia Johnson Sanford and for Harry, Wallace, Ellie, Lucy and Lelia at Woodley – but he was the doctor for all of Dad and Mother's children at Woodley, then at Rockwood from 1922 to 1929 for Nancy, Tom, Sam and Lucy - then back to Woodley for Ellie, Ben, Gene, Sabrena and Harriet. Harriet was the only one born in a hospital. Dr. Holladay was the executor of the estate of our grandparents, Walker and Lelia Johnson Sanford's Woodley estate. It would be interesting to know who the doctor was for their children: Harry (1881), Wallace (1882), Ellie, Lucy and Lelia in the 1890's.

"I brought you into the world," - Dr. Lewis Holladay

Dr. Lewis Holladay was an elder and clerk of session of the Orange Presbyterian Church. He lived across the street from the church. He delivered all of our family's children except Harriet who was born in 1936 in the UVA hospital in Charlottesville.

The time came for Walker, Richard, Roland Hill, Wellford Sherman, Jim Conway and several others to join the church. All of the Sanford children had been baptized as infants. Those to join met in the Pastor's small room between the new addition and the old original Presbyterian church building. We met between Sunday School and church and were present with the Session for prayer and answered some questions. Some even talked a little about what it meant to join the church. All had been baptized as infants. We were to come up to the front of the church to be recognized as new members after a few questions. I do clearly recall in the Session meeting with Frank Priest and Dr. Holladay, who was an elder and a Sunday school superintendent, saying, "I brought you into the world. Now I am bringing you into the church."

All naked in the ice pond – Not really swimming – Sheriff arrives

Depth – 4' (feet) A group of us – Richard, Walker, Herbert and Graham Reynolds, maybe Tom and others were all naked in the ice pond having a good time in muddy water when someone saw a car coming up to the pond from Woodley direction. It was a 1930 Ford 4 door touring car, not a sedan. We soon saw the driver as he pulled close to the pond and got out. We had no way to run and come back and pick up clothes we had stacked along the edge of the pond. We quickly saw it was the Orange County sheriff, Ben Selby, who we all knew for he had a pistol on his waist. His children came to our Presbyterian church Sunday school. All we could do was to keep down in the water. He walked up on the edge of the pond and said, "Alright, boys, I know you know where the mash barrel is and I want you to show me where it is." He walked to the side as we came out naked to dress. He didn't tell us not to run. He was armed with a big pistol in full view. The sheriff stepped to one side as we hastily got into our overalls (clothes).

With Herbert and a few of the older boys we walked to the right-of-way for the utility line where the mash barrel, 50 gallons of mash grain and sugar were uncovered. The sheriff smashed the barrel with a heavy pole and we returned to Woodley to tell all about our experience and Sheriff Ben Selby. These were Prohibition days and boot leggers were busy. Sheriff Selby probably had to wreck more than a "few" mash barrels and "stills," (distilleries). Note/E.L.S.

Bare foot brothers - Walker, Richard, Tom and Sam plowing corn at Rockwood



We continued to raise corn at Roakwood even after it was sold to Marian Dupont Scott.

Preamble – Rockwood was sold to Marian Dupont in 1929. For a short period the Sam Branham lived in the Rockwood house. Mrs. Branham was a sister to Mrs. Wood at Woodley and to Mrs. Berry at Kenwood.

Mr. Craig, the farm manager and overall business manager at Montpelier *and* at Rockwood, decided to move the Branham's out to renovate the house, put on a new roof to replace the wooden shingles, the water system and add an electric line from the panel system at Montpelier...but no paint on the wooden siding. Experts say to paint the old pine weather boarding would damage the wood. This renovation was in preparation for Mr. and Mrs. Link Brooking to move in and be in charge of the Montpelier hounds and work on the Montpelier farm which later led to Link's being farm manager. Many years later Mrs. Scott sold Rockwood to the Brookings. Mr. Craig, business manager at Montpelier, was a member of our church with his wife, two girls* and a boy. Mr. Craig rented Rockwood land to our family and some to Uncle Wallace. We had small grain, wheat, etc. and corn in the big front field and the lower field below the ice pond. Uncle Wallace had the pump house field

and more. * *Jane Craig – High school friend of our sister Nancy. Jane's son, Al Hunt, and his wife Judy Woodriff are nationally known journalists.

We had plowed the front field that was growing up in weeds and brush. That's why Walker, Richard, Tom and Sam were "cultivating"* the corn in the front field adjacent to the ice pond.

(*Cultivating the corn - riding in the center back of a two wheeled two-horse drawn machine that had plow points that could be lowered to plow up the soil to remove the weeds in the rows of young corn.)

We were using a riding cultivator. Two horses that Walker handled, a two horse walking cultivator that Tom handled by walking behind with Sam to sit on the frame and drive the team and Tom to hold on to the handles. Richard had a white mule to pull a side wipe cultivator with lines to guide the mule over his shoulder. All of us were bare footed. We left Woodley to go to Rockwood as soon as possible, a one mile route. At lunchtime we knew when 12 o'clock came by looking up at the sun. If it was straight up over our heads, we knew it was noontime. We unhooked the team and went to the shaded area near the ice pond where we kept our little spring, cleaned out to lie down and drink from the spring and wait for Dad to bring our lunch, prepared by Mother, brought by Dad by coming over the road now called Chicken Mountain Road in the 1929 Model A pickup that we bought from Rowe Meade.* It was best to come over the mountain road than through all the gates up through Woodley to Rockwood. At quitting time we unhitched the team and rode the horses back to Woodley. There was one time when Dad was late getting there. We all lay down in the road near the spring and Ice Pond. I was asleep and woke to see Link Brooking who stopped and blew his horn to get us out of the road. A shady cool spot in the road.*Rowe Meade made the Meade bureau, a tall pine chest of drawers, used through our growing up years and later by grandchildren.

At one time we found several cherries on black heart cherry trees in the edge of the woods. We had to use the rope lines off my mule harness to get up into the trees that were in the edge of the woods; there were no low limbs on these trees. Richard and Tom got up and were enjoying the cherries and breaking off twigs with cherries down to Sam. Then we tried to make a loop in the rope and got Sam to put it around his waist. We pulled him most of the way – quite high. Sam got scared and started crying. We told him to hang on. He was close to us. We had to let him down to have peace. So much for cherries in high trees.

The corn crop was good in the old front field which hadn't been plowed in many years. Following the corn crop we planted it in wheat. Next year we were threshing it at Rockwood when Sam and I took an overload to Gillum's Mill at Madison Mills in the 1929 Ford Model T and had a flat tire before we got to Orange. We got Mr. Brockman to let us have a new tire on credit that we would pay back after we got back from Gillum's Mill. We had to talk Mr. Gillum into letting us have \$3 credit on the wheat that was to be on our flour account. He reluctantly let us have \$3 cash. We paid Mr. Brockman back on the way back to Rockwood. We may have worked two Popsicles out of the deal and never told anybody about it. All we heard when we got back to Rockwood was, "What took you so long?" (This story: the truth and nothing but the truth)

Dark of night a loud noise

We had a brooder house 8' by 10' for baby chicks. The house was on skids in order to move it around by pulling it with the tractor. This time we had placed it in the back yard close to the house since we were using it as a hen house where we were feeding the hens with Farm Bureau Mash known as "laying mash" for special hens in the house. One night we were awakened by a loud noise of hens squawking – Squawking loudly! Everyone was in bed. Dad called to Walker and me then sleeping in the nursery – next to the dining room. Walker got the 12 gauge double barrel shotgun. I had a lantern. We went out by the hall door and porch next to the bathroom door. The noise of chickens was loud and clear. I looked toward the brooder house door. The noise never let up. Walker aimed the gun at the door and said, "Come on out of there, you s--- o' -- b-----.*. Nothing happened. We then looked closer and could see the rear end of a cow that was bent on eating the chicken feed and had one foot on a chicken that was squawking very loud while the cow enjoyed the chicken feed. How the cow got in the back yard we never found out.

Saw mills at Woodley

When we left Woodley very soon after the death of Grandpa Sanford, going to Rockwood in 1921 – as children we were not old enough to recall anything about sawmills. Later we discovered an old sawmill just above the Woodley ice pond. Location was always near a stream for water needed to operate the steam engine. Most of the sawmill sites were located on a stream that ran out of Rockwood on to Woodley. Teams of horses were seen by us hauling the slabs* that were left long after the mill had done its work.

*Slabs - the bark covered rounded sides of logs that were cut off to leave the log with flat surfaces. The flat surfaced timber was then sawed into boards. The slabs were cut into short segments and burned for firewood...

When we moved back to Woodley in 1927 we had need for another sawmill for materials we used in the building of a new house for Mr. Reynolds' family of six or more children, for the

conversion of the horse stable into a dairy barn for 24 stalls, to build an ice house at the barn, for the dairy house boiler, etc., fencing around the Woodley yard and other miscellaneous uses, e.g.

repairs to the corn house, new hog pens, etc. This time Mr. Marshall Williams' saw mill was moved by teams of six horses out of deep woods near Negro Run several miles below Gordonsville and near Cox's Mill Road.

The saw mill was pulled by teams of horses and mules onto the old Gordonsville and Orange road to where Clore's Auto Shop and Orange Lumber Market are located. That was when one of the rear wheels under the steam engine broke apart. After a day of delay, our father took our Farmall tractor and pulled it up the rather steep hill at Zion Church and on to Woodley lane that ran between the Paul Scott place and Litchfield, the Mustoe place. The lane opened onto the Orange-Gordonsville road close to where the Madison Run school was located. The Madison Run school was built in 1890, the year Aunt Lucy was born at Woodley, the youngest child of our grandparents at Woodley. The lane in a straight line led to the tenant house near a good spring. That first tenant house, built by Grandfather Walker Sanford, was removed when Rte. 15 was widened. A second tenant house was later built near dual laned Rte. 15. Still there, it is referred to as Chip's house.

The mill was a family project for the Marshall Williams' family especially the oldest one, George Williams, and the younger son. They operated the steam engine that powered the saw mill with tall smoke stacks, big belts, etc. Marshall was the sawyer operating the mill as to size of lumber to be sawed out of the logs. Some logs were pine, most were oak and poplar and some chestnut which was still standing in the woods well into the late 1920's and 30's in spite of the deadly chestnut blight that was unfortunately brought into America from China to the east coast. Note: I wrote a term paper for a class at V.P.I. about saw mills, 1939 – '42 and made a grade of A on it. The Williams family, African American, lived on what today is called Mountain Track Road about three to four miles below colored Zion. They traveled in an old Ford Model T truck, Running Gear – no dual wheels, etc. This truck had no cab, did have windshield wipers and lights and could haul several good sized logs if needed. No inspection in that period.

The mill was located close to the stream that ran out of the front field of Woodley, also fed with springs along the way. The steam engine had a governor that controlled the RPM's of the engine and had an injector that was able to inject water out of the stream into the steam engine. A small dam for the water was needed. Buck, the oldest son, fired the boiler with slabs 3 to 4 feet long that he put into the fire box door. There was a large glass steam gauge that had to be up to a certain point before starting to run the mill. A glass water level was in view to tell when water was needed. A high smoke stack about 12 to 15 feet was in place to get the smoke and some ashes up and out of the way. Many times pieces of hot red ashes fell in and around the mill and had to be coped with. The engine had a steam whistle like those that were on railroad steam engines. Buck was allowed to blow the whistle by pulling on a twine or rope.

The sawmill was set over a dug out hole for the saw dust which had to be constantly moved by a home made wheel barrow. A heavy handled shovel was used to reach under the space of the saw – a big job for someone to move the dust across a small bridge over the stream and up into the saw dust pile. Someone of good strength was to be there as "off bearer," that is, to

take each slab as it was cut off and also each piece of timber, i.e., lumber, be it 8,' 10,' 12,' 16' long. There were some light weatherboards in 2 x 9, 2 x 6, 2 x 8. Also boards 8' to 10' to 12' to 14 to 16' long. Many of the slabs were chopped up into shorter pieces by axe and put right into the fire box. Others, the big, heavy and hard to cut with an axe, were taken by hand to the slab pile near the creek or branch. The same for the 2' x 4' and fence board, etc.

The saw mill at Woodley also cut special logs for others nearby, hauled in by wagons or trucks. Kenwood also by wagon delivered a few logs to the site. After our sawing was over the mill went to Kenwood up the stream to the ice pond area and cut materials for Uncle Wallace as he was adding on to the dairy barn to almost double the number of cows capacity. That same barn is still standing - in 2009. Marshall's mill went from Kenwood to the Montford area and other places. One mill was taken back to the Cox's Mill road where we took a few walnut logs in a '27 Chevrolet truck to be sawed. Walker and Richard and Aaron and Ruck Roberts loaded a huge log (walnut) and went through Madison Run up the steep hill on to Cox's Mill Road to the mill site – off the sand and gravel road. I believe some of the walnut was used to make the corner cupboard but am not sure. If it was, this piece of furniture went from Goldenrod to W.VA in August, 1969 with Ben and family to Bethany, WVA (La Belle farm) and the corner cupboard is still there to date.

SECTION 5, pp. 33 - 35

More History/genealogy plus some recap,,,

After their marriage Walker Sanford and Lelia Johnson acquired Woodley from Lelia's father, Joseph Henry Johnson, and paid for it with money that Walker received from the sale of his parents' farm, Newington, in the Everona area of Orange County, not far from Unionville.. Some portion may have been a gift from Joseph Henry Johnson who was then living at Berry Hill. Cousins Willie and Mabel Moore frequently said that the house and farm as a whole were in bad shape with much neglect due to the Civil War. Fences were down, fields growing up with briars. Woodley farm had gone on the market for delinquent taxes and was sold for tax collection. Walker and Lelia had two boys (Harry and Wallace) and three girls (Ellie, Lucy and Lelia). Walker's and Lelia's oldest son Harry had twelve children and his next son, Wallace, had eight children. Ellie was the only one of Walker and Lelia's daughters to have children. Ellie married Ivey Watson of Enfield, NC, a widower with three children: George, Anna and Ethel. Aunt Ellie and Uncle Ivey had one son, Ivey Watson, Jr. and a daughter named Mamie who died at five years of age.

BACK TO JOS. H. JOHNSON AND HIS SANFORD DESCENDANTS

He and his wife, Elmira Elisabeth Andrews. (of Andrews Tavern in Spottsylvania) lived at Sunning Hill in Louisa County. After the death of his wife, Elmira Elisabeth Andrews, Joseph left Sunning Hill, moved to Berry Hill and lived there for the rest of his days, never remarrying. Elmira Elisabeth died leaving not only Lelia but three other children: Evelyn, Blanche and Wiseter. Two of Elmira's and Joseph's children, died in childhood. To us, these great aunts and great uncle were *Aunt Evelyn*, *Aunt Blanche* and *Uncle Wiestar*. Aunt Blanche

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married a Dr. Rowe and lived until an advanced age in Huntington, WVA. Joseph and Elmira's only son Wiestar married into the McDonald family that lived on West Main Street in Orange. The parents of Wiestar's wife had a store in Orange. Joseph and Elmira's daughter Evelyn married Billie Williams. They had three daughters: Josephine, Elma and Isabel

Uncle Wiestar

Our generation has memories of (great) Uncle Wister who lived his later years at Kenwood, home of his nephew Wallace – our Uncle Wallace - that he died in an accident at Kenwood in the mid 1930's. as a result of a fall down the steps of a granary.

Richard says that at Kenwood Uncle Wiester liked to ride horseback and take part in fox chasing. He had one son named Donald, Donald Johnson, a plainspoken, memorable personality. Descendants of Donald have retired to their home place, Green Level farm, in the True Blue section of Orange County.



Lelia Johnson Sanford and Walker W. Sanford young. Parents of Harry, Wallace, Ellie, Lucy and Lelia

Harry and Wallace – two years at VPI

Walker and Lelia Johnson Sanford's two oldest children, Harry and Wallace, went to VPI (Va. Tech) and took a two year course in agriculture. The three daughters, Ellie, Lucy and Lelia, all attended a college in Fredericksburg where Aunt Lucy roomed with the sister of Barton Lilliston of Accomac. She later married Barton. There were no children. They lived in Accomac. He died of cancer and she lived to be 90. (d. 1977). Aunt Ellie married Ivy Watson of Enfield, NC who had three children – Anna, Ethel and George. Aunt Ellie had a son, Ivy Watson, Jr. and a daughter who died in infancy. After their courses at VPI (Va. Polytechnic Institute/ Va. Tech) in the 1901–02 period, Harry and Wallace worked at Woodley for some time during which time Wallace became acquainted with Ada Woodruff whose parents had moved from New York in 1899. The Woodruffs lived at Rockwood.

Riding horses and work horses raised for sale – also hams

Harry and Wallace rode the train to New York City with riding horses being sold by Walker Sanford, their father. They had to see that the horses were fed, the manure cleaned out of the RR stock cars and the horses delivered to the purchaser — mostly to be used by mounted police officers riding around the streets. In addition to regular farming and raising riding

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horses for sale, Grandfather Walker Sanford raised workhorses for income, selling them to streetcar companies that still used horses to pull streetcars in cities such as Baltimore and New York. As mentioned above, riding horses were raised to sell for the use of mounted police in cities. In this same period Grandfather's hams were sold to nearby and distant customers.

Wallace at home....Harry down south.... Back home.. marries, then the unexpected....

Harry, through his association with Edwin Hill, also a VPI* student, had been employed by the Bell Telephone Co. Edwin had moved up to a position that led to Harry and several other young men from the Orange area being employed by the telephone company (e.g. Lewis Willis and a Mr. Twyman and others.). These young men worked in the south, primarily middle southern

states, e.g. Ga. And Ala., learning the job of telephone linemen, then as lower ranking foremen they simultaneously did some of the work themselves (digging postholes, setting up poles, stringing up telephone wire) and supervising telephone company work crews.



Family in yard at Woodley, Grandmother Lelia and Harry standing... dog Cotton....Sunday afternoon?... ca. 1912?

Wallace continued to work with his father at Woodley and was in a position to buy the 280 acres from the Bragg family land adjoining Woodley for \$3600 and began to prepare it as his home when he married Ada Woodruff in 1908. Harry purchased a small 100 acre farm about two miles south of Woodley on the right hand side of the road to Gordonsville. Mother recalled going there in 1917 with Dad in a buggy when they first married to look it over as a possible home. There was still a small tenant home on this property which now in 2004 is part of a much larger turkey farm .

The unexpected and sudden death of Grandmother Sanford in January, 1918 occurred soon after Dad and Mother's marriage and before Jo's birth (their first child). This put a spin into so much of what was to follow at Woodley.

SECTION 6, pp. 36 – 38

From one generation to the next - 1900 – 1920

For a number of years Wallace had prepared his Bragg land, preparing the home and other buildings. Lawrence (our first first cousin) was born there in 1908 at what was to be renamed Kenwood. Sometime at about this time Dad returned to Woodley to assist his mother and father since Wallace was married and by 1908 and living at Kenwood.. Dad continued with his parents at Woodley and married in 1917. Jo, the first child in our family, was born in 1918. His mother's death, also in 1918, was the beginning of a long series of problems. Grandfather Sanford's health continued to decline with Aunt Lelia and Mother and Dad there. Many bits of news of this

time are found in Mother's letters to her parents at Montpelier Station describing the death of Mrs. Sanford (her mother-in-law) in 1918 and then the death of her father-in-law Walker Sanford in 1921. Then her own Mother died in this same time period. Her first three children, Jo, Walker and Richard, were born at Woodley during this time. Nancy, the fourth child, born in 1922, was their first child to be born at Rockwood.

Mother's letters help to see what was going on after the death of Grandfather Walker (or Mr. Sanford as Mother usually referred to him) at Woodley. The girls (Ellie, Lucy and Lelia, daughters of Walker and Lelia) wanted to close the house down and prepare for the sale of personal property. Mother did not want responsibility for the Woodley house and they knew the Woodriffs at Rockwood wanted to sell and move closer to sons Jack and Jaffrey at Somerset (Sunnyview farm). Aunt Lucy had married Barton K. Lilliston of Accomac County. After the family settled the Woodley estate, Aunt Lucy built a new home in Accomac called Shadow Hill with money from the Woodley estate funds.



Shadow Hill

The exact dates of all this are covered in the many letters between Grandpa Lewis and his wife Virginia Thomas who died one month after the death of Grandfather Walker Sanford. Dad also owned a small 15 –20 acre parcel on the old Gordonsville Road across from the Henry Hill place which he sold at about this time.

Walker Sanford, a good businessman

Walker W. Sanford was known far and wide as a good businessman, as Chairman of the Orange County Board of Supervisors for many years as well. He was a charter member of the

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National Bank of Orange, was a bank director and sold to the bank the land on which the bank was built. He was a member of the Hunt Club Show Association and other such enterprises.

....but left no will

Grandpa Walker Sanford (WWS-Woodley) never had a will or even announced his intention about how he desired to have his estate handled after his death in January, 1921, approximately four years following the death of his wife, Lelia Johnson Sanford in 1918.

Walker Sanford's father, Lawrence Sanford of Newington (*in the Everona area of Orange County, just north of Rte. 20 near Unionville*)) and his grandfather Lawrence Sanford of the home place in Stafford County (*near Berea Church on Rte. 17 west of Fredericks burg*) both had wills with much detail and properly recorded.

The second Lawrence Sanford, b. at Newington, had his will in the Orange County courthouse. He gave the house and land at Newington to Walker (W.W.S.), his only son.

(Lawrence's wife, Lucy Henshaw Walker, had benefited by the will of her father, Benjamin Walker, who also had a farm in the Everona area not far* from Newington farm.

*The Walker farm, Oak Grove farm, was located across the road from Newington farm. Oak Grove became the site of the hydroponic farm called Battlefields (on Clark's Mountain Rd. See its website.)

Joseph Henry Johnson and his wife Elmira Elisabeth Andrews had well written wills which their daughter, Lelia Johnson Sanford, knew of. The Andrews family of Andrews Tavern on the western end of Spottsylvania all had wills that are still on record and can be read if desired. With this background of family history on wills, we know the thought of a will was not unfamiliar to Walker and his wife Lelia at Woodley for both had clearly benefited by their family wills. One reason that appears logical as to why there was no will at Woodley after Walker's death in 1921 is that they both had definite plans to prepare a will but this was short circuited by the sudden and unexpected death of Lelia Johnson Sanford at Woodley in the flu epidemic in the winter of 1918 from several weeks of hard work at hog killing time, a big operation in those days. Then with Christmas work and being generally run down and tired, she fell victim to pneumonia. It was a terrible shock to all the family and friends. Soon, following Lelia's death, Walker became diabetic. With no known treatment at that time and also falling victim to Parkinson's, he may have had good intentions that were never carried out before his death in 1921.

Woodley in limbo for six years

1921 – Sale at Woodley – house rented for six years – no Sanfords there until 1927

In any case, the personal property from the house and farm equipment were sold at auction at Woodley including the Model T Ford Run About and a 1917 Model in which Aunt Lelia learned to drive taking her father to Orange. This was sold to a Bledsoe at Locust Grove who told Walker and me several interesting tales about that car. Also sold at this time was the Sanford Building on Main Street in Orange next to the National Bank of which Walker W. Sanford was a founder and director. There was a small fire in this building but not much damage was done so it also was sold for the sum of \$15,000.

Then, rather than see the farm sold, Harry and Wallace decided to jointly own Woodley and operate it from Rockwood and Kenwood. All of this with Dr. Holladay as executor of the estate since Walker W. Sanford, Sr. had left no will. His three daughters got the bank stock and other funds from sale of personal property, cattle and cash on hand and other money owed to Walker W. Sanford, Sr. Sons Wallace and Harry became joint owners of Woodley.

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After the sale at Woodley the house was rented to someone from the Highway Department (see Times and Places of Mary Lewis Sanford). When the renter finished the highway department job and left, the house was home for the George Hankins family who operated the farm for Harry and Wallace. This continued on for good or bad until 1927. The children at Rockwood needed to go to school. Jo was in the 4th grade, Walker in the second and Richard in the first. It was at this time that Harry and Wallace worked out a deal under which Wallace would get approximately one third of Woodley land surveyed adjacent to Kenwood and added to Kenwood by new fence lines. Woodley ice pond and slave cabin field, etc., came off Woodley and were added to Kenwood. Harry was to pay Wallace \$10,000 to complete their transaction. Plans to sell Rockwood and move to Woodley as soon as possible took place then. (See "Times and Places" of Mary Lewis Sanford for details.)

RICHARD L. SANFORD'S MEMORIES OF EARLY YEARS (R.L.S. Memories)

(Part II)

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daughter Mary Susan , son Walker as young boy – anecdotes, comments.

FINALE - Photos (siblings, in-laws) and words from and about Sam, our youngest brother to serve in WWII, pp. 69 - 70

**THANKS –To Richard for writing down his memories so that later generations may gain at least a
partial picture and a degree of understanding of earlier family life and history. Thanks also to Bart
Hinkle (our sister Sabrena's husband) for his research and information on genealogy and family
history A special thanks to Jim Cantrell and his sons Ross and Blair for critical technical help. These
“RLS Memories” would not have been possible without their help.– Gene (Eugenia) Sanford**
(Richard's sister - compiler, editor & annotator who found working on these R.L.S. Memories informative,
challenging and enjoyable.)

SECTION 7 MORE MEMORIES, FAMILY LIFE RESUMES AT WOODLEY IN THE 1930'S, pp. 38 -

MAKING HAY ON INTO THE 1930'S



Raking hay into windrows with a horse drawn hay rake (*Photo from internet)

I use the attached postcard* which confirms that “A picture is worth a thousand words.” True! I do not know the origin of this photo but it’s a perfect example of “Hay Making” in the field. 1) Of course the hay had been cut with a two horse mower – a McCormick or Oliver- with a five foot cutter box. 2) As seen in the photo the hay is being raked with a two horse sulky rake probably made by McCormick. The name McCormick goes back to “Cyrus McCormick who lived in the valley and who invented also the binder for wheat and other small grains. Looking closely you can see that the teams of horses have harnesses with back and belly bands britching and these chains not only pull the wagon or rake but hold it back on any equipment wagon or rake as needed, say, going down a hill without the above harness. Without the britching the team could not control the various equipment especially hay wagons going down a hill or to back up at any point. Usually the team raking hay got it into a windrow (raked into a line to be picked up by men tossing it up on a wagon with a pitchfork). The men on the ground with pitchforks get the hay bundled into piles and then pitched it up onto the wagon which might be already loaded higher than their heads by several feet. The driver shapes the hay as necessary to get a load. He also walks (stomps) it down from time to time and takes hold of the reins you see resting on the front standard while he is busy loading and packing (walking it down). When ready, he speaks to the team, “Come up,” and they move forward and stop when he says “whoa” (as “wo”) and the team stops. You see how five men, four horses, a rake and a wagon “make hay.”

A good riding horse or buggy horse was “dual purpose,” and valuable. The man raking has the best or easy job. The rake teeth are down as he goes along. He knows when to touch the

small dump lever with his foot, all teeth up – dumps and automatically drops down to continue raking.

The wagon has been fully extended on the coupling pole, generally a heavy oak 2”X4” to make the wagon fit the hay frame, when needed for the routine wagon body. Take out the pin, shorten the running gear for the wagon body. You clearly see horses’ bridles, blinds by the horse’s eyes, horse collars, trace chains of leather, leather back and belly bands. All work horses and mules had shoes on all four feet with small cleats nailed to the horse’s hoof with skill - with special nails (horseshoe nails). The wagon and rake have a tongue that is hooked to the teams with breast chains attached to the hames* that are fitted to the horse collar, held in place with leather hame strings with buckles linked on to you and your belt. (?). Workhorses are smart and learn to move and stop by voice or how the driver handles the leather reins. All horses – and don’t forget mules – have names. We had mules Tom, Dick and Pete, etc. and horses – John, Pat, Dutch and Byrd. We sometimes called them by name or just, “Come up, mule (or mare).”

Childhood illnesses - drinking water - chicken broth

This lengthy story is about the time at Woodley when the entire family was in bed sick with the flu or a terrible cold of head and chest. Mrs. Wood and Gracie Lee, her daughter, were living in the cottage (or laundry as we knew it). Mrs. Wood and daughter were not sick and could continue to keep the house fires going and cook. I was the last one of the children to come down with what ever was the cause of the fever. Mrs. Wood encouraged me to eat sandwiches of raw onions as she and Gracie Lee did. To make a long story short, we missed a lot of school days and a certified lady nurse was employed. The several wood stoves had to be kept burning day and night. The nurse took temperatures and gave medicine as directed by Dr. Holladay and continued to bring water to each and made sure you took it all. That is when I learned to drink many glasses of water per day as I was the first to be back on my feet. Doctor Holladay made visits as usual and also the folks at Kenwood. Aunt Ada helped by sending food. The Berry Hill folks*also and as did Mable and Willie Moore.

*Berry Hill folks – Cousins Jo Williams Hill, her husband Cousin Roland Hill, her sister Cousin Elma Williams - children, Evelyn (Chip) and young Roland (Bud).

Our cousins sent chicken broth, a well known remedy for colds and maybe for flu. From Berry Hill came cousin Jo and Elma (Elmira) Williams. In time we were up and back in school with a lot of catching up to do.

The registered nurse was a very good one and also very pretty and nice, always dressed in her uniform. Lawrence, the oldest of Uncle Wallace’s family at Kenwood, came down for some purpose and got to know the nurse, a “Miss” and wanted to have a date with her to go to the movies in Orange at the Pitts Madison Theater, West Main Street.

More on other folks who lived and worked on the three farms

Part of the time at Woodley we were fortunate to have Mrs. Isabel Wood* and her daughter Gracie Lee from Green County, Hood VA., Post Office. Gracie Lee later was to marry Herbert, son of the herdsman/dairyman, Mr. Ernest Reynold, just after Herbert’s return from

England in WWII – 1945. Mrs. Wood had a sister, Mrs. Berry, and her two children at Kenwood, Uncle Wallace’s farm. She also had another sister, Mrs. Peyton at Madison Run

working for Mr. Brockman, the postmaster who had a big house, part house, part store.. One other sister, Mrs. Branham, had a family of 16 children that lived in various places like the Paul Scott farm next to Woodley and Zion Church. At one time Mr. and Mrs. Branham lived at Rockwood which was sold to Marion Dupont which forced them out as she wanted to do some house repairs before she had Link Brooking and family move in to live there as Assistant Farm Manager at Montpelier (later to be manager). Link had two children, a boy and a girl. In 2003, Link passed on. His wife Mildred at age 96 still lives at Rockwood.* Mrs. Scott sold Rockwood to Link in the late 1900's (??). The Brookings have lived at Rockwood longer than any previous owners by far. The first owner (and builder) was a Col. Willis, born in 1810 and built Rockwood in 1845. Next occupant was the Bernard family, then the next owners, the Woodriffs, from up the Hudson River above New York. Then the H.E. Sanford family 1921 to 1928. Next it was sold to Marion Dupont for \$8000. It soon got electric lights from the Dupont power plant at Montpelier. As noted above, Mrs. Mildred Brooking, Link's widow, is still there in 2009.* The distance from the Rockwood house to the Montpelier barns is approximately one mile. Link usually rode horseback. Grandpa Lewis when walking from Montpelier Station used this route but on foot. *Note-2/16/11:Mildred Brooking recently moved to a retirement home in Orange. Link Brooking, her husband, was a prominent pink (actually red) coated figure riding a horse at the annual fall Montpelier races.



Mrs. Wood. Brena in her lap, on steps of laundry (cottage) at Woodley. Mrs. Wood and daughter Gracie Lee, with their help in the house, were life savers for Mother.

Gracie Lee married Herbert Reynolds, son of Mr. Ernest Reynolds, dairyman on the farm.

Woodsheds

As on many other farms, wood was for us the main source of heat for "all purposes;" therefore, it follows that a large part of the wood was kept in a shed to protect it from rain and snow, etc. The wood from many sources would be brought to the yard in front of the shed. In any case we had a wood saw with a farm tractor. *All kinds of wood* – dead trees and live were hauled in to be sawed and thrown into the wood shed – old rails, lumber, posts, were used at Woodley house same as at the other houses, tenant houses, on the place. It was always important to have wood suitable for the kitchen stove and in our case in the "Wilson Heaters" that could handle so called chunks. We seldom used the open fireplaces. Kindling wood was a must. That included old rail fence pieces, mainly chestnut and locust and, by all means, "corncobs" to start a fire in the kitchen stove. Nothing was better than a few cobs dipped in lamp oil kerosene to start a fire easily and quickly. Newspaper, cardboard, etc.were all used wisely. The main source of fire wood was all kinds of tree limbs – oak, hickory, locust, pine- hauled in to the backyard next to the wood shed, then sawed up on the table saw powered by the tractor. Some places that had no tractor used stationary one-cylinder engines and next to that a cross-cut two-man or single saw.

Walker, taking lessons of many at Woodley and nearby, set traps for muskrats, possums, foxes, rarely beavers and others. Rabbit skins could be sold for ten cents. Skins, after proper removal from animals and dried, could be sold for small amounts of money. Traps were set wherever they might catch the victim. Seven days a week, we, Walker and Richard, took milk in 10 gallon cans to Orange for shipment to D.C. by rail and later by big trucks. In doing so we passed by a stream on Rte. 15 adjacent to the future site of an agricultural experiment station. That stream flowed onto the old Bond land. (Later this land was occupied by the V.P.I. experimental station.) The stream ran under Rte. 15, then under the C&O railroad. Muskrats were known to be there in swampy places below Rte. 15. Walker set traps along the stream and on return back to Woodley we stopped off on the side of the paved road. Walker quickly checked on his traps and caught muskrats to bring home to be skinned carefully. The pelt was for sale after much time to dry, etc. On one trip Walker caught a polecat in a trap and not knowing so, walked near it and was sprayed by the trapped skunk. Got right much on him. He returned to the car smelling very strong – and rode back home on the fender. We hoped that would blow some of it off. When we got home Mother and Dad told him to leave his clothes on the back side porch next to the bathroom and take a good bath in the tub – and then to wash off with tomato juice from the one-half gallon of canned tomatoes in the tub. This done we thought he could go on to school. Walker and Richard were in the same home room to the right side of the stage in the auditorium. – Miss Pannill's class. Soon teachers complained of a smell and inquired as to *who* it was! Nobody spoke up. The teacher walked around the room to see who it was. I was sitting in the back of the room. She got close to Walker and Joe Brown next to Walker. She thought it was Joe. I don't know what took place as the smell died down, but Joe Brown was glad to have an excuse to go home or first go down town. The whole thing was a skunky mess. Note: I used Joe Brown for Joe Pugh. You know why!

The Edward (Ed) Huffman Place and a loss that hurt

The Ed Huffman place was adjacent to Woodley and Montpelier.* It was owned by Mr. Huffman and his wife Nora Whitlock Amos Huffman. Mr. Huffman died at age 71 in 1935 three years before we left Woodley in 1938. Mrs. Huffman died at age 74 in 1946. Mr. Huffman was chairman of the Orange County School Board and drove a horse and buggy. We recall seeing him at the Orange School on Peliso and Belleview many times in his buggy. We at Woodley saw Mr. Huffman especially at threshing wheat time as we went there with wagons to bring the shocks of grain to the threshing machine there and he did likewise for us at Woodley. They had several boys and girls that we seldom saw. His farm, about the size of Woodley, 300 to 400 acres, is now owned by the Sedwicks, Benny and Steve, and has a water line R.S.A. tower that leads to Gordonsville and a three acre lake adjacent to North Forty. The Lakeland Farm* well takes care of a number of tenant houses, etc.

(*”Lakeland” – the present name for the old Huffman place. Mayhurst farm adjoined the old Huffman place on the south.)

During the early days, in the late 1920's and 30's, Mr. Huffman often had a farm labor family on the place or a man who had been in Court and sentenced to time in the State Farm in Goochland County. Mr. Huffman would have the prisoner released to his care to be a farm laborer on his farm – subject to being sent back to prison if he did not uphold the terms of his

release to work on the farm and being paid an average year and month salary by Mr. Huffman which included the normal house and a month's salary and “findings”- such as a garden, wood for heat for the farm family, milk, meat. This practice on Mr. Huffman's place was

widespread and generally worked out to the benefit of all. We, the young people in the area, knew about it and never gave it much thought.

As stated, Mr. Huffman died in 1935 three years before we left Woodley. They had a sale of personal property, livestock (cattle, horses) and rented out the land for a period. One of the future owners was Mr. Frank Daniel of Mayhurst* since the two properties adjoined each other. This step in ownership led to Uncle Wallace's selling a 27 acre lot owned by Kenwood that was called "Peola Hollow" – with a spring. That is why today the Sedwick land behind North 40 is there and Kenwood is adjacent to the 27 acres. Kenwood later purchased a large part of Woodley, approximately 125 acres now adjacent to North 40.**

*Ornate white Victorian house to the left of Rte. 15 on the way from Woodley to Orange.

**North 40-name of place, once part of Woodley, to which Richard and Thelma moved in 1987. They had bought it earlier in the eighties and had rented it out for a few years.

R.L.S.'s Foot note While at Woodley we had a flock of sheep in what we called Mountain Field, There was no active farming at Huffman's place at the time. We lost 25 or more sheep stolen by a truck being sneaked in off Rte. 15 and Huffman's place and into our Mountain Field. The sheep were driven into a temporary fence corner and put aboard the trucks. No head lights, etc. Three or four men loaded the sheep and went back out through the Huffman place to Rte. 15. We had a good idea who stole them but no proof. A loss that hurt!

Expenses of going into the dairy business ... farm products at an all time low

We all understood that the plan was to move to Woodley and go into the dairy business, like Uncle Wallace had done at Kenwood. In order to do so would require many drastic changes at Woodley to get ready to ship milk or cream to Washington, DC, Maryland and other milk producer markets. The main house at Woodley needed painting and many repairs. The attached kitchen would be enclosed with room for a kitchen sink. The new enlarged porch on the south side had new steps out to the wood shed. The carriage house was made into a shop and car shed. The hen house was doubled. A new board fence was built around the yard and garden. The most costly was to convert the horse barn to a modern dairy barn, silo, feed room, new windows, a window in the wall for each cow and a litter carrier track.* The new dairy barn had a steam boiler, wash rooms, milk can cooler tank convenient to the hay barn. In two years we had to build a new horse barn in order to pass inspection. We moved the hog pens.

*Litter carrier track - A metal container pushed along a track behind cow stalls. Soiled straw and cow droppings were shoveled into it for removal.

We had to build a new ice house and machine shed and most of all, a new house for Mr. Reynolds who was still living at Rockwood in the main house. The new bull lot was costly but very important due to the danger from the Jersey bull. We took down the old field hay barn, moved the old wooden silo that is shown in all Woodley photos. We enlarged and repaired the corn house and grainary. The crash of 1929 had not hit yet.

Finally we started shipping cream as most did at the time then went on to shipping milk in 10 gallon cans. All this out the old Woodley Lane to the hard road seven days a week to get the milk to Orange and later on to trucks that hauled all the milk to D.C.

By 1930 the Great Depression had set in and was felt by all, especially farmers who had borrowed money to get into the dairy business. In 1929 Grandpa Lewis died. He had been with us from Rockwood. The loss of our grandparents, the great depression and major droughts came along at the same time. Farm products were at an all time low. Hogs, cattle, sheep and grain prices were extremely low.

In 1929 a Virginia Power High Tension Pole line was put through Woodley but this was no financial help to the farm. Route 15 highway cut through Woodley for approximately one mile. We were glad to get a new road so close by. We could forget the Woodley lane to the Old Gordonsville Road with all those gates to open and close. No payment for the land given up for the new road was received and no payment was expected. The Bell Telephone Company lines crossed Woodley near the Maple Spring field and ice pond. This was some help since Dad had worked for this company and was able to rent a wagon team and hired man Clyde Roberts to drive them as they passed through and on to the Neal farm. This was a short term help in paying bills. We sold locust posts and baled straw to Montpelier, and to others; pulp wood, labor of any kind to whomever we could. Then came Bangs disease which caused cows to abort their calves very prematurely. This forced the sale of the cows and a fresh start with different cows. A fatal blow to our economy. Then the horses and mules got Fistula, a severe sore between shoulder blades that broke out with gray pus at the top of the shoulder. another last and troublesome thing. We hauled pulp wood (poplar) to Orange and to Madison Run to be loaded into box cars.

We finally sold Rockwood to Marion Dupont who lived at Montpelier by H.O. Lyne (real estate agent?) for \$8,000.00. Mr. Lyne received \$500 and we had \$7500 which was enough to pay off the remaining debt on Rockwood. Marion Dupont did not want or need Rockwood but bought it due to Mr. Lyne's connection with the stables and horses at Montpelier.

Rockwood was for a few years occupied by the family of Sam Branham whose wife was the sister of Mrs. Wood at Woodley. Other relatives of Mrs. Wood nearby: Mrs. Susie Peyton at Madison Run working on the farm belonging to Mr. Brockman who ran the Post office and a store at Madison Run.

Later, Mr. Craig, the business manager for Montpelier and also a Presbyterian in the Orange church, put Link Brooking and his wife at Rockwood. Link was employed as master of the hounds at Montpelier. Lights and a water system were added to the house at Rockwood. He was later to be farm manager at Montpelier (50 yrs,) and Link lived there longer than any of the past residents (deed 2001). His wife Mildred is still living there as of Dec. 2011. Marion Dupont Scott sold Rockwood to the Brooking family around 1965 at a very reasonable price....almost a gift.

Things did not improve - Height of Depression Years - Working hard. .

As we moved into the middle of 1930's things did not improve. We worked with teams and tractors in grading the site at the Orange Fair Grounds for the Virginia Metal Products

building. We dug basements for homes in Orange working with Holladay Bros. Construction business in Gordonsville. We worked on the foundation for the new Route 15 bridge at

Madison Mills, keeping teams at the Thompson place across from Willow Grove (Lyne family home) near the bridge site. We cut wheat with a binder at Berry Hill. Some worked on the Orange Courthouse (PWA) lot for parking behind the jail. We cut timber for a saw mill on Route 15 near the Lutheran church. Mr. Lonnie Kean sold lumber to Dr. Andrews and others. Like Aunt Ada at Kenwood, we raised turkeys for income but it was not successful for her or for us.

The Federal Land Bank Loan schedule was too tight and not to be met. When milk checks went down, the bank people did not consider refinancing. Dad's attorney, Herman Lerner, advised taking volunteer bankruptcy under which we were allowed to keep all household items, the car, some farm equipment, wagons, horses, chickens, several cows. We moved from Woodley in April of 1938 to a farm which mother named Faraway. The sale of Woodley, dairy cows, tractor, etc. followed in May, I believe. We had the horse John at Faraway on the day of the sale at Woodley, I had to ride him back to Woodley to be sold. (See more details on Richard's ride to the sale in the text below.)

The end of the Rockwood, Woodley, Kenwood triangleAs noted things had been leading up to the end of the Woodley-Rockwood-Kenwood triangle, then on to Faraway farm, Rowe's Mill farm and Goldenrod farm at Rapidan in Culpeper County. Goldenrod was the farm to which the family moved in December, 1940. I was at V.P.I. (Va. Tech). Mother wrote that "we like the house" and felt she was again close to home. Her early years and young adulthood was spent at nearby Mitchells station on the Southern Railroad. Many interesting stories and events took place at the beginning of WWII. Soon the family would be widely dispersed when four sons would be in the war. Walker, Richard, Tom and Sam were in the war. Jo and Nancy, the older girls, likewise were on the move, finished college or training, had jobs and made contributions to the family of five boys and six girls, especially the five younger children at home. This story includes the contributions of the younger members of the family - the remaining son: Ben (b. 1929, d. 1999) Ellie, Eugenia (Gene), Sabrena and Harriet (b. 1936) – and their paths to grade school, high school and college, their experiences and their remembrances of the end of the war. In recent years so much data has been assembled and put on the record via the computer by the next generation and their families which is greatly appreciated.

April, 1938 -Tom driving horses Pat and Dutch to Faraway

(Faraway – Name given to the farm by Mother. To her it was indeed far away.)

We had moved most things to Faraway farm but had left behind one team of horses – named Pat and Dutch and a wagon with a hay frame. We placed some tools and some small equipment in the bottom of the hay frame which was approximately 16 ' long, then put on more hay (loose hay, no bales) on the wagon, getting ready to drive to Faraway.

Faraway was 3 ½ miles beyond Rhoadesville. Seeing horse drawn wagons was a common sight on the roads then. The hay was not heavy but bulky and tied down with a long pole on top tied at front and rear. We got Tom (driving the wagon) out of Woodley at 1:00 or 2:00 PM. Dad and others left in the truck, going on to Faraway. There we waited as it was getting late, had supper and decided to get the lantern oil and go to locate Tom. By the time we got to about two miles from Faraway, we met Tom coming along on the sand and gravel road almost

DARK. I took the wagon and lantern and drove on to the barn. Tom was glad to see us, went with Dad in the 1932 Chevrolet, 4 door. I'm sure Pat and Dutch (mare and her colt) were glad as any when they finally pulled in to the barn lot at Faraway. Tom had had no light and no

way to communicate with us as it got darker. He was glad to see a friendly auto light as we met him. *Note: Approx. 20 mile trip one way-Woodley to Faraway.



House at Far Away Farm

Notes from R.L.S. on Far Away. The farm that we called Far Away is about 18 miles from Woodley. east of Orange off Rte. 20. Turn right on Rte. 650 (Tower Rd.) a little past Unionville. Then almost immediately bear left on Rte. 624. After several miles turn right on Gooch Lane. Far Away is the first of the two farms on Gooch Lane. The second farm is still the home of the Gooch family. The house you see above is long gone, replaced by another house. Before we moved there Far Away had been sold at auction to Uncle Wallace and Cousin Roland Hill for \$5000, the first and only bid. Faraway was known as "the Hazard place," The Hazards moved there from Kentucky. They were connected to the now long gone Ky. Flooring Company in Orange. Mrs. Hazard was well known to the children in our family as a Sunday School teacher in the Orange Presbyterian Church and for her work caring for half day first graders at the Orange Elementary School. The house (long gone) needed paint when we moved there and seemed rather small. Locals say the house actually was large. In the old days its halls and/or living room accommodated community square dances and other social gatherings.

**1938 – Richard riding at first light a horse with a good saddle named John –
– back to Woodley – to be sold**

We had John at Woodley. Walker and I used John and another horse to haul pulpwood to Orange unloading it where Darnell's vegetable stand stood, to be shipped in boxcars. Before we left Woodley we took John to Faraway to help plow land for corn planting, etc. The day of the sale of dairy cows, etc. at Woodley I was to ride John back to Woodley to be sold. I left Faraway at first light with John and a good saddle, rode through fields and shortcuts to be at Woodley for the sale. Through Jim Gooch's place, crossed a stream to the Stewart place, Mill Creek Farm, to get onto 522 Highway, took shortcuts to Rte. 20 at Unionville, up Rte. 20 to Squirrel Hollow Road, near Orange airport to Church Run behind Meadow Farm, Dofflemeyer's mill, to Henry's Store 212 Rte., then to Little Colored Zion on 647, Old Gordonsville Road, then to Madison Run School – on to Woodley Lane, crossed Rte, 15 in plenty of time for the sale. John was said to be blooded (That meant he had some race horse blood and could run fast,) He did not sell at the sale, He went back to Faraway, then to Rowe's Mill and from there to Goldenrod farm at Rapidan. I recall Mother writing me at V.P.I. once that Dad had a sore where John had kicked him while being hitched up to a

harrow in the field to work the land. I do not know what happened to John as I left V.P.I. – to go into the Air Force for three years returning to Goldenrod in January, 1946*. R.L.S.'s Note. 2/4/09. John did go to Rapidan, kicked Dad in '42, was sold to a horse trader in Gordonsville for \$30.

NOTE - Richard was on his way home from Europe when he got word through the Red Cross that Dad had died, 1/6/46 ... a shock to him and to his brothers Walker and Sam still away in service. It was a great loss to us all. He was a raconteur, but we did not have enough further time with him to absorb and appreciate all that he could have taught us and told us. The bond of affection was strong between him and his children especially between him and his five sons.

SECTION 8 – Tom remembers – another brother’s perspective

The series of short paragraphs on the next eight pages are memories of those early days from our brother Tom. His temperament and perceptions complement Richard’s who wanted Tom’s memories “to round out the picture.”

Tom, middle son of the family, tells how he rode the fast temperamental horse, John, more than once from Rowe’s Mill farm to Goldenrod farm in Rapidan – to get crops started on the new farm before the family moved there. For a young teenaged high school student, he shouldered big responsibilities. “I didn’t go home to Rowe’s Mill after a day’s work at Goldenrod,” he says, “but boarded with the McClary family that lived on a small farm adjoining Goldenrod. Daddy traded a cultivator or a manure spreader or something in exchange for some planting equipment from Joe Halsey* in order to get a crop in the ground on land rented from Mr. Halsey.”

*Joe Halsey – This Mr. Halsey, like Ogden Halsey, was a cousin. The Halseys were descendants of one of the two wives of our great great grandfather Benjamin Walker. The Sanfords were descendants of the other. Mr. Joseph Halsey and his wife, Ethel, and two daughters Ann and Ethel lived on the farm on Rte. 615 just north of the village of Rapidan. It fronted on the Rapidan river. They built a new house there in the early 1940’s. This farm eventually was developed into the Rapidan Berry Farm.

Copies of Tom’s memories of the five farms – Rockwood, Woodley, Faraway, Rowe’s Mill and Goldenrod at Rapidan – were available to us at a family reunion at Woodley in 2008. The text from that eight page booklet is re-presented here.

(Note: Both Richard’s and Tom’s writings have been abridged to a minor degree here and there.)

1927 –Moving back to Woodley on a cold day. Tom: I remember riding from Rockwood to Woodley in a loaded wagon when we moved just before Christmas in December, ’27. The team of horses was driven by Mr. Reynolds.* It was *cold* !

*Mr. Reynolds – dairy/herdsman at Woodley

We came close to losing Sam:. “We were sleeping on the back porch at Woodley ... there was a loud crash on Rte 15. Gracie Lee Wood, who lived with her mother, Mama’s helper, in the cottage, and her boyfriend had been in a bad accident. It was a scary thing! Later, we boys were helping Daddy herd cattle that we had in a field across Route 15 back over to the main part of the farm. Gates were open on both sides of the road. Sam somehow got in front of a car and got hit. I remember seeing Daddy bringing Sam in his arms to the house, still unconscious. He was about nine or ten. We had lost Lucy. This was the closest we ever came to losing another child.



dirt road to get to the highway. The mule refused to cross over it. Mr. T.T. Curtis, future director of the Va. Farm Bureau* was in his field shucking corn, saw my dilemma, came over, kicked the mule, made him go across the bridge. At an overpass in Orange the mule balked again. Daddy came along and got it moving .

***Va. Farm Bureau, also Tom's eventual employer. Tom worked at Farm Bureau headquarters in Richmond for many years in accounting, investment and later as company treasurer.**

A mule stubborn as a mule. When I was 13 years old Daddy bought a mule from a man down toward Rapidan ... took me down there to ride it home to Woodley. There was a bridge on the

The nice thing about plowing corn - 5th and 6th graders, Sam and I, given a team of horses already harnessed, would ride them to Rockwood, hook them to a plow and set to work. Trying to tell time by the sun, we never really knew what time it was. That once caused us to go home too early to face our older siblings' razzing about it. The best part of it was that Mama would fix lunch which Daddy brought to us and we would sit by the ice pond and have a nice visit with him while we ate lunch. That was a little quality time with our father. He was good about that.

Daddy and Mama and us boys went to a reenactment of the Battle of Chancellorsville. Cadets from VMI and VPI* participated, one representing the north, the other the south.

Nancy went one summer to visit Aunt Lucy in Accomac . It went well so she went to live there for the school months in 5th, 6th and 7th grades. She came home for the summer. I feel sure Mama could have used her help with the younger kids but she wanted her to stay at Aunt Lucy's. Little Lucy's death was so hard on Nancy. She returned to resume high school in Orange. Mama arranged a picnic on the grounds of Mayhurst to reacquaint her with old friends. We built a fire and roasted hotdogs. I helped cut the sticks for the hotdogs.

1936, Sam and I rode on a wagon loaded with wheat with Daddy's farm hand Ben Seckford to Madison Mills* (that stood close to the old bridge on Rte,15 over the Rapidan river a few miles north of Orange). In 1937 Daddy loaded up the wagon with wheat, hooked up four horses to the wagon and sent Sam and me off by ourselves to Madison Mills.* on the Rapidan river a few miles north of Orange). In 1937 Daddy loaded up the wagon with wheat, hooked up four horses to the wagon and sent Sam and me off by ourselves to Madison Mills.* I rode on one of the four horses but had a little difficulty backing the wagon into the place to unload. Some man helped me. I was 13 years old.

*Madison Mills was run by the *T.O. Gillum family which had nine boys. They had their own baseball team. It had a good record too. Richard says. *T.O. stood for Thaddeus Oscar. Madison Mills, first built by the Madiison family, was also called Gillum's Mill. (R.L.S. Note)

The night before we left Woodley, we had supper around the table, all 12 of us. The next morning Daddy and Mama got us up and said, “You’re not going to school today, we’re going to move.” That was the last day all of us were together like that. I knew we were going to move but didn’t know exactly when. That morning Sam and I were put on a loaded wagon to go to Far Away. So I arrived at Woodley in a wagon and I left Woodley in a wagon. (Richard, who above describes Tom’s driving the hay wagon to Faraway, says he doesn’t remember Sam’s being on the wagon.

There were questions about bankruptcy – what we could take with us. We had the fast paced horse John, damaged when he was trained. Put with a team of two he would try to pull the whole load. He was not a horse that we chose to keep. We were allowed to keep two horses and we had chosen two Belgian mares, Patsy and Dutch, more suitable as farm workhorses.

(See R.L.S.’s account above of riding the horse John back to Woodley from Faraway to put him up for auction in the bankruptcy sale. No one bid on him, so back to Faraway John went. Tom said that John had come from Kenwood (Uncle Wallace’s), either given to us or sold to us at a bargain price.

Family somewhat dispersed - Jo was already at V.P.I when we moved. She had been home for Christmas at Woodley, but by the end of the spring term, she came “home” to Faraway where the family had moved. Richard moved to Faraway with us but commuted to Orange to finish his junior year of high school. Then he lived with the H. Oliver Lyne family during his senior year. The Lynes lived on a farm* between Orange and Madison Mills. Later, Mr. Lyne’s son Oliver married Florence Sanford, one of Uncle Wallace and Aunt Ada’s daughters. Nancy went to live for her senior year of school at Orange with Cousins Jo and Roland Hill and their two children Roland (Bud) and Evelyn (Chip) and Cousin Elma (Williams) at Berry Hill. Walker stayed at Uncle Wallace’s at Kenwood. From there he went to high school with Betty, our first cousin, who was in the same class.

*The Lynes lived on a farm named Willow Grove, now a special events restaurant/ B&B.. See website for Willow Grove.

The stress my parents endured I was pretty much unaware of because of my age. Daddy didn’t sit around and mope; he went out and plowed a garden as soon as we moved in at Faraway...an impressive project, more than just a garden that he developed there. That’s where he grew the watermelons, one of his favorites. I have very little memory of the house itself at Faraway. I found our mother crying*one day when I came home from school. She was behind the Faraway house, leaning against it, slumped down. It was evidence of more stress than I realized as a kid. She formed a friendship with a Mrs. Gooch who lived very nearby. Mrs.Gooch’s husband was a farmer who did things by phases of the moon – according to the Farmer’s Almanac as many farmers did. Walker and Richard kept up with the Gooch family through the years. We lived at Faraway April to September, 1938. Faraway was small, not much of a farm

.
*Mother was strong but not stoic, didn’t repress emotions. She expressed her sadness and joy openly. She says in her book, *Times and Places of Mary Lewis Sanford*, it was sad to leave Woodley but a relief to be away from the stress of problems there. She tells of being invited to the Gooches for Threshing Machine Day.

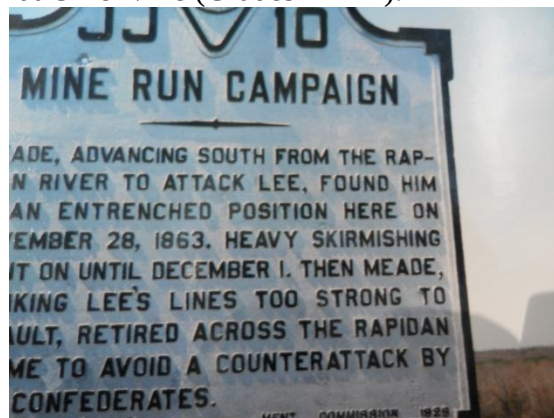
Note: Tom has commented several times that he was impressed that the children in the family did not feel insecure or threatened by the moves and changes we had to adjust to. He attributes this to our parents. Though undoubtedly stressed by the effect of the wider depression, our changed circumstances, Daddy’s loss of an eye, his fight with diabetes, basically they remained calm and steady through it all. (Note/E.L.S.)

Riding the bus* to school. Ellie and all the other kids (Sam, Ben, Gene, Brena – Harriet, at home- a pre-schooler) and I went to Unionville – about an hour’s ride... but the bus went by Mine Run and Sam got off to go to school there. Mine Run was an elementary school, but Mama wanted the rest of us to go to Unionville instead. Mama, a former teacher in the county school system, had the connections to get us into the Unionville school. Six lunches were packed each Monday through Friday by Mama. We were the first ones on the bus and the last ones home...a long ride to school.

NOTE:*Riding a school bus – something new for us; we previously got to school in Richard’s old Model T or other family vehicle. **Ellie’s version of Sam’s going to Mine Run school: She once said that Mother knew the teacher who taught Sam’s grade at Mine Run and wanted him to be in her class.

Before the bankruptcy sale at Woodley Daddy had put in a grain crop at Rockwood. We went back to harvest it. We finished cutting the wheat about 3 pm. Daddy put me on a horse with the idea of my riding 15 to 16 miles at least to Far Away. That causes me to question my father’s judgment, a rare occurrence. I got as far as Unionville and it was dark. He came along and arranged to leave the horse in someone’s garage for the night. We came back the next day and I rode the horse the rest of the way.

1938 - We moved to Rowe’s Mill, a farm that Daddy rented from Maude Row, his cousin, who lived in Richmond (related either through his mother’s sister, Aunt Blanche, who married a Row or through his father’s sister, Jane, who also married a Row). I got in trouble with Aunt Blanche as a kid. She was an elderly lady who came to visit us at Woodley once a year, and we all had to kiss her. We were all gathered at the table and I said, “Kiss Aunt Blanche.” She heard me and said, “What did you say?” So I was in big trouble with her. Except for two-year-old Harriet, all six of us, carrying the lunches that Mother fixed, rode the same bus to the same two-building school at Unionville (Grades 1 – 11).



Sign pinpointing location of Rowe's Mill farm. (The frame house that we moved into in 1938 is gone, replaced by a rambler style house). This Mine Run Campaign sign is on Rte. 20 almost directly in front of the present house. The road into the farm looks almost identical to the road we once scurried down to get on the bus to Unionville School. The stream, Mine Run, that runs through the farm was the site of a stand off between Generals Lee and Meade. Union forces massed near Locust Grove, the village a mile or so from Row's Mill farm. Meade, judging Lee's forces dug in along Mine Run, too strong, retreated back across the Rapidan River and the two armies went into 1863-64 winter quarters near but on opposite sides of the Rapidan. In hot summer we children tiptoed past spooky Row's Mill with tar bubble popping under our bare feet. We explored the stream Mine Run with its big turtles never dreaming of the near gigantic clash of arms in which our forbears took part, e.g., Mother's grandfather Geo. Thomas and her great uncle, Turner Ross and many other forbears of families that we knew, were there in the Confederate army. Gt. grandfather George Thomas wrote a letter home describing vividly the stand-off at Mine Run.

The upstairs at Row’s Mill was divided into two walled off areas. In the back area of the upstairs Walker had one room. Ben, Sam and I were in the other. The rest of the kids and our

parents slept in the two rooms in the front area of the upstairs. Water came from a well in the yard. A spring house about 150 yards away provided a degree of cooling. We traded a Model A pickup for a sow that in time produced a litter of pigs, later moved to Goldenrod.. We sold cream to the creamery in Orange and fed some of the milk to the hogs. With Walker's help we raised corn, wheat and hay. Some of it was shared with Maude Rowe in payment for use of the farm. (Girls' housekeeping chore: reluctantly cleaning the boys' rooms, often strewn with heavy footgear, overalls – bits of grain (?) and seed sprinkled around on the floor. – (ELS)

Two stalwart women In January, 1940, Mama came out on the back porch at Row's Mill to help me saw a few pieces of wood with the cross cut saw.* Something that happened one time only as far as I recall. There was a record 18 inch snow storm. Sam was sick. Don't think we were desperate for wood. She just wanted to be sure we cut some in case it was needed. I remember that about this same time period I was in the house and looked out to see Aunt Ada walking up our very muddy driveway, obviously unable to get her car close to the house. Don't know if we expected her; we had no phone. When I went out to meet her, I remember her high pitched voice saying she had brought some food. That was the first I remember her calling me by my name. She was a stalwart among all our relatives and friends.

*Cross cut saw - a long heavy saw, handles at each end, for two people, one at each end, to pull the saw back and forth.

Note: Gilbert Sayers, pre-school aged son of Emma Sayers (divorced, later m. Jimmy Porter) "boarded" with us for a short time. At different times five young boarders including a few "welfare" children (some of whom became like family members) stayed for a while with us at Goldenrod farm at Rapidan. Also adults: a Mr. Webb, who worked at the depot and his son Vernon,, a wheelwright (name forgotten) on temporary job at the Rapidan Milling Co...later, for a summer, a Mr. Bashore and his two children that Harriet baby sat. NOTE-ELS

Hanging wallpaper something I learned to do when Maude Rowe, a big woman, brought over a skinny paperhanger. In helping him I learned to hang wallpaper, something I had started to learn at Woodley helping Nancy hang the flowery rose patterned wallpaper in Mama's bedroom there. Nancy had learned something about hanging wallpaper from Aunt Lucy in Accomac. There was a girl my age named Maude Rowe Pritchett who lived at Mine Run and went to school with me at Unionville. She had a brother named P.W. We were related.

* Probably related through Grandfather Walker Sanford's sister Jane who married a Row.

Tea Rooms, Jukeboxes and Dancing Tom, quoting Richard, tells of Richard driving home from Orange with Walker. The two older brothers stopped at a roadside tavern (store with a small room for a dance hall) or some sort of place where they had dancing. (This was pre-WWII. Country stores sometimes provided a juke box and dancing space. Another phenomenon of the era: tea rooms, whether tiny or fancy, were popular. Shortly after entering, Richard turned around to see that Walker was already dancing with one of the girls. Walker also struck up a conversation with Virginia, his future wife, who was there visiting relatives in the area. They kept up a correspondence. (She was from Alexandria). According to Richard, Walker joined the army at Ft. Myer so he could go to northern Virginia to keep in touch with her.

Walker gets his wings

More Notes from R.L.S. on Walker. For two years Walker was, as Tom says, the "main man" on the farm at Rowe's Mill. He was also doing part time work at the Moore family farm nearby. Tom and Sam were doing the milking before and after school. Mother, according to Tom, counseled Walker to think of his own future, something more than working on the farm. So, shortly before the war, Walker joined the

army at Ft. Myer in Arlington, served in the quartermaster corps, switched to the Army Air Corps for pilot training... and *got his wings*. He and Virginia were married in Cheyenne in 1943 where he was stationed for a time. During WWII he flew transport and hospital planes evacuating wounded in the Pacific. He later evacuated American prisoners from Japan. After the war he and his family lived in Japan and then in Hawaii. His assignment: pilot for Gen. Curtis Lemay, commander of US Pacific Air force. Later he flew dignitaries around the world as part of a VIP unit at Washington National Airport. His last assignment in the Air Force was as commanding officer of an Air National Guard base in Martinsburg, WVA. After retirement from the Air Force he piloted long flights to calibrate NASA space vehicle tracking stations for Bendix Corporation in Baltimore.

Back to those earlier years: As a teenager at Row's Mill farm Walker had taken on real responsibility. Prior to that he had stayed at Kenwood with Uncle Wallace's family, working on the farm in order to finish his senior year in high school at Orange – going to school with our cousin Betty. During the stay with Uncle Wallace's family he got a job with the new owners of Woodley looking out for the property until they were ready to move in. He stayed in the house at Woodley with an old Scottish herdsman and another farm worker. Earlier in these memories Richard tells of Walker's trapping muskrats, rabbits, etc. to raise a little cash. At one point he looked into cultivating bees for profit showing us his smoker and hat with netting to fend off the bees. For a short time he worked at Johnson's Funeral Home just down Rte. 20 near Locust Grove all dressed up to assist at funerals. Johnson's Funeral Home, Locust Grove, Va. is still there and on the internet). In 1939 he and Richard worked on a construction project on Rte. 522. At about this time he took up playing the saxophone. We recall his "tootling" away on his saxophone on the front steps of the house at Faraway.



Some years after his retirement Walker and Virginia moved from their home just south of Alexandria to a large frame house with a big yard at Gordonsville. They enjoyed life on Pendleton Street in Gordonsville so near to an area familiar from childhood and youth, playing bridge with old friends and new, in close contact with Richard and Thelma, doing volunteer work in the Civil War era museum in the Exchange Hotel in Gordonsville and visits from their children and grandchildren.

Richard's notes: Daddy contracted to work on another road project, hauling dirt on the bridge being built over the Rapidan River on Rte. 15 north of Orange at Madison Mills. Walker and Richard drove teams of horses to haul away dirt to prepare for solid foundations. Still another road project: Richard and Walker worked as laborers (no horses involved) just north of Unionville on Rte. 522. A bridge was being built over Mountain Run that flowed from Newington farm. Oliver Lyne,* project timekeeper, got them these jobs. Lunch in hand they went from Rowe's Mill to Unionville and got on the truck to the job site.

*Oliver Lyne – later husband of first cousin Florence Sanford, daughter of Uncle Wallace and Aunt Ada.

Tom's memories - continued.....

Jo's new car - At Rowe's Mill farm – Jo, our oldest sibling, would come home from Stafford County where after graduating from VPI (Va. Tech) she was working in her first job as a home demonstration agent. She had a new Chevrolet with a radio in it and would allow us to

sit out in the car to listen to it. I don't think we ran the battery* down.

***There was no electricity in the house there at Row's Mill, nor at Woodley, nor at Goldenrod farm at Rapidan until the early 1940's. The dark areas away from the oil lamps that gave us light to read and do homework must have been darker than the chiaroscuro of a Rembrandt .**

One night there was a crash down at the bridge over the creek (Mine Run) with car lights shining in different directions. We knew there had been an accident. Richard and I went down there in Jo's car. It was a bunch of kids that Richard knew. Richard loaded them into Jo's car and took them to Orange for medical attention and left me there with the wrecked car. We didn't see the other driver that night. The next morning, a Sunday, while I was still upstairs, I heard some noises and came out and there was this guy standing at the door with blood all over him. I spoke with him and he told me he had been in the accident. I don't recall what happened to him. We suspected he was drunk and hid all night to avoid being found.

Two years after we left Woodley, Daddy borrowed money through the Farm Security Administration in order to buy Goldenrod Farm at Rapidan.

Not an unhappy man – In much later years Tom engaged us in conversation about those days. In response to our comments about how terribly hard all the losses and stress of that period must have been on our father, Tom stressed: "He was not an unhappy man!" Tom felt that his father must in some sense have exulted as he "put his hand to the plow" and set about dealing with new challenges.

The best time I had with Daddy was when he bought a truck and he and I built a high slatted body for it. We used it to haul our stuff from Rowe's Mill to Goldenrod. Daddy had traded a big colt and \$25 for a one and a half ton truck with no body. He had taken me to Orange to drive the truck home. What a big deal it was! – driving that truck by the school and hoping someone there would see me. We got lumber for the truck body from a sawmill. Daddy was at his best when he was building something, drilling holes, putting in bolts, etc. I offered him some advice and he said, "Do you think you know more about this than I do?" I said, "Well, didn't you ever think you knew more than your father did?" He laughed. Probably told Mama about it later. We worked on that project at Rowe's Mill for some days to get it done, both of us doing things we both enjoyed. I had him all to myself. All the other kids were in school.

Tom helps us to cope

Brena, Ellie and Gene rode with Tom in the back of that truck to Goldenrod because the car wouldn't start, a not unusual problem in those days. Harriet rode in the cab in Mama's lap. There in the back, crates of chickens were above us. Tom was doing his best to joke away our concerns and embarrassment should any Unionville school friends see us riding in the back of the truck. Tom, the middle son, was a great younger brother to his older siblings and a great older brother to his younger siblings. Throughout our childhood and teens by his sensitivity and empathy with his younger siblings (helping us with math homework, rarely teasing or razzing us), he set a good example and not least with his gentle and endearing joking and clowning around which did much to smooth our paths in those years...– Note/ELS

Rapidan

Tom continues: While we were still at Rowe's Mill, I dropped out of school for my senior year, knowing that we'd be moving and there was work to be done at both places. Walker was in the service and Richard was at V.P.I. As already mentioned, I went over to Rapidan and

lived with the McClarys (who lived on a small farm adjacent to Goldenrod farm). I went home on the weekends, the last time riding the horse John. I put a wheat crop on some land we rented from Cousin Joe Halsey. While I was at the McClary's, Daddy came over but stayed at Mitchells with Aunt Effie (Mother's aunt. Grandpa Lewis's sister). From there he would come up from Mitchells to Goldenrod and have lunch with me.

“...but we wanted to go,,,Graduated/ Drafted - In December of 1940, we moved from Rowe's Mill to Goldenrod Farm at Rapidan.

In September of 1941, I went to Mitchells High School to finish my senior year. When I finished school in 1942 Mama discussed with me the possibility of going to work for Uncle Wallace in order to avoid being drafted, as his farming operation was big enough for me to get a deferment. It never seriously crossed my mind to take advantage of that. I took my chances and went to Strayer Business College. I wanted to study accounting, and my principal, Mr. Grover Williams (whom we called Professor or “Fess.”), recommended that I go there. Nancy had gone there, but he's the only one who really recommended it to me. I was there only about six months before I was drafted.

Note – In more recent years Tom remarked, “ We knew that we could have been deferred if we had worked at Uncle Wallace's but, really, we wanted to go.”



Photo, circa 1950

Around the World as a Soldier - Tom has written about his experiences as a soldier in WWII – first basic training, then in the coast artillery, soon switched to the intensive Army's Specialized Training Program (ASTP) at the University of Wisconsin, transferred to the OSS. (Office of Strategic Services – predecessor of the CIA) During the war he couldn't talk about his activities or assignments but later he did talk about it. He mentioned such things as doing guard duty at the OSS radio station in England; in Italy driving senior officers and working in the OSS station office. He toured Rome and at Naples even went to an opera or two. His unit had arranged the surrender of German General Kesselring. From there he went by ship to India, flew over “the hump” to Chikiang in China where he says he finally got to do the work he had been trained to do: code and decode messages. He has commented on the irony of his riding as a small boy in a buggy with Mother as she drove to Montpelier Station; then later when not much beyond his teens, he was flying over the Himalayas.



He returned home, crossing the Pacific on a troop ship. Smoothly fitting back into civilian life (something that not all WWII vets managed so quickly), Tom resumed work on the farm at Rapidan with teen aged brothers Ben and Sam holding the fort on the farm and Daddy (who had only a short time to live). Tom later said that he had felt so fortunate to be home down in the field in front of Goldenrod house shucking corn. After Daddy's passing, he returned to Strayer in DC, became a CPA, got a job in Richmond with Ernst and Ernst, an accounting firm, then another job at the Virginia Farm Bureau Insurance Co. headquarters where he eventually became treasurer/financial advisor.

He and his wife, Mary Lee, a young nurse, met at a young peoples group at the 2d Presbyterian Church in Richmond. Their four children: Suzanne, Lelia, Sally and John. The family lived in Henrico County on Bonnie Dale Road. Over the decades they worshipped and took part in multiple activities at Westminster Presbyterian Church in Richmond on Monument Avenue and, of course, Tom served multiple terms as church treasurer there while Mary Lee was so active in church life that members wanted to name a room in the church for her.

Now back to a few more of R.L.S.'s Memories as well as more family history

Sat. night ... to Orange – a moonlit night - fortunately!!

Walker and Richard driving the '32 Chevrolet 4 Door Sedan to Orange Saturday night from "Row's Mill" located on Mine Run stream on Rte.20. Walker was driving. The battery was down. We pushed the car downhill to get it started. It was a moon lit night. In order to get the battery charged up, when we got to Orange, we drove with the lights off and when we saw a car coming toward us, we turned the lights on, then off again, etc .At Unionville we got behind Mr. Quann's privately owned school bus* and traveled along charging the battery. Being close to the bus, the oncoming traffic never saw us. This worked well until we were near the Orange and passed Block Bridge, a small stream after which Mr. Graves, Orange town police chief lived - on the right side. As we passed, Mr. Graves, the police chief, was just preparing to go into town. Of course he saw the school bus coming and waited for it to pass so he could proceed on to town. Just as soon as the school bus passed, Graves pulled out onto Rte. 20 in his 1929 Model A Ford pickup. We did not know he was to pull out because we could not see around the bus with our lights off. We rammed into him pretty hard. Walker turned on the headlights. I pulled back on the hand brake, a lever in the center of the front floor – None of which had a chance to stop us. Before we could get our senses straight, Mr. Graves ran back to us saying, "I'm very sorry. I just did not see you coming. Are you hurt? etc." Mr. Graves' rear bumper was a good fit for our front bumper. He said we had some front bumper damage and said to take it to Bates Brothers garage in Orange and he would pay for it. We never took the 32 Chevrolet to Bates Bros. to straighten it out. Several weeks later we ran into Mr. Graves at the Post Office in Orange – expecting a friendly meeting. He had had time to think it over and just about figured out what had happened and said, "Boys, If I had had a stick that night, I would have taken it to both of you." END OF STORY

**Privately owned bus? Younger family members remember riding on Mr. Quann's bus and/or Pierce's bus from Row's Mill farm to Unionville School. These two men must have contracted with the county to transport school children? Later at Rapidan we rode a bus owned and driven by Mr. Byrd Maddox who lived at Mitchells.*

Sam and Ben- two brave young teamsters

When we moved from Row's Mill farm Sam and Ben each drove teams with hay frames from Row's Mill to Goldenrod farm one mile north of Rapidan. I am sure John was one of the four horses that made up the two teams and wagons loaded with whatever. An interesting trip. The long trip started from Row's Mill Farm on Mine Run and Rte. 20 near Locust Grove. They drove on Rte. 20 through Rhoadesville to Unionville where 20 intersected Rte. 522. At Unionville they turned onto a route known as Creamery Road which came out at Eastern View, the Halsey farm, and on to Hawfield Chapel, then up a long climb to the intersection of the road with the Clark's Mountain road. From there they went on to Nebo as the intersection with Rte. 615, the road to Rapidan, is called. They crossed the Rapidan river, then drove

another mile to Goldenrod Farm. They were still on Rte. 615. Sam and Ben were two brave young “Teamsters.”

Note - Sam was in his early teens, Ben was 11.

At Goldenrod -Tom and Richard,–Invited to a dance that Jo chaperoned

Just before WWII Jo was at the home demonstration office in Stafford County, 10 miles out of Fredericksburg on old Rte.1. Much of the traffic on Old Highway 1 later shifted to I-95. Jo first lived with the Shulers north of Stafford Courthouse. Mr. Schuler was a marine corps captain at Quantico base. Jo invited Tom and Richard to come down from Goldenrod to a high school dance that she was chaperoning. We went in the 1937 Chevrolet-2 Door and enjoyed the dance as Jo’s guest, stayed late and when 12:30 or 1:00 came we started the car to leave and found we had no lights. We checked the fuse and found it was nearly 100% out but showed a very little light. After checking all around we could not get lights and decided to wrap tin foil aluminum and finally found an empty cigarette package that had aluminum foil. With much care we wrapped the foil around the fuse and could get a little more light. We finally left about 2:00 AM...going back to Fredericksburg, on to Orange, and Rapidan. We started out and when we saw a car coming, we stopped and were working on the lights in case a policeman came along. We drove slowly all the way back to Rapidan with practically no lights and stopped when anyone was coming our way. – The 37 Chevrolet auto was still at Rapidan when I got out of the Air Force at Ft. Meade, Md, Jan., 1946.

Tech. Sgt. R.L.S. in the Troop Carrier Command in WW11

When the war started December 7, 1941, with the attack on Pearl Harbor, Richard was in his senior year at VPI/Va.Tech Three months later in February, 1942, he and his classmates were awarded their diplomas. (No graduation ceremony) to speed up their induction into the armed forces. Richard went by the President’s office, paid a fee (\$10?), was handed his diploma, then hitchhiked home to Rapidan. Already registered with the Culpeper Draft Board, he went with other inductees by bus to Camp Lee near Richmond



After a close haircut, shots and donning a uniform, he was sent to Miami Beach for three months of basic training, then on to Gulfport, Miss., where he had three months training in aviation mechanics. From Gulfport he went to Alliance, Nebraska for training in the Troop Carrier Command to be a crew chief on a plane loaded with paratroopers headed for drop zones in enemy or front line areas.

(Note: At Gulfport he ran into his first cousin Ivy Watson, son of Dad’s sister (Aunt Ellie). The Watson family lived in Enfield, NC. Ivy was a civilian instructor in aviation mechanics at Gulfport.)

The troop carrier crews were being trained in topographical flying, i.e., flying low enough to avoid alerting the enemy when dropping supplies to Allied forces on the ground or when flying just high enough to allow paratroopers to jump safely to the ground. The paratroopers lined up for a jump, each strapped to a belt. First in line was the most reliable strongest willed paratrooper who pulled a belt that would automatically pull the rip cord not only on his own parachute but on each of the following paratroopers’ chutes once they were clear of the plane. Richard, as

crew chief, had a rope around his waist as he retrieved all the belts and reorganized for the next jump. Next stop after training in Nebraska was Myles Standish Air Base near Boston. His unit shipped out from Boston on a vessel transporting 6000 servicemen to Liverpool, England. He says, "We were called out at midnight, traveled to Boston port with all baggage, checked in by calling out our full names and serial numbers.(#223-42-9724) as we walked up the gangplank. No lights. We were in D Deck, deep down in the boat. The ship dropped "ashcans" (explosives in 50 gallon barrels that detonated at various depths) along the way and took a zigzag path, sometimes slowing down or stopping dead in the water to evade German submarines. There were 22 Air Force troop carrier crews on board – pilot, copilot, radio operator and crew chief. Richard had been trained as a crew chief. He says, *"We were all replacements for those troop carrier crews lost in the D-Day invasion (June 6, 1944) and other operations before we got over. More than half of our own 22 replacement crews would eventually be lost by careless accidents, wrecks and poor equipment. None were shot down but still it was a high loss rate."*

Soon his crew was flying from a base near Leicester in the west of England. From there Richard went several times to London to meet his brother Tom who got leave to travel to London from the O.S.S. base near Oxford where he was stationed. Both got a boost in morale from a few get-togethers while on leave in London. Richard says, "My Air Borne Troop Carrier unit (47D's and DC3's) surely delivered troops to locations on the Continent - to France, Belgium and later to points farther north. These men were mainly from the 82nd Air Borne Division Parachute and Glider Borne Armored. Much time was also spent delivering military supplies to those in need up close to and even beyond the front – food, medicine, etc. Though seldom exposed to aerial combat, the troop carrier crews were at risk. Crew chief Richard tells of returning in their DC3 to their base in England to be greeted with, "Sanford, I didn't expect to see you back here. When you left here both engines were smoking," This meant that the plane which was towing two gliders of paratroopers, in addition to those in the tow plane itself, was burning too much oil and might not get back to base. They were flying paratroopers to locations in northern France, then later on across the Rhine..

His unit moved to France to a small former French fighter base which had also been used by German fighter planes. That base was pretty well bombed out, he says, so the planes had to land on grassy areas just off the runways, The runways were later repaired by army engineers. The base was located near the railroad station of Poix, 12 miles from Amiens which was about 120 miles north of Paris. At Poix the airmen all lived in tents. He tells of large encampment of tents and basically living outdoors - showering and doing laundry outdoors. "Our missions were many from Poix," he says, "We delivered (dropped) supplies (food, clothing, heavy socks, etc.) to troops on the ground up to the Rhine then later on into Germany. Richard and fellow crew members were awarded medals for their part in the Campaign of the Rhineland Crossing.

After VE Day his unit left Poix in WWI vintage boxcars bound for Marseilles. Richard, knowing of entire families and households at home traveling by boxcar, was not daunted. (Note: a dreadful association with WWII European boxcars: the doomed thousands of Jewish people crowded into boxcars and hauled off to death camps.) The American airmen managed the days long trip by boxcar to Marseilles from northern France, taking advantage of frequent engine breakdowns to get out and get food and water. The boxcar had a flat area on one of its wheels which made for a very long and bumpy ride. At Marseilles they boarded the ship, John B. Forbes, built during WWII for military transport. After a week on the Atlantic, they entered N.Y. harbor. The ship suddenly stopped. The rudder (or propeller?) had dropped off, but the tired ship was "tugged" on into port. Then by train Richard was sent to Ft. Meade, Maryland. There he was told to go talk to a Red Cross representative who asked him when he last heard from his father. Richard, puzzled by the question, couldn't recall immediately. He was then told that his father had just died. Taken by jeep to Union Station, he took the train in Orange to find the town all dark and shut down when he arrived. He went up into the tower that controlled the gates that were raised and lowered to control traffic across the tracks by the station. He persuaded the man in the tower to let him use his phone to call home (Goldenrod farm). Jo, our oldest sibling and her husband Ralph came to pick him up. He says that he and Mother had a "very crying time together" that night. He remembers Mother clinging to him as they went into the church in Orange for the funeral. A sad homecoming, but within a short time he got a job with the FDA, Soil Conservation Service, first in Madison County, then a few months later transferred to the Culpeper FDA/SSC. Later on he went to FDA/SCC office in Orange to replace the manager who was off to the War in Korea. In 1948 he and Thelma were married and entered into a new life as a family with, eventually, their two children, Steve and Cindy. Richard, like his forebears, served in various capacities in the Orange Presbyterian church and like his grandfather Walker was elected to the Orange County Board of Supervisors – in his case, for several terms totaling 20 years.

SECTION 8 MORE FAMILY HISTORY NOTES

More or less as R.L.S. wrote them – some recap

The Johnson/Andrews connection

The Berry Hill - the Moores (Mable and Willie) and Woodley Triangle

For many years we, the younger generation of Sanfords at Woodley, had a very limited knowledge of the Johnson and the Andrews forebears. Tom, our brother, was named Thomas **Johnson**, our sister Lucy was Lucy **Andrews**, and Jo, the oldest sibling, was **Josephine** Virginia. All of the names above, unknown to us children, came from Joseph and Elmira Andrews Johnson from Spottsylvania County. The name for our sister who died in childhood, Lucy **Andrews** Sanford, originated with the Andrews family at Andrews Tavern. She had been named for our Aunt Lucy, Dad's sister.* We sometimes heard talk about Sunning Hill on the Spottsylvania and Louisa County line. – Joseph H. Johnson sold his interest in the Sunning Hill farm to his relatives and moved to Orange *Court House*, as it was called in those days. Joseph purchased Berry Hill farm in 1868, so history relates, and paid for the property in so many ounces of pure gold.

*Nancy, the fourth child in our family, named her first child Lucy (Cantrell) in memory of our sister Lucy, the child the family lost in childhood. "Lucy" was also the name of our great grandmother, Lucy Walker Sanford.

ANDREWS TAVERN

Andrews Tavern, the probable birthplace and home of our great grandmother Elmira Elisabeth Andrews who married our great grandfather Joseph Henry Johnson. Andrews Tavern is located on Rte. 601 (Lawyers Road) in Spottsylvania County. Andrews Tavern is on the National Register of Historic Places and also on several websites.



From 522 north turn left onto rte. 208 , go about 12 miles to Rte. 601. Go past right turnoff onto Rte. 601 to the left turnoff onto 601 (Lawyers Rd.) The house is approximately 1/5 mile from the intersection, on the left hand side of 601 (L



REAR VIEW OF ANDREWS TAVERN – A FAMILY CEMETERY IS LOCATED THERE.

In later years Walker Sanford of Newington farm at Everona Post Office, close to Clark's Mountain sold Newington farm to work out with his father-in-law, Joseph Johnson, the purchase of Woodley. Due to the above named location we had a triangle of 1) Berry Hill, 2) Mable and Willie Moore's home in Orange and 3) Woodley - when Walker Sanford married Lelia, Joseph Johnson's daughter. This triangle lasted a long time and understandably the Johnson descendants and relatives that had moved to Orange gradually lost contact with Spottsylvania, a contact that gradually reduced as time moved on – the deaths of Joseph Johnson at Berry Hill in 1893, the parents of our cousins Mable and Willie Moore – all buried in Graham Cemetery in Orange.

The past rediscovered in Spottsylvania County Walnut Ridge, Panier. Forest Hill Farms

Johnson family related farms - so near, so little known about them - how we found out about them

How did we ever find out about these farms? Adelle Mansfield Goodwin, wife of Sam Goodwin, left her home near Mineral, Virginia in Louisa County to move to the Orange County Retirement Home. Adelle,* Far from her own Kirk o'Cliff Presbyterian Church in Mineral, Virginia, needed transportation to our church, the Orange Presbyterian Church. Thelma and I (Richard) and others would pick her up on Sundays to take her to church. This contact with Adelle Mansfield Goodwin led to questions about a history book on Spottsylvania County that her brother Roger Mansfield had prepared. Adelle also had a copy of *a book on early Spottsylvania County Life by Dr. John Lipscomb Johnson*,* also heavy on his own family, the Johnsons, and also on Andrews Tavern and the area where Johnson family homes were located.. One of the Johnson family related farms is Walnut Ridge. Directions: from Orange, take Rte. 20 east, turn right on Rte 522, then left on Orange Springs Rd. Stay on Orange Springs Rd to Belmont Rd Turn right on Belmont. Walnut Ridge is first home on your right. Richard and son Steve have visited the family living in the restored house, took photos of Walnut Ridge, both the exterior and the inside which is beautifully restored.

*(Her brother, Roger Mansfield, a VPI graduate, taught vocational agriculture at Unionville School when some of us were going to school there. He also taught agriculture at Orange high school.)

The farm named Panier is on Rte 606. The house on Panier farm is gone but a Johnson family cemetery is still there. It has been renamed Rams Lake Farm. The sign near the gate to the farm and the lengthy board fence along Rte 606 help locate the site. These farms were not far from the Orange county line at Mine Run. Note: On Ram's Lake Farm there is a cemetery that is well noted in Dr. John Lipscomb Johnson's book. In later years, 1975 to 2006, (Richard and Thelma's son) Steve, in the Spottsylvania County School system and the Spottsylvania courthouse, also learned much of Spottsylvania and is a source of information.

(Website: "book" by Dr. John Lipscomb Johnson on early Spottsylvania life is six feet of records at UNC library, Chaoel Hill)

Panier – breadbasket in French, also meant a pair of large baskets carried on each side of the horse and back of the saddle Note/R.L.S. These Johnson related farms aren't far from Row's Mill farm, a farm that Daddy rented from his cousin, Maude Row, and where we live before moving to Rapidan. In the Mine Run area (very close to Row's Mill farm) lived younger Row cousins of our own generation: Maude Row Pritchett and her brother, P.W. Pritchett. They were the children of Lelia Row Pritchett. NOTE/E.L.S.

JOSEPH SANFORD

To later generations who may be interested: Great Grandfather Lawrence (2d) had a brother named Joseph –who was a builder in the Fredericksburg/Spottsylvania area of a hotel, bank and jail still standing - Research by Douglas Sanford

Richard: In addition to all we have in the preceding pages, Walker and Virginia's son Douglas, a professor of archeology and history at Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, had a student do historical research on the Planters Hotel there. He learned from that research that the hotel was built by one of his own forebears, Joseph Sanford. Douglas has done research on the Sanford cemetery in Stafford county on Home Tract* on the Rappahannock River as well as other structures in the Fredericksburg/Spottsylvania Courthouse area, which, according to records, were built by Joseph, brother of Grandfather Lawrence Sanford.

***NOTE Home Tract**, birthplace of brothers Joseph and Lawrence Sanford, - also known at different times as Green Banks farm and Rocky Pen farm – located close to Rte. 17 on Sanford Rd. in the Berea Church area very near Fredericksburg. .

Douglas's research and notes extended into the city of Fredericksburg and uncovered information on **Joseph Sanford, brother of Lawrence (1825 - 1895)**, Lawrence (2d) who migrated to Orange county and was the father of Walker Sanford, our grandfather at Woodley, (*Walker, b.1851 at Newington, d. 1921 at Woodley). Joseph, Lawrence 2nd's brother, is known to have built the jail at Spottsylvania Courthouse, was the owner of a tavern there and gave and walled in land for a cemetery for fallen soldiers in the battle of Spottsylvania Courthouse. He built the Farmers and Exchange Bank and Stables on William Street in the city of Fredericksburg. He was also the builder of the Planters Hotel where President Abraham Lincoln once stayed on a visit to Fredericksburg.

NOTE - In the 1800's Joseph Sanford was a member of the City Council of Fredericksburg. His service on the city council and the construction work that he did in the larger area are recorded in the 1908 volume of history by S. J. Quinn, "History of the City of Fredericksburg." You can read this short volume on the internet.

R.L.S: We know that Joseph Sanford and Joseph Henry Johnson (our great grandfather) knew each other at Spottsylvania Courthouse and Tavern and exchanged property such as a horse and buggy. (Richard says that he has a bill of sale for a buggy that Joseph Johnson sold to Joseph Sanford. Price? \$100.) It's also reasonable to believe that Joseph Johnson and Lawrence Sanford may have visited each other and Joseph may have visited Woodley where Lawrence's widow, Lucy Henshaw Walker, lived with her son Walker and his wife Lelia. Lucy Henshaw Walker, Lawrence Sanford's widow, lived at Woodley until her death in 1916. She was taken back to Newington farm, where she had lived with her husband Lawrence (2d), to be buried in the cemetery there. Newington farm is on Clark Mountain Road directly across the road from the multi-acred hydroponic farm, Battlefields, that is now on the old home place of Lucy Walker Sanford. That farm, directly across the road from Newington farm was called Oak Grove. (Info/ internet: Battlefields Farms, Inc., 23190 Clarks Mountain Rd., Rapidan, Va., 22733 (800) 722-0744. It is not far off Rte.20. Again, Newington farm is directly across the road. House is gone, of course but, as of 2011, the cemetery and old foundations are still there.))

Oak Grove Farm - Benjamin Walker Home Site

The Benjamin Walker home site and cemetery across the public road from Newington at Everona was burned and was completely lost. In its place was built the commercial enterprise for indoor (hydroponic) crop production, named Battlefields with 12 acres under roof (according to their website but much larger according to R.L.S. – 30 acres), a very valuable industry in Orange County. - R.L.S., 2009.

Re: Andrews Tavern. Taverns were important to travelers and to community life up to the mid 1800's. In fact, the house on Newington farm had once been a tavern. Andrews Tavern in Spottsylvania, Elmira Andrews family home, figures prominently in this text. Taverns offered lodgings to travelers and sometimes served as voting places with drink often available. Men gathered to vote and socialize. Women didn't vote. The family's private quarters were in one wing of a large house; a separate wing was for food, drink and overnight lodging for travelers. Thomas Jefferson, who rode horseback from Monticello to Washington for his first inauguration, stayed overnight at a tavern at Stevensburg in Culpeper County on the road between the town of Culpeper and Fredericksburg. He gave the Stevensburg Tavern a good rating....

Section 9 – Mostly before our time.. Informal notes from R.L.S.

pp. 60 - 67

Jane, Susan, Lulie and Lizzie: the four sisters of Grandfather Walker Sanford -
their lives little known to our generation.



Jane Bunberry Sanford (Row)

Jane died in 1923 Buried in the cemetery of the Rhoadesville Baptist Church. R.L.S. (Richard) and H.W.S. (Walker) remember going in an auto with Cousin Roland Hill and Dad to the funeral. On her tombstone: “*Mother,*” with date of death showing clearly –on records of mine. - R.L.S: “It is a mystery as to why she was buried there since she and her family were Methodists and had attended the Unionville Methodist Church not far away.”

*Jane’s great nephew, our first cousin Jack Sanford and his wife Lillian Faulconer Sanford are both interred in the same churchyard cemetery in Rhoadesville. (This cemetery is surrounded by a serpentine wall given by the Faulconer family. – R.L.S.)

Re: Grandfather Walker Sanford’s four sisters two of whom did not live long lives. One of the two other of Walker’s sisters, who lived a longer life, was named Jane (Jane Bunberry Sanford). Jane married a member of the Row family and lived at Unionville. Our family moved to Faraway farm (after leaving Woodley) and then to another place that we rented for a couple of years called Row’s Mill. That farm, we understood, belonged to a Maude Row who was a cousin of our father. Was Maude Row a descendant of Jane B. Sanford (Row)? Was Maude Jane’s daughter or daughter-in-law?

A clue: Our mother, Mary Lewis Sanford, once said that our Aunt Lelia (Daddy’s sister who was living at Woodley in the early years of their marriage) suggested to Grandfather Walker Sanford for his diversion that he and she get in the car (or buggy?) and go visit Cousin Tom Row who probably lived east of Orange in the direction of Unionville.

NOTE – That our father, Harry Estil Sanford, died at 64 and didn’t live to advanced old age, may explain why his children knew little of the lives of the four sisters of his father (Jane, Lizzie, Susan and Lullie). He loved to recount stories from his own life, his family and the past generally. For four years before his death (1/6/46) his older children’s were too taken up with military service in WWII and getting on with their own lives to focus on this. Typically, younger children (teen and pre-teen) feel scant curiosity about great aunts or great grandparents and rarely imagine how interested they might be in all this later on in their lives

Bunberry, a quaint, recurring name.....

GENEALOGY FROM BARTON HINKLE

The first Jane Bunberry who married a Sanford

The first Jane Bunberry, daughter of Thomas Bunberry and Sarah Broadburn, became the wife of Joseph Sanford (1st) in 1766 at St. Paul's Church in King George County, Va., the county where Jane was born in 1741.



St. Paul's Episcopal Church is located on St. Paul's Road (just off Route 206, near the intersection of Caledon Road and Dahlgren Road. (540) 663-3085

Her husband Joseph died at Home Tract* in Stafford County so Joseph and Jane Bunberry Sanford must have moved to Stafford County at some time in their married life. Their son Lawrence (the first Sanford descendant named Lawrence) married Apphia Farmer and they had nine children including Lawrence Sanford, Jr. (the second Sanford descendant named Lawrence) and a girl they named Jane Bunberry Sanford (*the 2d Jane Bunberry*). She was born in 1806 and died at age 43 in 1849 at Home Tract. (No further information on this first Jane Bunberry Sanford). Lawrence Sanford, 2d. married Lucy Hinshaw Walker. Then Lawrence and Lucy at Newington farm had a daughter that they also named Jane Bunberry Sanford. (b. 1845. d. 1923). She was the *third* descendant to have the name Jane Bunberry. She married James Row in 1868, had two children: Carleton B. Row and L. Sanford Row. (Does the "L". stands for Lelia.?.)

* Home Tract is also referred to as Greenbanks Farm and Rocky Pen Farm. **See St. Paul's Church website.

Lizzie, another of Grandfather Walker's four sisters Lizzie Sanford (originally Elisabeth?) married Preston Brooks Emanuel. Lizzie and Brooks lived in a house on acreage from Newington farm, Lizzie's inheritance from her father Lawrence (2nd). Lizzie and Brooks left the area, moved to Marlboro County, S.C., just over the N.C. line. They had two children in Marlboro County, SC.. Genealogical records state that she died in Orange County, Va. Perhaps she returned to Orange and Newington farm after her husband's death.

And Grandfather Sanford's two other sisters who died in early adulthood? See paragraph a little farther below.

Newington, (the Sanford family home farm), minus acreage first sold to Sheldon Clark of Greenlevel was sold in 2009 to another one of the officials of "Battlefields," the roof-covered indoor vegetable or flower cultivation facility located on Rte. 627 right across the road from the old Newington home site. An official of Battlefields indicated that he planned to build a residence there on Newington farm for himself – No date given.

"Married across the road...."

Battlefields – a very, very large hydroponic nursery with 12 acres under roof (according to information on its website) and expanding. Most of the hydroponic farm is on the old Benjamin Walker property known as Oak Grove. To repeat: Ben Walker was married more than once, widowed, had a number of children from his two marriages and had a lot of history, i.e., was the father of Lucy Henshaw Walker who moved across the road to Newington when she married Laurence Sanford. Lawrence's birthplace and former home or "Homeplace" * was in Stafford County. He had bought Newington.

***Homeplace-** The farm in Stafford that Laurence (2d) left to buy Newington farm in the Everona section of Orange County. Homeplace, also known as Greenbanks Farm, and in some records is referred to as Rocky Pen) is located in the Berea Church area near Rte.17 on the northern perimeter of the Fredericksburg area. This farmland will likely be completely developed for commercial use. There is an old Sanford cemetery on this farm. We have information on the burials in this cemetery. See another note on this just below.

An itinerant painter came to Newington Farm.....

Portraits of Lawrence Sanford and Lucy

Walker, his wife, and their two children, Walker as a young boy and a daughter (probably named Susan), were painted at Newington farm by an itinerant painter. Later these paintings were at Woodley, then in the home in Accomac, Va. of Grandfather Walker's daughter, Lucy Sanford Lilliston. Aunt Lucy Sanford Lilliston left the portraits to our sister, Nancy Sanford Cantrell, who had vital restoration work done on them. Richard Sanford was given the childhood portrait of our grandfather, Walker Sanford. This childhood portrait certainly predates the Civil War. A wartime anecdote about Walker, about age 12: He was caught by his mother at the front yard gate trying to slip off to fight with Confederate troops. Walker was foiled in this but did have the thrill of being hoisted into the saddle of Traveler, General Lee's horse, by the general himself, at St. Thomas Episcopal church in Orange, winter '63-'64



Young Walker may never have been near a battle but he did see some of the aftermath of battle. In May, 1864 he rode with his father, Lawrence, to the nearby Wilderness battlefield soon after that horrendous battle. In later years he told his children of seeing bodies and severed limbs piled high, men and horses left dead on the battlefield. Enough to dampen enthusiasm for going off to battle.

The Lawrence Sanford family attended Methodist services at Hawfield Chapel not far from Newington farm and Clark's Mountain Road and also sometimes attended services at the Unionville Methodist Church

Our sister Nancy was told by Aunt Lucy (Sanford) Lilliston that it was the dream of Lucy, grandfather Walker's mother, Lucy Walker Sanford, that her son Walker should go into the Methodist ministry. However, his future was to be a farmer raising riding horses and work horses and a businessman who served on the board of directors of the National Bank of Orange, the county Board of Supervisors, et al. The Sanford building that he built in bygone days stood near the bank. He became a faithful member of the Orange Presbyterian church, had musical talent and sang as part of the choir and as a soloist.



Lawrence Sanford

1817-1898

(of Newington)

Lucy Walker Sanford

1824-1897

Married May 22, 1844

Photos of Portraits in the Cantrell Family



Above: Parents of Grandfather Walker Sanford

The cemetery of Benjamin J. Walker's family (at Oak Grove farm) was damaged in the construction of "Battlefields" and removed to Graham Cemetery just west of Orange on Rte. 20. Many details re. Benjamin Walker than just the several marriages. Much upkeep work also needs to be carried out re. Lawrence Sanford, also the Lawrence Sanford family cemetery at Newington. Much family history relates to Lawrence at Everona, when he was the high bidder at the sale of Newington farm and married soon after. (wife Lucy Hinshaw Walker)

Two more of the four sisters of Grandfather Walker Sanford

Two of the four sisters of Grandfather Walker (daughters of Lawrence and Lucy W. Sanford) died relatively young, As the information on the preceding pictures indicate,

Mary Susan Sanford

Mary Susan, daughter of Lucy and Lawrence, lived into adulthood, married into a Walker family, had two children, died at age 26. There was, however, another daughter named Lulie who died at age 25. Her stone in Newington cemetery states, "*In Memory of our dear child - Lulie Sanford, Born April 12, 1861 - Died Sept. 28, 1886.*" Mary Susan is thought to be the subject of the small portrait above done at Newington farm by an itinerant painter. In the portrait she appears to be in her teen years. The same itinerant painter also did the small portrait of her brother Walker when he was a young boy. (See above.)

Mary Susan Sanford married a Walker who was perhaps a distant cousin since Mary Susan's mother was a Walker. (Lucy Henshaw Walker Sanford). Mary Susan's portrait was probably done by the same itinerant painter who painted the portraits of her parents. Her gravestone is in Newington cemetery.

After the deaths of our grandparents, Walker and Lelia Johnson Sanford, the above portraits were in the keeping of their daughter Lucy (our Aunt Lucy) at Shadow Hill, her home in Accomac, Va. Aunt Lucy was the guardian for many years of these portraits that she had grown up with on the walls at Woodley. Her visiting nieces and nephews got lessons in family history from these old paintings. They had been done years before by an itinerant painter.

Our sister Nancy, who had lived for about four school years with Aunt Lucy and Uncle Barton, later had extensive restoration work done on them. The portraits of Lawrence and Lucy and daughter Mary Susan are now in the home of Nancy and husband Lawson Cantrell's daughter, Lucy Cantrell.

The boyhood portrait of Grandfather Walker Sanford is now at North Forty, home of Richard and Thelma Sanford. North Forty is on the high north side of Woodley farm overlooking the house at Woodley and much of Kenwood. (The acreage on North Forty was once part of Woodley).

Mary Susan Sanford Walker
(1847-1873)

(Daughter of Lawrence and Lucy Sanford
Married to R. T. Walker - Died the day of
her second child's birth - Buried in the
Newington Cemetery along with her two
children)

(Original Portrait in Cantrell Family)

**Newington - Home of Lawrence and Lucy
Sanford**

(Picture copied from Virginia Ghosts by
Marguerite DuPont Lee)



Newington, Orange County, Virginia

Mary Susan Sanford married a Walker who was perhaps a distant cousin. Mary Susan's mother was a Walker. (Lucy Walker Sanford)

R.L.S.'s more current information on Newington farm and the Hydroponic farm: Jane Bunberry Sanford was the daughter of Lawrence Sanford and Lucy Henshaw Sanford. The family lived at Newington farm. Newington Farm is directly across the road from *Battlefields*, the 40 acre hydroponic farm. The foundations of the house at Newington are still there as well as a Sanford family cemetery. The mother of Jane Bunberry, Lucy Henshaw Walker Sanford, was born and reared at Oak Grove where the hydroponic farm is now located. (located on Rte. 627 – coming from Rapidan Road at Nebo, past Linden Farm and driveway to Clark's Mountain). Richard says that Sheldon Clark has bought what was once the Emanuel place, plans to build a dwelling there but has not yet done so. Mr. Clark has also purchased a large portion of the former Mooremont operation (orchards, berry gardens) on Clark's Mountain.

The Immanuel Place

The various transactions re. Newington and the 150 acres Laurence Sanford deeded to their fourth daughter Lizzie (Elizabeth?)* to build a new home were clearly carried out. The family Bible, now kept at Woodley, specifies that Lizzie married a Preston Brooks Emanuel. Lizzie and her husband lived at what was sometimes known in the Everona area as *the "Manuel" place*.

*The 159 acre Emanuel or "Manuel" place adjoined Newington

Tom Ed Harris of Unionville, knew previous Sanford generations

Jane Bunberry Sanford Row also had a family of boys and girls according to Tom Ed. Harris, a dairy farmer (with whom Richard chatted) and who had a small farm located behind the Unionville Church and cemetery. He knew generations of the Jane Sanford Rowe family. Tom Ed had several daughters. Tom Ed Harris said he attended the funeral of my great grandfather Lawrence at Newington,(d.1898)), when Tom Ed was 13 years old. It was the coldest January day he ever knew. Tom Harris related much more as to Jane Sanford, sister of Grandfather Walker at Woodley. Jane's home was in Unionville near the Methodist church.

(Note:Tom Ed had several daughters. One of Tom Ed's daughter worked in the National Bank in Orange. Tom Ed Harris used to bring his milk cans (10 gallons) to Orange as did many others, e.g., Harry Sanford at Woodley, Wallace Sanford at Kenwood and Dr. James Andrews, etc. Mr.Tom Ed Harris once told me in Gill Farm Machinery Shop on Madison Road (shop built on land acquired from our cousins Willie and Mable Moore. - R.L.S.)

MORE INFORMAL NOTES AND RECAP / R.L.S – Benjamin Walker's daughter married 'across the road,' was wife of Laurence Sanford who had recently acquired Newington farm. In 1959 Newington home site building was burned down – to the ground. It was suspected that this was no accident. No 100 percent evidence however. The foundations of the old place can still be seen there. The Sanford family cemetery can also be seen there." Richard tells how he and Walker straightened up the stones and the iron fence around the Newington cemetery and cleared out brush and growth. There was talk of transferring the graves and stones to Graham Cemetery near the town of Orange but this was not done.

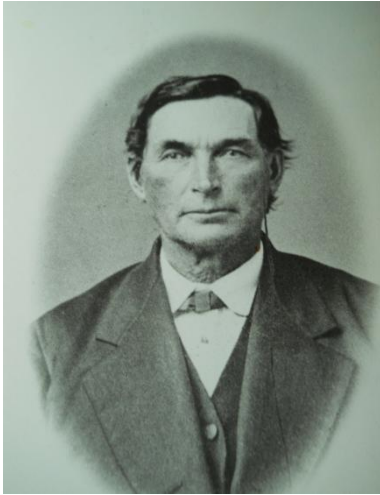


Photo of Lawrence Sanford (2d) in later years. It shows that the itinerant artist who came to Newington farm evidently was basically accurate in his portrayal of Lawrence (2d). Prior to acquiring Newington farm (above) Lawrence Sanford lived on a farm in Stafford County (house pictured here) called Home Tract. This farm, called Rocky Pen, and in some records Greenbanks, is located north of Fredericksburg off Rte. 17 in the Berea Church vicinity on Sanford Road. It is on the Rappahannock River. The house pictured below is probably not the house that Lawrence and his father, also named Lawrence, lived in. A family cemetery is on this farm. Unfortunately the farm is in the path of developing commercial areas with changing road layouts likely

.Again - Sparse notes on Lizzie, one of Grandfather's four sisters

(Back to the mid 1800's) The various transactions re. Newington farm. Courthouse records show that 160 acres were deeded by Lawrence .Sanford. to daughter Lizzie (Elizabeth) to build a new home* and that this was clearly carried out and that this place was known locally as the Emanuel Place (or Manuel place). Lizzie had married a Preston Brooks Emmanuel. This land given by Laurence and Lucy Walker Sanford to daughter Lizzie consisted of acreage taken off Newington farm. The Emmanuel family eventually left the area and moved to Marlboro County, S.C., just over the N.C. line.

The new house that Lizzie and Brooks built on the land inherited by Lizzie was a large farmhouse. I once went with Richard to see the Emmanuel Place. We arrived only to see that this rather large frame farmhouse had been reduced to wreckage in a controlled burning. i.e., training session for firefighters in Orange County. **However, Richard says that he and Walker went there once and Walker made a number of photos of the Emanuel place before it was destroyed.** (Note/ELS)

Our mother, Mary Lewis Sanford, recounted what she had heard either from Daddy or from his father, i.e, that young Walker Sanford (our grandfather) once arrived home at Newington farm from a trip and found his mother (Lucy Walker Sanford) at the Hawfield Methodist chapel in a tearful and emotional state over her son- in - law, Brooks Emanuel's conversion and joining the family's church. Richard says that the Newington Sanfords also sometimes worshipped at the Unionville Methodist Church.

FINALE

Last sentence of RLS's Memories re: Another large family

"Later through transactions the Weaver family owned The "Manuel" Place", as it was known locally, for a very long time with a large family of boys and girls.....

“

Speaking of a large family – Below: familiar faces to go with names in the sixty plus pages of the The Early Memories of Richard L. Sanford

A band of brothers



Sam, Walker, Mother . Tom, Richard, Ben



<<<Standing (L-R) Sabrena (Brena) Hinkle, Tom, Mother, Jo (Perry), Richard, Sam, Nancy (Cantrell), Ben
Seated: Harriet (Prigg), Walker, Ellie (Foster), Eugenia (Gene) - Reunion photo at Grelen



In laws>>Ralph Perry m. Jo, Ellen Scott Brooking, m. Ben
Lawson Cantrell m. Nancy, Charlie Foster m. Ellie, Carl Prigg m. Harriet, Mother, Virginia m. Walker, Barbara m. Sam, Thelma m. Richard , Bart Hinkle m. Sabrena, Mary Lee m. Tom

“...the counties I have loved”... To Sam: some last words

Sam, Our Fourth Brother in Service –

Fun loving and happy-go-lucky Sam was the youngest of the four who served in the military in WWII. All his life he loved baseball, its heroes and stars as well as those of other sports. Born in 1927 at Rockwood, he was 17 years old, still in high school, too young to be drafted, but the Navy at that time would take enlistees at 17.



So - like Tom, Sam wanted to go. And he did. He served in the navy at Bainbridge, Maryland and at a naval ammunition depot in New Jersey. The war soon ended and he went back to school in Orange and completed his high school education. Sam got a job with the telephone company. First he learned to do lineman's work but also received technical training to work with more advanced electronic equipment then coming on line. While working in Fredericksburg he met his wife Barbara. A close family, Sam, Barbara and their four children: Susan, Amy, Mary Beth and Ross, made their home in Fredericksburg. Sam was a pillar of his church. The last decade of his life was very stressful for him but he stood up to its challenges. He was helped with kidney disease by his brother Ben who donated a kidney to him. This gave him eight more years of life. His stressed body nevertheless succumbed in 1985 to heart failure. His eloquent and touching final words to his family: "Put my ashes in the Rapidan River. Let them flow through the counties I have loved." Sam was upbeat, easy to meet, and had many friends.. As a young boy Sam loved to do dare devilish things, and perhaps occasionally make his sisters cringe at his antics. . As Richard says "Sam was sort of like Grandpa Lewis," (who at Rockwood, as we have seen, loved to joke around with his grandchildren). We share in his feelings for the counties where we lived and the many people with whom we have all shared a journey.