

Tour of Historic Sanford Locations in Orange, Culpeper, and Stafford Counties
Conducted by Richard Lewis Sanford
July 1992

Editor's note: The tape recordings made during this tour have been transcribed as faithfully as possible; details omitted were mostly due to recording difficulties. The photographs included were taken during the tour, with the exception of the Faraway photograph. Tour participants included Thomas J. Sanford, Mary J. Sanford, Cynthia S. Webster, and M. Suzanne Sanford.

Anita Webster: "Tour of Orange County Virginia with your hosts Suzanne Drumheller, Cindy Webster, and Dadu Sanford. This is July of 1992 and this is your guest speaker Nita Webster saying have a great day!" [Anita Webster, daughter of Cynthia S. Webster, granddaughter of Richard Lewis Sanford]

July 24, 1992

RLS: They'd knocked him down on the road. He had blood coming out of his ears and out of his eyes and his nose, maybe out of his mouth. We took him to the house in the car. I don't know when we'd found anyone hurt so bad. [It is unclear to whom this incident refers]

CSW: Did someone drive y'all to school every day?

RLS: Well, in the later years we drove the car if Daddy didn't have to have it, but all eight of us got in the car and went to school. He came back and used the car, but if he could spare the car, we would take it and park it.

CSW: Who drove it when you took it?

RLS: I did, mostly. Jo was in college by that time. She left in the summer of '35 to go over to Harrisonburg.

CSW: What kind of car was it?

RLS: We always had mostly four-door Chevrolet cars. One time we had a four-door Nash car, and one time we had a two-door Pontiac, and had a Hupmobile at one time.

CSW: Tell Suzanne that tale about the time you and Walker had a wreck with the sheriff in Orange. Remember that?

RLS: Coming back home, coming from down towards Unionville, Faraway, on Saturday night. Walker and I had come to town. The battery wasn't very good on the car. If you wanted to charge it up and turn the lights on, it would, you know, run the battery down, so we got behind a school bus, a big old yellow school bus, you know people used to take the school bus down and everybody down the country would get in school bus to come to town on Saturday night to do their shopping, because it was a privately-owned school bus. So, we were along behind the school bus, and there was moonlight anyway, so we cut the lights off, and just going for mile after mile behind the school bus was safe, and we got up on the edge of town and the chief of police lived on the edge of town, a man named Fred Graves. He was sitting on the side of the road in his driveway, getting ready to pull into the highway and go on into Orange, and he waited for the car in front of the school bus, and then he waited for the school bus to go by, and then he pulled out. I saw what was going to happen and I pulled up on the emergency brake, Walker

jerked the lights on, and we hit him in the back end. Knocked about a ton of mud off his car, and of course everything had to stop and he come running back. He said I'm just as sorry I can be, I just didn't see you coming. We said sorry Mr. Graves, no problem. He said take the car up to the Bates Brothers garage and get the bumper fixed and anything else that needs to be done get it fixed and charge it to me. Just as nice as he could be. We did have a little dent in the bumper, got that fixed, cost about 7 dollars, I think. After about a week he realized what happened. He said I should have took a stick to 'em. He came running back there with his leggings on, laced up, looked like somebody going to ride horseback.

CSW: How old were you?

RLS: Oh, I was seventeen then, Walker was eighteen, but we weren't going to 'fess up to nothing.

Orange Presbyterian Church

RLS: We're looking at the original church that was built in 1912 and completed about in 1912. We're standing on the front porch of the original Presbyterian church, the old church, not the original church, but the old church, and across the road from the church is the Holladay House. That's where our mother boarded when she first came to Orange to teach school, with the Holidays. Dr. Holladay was an elder in the church and his wife was a member. One of his sons played the organ here and one of his daughters played the organ in this church. Now we're on the front porch that originally had steps going right straight down this way to the sidewalk and we didn't have this railing. This was put on when they widened Main Street and built the new church. They put up the handicap ramp built in this way. This was the front door.



We're inside the main sanctuary of the old church and you can see where the pulpit was. It was a raised pulpit, about three steps up. The choir was on the right, the senior choir, the organ was right there on the right, and the junior choir if it was in operation was here on the left. Cindy and Steve used to sing in that. They had one center aisle in this church that came in that door and up the center aisle. Our mother and father were married in the church, and I remember going to Grandpa Lewis' funeral here in 1929 in this church, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, that's Grandpa and Grandma Lewis, they were members of this church, and they were here coming to this church and that's how Mama and Daddy met. They had a meal of some sort as Mama relates in her book, and she was serving, and then she met the big Mr. Sanford here.

CSW: Did his family come here too?

RLS: Yeah, his mother and father were members, and Uncle Wallace and Aunt Lelia and Lucy were members. Aunt Lelia played the organ here some. Aunt Ellie was also an organist and was a good one, and she occasionally played at the Episcopal church across the street. We had my father's funeral here in January 1946 in this church. Doctor Hooper was the minister here for that funeral, and he had been the minister here back in the 20's, so he came over here from Culpeper to have the funeral. The plaque

that you're looking at was given because our grandmother Sanford's sister, Evelyn Johnson Williams, gave the pews on this side of the church to replace the original pews. This was not a fancy, architecturally-built church, structurally built, but it was built substantial. When we got ready to work on this renovation, I wanted to keep enough of these pews here like this, put one here, one there, and then have one to fit right in that little thing, but they decided not to keep that one. We've got those little half-moons, and they'll go back up there. I think they look real nice. This is a sample of what we're getting ready to do as a hanging in here. You might have already noticed the acoustics are right bad; everything in here is hard floor, hard ceiling, and we'll put these on the windows - it's air-conditioned anyway - to soften it up. This wasn't here when Granny died, we had the kitchen over there, but this was Sunday school rooms then, and under this renovation we took out some Sunday school rooms and made this the kitchen in here. We're now standing in part of the church that was built about 1926 or 1927 as a first addition to the main church. Where this kitchen is now was a part of the whole assembly room where after you came down from your classes you had to come back in and reassemble and say your verses and all that. They asked Tom who was his teacher at one point and he didn't know her name; he said she's a woman and has a big shelf (the breasts), it's in mother's book, I think.

OK, this is for Nita Jean. She was here one Sunday and was in the nursery and that was back here where the kitchen is. It was real hot and there was no air-conditioning. They were fussing in the nursery and changing diapers and everything was bad with no air-conditioning, so I decided to get Nita and walk around, you know, so we came on through this tunnel and went into the basement of the new church and it was cool in here, and I thought well, we'll just walk on through like this and get back here to the back, and if you go all the way back you get to where there's a door that goes up to the sanctuary right beside the pulpit. Tom and Cindy were sitting right over there, and I was going to see what stage the sermon was in, and she stuck her head between my legs and said blah blah blah, and I said, "Will you shut up?" I shut that door and took her on back the other way. This is a five-sided church, and if you're sitting in this recess here you can almost look at those people over there.

At one point Mama wanted to come over here to look at the old church after we'd built the new church, and we got out and walked around that ramp, and she got to the front door and opened the door, and she just looked in, and she said I can't go any further. She said she had too many memories. She remembered her father's funeral and her mother's funeral and her marriage and daddy's funeral and all these other things, so she just had to leave it alone. Doctor Stribling lived there in that house, the beige one across the street, the Presbyterian manse. Later on, the church had a manse up here that was taken down when they built the new church.

Orange Schools

RLS: I'm going to show you the old school that mother taught in. Right here at the corner of the old high school building across the street where the church is now was Starbucks ice cream factory. They made ice cream and you could go get cones or popsicles, 5 cents, and he did a lot of business with the schoolchildren. At one point Walker while we live in Rockwood got in to Daddy's pockets and got all the change he had, which was about a dollar and a half, two or three dollars maybe, and came to school one day with it. When he was going over at Starbucks ice cream, he was buying ice cream for everybody who wanted a popsicle, he was the most popular boy around. Come to find out he'd taken all of Daddy's money.



This is the old high school; all of us except Harriett graduated here in this building, and that building was where Mother started teaching, the two-story building we called it. When our family started going to school here Jo came in the fourth grade – Mother had started teaching her at home - and Walker and I started in the first grade. Walker was supposed to start in the second grade, but he cried in the second grade, so they put him back in the first grade with me, and from then on we stayed together all the way up until the high school. Walker graduated one year ahead of me in high school because he had to have a little extra coaching, and I had some extra coaching, and anyway that's how it worked out. Also, when I got through the second grade, mother decided she needed me at home to help take care of the babies at Woodley, and so I spent my third grade at home. I didn't want to go to school, so mother said, I'll teach you and after you do your lessons in the mornings you can go ride the pony, so I did the third grade at home I got along pretty good. Actually, this is the back of the old high school. My birthday is September the 30th and you couldn't start to school until you were seven years old and the school started in the first week of September so I was held back and probably it was a good thing - didn't do me any harm.



Graham Cemetery

RLS: I can remember coming up this road when we had Lucy's funeral in 1932. I was 12 years old and I rode with Uncle Buck and Aunt Alma in their car and I don't know who else – wasn't anybody else in there I don't think - the other children were in other cars. See that boxwood down there? See these two kind of old-looking stones right down here with the little bush in between them? That's my mother's mother and father, Grandpa Lewis and his wife. Then right behind it, that big stone, has got Sanford written on it, my mother and father are buried right there. Grandpa never missed any length of time that he didn't come up here and put flowers on this grave. Grandpa died in 1929 while we were

living at Woodley – he died at University Hospital. He didn't stay in the hospital long - I don't know what his real problems were. He was one of a very large family of brothers and sisters buried down at Mitchells. My father died in 1946 and my mother died in December 1984. This is the original grave here for [my sister] Lucy, but it's not her original stone. We decided to change that stone when we bought this one...it wasn't quite lined up anyway. This is for Sam and he was cremated, so it would just line them up...make it look a little better. Those little things were put there. Sabrina brought them here and I helped her plant some of them. She and her husband did some of these things. This is Bart Hinkle, you know, Sabrena's husband. This is Sabrena's mother and father-in-law. They were buried somewhere in Ohio and cremated but they decided to bring them back here and Bart and Sabrena bought this section from this Blackwell here. They bought a half of a section, and so far the only grave in their half of a section is this marker for Bart's mother and father. I remember them, going to see them when they lived on Rosebud or some kind of street. My father died in 1946 and we had a stone up for him, and from 1946 to 1984 is a long time and then when mother did die, rather than trying to put another stone up for her we decided to get rid of that one and put one for Sanford and put both [names on it], and that Psalm number 90, you know that? We got that stone between the time mother died and between the time that Sam died. This is W.W. Sanford, my father's brother's plots right here, the graves of Wallace Walker Sanford and Ada. And this the one Mama mentions in her book, the old Scottish nurse who came to Rockwood when they baptized Nancy, remember Mama mentions her in her book, Jessie Fraser, she was born in Inverness, Scotland, and died in 1923, and she didn't live long after she was up in Rockwood for the baptizing of Nancy at that rate. And you notice that Phyllis, the oldest daughter of Aunt Ada, they named her Phyllis Fraser Sanford after this person who worked for her mother and father, really.

OK, we're in the section now that's where Grandfather Sanford and Grandmother Sanford are buried and then our grandmother's sister Lelia Johnson Sanford, Aunt Lelia, who was at Massie's Mill as a missionary, and that's her grave, and over here right behind these in the same section, you go back to where they get the Johnsons from, Thomas Johnson, your father's name, Thomas Johnson. Here's Joseph Henry Johnson who was the father of our grandmother who lived at Woodley, and he moved here from a place called Sunninghill in Louisa County to Berry Hill, right here on the edge of town, and he had he had four living children, Uncle Weister Johnson, our grandmother Lelia Johnson, Evelyn Johnson who married a Williams, and Aunt Blanche Johnson who married a Doctor Rowe who lived in Charleston, WV. Joseph Henry Johnson was born in 1827 and died in 1893. He died 11 years after our father Harry Sanford was born. We don't have any pictures of him. That's his wife, and they have a grave there called little Fannie and I believe the mother and child are buried in the same grave. That is a son. That's where the Wallace gets into this thing. A lot of people don't realize that. I came here one time a couple years ago and took muriatic acid and cleaned it off with a brush so you could read that. So, in effect they had six children, four that lived, three girls and Uncle Weister and little Fanny and Wallace who died more or less as an infant. They had five children Walker W Sanford and Lelia Johnson Sanford, Lelia Johnson's a daughter of Joseph Henry Johnson. They [Walker and Lelia Sanford] had five children, named Lelia, Ellie, Lucy, Harry, and Wallace. Harry was the oldest, Wallace next, and three girls.

Joseph Henry Johnson came from the edge of Louisa County, a place called Sunninghill, and he sold that place and this information is in the book that Louis Chisholm's wife wrote about Louisa County homes. And then the other book written by Ann Miller called Antebellum Homes of Orange County has an

account of Berry Hill and what Joseph Henry Johnson paid in pure gold ounces, however they measured it, for Berry Hill.

This is far back as it goes in this cemetery. If you go further back than this, you have to go down to a place at Everona called Newington where Lawrence Sanford lived who was the father of Walker Wallace. When you got to deal with these WWs you have to remember that when it gets into Aunt Ada's family, Woodruffs are involved and you've got a WW, Wallace Woodruff, and it isn't always the same exact WW moving forward. Newington is in the eastern end of Orange County. It's down near Clark's Mountain. It's the farm that Lawrence Sanford Jr moved here from what we call the home place in Stafford County. He had a number of brothers and sisters, but he moved up here and married twice in this county, and he's the father of these people [Wallace Walker Sanford]. [editor's note: I can find no evidence of a second marriage for Lawrence Sanford Jr.]

These graves, Willie Moore, Isabel Moore, Mabel Moore, their mother and father. Their mother was the same as, was kin to Joseph Henry Johnson [his wife, Elmira Andrews]. The Moores lived right where the Drug Fair used to be there in Orange, Mabel and Willie, their father was named James Moore but he married, well her name was Wilmonia Eudora [Andrews] Moore, but she was a sister to Joseph Henry Johnson's wife, this Elmira, so they were close cousins of ours. These people right here, Roland Flint Hill and Josephine Williams Hill, Josephine Williams Hill's mother [Evelyn Johnson Williams] and the lady down here Lelia Johnson, were sisters.



Montpelier Station

RLS: We're now at Montpelier Station, and sitting on the road opposite the station in the side yard of the house where Grandpa Lewis and Virginia Thomas

Lewis lived when he came here to manage the station for Mr. Dupont. It's a green house built by the DuPont family for the stationmaster and telegraph operator, and Jo was born in this house. Mother and Daddy were married at that time of course, and living at Woodley, but mother came back over here to be at her mother's when Jo was born. Walker and I were born at Woodley in the room above the parlor. This is the station where Grandpa Lewis was the express agent for Adams Express, he was the telegraph operator and also post master. Today it doesn't look like a very thriving big business, but in those days, there was considerable business done at these stations. The Southern Railroad was double tracked, numerous trains going back and forth both ways from Charlottesville towards Orange and Washington DC north and on towards Charlottesville south. Grandpa Lewis would bring us over here occasionally when he came to give my mother a break when we lived at Rockwood, and sometimes we came in the buggy and sometimes we came in his little Ford car called a runabout, a little Model T Ford, and there were trees here and the station was yellow in those days, and grandpa tied his horse to the tree out here in the yard or else parked his car. Then there was a well there with a pump on it where people stopped to get water that drove along on horses traveling either way. Even though grandpa watched us pretty closely, I remember going upstairs in that station. There had been an apartment up there for someone to live in, and I didn't know one thing about what an electric light bulb looked like or what an electric socket was, and there was a one-way screw bulb in it, but just on the side of the wall. I walked

up to it and stuck my finger in it and the thing shocked me, like to scared me to death. That was my first indication. I never told anybody what I did, I just said don't go near that place again - you can really get shocked bad sticking your finger in an electric socket!

So, when Grandpa Lewis came over here by car, he came great right through by the main Montpelier house that Mr. DuPont owned at that time, and if he drove a horse and buggy, he did the same thing, just drove around by what we called the yard of the Montpelier house and the ice house and went through the various roads and farm roads and came out over there on what we now call Chicken Mountain Road and on up to Rockwood, and occasionally Grandpa Lewis would walk from here. After he left this house after his wife died, he had a room upstairs on the right in the back there [at Rockwood] with his own bed and stove and he cooked a little and he always kept a lot of peanut butter. He gave Walker and me peanut butter sandwiches out of what looked like almost a gallon can of peanut butter. Sometimes when he wanted to walk, he would just get on the road and walk through there slowly and go up the hill back of the Montpelier House and come down by the Rockwood barn and be there at the house early in the morning.

I guess I've told this story a number of times, but the story about how he came over one morning and walked from Montpelier Station over there. We had a rug hanging on the yard fence, hanging over the fence to beat it, you know get the dust out of it, and grandpa came up from the barn about 6:00 or 7:00 o'clock early in the morning and got under that rug, and Walker - between the rock and the fence - is hanging over the woven wire fence - perfect place to hide, and he got back up in there and as soon as us boys and girls start playing around the yard he began to groan like a bear. We're running back into house telling Mama there was a bear out there and of course she didn't believe it and we kept going back and saying we know there is, we hear it again, and she came out and finally grandpa crawled out from under that rug. There was a big lot of clatter and hoo-law, you know. Gave us a good scare.

Grandpa died in 1929, and we had moved from Rockwood in 1928, but we were still living in Rockwood and he was still working over here as a postmaster, and he had an assistant Mr. Young who worked - there were two men here, and he had right much time off, it was just before his retirement that he would stay over here a lot and stay over at Rockwood. He had a room over there upstairs. He was 70 something when he died but he was in his seventies when he did that walking, but he didn't have to walk, he had a horse and a buggy, and he had a surrey, a good size thing, you could carry right much on it. And he had a Model T car. He had a way of joking and kidding people, a good bit of that I can understand, see it in other people that are now living, but he could throw his voice or pretend he was throwing it to the fact that, some little thing he put in his mouth would make it sound like your voice is coming from over here when it's over here, what is it called - a ventriloquist? He wasn't really good at it but he could do it, and he got into the barn at Rockwood and he would come over there early, somebody was working, some colored man was working for daddy, and he was going to put the bridle on the mule team, and Grandpa was in another stall hiding nearby, and the man walked into the barn and then he said, "Don't put that bridle on me!" Of course, it didn't long to find out who it was and that was the end of that.

MSS: Is there anybody in your family who reminds you of Grandpa Lewis?

RLS: Oh, not specifically, I think Sam had some of his characteristics and particularly his build. Sam was short. Grandpa Lewis wasn't really short but he wasn't tall and lanky either, he was a sort of sturdy man, and it's possible Sam or Ben could be a little bit like him. I've had other people say to me you're just like

your Grandpa Lewis but I don't know if it's true. Dr. Scott here in Orange has told me you look like your Grandpa Sanford, you know Walker Wallace Sanford. I think I'm a cross, which I think is somewhat true. Walker my older brother looks more like the Sanfords, I think, than I do.

Snake and other stories

RLS: Now if you want get into this tale about the snake, it was while we were living at Faraway, we caught this big water moccasin in a little branch there where we had a watermelon patch and potato patch and it was a big water moccasin. Now they're not poisonous but they look rough and look mean and we were taking biology in high school, had a teacher named Miss Parker, and she said she would like to have a snake to bring into biology class so she could give him some chloroform and dissect him, and we figured this would be a good way to bring a snake to school, at least be a good pretense to bring him if you're going to bring him to the biology class. We put the snake in a gallon mayonnaise jar, at the top maybe about four or five inches. By the time we got the snake to the school the next day he'd been in the jar for some time. We may have given him some water but he was getting restless and we brought him in order to remove the old school and pretended strongly that we were bringing it to the school for the biology teacher to have it in the class, and Mr. Walker was the principle, very tall, dignified kind of man, had on black shiny shoes on his feet, and Walker took the jar, during the assembly, in the morning we had chapel service every morning and the auditorium was full of people, and Walker was pretending he wanted to show the snake to Mr. Walker, Mr. Walker being the principle. Walker loosens the top up on the jar and Mr. Walker standing way back against the wall sticking his toe out saying put the top back on, and Walker deliberately let the damn snake out of the jar, and the thing went slithering through the auditorium, all those kids getting up, screaming and I really can't remember whether we ever did catch the snake again. He probably went down a hole somewhere in the floor, down in the basement. What happened to you two as a result of that? Well, we brought the snake, but we didn't get any punishment because we still had a bona fide reason for bringing him here, trying to help her class.

CSW: What was the incident when you got spanked for something in school?

RLS: I was in second grade. In those days we went to school half a day. I was in the morning section, somebody in the evening section, some little girl that was sitting in my desk, and I think she had fifteen cents, three nickels, and she wrapped them up in a little old piece of paper and left them in the ink well. I was just rummaging around and I found the fifteen cents and put it in my pocket. The little girl came to school and began to whine about somebody stole her fifteen cents, and it didn't take long to trace it to who sat in the desk and I said well I had it but I spent it. Miss Palmer was the teacher so she said Richard you have stay in after school. Daddy came to pick us up after school and everybody came out ready to go home and no Richard and he was ready to go so he came over and wanted to know what the trouble was. Miss Palmer said he'd taken the little girl's money and she was going to punish him and make him stay in. He should be punished for taking the money. Daddy said well I'll take care of him. He never said a word about it. He said don't do it again, but he didn't switch me or punish me.

CSW: We are looking at the original picture of Woodley, and Daddy is going to be giving us some information as to the construction and the previous owners of Woodley.

RLS: The center part as it is shown in this photo, and we think this photo was taken maybe two or three years after Grandpa Sanford got possession of the place - Grandpa Sanford got possession of this place

by virtue of marrying Joseph Henry Johnson's daughter Lelia Johnson who lived at Berry Hill. Being the son-in-law, somehow this father-in-law, he got this place, and as it is shown here is not like it was when Ambrose Madison, the brother of president James Madison lived there, and it was built for him. Today it has a front porch, and it's sloped off in the back, and in the original it didn't have either of these wings on and it didn't have the front porch. Ambrose Madison died at about age 36 having served as a paymaster in George Washington's army. He was at Valley Forge with George Washington, and after Ambrose died...he had one daughter, the only child he had was Nelly Conway Madison a daughter of Ambrose Madison. And sometime after Ambrose died, his daughter inherited the place, and she in turn married a Doctor Willis from Gloucester, VA, Gloucester County, and he moved up here, and he had children, and one of the children that has the most connection we know of was named John Willis, born there in 1810, and sometime around 1826 he was admitted to the University of Virginia and graduated up there, and came back to Orange County and helped to run this farm, Woodley Farm, was at least seven or eight hundred acres we think, and after he was married, he was a favorite nephew of the president - the president didn't have any children. President Madison had no children. He married - what was her name - she was a widow - Dolly Paine. She was from Carolina but I think she'd been living in Pennsylvania when he married her. OK, after President Madison died, and the Montpelier estate was in hard times and they had to sell off of some of the land. and John Willis having been born here in Woodley in 1810, and had subsequently been married and had some children, he bought a piece of it, what they call Rockwood, built a house up there and got that house completed by the year 1848. He had a number of children when he lived there. By 1860 he had become the treasurer of the Alexandria to Orange Railroad, and was doing very well, and he had acquired the Howell place which we call Mayhurst on the edge of Orange, and by 1860 he had built a tremendous mansion house there. Soon after 1860 the civil war began, and he was a Colonel, and called from then on Colonel John Willis. After he came back from the civil war, he could not pay his debts - he had to sell off part of his estate off - he'd already sold Rockwood when he moved to Mayhurst - he had to get rid of a lot of his holdings, so he sold Mayhurst and bought another piece of land nearby and built another house on it called Oakbury, and following a few years there he went bankrupt there also. There's an account of this available to anyone who wants to read it prepared by historian Bill Thomas in Orange County. His wife died - he had eight children - and his wife died at the age of forty-something. He tried to farm the Oakbury [place] and eventually went bankrupt there, and that had to be sold to pay his debts, and he joined his old friend Colonel Gary Scott which is adjoining in sight of North Forty called Clifton. He moved up there, Colonel Gary Scott let him move up there, he lived in a one-room log cabin with no floor, and he died in that house. Sometime maybe two or three years before he died, he was called over to Montpelier when the president of the United States, Hayes I believe it was, came here to make a speech. Hayes had been a Yankee general in the civil war as I understand it, and he was called over there to introduce the president of the United States to the people of Orange County. That was the last official act he took. He died at Clifton when he was seventy some years old, and my father was two or three years old at the time. I believe he died in 1884 and Daddy was born in 1881. That's the connection between all these places.

MSS: And at some point, he had to sell Woodley off as well?

RLS: Well, Woodley went for taxes. I don't know all the details - I'm going to find them out - but he had to leave Oakbury which is just between here and Orange. He had to come right by Woodley to get up to Clifton to go with his old friend Colonel Scott, and this place he'd had just a few years prior to that time

had then been purchased by Joseph Johnson, the father-in-law of our Grandfather Walker Sanford. Subsequently Joseph Johnson deeded it over to his son-in-law and his daughter Walker Sanford and Lelia Johnson Sanford. The middle part was built in the 1870's and these additions were put on in 1840 by Nelly Conway Willis - she was the daughter of Ambrose - she had it built onto - she married Doctor Willis.

MSS: You mean the original part was built in the 1770's?

RLS: Right, the 1770s, and less than 100 years [later], about 1840, is when these to ends were put on. During the civil war - this is called the south end - was used as headquarters by Stonewall Jackson – he had his office in that downstairs room, downstairs where mother and father's bedroom was – that's this end.

MSS: And what is this? [referring to picture]

RLS: That's the smokehouse. It's still there, but it's not in the same position. It's been moved to another location in the backyard. We'll see it when we go over there.

MSS: And how about this?

RLS: That's the shop. That's the farm blacksmith shop.

MSS: And this here?

RLS: That's the end of what we called the carriage house or the garage and the icehouse was under that too. OK, you see this board fence, and see the little building right there, you just can see it - that's a slave cabin back on the hill beyond there. That's on what was part of Woodley at the time but now belongs to Uncle Wallace. Here just a little bit further, right here at end of this yard, was the old summer kitchen or the laundry we called it, which has been remodeled to perfection. It's almost like anything you see at Williamsburg.

MSS: Do you know why the man [who did the renovation] decided to paint it yellow?

RLS: Well, he thinks - his research had scraped all this stuff – he took the weatherboarding off and saved all the nails, and he cleaned the weatherboarding up and put it back, and he saw yellow paint, and one time I think Montpelier had yellow paint. And these dormers are very much on the same plan as the dormers at Montpelier. There was a railing right here and a door here and a door here. We used to come out of these doors and lay up on blankets and sleep up here at night – it was just cool. See how the shutters are closed? When Gene was a baby and she was in the hospital, they had to take a piece of bone out of her back, and when she came home from the hospital, they didn't think she was going to live – she was just wising along - and she stayed right in here behind these blinds where it was dark. This is the parlor as you know and this is where we had Lucy's funeral in this room, and the casket came out this door right here down these steps and to the walk.

MSS: I guess they did funerals at home in those days.

RLS: Yes, particularly for small children. When Grandpa Lewis, he died say three years before Lucy, he died in 1929, his funeral was at the Presbyterian Church.

MSS: So, because she was a small child?

RLS: I think that had something to do with it. Anyway, they wanted to have it here right after two o'clock [on a] Sunday. Dr. Stribling from the Presbyterian church preached the service, Paul Scott was a pall bearer, Monk Sanford Sr was one, and I forgot who else.

MSS: That's a great picture. You said that picture was two years after he took possession of the house?

RLS: We think so. We don't have a date on it, but it had been fixed up - you can see they had gutters coming down, the downspouts on it - a lot of work. He bought the place according to Mabel and Willie Moore, Daddy's cousins, when they went out there the farm had been sold, the fences were down, the slaves were all gone, nobody was doing anything, it was grown up, the house was in bad shape. I know he put the tin roof on it. It had shingles on it. When this man that's down there now tore down this middle part here, he found some old wooden shingles they had on it - they were round - you know most shingles are cut square - these were round. He found a few up in there that were used for shims.

MSS: Did you share this photograph with him while he was doing his renovation?

RLS: Yeah, he's seen it. There's another here that's not as good. That's Grandpa Sanford, that's his wife, that's Monk, Daddy's brother's second son, there's Lucy Henshaw sitting up there, there's a dog, Spot, I'm not sure who these are - Lelia, Ada, Ellie, but Monk looks like he'd be 12 or 15 years old. He was born about 1910 and she [Lelia Johnson Sanford] was still living.

MSS: Yes, I remember Granny making a comment about how she hated to lose her mother-in-law at such a young age.

RLS: That is Daddy's brother Wallace. That is a tough looking bunch. Look at the horse and the buggy in the background. We think that's Ivy Watson; we're not sure.

MSS: I would love to know where that was taken and what they were up to.

RLS: We think - it's up there - see the farm that Uncle Wallace got adjoined Woodley. We think he gave his son after he left VPI - the Woodriffs were living at Rockwood. The Woodriffs bought it after the Bernards. Aunt Ada was living up there and she had two or three nice-looking sisters. Daddy and Uncle Wallace and Donald Johnson wanted to date some of those girls. Uncle Wallace married one of them - Aunt Ada. Then they somehow got this piece of land either from him - or bought it - and built a house on it. As Mama says in one of her books, they thought they were never going to get it finished - it took four or five years to get it finished, children being born so fast they couldn't get anything done.

MSS: What was the name of that place?

RLS: Kenwood. Walker and I have looked at this many times. Uncle Wallace is dressed up in his overalls. We think they were getting ready to build something.

There follows a discussion of various family photos including:

- RLS' comment that his mother used to make their hats and shirts. She made them on the sewing machine, put the buttons on, or snaps.
- Discussion of Aunt Blanche, sister to Lelia Johnson Sanford, who would come in the summers to help with the children. Blanche married a Dr. Rowe and went to Huntingdon, WV, and Dr. Rowe got to drinking and then he ran off with another woman and went to Arizona, got in trouble out there and he wrote for Aunt Blanche to come out there and get him. She rode a train to Arizona and brought him back to West Virginia. They had children, Tom, Jack, and Lillian. Jack came and stayed here in the summer with us at Woodley.
- HES used to cut RLS' hair. He had a pair of clippers, he'd cut it off. He'd cut hair as long as it lasts. I used to cut everybody's hair when we lived at Rapidan. Tom will tell you – I used to cut Mama's hair, and Harriet's, and Gene's.
- After a comment about how little hair HES had at age 37, RLS states that they got typhoid fever from a spring. HES lost his hair, and so did Wallace. It was a big spring with a concrete box, but they filled it up with rocks so no one could use it. They went up into what they called the spring field and found another spring, the maple spring they called it, and that spring was running when we left there, good water that flowed down by gravity. But all the family got sick from typhoid fever attributed to that water. Maybe mosquitoes or something got into the water. I suspect he had an inclination to get bald anyway, his father...
- This picture of Jo at six months – Mama took her to town to have that picture made, at a studio in Orange.
- Picture of Tom from 1925.
- They had this pole ladder setting up beside the house. A big limb fell on the house, it was a shingle roof, they had to get someone to take off the shingles and put in some tin, and they threw this copper off down in the yard. Grandpa Lewis got Walker and me to gather up all this copper to take to the junk yard and make some money from the copper. It was the first time I made any money – he showed me how to do that. I was about four or five years old.
- Re: a picture of Walker in high school – he looks pretty tough. Oh, he was tough.
- After you went to Tech you were pretty serious, weren't you? Yeah, I had to be.

CSW: It's July 24th, 1992, and we're continuing our discussion of family folklore. Tell about the time you and Walker got in trouble with our Grandfather Sanford.

RLS: While we were at Rockwood, we had cows. We had a dairy where we milked the cows for milk for the family, and cream and butter, and fed the hogs with milk. Mr. Reynolds [the hired hand] milked the cows, and sometimes Daddy helped him, but anyway we were old enough to be sent out in the field to go get the cows, get them up in the afternoon. We'd start about four o'clock or five. Sometimes it would be half an hour; they might be way out near the edge of the woods somewhere. Daddy told Walker and me to go get the cows. We'd done it before – we knew how to get them - there were 10 or 12 of them. Some of them had bells on them so you could tell where they were. Walker didn't want to go. We

walked out there a pretty good ways and there was a big rock pile. There were all these grapevines up on it - fox grapes is what they were. We were just sitting up there eating fox grapes. Daddy came around the hill there after about a half hour and wanted to know why we haven't gotten the cows. Walker said, "They're your damn cows – you get them." Daddy started up the rock pile to grab us. I ran one way - I started towards the road to the house and was trying to get up a pear tree. Daddy caught me by the foot and hit me a few licks – you know, thrashed me a little bit. Then he took out after Walker. Walker had gone a right good ways and had a good lead on him, but Daddy kept on after him and he caught him going through a pair of bars and just beat the tar out of him. He said, "When I say get the cows, get the cows!"

[Discussion of picture of Miss Caddy Mead who lived down near Madison Run and helped with housework at Rapidan. Discussion about how Walker is named Walker Harry and Harriet is named Harriet Estil.]

RLS: There's a book written by Charles Bracken Flood called "Lee: The Last Years" that tells about an instance at Washington and Lee, almost a racial instance, occurred where someone was forced off the sidewalk, and this tall, dark ex-confederate captain named Harry Estil stepped into it and calmed down the situation. Later Harry Estil transferred to Randolph Macon as a professor. Our Grandfather Walker Sanford went to Randolph Macon, and so we think he must have thought well of Harry Estil, so he named his first son Harry Estil Sanford. He named his second son after himself, Wallace Walker Sanford. They didn't seem to care too much about naming the first son after themselves. It's like Aunt Ada named her first daughter Phyllis Fraser after the Scottish nurse named Jessie Frasier [and named her fifth daughter after herself].

In 1898, Grandpa Sanford [Walker Sanford] was a member of the Orange County Board of Supervisors, and that confederate monument that's on the corner of the courthouse grounds in Orange, that's the ribbon that they gave to various members or people who had some part in the dedication ceremonies, since it was on the county courthouse green. Aunt Lucy evidently kept it in good shape, and Nancy gave it to me some time ago. I'm planning to get it mounted and have it duplicated and put it in the Orange County Historical Society.

There are letters from your father?

RLS: Yes, they're in this book here.

Discussion of other family mementos, RLS report card, letters, a letter from Gene to RLS while he was in France with news from home including comments about Walker and Virginia's baby, named Sandra Roberta, "The name is ok by itself but doesn't go well with Sanford. Today Daddy and Mother are going to a sale at Burnt Tree, wherever that is. Nancy and Ellie went to see Jo...Warren can walk some. Warren is really a bird. We canned three bushels of peaches from Albemarle brought to us by Uncle Wallace. We also canned cucumbers and carrots. Yesterday I cleaned out the brooder house. It has been raining, impossible to thresh wheat. Saw the movie Meet me in St Louis."

RLS: Lawrence Sanford was from the so-called homeplace in Stafford County on the Rappahannock River, near Berea Church off route 17. If you go across the Rappahannock River going from Fredericksburg towards Washington after you cross the river on 95, if you go up the river maybe a mile you would come into the old homeplace, and there's some old civil war maps made by not the

Confederates but the Yankees because they occupied that side of the river for months, and they note on the Rappahannock River "Sandford's Ford."

One of Lawrence Sr's sons that lived at the homeplace, the brother of Lawrence Jr, his name was Joseph, migrated to Spotsylvania County. In Roger Mansfield's book on the early history of Spotsylvania County, there's an account of how Joseph Sanford had the contract to build the jail at the Spotsylvania Courthouse. Walter Sanford who lives up in Washington, his book about Sanford history has copies of wills. It's a tremendously interesting book.

There were other sons who lived there – a Daniel Sanford. Not all of them are buried at the homeplace. There are about three Sanford cemeteries in Stafford County. Lawrence Jr is buried at Newington, along with his wife. Things were going on in Orange County at that time – it wasn't the wilderness.

Some of his brothers went to Alabama, some went to Mississippi, one of them [Thomas Sanford] went to Texas. He was married in Stafford County. His wife died after a few years, and he left and rode horseback to Port Isabel in Texas and joined Zachary Taylor's cavalry. He signed on as a cavalryman with his horse and saddle. After he served his term in the army fighting Mexicans, he was coming back to Orange County, and stopped in Cannon County, Tennessee. He knew that some people from Virginia and Stafford County that he knew had migrated to Tennessee, so he was traveling through the country by horseback about 10, 20, or 50 miles a day, and stopped in at a place called [Drift Through?] and he stopped there to visit these people, and fell in love with somebody [Elizabeth R. Wharton Taylor, a widow] and married her. Soon after he was married, they had a hunt and he shot a deer, and the deer went in the mill pond, and he went in the mill pond to get the deer out of the water after he shot it, and got pneumonia and died. One of his daughters was born after he died [Elizabeth] and they've got her traced to California.

Another one of Lawrence Sr's sons, Daniel Sanford, lived on the banks of the Tombigbee River in Greene County, Alabama, where he ran a cotton warehouse, and he had sons that came to Virginia and fought during the civil war – we've got records of that. My brother Walker has been to Greene County, Alabama and found the graveyard. The homeplace is gone.

MSS: I'm trying to figure out what the migration pattern was. I know the first one came over from England and I'm trying to figure out where he came in.

RLS: Well, he [Robert Sanford] came in near Stratford. He took possession of some land in the proximity of where Stratford Hall is. His name was Robert Sanford. They came in through Hampton Roads, up the Chesapeake Bay, up the Potomac River. They've dug up graves there adjacent to Stratford Hall and other places where the first settlers came in, and the average life of a man was about 30 some years and the average life of a woman was 28. They can judge by their teeth. They lived hard.

MSS: Is he the one that lived on Nominy Creek?

RLS: Probably was, but I'm not sure. That Walter Sanford book has got a lot of information in it.

MSS: Who is Walter Sanford?

RLS: He came from Stafford County. We're related to Lawrence Jr and he's related to Thomas, Lawrence Jr's brother. This Walter Sanford is Catholic. He was married into the Catholic church. The way I first ran into him – we went up to Washington on a bus trip for a hearing on whether or not to build the

Salem Dam - a dam they wanted to build on the Rapidan River at a place called Salem Church that would back the water all the way up to Remington in Culpeper County, cover up the railroad tracks at Remington, a tremendous federal project, and some people wanted it and some didn't. A lot of the farmers didn't want their land to be inundated with water, and when the hot weather came and the water dropped down it would be mud flats. People in Fredericksburg wanted it to ensure a continuous water supply.

So, they were holding this congressional hearing, and one of the boys from Rapidan at lunch time says there's a man out here in the hall who wants to see you; says he's kin to you. I said I don't know him, and the boy says well, his name is Walter Sanford. I talked to him and he told me he had a copy of Joseph Sanford's will and had been up there to the home place and had found where the cemetery was. His interest in being at this hearing was that if they built the dam it would cover up the homeplace and cover up the cemetery. He wanted to make sure that if it did happen, he wanted the cemetery moved properly and relocated. He said I don't want someone with a front-end loader putting the stones in a dump truck and carrying the stones off and put them up somewhere and say this is it. I went to lunch with him and he showed me the will but he wouldn't give me a copy of it. He said he paid a lot of money to somebody in Fredericksburg for the will and the will had come out of Stafford County Court House. When the Yankees occupied Stafford County during the civil war, they ransacked everything, and all the official records, clerk of court records of Stafford County, got dissipated and thrown around and stolen. He had bought a copy of this will from somebody ran a hardware store in Fredericksburg. Anyway, after that he wrote up a book and brought a lot of history together. He went to Greene County, Alabama, and all these places and got the records and put them in a book.

He [Walter Sanford] lives up in Alexandria. Walker knows him and knows where he lives, and he lives on Sanford Street. He's got a son with Down Syndrome or some kind of problem – he's in bad health. He writes to me and calls me and we talk about the cemetery. He sends me money and he got funds together to take the old fence down and put a chain link fence around it. He wants to see somebody else get interested in helping take care of it. While Sam was living in Fredericksburg and Steve was living there and he could do something, they used to go out there. Gene and Walker came out there one time. Walker and I were the last two to go out there. We went down and cleaned it off.

I've got a picture here of Lawrence Sanford. Of course, Nancy has the original. I've got a good picture of Tom taken when we were married. Have you ever seen those?

MSS: I've seen one of you when he was married but I'm not sure if I've seen one of him when you were married.

RLS: We were married in '48 and he was married in '50. This is a map of an Indian mound in Orange County. You know what an Indian mound is?

MSS: A burial? Where'd you get this?

RLS: I stole it. I found it in a pile that came from Willow Grove. They asked me to carry all this stuff to the junkyard and throw it away. I began to sift through it and I found a lot of things. The Indian mound is on the bank of the river.

July 25, 1992

RLS: I'm going to tell y'all about Tom's load of hay he took down to Faraway from up here [Woodley]. You remember that, Tom? We had loaded the wagon, we were moving, and in the process needed to move the hay. We took that old wagon and filled it with loose hay, put all we could pile on it, and put a boom pole across the top and put some other things on the wagon. A watering trough, and various things, and two horses, and that morning Tom started here at the barn which is another mile over here and took it down to Faraway. I'm going to show you his route. We're going to basically follow that route.

TJS: Sam was with me.

RLS: Sam was on there? I didn't know that. So, he came out with the wagon, got on this road right here that had been built and went on into Orange. You didn't go to Brockman's Store and make the turn, did you? You went by the railroad, the back street, 38.

Now we're going to talk about Colonel John Willis and where he lived. The last farm he had was right behind the co-op here, right across the railroad, the last house he owned. When we get up to Orange, we can show you Mayhurst, the house he built when he left Rockwood. This is the house that Colonel Willis built while he was living at Rockwood and he moved over here in 1860.

TJS: What I remember about this place is this is where we had Nancy's coming-out party.

MJS: I didn't attend that, did I?

RLS: I don't remember anything about that.

TJS: When she [Nancy] came back from Accomac, she'd been over there 3 years, she didn't know any of the girls in Orange from school, so Mama had a hot dog roast somewhere down here on the grounds [of Mayhurst] and invited the people, girls and boys, that she would have been contemporaneous with. I remember cutting sticks to help cook the hot dogs.

RLS: This house [Mayhurst] was Colonel Willis' house. A. P. Hill had his headquarters tent in the yard. During the time he was here his daughter was christened in the Episcopal church. You see it was a very expensively built house. After the civil war things were so tough, he couldn't pay his debts, so he sold this part of the farm. He kept the Howard Place and he started over there, and the year he got over there his wife died. He was there with his children, and he tried to farm it, but he failed there also. Then he went to his friend Colonel Gary Scott's and lived in the cabin with a dirt floor, and that's where he died.

When Tom was hauling the hay, he had to go up there, this road wasn't here, so he had to go into town, and zigzag through town, and get back on 20 and head to Unionville. It was a hell of a year in '38. Tom was 14 years old, and it took a long time to get down there, and he didn't start early.

TJS: I let the horses poke too much.

RLS: Well, they had to poke.

[Discussion of road changes in Orange.]

TJS: He arranged to put the horse in somebody's garage and I went on home to Faraway with Daddy.

RLS: We had a crop of wheat up at Rockwood and we had to take the team up there and cut that wheat. Didn't you go to Mr. Reynolds with me and spend the night over there? We had to bring a horse back down here - just one horse - we probably borrowed a horse from Reynolds. I don't know. We had at least four horses. I remember cutting that wheat down there in that ice pond field. Watsons and Smiths lived down there in that house. We kept the horse in the Reynold's barn that night. When we left, the Reynolds invited us to come see them if we ever had the chance.

Now we're on the other road that Tom came down with the hay. Here we will come to a little place, a post office called Rhoadesville, that was our mailing address when we live at Faraway, and also at Rows Mill. We're almost to the post office. It's just a nice little village here called Rhoadesville, named after a family of Rhoades that lived here. The post office is not even open now. A little further on is the church we came to for Sunday school, the Rhoadesville Baptist Church. We came up here for church and Sunday School, Christmas, Santy Claus, things like that. It's a nice church; it's been added onto twice. The last two wings were put on in the last 25 years at least. You notice it has kind of a serpentine wall around the cemetery. Some of our people, the Rowses, are buried here. This is the house on the right where the Superintendent of Orange County Schools lived. He advised Mother to give the George Thomas letters to the Alderman Library at UVA.

TJS: When we moved from Rows Mill to Rapidan, on the last load, we had the truck body double decked. In under there were Ellie, Gene, and Brena, and on top were some chickens. We stopped at the post office here in Rhoadesville. They were so embarrassed that some people they knew might see them. They still remember that.

RLS: Route 650 is where Tom turned off going to Faraway, and by the time he got along in here it was getting dark, and we were over at Faraway and Daddy said I wonder where Tom is. We got a lantern and came over here in the car to find where Tom was. Somewhere along in here is where we met up with them. This was a sand and gravel road then. I think we let you get off the wagon and I took it. I brought the bacon home and let Tom go home and eat supper. But it's a long ways back in here. I was 18. We're coming up to the intersection where we used to walk to the school bus.

MJS: How did they find this place?

RLS: It belonged to Uncle Wallace and Roland Hill. Chester Hazard's mother and father owned it and they wanted to move to Orange, so they put the place up for auction. Uncle Wallace and Roland Hill were down here and somehow or another they made a bid just to try to help the price on the place, and it was knocked out to them. They didn't want it. There was a man named Eavers, Mrs. Eavers and her son and daughter lived in the house, and they had to move out of the house because we were going to have to move in. They let us come down here; this was our place to move. It's a long ways back in here. I think Tom was more than halfway back in here when we found him coming. It wasn't a bad house and it wasn't a bad location. It had a very good situation. We weren't in a position to buy anything at that time. We did a lot of work on the place, cleaned up some of the fields, and built fences. The other people were just living in the house. Mr. Eavers had died. He was a livestock dealer. He'd died and his wife and daughter were just living in the house. He wasn't really farming it. Mr. Eavers Sr had died, and they were just living there. He was a livestock dealer, a horse breeder and trainer - show horses, workhorses. and so forth, in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, D.C. They used to put horses on the train here in Orange in the box cars, and Daddy and Uncle Wallace would be on the train, and they had to feed and water them, clean out under them, take him to New York. They went to New

York on a train. It was a good experience for them, safe. That goes to Sunnyside - that's where I went to school down in there. Sunnyside School.

MJS: Is that where you caught the bus?

TJS: Caught the bus there. Took an hour and a half to get to school.

RLS: These were nice people who lived here – Mr. and Mrs. Young. We knew them they were kin to the Hazards.

Faraway

RLS: OK, this is the beginning of Faraway. We're going to drive up here. It's a right pretty place. See the little house up here on the hill on the right, that little bungalow? That's essentially where the house was. It was a two-story house. I don't know if there are any pictures of it. That house was built after we left here. It was finally sold, and the man who bought it tore the house down. Hollis Boston built that house. Now this road going in here is a right of way going on through to where



the Gooches lived. Mrs. Gooch was Mary Hazard's oldest sister, so there was a lot of connection with the Youngs, the Hazards, the Gooches, and other people who lived out here. That pond was built later.

MSS: Is there anything here that was there then?

RLS: Maybe some of this barn was here. I know the man who lives here, Bobby Pace, he's a good friend of mine. Down in this bottom here was a watermelon patch, truck patch we called it, that's where we caught that snake that Walker and I took to school and let loose in the auditorium. Remember that fence down there about halfway down from this house was the line. We cleaned that field out and had it in corn. That's the Gooch's place. You might remember Mama talking about the woman with the threshing machine?

TJS: I have to say one thing. I never had any concern about what was going to happen to us, but I do remember coming home from school one day and found Mama sometime during the day out back of the house sitting down leaning against the house just bawling. I don't know what had gone wrong; it wasn't a good day.



RLS: Soon after we moved down here, Uncle Buck came down from Charlottesville one day to visit us and brought Aunt Alma. I don't think he brought any of the children, Dorothy or Jimmy, but he came and finally got here. He was up there on the porch in a

rocking in a chair, telling us all the troubles he had trying to find this place, but he found it somehow.

TJS: I'm not sure I've been here any time before we came down here with the horse and wagon.

RLS: I think you and I and Walker and Daddy came down here in the Model A pickup and took some fence down up at Woodley.

TJS: I've been talking recently to a friend of mine, Mary Walker Dillard from church, who knew this woman Terrell who went to school with Jo. What Terrell was that?

RLS: Lila Terrell.

TJS: Well anyway, she also knew Hazel Gooch. Maybe she knew Hazel's mother. She said she's 75 years old. She told me she was born in 1918. She's from Spotsylvania County and she knows all about Mine Run and all those places, knows the Chisholms, knows a lot of people. I thought she went to school with Jo in college but she didn't. She just knew somebody who did.

RLS: I want to tell you about taking John back up to the sale. We had a team of horses and one horse was named John, and he was a wild, fast horse, and the day of the sale at Woodley I was designated to get on him and ride him up to Woodley so he could be sold that morning. I got up about daylight and got the saddle and bridle on him, and John and I went down through the Gooch's place and came out on 522 somewhere, and got on old 49, and went on route 20 the road to Orange, and followed route 20 up to about where the airport is, turned off on Squirrel Hollow Road, and that road went through and intersected Church Run, and came through there by Dofflemoyer Mill, and then came out over at the colored Zion on the old Gordonsville Road. I rode from colored Zion on up to Madison Run School, and went up the lane, I was up there by about 8:30. He was fast. He just trotted all the time, and he'd gallop along ways. He was designated to be sold, but he didn't sell. We brought him back again. Daddy was sorry he got him but he got him back. We brought him back down here, took him to Rows Mill, and they had him over at Rapidan, because I remember reading a letter that Brena wrote me while I was in the service that John had kicked Daddy on the leg when he was hooking him up to something and he said the son of a bitch couldn't hit him with his foot. After that they sold him. We were here about a year. I don't remember exactly when we moved over to Rows Mill, Tom, do you know what day and year we moved over there?

TJS: We moved over there before school started.

TJS: There is a sequel to the John story. I brought that damn horse from Rapidan to Rows Mill I guess four or five times, back and forth. We were getting ready to move, and he was a very fast horse. You'd hook him up with another horse, and John would pull the whole load until he wore himself out and then he would get down to where let the other horse do something. You ask a horse who do you want to work with, he'd say I want to work with John.

RLS: His father was a thoroughbred horse, a blood horse, race type, riding, jumping and all that. He wasn't a Percheron. John was half Percheron and half thoroughbred. Uncle Wallace sold him to us. I guess he knew what he was doing. He would pull, he would just go like the devil. He was a good size, rawboned and big. But he had that blooded feature. They like to go fast.

When we were living over here at Rows Mill, I was at Willow Grove, you know, I wasn't down here, but I came every now and then. I spent my senior year at Willow Grove. I graduated from high school in

June and that summer of '39 we were living at Rows Mill, and Walker and I worked on a road job on 522 building bridges for a contractor, so I know we were over here about a year at this place. The reason we went to Rows Mill as I understand is that it was a better place to live closer to the road and the woman that owned it was kin to Daddy, a cousin. She ran a nursing home in Richmond. Her name was Maude Row. She owned the place and had people there she didn't want to live there any longer, and we moved over there. So, we lived at Faraway maybe not quite a year, maybe a little less than a year. As you look into the family history, Grandmother [Lelia] Sanford had a brother Weister and she had two sisters Evelyn and Blanche. They were the four children. Aunt Blanche who was the sister of our grandmother Lelia Sanford married Tom Rowe from down this way. [editor's note: Blanche Johnson married William Dawson Row.]

TJS: Nobody in this family likes watermelon. Speaking of the watermelon patch, I think that's where Daddy was in his glory. He raised watermelons, and he had enough of them to take somewhere and sell them, peddle them. That was after we moved to Rows Mill. He sold watermelons.

I don't guess you know. Who was Maud Row to us? The girl I went to school up here with?

RLS: She was Maud Row Pritchett. Her mother was Lelia Row, she was a sister to the older, the Maud Row who lived in Richmond. She never did marry. She was a real big, heavyset woman. She was a cousin of Daddy's. One of Daddy's father's sisters had married a Row [Jane B. Sanford married James W. Row]. I've got to get that straight; I don't have it straight. And Maud Row had a sister named Lelia Row (look at Mine Run) and she had a daughter named Maud Row Pritchett, the one you went to school with, she was a twin. P.W. [Philip W] Pritchett was a twin. P.W. was her twin. He was kind of slow. He had brain damage or something connected to his birth that gave him a problem. He was killed in Richmond not too long ago, maybe 10 years ago [1987]. He was riding a moped, and was hit at an intersection, and as a result of those injuries he died. He was likeable; Sam and Ben liked him.

I want to point out where Rows Mill was and why it's named Rows Mill. Here on the left where those trees are is where the mill sat. It wasn't a big mill, but it was a mill. It had a millpond. The old road was down below this one about 50 feet, and it came up on the dam and went across the dam, and all this area back in here was underwater, and was nothing but a mass of old stumps and things. It was kind of a filthy-looking millpond, but that was Rows Mill pond. And this is Rows Mill farm right here where we moved to. It had land on both sides of the road. We were sitting up there one night. Jo had gotten her first car. She was a home demonstration agent in Stafford County. She had a '39 Chevrolet gun-metal grey two-door sedan with a radio in it and all this good stuff. We were sitting up there one night in the yard on a Saturday night, listening to the radio in the car.

TJS: All nine of us.

RLS: We heard a crash on the highway down here, and this man had come across this road driving drunk in a '29 Chevrolet. I think he was coming from Fredericksburg, and one of our classmates named Hal Young was driving a car for the Faulkner family going the other way, and they had a head-on over there. It just knocked the car all to pieces, but they never could find the driver. Nobody was there, so we came running down here in the car. The Faulkners lived up at Unionville in a nice brick house up there, went to the Rhoadesville Baptist Church. They wanted to go to the doctor, so we loaded them all in Jo's car, and stopped at Mr. Faulkner's house up there. He came out; he thought we were driving his

car because it was the same color, '39 Chevrolet gun-metal, but he had a four-door and we were driving a two-door. We took him up to Doctor Hankins, got the people bandaged up, and brought them back. Finally, he realized that it wasn't his car. He stopped me one day and says, take your sister's car up there at Rhoadesville to Whites Store and tell them to fill it up with gas and charge it to me.

MJS: Who was driving?

RLS: I was driving Jo's car.

The next morning, Sunday morning, we were up there in the yard, and this man walked up there and wanted to know if we could give him something to eat. He wanted to wash his hands and get some water out of the well. He was the driver of the car that caused the wreck, and he had been hiding down in the bushes all night because he was drunk and he didn't want anyone to catch him.

TJS: My little part: I was left here with this wreck and didn't know where the man was. I kept thinking where in the world is he. I thought he was over there in the car dead. We didn't know. We were out looking for him the next morning. I heard some noise outside and I came downstairs and went out there and there he was out there in the yard, blood all over him. We gave him water. I don't know why but I stayed here. The police investigated, and I don't think anyone was ever prosecuted in the case. We don't know where the man spent the night. I guess he was drunk and stayed in the field.

Rows Mill

RLS: We'll go to the house of Rows Mill farm. The house that we lived in was torn down or burnt down or something. A new house has been built there, and the girl that lives here now is a daughter, she's Hazel Gooch that lived over next to Faraway in that house right beyond Faraway. She married a man named Kube and they've lived here a long time.

TJS: We had seven kids going to school.

MJS: Where did you catch the bus for school?

TJS: Right down here. We moved to Rapidan in 1941, so we lived here two or three years. Maybe it was 1940.



RLS: Well, it was on the porch of that house, the old house, that Walker and I got in a fight. He had my white shirt on. He was getting ready to go out there and get up hay, and he wouldn't take it off, and we got in a fight, just kept on fighting, and Mama said if we didn't stop, she was going to call the sheriff. We were fighting about my shirt. He had on my good white shirt, getting ready to go out in the field and get up hay and get it dirty, and I didn't want him to do it, and he wouldn't take it off, and I had no resort except to just start fighting.



Rocky Pen and adjacent Sanford cemetery

MJS: What was the date when the Sanfords lived here?

RLS: The Sanfords lived here during the Civil War, and how much longer I'm not sure. It was a large family. See on the dates of the tombstones. Joseph Sanford stayed here, another one went to Alabama, another one went to Texas. Remember, he was the one who fell in the millpond. The original fence around this cemetery was described in the will of the Lawrence Sanford Sr. who lived here. He described it to be built out of rocks and laid with hydraulic cement. So, they put up a rock fence and what in those days they called hydraulic cement, what we would call concrete today. And that stayed here a long time until it fell down, and then they put a wire fence with posts, and that got bad. And then this Walter Sanford wanted to put up a new fence, so he got contributions for it. Even Monk Sanford gave us \$25. And Harry and Sam and Isaac, remember him, he worked for me, we came down here and took the old fence down. That was part of my contribution. It was a hell of a job to get it down. We took it down there toward the cliff over the river. And then Walter Sanford and his Uncle Bill made arrangements for Sears and Roebuck to come up here to put up a chain link fence.



There's graves all down that side. Come and look at one or two of these. [William Willis Lee] Benson born in 1815, died in 1855. [Elizabeth T Sanford Benson] daughter of Lawrence and Apphia Sanford died September 1855 aged 30 years and eight months, "I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord."



Nobody's going to bother you in here, there are no snakes. [Jane Bunbury Sanford] October 10th 1806, August 5, 1849, it was her pleasure to serve her maker and comfort her parents." This is Lawrence

Sanford, War of 1812, born 1778, died 1858, so he died before the civil war. This is Lawrence Sanford the father of the Lawrence that came to Orange County and lived at Newington. "In memory of Lawrence Sanford," and there's a scripture but I can't read it. He served in the War of 1812. Walter Sanford did a lot of this.

MSS: What about his son, is he here?

RLS: No, he's in Orange County, buried at Newington.

MSS: So, is this the oldest one here?

RLS: Not necessarily. There's a Joseph here.

TJS: He came out of Egypt.

RLS: Joseph was born in 1744, died in 1828. He was a revolutionary war soldier: Joseph Sanford, Captain Fautleroy's Company 5th Virginia Regiment of the Virginia Line, Revolutionary War. Joseph Sanford was 84 years old. We think Joseph was Lawrence's father. So, we had one in the War of 1812 and one in the Revolutionary War.



It won't take us long; hold your horses. Sanford 1839. Elizabeth Swetnam, "In memory of my dear mother," Elizabeth Swetnam, wife of Benjamin 1850 to 1885, "asleep in Jesus." This person's daughter lived in Fredericksburg and Sam knew her. She's buried in Fredericksburg; she kept the cemetery a lot, too. And this is "In memory of Agnes Swetnam, December 13th 1861 in the 14th year of her age."

Joseph Johnson bought Woodley and Berry Hill, Berry Hill being his home. He made it his home, and he lived up there with his four children, Weister, Lelia, Blanche, and Evelyn. Lelia married Walker Sanford - you have to check the exact date on that - and soon after that they came to Woodley. We know they were there when daddy was born in 1881, so they probably came there in 1878 or 79. [they were married in 1880]

Mitchells Presbyterian Church

OK, we're at the Mitchell's Presbyterian Church across the street from the Mitchells School. The sign says it was built in 1879 and the fancy painting [trompe l'oeil] inside was done in 1888 by Joseph Dominick Phillip Oddenino, an Italian immigrant artist on horseback or in the saddle. This is the church Mama went to as a child. Uncle Buck had the pig that followed them to church, walked in the church, said, "Oink, oink."



TJS: She [Suzanne] is thrilled about that train. She was always wild about trains.

Goldenrod Farm

RLS: This is Goldenrod. Now owned by Langdon Williams. This was our front gate here. We didn't you use it all the time. I think it's two or three families living here now. You know it's pretty here, looking out through there. Ben built a building here that was a garage. It's been taken down. That's the old barn that was originally here. This was our shop, remember the shop, Tom? Daddy built this shed over here. That's the hen house we had built, it was the poultry house. Tom Fincham built it, remember that, Tom?



TJS: I helped build that thing. I helped Daddy to lay off the corners.

RLS: Ben built that shed back there, and built this dairy barn here, but everything's changed, it's grown up here now. Doesn't look very nice.

TJS: Did he hire Fensham to come down here and build it?

RLS: This was part of a loan. When they bought the place, they had to have a chicken house and raise chickens, so they built that. Tom built a septic tank, dug it out, lined it with the concrete forms up for the concrete cement, that was after I came back from the war, Tom, but I believe you had the line dug and I helped you hook up the plumbing from the house, is that right?

TJS: I don't think we had much of a drainage field.

RLS: It had a fairly good one. I remember Mary coming up here on the bus, getting off the bus in Orange and we met you in Orange. I had my car and Tom didn't have a car up here at that time. That's right, me and Thelma were already married, we were married in '48. Do you remember that, Tom? The bus station was down there near where the old Safeway was, where the McDonald's is now.

Rapidan Village

RLS: Soon after this new bridge was built, Steve came down here driving a '58 Ford station wagon, and put some black marks down on that bridge with the tires when he was goosing the motor. Somebody called me and said your son's been down here blacking up the bridge with his tires. That's the old freight depot.

TJS: The fellow back there invited us to go in and look at the passenger station. It has some pictures of a train. You can see the window where we used to buy tickets. It had a white waiting room in there, and a picture of this area through here taken in 1900 showing the tracks coming right on through here.

TJS: We were shucking corn, and he came over and got behind the mule and made him go across. I got here in town, and he wouldn't go under the underpass, so I got off and sat down on the road and cried.

RLS: Was it a white mule?

TJS: Yeah, I don't remember how I got him under that underpass.

MJS: How old were you, Tom?

TJS: Well, it was before we left Woodley so I was 12 or 13 years old.

RLS: That mule got loose in the field and was headed down the road coming back this way, coming home. We got within a mile of Orange, and we caught him. We couldn't put a bridle on him, had to pull him, and he wouldn't come, and Daddy put a rope around his neck. We had to drag him on all four feet. I'm surprised he didn't shoot him. That mule was on this place down here when I bought it in '52, same mule. Yeah, he came back down here. I think he died there on the place before I cleaned it up.

Grandpa [Lewis] had a game he'd play. He'd get you to raise your hand up and hold your it over your head, and he'd go in the other room and shut the door, and you were supposed to hold your hand up over your head for one minute, and he'd knock on the door and say, I'm coming in, and he'd be able to tell you which hand you were holding over your head. You know how he did it? He always had the right one. Now he didn't peep, he could tell you every time. He could tell which hand was white. We couldn't figure that out for the longest kind of time. He could take a sheet, hang up a sheet up in the house somewhere, and he'd get behind the sheet, have a lamp, he could do his fingers and show all kinds of designs through the sheet like a duck eating corn.

I was riding in the buggy with Mr. Reynolds going up to Orange one time, we came down this hill right here, the horse fell down, feet slipped out from under him. We did occasionally bring milk to town in the buggy. We had Dolly, a horse we hooked to the buggy. It saved having to put in gas in the car. One time we were bringing in the milk into town in the buggy, and we went around that little tin cup alley, you know where you took the hay, Tom, and the wheel on the buggy collapsed, and we had to take the milk off in the ten-gallon cans and try to get it down to the train. The damn buggy broke right flat down. We had to unhook the horse, ride home on the horse, come and get another wheel for the buggy. OK, that's the end of that one.

July 26, 1992

Newington

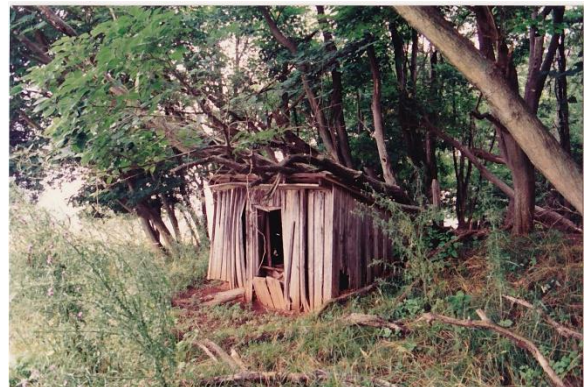
RLS: We're heading towards Newington at Hawfield. We are at the site of the old Orange Chapel Methodist Church that was located at Hawfield estate. It is now the church has been removed some 30 or 40 years and they have a Grange building and they have a pond and a lake. When I was in the soil conservation service in Orange County in the 1950s, they made the pond and did some work on this. When I was the soil conservation manager before I went to work. So now we're going to Newington,

Lawrence Sanford's homeplace. OK, we're at the corner of Lawrence Sanford's Newington place, and the road at this corner is 626 Brushy Mountain Road that goes over the mountain, and we'll go straight ahead to the entrance to the Newington home of Lawrence Sanford and Lucy Henshaw Walker, his wife. The house was burned in the 50s, late 50s, and we'll see what we can see when we get there. Hopefully we can get in and see the cemetery. We're the on the road leading from Hawfield Grange to Clarks Mountain Road. We're at the intersection of 617 and 627, the place known as Everona.

All we can see here is the foundation of the house, the basement walls. It had at least a partial basement under it. You can see where the chimneys were, and see the back steps where someone came out the back door going towards the outbuildings. It is entirely and completely grown up. Very little that you can make sense of.

We're now at the back of what was the house. You can see the back entrance to the basement, shows where the bricks were. You can see the steps and chimneys - a sycamore tree growing up where the chimney was that's at least 24 inches across. There are no yard landscaping shrubs. For 30 or 40 years it's been pasture. Yes, there was a small orchard.

They sold us to J.P. Walters in 1908 or 1910, something like that. That seems to have been either a little small poultry house or had plant beds to root sweet potatoes, grow tomato plants. Looks like a little greenhouse. It's a big place. It had upwards of 300 acres. In the Clarks Mountain book by Hurst [The History and People of Clark Mountain, Orange County, Virginia, by Patricia J. Hurst] it tells you something about the acreage. When Patricia Hurst wrote the book about this place, she couldn't find a painting or a picture. Several people helped her reconstruct what they remembered about it, and it came out pretty well. It looked a great deal like the picture that Aunt Lucy painted that's in the hands of Nancy over at Accomac. I'm not sure when this house was built. The original house was built in the 1700s and added onto. That building that looks like a silo, it's a round building, it looks like there's a water reservoir, they evidently had a ram that ran the water up to that, and the water then flowed back down to this house, it would be high enough up for it



to flow back. That was a very normal thing that they had back in those days. It's made out of concrete, hydraulic cement.

MSS: Look at this, it was an orchard. There's a pear, and another pear.

RLS: This appears to be a road that went out this way, and came into the back of the house, and went up to the back door. I expect it's been metal-detected pretty well, but you can always find something else. There seems to be no end to it. This building looks old. This was a smokehouse. There's a pit in the bottom, there's meat hooks. They're just made out of iron. There are holes up here where you hang hams and shoulders over the burn pit for smoke. You can tell the cattle have been in here licking salt. There would have been a lot of salt as part of the curing process. These things were made slightly sharpened to stick it into the side of a piece of meat and hang it up. These fence posts are cedar. Some of them have been split. but most of them are round. You see they had a place to tie a horse to here, maybe a gate. That's drain field tile that was made to be put in but was never put in for some reason, or maybe it's been dug up. That's part of the corner of a building. You can see there was a porch. The chimney was there. That's the outline of the chimney.

If any of us had known at the time the place was for sale for \$30,000, that's what it sold for, if any of us had known...

CSW: And you weren't aware, Daddy?

RLS: No, I did not know it was for sale.

MSS: I can't get over how close the cemetery was to the house.

RLS: This house here is listed on a list of ghosts of Orange County. There were supposed to have been ghosts in this house, that people could hear them talk. Ben and I brought Granny here. We could drive up here in the car, the house was here, it was before the house burned. We wrote down some of the inscriptions on the tombstones. This is 'to the memory of our dear child Lulie Sanford born April 1861 died September 28th 1880.' There is a tall stone in the middle of the cemetery, "In memory of Laurence Sanford born June 2nd 1814 died



November 11 1898 blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God Matthew 8, Lucy H wife of Lawrence Sanford September 24th 1824 November 27th 1915." She's the one I showed you the picture of sitting on the porch at Woodley. She was 91. "Our mother asleep in Jesus." It's got the same design on both of these stones, see a little engraving of leaves and palm leaves. They both have pointed tops. One is curved on the side, not exactly the same a little different. "In memory of little James." He would be a brother to our grandfather. "Eight years old." It says RT and MS Walker aged eight years. Walker evidently son of R.T. and M.S. Walker. I think that's another Walker. It's Marion Walker aged three weeks.

MSS: This one says "In memory of Mary S Walker born March 26th 1842 died August 3rd 1873." I wonder if it was always breezy up here. What a nice spot for a house. MSW that's Mary Walker's footstone.

RLS: Lawrence Sanford was a Methodist, he went to Orange Chapel and maybe other Methodist churches out at Unionville, but Orange Chapel was the one he went to the most, nearby. That was at Hawfield Grange. And at one meeting in the church, a prayer meeting, he called on his neighbor a Mr. R.L. Halsey to lead in prayer. Mr. Halsey said, "I can't do it." So, someone else did it, but after church, as they were leaving the church, getting back in the buggy, Mr. Halsey came over to Lawrence Sanford and said, "Mr. Sanford, don't ever call on me again to pray in church." Mr. Sanford said, "Well, why not?" Halsey says, "I don't know how," and Laurence says, "Well damn it, you learn!" And that was that.

A Mr. Martin who lived in Unionville, I think his name was Sanford Martin, and was kin to some of Sam's mother-in-law's people, the Martins related a similar story, where they had Lawrence Sanford and his wife had come out to Unionville to a week of Bible services in the Methodist Church. They attended a week of revival services out at Unionville at a Methodist Church. Coming home the last night in the buggy, had Walker Sanford our Grandfather was with his parents, he was riding in the back of the buggy with his feet hanging down on the back. As they got down to the cornfield at Newington, they could hear the neighbor's bull had gotten into the cornfield, could hear him knocking down corn, pulling the stalks over. Laurence Sanford said "Walker, get over in the field and run him out of there, run him to hell, get rid of him!" So, these are hand-me-downs, I hope they're accurate.

You asked for something about Grandpa Sanford, my father, Harry Sanford, and his musical temperament and personality. I know he liked music, and was a member of a little choir group in town, similar to a barbershop quartet. They would go around, he would play, and they would sing. I guess some of his children had the music. Aunt Ellie was an organist and Aunt Lelia could play the organ. I don't know what Aunt Lucy did in the way of music, but there was some music in the family, definitely. Yes, my father sang in the choir at the Presbyterian Church here in Orange. But that doesn't necessarily mean he had a real good choir voice, because anybody they could make get up there and sing in the choir, they sang in the choir, whether they were good or not, I don't know. But he did like music. He liked to get us children to play the gramophone, wind it up, put certain records on it. He liked the Old Rugged Cross and some of those old hymns. They were squeaky compared to what we hear today, but he liked them. Steve, my son Steve has a medal that Nancy gave him that one of Grandpa Sanford's sisters got when she went to some school down in Caroline County. It was a medal in music ability. It would be interesting to see what that was. It had an inscription on it, but she was into music pretty good, and of course my mother, she liked music also and could play the organ by ear. She could read notes, she could play the piano and the organ - she picked it up.

MSS: Was your family in very close touch with Aunt Ellie?

RLS: Ellie left here and went to Enfield, NC. There was a lot of correspondence, but she didn't come here. She probably didn't know all the children. She couldn't walk into the family of eight or ten children and identify them. She kept up with Aunt Lucy and Aunt Lelia, had a real bond between them, they kept up with their two brothers and their families, but it was a long ways from Accomac to come up here to visit. Aunt Lucy didn't get here very often, came at special times, maybe for a wedding or a funeral and neither did Aunt Ellie.

MSS: How did that Lucy get here from Accomac?

RLS: She had to come down to Cape Charles, she'd get on a ferry and come across to the mainland, and then she would ride a train to Fredericksburg, and then on the railroad to Orange. In the 20s they had cars. They would drive but it took a long, long time. You had a flat tire every now and then, we had flat tire every time we turned around. In the 20s and 30s We carried in the car a hand pump, a jack to get the tire off the wheel, a patching kit to patch the tube and pump it back up, put it back on the car, and run.

Woodley

RLS: The walk was made like this walk here, about four or five feet wide. You can see it in the photos we have. The fence went right across here. We'd park out here with the car. The boxwoods weren't there. Here again when we had the funeral for Lucy, the house was out here. This walk went around the house all the way to the back door, and all the way this side to the doors.



MSS: Were these spruce trees here?

RLS: No, there were coffee bean trees. None of these dogwoods were here. We had maples. We had a row of boxwoods you could see it in the photo up each side of the walk, small, we planted them. When Mr. Niven bought this place, it was just cluttered up with boxwoods and overgrown, and shrubbery all against the house and everywhere he had to get rid of it to do the work, and they needed to be gotten out of the way anyway.

MSS: What's the deal on this brick here?

RLS: That's typical of the time. It's to keep the water out of the basement. That's new. The porch and the steps are essentially, the columns are the same, and then you got that window that's supposed to be 13 panes, one for each of the colonies.

MSS: Is the siding original?

RLS: Yes. He took it off, and cleaned it up, and saved the nails, and put the same nails back in. These are handwrought nails. Colonel James Madison, the father of the president, had a big blacksmith shop over there where they made nails, made spikes, and all this type of hardware nails. Obviously, I don't think this is original, but it's as near as they can get. It's a duplicate. The windows are very good and put in right and caulked up, makes a big difference. This window, we used to crawl in here, Daddy would lock the basement up, they kept the apples and the vinegar and the molasses down here. We'd crawled in here and get the apples whether he wanted us to get them or not. Daddy said before his father bought the place, there was a slave that was dissatisfied, and he started a fire here, and tried to burn the house down. They found it before it caught on fire too much. He built a fire right against the end of this house.

MSS: Is the brickwork original?

The chimney is original. All this brickwork is original, it's been pointed up. If he had to, he took a section out and put it back nice. I don't know what kind of bond this brickwork is called. I'll try to describe the yard a little bit for you. Starting right over there in the backyard of the house near where the old ice house used to be and we had the carriage house. The carriage house shows in that old photo I showed you. The carriage house was taken down, and that was where we had the gas tanks, and the car, to put the car in the garage, and then the ice house, and below the ice house were two hen houses. Of course, that was taken down, and Mr. Walton built this as a garage. We had a gate went right out here and walked up to the barn. We bought the cars and trucks and things into the backyard all the time to work on them. Grandpa Lewis used to park his car around behind here in the yard. See those big rocks over there on the hill? That's where that slave cabin was sitting, over where that tree is now. It was an old slave cabin that had been converted into a hen house, and then it eventually fell down or was taken down. It had a big chimney, a central chimney, with an upstairs in it for sleeping and cooking. Two rooms downstairs, a shingle roof, and hand hewn in logs in it.



MSS: What did you use it for?

RLS: Well, it was on Uncle Wallace's land while we lived here. He used it for a hen house. The tenant house was set right beyond that, and they used it as a place to put a car in on this end. The smokehouse has been moved from where it you saw it in the photo, and moved over here by the Waltons. That's new construction put there as an incinerator. Look in the basement here. It has a new floor in it. It goes all the way through to the other end. It didn't used to do that. This was a fireplace just to heat the rooms. We stored things down here. We didn't use it very much. Come on out!

Everything back here is changed a great deal. We had an L-shaped place that came out of the kitchen. That was taken down. These are the doors that were here when we were here, and they had a bar on the doors on the inside, they were here when we came here and Daddy kept them, and you could bar the door, we just barred the doors at night. You couldn't get them open. Why fool with a lock and key – we just used the bar. This is the room where we had the funeral and the room right above this is where I was born and Walker was born. It was Mama's and Daddy's room when they lived here. They lived here when they were first married, before his mother and father died. When we came back here from Rockwood sometime in 21 or 22, we moved to Rockwood, Jo was born at Montpelier. Walker and I were born up here.

Just to the left of that tree, that was the line between Uncle Wallace's land and our land of Woodley, and the slave cabin sat right up there on that flat land. He's put a brand-new foundation under that smokehouse. It had a wooden foundation and sills under it, and we moved it over here. Right where the cedar tree is here, that's where the old gas light – what did they call it? They had a gas system in the house for lights. They made gas out here in a tank, and it was piped in, and had gas lights - not propane. The house had gas lines around going into each room, and had gas lights, very modern. That little building was there. It had a solid rock walls and a slab of concrete, and a lot of people who

came here and didn't know any better said, well that was where they locked up the slaves, to punish them. I said, "What the hell?" It's been torn down recently. I think that's remnants of it laying right there. This is where the old icehouse was for the house. We had one here, and one for the barn. This icehouse was about 16 or 17 feet deep, and probably 20 by 20. The pit in the ground 20 by 20. One time we were getting ready to go to school in the morning, and we missed this bull, and he had come down here during the night, and had fallen in the ice house. He was down in there.

MSS: How did you get him out?

RLS: Well, Daddy put up a pulley up in the top of the icehouse. He took a rope down and tied it around the bull, hooked the rope up to the bumper on the car, and pulled him up on the side and got him out of there. That's what you call ingenuity and improvising.

MSS: That's why he learned those agricultural and mechanical techniques at VPI.

RLS: The backyard went down to about where this rockpile is, and we had a vegetable garden over in the corner at where the corner of that building is, went down about 50 feet to the branch, an acre and a half in the garden. The water system coming from the spring came right in the yard here. We had a hydrant here in the yard that ran, you could draw all the water you wanted.