From Porch Swings to Patios

An Oral History of Charlottesville's Neighborhoods
FROM PORCH SWINGS TO PATIOS

An Oral History Project
of
Charlottesville Neighborhoods
1914 to 1984

Prepared By The
Department of Community Development
Charlottesville, Virginia
1990

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The Albemarle County Historical Society

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I would like to especially acknowledge the many hours of assistance I received from my sister, Velma T. Parmerton, toward completing this project. She arrived in Virginia in the Summer of 1988 to escape the Florida heat only to be handed sixty tape recordings for review and comment. Her perseverance proved her status as a true historian and her objective perspective was invaluable.

Wilma T. Mangione, Editor
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Foreword

"I hold it a noble task to rescue from oblivion those who deserve to be eternally remembered."

Pliny the Younger

This book is the result of a two-year oral history project focusing on neighborhood changes in the City of Charlottesville. Most of the interviews contained here were done between 1982 and 1984. It is valuable in two important ways. First, this oral history documents a part of local history that might not be otherwise preserved. Secondly, it can serve community leaders as a resource in thinking about the future.

In many ways, Lawrence Brunton, a long time resident and former mayor of Charlottesville, is responsible for the initiation of this oral history project. It was his informal reminiscences to Satyendra Singh Huja, Director of the Charlottesville Department of Community Development, that set in motion plans to record and preserve the recollections of some of Charlottesville's older residents on the history of their neighborhoods and the changes that have taken place.

In explaining the purpose of the project, Mr. Huja had this to say:

"Many planning decisions, programs and activities are made on the neighborhood scale. Therefore, it is important to understand how a neighborhood has evolved to its present state in order to direct its future development.

Each neighborhood has its own physical characteristics, but the social intricacies of the areas are more relevant to what is defined as a neighborhood unit. Each neighborhood has its own 'personality,' determined by age, race, income mix, land use, character of building - the total environment. The best source of information on the type of social infrastructure that has developed in the neighborhood are the residents. Interviews with residents reveal a great deal in terms of the neighborhood and its visions for tomorrow."

In 1982, an advisory board made up of area humanities scholars and interested residents was chosen to help organize the proposed two-year project. A matching grant from the Virginia Foundation for the Humanities and Public Policy was obtained to finance the planning phase. Ms. Eugenia Bibb, a local historian, was named to carry out preliminary research on Charlottesville and its neighborhoods. Student interns from the University of Virginia acted as interviewers. From the project's beginning, it was suggested that the collected material be made available to the public and that the collecting of oral history in Charlottesville become a continuing effort by which the City would preserve its history. The time period which these recollections represent is from 1914 to 1984. Residents interviewed represented various social and economic levels in the community.

The city of Charlottesville is, at present, divided into twenty-nine definable neighborhoods. This project began with the idea that representatives from each of these neighborhoods would be interviewed. However, since most of those interviewed are older residents and have relocated several times, many of their recollections are of the earlier neighborhoods of the community, not necessarily those in which they live today. Since growth and development in the city was relatively slow up to the 1950s, the number of early neighborhoods were considerably less than today's twenty-nine. Therefore, not all present day City neighborhoods are represented here.

The reader is asked to be aware that times remembered invariably are colored by many things - especially by the experiences of those who are remembering them. How often we have reminisced with a brother or sister and found that they account a family incident much differently than we do! This is one of the pitfalls of history but it is also this individual perspective that keeps historians searching for that bit of information missed by one observer but seen by another.

Nor is there a claim that the accounts reproduced here are all historically factual. They are presented only as what they are - recollections of the residents - as they remember them. It is gratifying to find such diversity in their perspectives.
**Persons Interviewed**

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Mr. Huja and Mr. Brunton
Charlottesville Oral History Project
Neighborhood Boundaries
"Porch life" is a term social historians have applied to the gathering of family, neighbors and friends which took place regularly during fair weather on the verandahs or front porches of many of America's homes around the turn-of-the-century. Such use of porches was a strong tradition until after World War II. Then, an increasing population, new home building patterns and changing life styles moved the gathering place to the more private back yard. There, more than likely, the "patio" was to be found.

The porch life of a neighborhood began when the day's work was over and neighbors would drift to one porch or another to sit, relax and chat. The focus was the porch swing. It could hold two adults quite handily and at least four small children. Its squeaking, as it moved back and forth, meant that the last dish was put away and the apron was hung up for the day. It could also mean that a playmate had finished dinner early and was patiently waiting out front for you to join in an hour or so of catching fireflies in a glass jar. Fireflies made the best of night-lights on the bedside table on a warm summer night. Young people of "courting" age might linger on the porch after others had retired, their conversations kept low in order not to disturb (or be heard by) their elders.

The recollections herein begin in the early 1900s, when the porch life tradition was strongest, and ends in 1984, well into the era of the patio. A brief look at Charlottesville's earlier history and some important developments along the way are offered here as a framework for the personal accounts which are to follow.

Charlottesville's History

Albemarle County, named for the Earl of Albemarle, then royal Governor of Virginia, was established in 1744. Taken from the upper (western) portion of Goochland County, it encompassed the present counties of Albemarle, Fluvanna, Buckingham, Nelson, Amherst, and Appomattox. A courthouse was built near Scottsville, which was then near the center of the county.

Buckingham, Nelson, Amherst, and Appomattox were removed from Albemarle in 1761, and a small strip of Louisa County was added along its northern boundary. This created a need for a more centrally located county seat. A site was selected on the Three-Notched Road, a major eighteenth century east-west route which threaded through the Rivanna River Gap in the Southwest Mountains on its way to the Blue Ridge. The new county seat was named Charlottesville.

A tract of 1,000 acres was purchased, and a site for the Courthouse was selected. The plan for the town was laid out southwest of the Courthouse site and consisted of fifty acres subdivided into fifty-six half-acre lots forming a grid between Jefferson and South Streets. This plan was approved by the Virginia General Assembly on December 23, 1762.

Named for Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg, wife of George III, the new community of Charlottesville was a planned community from the start. The site, a knoll safe from floods, was in a group of hills divided by one long ridge into two major drainage areas. A two-acre public square was set aside. Charlottesville's new court house was destined to be frequented by presidents Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe, both of whom resided in the county on two of the large plantations which made up the surrounding countryside.

The Main Street of the town was the Three-Chopt (or Three-Notched) Road, the major east-west route of the area. There were four east-west streets and five streets running north and south. The east-west streets were Main (Three-Chopt), Jefferson, Market and Water Streets and their names survive today. The north-south streets were Court (now Fifth Street, East), Union (Fourth Street, East), School (Second Street, East), Green (First Street), and Hill (Second Street, West). Another early street, Maiden Lane (High Street), was added later.

As with most early rural county seats, life in Charlottesville revolved around the court house. Law offices surrounded Court Square and commercial establishments were close at hand to serve both town and country patrons.

Charlottesville's future as a University town began in 1817 when Thomas Jefferson personally surveyed the land for his "Academical Village," the University of Virginia. The University grounds were originally designed to house ten professors (and their families), who would instruct the students living in the 109 rooms which lined the Lawn and Ranges.
By 1818, Charlottesville had a population of 1,500 and the town was spreading to the north and west of Court Square. The area north of Jefferson Street, known as Anderson's Addition, became a part of the town. There were more small annexations in 1860 and 1873. Still, it was not until after 1840 that the commercial area changed and Main Street emerged as the central business area. The western-most section of the downtown area was called Vinegar Hill, and the businesses and residences were largely owned and occupied by the town's black population.

Travel opportunities opened up when the railroad arrived in town in 1850, via the Louisa Railroad (later the Chesapeake and Ohio line), and Charlottesville was able to benefit from the industrial development movement which was sweeping the south. An extension of the Southern Railway System from Orange to Lynchburg through Charlottesville in 1885, intersected the earlier line and divided the town into four sections.

A transportation hub developed on West Main Street between the downtown section and the University. The Union Station (the Southern Railway terminal) was built in 1885 and hotels, restaurants and other services developed to serve the travelers. The Midway School building was part of the West Main Street scene. Located where Midway Manor now stands at the intersection of Ridge Street and West Main, the first building on the site was constructed in 1828 as a hotel to serve visiting families of students at the University. The demand being less than expected, its use adapted to need. It housed a private preparatory school for boys in the 1880s and and was replaced by a newer building in 1893. Midway School eventually became the principal public secondary school for the area, serving both city and county students. An annex was added to the rear when more space was needed for high school students. The annex was demolished in the 1950s, and the main building was torn down in the mid-1970s.

Several private schools were set up in the area. In 1857, the Albemarle Female Institute was founded at East Jefferson and 10th Street. It became the Rawlings Institute in 1897, closed in 1909, and reopened as St. Anne's, an Episcopal School for Girls, in 1910. It was moved to its present location on Ivy Road in 1939.

By 1842, increased enrollment had caused overcrowding at the University and an ordinance restricting boarding off-grounds was lifted. Twelve dormitories which were built on Monroe Hill relieved the problem somewhat, but it was eventually necessary for local residents to take in boarding students. Rather than being viewed as an added source of income, many residents felt it was a civic obligation to provide housing for the students. The tradition still exists, to some degree, in Charlottesville today.

In 1888, Charlottesville became an incorporated city after several annexations had increased its area to 781 acres and the population had grown to 5,000. Park Street was established as the new residential area for the town's doctors and lawyers and Ridge Street emerged as the neighborhood for the town's prosperous businessmen.

A streetcar system, the Charlottesville and University Railway, was established in 1887. The cars were pulled by horses or mules. The company merged with a competing electrified line in the mid-1890s and a spur line ran all the way out Jefferson Park Avenue to Fry's Springs, where the Jefferson Park Hotel was built above the "healing" springs located on the site. After the hotel burned in 1910, the site was developed and promoted by the railway company, its owner, as an amusement center. The entrance fee was the nickel fare which was required to ride the streetcar to the premises. An open-air theatre and a dance pavilion made this an important gathering place for community residents of all ages. About 1912, the streetcar line was extended west on Main Street and north on Rugby Road to a turn-around just south of the Rugby Road (Beta) Bridge. The line served the community until 1935 when it was replaced by motorized busses.

In 1910, the population of Charlottesville was a stable 6,765 while the census listed the county as containing 29,871 persons. Black residents (about 20 percent of the city's population) were employed in domestic service (many at the University), in farm work and in businesses of their own. Blacks and whites were segregated but relations were friendly and cooperative. Most families had lived here for several generations and as almost everyone recognized almost everyone else, newcomers were quite conspicuous. The total regular session enrollment at the University in 1910 was 1,500, as much as the population of the entire town had been in 1818.

Up to 1910, the Levy Opera House, or Town Hall, had served the town with many wondrous entertainments. Jenny Lind had been one of the more noted attractions. The Rotunda and its cumbersome annex had burned on October 27, 1895. The Rotunda was restored but the Annex was not. By 1910, electric and gasoline powered automobiles were beginning to supplant the horse and buggy. Charlottesville's first car had been purchased by J.P. Ellington in 1906. Bad roads and low fares kept the
railway system healthy for the time being in spite of the increasing popularity of the automobile.

The availability of the automobile gave Charlottesville residents, like most of the country, an unprecedented mobility. New residential areas began to be developed, especially around the University where housing demand was high. Many houses in the old neighborhoods, such as West Main and Ridge Streets, were being abandoned as new development lured residents away. Formerly owner-occupied homes became rental property.

By the 1940s, this migration and the popularity of the automobile had resulted in West Main becoming an auto center for as many as twenty-four sales and service establishments. However, Main Street was still the principal east-west route through Charlottesville and the main merchandising center. This continued until the 1950s when the present 250 By-pass to the north was opened, creating an new east-west route and encouraging business development along Route 29 North. The automobile brought other changes too. Public bus ridership declined and the Southern Railroad had reduced the number of trains from a peak twenty-two per day to a mere twelve by 1960.

In 1951, Charlottesville hired its first planning engineer and in 1954, the Charlottesville Housing and Redevelopment Authority was formed. Vinegar Hill and Cox's Row (now Westhaven Housing Project) were identified as blighted areas and were slated for urban renewal. The Vinegar Hill project was part of a plan to make way for the expansion of the downtown business area to serve the needs of a growing population. Displaced residents were to find new homes in the Westhaven Public Housing Project.

The south side of Wertland Street, another turn-of-the-century neighborhood which developed near the University, was rezoned from residential to business use in 1958. This rezoning was another attempt to make land available for business development downtown in order to compete with less expensive suburban sites which were luring commercial development away from the core of the city.

Still, as late as 1950, Charlottesville was a relatively compact community. McIntire Road was just a narrow fifteen-foot road and Cherry Avenue was just being planned. It was to go east only so far as Ridge Street. The neighborhood market was still the provider of most of the grocery needs in the community. The large supermarkets which supplanted them came later.

The student enrollment at the University doubled between 1960 and 1970. The population of the city continued to grow, to 38,880 by 1970 and 39,916 by 1980. Retail sales increased as did the number of shopping centers and other commercial establishments. Urban and suburban growth continued in all directions but more so to the north and west. Record numbers of visitors, the nationally prominent and the unknown alike, came to the area known as "Mr. Jefferson's Country" as the nation celebrated its 200th birthday in 1976.

Route 29, the main north-south artery through the city was dual-laned and then four-laned, paving the way for more development. Inter-state Highway 64 was completed and created even more changes in the business and development patterns of the city. The old downtown area was declining and forward thinking community leaders fought to make it economically viable again. As a result, the Downtown "Mall" was completed between 1976 and 1986.

Charlottesville was growing. More jobs created the need for more homes, schools, parks and services. Between 1942 and 1962, the employment base of the Charlottesville community moved from agricultural to service and industry. "Charlottesville has emerged from a large country town into a small metropolitan center," Dr. Lorin Thompson, director of the University of Virginia Bureau of Population and Economic Research told the Daily Progress in 1962.

What kind of growing pains has Charlottesville experienced in the 1900s? More than some communities but many less than most. Charlottesville sent young men went off to World War I as did other cities across the nation. The economic depression of the 1930s was felt but most of the local businesses were able to see it through and go on to prosperity. World War II practically emptied the halls of the University but it survived. Charlottesville not only weathered the racial strife of the 1960s but had benefit of leadership which enabled test cases to be tried here that set precedents for the whole nation, both blacks and whites.

Personalities

It is difficult to discuss the history of Charlottesville without mentioning the people who contributed so much to the physical and spiritual growth of the community.

Three people were instrumental in the westward movement to Charlottesville from the Tidewater area. Peter Jefferson, father of Thomas Jefferson, and Joshua Fry were fellow surveyors who were responsible for the earliest mapping and development of the area. Thomas Walker, Charlottesville's original land commissioner, drew up the earliest deeds and offered prizes and money to encourage move-
ment westward to Charlottesville.

Among his many achievements, Thomas Jefferson contributed to the eventual growth of Charlottesville when he planned the University of Virginia (founded in 1819 and opened in 1825). The University, then one mile west of the village of Charlottesville, is now a major part of this community and contributes to its growth and economy.

In addition to Jefferson, the names of James Madison, James Monroe, Jack Jouett, George Rogers Clark, Meriwether Lewis, William Clark, and John Mosby are important in the history of Charlottesville and have helped to preserve its spirit as a community of value and heritage.

Architecture

Eighteenth century Charlottesville houses were generally small, rectangular, story-and-a-half structures. Toward the end of the century, the more substantial Federal style appeared, built of brick made from mature clay, as were earlier structures. With post-bellum prosperity and growth came the transformation of Charlottesville into a town rich in Victorian and Colonial Revival structures along with fine vernacular interpretations of the high styles. The Colonial Revival remained the dominant style well into this century. This attests to the lingering conservatism of Charlottesville’s architectural preferences, and its strong association with its past. The neoclassical style of Thomas Jefferson was also a dominant force in the building of Charlottesville.

The earliest structures appear to have been constructed of both timber and brick with neither material dominating. With the exception of one small brick residence at 410 East Jefferson Street, no eighteenth century city structures have survived, although several rural structures have survived in areas annexed by the city. Nineteenth century Charlottesville expanded to the north and west of Court Square, where lots were most valuable as legal and mercantile centers. Main Street did not emerge as the preferred commercial area until after 1840. Precious few early nineteenth century structures have survived, and even fewer in their original condition. Through listing on the National Register of Historic Places and local architectural controls, the City is currently working to preserve architecturally and historically significant buildings.

Charlottesville began as, and continues to be, a community which offers opportunity and hope for a desirable quality of life. The following dialogs bear testimony to the development of the city, its neighborhoods, its neighbors and some of their struggles and triumphs. This is how they remember it.

Midway School in 1960 (Now location of Midway Manor)
Charlottesville's first "Downtown" business section was located around the Albemarle County Courthouse, the focal point of town. Residences, churches and schools developed to the east and west on Market, Jefferson and High Streets and along their cross streets. It was not until the 1840s that Main Street emerged as the Downtown Business District. Then for over 100 years, Main Street grew, prospered and served as the heart of the city. It was not only a place to do business but, just as important, a social center—somewhere to see your friends and neighbors.

As suburban shopping centers, with their large, convenient parking lots and new marketing techniques began to open, business was steadily lured away from Main Street. As profits fell, maintenance to some of the buildings was delayed and the whole area began to decline. Also, many of the large, downtown homes were being divided into apartments by absentee landlords.

In the early 1970s the decision was made to close off and eliminate vehicle traffic on five blocks of Main Street. It was agreed that the street be bricked and the area landscaped to form a pedestrian-oriented mall. The first phase of this revitalization effort was completed in 1976, and the mall was extended in 1980.

Although the pace of revitalization was at first slow, and suburban competition continues to grow, downtown has enjoyed renewed prosperity. In 1985 the western end of the Downtown Mall was completed and anchored by a new hotel. Trees, benches, fountains, informational kiosks, outdoor seating for restaurants and activities at the Central Place have replaced the original roadway jammed with cars juggling for curbside parking. Now local residents, tourists and workers stroll, hurry, jog and sit in the bricked space which once was Main Street.
Recollections of Elizabeth B. Gleason

Elizabeth Gleason is a Charlottesville native who grew up on East Jefferson Street. Her parents also grew up in the Charlottesville/Albemarle area. Mrs. Gleason was a social worker in the Welfare Department for a short period before she was married and began a family of five children. She entered the city political arena in 1980 when she was elected to the City Council. She was re-elected in 1984 and served until 1988. She is married to Charlottesville pediatrician Dr. Charles H. Gleason. They have lived in the Rutledge neighborhood since the 1960s. Mrs. Gleason describes life on Jefferson Street in the 1920s and 1930s and some of the changes throughout the city over the years. She also talks about her "newer" neighborhood, Rutledge-Meadowbrook Heights.

I lived at 813 Jefferson Street until I was about 18 years old. It was an entirely residential neighborhood at the time, and very close to the business district on Market and Main Streets--and to the law offices which clustered around Court Square. I've also lived on the 500 block of 14th Street and on Oxford Road. I lived in Iowa for one year while my husband was doing a residency. My father and mother both grew up here. My father was with People's Bank [Editor's Note: now Sovran Bank]. Mother taught school for three years before she was married. Although primarily a housewife from then on, she continued teaching as a substitute.

"Downtown" is my old home territory. The Downtown, Belmont, Fry Springs, and University were the only "areas" people talked about. High and Jefferson Streets were all residential. There were no businesses until the east end of Market Street. All the town's law offices were located around Court Square. Now, of course, practically all of High Street has been turned into law offices.

As I grew up and by the time I began high school, the neighborhood was already changing. Jefferson and Park streets were still residential (no law offices there then), but owners of single family houses were beginning to add apartments by the middle-to-late thirties. It was still a white collar neighborhood, but Market Street, a block away (east), was always a blue collar neighborhood and it was beginning to creep up. Many railroad workers lived on Market Street and in Belmont too, because it was convenient. The railroad was right there. During my elementary school years, everybody on Jefferson Street owned their houses. By the time I was in high school, some were being used as rental property.

I attended McGuffey Elementary School and Lane High School. The high school, in my father's time, was Midway. It was a double building. It was called Charlottesville High School later on and then, in the 1930s, it was renamed Lane High School in honor of a principal named Lane. We have a new high school building near where we live now and it is called Charlottesville High School.

There is one historic house on the southeast corner of Jefferson Street with cottages in the yard, next to the Foreign Science and Technology Building. There were two more houses beyond that, to the east, one moderate and one large. The street beyond, Ninth Street, was an alleyway; now it connects with a bridge and is a thoroughfare.

St. Anne's School was at the end of Jefferson Street where the Jefferson Medical Building now stands. It has since moved to Ivy Road. We walked to school and church. I went to kindergarten at St. Anne's. The lower grades were co-ed. The upper grades were for girls only. The school was sponsored by the Episcopal church. I was in the Camp Fire Girls and we met in the Presbyterian church [where the Jefferson National Bank parking lot now is]. There was no such thing as carpooling or being driven everywhere then. Most of the residents worked downtown and walked to work. If you had a car, it was used to take rides on Sunday afternoon.

Among the prominent families in the neighborhood were the Gilmers, the Jarmans, the Barneses and the Robertsons. The porches on some of the houses on Jefferson Street, including ours, have been removed. This has really changed their appearance. The rectory of Christ Church was a
large old brick which was next to St. Anne’s. Christ Episcopal was between Jefferson and High at Second Street, N.W. The prettiest big homes were on Park Street. That was the most fashionable street to live on downtown. Ridge Street was another very pretty street. About the same time Jefferson Street was in transition, so was Ridge Street, with more and more rentals and apartments coming in.

Band concerts in the city have been events where the downtown neighborhoods congregate, and this has been going on for over 60 years. I think Charlottesville has the longest continuing municipal band in the country. They played in Lee Park at one time. The Monticello Hotel had an enormous search light on the top of the building which swooped down over the city once a month—and always during parades. The parades were led by a band which was made up of volunteers. We had parades on Armistice Day (November 11), and on the birthdays of General Lee and General Jackson. Every year, Miss Carrie Burnley, the principal at McGuffey School, would walk her students down, two-by-two, to Jackson and Lee Parks with memorial wreaths to be placed at their statues. Burnley-Moran School was named partly in her honor.

I vaguely remember being taken to the dedication of Monticello Hotel. I could only have been about two years old. The hotel and the National Bank were the only “skyscrapers” in Charlottesville prior to World War II.

I can recall when the St. Anne’s and the Midway Buildings were torn down. The older, nearer to the street, portion of Midway was used for city offices before the current City Hall was built. The new City Hall building is now on the site of an early architecturally important home. The city did much soul-searching before that house was removed, because it was one of the oldest houses in Charlottesville. The Children’s Home, an orphanage, was a big building in the neighborhood which is gone now. Fortunately, we are learning to re-use some of the old buildings now, rather than tear them down. The Foreign Science and Technology building facing Jefferson Street, replaced an enormous, beautiful house where the Miller family lived for a long time. The Vandegrifts also lived there. General Vandegrift, the Commandant of the Marine Corps during World War II, was born there. Some other buildings that were torn down include a large house on West Main Street which was replaced by the Sears building in the forties and Judge Dabney’s home, which was lovely and had large boxwoods in front—right on Main Street. Bernard Caperton’s and Ann Woods’s Antiques Shops were originally homes, and on the other side of West Main,
is difficult to assess how closely-knit the neighborhood community is these days. That is one thing which has changed over the years in the neighborhoods—women work and no one is ever at home. If you have young children, the children visit back and forth, but our children are grown now. Also, if you travel on foot, you might not want to go up and down our steep hills. The composition of the neighborhood is white collar, middle class people, with a lot of University association. There are fewer children in the community now, but that will change soon as a natural cycle comes to full circle.

This area was mostly creeks and woods. There is one historic home, Dunlora, on Rio Road—a very beautiful place. The Greenbrier Elementary School was important to the development of the neighborhoods and later on, of course, Charlottesville High School was located here.

The people who live over on Meadow Creek have flood problems due to all the paving in the flood plain. There was a lack of planning and foresight. The natural environment of Charlottesville makes house values high. The same is true because of the University. The town has a cosmopolitan air that few other towns this size can claim. The tax rate here is fairly high because of the level of services provided. Constant updating of regulations should be implemented in neighborhood planning.
Restoration in the North Downtown area has gone beyond simply the saving of its older structures. As one house after another has been rediscovered and reclaimed in the last twenty years, a true neighborhood feeling has been restored along with the buildings. The North Downtown neighborhood is bordered by High Street on the south, the U.S. 250 Bypass on the north, Locust Avenue on the east and McIntire Road on the west. It includes Park Street, once the undisputed "best neighborhood" in Charlottesville and still one of its most attractive streets. Leading into the downtown area, this wide street, with expansive lawns leading up to large, well-kept, turn-of-the-century houses, speaks of a bygone era of prosperity and security. At the southernmost end of Park Street near the commercial center, many of the large homes (whose upkeep became a burden to aging owners) escaped demolition when they were adapted for use as offices for lawyers and other professionals.

By the 1960s many residential streets in North Downtown were in decline. The revitalization of the area, particularly on North First Street, began during this period when people such as Joe Bosserman, an architecture professor at the University of Virginia, saw the unique historic value of many of the area's large homes and began restoring them. Their appreciation of the architectural detail in these grand old houses has inspired others to become part of the revival of North Downtown.

The North Downtown neighborhood was once spoken of as the place where Charlottesville's doctors and lawyers lived, and it is still occupied mostly by professionals and white-collar workers. The many children of these young families have given the old neighborhood a new vitality and the promise of continuing good health.
Recollections of Clayton Coleman

Mr. Clayton Coleman, who died in 1989, lived most of his life in Charlottesville. He grew up on Lexington Avenue, then the edge of town, during the 1920s and 1930s and lived for many years at 820 E. High Street. He also lived at 805 Cabell Avenue. Mr. Coleman was the owner/operator of Coleman's Jefferson Shop, a men's clothing store on East Main Street, for fifty years. He began his business during the depression but managed to survive that economic crisis. He served on the Charlottesville City Council from 1956-60. His recollections include many of the physical changes of both the downtown and University areas.

Lexington Avenue was an area of mixed economic backgrounds. There were railroad men who made good wages as well as doctors and lawyers. We had deep lots and most people had gardens and kept chickens—but no pigs. If you went three blocks out Lexington Avenue you were out of town and in the country. My mother bought butter from a lady out there. Milk was delivered to your door by a horse-drawn wagon. The horse knew the way and when to stop. Ice was also delivered and put into your ice box. A sign (furnished by the ice company) was put out where the ice man could see it and determine how much to deliver.

I played a lot on the land where the Martha Jefferson Hospital now stands. Then, the hospital was a two-storied, ten room building situated just north of the present site. The hospital treated a considerable number of broken arms because it was common then for a person who was cranking a car to start it, to get struck on the arm by the crank as the car fired up. There were only four or five houses past the Martha Jefferson Hospital. Actually, they were small farms with houses on them. I used to go sleigh riding out there as a boy. St. Anne's School, a private Episcopal girls' school, was located on Jefferson Street. While living on Lexington Avenue I often saw the uniformed students marching near the school. The girls were seen as "privileged children" by me and my peers. The Children's Home, an orphanage, was located at Market and Seventh Streets. There were quite a few children there. It had private and public funding. Philanthropist Paul McIntire lived in the neighborhood then. There is a service station now where the McIntire house was.

Part of the Riverview Cemetery on Market Street was once a golf course. Market Street was a middle class neighborhood and was the main route to Richmond. When we were in the East High neighborhood, the railroad cut High from Belmont, and Court Square was a separate neighborhood. There was no Preston Avenue through Rose Hill, which was another separate residential section. West Main Street was the only throughway. Where the sidewalks beside the Court House are now, there were once one-story, one room, lawyers' offices and each had a fireplace. These were eventually torn down. There were two grocery stores on Court Square, Johnson's and Edmond's—where you could phone in your grocery orders to be delivered. I miss the intimacy and personal touch of the old stores. You knew everyone in the neighborhood. I knew the customers of my store and what merchandise they wanted me to carry.

On Water Street there was a "tie lot" where farmers hitched their horses and wagons when they came into town on Court Day, the first Monday of each month. This day brought a lot of people into town from the surrounding countryside, and was an important social and business occasion. There were water fountains and troughs for horses at the tie lot on Water Street, and also lots on Court Square, and Vinegar Hill. The neighborhood dogs enjoyed these too. Most of the local bridges charged tolls. I recall that "free bridge" didn't charge because the state built it. The old fairgrounds were near the Chi Psi house which is on Rugby Road near the 250 Bypass. There was an oval race track and a grandstand, and fairs and carnivals were held there.

My house on Cabell Avenue was once a Baptist parsonage, and was built about forty-five years ago. When I moved into this neighborhood twenty-five years ago, there were nearly as many houses as there are now, but far fewer people and cars, be-
cause there were not as many rental units and fraternities and sororities. These cause parking problems and the police often ignore violations. The natural growth of Charlottesville has been to the North and West. Business development in the Pantops area to the East has been haphazard and is not attractive.

One of my fondest memories of those first years here in this neighborhood is eating at the "Preston" boarding house of Mrs. William (Charity) Pitts who was an excellent cook. Preston was a large, white, former farmhouse that had belonged to the Preston family. It is next to the Preston Apartments on Grady Avenue.
Recollections of Josephine Boyke

Josephine Boyke was born in Covington, Virginia in 1901. Her family moved to Charlottesville in 1907 when her father came to work here in Martin's Hardware Store on Main Street. She lived for many years on Altamont Street and worked in Charlottesville most of her life. Her recollections reflect the important social role the churches played in the early 1900s in Charlottesville.

When we first came to Charlottesville, the whole town was different. There were hardly any restaurants downtown. We stayed at the Queen Charlotte Hotel until we got a house on Cedar Avenue. We stayed there a year and then took a house on Little High Street for about two years. We moved to Altamont Street when I was about 10 years old. I've lived in one or the other of the two houses my father built there all my life, except for the fifteen years I was away--either at school, work, or married and living in New York.

The day I finished high school, I went to work in the National Bank and Trust Company as a bookkeeper. We had four bookkeeping machines where you stood up and posted all the accounts. They weren't anything like they are now. We had four bookkeeping machines and four bookkeepers. We posted the ledgers in the morning and in the afternoon we changed to the statements, and often at night we had to stay. At the end of the month it would sometimes be twelve o'clock before we got all those statements out. And if you were ten dollars short, you stayed until you found it; don't kid yourself! Even on Christmas Eve once we stayed until twelve o'clock looking for $50. All the tellers, bookkeepers, and secretaries stayed until we found our mistake. But they used to take us out and feed us when we stayed late. I worked there for a long, long time and saved a little money. My daddy taught me not to charge but to try to save, and I don't think I made more than $45 a month, or maybe $65. But that was big money! So I saved enough and decided I would go to college.

Most of my friends had gone away to college, but I hadn't. My father said he wouldn't help me because it was silly to give up a job to go to school. I went to a Baptist school in Louisville, Kentucky, which is now the Southern Baptist Seminary. They kept the boys and girls separated then. I was there for three years, graduated and came out during the depression, and there weren't any jobs. They weren't hiring anybody in the churches, so I couldn't find a job anywhere. I went back to the bank as a substitute.

A friend who lived in Washington, D.C. told me of a bank job there which I took, and I loved it. Those were the days you could walk all over day or night. But I had applied for a teaching job for mentally defective children in New Jersey and that job finally came through six months later. I worked there for about four years. I met my husband there. He owned a delicatessen and lived in Ridgewood, Brooklyn, New York. When the marriage ended about thirteen years later, I came back home to Charlottesville and found there had been a lot of changes in those fifteen years. Most of my friends were married and had children and grandchildren. I got back into the church. But the town itself wasn't changed too much. I went to work at the University Hospital but quit when my father died. I had to take care of my mother who was ill. She only lived five years. Later, I went to work at the Martha Jefferson Hospital. At age 65, I had to retire. And then I went to work at University Hospital in the linen room.

We didn't bother too much with civic groups when I was growing up. In those days I was in the church. Mostly the BYPU - (Baptist Young Peoples' Union). They call it a training union now (BTU). It was quite a thing to belong to in those days. All the churches in the state competed for a loving cup and the Baptist Church got it. One year we went down to Virginia Beach. Young people from all over the state came down with their ministers and chaperons and we took a whole hotel for a convention. That's where we won the cup. M.C. Thomas went along. Dr. Angel (Mr. Angel then) was our minister. Mr. Dickerson, who had Dickerson's on Main Street, where Smith's (Smith's of Bermuda closed in 1988) is now, was there.
The church had a lot of activities, and I taught Sunday School to the primary children when I was only 16 years old. My father used to say that if I spent any more time at the church I would have to take my bed there. But we loved it! A lot of students from the University came down to church. All this was going on when I was young. That was when the students went around in their coats and ties. We used to have hot dog roasts and hayrides. We walked many a time up to Monticello and took our lunch. We never went in twos, there were always eight or twelve of us together. We had a lot of University students coming in. We always had receptions and parties for them. Most were Baptist students, some were ministers' sons, and most of them were working their way through the University.

When I was growing up on Altamont Street, everyone owned their own home and had only one car. Now, with all the students, you can hardly park your car. Everyone knew everyone else, and those up on Altamont Circle, too. Nan Crow lived here, and so did the McNultys, and the Robeys. The Robeys had a big department store on Main Street. There were all small homes on Altamont Street when I was growing up. The Crenshaws and the Southalls lived right across the street from me. At the top of the Circle, there were big family homes. There is an apartment building there now. Anyone living on the Circle was considered wealthy, and anyone living on Ridge Street was also. All had beautiful homes, well-kept, with flowers. Everyone worked in or around Charlottesville.

On the Fourth of July we would have a nice big parade and everyone would go watch. There was always a beautiful outdoor play at the University on this day. They had lovely plays at the University. We also used to go out to Fry's Springs on Saturday night and see the movies free. We'd ride the streetcar. We loved that! And we'd go down and get water from the springs. We also used to go to a spring at Monticello near the road, and after we got a car, my father used to drive up there to get water. The water here (in town) wasn't as good. We used to have a lot of fun at Fry's Springs. The movies were comics. I was really young then and all of us kids loved them.

There were two wooden railroad bridges, you know. One by the Queen Charlotte [Hotel] and one by Midway School going toward Cherry Avenue. Believe me, the first day I went to school at Midway, my father told me to cross the wooden bridge to get home and I took the wrong one and got lost. They had the policeman find me.

In the neighborhood the older women got together and had coffee after dinner (12:00 noon), and did their crocheting, knitting and gossiping. I suppose. They went home when it was time to go get supper. My mother never went to the church groups like I do. I spend half my time there. People were all different denominations in the neighborhood. Everybody went to church. We had services at night. There was no television, and just a few movies. There was a Presbyterian Church where the bank is and the Baptist Church of course. When the windows were open in the summer you could hear the singing from each one on Sundays. On Sunday nights there were people on the streets walking home from church. Everyone went. I just grew up like that.

I didn't take much interest in politics. In those days, the women didn't get out and do much. My mother never voted. I did as I got older. My father never talked politics. He was a Democrat and that was that. But I vote either way now, whichever way I think is best. But women didn't do much politicking around, as I know about it.

My brother used to skate along Schenks Spring, which went through where Lane High School is now, when it was frozen. When Lane High School was built, people were worried about it disturbing the neighborhood. Some houses did have to be torn down to make room for it. An old empty wine cellar was around where McIntire Plaza is now. We used to pick blackberries there. We played hopscotch, ring-around-the-rosie, hide-n-seek, tag and farmer-in-the-dell. People made their own recreation. We did a lot of roller skating right out in the middle of the street. I've skated all the way down Park Street and the ice wagon would pull me back up. They delivered ice every day but Sunday. That was about all there was to do but it was a lot of fun. When I was growing up and in high school and working, we did a lot of walking. We walked up to the observatory. We'd have six or seven girls and six or seven boys and pack a lunch. Most of the young people went to work after high school. Not too many went to college.

When we went to the movies, my father insisted I had to be home about 10 o'clock. If I had a date with a student for the 7 o'clock movie, he'd bring me home and run back to catch the last streetcar to the University. The streetcar ran up Main Street. That was in the old Jefferson Theatre on Main Street. I've seen beautiful plays there. They don't call it that now. I've also seen some beautiful, lovely events at old Cabell Hall at the University. I saw Fritz Kreisler, Madam Shubenosky, and Padrewski there.

The University was small. Students all lived
in homes, not dormitories or apartments. And the churches would get names of students and their denominations and invite them down to services. They would join us and ten or twenty of us would go out on outings like hayrides where we’d build a big bonfire, or we’d have watermelon feasts. Seems we were always hiking somewhere. My father wouldn’t let me dance. On single dates you usually went to the movies. We saw good decent movies. A lot of love stories. I liked the musicals best.

Some of the changes in the city I don’t like. On Park, Jefferson, and High streets there were all nice, lovely homes. Now people have moved to the outskirts and those homes are all offices. I don’t like that. I don’t see how you can expect to have downtown prosper when the people who work there go home and not downtown to shop. They’re building so many different things outside of town. They say the homes were too big to keep up. Then they put students in them. I’m sorry to say it, but when you put students in a place, they don’t take care of it. That makes a neighborhood go down. And we are used to seeing it so pretty. We speak to the new people on the street in the apartments, but we don’t know them. They’re mostly students and they’re moving in and out. They’ll holler at me and they’ve offered to shovel snow from the steps and get anything I need, but you don’t really see them that much. They’re busy. You don’t know them.

I remember World War I, of course, and how we stood and cried and whooped and hollered when the men left. Of course, when the armistice came we all got out there and did the same thing. My brother went up to Richmond to join the infantry twice. They kept him about a week both times, but then sent him home because his feet were weak and wouldn’t stand up to the training. He was always sorry about that, but it happened.

The biggest change in Charlottesville was that mall (downtown), which I don’t like. It’s progress, I guess, but I don’t particularly like it. When I grew up you knew everyone in the bank. People stayed in one place so you got to know them. Now they switch them around from place to place. You knew all the tellers, and they knew you. You knew the clerks in the stores. Now you go in and they don’t know you. I take a check in sometimes, where I’ve banked all my life, and they ask me if I have my bank book. I never had to have my bank book before. It’s a cold atmosphere. Nobody knows you.

There weren’t any big supermarkets when I was growing up. The Piggly Wiggly grocery on Main Street was the first store you went in to and sort of helped yourself. We shopped at the Midway Market, and at a little store on Vinegar Hill owned by A. G. Carter, a member of our church. He sold groceries and meat. You would go in and sit down in a chair and tell the clerk what you wanted, like a pound of butter, and he would bring it to you. You used to pay for your groceries once a month. Daddy would send me to pay it because you got a bag of candy when you paid your bill. The bill wouldn’t be more than $20 and you could have anything you wanted for a whole month for that.

When the First Baptist Church burned down about five years ago, it just about killed us. Of course, it was small and we needed more room, but we just wept as we watched it. The fire was set but no one knows who started it. We tried to get some of the historical articles out. Lottie Moon, the famous missionary, was baptized there. The night of the fire, they were having a dinner in the church and a young girl discovered it on her way to the restroom.

Blacks and whites here never mixed socially. Mostly, blacks lived where Lane High is now and on Vinegar Hill. We really didn’t see much of them. We called them “colored” then. I had a colored nanny, “Aunt Susan,” when I was born. I loved her, and she loved me. She took wonderful care of me. I remember overhearing her tell my mother “I’m going to have to get Josephine in, she’s out there playing with that poor white trash.” There was a colored man who delivered groceries and we called him Uncle Will.

As for religious differences, there were a lot of Jewish people here. They had several fine stores here. We young people never thought of any differences between any of us although I had a Catholic friend who said she was left out sometimes. But I wasn’t aware of it.

I think this part of Charlottesville and the mountains attract a lot of people here. I still take the old highway (Route 250) over the mountains because it is more quiet than the big highway (I-64). Long ago, when six or seven cars of us traveled to Waynesboro or Staunton for religious programs, there was so much fog someone would have to stay out on the running board to be sure we didn’t get off the road and go over the mountain. After the programs, we would have a big supper. The Baptists always ate big suppers everywhere they met. We still do.
Recollections of Martha Walker Duke

Miss Martha Walker Duke, who is now deceased, lived at 721 Park Street for 48 years. She was born in 1901 in a large Victorian home which stood on the corner of Locust Avenue and High Street. Doctor's offices now occupy the lot. Her father was born in Charlottesville and her mother was from New York State. Miss Duke taught biology at Lane High School for almost 40 years, retiring in 1966. She was a charter member of the Albemarle County Historical Society and a member of the Jamestown Society, a Virginia historical association.

My grandfather, Dr. Charles Hardenburg Hedges, came to Charlottesville in the early 1880s and bought twenty acres (where the First Baptist Church on Park Street is now) from Richard K. Meade. My grandfather made a few changes in the existing home, which was built in 1840 (demolished in 1972). We called it Meadeland. There was a servants' quarters in the back. In those days, Charlottesville was just a little town and all the homes were on large pieces of land. The houses on Park Street were typical of the better houses built when people had more money, just before or shortly after the Civil War.

In the old days, High Street was called Maidens Lane. On the corner of High and Park is one of the early homes in Charlottesville, a large red brick home (408 Park Street) that was built by Mr. John Wood of Ivy. Another of the large houses in the area on Park Street is a white stucco house set back among some old oak trees called Northwood. The Town Hall (later called Levy Opera House) was completed in 1852 and was available for the performing arts. They had concerts, musicals, and operas there. We had great hopes the Town Hall-Levy Opera House would again be a big community center where we could have concerts, etc., but now they have developed the mall, so people come down to see it. If we had the Levy Opera House as a concert hall or an exhibition room, it would add a lot to the downtown area. A group of us tried for ten years to save it and restore it, but were not successful. It is now apartment buildings. Comyn Hall was a very elaborate turreted house (was in block next to the house presently called Comyn Hall). There are three houses on that lot now. It was the home of a rich family, the Cochran's. It was torn down and the lot subdivided. When the McCue house down the street was made into a retirement home they called it Comyn Hall to keep the name in the neighborhood.

In the old days, Park Street, so named because it led out to Pen Park (an early Gilmer place), was also called Quality Road because there were so many quality homes there. On Jefferson Street, in the next block down on the right from the Federal building there is a great big red brick building that once was just two stories (the Carter-Gilmer House). A very famous Virginia physician by the name of Carter lived there, and he had his office in the yard. When the doctor's family grew he just added another story, making it a three story home. Now it is apartments.

My father lived at Morea, at the University, when he was a young man. My great-grandparents bought it from Dr. Emmet's widow. Morea is at the back of Emmet Street. When Professor Emmet owned it in 1834, he was going to raise silkworms. He planted mulberry trees there since silkworms eat mulberry leaves. The name Morea came from the Latin name for mulberry.

So many families have lived in this area—my cousin's father—Judge Duke, the Watson family, the Wood family. Three sets of Woods have lived here: Robert Wood, a prominent lawyer, lived in the white Victorian house next door; then his brother William Wood lived at Northwood; another brother lived in the house which stood on the site of the First Presbyterian Church. Also Judge Robertson, and the Valentines lived on High Street; and one of the persons responsible for building the Town Hall, a Mr. Southall, lived in the neighborhood. The Baptist Church was built on the Hedges property on Park Street.

When I was a child, we had a big yard. When other children came, we played hide-n-seek, blindman's bluff, and croquet. Croquet was very popu-
lar. Mr. Chamberlain (Bernard) has a croquet area on his lawn right now and he has a group of friends who meet there in the summertime. Basketball hoops on garage doors were after our time. I remember my parents gave me a little machine called a hand cart. It had four wheels, a bar with two handles for steering, and two pedals which you worked with your feet. It took the place of a bicycle for us. When we were growing up, people had what were called "lawn Parties." In my old home place on High Street we had a great big lawn with trees and we had these wonderful parties in the late summer afternoons. So many places had their own tennis courts. My grandfather had one, and practically every home had a pony or a horse to ride. There were all sorts of games and activities for the children at the lawn parties. Movies were just starting to come in.

There were clubs that the men belonged to--the Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, plus the social clubs and the patriotic clubs. There was a very famous reading club that my mother belonged to called the Fortnightly Reading Club. They met in the members' homes, read books and reviewed them.

At one time we had a wonderful woollen mill here, the Charlottesville Woollen Mills. They made heavy cloth for many years. An important employer is the Michie Publishing Company.

Positive changes that have taken place would be the addition of the city sewage system and the paved roads. Originally, these were just dirt roads full of dust. My cousin Helen, will tell you that her mother used to tell her elder sister (who would be 95 if she were still living) to shake her skirts outside on the porch before coming into the house, because their long skirts would come through the dust of the streets. The sidewalks were originally wooden planks and later they were made out of great big soapstone slabs. I remember those in front of my grandfather's house.

We are glad to have the bus service on Park Street now, but we regret that trains are not as numerous as they used to be. The C&O and Southern both came through the city. That added to our growth having two train lines. The city has also developed Pen Park and we have a golf course and recreation area there now. Park Street has become a thoroughfare. It is no longer a nice quiet neighborhood like it used to be. It is a direct route to the by-pass (Route 29/250 By-pass) just up the street. Just in the last three years the North Downtown Association organized and they have an annual meeting in the fall. In the summer they have a block party for all the residents to keep in touch with each other.

I don't think there have been any drastic racial problems here. When the Virginia governor closed all the schools for the first six months of integration, school was taught in the local churches. On Ridge Street there are some very fine black developments. Some wonderful civic groups that have tried to improve places like Gospel Hill (where some houses had mud floors) have been successful.

I recall Charlottesville as a lovely town when I was growing up. We could walk anywhere we wanted to at dusk; could go to the movies at night and not feel afraid. I have a cousin who lived at the next half block up, and we used to often walk to the post office together at night to put our mail in. We wouldn't dare do anything like that now.

I think Charlottesville has lost a great deal of its charm, and the fact that it has torn down so many of the old buildings shows no respect for its history. It makes you so sad. And now our beautiful Rivanna River has become a muddy river from silt erosion. My sister used to skate down the river. We have had a lot of trouble trying to save the land around the reservoir to prevent pollution and prevent houses from being built too close to the water. We have had a great many people who have come to our area because of the beauty of the location and the presence of the University, and because there are still a lot of handsome old farms where the people have their own horses and cattle.

Of course, the growth of the University and the influx of so many students have changed our town. They went from a few hundred students to 16,000 and the influx has had a tremendous monetary value to the city.
Recollections of George Gilmer, Jr.

George Gilmer, Jr. was born in Charlottesville, as were his parents. He now lives near Earlysville, but grew up on Park Street, and later lived at 902 Greenbrier Drive in the city. He works in real estate management and fire and casualty insurance. He has been active in the Episcopal Church and various civic organizations. He has been in the Rotary Club since 1946.

Most people who lived in the Park Street neighborhood when I was growing up knew each other and were locally employed. I particularly remember that the neighborhood had a dentist, an eye doctor - Dr. Hedges, and there was a traveling salesman from Upjohn Pharmaceuticals who lived there.

Park Street homes were built mostly independently, not by a particular builder. They have been well maintained. It was a pretty stable neighborhood. Not many homes were torn down before 1930.

Some of the important buildings in the area to us at the time were McGuffey School, and the old Lane High School (the Midway building on West Main Street). Our playgrounds, however, were usually vacant lots. We played baseball and football, and no girls played then. Halloween was a big event when I was younger. There was more tricking than treating then--like putting chairs up on telephone poles, soap on windows, and dried leaves in cars.

I have been part of the Boy Scouts since I was young. We used to meet every Friday night. It was a big deal to go to the movies then. We would see a western or a serial about Buck Rogers or Flash Gordon. There were three theatres: the Paramount, the Jefferson, and the Lafayette. Riding the trolleys used to be a big deal, too, because people mostly got around by walking. They seldom used cars. We have always had good sidewalks and streets. We walked to school and used to ride our bicycles out to Louisa and back. We used to skate on Park Street. Of course, there weren't as many cars there then. We also used to have horses and go for rides, but our main transportation was still walking. My grandfather used to “step up” to Crozet.

There is more government control now and the schools provide a lot of planned activity for the young. The growth of the University has had a strong influence in changes in Charlottesville and neighborhood associations have come into play. The city government is more active in improving certain areas.

I remember when Dr. Newcomb (for whom Newcomb Hall was named) was President of the University. All the students (male) had to wear coats and ties. You never saw anyone in cruddy clothes. But fraternity life was irresponsible then, about the same as it is today. I served on the House Committee in the same fraternity of which Woodrow Wilson was a member.
Recollections of Ann Lacy and William R. Hill

William R. Hill and his wife Ann Lacy Hill are both natives of Charlottesville. They have lived at 1 Crumpet Court for many years. Mr. Hill grew up on Wertland Street and Mrs. Hill lived on High Street. However, they did not meet until they went to college. Mr. Hill, a local funeral director, served as mayor of Charlottesville in the 1950s.

Editor's Note: This is a 3-way interview with Mr. and Mrs. Hill. Unless specified with an *, all comments are made by Mr. Hill.

I was raised on Wertland Street and my wife was raised on High Street but we didn't meet until college. I went to a private school and she went to Lane High School. Most of our life we both lived in the Northwest end of the city.

Both of my wife's parents were also natives of Charlottesville, and my family is from Gates County, North Carolina. We belong to the First United Methodist Church. *I also belong to the Monticello Garden Club. All my life I grew up calling it Monticelli-o, and then everybody started using the Italian pronunciation. I don't know why.

I was a funeral director (Hill and Irving Funeral Home) and my wife taught school for several years. When she refers to the neighborhood, she means East High Street, whereas I am referring to the Wertland neighborhood. *When I was growing up, most of our neighbors were very friendly. My aunt and uncle lived next door to us.

No people worked within our neighborhood, except for servants. Both neighborhoods were residential. *I feel that both neighborhoods have gone down. An important place close to us was the Venable School, because football was played in the field in the back. There were no parks. Everyone played in their yards. Everyone had a big yard. *I went to McGuffey, and he went there for one year. Then he went to private school and I went to Lane High. Most of the social events that I can recall were sponsored by the churches. They would have things like ice cream social nights.

The community groups that have been important to the neighborhood include the Baptist Church and the YMCA at the University. Most of the people who moved here were the result of local moves. There were lots of boarding houses. The Wertland neighborhood was small. It stands pretty much today as it was in the past. I don't recall any buildings being torn down. As children, horses and buggies were our means of transportation, then street cars and taxis. Cars were only a method of transportation if you could afford them. I remember the carriages my father used in funerals.

The kids played on an empty lot on Market Street. We played games like hide-n-seek, and we played baseball and would go roller skating--and ice skating in the wintertime. The girls played dolls. When we got older we went on picnics. Wertland Street had many residents who were connected to UVa. You stayed pretty much in your own neighborhood and behaved yourself in Belmont or Fifeville, or else you'd get in a fight. For recreational activity people went to Fry Springs. Big bands also came here. *I was on a "free list" for dances. We had a wonderful time.

Charlottesville changed more rapidly after World War II. It was still gradual, but you no longer would meet the people you know. The biggest change is growth. We have grown, and grown successfully. The University is the most important influence in Charlottesville. Also important to Charlottesville's changing was desegregation. Freedom of choice was offered in many ways. When desegregation of schools was ordered, classes were held in homes and churches. As far as influential people are concerned, there was no one person, but an influx of people from other areas which brought changes here.

Important buildings to the area included municipal banks, the Mall, the University area, and Court Square. Important employers in the city included a pencil factory and the Charlottesville Lumber Company (now Better Living).
Recollections of Irene Valentine

Mrs. Irene Ashworth Valentine has lived in Charlottesville since 1921. She came to the city from Wise County in Southwest Virginia as the young bride of Mr. Vinton Valentine. She and her husband first lived with his parents at 303 East High Street. Then in 1924 they built a small home at 412 Third Street where they lived until family matters demanded that they return to the house on High Street in 1931. In 1940 the Valentines finally bought the house at 534 Park Street. It was Mrs. Valentine’s dream house.

I have resided at 534 Park Street since April, 1940. My home was built in 1911 for a wealthy widow from Atlanta, Mrs. Macon. The home was occupied by several other people before us. When we bought it, the house had been vacant for five years. It had been vandalized, so it required some rebuilding.

My in-laws’ house, at 303 East High Street, was General Sheridan’s headquarters during the Civil War. It was lovely. It had sixteen rooms and fluted columns. It was built before the Civil War. The Rineharts bought it and, although the Historical Society pleaded with them not to tear it down, they did, sometime after 1940. They built a replica of Gunston Hall on the site (the corner of Third and High Streets).

I was born in Wise County in Southwest Virginia—beyond the Blue Ridge—in the “boondocks.” My mother was from Montgomery County, and my father was from Wise County. I married a man from Charlottesville, Vinton Hope Valentine. My son was the fifth generation of Valentines to live on Park Street. The Valentine family has lived in Charlottesville since 1838. They came from Richmond. My husband’s grandfather was Thomas J. Valentine. His brothers gave Richmond the Valentine Museum.

I’ve been a member of First Presbyterian Church since 1921. I’m also a member of the Wednesday Music Club and have been since it was formed in 1923. I play the cello, piano, guitar, and dulcimer. The club is a city-wide organization with about 125 members. I also play with a string group that I organized myself and we meet with every Thursday in my home. This string group consists of twelve members, and includes two retired University professors. I also was an assistant organist at First Presbyterian in 1940 for one year and was paid for it. I taught piano before I was married. After my son’s death (in an auto accident at age 18) in 1940, I began to teach again. I had a private studio in McIntire School.

My neighborhood is a twenty block area. We’ve been trying hard to keep it as it should be. Someone wanted to build a condominium when the Baptist Church burned down. The long time residents fought it. I thought it would be wonderful for the Downtown area. This neighborhood is referred to as the Charlottesville Historic District. Most of the people who live here don’t know each other. I don’t even speak to my neighbors. The house next door (532 Park Street) once belonged to Jay Johns who owned Ash Lawn. The people living in it now bought it seven years ago. They said they were going to restore it, but they haven’t. I know some of the old timers, but we don’t socialize much. The people who work here don’t live in the neighborhood. Most of the professions here consist of lawyers up the street, especially the first two blocks on Park. There are also a lot of dentists. Lawyers have tried to buy our house many times. Comyn Hall, across the street, is a home for elderly women. The two homes next to that (Comyn Hall) are homes for retarded children. Now this neighborhood is zoned against any office buildings.

The places especially significant in my neighborhood are the Courthouse, City Hall, the Old Levy Opera House, my church, Jackson Park, and Lee Park. The old Levy Opera House, on the corner of Park and High Streets, is now being restored to be used as offices. The Courthouse is the most important building. It’s the center of the whole historical district.

I resent the architecture of the bank on the corner of Park and High. It is not in keeping with
the existing buildings. All the other homes along
there were built around the turn of the century or in
1910. They tore down two beautiful old gay
nineties homes—Dr. Dan Nichols' home and Mr. Noble
Sneed's home—in order to build that monstrosity.

There are many people who lived or worked here
who made the Historic District what it is today;
men like Mr. Rucker, who gave so much money to
Martha Jefferson Hospital. But at the turn of the
century, no one contributed more than my father-
in-law. He laid the first streetcar line in the city. He
was the President of the Woolen Mills. Then there
was Judge R.T.W. Duke, a very prominent lawyer.

Mayor Sam McCue went to Wednesday prayer
service down at the Presbyterian Church. He came
home and beat his wife to death in the bathtub.
He lived across the street in what is now Comyn
Hall. McCue was found guilty and hanged down in
City Square. My husband was just a boy when he
crawled up to the attic and saw them put the noose
around his neck. [Note: This was the last public
hanging in Albemarle County; this occurred in 1906.]

Important events in the neighborhood include
Mr. McIntire giving the city McIntire Library,
public schools, and every statue in town. This brings
to mind the story of the courtship of Mr. McIntire to
Miss Anna Rhodes. Briefly, Miss Rhodes was County
School Supervisor, about forty years old and never
married. She was boarding with the Valentines on
High Street, and Mr. McIntire was a good friend
of Mrs. Valentine's father-in-law. One day when Mr.
McIntire came to visit Mr. Valentine, Miss Rhodes
asked him for $50 so she could by a Victrola for
one of the county schools. Mr. McIntire couldn't
believe she asked him for $50 —just $50. She drove
him around all the schools to show him how badly the equipment was needed. The next thing
you know she said they were getting married. Every
widow in Charlottesville was after him. He gave
millions to UVa. They lived on Rugby Road where
apartments now stand.

Over the years, Park Street hasn't changed all
that much. The only drastic change is that ugly United
Virginia Bank. It's a good idea to keep this block
the way it is. It's a lovely neighborhood, but you
have to "roll with the punches." An important site in
the neighborhood was the Redlands Club. My
husband was a member. Its just a bunch of snob-
bish men who get together to play poker. It was
located at what was originally the Swan Tavern
where Jefferson stayed when he was in the city (on
the corner of Jefferson and Park). Other important
sites in the neighborhood are McIntire Library and
Comyn Hall. Comyn Hall used to be known as the
Home for the Aged, but everyone hated that name.

So they changed it to Comyn Hall as a remembrance
of another old building in the neighborhood by that
name that had been torn down.

Park Street used to be known as Maidens Lane
during the Civil War. I don't like the abundance of
"Parks," like Parkway, Park Street, Park Avenue,
Park Lane, etc. There are very few native residents
still in the community. I've been a member out at
Farmington County Club almost since it opened.
I'm probably the oldest member now. They asked
my husband to be a charter member but I wouldn't
let him because I didn't have a home of my own yet.

If I attend a party at Farmington now, I might know
only 20 natives, like Harry George of Keller and
George.

Looking back at buildings being torn down or
built in the neighborhood, the Valentines' home
on High Street was torn down. In 1955, the
Presbyterian church built a new building and they
tore down two beautiful old, square, brick houses
that had been built before the Civil War. The old
Presbyterian Church was torn down. It was located
behind the National Bank [now Jefferson Nation
Bank] on Market and Seventh. Today a parking
lot is there. On the same block as the Valentines
on High Street, four beautiful old homes were torn
down. And two lovely old homes were torn
down to build the City Courthouse. Across from City
Hall, they tore down Dr. Norris' home and B. F.
Dickerson's home for a parking lot. My home on
Park Street was designed by the only architect
in Charlottesville at that time—Eugene Bradbury.
He also designed the Virginia National Bank [now
Sovran Bank] on the Mall.

People get around now mostly by cars. The city
won't let us build garages here but there used to be
buggy houses in back. Children played mostly in
the backyard. Mr. McIntire gave us tennis courts in
McIntire Park. McIntire Park is twenty-seven acres
that Mr. McIntire said was to be used only as a park.
We oldsters had to fight the City to keep them from
building a high school in the middle of it (Charlot-
tesville High School). We played tennis, roller skated,
and swam. There is a children's pool in the park.

My son attended McGuffey Elementary School
and it is now an art center. Then he attended Nancy
Gordon's private school-- Stonefield. It was loca-
ated on Rugby Road. It was the forerunner of
Belfield School. It then moved out to the Bellair
area and merged with St. Anne's School for Girls
(originally Rawlings Institute). When I came to
Charlottesville, St. Anne's was in this part of town.
It was a great big stucco building on Jefferson Street.
It has been torn down, and doctors' offices are
there today.
When I first came to the city of Charlottesville there were no industries, to speak of. There were the Woolen Mills, but no one object to them because they only made material for uniforms for the military, Pullman conductors, and policemen. The Woolen Mills were founded before the turn of the century and my father-in-law served as their president for years. Then the Ix Silk Mills came in about 1930. The townspeople didn't want Sperry or Stromberg-Carlson. They wanted to keep it an academic town. But they finally decided to let them in for the good of the economy. It brought in new people, industrial people.

Town and Gown. There was an impassable line which existed between the University people and the city's business people, especially among the wives. The University people were referred to as Gown and the city's business people were referred to as Town, and the two were never to mix. The Town women were not allowed to join Charlottesville's first chapter of the D.A.R. because it was established by Gown women. This is how the Town chapter was formed. A University professor of geology married a woman whom the Gown women did not like and they would not let her join their chapter of the D.A.R. So this woman and the sister-in-law of Sam McCue (one-time mayor of Charlottesville) formed their own chapter, the Town chapter, of the D.A.R. This is the chapter I joined and I'm still a member.

All those west of Fourteenth Street were the University Gown--purely intellectual, mental, academic. East of 14th Street were all the Town, the tradespeople. Mrs. Colgate Darden (of the DuPont family) did more than anybody to erase that line. She would invite us Town people over for tea. A lot of the University wives didn't like that.

Other people who figured in the changes of Charlottesville include Mr. Rucker who gave a lot of money to Martha Jefferson Hospital. Also bankers, like Mr. Hildreth, were very influential in getting industry to come in. Michie Publishing Company has published law books for a long time downtown.

When I grew up in Southwest Virginia we had a private tennis court and croquet yard. When I came to Charlottesville, at 23 and a young bride, I brought my tennis racket. And I was told that, "Women in Charlottesville do not play tennis!" I had to follow the rules of my very aristocratic family. Most of my recreation was playing bridge or taking a walk. We went to a lot of parties. But there was too much drinking, especially among the women. They thought it was smart. Women drank more then now. I remember when if you wanted to smoke you had to go out behind the house. I went to the movies a lot at the University's Cabell Hall, and went to concerts there (and still do). I also went to Richmond for concerts. Paramount Theatre was wonderful and beautiful, as was the old Jefferson Theatre. The Monticello Hotel, built in 1925 was a very nice, lovely old hotel. There was a ballroom upstairs over the dining room. It's condominiums now, but we had a lot of nice functions there.

Since there was no big industry, the city revolved around the University. There were two plants out in Crozet. Important groups in the Charlottesville community included all the main Protestant churches; including Christ Episcopal and St. Paul's. The downtown Presbyterian used to be the only Presbyterian Church, and now there are five or six churches. There was only one Catholic Church for a long time, at Jefferson and Second Street, but now there are three or four. There was no Unitarian Church when I came, and now there is one on Rugby Road. The D.A.R. is important. I have nine relatives who fought in the Revolutionary War. The Senior Center is important for senior citizens.

The streetcars were electric when I first came here. They would go up Main Street and out to Fry's Spring. They went from the C & O Station up to the University and would turn around at Beta Bridge on Rugby Road. I don't remember any taxis at all, then. When my father-in-law established the streetcars in the city they were pulled by mules. Most of the streets were blacktopped when I came. Cars have affected the city terrifically. The increased traffic makes driving miserable. My husband always had a car and some trucks because of his business. I bought a car in 1924 and am still driving. So many of my women friends never learned to drive. I can't stand the thought of not driving.

 Thoughts about the city that come to mind is the Town and Gown spirit which permeated the city. My whole social life completely changed. In Southwest Virginia I never heard of any such things as discriminating socially. I had to, or was supposed to, stay on one side of the fence. I didn't like it. Thank goodness it's changed! I joined the Music Club when it originated in 1923 and that was my first breakthrough to the University crowd. I still have so many friends in the Music Club.

There wasn't much animosity towards Jews. The other thing was just like the world over, the "colored" people were servants. Rosa, my maid, has been with me 42 years, and she's the best friend I've got in the whole world. People still beg me not to take a Negro to board, but I'd take Rosa if she'd come. But she won't do it. She wants to live over "across the tracks" with her friends.
The formation of the Belmont neighborhood is a study of a time when Charlottesville, like many small towns in America, was growing and its agricultural way of life was shifting toward an industrial economy. Bounded by Avon Street on the west, Moore's Creek on the south and east, and the C&O Railroad on the north, the area was once part of a 2,500 acre plantation. Its ownership can be traced back to 1730 when it was purchased by John Harvey, a friend of Thomas Jefferson's father, Peter. Later, the westernmost part of the estate became the property of the first clerk of the Circuit Court of Albemarle, John M. Carr. The next owner of the property, John Winn, probably built the mansion called "Belle-Mont" around 1820 (now an apartment house at 759 Belmont Avenue), from which the area takes its name.

In 1847, the estate became one of the best horse stock farms in the country under the guidance of owner Slaughter W. Ficklin and his son, William. The land began to lose its agricultural use when the Belmont Land Company purchased it in 1891 and divided the 551-acre tract into 1,500 lots for the building of houses.

Belmont, then on the outskirts of the city proper, grew as a close-knit, working-class, family community. Most of the men walked to work at the C&O Railroad or the various mills and other places of employment bordering the neighborhood. Fathers and sons often worked side by side with a sense of loyalty to their employer. As was common at the turn of the century, the front porches of houses became a favorite place where neighbors gathered and socialized in fair weather.

But the community changed as development increased and the area grew larger. The advent of the automobile ended the pedestrian character of the neighborhood. The city annexed the area in portions and by 1938 practically all of Belmont was within the city limits.

By the early 1980s many Belmont residents became aware of the need for neighborhood improvements. They sought help from city government. The Belmont Neighborhood Organization was formed and the group worked with city government to improve drainage sewers and sidewalks. Residents believe that future neighborhood changes will be for the best and hope to further promote pride in the Belmont community.
Recollections of Ora Maupin

Ora A. Maupin has lived her entire life in Charlottesville and has always resided in the Haden Addition on Douglas Avenue, where she was born in 1910. This is a distinct section of Belmont. Ms. Maupin worked for the City of Charlottesville for nearly forty years, most of that time serving as Commissioner of Revenue. She retired in December, 1989.

When I was growing up, everyone owned their own homes, had families, took pride in their homes, were well-behaved, and you didn't see a police officer in the neighborhood twice a year. My mother and father were early settlers of this area, and were from Free Union, Virginia. My father was employed by Smith and Burnley, a grocery store, and he became part-owner of the store. It was located on the corner of Main and 5th Street, where the A & N Store is now. It was renamed Smith and Maupin. There were sixteen houses on Douglas Street. Two people worked on the C&O Railroad, one was an automobile upholsterer, and some were clerks in stores. Our street, with Graves Street and Goodman Avenue, was called the Haden Addition, after Mr. Haden, a developer who was very prosperous. His son is Dr. W. Dan Haden. Belmont was made up of Monticello Road and the Big Hill area to the south. At that time, no blacks were allowed to live in Belmont. It was so stipulated in the deeds.

I knew all the people because my father was in business, or I went to school or church at the Hinton Avenue Methodist with them. I remember the Perley family who owned a funeral home on Main Street, where Woolworths is now. Mrs. Perley fought for various causes for the betterment of the city. Leroy Snow's mother used to have a Sunday school in the afternoons in the Hogwaller (hogwallow) section. Mornings, she would teach in the Hinton Avenue church.

In Hogwaller, which is down near Moore's Creek, by the stockyard, Barnes Lumber Company was a big employer before it burned. They made the best oak flooring in the world. The company was partially rebuilt, but is nowhere near as big an operation as it was when I was growing up. They had a railroad track to load and unload at the Meade and Carlton intersection. Also there was the J.S. Young Extract Plant which made dyes.

We were not allowed to go to Hogwaller--my parents set limits. We had a fence around our yard and children were invited to play. If they came uninvited, they were sent away. Belmont Park, given to the city by Mr. Paul McIntire, was off-limits to us. I got the worst whipping I ever got for going over there. They had a shoot-the-chute over there, and I tore my clothes. Our parents were responsible for our recreation. On Friday nights we might have a taffy pull or play games. When the circus came, my father would see that all the children would get to go. We loved to see the horses pull the equipment. We loved the parades they had. They unloaded at the end of Belmont Bridge, then came on down to Douglas and on to Carlton Road. Carnivals would be held over on the Big Hill.

The Virginia Workshop for the Blind was built in the 1920s. There used to be a boarding house for the blind workers. Mrs. Joseph, the landlady, is now deceased, and there is a need for a house like that for the blind people. The Brown Milling Company was over by the bridge when I was a child--then it was Godwin Electric. Now it is a ceramics shop. Charlottesville Lumber Company was a big enterprise that employed Belmont people. Quite a few worked for Ix's Mill and the Woolen Mills. They made the best cloth. Another was the Henderson and Irving factory on Monticello Road which made pajamas, dresses, and underwear. The streetcar never came over the Belmont bridge, but the buses did, sometime in the 1940s. But we used to walk to school. I walked in snow up to my hips.

Most of Belmont was made up of blue collar workers who worked hard, kept up their homes, and didn't go to political meetings. I guess because they didn't ask for anything, the city thought they were satisfied. There was only one school over there, and I tried to get a swimming pool for it. Instead they put it on Meade Avenue. I thought that was a mistake because that area was going commercial. The biggest improvement in Charlottesville is the developement. 
opment of the Greenbrier district. That used to be the P.H. Gentry Farm.

We used to know everyone, but the older residents have passed on or sold their property. More rental property is evident. Some of the people who rent are undesirable. They don't respect the property. Sometimes three families live in one house. We need grocery stores, a drug store, a bank, a restaurant, and I think the zoning could be changed to accommodate them. Sometime in the future we should build another elementary school in Belmont.

The Belmont Neighborhood
Recollections of C. Spurgeon Paschall

C. Spurgeon Paschall, a minister, came to Belmont in 1949 to establish a Baptist church. He speaks as an outsider coming into a neighborhood that was viewed as "across the tracks in a mill section." His experiences mirror the growth and changes of the neighborhood.

When I came here, Belmont was reputed to be the least desirable part of town to live in. It was spoken of as a low income level mill section. There were a lot of police calls to Belmont then, the most in the city (gang fights, thefts, brawls). Belmont had the reputation for some time. There was no entertainment place there. It was a part of the town that had been greatly neglected. The streets were poor, the sidewalks and lighting inadequate. Nobody pulled for that section of the city. When I came, it surprised the authorities that a person with a Doctor of Philosophy degree from a great seminary would stop and agree to start a mission across the tracks in a mill section. The news reporter said, "What kind of a degree do you have?" I told him, "I have a Ph.D., the highest degree you can get from a seminary, the exact same degree that Dr. Allan Graves has, of First Baptist Church. We had the same teachers." They asked, "Why did you leave a growing church in Indianapolis to come here at a reduced salary, to no church and no parsonage--and you have a wife and six children?" Well, the only answer to that is that God called me, and I am dead earnest going to do what He wants me to do. Dr. Graves knew of a group that wanted to start a church in Charlottesville and he knew my qualifications. I had experience and training. The State Mission Board paid my salary and a local church offered my keep in an old style two story house on Belmont Avenue with a furnace in the kitchen and two closets (19 inches deep). And me with six daughters!

I was in a good position with the people in the community. The principal of Clark School worked with me and we did a lot of things on the q.t. Mr. Armstrong, who owned a car place on Douglas and Monticello helped, as did the late Dr. Ray, who was a practitioner/surgeon. He was loved and the kind of fellow who would operate for nothing if the people didn't have money. He would even give them money!

I had been a salesman, a teacher, a farmer, and I knew the language of the people. They began to flock. It filled up too quick to talk about it. We had chairs in the aisles and on the stage. I baptized 203 people in the first year. With a congregation of over 400, we had to start planning to build. This was after World War II, and with the scare of a pending Korean War, people were interested in religion--in God.

During revival, I stepped on the collection plates, and money went everywhere! We enlarged our building and I got a parsonage at 1004 Avon Street. I stayed there ten years. Then I sold the parsonage and built a house. Now we have a building that seats over 1,000. Most of the people who came to the Belmont Church were "unchurched."

Belmont has a bad reputation because they were a working class people who had no church influence. They were crowded together. They worked nights and days and they worked co-ed. They had problems with no one to turn to. I've heard that there was a bawdy house where my old church used to be, sixty years ago. There was Ix's Silk Mill with another weaving mill within two blocks, and another on Woolen Mills Road. You know, Mr. Ix sent me a check for $500 to start my church, and he was a Catholic. I sent him a thank you note and he put it on his bulletin board. He said it was the first thank you note he ever got from a church. He started paying his people better and they started buying homes, coming to my church, getting baptized, and it began to influence them.

A policeman named Buck told me I raised the moral level of the whole city. I had to fight a beer hall in the area and I broke up the crap game that they had tried to break up for years. Three of my church leaders used to head it up!

Then the Belmont area did not have a bad reputation. I got a walkway built on Avon Street. Belmont
people believed in working and paying their debts. They got to be self-respecting and started sending their kids to college. It has changed a lot and this church has been a great incentive. The people deserve good facilities; a lot of them have never been near anything really nice. A church ought to be the most beautiful residence of all. Other churches have come into the area now. There is the Church of God on Altavista, Assembly of God on Blenheim, Nazarene Church on Elliot, and the Hinton Avenue Methodist Church.

Ix's Mill has gone modern now, and I think they like their workers to be happy. Frank Ix's workers are so fond of him that a union can't get started there. He has always been good to folks, with low rents and Christmas presents, as well as jobs. In the last fifteen years Belmont has gotten a community political council to go before city officials to plead for their needs. The older homes have been beautified and newer ones built. The school has made a lot of improvements. The School for the Blind was enlarged, and some apartments built in the last ten to twelve years. There are lots of new streets and sidewalks. They even have traffic lights now. The old wooden bridge on Ridge Street was replaced with a concrete bridge and that really opened up Belmont. Nine out of ten of the residents now are homeowners. Belmont used to have a stigma. Now it is a nice place to live and is as clean a community as you will find anywhere.
Recollections of Lucy Wheeler

Lucy Wheeler talks about her recollections of Belmont Park where she lived on Rialto Street from 1910 to 1959. Since then she has lived at 414-15th Street in the Venable neighborhood. Both her parents were born in Albemarle County - Greenwood and Stony Point. She was born in Keswick and moved to Charlottesville at the age of four. She was a food service supervisor for 25 years at the University Hospital and retired in 1967. She has also been active in community service and all phases of church work.

The neighborhood where I grew up was called Belmont Park, and it ran from the C&O Bridge to Moore's Creek, and from Monticello Road to 6th Street (or old Scottsville Road). It was just a section of the Belmont acres. Most all of the people knew each other then. The railroad men really settled Belmont, because they could walk to work. They trudged over in all kinds of weather. My father was a railroad freight conductor and had to go to work in bad weather in the middle of the night. Anytime they called him, he had to go. One or two of the streetcar conductors lived there. Mr. Bayard Maupin lived on Belmont. Most everyone else worked at Charlottesville Lumber Yard or the flour mills. There was Hartman's Mill run by the Scruggs Brothers, and the Brown Milling Company. A pigeon farm was run by Dr. J. E. Early. Neighborhood children would pick the pigeons for two cents each. Ten or twelve of us would go over for an hour and make two or three dollars. It only took about two minutes each, since they were only squabs. They were sold to hotels such as the Greenbrier at White Sulfur Springs. Grant Mitchell ran a dairy. A. C. Brechin ran a cement plant which made cement blocks and had molds to make fancy trim. You can see some of that trim on the house across from McGuffey School on Second Street. J. N. McBride ran an orchard. The Frank Ix Company, Barnes Lumber Company, a silk mill on Rose Hill, the Woolen Mill, and a rayon mill were among the important employers.

My mother, Lilly Payne Wheeler (Mrs. Stuart Sandy), was worried that there was no school in the Belmont neighborhood. The old Midway School had served the city well and the county, too, since a lot of children came there from the county by horse and buggy. After the McGuffey School was built on Second Street, Mother contacted Mr. Bennett, a school official, and asked that a school be built in Belmont. She was the one who brought the need to their attention and, as a result, Clark School was built. She also called Dr. Allen Graves of the Baptist church to organize the building of a Baptist church in Belmont. At that time there was only a Methodist church there. The organizational meetings were held in our home. Money was raised for the church by pledges and support from existing Baptist churches in the area. Schools and churches are the most important institutions--more important than stores. Stores are convenient, but schools and churches are more important in a neighborhood.

I can't recall our schools ever closing on account of the weather. We always walked to the old Midway School from Belmont Park. I have walked in snow up to my knees. We didn't have boots or galoshes--just rubbers to cover our shoes, and they didn't do our legs any good. I never had a ride to school in my life.

We got our water from a well in the back yard. It was so ice cold it would make your teeth ache. Nobody had water in the house except for two or three who had “zincs.” They were made of zinc metal with a spigot for cold water and a drainpipe which went under the house into the back yard to drain the water off as there were no sewers then. For heated water you had to use a tea kettle on the stove. We were lucky. We had a big range that had a hot water tank on one end of it, and when the stove was used for cooking, the water was heated too. The water was not good for laundry though. It was too hard. That's why we caught the softer rainwater in barrels at the corner downspouts on the house.

There was a “natural” park that was the main place for neighborhood children to play. There was no playground equipment. We pulled leaves off the trees and made crowns. We also pinned them to-
together with their stems to make leaf dresses. We girls played house, and made houses by outlining the walls of each room with rocks. The boys played marbles and ball and things boys do generally. All the children learned to swim in a deep hole in the creek in back of the park. I taught most of them to swim—all ages. I taught myself to swim. Our yard was the second most popular place to play in the neighborhood.

We had a group of young people who grew up together. Sometimes two of them would get together and have a dance at Fry's Springs. We had picnics and went swimming and dancing at Fry's Springs. The Japanese Tea Garden on Main Street was also a nice place to rent to have dances; the Elks home on High Street was another nice place for parties. They were always private. There was also a big swimming pool out on old Scottsville Road at Journey Timberlake's house. You could go swimming there for 25 cents and then you had use of the big room to go in and dance to a player piano. I think you could rent a room there for a party for about $10. They had a big house. A lot of Belmont people went there because they could walk. There was once a clubhouse in the middle of Belmont Park. I understand it burned down shortly before we moved there in 1910. I remember digging bits of melted glass and things out of the ashes.

The neighborhood has changed a lot. Streets are named and houses are numbered. There are modern facilities that we didn't have. Most people used to walk where they went although some had a horse and buggy. There is a bus service now. All our mail boxes were lined up at the corner of the street and that was a good meeting place for the neighbors. We would go to get our mail and talk. It was fun. Now mail is delivered to each home. We were only the tenth family to move into Belmont Park. Alfred Lang built most of the houses there. Belmont Heights used to be called Big Hill. One of the three houses there belonged to my grandfather, Henry Mortimer Payne. One belonged to Alfred Lang and one to a family named Campbell.

Early Street was named for the Dr. Early who ran the pigeon farm. The first street after the bridge, Levy Avenue, is named after the Leys who owned Monticello. Boiling and Fuller Streets were also named for families there. The Belmont area was once a big farm owned by the Ficklins. Their house, "Belmont", is still there on Belmont Avenue and gave the neighborhood its name. People moved into the city from surrounding counties. Their children tended to settle in Belmont, or at least, in town. I moved to 15th Street. People tend to stay in Charlottesville. Few houses have been torn down and most are currently being well taken care of in Belmont. A lot have been remodeled and brought up-to-date.

In the early days there were not so many clubs to belong to, but anybody who could go went to church. Some of the groups I have belonged to are the University Baptist Church, United Daughters of the Confederacy (one of my grandfathers fought with Jeb Stuart), The Friends of the Library, the Venable Neighborhood Association, and, of course, my church work. Now residents have Fry's Springs Swim Club, Farmington Country Club, theatre groups like at the Culbreth Theatre, Keswick Country Club, Elks Club, and VFW (Veterans of Foreign Wars). I don't recall any big events in the neighborhood until around 1965 or 1967. A friend and I got together and started the Belmont Park Reunion for families who settled Belmont. It's held every June on the Saturday before Father's Day. As many as 150 people have attended.

For the city of Charlottesville, integration has made the biggest difference, that I can see. The abilities of backs have been recognized. Where they mostly worked at gardening and housework before, now they hold white collar jobs. I think the blacks in the city are able to buy homes now, and are keeping them up, now that they have been "liberated", so to speak. The University has had a big change. It has grown so informal. When my two brothers attended the University of Virginia they had to wear a hat the first year. It was not co-ed then. They always had to wear a jacket and tie to class—no blue jeans and t-shirts. They were called Virginia Gentlemen and they had to dress the part. I had three brothers graduate from there, one in engineering and two in education.

I have never liked the fact that Main Street was made into a Mall. Charlottesville is a Jeffersonian City and the architecture should go along with his time. Main Street was a place where you could ride down and park and see friends. Now it's just not the same. It's the biggest change we've had in recent years in Charlottesville. But there are some good changes too; one of the nicest people here is Lawrence Brunton. You feel he's a real all-around addition to the city.

A number of old houses on 1st Street are being restored. There are other streets which should be taken in hand. But so many old homes are being neglected, or torn down, especially on High Street I've noticed. High Street, Park Street, Locust Avenue, and Ridge Street were the most important streets in Charlottesville at one time. Market Street has deteriorated worse than any street in town. I think something could be done about several
blocks, especially from 7th Street on down. It would be an improvement. Streets and sidewalks are kept up pretty well. Of course, 15th Street could use some more. Gravel from the C&O railroad falls all over. Most of the neighborhoods have come a long way. Rose Hill Drive used to be a rough neighborhood and now there are beautiful homes there. Fifeville and the Woolen Mills neighborhoods have gone down more than other sections I think. One of the greatest improvements in the area is the Charlottesville airport. I like to fly and get to where I'm going quickly. The new football stadium at the University is nice. We only had Lambeth Field and it was a poor place to have to go to watch the games. You had to take a cushion to be comfortable on those concrete seats. You couldn't keep dry at all if it rained.

But to see Charlottesville grow the way it has--you are a stranger now, rather than a friend, when you meet somebody on the street. We used to be all like one big family. Now we are almost like a foreign country. We actually do have quite a few Vietnamese refugee families in Charlottesville now. They're all over the city. Our church sponsored two families and we got one of them a home here on 15th Street. I went to a piano recital not long ago, and a family of Vietnamese children played and were outstanding. They played compositions that adults would be lucky to play. They seem to be gifted that way. They really impressed me.

We don't have pollution of the natural environment the way a lot of places do, which have steel mills and such. Of course, automobiles pollute the air, but they are everywhere. I think people come to Charlottesville because they find a good environment here. It has everything they want--culture, location, and such--and they feel they can make a home here.
WOOLEN MILLS NEIGHBORHOOD

Both long-time and new residents of the Woolen Mills community are proud of it being one of the city's oldest neighborhoods. Market Street, which runs through the neighborhood, is part of the route which Thomas Jefferson took regularly from the University to his home on Monticello mountain.

The Woolen Mills neighborhood is bounded by East High Street on the north, the Rivanna River on the east and the C&O Railway tracks on the south. It grew up as a mill community around one of the city's earliest manufacturing firms, the Charlottesville Woolen Mills—a plant which was in almost continuous operation for 132 years. Its history includes the manufacturing the cloth for Confederate uniforms and being burned by northern troops during the Civil War.

As many as 400 people were employed by the mill in the 1920s, its most prosperous period, and most of them lived within the mill community. Being somewhat removed from the rest of the city, a closeness and interdependence developed between these families whose livelihood depended upon the operation of the mill. The neighborhood children proudly identified themselves as "Woolies."

In 1887, during the time the mill was owned and operated by industrialist H.C. Marchant, a religious movement led him and some of the residents to begin construction of a non-denominational community chapel which has also served as a community meeting place through the years. Marchant lived in the largest house in the neighborhood. Some of the other mill officials were housed in brick houses whose designs were much alike. Smaller wood homes were built for other employees. After the mill closed in 1964, many of the residents were able to buy these homes but with the economic lifeblood of the community gone, the neighborhood began to decline.

Today, the Woolen Mills neighborhood is in the midst of revitalization. Young families are moving in and renovating many of the homes which have become vacant as older residents have died or simply moved away. The bulk of the neighborhood is still made up of single family homes although Market Street is dotted with businesses and a few modern apartment buildings have begin to appear. One small neighborhood business, the Coffee Pot Restaurant, is a favorite.

The Woolen Mills Chapel
Recollections of Roy Baltimore

Roy Baltimore, of 1603 East Market Street, lived in the Woolen Mills neighborhood until the late 1930s, left to find work elsewhere, and then returned when he retired. He is contributing to the resurgence of the community that is taking place there. Due to his many relatives who worked in the mill, he was quite aware of the changes taking place, even though he did not work there himself.

When I was growing up, there were conditions existing here that were not common in the county or city. This was in the country then—the city ended near Meade Avenue. Market Street was a dirt road. I lived here from age four to eighteen, and returned when I retired. Since I left in 1936-37, there hasn’t been a great deal of change in this area, and this period was of less historical interest. The period of my youth was one of sweeping changes in this area’s economic and social structure. There was a major improvement in working conditions because of the influence of unions elsewhere. They didn’t exist here in this mill. The “feudal” atmosphere and relationship that had existed between the mill and its employers changed greatly. Earlier, the mill management dominated its employees, and exerted great control over their lives. Neither side was antagonistic, but the employees’ lives were regulated by the mill. The employees were required to meet rules of conduct set down by the mill managers.

East Market Street between the river and Meade Avenue was once called Woolen Mills Road. The name was changed when the city annexed this area. At the northern end of the neighborhood, the Riverview Cemetery bordered the Albemarle Golf Course fifty years ago. Some headstones in the western section of the cemetery go back to the 1700s. The golf course began right around the corner of 18th Street N.E. and East Market Street, and extended to the cemetery, and back then to the river. It was sold and the members built a new golf course as part of the Farmington Country Club. The old course was subdivided into lots and developed.

My father was with the C&O railroad. In my youth, my family moved in with my aunt who lived here. My neighbors worked in the mill, and through conversations, I became aware of conditions in the mill. Easily, three-fourths of the people here worked there. Most lived in company houses which were wooden frame. The foremen lived in the neighborhood and built their own houses, which were usually larger and some were brick. Most of the wooden mill houses are still standing as are the brick ones near the river. Some of the houses are over eighty years old; those are the oldest. Some are in excellent condition. The neighborhood was close-knit. Most families were related by blood or marriage.

The relationship between the mill and the employees improved gradually through the 1920s. My aunt said that the mill expected you to get to work in bad weather. If the railroad train could run up the tracks by the mill, they thought you could use the tracks too. They didn’t accept excuses—even snow. The employees were expected to stay out of trouble on Saturday nights and to be in church on Sunday, preferably in the mill’s chapel. The residents and the mill cooperated to build the chapel, but the mill was instrumental in having it built. The activities of the chapel were a focus for the neighborhood. There were non-denominational services on Sunday afternoons so folks could attend other churches in the city in the morning. It was usually full. They had the usual ceremonies around religious holidays and there were frequent parties. One avenue of respectability, not consciously taken, was one’s position in the chapel. Be it Sunday school teacher, choir master, singer, etc., it gave one recognition in the neighborhood.

An employee worked six ten-hour days each week. The mill employed children at one time. I’ve seen pictures of 12 and 14-year-old workers. Workers probably didn’t resent the mill’s attempts at regulating their lives. The regulations developed slowly and people grew used to them. They didn’t consider them excessive and may have even encouraged the regulation. The work was repetitive and done...
standing before a tireless machine. Dyeing areas were very dirty, and the men were always stained. There was very little danger involved in the work. The older workers knew they were delivering a fine product—even though they couldn't explain the scientific processes involved. Both men and women worked in the mill—maybe more women. Nearly all the weaving was done by women. The men supervised, repaired, maintained the machines and hauled materials.

Eventually, a union was formed at the mill in the last several years of its existence. The mill went bankrupt partly because of the union. It raised wages and reduced working hours, and forced owners to be more responsible. Also the mill was hurt by the depression and had a drop in sales. There was some increase in competition, and demand for their cloth decreased. When they branched out into a new type of cloth, they faced stronger competition. The mill adopted more modern techniques, especially in dyeing. The result was that the quality of their cloth declined and they lost their police and military uniform contracts. This was the major cause of their bankruptcy.

Many of the residents who worked in the mill left to find jobs elsewhere when the mill closed in the late 1940s. Their children, people of my age, probably thought (as I did) that their chances of getting a stable, good job were better elsewhere. So they left. Then the ones who were left were old and didn't have the money to do much of what needed doing. Wages were fairly low, as were savings, and properties deteriorated.

There is no single employer here now that ties everyone together to create a common bond. Families had been in the neighborhood for several generations and had roots here when I was young. Now many of the residents have only been here a few years and there are more newcomers than long time residents. The newcomers are improving the neighborhood, too.

We used to play in the cow pasture—a piece of ground across the tracks near the river; about fifty acres. It was owned by the mill and folks kept their cows there—as a grazing area. Many folks had cows. I would bring our three in each morning and evening. On a cold morning your feet would get real wet and cold if you were barefoot. So we would hunt for a new cow pile to stand in. It stained your feet, but kept them warm. We went barefoot eight months of the year, and anytime we could. We only put on shoes when our parents made us. We used to go collecting walnuts up on Monticello mountain. We'd be barefoot and there would be ice on the river. The only time my feet hurt was when it was very hot and the dirt road here was covered with ashes from the mill boiler room. They were very fine and would get so hot they'd burn your feet—bake your feet!

They were still using water power when I was a boy. There was a mill pond, a race, and a race house where they regulated the water flow by moving the gates. We liked to swim in the race and dive into the swift water. Of course, the mill frowned on this as too dangerous. Once, Mr. Van Wagenen, one of the mill heads, cautioned us about this and lectured on our work habits. One of us asked him how much he made and he said he made $5,000 a year. We couldn't believe it! That was a fortune. He used to give my mother rides to her work in town.

Folks here were proud of Charlottesville. There were no stores here at all. Wingfield's Grocery store was at the corner of Meade Avenue. They had men come through here every morning taking orders by 9:00 a.m., and they would deliver to you in the afternoon. You could order anything.

Neighborhood children started school in a small school near here with grades one through four in the same room. First graders were exposed to harder work and often skipped grades. Problems were assigned, and if you were fairly sharp, you could do higher level work. One could progress according to one's ability. We had to get the wood stove started each morning and cut switches also. We had strict teachers and rough kids. School superintendents would support strictness and discipline by the teachers then.

We spent the summers in the river and the winters on the mountain when we were not in school. The river was the focal point of our lives. There was more high water then. It left driftwood on the islands for us to build rafts with and we'd float them down a couple of miles. Below the Monticello house there were cherry, walnut, and apple trees. We went squirrel hunting there, also.
Recollections of Hallie Johnson Shisler

Hallie Johnson Shisler, now deceased, lived at 1901 East Market Street for more than 63 years. Her small brick cottage is one of the oldest buildings in the Woolen Mills community. Before it was a residence, it housed a general store upstairs and a tavern on the ground floor. It is said that Thomas Jefferson would stop here for a drink on his way to and from the University and Monticello. Mrs. Shisler's roots are deep in the history of the area. Her grandfather was a member of the Giannini family who originally came here from Italy to work the marble used at the University for Jefferson. Both her father and brother were employed at the mill and she began working there at age sixteen.

When I was growing up, everybody referred to this street as the Woolen Mills neighborhood. Now we just call it Market Street. Most of the people who moved in here were from Charlottesville or nearby. The whole neighborhood used to be like one big family. If somebody got sick, we never thought about calling a nurse. We waited on them as long as they needed it. Now I don't even know my next door neighbors.

All these houses used to belong to the Mill. Some of the people didn't have money to buy a home, so they rented. When you rented from the Mill, you paid $1 a month rent for each room in your house. This house rented for $6 a month. When the Mill closed, they gave everybody who was living in them the opportunity to buy them. We bought this one. The neighborhood held together for a while but then the old people died out and it gradually changed. There are still a lot of good people down here. When the Mill owned the houses, you had to have a recommendation to live in one of them. But it all changed after the Mill closed.

There used to be a little one-room school in the neighborhood on the road which leads up to the cemetery but I went to McGuffey and Midway schools. The church in the neighborhood was called the Woolen Mills Chapel. It was non-denominational. I went there—everybody down here went. It was a nice little church with services there every Sunday evening at 2:30 and a mid-week prayer service every Wednesday night. There was always a Christmas play, too. Once in a while, a group from the church would get a busload together and we would go to the nearby caverns or something like that. We also had picnics and lawn parties in the school yard.

When we were little children, we played ball and marbles and games just like they do now. We played at home and over in what they called the “cow pasture.” There's a sewage plant over there now, and we used to play in the river bottom—it belonged to a Mr. W. B. Woodward.

Everybody that lived here made the neighborhood what it was. Mr. Clay Marchant was the president of the Woolen Mills and he lived in a big house across the tracks. When he died, his son, Hampton, took over. The mills have been operating since my grandmother's time and they were making clothes for pullman conductors then. They used to make cotton too. The Yankees burned the mill down and when they opened back up they just made wool. They made material for army uniforms during the Civil War. My grandfather fought in the Civil War. He was wounded in the battle of Seven Pines.

The old mill was torn down and a new one built about 1930. It's now used by the Allied Storage people. I went to work in the old mill when I was real young. I've worked all my life. I didn't have much time for recreation except the sports and activities I took at school. It was hard work. You felt like you were in jail. Anyway, I felt like that when I was young. But it was good money in those days and the factory conditions were good. I was a weaver and when I left I was making fifty or sixty dollars every two weeks. My father was a wool carder at the mill and my brother was a wool finisher.

When the city took this street in, they changed its name to Market Street—before that it was Woolen Mills Road. I guess Riverside Avenue got its name because it led to the River. And River- view Cemetery and the little street beside it, River- view Street, are named because of the river too. Things are pretty much intact here as they were when it first developed around the mill. I only remember one house burning, and it was up on the hill.

This was a walking community. We had dirt roads—not cement. We didn't have school busses. We had to get out and walk to school in the snow and ice. My grandmother lived in Milton and would walk here to work on the railroad tracks. There were no cars around here for a long time. The only car I knew of belonged to Van Wagenen. He was the president of the mill after Clay Marchant. I remember his Ford just as if it was yesterday. It was like seeing something at the circus, seeing that car. Of course, we've had trains running through Charlot-
tesville as long as I can remember. Prices to ride them now are higher than they used to be.

Charlottesville has changed so much that I don't really know how to get around town because I can't walk so much any more. I have been up on the mall about two or three times. All the main stores used to be located on Main Street, and there used to be streetcars. You could ride to Fry's Springs for a nickel and a cab was only fifty cents up to downtown. Fry's Springs was the only place to go for real entertainment, and everything was orderly there. If we couldn't get there any other way, we would walk and wouldn't think a thing about it.

Later, the Armory was used as a downtown recreation center. We would roller skate there and they would have plays there, too. There was square dancing on Saturday night and sometimes "country and western" shows. It was an active center. And, of course, we were always doing something at the church. I also belonged to the Mount View Baptist Church. We would go in groups from Mount View to Goshen on picnics. There was not much else going on then for entertainment. I always read a lot when I had time.

But the thing that really sticks out in my mind about my neighborhood is how close everybody was--how concerned everybody was about the other. If anybody needed help, the other neighbors were there to help. If anybody got sick, we all pitched in.
Recollections of Edna Holloway

Edna Holloway moved to the Woolen Mills neighborhood in the early 1900s. Her story is typical of the many residents who lived, worked, socialized, and worshipped in the rather self-contained community which lies at the edge of the Rivanna River.

I have lived in the Woolen Mills neighborhood on East Market Street since 1913. I moved into a house behind my present home when I was twenty-four, and had just gotten married. I raised two children, and kept up to four boarders in my home to supplement my husband's income which he earned as a loom repairman at the Woolen Mills.

The Woolen Mills neighborhood was much smaller in the first quarter of the century than it is now. A golf course lay over much of the land that is now developed. In fact, Chesapeake Street did not even exist when I moved into the area. The neighborhood was close knit and somewhat isolated from the town of Charlottesville. We depended on each other. Many of the residents rented a house from the mill, or if single and male, boarded with a family, such as ours. Nearly everyone down here worked in the mills.

Woolen Mills residents were isolated from Charlottesville in the first two decades of the century by the scarcity of automobiles in the neighborhood. Few could afford cars on the wages they made in the mills. It was possible to rent "hacks," horse drawn buggies, that would pick you up and transport you like taxis do today. Grocery shopping was no problem for the people in Woolen Mills, because Mr. Wingfield, who owned a grocery on the corner of Meade Avenue and E. Market Street, sent a clerk around to the house each morning to take grocery orders. Then he sent his deliverymen around with the groceries in the afternoons. He extended his customers credit and they would come in every two weeks, after payday, and pay their bills.

On Sundays, the residents could attend church in the chapel that the mill managers helped build for the workers. I remember as many as one hundred people attending church here some Sundays. Despite these advantages, people had to get to town fairly often. So they usually walked the mile or so into Charlottesville. Most of the children walked into town each day to attend McGuffey or Midway schools, unless it rained. Often neighbors got together to socialize, usually spontaneously, and usually with a relative. One resident had a large walnut tree in his yard that was a favorite meeting place for children of the neighborhood. The chapel also had frequent get togethers. I enjoyed walking up Monticello Mountain to pick wild flowers. I transplanted them at my home.

I remember clearly the low wages and cost of living that most Woolen Mills residents had. My husband made $13 a week ($36 a month) in 1913. Each of my boarders paid four dollars a week, and we paid six dollars per month rent for our house. By the time the mills closed in the 1940s, Mr. Holloway was earning eighty-four dollars per week. The rent for the mill-owned houses was considered cheap even then and the houses were always occupied. When the mill closed, it sold many of the houses to the tenants, including our house. In general, however, the mill's closing was a "calamity." Many families were without income, and had to leave the neighborhood to find work. Most of the older residents did not leave. At this time, most of the "old" residents have died and some of their homes have been rented out. Other houses have stayed in the family. Rental units have hurt the quality of the neighborhood.
Originally a rather settled, quiet area, the Locust Grove neighborhood has changed through the years; from escaped ponies running down dirt lanes to noise from busy traffic on its paved streets. The neighborhood lies east of the Southern Railway tracks and includes the section of Park Street which lies north of the U.S. 250 Bypass and extends eastward to River Road. Its hilly terrain includes about 800 homes, most of which were built between 1940 and 1970. As late as the 1950s, a rural flavor was seen in the remaining dirt roads, barns and much open space in the neighborhood.

Now the city's fifth most populated area (according to the 1980 Census), three fourths of the residents own their homes and about one third of these homes have been in the same family for decades. Over one half the residents, however, have moved into the neighborhood in the last ten years. A comfortable mix of white-and blue-collar families, the Locust Grove neighborhood is a pleasant place to live.
Recollections of J. R. Ponton

Pharmacist J. R. Ponton, who died in 1989, had been a Charlottesville resident since 1934. He lived on Watson Avenue for more than twenty-five years. He witnessed the transformation of open land around Rugby and Davis Avenues from countryside to fully developed neighborhoods, and recalls changes such as the integration of city schools and the construction of the Route 250 By-pass.

I came here as a young man right out of high school. I lived in a boarding house and worked at Chancellor's Drug Store near the University. Later, a partner and I bought Timberlake's Drug Store downtown. After being there for five years, I entered the Army and was in for the next three years. I married when I returned and bought a small house off Rugby Avenue on Rutledge. We lived there ten or twelve years before moving to Watson Avenue.

The Rugby Avenue area was just beginning to be developed when I moved there after World War II. When I was a youngster living up by the University, my friends and I used to go there with our .22 gauge rifles and target shoot "out in the country." There were only two houses in the neighborhood--Mrs. O'Brian's and Mr. Dillard's on Rugby Road. Dillard was the dean of the Law School.

After the war, houses were scarce. A young man was developing a little street called Rutledge Avenue, a dirt road at the time, with two unfinished houses on it. I was the first to move on the street. (When I left, there were no more vacant lots.) It was a dead end road and ideal for young couples with children. They played ball in the street and no one cared. Oxford Road, which runs parallel to Rugby Avenue, had not been developed and Rugby Avenue just had a house here and there. I remember when an airplane hit the radio tower near there and crashed where the radio station is now. It went down in the woods. There was no Rose Hill Drive then, it was just country. Rose Hill was built about 1949 or 1950.

The 250 By-pass was built after the war also. Rugby Avenue once came all the way to Park Street and crossed the railroad tracks. If you were going to Richmond from anywhere on this side of town, you came out Watson Avenue, went out Free Bridge Road and across the bridge to Route 250 East and out. Watson Avenue was a main thoroughfare and this house was once a tourist home. Tourist homes preceded hotels. They were usually large houses like this one which took in paying guests. They had a big sign out front. This place was called "Enderly" originally. It was just down the road from Monticello Hotel, the tall building downtown. The Monticello was a nice hotel and it is now divided into condominiums.

Enderly was a tourist home in the 1930s and after the war until 1949. I knew the man who ran it--John Wilson. He owned it from 1921 until he sold it in 1949, but I'm not sure when he started the tourist home here. I used to visit with him here in the early 1940s before I went in the service. He was an instructor of mine when I was taken into the Masonic order. I had to memorize things to gain membership and he helped me.

This house was built in 1859. It has four bedrooms upstairs and could keep eight people comfortably. It has nice big rooms and there are seven fireplaces--one in every room. The Watsons, who probably gave the street its name, lived here but didn't build it. He was a pharmacist downtown. One of his girls (daughters) was still living in Charlottesville when we moved here.

The house next door was a servant's quarters and it was enlarged to double its original size. It had two rooms up and two down. Four rooms were added to the front. It had a summer kitchen and was it hot! Charlottesville used to have a lot of open areas. There were large open spaces between Downtown and the University--the two business sections--in the 1930s.

City government is like people. When my mother told me to do something, I did it and didn't have any choice. The city government used to have the mother's power and there wasn't any argument about what the city would do. There was discussion, but basically, the office-holders ran the city. That's not true anymore. Everybody's in on it now. Council meetings are packed and people question the government constantly. They don't just accept Council decisions anymore--just like our children don't accept state and federal government authority and decisions without question. But we didn't know we had a choice. Riots and demonstrations were unheard of in my day.

I was a member of the Lion's Club for years. We financed the building of Lane football field in the late 1940s. I remember the building of Lane High School. That was a swampy area. There's a creek that runs right under the school and the football field and comes out further down. Its called
Schenk's Branch. It was run through a concrete culvert under the field. Where the high school is was once a church and a kind of slum--black people lived there. There was an awful lot of dissatisfaction for picking that site for the school. It was a swamp! There was no McIntire road--just Preston Avenue going by there. If you wanted to come from there to here (Watson), you had to come on up to Park Street. They moved the church that was down there, up to Tenth Street. It's the Episcopal church from Monticello Dairy. They picked it up and rolled it there and then they graded and filled in for the high school and made it a beautiful site. That was near the center of town. This (Watson Avenue) was the center of town though, at one time.

Route 29 didn't come down Emmet Street--it came down Rugby Road. Barracks Road is one of our oldest roads but there was no connecting road between it and Hydraulic Road. So Route 29 must have turned onto Hydraulic Road and then connected with Rugby Road. Route 29 was built in the 1930s. Later, it was extended down to the University.

I never considered myself part of the Downtown neighborhood or any neighborhood. The By-pass was new when I moved here and there was much opposition to it. The city manager was almost fired because of it. Automobiles were just beginning to get numerous and all the businessmen, including myself, thought it was stupid to run the traffic around the business district. Before, Route 250 went up High Street and right up Main Street to the University. To the older residents, it didn't make sense to direct your traffic away from the business area. Actually, it was a very far-sighted move, given the number of cars we have now.

My business, Timberlake's Drugstore, was at the corner of Fourth and Main. It was moved down there in 1937. Soon after the war, shopping centers and suburbs began to grow--Greenbrier, Meadowbrook Heights, Bellair, and Northfields. Integration really speeded up this process. Some folks moved to the county where schools were still segregated. The percentage of blacks in the Charlottesville population went up.

Charlottesville took the lead in integration and most of the cases tried in the state originated here. We were in court all the time. John Battle was city attorney just for that purpose. We did it fairly easily and started before most cities. The adamant segregationists [sic] sent their kids to Rock Hill Academy. Moderates stayed in public schools. It probably set our schools back a bit but we didn't have any incidents where we had to call the law in. Council tried to enact integration as easily as possible--gradually, not suddenly.

I was a member of the "integration" council. I was on city council from 1961 to 1966. Old Tom Michie was made a federal judge and I was appointed to fill out his year. Then I ran and won one more term--four years. I was actually on for five years.

When it came to integrating restaurants, Council sat down with black ministers (who had a lot of power) and worked out methods. When restaurants opened up, blacks didn't rush to go there because they weren't accustomed to doing so. It took a month for a black to eat at my soda fountain. I had told my employees to serve any who came in. One day a black man called up and asked me if I would serve blacks and I said, "Sure, as long as they pay for the food." He was down in about five minutes to see me. For the first year, we averaged one black customer per month. You still don't see too many blacks in some restaurants. We go to Ken Johnson's or Morrison's Cafeteria sometimes and will see maybe one or two black families--but no more.

When I first came to this neighborhood, much of it, especially Davis Avenue, was country. There was an old house back of here. Jack Davis owned it. He owned and farmed this land. No one in his family lives there now. He owns Davis Chrysler Motors and lives on University Circle now. There was a dirt road off Park Street that led back there. I used to hunt on that land with my bird dog after work when I first moved here. Holmes, Elizabeth and North Avenues have all been developed in the last 20 years. There are small houses there owned by young people--their first homes. Its a nice neighborhood.

There has been little change in my neighborhood for some time now. When I came here, some old houses were being torn down. No one wanted old houses in the late 1950s when I bought this one. It would be unaffordable today. I was told then that I could never sell it for what it cost me--$23,000. Was he wrong! That's what I got for the small house I sold on Rutledge.

Park Street houses are in good shape now. Ridge Street and Rugby Road have gone down. Ridge Street will come back if the houses aren't torn down. Both streets had luxurious homes once. Rugby Road was the elite part of town. Most of the fraternity houses there were residences first. University Circle was elite also in the 1930s and early 1940s. There were no fraternities further north.

High Street is another street that has been basically preserved, but a few old buildings there were lost. First Presbyterian Church was torn down for parking lots and the old Norris House, where the parking lot across from the city courthouse is
now, was torn down in the mid-1950s. It had little historic value but it was a pretty old house. Dr. Ergenbright and Dr. Daniels had houses there. They were also torn down for parking lots! It wouldn't be done now.

The 250 By-pass was a big change for Charlottesville. If it hadn't been for it, we would have been stymied. As a downtown businessman, I didn't like it—to see everything moving away from downtown. Downtown is now becoming the financial center of town. The banks are there. Tilman's Department Store was made into offices right away when it closed. Downtown will probably never be a viable shopping area again unless someone puts in a big covered mall down there.
West Main Street, in the early 1900s, was the life-line of Charlottesville. It not only connected the downtown business and governmental center with the populous University community, but as part of Route 250 (the Three Chopt Road), it was the main east/west route through the area. A hub of transportation activity took place around its Union Railroad Station and the several hotels and restaurants nearby which served travelers and residents alike. West Main Street was once a mixture of residences and businesses. The south side of the street, particularly, was lined with shade trees and green lawns.

The area of West Main called Vinegar Hill began at the bottom of the hill leading west from downtown and was composed mostly of businesses owned by Charlottesville's black citizens. These stores catered to the black population but served both blacks and whites.

There are several stories about how Vinegar Hill got its name. Some say it is named for the famous fighting ground in Ireland by the same name. Others say it relates to a cask of either whiskey or vinegar which broke loose from a wagon and rolled down the steep hill. Another story claims that it refers to the quality of liquor which was sold on the hill. Many of the original West Main buildings are still standing and in use because of the recent Starr Hill redevelopment project which included that section of Main Street. The housing area of Vinegar Hill, however, was cleared as part of the urban renewal movement which swept the country in the 1960s.

Ironically, as availability of the automobile spurred the opening of new residential areas, many of West Main's older homes were vacated and eventually torn down. Large blocks of land became available for car lots, garages and sales offices and West Main Street became Charlottesville's automotive center.

The Ridge Street area, with the exception of some minor intrusions, is one of the few areas in Charlottesville that has retained most of its turn of the century character. While it is unchanged physically, it has undergone a major social evolution -- from the original principal residential street of Charlottesville's wealthy merchants, to today's predominantly blue collar neighborhood.
Recollections of Ella Baylor

Ella Baylor, now deceased, grew up in the section of Charlottesville called "Kelly Town." She taught elementary school for forty-one years, and was sharply aware of the needs of the black community. Her recollections reflect these needs and how conditions have improved.

I've lived at 838 Ridge Street since 1959. Before that I lived on Anderson Street, from 1939 to 1959. I lived on Preston Avenue from 1914 to 1939. Until 1914 I grew up in the country. I was born in Goochland County, as was my mother. My father was born in Fredericksburg. I belong to the Ebenezer Baptist Church. I taught school for 41 years at Jefferson Elementary, and retired in 1964.

Our neighborhood was called Kelly Town because my brother and sister married Kellps who had a large area of land there. This included Preston Avenue. Everyone else calls it Kelly Town also. Everyone who lived here knew each other. The people who worked didn't work in the neighborhood. They had to work somewhere else because no jobs were available.

Important to the community is Washington Park. Mr. McIntire gave the park to the black people. There were a lot of vacant places and open space. There was one house next door, and one lot belonged to Inge near Rugby Road. Ridge Street consisted of homes.

Some residents who made this neighborhood what it is included my brother-in-law's grandmother, Millie Kelly, who was a good nurse. She could make medicine--a bitter dipper--she put water in roots and made bitter medicine for stomach aches and colic. Most of the residents here just worked or taught; there were several teachers.

What has changed the neighborhood mostly is that so many homes have been built here, and also Trinity Church. There is only a little Kelly land left, and they're trying to develop where the Monticello Dairy is now. They cut new streets all through there. Where the Dairy is used to be Westfield. They used to have mini-carnivals there because it was one big open field. From Lankford Avenue on up, where the black people lived, they took old houses out. Out from here there used to be carnivals in a big field, but now it is developed. It used to be all mud roads.

The community groups consisted mostly of church clubs. Also the Elks and Masons. There were other social clubs similar to card clubs. Most of the people here came from within the city. One was from Lynchburg, and one family came from Louisa. No one moved out.

Most of the people used cars around here. Before cars, I recall a lady with a surrey and two horses. At that time most everybody walked. There weren't too many children in the neighborhood. Most of them played in their backyards. They played ball and rain games, and also regular games.

The city of Charlottesville has changed a lot over the years. So many areas have been built up. When I first moved here, Barracks Road was woods and they used to have horse races out there. There were no homes down Rugby Road except Miss Gordon's School and there was a house for the president of the University. The big house on the corner of Rugby and Preston was built for President Alderman. Much of the land belonged to the Rossers. My sister used to work there. In a positive way, the city changes have improved the streets and things like that. They have put in sidewalks, whereas before, it was all mud. Another nice addition is a high-rise apartment complex for the elderly.

The most popular recreational sports included baseball and fishing. They played baseball in vacant lots and fished down in the James, near the Woolen Mills. We went for picnics in the summer, and had dances at the Elk's Lodge or in homes. The Elk's Lodge was down on Second Street. The important employers in the area revolved around the railroads and the laundries.

What has been important to Charlottesville is the schools, because of the children. There are churches who help children whose families cannot give them everything they need. In the 1950s there were day care centers here on Ridge Street. The school nurse, Nurse Green, started a private day nursery. The programs at the churches on Preston and Trinity are not private.

The streets and sidewalks have changed the city. Where they were mud, sand, and dirt, a car couldn't drive through this. In the fifties and sixties all the homes were built on Preston and Rugby Road. On Ridge Street there have been a lot of homes built in the last six years.

A bad memory of the city and its surrounding area is how bad discrimination was. But now you can go to all the parks. Our recreational facilities were limited. The University was all white, also. I remember when the first black graduated. The University and the hospital has just grown and improved. There used to be the black wards in the basement--one for women and one for men, with
pipes. There were some private rooms for richer black people, but very few. Some people came in from Richmond and ended that discrimination.

In the black neighborhood, from Lankford to here, there was nothing but mud and only room for one wagon on the streets. The white neighborhoods were lovely. Things got a little better when we got cars. Black people live in the Ridge Street area and around the railroad, in Preston Heights, around 11th, 12th, Page Street, and Venable School. Kelly Town was all black. The Kellys were a black family.
Recollections of George Ferguson

George Ferguson was born on February 16, 1911 at 307 West Main Street. The son of a physician, he chose to become an undertaker rather than follow in his father's footsteps as a doctor because he didn't like school. He recalls physical, social, economic, and racial differences in Charlottesville neighborhoods.

I began my undertakers business here in 1941, and was one of three black undertakers in Charlottesville. After looking at other things black people could do fifty years ago, the only other professional opportunities available were to be a doctor, dentist, minister, or school teacher. At that time black lawyers weren't too popular.

I went to the old Jefferson Elementary School on 4th Street N.W., the only school for black children at that time. That old school building is no longer there. I went out of state for high school because there was no black high school until 1926. I finished school at Virginia State College. There was not much racial tension when I was growing up. Everything was segregated; schools, theatres, soda fountains. I didn't notice the segregation that much, but my mother was very upset when they put a rope up in the old Jefferson Theater to segregate blacks and whites. They already had it set up so that blacks used the balcony and then the rope segregated the balcony. When schools were integrated, my daughter was a plaintiff in a desegregation court case. The judge assigned her to Lane High School as she was a senior. That will be twenty-five years ago this fall. After black children were assigned to schools, the schools were closed and did not reopen until February. Then they had the black children in the superintendent's office, not in classrooms. In the fall of September 1959, a few were let in classrooms. The present coach of Charlottesville High School recently said in a newspaper article that because they wouldn't let him play football in the school he was assigned to, he went back to Burley. And here he is now, the coach of Charlottesville High School!

I don't think of myself as having been raised in a well-off family. The "bad" housing situation for blacks in Charlottesville was distorted. Charlottesville has never had an all-black neighborhood. Richmond does that, but not Charlottesville. Whites lived across the street from me. My father even had a few white patients. Vinegar Hill only went from Preston Avenue to Water Street. The area at the foot of Vinegar Hill was called "Wine Cellar Field." Just above that there were nice homes which blacks lived in. Whites were across the street from them. There were some neighborhoods that blacks lived in that were depressed and some neighborhoods that whites lived in that were depressed.

The University of Virginia was integrated before the high schools. I wasn't welcome there. The University of Virginia Hospital had segregated wards, and I broke that up. We started filing complaints with the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People). Black patients were put in the cellar with the pipes and everything. They were also put in the halls and people would open the side doors and the drafts would come in. We wrote letters. The hospital was not as big as it is now, there was only the old section. But race relations have really improved here now.

When I was growing up there was no confrontations because you never saw whites except walking up and down the street. There were one or two that I spoke to. There were segregated cemeteries also, but not now. The city cemetery was not segregated at first but eventually a fence was put up to segregate it.

The church played a big part in how we spent our spare time growing up. The blue laws kept the theatres closed on Sunday. We went to church, Sunday school, and night services. There were a group of boys I played ball with. My father had a car, but we still walked a lot. Most people had a horse and buggy. Much of West Main Street was residential. Parades came down that street. The circus came in at the Southern Railroad Station. That was the day you got up at 4:30 in the morning to
watch them unload. They came down Main Street at midday in a parade.

Other times, we would go up to see the carrier pigeons released from the railroad station early on Sunday mornings. It's a sport. They would all have numbers on them. You time them from the time of departure to their destination. The pigeons came up by train from all over: North Carolina, Tennessee, etc. About ten years ago, they brought them to Scott Stadium for release.

Charlottesville has grown a lot. It's a nice, quiet little town and it has really come along.
Recollections of Thomas Ferguson Inge, Sr.

Thomas Ferguson Inge, Sr. was the second Inge proprietor of the grocery store at 333 West Main Street. He received the store from his father George P. Inge, a Charlottesville public school teacher as well as a grocer, who founded it in 1891. At one time, Inge's Store provided all the fresh fish sold in town. It supplied the Clermont and Gleason Hotels, the University Hospital, Dolly Madison Inn and boarding houses in the University area. In the absence of public boarding accommodations in Charlottesville, the older Inges often shared their home above the store with many distinguished black visitors. Among them was Booker T. Washington. Thomas Inge, Sr. was born in his father's store, worked there as a boy, and with his wife ran it from 1946 to 1978. He remembers that his father was active in civic affairs. His recollections span the social changes of Charlottesville as well as the physical. He gives us the perspective of a black businessman in Charlottesville as the city was going through desegregation. He considers the greatest change to be the much improved relationship between blacks and whites.

I have lived at 815 Anderson Street for fifty-two years. When we moved in here it was an all white neighborhood, and people were inclined to be very prejudiced. In fact, when we went to the bank to get a loan to buy the house, we were told they could not loan a black man money to buy in a white neighborhood. So we had to secure the money privately through a lawyer. We weren't particularly welcomed to the neighborhood. People closed their blinds and porch shades to keep from looking at me, I guess. But we stuck it out and finally the neighbors became friendly.

This neighborhood has no particular nickname. Its boundaries are from the end of West Street up to Preston Avenue; up to 10th Street and down to Page Street. All but two lots were built on when we moved here and those two were probably built on about thirty years ago. One was built by a lady from Norfolk, and the other by a Charlottesville woman. Most who came into the neighborhood were Charlottesville natives. There was not a big changeover. A Mr. Brownfield (he's dead now) was a contractor who did a lot of building here.

Not everyone in the neighborhood knows each other and they work all over town. This neighborhood is mostly residential. The only jobs within the neighborhood would be at the funeral home down the street. We used to have a nursery school down on West Street. There was also a little park on Page Street where the city was going to let blacks go, but the blacks wouldn't use it because it would be segregated. We were trying to get away from segregation.

West Street got its name from a fairly wealthy black man named John West, who lived on what is now the 300 block of West Street. He owned a big lot that now has a street through it. Monticello Dairy is on part of that lot. He made a lot of money through real estate, but he was a barber by trade.

In those days colored people ran different shops for white people and for blacks. It was just a custom then. Mr. West ran a barber shop for whites and my grandfather worked in his shop and worked in real estate on the side. The Inges were good friends with Mr. West, especially my parents.

Most people in this neighborhood use cars to get around. Today the children play in the streets a lot. It's kind of annoying, but I don't really mind too much. Sometimes they go to the park. When my children were young, they played in the backyard. They played games like a-tisket-a-tasket and ring-around-the-rosie; about the same as now. The boys used to play marbles and ball. There were no recreation centers or swimming facilities when I was young. We went to the movies. Most of them were downtown at the Lafayette, the Paramount (the last one built), and the Jefferson, which was the oldest I think. There used to be musical comedies at the Jefferson. Also, the Episcopal Church used to hold a street carnival in this neighborhood every year. They sold food and refreshments and had games.

The city has a leash ordinance here now, but dogs just run up and down the street. I see the dog
catcher go by one or two times a day, but I never see him picking up any dogs. I don't know; this has always been a rather quiet residential neighborhood, but it's getting a little rowdy now. It's just different from when I first came. The people are different. Everything that ought to be out in the park is out in the street. I think that is very unfortunate.

When my father, George P. Inge, opened his store on July 1, 1891 on West Main Street, the street was nothing but a dirt road. Sometimes country people would come in on these covered wagons and stall in front of the store. It would take two more horses to pull them out of the mud. We had a premonition that West Main Street would grow in value, which it did. They finally bricked in the sidewalks. I always enjoyed watching the horse-drawn sleighs with bells going through the snow in winter. Lots of people had them.

Later on electric trolley cars ran up the middle of the street as far as the C & O bridge on Rugby Road. There, the motorman turned the trolley car around on a turntable. Then the tracks were taken up and the streets were paved with asphalt. Cars have certainly brought change. I have been driving for over fifty years. Doctor Ferguson was one of the first blacks to have a car.

Ministers, doctors, lawyers, and undertakers influenced change in Charlottesville. My father was influential and active in the city. Other grocers, like Mr. Edmonds and Mr. Buckner, were also influential. Mr. Paul McIntire never made a contribution around here that he didn't come to my father about his intentions. They were great friends. Mr. McIntire gave all those parks. It was segregated then and, of course, McIntire Park was for the whites, but he bought the old city dump which was to be improved for the black people to use. He and my father decided it would be called Booker T. Washington Park, but the city ended up naming it after George Washington. Maybe that was because of George Washington Carver, I don't know. That's unwritten history. My sister was a teacher, and Mrs. Paul McIntire was the county school supervisor. They rode out together to the Hickory Hill School sometimes.

Booker T. Washington and my father were friends. They attended Hampton Institute together. He would come to visit in Charlottesville and stay with us. There was no place for blacks to stay except in other black peoples' homes.

My father taught school for a time over on Seventh Street. When they built the new school building on Fourth Street they wanted him to teach for another year. At that time he would have gotten one of the highest salaries there, about $28 a month. He turned it down. Growing up, he wanted more than an elementary education so he had to go away to boarding school. When Jefferson High School, the area's first high school for blacks, was built in 1928, it was just a two year program. Later, it was expanded to four years. When the schools were integrated, Dr. Ferguson's granddaughter was the first black to attend the newly integrated high school and they made her do her work in the school office rather than in the classroom.

The prejudice has diminished quite a bit, but you're always going to find prejudiced people. I guess it's in-born in some people. Taken as a whole, the feeling is good. When I first married and until about 1954, it looked like it was a crime for a white man to call a black man "mister." Forty years ago the salesmen would come in the store and they didn't want to call my wife Mrs. Inge. She resented it and wouldn't respect them. The first man who did call her "Mrs." almost choked on the words. But after that it was all right, because they knew she demanded respect and they gave it to her.

I remember Court Day. That was a big thing in my day. The country people would bring things in to sell down by the statue of Lee (Robert E.). Father told a story about the unveiling of that statue. When they unveiled it, it was bronze and looked black. Some woman said "I came all the way from Louisia to see them unveil a back man!"

Blacks lived on both sides of Main Street, especially the first two blocks. From our store to Preston Avenue down to 5th and up as far as Jefferson Park Avenue. Also, Gospel Hill (behind Jordan Hall) was all black land. Vinegar Hill was a big Negro business area. It is all closed down now, and this has affected the standard of living of black people. They didn't have indoor plumbing there. Many of the residents were moved out to Westhaven (housing project) which is much nicer. When the Queen of England came here in 1976 they figured West Main Street wasn't fit for her to see and routed her around it. But I imagine they have slums in England, too.

Federated social clubs have quite an influence on people's home life. They fix their homes up so they can entertain these clubs. My mother belonged to the first social club organized here. There was the Taylor Art and Literary Club and the Thalian Club, as well as the secret orders: Elks, Lady Elks,
Masons, and Odd Fellows.

As for occupations, many worked for the fraternities. They made pretty good money running the houses for the boys. A lot of those fraternity houses used to be private homes. Inge’s Grocery provided fish for the fraternities and the private homes. I remember that Dr. Newcomb, Dr. Kent, Dr. Huff, Dr. Whitehead, and Dr. Watson were all customers at Inge’s Grocery for the fish.

There were big colored contractors, Charles Coles and Sons, who were important employers. They operated from a home on South Street at first, but now are on West Main in Dr. Ferguson’s old house.

It’s funny. The city passed an ordinance to cut all the trees down lining Main Street. Now, fifty years later, they are planting them again.
STARR HILL - ROSE HILL

Starr Hill is bounded by the Ridge-McIntire Road on the east, West Main Street on the south, Eighth Street on the west, and Preston Avenue on the north. In the past it was not considered to be as large as it is now—formerly 6th, 5th and Commerce Streets bounded the neighborhood. The area has had that name as long as many residents can remember. Early in this century, blacks in Charlottesville considered “Starr Hill” to be a desirable place to live because it was situated on higher ground and was the residence of many black professionals and homeowners. Once most of the neighborhood’s residents were teachers, doctors, dentists, morticians, ministers and businessmen. Many of the businesses on Vinegar Hill were owned by blacks. Though predominately occupied by blacks, Starr Hill has always been integrated—particularly on Brown and Cream Streets.

The city jail was once located on Starr Hill in the city yard, and an incinerator once stood next to Jefferson School on Fourth Street. The renovations on Starr Hill over the last several years were initiated by neighborhood residents who were disturbed by the deteriorating buildings on West Main Street. Help from the City of Charlottesville and the federal Community Development Block Grant Program made improvements possible in the area.

There are few specifically neighborhood-oriented events in Starr Hill, but residents stay busy supporting neighborhood interests and working in the churches.

The Rose Hill area lies to the north of Starr Hill, across Preston Avenue. Many references are made in this report to “Kelly Town.” Part of what is the Rose Hill area today was originally known as Kelly Town.
Recollections of William C. Jackson

William C. Jackson has lived at 204 Sixth Street, NW, for more than sixty years, with some interruptions. He studied and worked in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Washington, D.C. before returning to his native city to work in the city school system. Mr. Jackson is pleased with the changes which have occurred in Charlottesville over the years. He has seen a better quality of life become increasingly available for more of the residents.

I was born as 609 East Main Street, where the present City Hall is located. Then, our family moved to 520 Pearl Street where the Albemarle County Office Building now stands. My father later built this house. He was a native of Charlottesville and my mother came here from Madison County. We were in the Episcopal Church, and I was the first person christened in the present Trinity Episcopal Church. One of the early buildings that the church occupied was located at the point where Market Street and East High come together--Beck's Hill--the triangle where flowers are now planted by the City.

When I was in college, I was a member of the Inter-faith Council. I went to Lincoln University in Chester County, Pennsylvania, spent four years in the military and then finished at Howard University. My graduate work was done at American University in psychology.

After I finished school, I worked for the Department of Welfare in Washington, D.C., and the Industrial Home for Colored Boys, which was divided into the Maple Glen and the Cedar Knoll Schools when they outgrew their old facility. The Cedar Glen School was the first integrated coed school after desegregation. We had 12 to 18 year olds. Then I was employed at the Housing Development Corporation in D.C. and finally returned to Charlottesville. I was with the Department of Vocational Rehabilitation in the school system where I worked with the physically and emotionally handicapped. I was a counselor at Buford Junior High and headed up the Alternative Education Program.

Now I don’t remember this area being called Starr Hill when I was growing up, but a lady who lived across the street, a Mrs. Minor (her house is gone now) said that people called this area by that name. I know that Fifeville has always been called Fifeville and another area was called Kelly Town--that was out Preston Avenue and around Rugby--but why they call it that, I don’t know.

My sister was active in establishing the neighborhood association here in Starr Hill. There have been no drastic changes but we have had some block grant money to assist people in refurbishing and buying property. We have some better sidewalks. We have some new houses, lived in by whites, mostly. They are taking an active part in the community. The neighborhood is more integrated than before. The place at 210 Sixth Street has been built since I have been here. Most places have been rehabilitated or rebuilt. There really has been little major change in fifty-five years.

My father built this house. When the wood was cut for it, it was cut too short. So that wood was used to build the house behind us. The rooms are smaller but the plan is essentially the same.

Positive changes in Charlottesville are citizens having greater input into the community and sharing in their own destiny. Also, concern has been shown about housing, beautification of neighborhoods, expanded city services and so on. All this has been very useful.

When I was growing up here, there were social clubs for recreation. They were groups of people who got together and planned various social activities--mostly dances. The “Jokers” was one club and they are still going strong. Another one, “The Progressive Club” is now defunct. It was made up of older males. My father was a member of that one. The women had clubs too. The churches always had a fairly important social role. And now that people have had a chance to go to college, the various fraternities are important. Also, social clubs and business clubs like the Kiwanis, are not restricted to whites anymore.

We went to movies when I was growing up. The Paramount, the Jefferson and the Lafayette were the
theatres. We also went swimming in Moore's Creek out Sixth Street. Dr. J. A. Jackson had a swimming pool about five miles out—behind where Greer School is now. It was almost a natural pool using spring water. It would get muddy when it rained but we had a lot of fun there. And we joined the Boy Scouts.

We would also get into mischief. Mrs. Minor, across the street, was one of the most important people in the neighborhood when we were younger. She had a cherry tree and we used to get into it when the cherries got ripe. Another hangout we had was Scott Dean's filling station which was located where the C&R Transmission is now. He had pinball machines in there. A lot of folks and youngsters stopped in there to have a Coke and play pinball. Of course, we were probably playing illegally. It cost you a nickel and if you got the right combination, you might win a dollar or so.

There was also a restaurant on the corner run by a Greek family. Since it was before integration, we couldn't go in and sit down, but the owner's son, Paul, was about our age and he was very friendly. The Bell family had three boys and a girl just like our family, and Paul was friends with the youngest Bell and my youngest brother. We could go in there and buy various things. If you wanted a hot dog, they would fix it for you, but we just couldn't sit down inside and eat it. They didn't have much sit-down trade anyway. There were just a few tables and it was mostly a take-out business.

The City has been good about enhancing the beauty of the area. Also, the security of having sidewalks on both sides of the street is an improvement. But you can't make many of our streets wide enough because they weren't meant to handle today's traffic and some neighborhoods don't want their streets widened anyway. They like their yards and don't want the extra traffic. Transportation has made more areas accessible to more people.

The town is so much bigger than it was when I was coming up. The University Hospital has grown into one of the major medical centers in the country. The entire University, of course, now that blacks are admitted, encompasses more of the community.

I wasn't aware of any organized political groups in the neighborhood. Of course, I left and was not here during the struggle to desegregate. My sister was active in that. There was also a lady who had a kindergarten in her home in the neighborhood. There was not one in the public schools. Her name was Lisa. That was sort of a private Headstart program. The Jefferson High School wasn't built until around 1927. If you wanted to go to high school before that, you went away. Several went to Hamp-
years of trying to establish integration. He later left here and went to Michigan to become an assistant to the Bishop. Henry took a strong lead and so did my father. Drewery Brown was one of Mitchell's lieutenants. Paul Gaston and Mary Ann Elwood at the University were instrumental to positive changes. My father and Reverend Dawson (before Mitchell came) were active in the American Legion and established the first Boys State for black boys at Virginia State College. Boys State gave them some experience in the workings of the government. I also think the fact that Ralph Sampson came here to school was a good thing for blacks. He set a fine example as well as being a great athlete. I've always been a University of Virginia fan. We started going to the games when we were young.

We weren't aware of pockets of ethnic groups. They could be absorbed anywhere. But blacks were forced into certain areas. They had to go where they had property from an earlier generation on into recognized black areas. The housing in these areas was mostly substandard. We had rental properties on Commerce Street. They were probably better than many other rentals, but they were still substandard. Early on, there were no toilet facilities inside. Some of the houses in Vinegar Hill did have indoor bathrooms but some of the streets didn't have sewer lines. They had what we called "honey wagons." People used ten gallon buckets in their toilets. The honey wagon truck came around regularly and exchanged a clean, sanitized bucket for the used one. The waste was dumped down in a facility in the City Yard and the buckets were cleaned there. The name "honey wagon" came from the not-so-sweet smell of the truck. This was not necessarily a racial thing. I'm sure there were plenty of white folks who didn't have indoor toilets either. It was just the times.

The black women's lot was substandard compared to that of white women. You learned your place and you didn't move out of your own territory. When Burley School was built, it was significant to the black community. It became a center for our youths to gather before integration opened up other recreation areas.

I'm sure many people had problems growing up here. I didn't have enough sense to realize that there were problems. I was just busy going to school and to parties--and trying to fall in love.
Recollections of Rebecca McGinness

Rebecca Fuller McGinness was born and grew up on 5th and Dice Street SW. She has lived at 517 Brown Street for fifty plus years. When her husband returned from World War I her uncle, who built her present home, was living alone, so they moved in with him. She has lived there ever since as have her mother, daughter, and nephew. Her memories span many years. Both she and her husband finished their schooling at Hampton Institute. She taught school, teaching every grade at one time or another.

This area was just called Fifth Street. My family didn't call it "Starr Hill." That name has been used a lot since the redevelopment began. The name originated in earlier days when some folks called it Starr Hill because most of the prominent Blacks lived up on the hill here. It was up high, and they prided themselves because they owned their own homes here—no one rented. Quite a few of the ministers lived here. We didn't know anything about "blacks" then. Everyone used the word "Negro." Whites and blacks lived together in the neighborhood until segregation was legally promoted and then the whites moved away. Almost all the houses on Oak Street were owned by whites. My neighborhood was close-knit and friendly. Many of the residents were railroad workers, both black and white.

When I was young, I knew nearly everyone in Charlottesville, since it was such a small town. My mother was a housewife, and my father was a butler. There weren't any latchkey children because mothers of small children stayed home with them. Most of the blacks in Charlottesville worked around the University, although there were a few professionals. The University was different then. Many black women did washing for students. My grandmother did. She was a former slave, a seamstress, and in her spare time she took in student laundry. She had been a slave out at Chestnut Grove—out past Fry's Springs, near Mountainwood. This is out the Fifth Street Extension. When I was young, Fifth Street ran out into the countryside. My former home on the corner of Fifth Street and Dice Street, in Fifeville, was very old. It was a brick house and my father remodeled it. Most of the older houses were brick. The Updikes had a brickyard in Fifeville. Mr. Fife had a farm at Fifeville. He and my grandmother grew up together and were great friends. He would come to visit her at the Fifth Street house and they talked a lot; they had a lot in common.

My husband had a tailor shop, cleaning and pressing, near the University on West Main Street where Howard Johnson's is now. Later, he opened a business on Vinegar Hill at the top of Main Street. Most of the black businesses were on Vinegar Hill and Preston Avenue. There wasn't much on 6th Street. On University Avenue there were a few barber shops and shoe repair shops. A lot of the black women worked as domestics for the white people near the University who kept boarding houses for the students. Most blacks made their living off of the University then, or in a business near the University. Black men once rose early and made fires for the students in the mornings.

I attend the First Baptist Church on 6th and Main Streets. My grandmother was one of the founders in 1865. She was a very active woman. I was a Sunday school teacher, a leader of young people's groups, and I'm still working for them. Mt. Zion Church is about 117 years old. First Baptist and Mt. Zion are the two oldest churches, I think.

When I was a child I used to go on picnics out where Washington Park is now. That was way out of town. It was called Craven's Woods at that time. Below Washington Park was Kelly Town. It was called that because several families named Kelly lived out there. We went to horse shows near Fry's Springs. We attended movies on Main Street for ten cents. There used to be an opera house on the corner of 6th Street and Main Street where they had plays. There was a barroom on the bottom and a dance floor upstairs in the auditorium. The plays were put on by traveling shows and minstrels. We used to have "lawn parties," gatherings with bands and dancing. Most everybody had a piano and played and
gave their children lessons. They'd have little parties in the home under their parents supervision.

Usually people didn't go out much. Young men and women would hire a horse and buggy from the livery stable and go riding in the country for several hours--sweethearts in the country! The best route was out Nine Mile Circle to where Rio Road is now. You would go out Park Street, and back on Route 29. It was all woods then. Now it's all built up. It was horse and buggy or a wagon if you wanted to go a long distance. People walked a lot then too. Mr. Ellington had the first steam car. The streetcar ran up Main Street to the University.

When Lane High School was built, the blacks (who lived on the site) had to give up their homes. Their opposition didn't mean anything. There were black homes all the way down Preston Avenue from Beck's Hill on down. There wasn't a McIntire Road, just fields. My school had it's football games on Wine Cellar field down there. I attended Jefferson Graded School which later became Jefferson Elementary. It was an old building facing Fourth Street and that is where I began teaching in 1915. It has been torn down and replaced with the new Jefferson School and by Jackson-Burley. Children are more disobedient in school now. There are more drugs and drinking now, too. There is less respect for teachers. When I was young, the teacher was "law in the classroom" and was respected. Children respected teachers, and teachers respected children. Moral rules were taught as well as academics. We prayed in school, teachers and children together. At lunch, teachers taught manners and saw that children learned them. That's not done anymore.

To a great extent, I agreed with integration. Before, we had to supply our children with things that white children got free. Often, we weren't able to buy some things and our children went without. The races have to live together, so they should go to school together and work it out. Before segregation, there was interaction in neighborhoods when children played together and adults worked together. When they made laws to separate the races, then bad feelings set in. It made a big difference to be told you CAN'T do this, you MUST do that. It changed all our lives entirely. Then, the feeling of inferiority began and people had to move to other sections.

I've been pushed off of streetcar seats by white men. We had Jim Crow laws on trains, yet when you passed into Washington, you could sit anywhere you wanted. And it changed something in you--it created something in you--I know, and I'm not a violent person. In Washington, I went into a drugstore to get a drink and the lady passed it to me in a paper cup. Another person received a nice big glass, and I looked at it and said, "Why don't I get that?" She said, "We don't serve you people with a glass." That did something to me and I got up and walked out. I said, "Well, is there a difference in the money?"

These things made people resentful. After a while, that passed on, but you had to work through it to get to that point. Signs saying "colored" and "white"--those things did get to you, especially well-thinking people. Of course, some folks didn't pay any attention to it. They just did what they had to do. Traveling on a bus you had to sit in the back. It made you very resentful and you had to control yourself. I've been to places where you had to go around to the back door to get served food. Yet you paid the same price. You had to work through this resentment. The young people now can't see that. They don't know these things that other people went through. They can't understand what happened. They are born now with their rights, and they are enjoying the fruits of the previous generation's sufferings. They don't know what their ancestors went through. We had it so much better than what my mother came through and she had it better than what my grandmother came through. It was a radical change. But we all worked through it. We're thankful that things are different. There's still plenty to be done.

The biggest change in this neighborhood has been from family-owned to rented homes. Few of the older families remain in the neighborhood, and it is not as close-knit as it was. Renting changes the face of a neighborhood because renters don't keep up property as well, and they move frequently. Increased renting changes both the physical and demographic nature of a neighborhood. The housing renovations and the improvement of the streets have helped. The decline of the downtown has been adjusted to. It's not a big problem.
Recollections of Teresa Price

Teresa Price worked as a teacher in Charlottesville Public Schools for many years and helped integrate the faculty at Lane High School in the early sixties. Students were integrated first and then the teaching staffs. As one of the first black teachers at Lane, she remembers having to serve on an unusually large number of committees so that all the white faculty would become acquainted with her. It was hoped that once they got to know her, they would discard any prejudicial views they had of the black teachers.

I live at 204 Sixth Street, N.W. I've lived here forty-seven years—since I was ten years old [Mrs. Price has since moved]. I don't remember any other place of residence, but my family tells me we used to live at 609 Main Street, which is now the site of City Hall and on Pearl Street where the County Office Building now stands.

I was very active in the Episcopal Church at one time. I still attend, but am no longer an officer. I was somewhat active in the Democratic Party. I was employed full-time as a teacher in Clark School and joined the Lane faculty as a business teacher. I later became a librarian. I have belonged to women's groups, but am no longer active. I am divorced and have raised and educated two boys who are practicing artists. My father was a billboard man.

The Starr Hill boundaries went up to 4th Street, Main Street, 8th Street, and to Preston Avenue. We officially increased the boundaries include 6th, 5th, and Commerce Street when we began our Starr Hill Redevelopment project. We wanted to include the business area on West Main Street in the redevelopment area.

The railroad tracks have been here as long as I can remember. We had the jail here where city yard is now. We used that lot for a playground. We used to go sleigh riding over there, too. There was an incinerator over there, next to the black school. The incinerator blew up and people did not even complain. I can remember that a tank blew up once also. The school was named Jefferson School. Everything around here was named after Jefferson. People never complained about that either. They did use the name Carver for the recreation center, though. It was added to the school in later years.

Older residents remember the name Starr Hill and the neighborhood always being called that name. I remember one neighbor, Mrs. Minor, wanting to live on a higher spot up on the hill because blacks were generally relegated to lower-lying spots in the City. Everyone owned their own home here. This was considered a nice neighborhood. We are losing a sense of neighborhood because of the rental property here now. There are ten rental units just in this block. One of the houses is in such poor condition—people move in and out yearly. It is located next to a duplex.

The older residents here now are retired, but they worked as teachers and were business people over on Vinegar Hill. Mr. McGinness was a tailor and my father, besides the billboard ad business, had a restaurant and a pool hall. Dr. Jackson was a dentist; Dr. Garrett, a physician; and another neighbor owned the funeral home. We were sort of upper middle-class blacks.

The neighborhood churches were important buildings in the area. People from outside the neighborhood came here to church. There are five churches on two blocks. This is the center of the city. The funeral home was used principally for blacks. Beyond Brown Street were generally white residents. This, I didn't consider my neighborhood. Cream Street originally was white. There was a borderline between blacks and whites. We considered them just poor white people. I don't remember us getting together to play. I remember some fresh girl coming into the neighborhood after all the boys, but that was discouraged.

What was important to the residents of the neighborhood was the nice homes and other facilities. People from outside the neighborhood came here to go to the school, the churches, the doctor, or to be buried. They all ended up in Starr Hill. There was a lot of traffic in and out of the neighborhood. People came through here from Tenth Street and to town.
It was used as a walkway.

Mrs. Minor's old house has been torn down. It could have been restored, as well as lots of other properties, in the renovating project. There was City Laundry and a hardware store where the telephone company is now. Also, where Food King is now, there were a lot of houses. My family owned a lot of property down there but had to sell when urban renewal came along.

Some of the people who made this place what it is, include: Mrs. Minor--a seamstress, Mrs. McGinnness--a teacher, the Wyatts--the father was a barber and the children all teachers, the Jacksons, my family, the Bells--who have always been there, and Dr. Ferguson--George's father. We were professional and business people, waiters and people who worked for the C&O. The most affluent blacks were waiters and people who were cooks and maids for rich people. They had more cash flow than we did. Those tips, you didn't have to report. They made more than teachers! My grandmother Jackson was a home economics teacher. Jackson-Via School is named partly for her. She was a great supporter of the football team. She had leadership and spirit. She and my grandfather made $60 a month, together.

There were no neighborhood "events" or festive occasions here. People didn't celebrate as a group, except as a family. People were busy working and supporting school activities and whatever their children were involved in. School and church were the center of activity.

Starr Hill has changed. There is more and more rental property. The Starr Hill rehabilitation project got started because some of us thought we were going downhill and West Main Street was getting so horrible that the effects were filtering over into our neighborhood, Albemarle Hotel was the worst thing. I believe that at one time, it was used as a theatre and that there may have been a fire there. After it was a hotel it was a full time residence. It was also once used as a shelter for alcoholics, and later was a rental place for people who didn't care. It was in such disrepair those were the only people who would go in there. It was really bad. Mrs. McGuiness, Mrs. Coles, Ray Bell, Mrs. Tonsler and I approached Mr. Huja about conditions in the area and he suggested we talk our situation over with some people at the School of Architecture at the University. We did, and with their help, a task force was formed. We had a close alliance with Mr. Huja and the school. We had to make some reconciliations on what we, as a neighborhood, wanted to become and what the city proposed. Both sides made some concessions. Our neighborhood association was strong. We later received a block grant to use for renovations. Now we are trying to preserve the renovations. There has been a vast improvement but it is a constant struggle to keep up.

Anything we want city government to know we do through the neighborhood association. We are having crime here. Someone is always getting broken into. It is noisy here, and we complain to the individuals and then to the police to try to keep it quiet. One important change has been more citizen participation.

My experiences with school integration involved being told to integrate faculty in a "lowly" capacity in 1964. This was after the children had already been integrated. I went in expecting to find Phi Beta-Kappas in every white child, but was relieved to find that there were some dumb white children, and that I would be alright! There were some white faculty persons who thought that there were no competent black teachers, so I had to serve on every committee so that all white faculty would get to rub shoulders with a black counterpart. I wanted to attend all the in-house sessions so we could learn how to get along with each other. I tried to stay on my toes so that the few black students that were there would always be included. I saw the rejuvenation of the honor society at Lane High. When integration started, the honor society ceased to exist. I cannot say that it was because they didn't want any black students in it. Teachers (I was involved) brought it back to life. Lane High had distinct class (separation). Belmont kids were "yuk," and Rugby Road kids were "okay." That seems to be characteristic of white people--of being somebody.

When I was growing up, I went to Jefferson School. It was an all-black school. It was our only choice. We only had eleven years of school there. Looking back at growing up here, there was very little interaction between the races. But I had parents and grandparents who functioned well in both worlds. Some of the experiences that I had in school were very, very funny. Once, I was in a group that decided to talk about the black problem because there were no Blacks present!

There are no great problems with the blacks and whites now. Most of the black businesses are gone. Mr. Inge was a neighbor who ran a grocery store on Main Street, and that business is gone now. Mr. Paine is going to retire. We tried to recruit businesses here--black businesses--but white people were more willing to risk the business ventures. You can always look back and wish you could have done something differently.
FIFEVILLE

Much of the housing in Fifeville dates back to the late 1800's, and many of the residents can trace their Charlottesville roots as far back as two centuries. Picturesque, two-storied houses line streets so narrow that two cars can hardly pass each other. Fifeville is bounded by the Southern Railroad tracks on the north, Ridge Street to the east, Forest Hill Avenue on the south and Valley Road Extended on the west.

The residents are a diverse group: young and old, professional and blue collar, and a mixture of ethnic backgrounds. In spite of their diversity, there is a strong neighborhood feeling among them. Their neighborhood association works for improvements--better street maintenance, crime prevention, traffic safety--with the conviction that the neighborhood will remain strong.

Fifeville gets its name from the Fife family, owners of the plantation from which its lots were carved. The Fife home, “Oaklawn” still stands at the edge of the neighborhood.
Recollections of Francis Harrison Fife

Francis Harrison Fife is a life-long resident and former Mayor of Charlottesville. Governmental service runs in the family--his father was elected to City Council in 1931 and also served as City Manager. Although no longer in public office, Mr. Fife continues to provide quality leadership throughout the area in various organizations.

I have lived at 1605 Concord Drive since 1982. Other places I have lived in Charlottesville include thirty-two years at Oaklawn, in Fifeville, which was our old family home. That is where I grew up. I also have lived at 1893 Westview Road. I was a native in Charlottesville, as was my father. My mother was born in Richmond. I belong to St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Banking was my profession.

My early neighborhood was called Fifeville which ran near Ridge Street. My great grandfather and his son owned some 300+ acres south of the railroad, east towards Ridge Street, and then towards Forest Hills. Most of the people there knew each other. Many of the residents worked at Southern Railroad; others were carpenters and plumbers. There aren't many jobs available in the neighborhood now, except for one or two little stores.

Important areas to the neighborhood was a little church on Grove Street, which later became a recreational facility. The neighborhood consisted mostly of small homes on the small lots which were sold off by my grandfather or great-grandfather or uncle. It took nineteen acres for the Buford School site, which the city built. There are only about 5 1/2 acres of the original property left.

We had about thirty acres when I came along, and we had a community pasture. The people in the neighborhood who wanted to keep cattle could keep them at our pasture for two dollars a month or for twelve dollars a year. I would have to milk their cows for them if they had to go out on the train and wouldn't be there at milking time.

We used to play lots of baseball. The pasture doubled as a baseball/football field. We also had a golf course, which we kept up. Some people felt the pasture provided the best "greens" though, because the cows ate the grass. Yes, on occasion, we did hit the cows. The nature of events which occurred caused the area to change. People gradually moved out. Since many of the homes were quite small, as the people became more affluent, they moved out. There were about fifty to sixty lots in all.

Our neighborhood had no organized political groups. I think the most important community leaders of the area included Mrs. Binger, Mrs. William, Mrs. Bickers, and Mrs. George. The people in the neighborhood were particularly interested in sports. Boys my age kept track of all the baseball and football players. People were poor and didn't have the best kind of baseball equipment--broken bats were often taped together. The people who moved into the neighborhood came from all over.

Most of the streets got their names from my grandfather when he subdivided the lots or from families who lived there. There was a Nalle family that I can't remember. We could see one or two developments from our house. Orangedale used to be a pond. The Carters owned a place. There was a brick yard business which made bricks. Also, a junkyard, run by one family that was right across from our house. It's still there, and is called "Hill's Wrecking Yard." James Hill is running it. His father ran it before him. There used to be a still in the area. It was used by the King and Clark families. Hubert Carver, a developer, who worked out in that area in the late 1940's, decided to develop Forest Hills, which was Brook's Pasture.

Early on, people got around by walking. Later we used cars. At one time, we had three ponys and a couple of horses. A horse trader brought in some horses and put them in our field. He brought them from Montana and told me they were colts, but they were fully grown mustangs.

A while ago, we formed a neighborhood association, and the neighborhood was divided east of 9th Street. I wanted to be a member, but my home wasn't within its boundaries. So they changed the
boundaries. The association was started by blacks, and was made up of mostly blacks. I told them it needed to be well balanced. Now its population is about fifty - fifty.

Charlottesville has grown larger over the years. The influence of the University has lessened. Charlottesville goes through changes. Sometimes its town-oriented, and sometimes University-oriented. I feel that during the 1970s more community services were being provided. The emphasis we put on housing and low income families is characteristic of a model city. The democratic party at that time tried to see to it that whites and blacks were working together. I know that went on all over the country, but I think that Charlottesville was more progressive in that respect. What I think is key to Charlottesville changes was the change from a conservative city council to a more liberal one.

Names of people that come to mind who I think have been important in changing Charlottesville are: Jack Horn, Bernard Haggerty, Mitch Van Yahres, Louie Scribner, Charles Barbour, Nancy O'Brien, Bernard Chamberlain, Tom Michie, Tom Michie's father, and Harry Michael.

Areas just outside our neighborhood that were important were Ridge Street and Belmont. This is because there was competition between the neighborhoods in respect to sports. In both neighborhoods there were a lot of artisans and carpenters, especially in Belmont. I always wondered if it had anything to do with Jefferson bringing in all those carpenters and artisans from Europe. If you go into Belmont, you recognize a lot of both Italian and English names there. Belmont is laid out in a more orderly fashion than other neighborhoods in the city. As I understand it, Thomas Jefferson used to ride by the main home in old Belmont.

As far as leisure activities go, most kids in the neighborhood liked to go to the movies on Saturday. They didn't do a lot of swimming in the summertime because most of the children who lived in the poor neighborhoods were not good swimmers. They had no safe place to swim. There used to be a dummy line that ran through here. It was a little train with a small engine that went out before our place and up to Fry's Springs. You could pay for the ride and see free movies there many years ago.

When I went to the University, there were 5,000 students. You had a feeling you knew all the great professors and the student leaders. Anything that gets big creates lots of extra problems. I believe a University should maintain a certain standard size to attract qualified people.
The Fry's Springs Beach Club, built over 60 years ago, is still the focal point of the Fry's Springs-Jefferson Park Avenue neighborhood. The huge, Tudor-style building and the park around it, figured greatly in the early social life of residents from the entire city and surrounding areas. It provided the first movie theatre, the largest dance floor and the only swimming pool in town for many years. As other private clubs were built, its membership waned, but in the minds of many long-time residents and former University students, it remains the symbol of the happy days and magic nights of their youth.

Preceding the Beach Club was a grand hotel, of the turn-of-the-century style, which was built there because the two springs on the premises were purported to have amazing curative powers. This spa facility attracted visitors from all over the world and was said to be "one of the best watering places in Virginia."

Today, the community, located between the southern end of Jefferson Park Avenue and Interstate 64, is made up of middle-class professionals, young marrieds who are just starting their families, and students.

The large, spacious homes of earlier days are now surrounded by smaller homes as property has become more and more in demand in this University area.
Recollections of Alice Haynes Clark

Alice Haynes Clark, now deceased, was a descendant of the founder of Piedmont plantation, which is now the site of University housing. She shares recollections of life at Piedmont as well as remembrances of other parts of the neighborhood.

My father came from King William County, outside of Richmond and attended the University. I was born here in Charlottesville after my father had died in Texas. I was a posthumous child. I live at 2500 Stadium Road (which was part of the old Piedmont plantation), and have lived here for the past thirty years.

"Piedmont" was the name of the old white house in the middle of the plantation which at one time consisted of 2,300 acres during the 1800s. This plantation was owned by the Maury family at that time. Today streets and University buildings are named for the Maury's and Fontaines. Matthew Fontaine Maury was called "the old pathfinder," and he was my grandfather's first cousin. Maury Hall was named for him. Reuben Maury's great great grandfather founded Piedmont. He built the house and bought some of the land in the early 1800s, and over time the farm evolved. He also bought some land from James Monroe. The farm extended south and east toward Hickory Hill Church and surrounded Fry's Springs. At one time there was a slave graveyard where new dormitories now stand. About 93 graves were found. They were Maury slaves.

I lived in the big house until I was six or seven years old. Mother built a stone house near 2500 Stadium Road, and then we moved there. That location is next to where I live presently. These two homes are now the only two houses on the north side of Stadium Road towards the observatory. I lived there until I was married and then I left the city, only to return again in 1953.

I lived on Route 29 beyond Rio Road for approximately 10 years, and I was a housewife and mother of two children, a son and a daughter. I was an Episcopalian, and Charlottesville Civic League dues payer.

As a child, the neighborhoods around Jefferson Park Avenue were sparsely settled prior to World War I. I recall four houses in the Jefferson Park Avenue area. There was "Piedmont," which I mentioned earlier which Uncle Reuben Maury owned. "Shamrock" was built and named by an Irishman named Mr. Buckle, who vowed he was going back to Ireland, but passed away before his return. The Harmon house was owned by a prominent Charlottesville lawyer, Dan Harmon. A widow owned the Rixey house and a large brick home across from the University's engineering school on Stadium Road. The rest of the homes have been built since where woods and fields once covered the land. The Walsh house was built when I was very young.

Fry's Springs was named for my cousin, Jesse Fry. He lived about five miles away. Neighbors were very scattered. I went to school on the Fry's Spring street car, and even rode the last one that ran on the line. My husband and I got out and ceremoniously rode on the last streetcar. We had a lovely time.

There were a fair number of houses in Fry's Springs, which is on JPA after crossing the railroad. Uncle Maury built "White Cross" on Stribling Avenue which is called Huntley Hall now. It was so named because in the chimney there is a cross of white stone. Around 1915, Valley Road was not yet developed. The Barringer house was there. For the most part, there was no residential area until JPA hit Main Street. I remember the Thorntons lived in a house that belongs to the University. Mr. William M. Thornton was head of the Engineering school. Their home stands directly across from the Engineering School.

Before attending city schools and using street cars I used to walk to school over near Fry's Spring south. I had a cousin who taught "unfortunate little children like Mabel Talley and me." I spend ninety-nine percent of my life in the corner. There were only five of us who went there. I attended school in Richmond, then at Miss Meade's on Park Street. later, I went to high school in the city. I feel like I missed out on much of the growth of JPA because I moved away, leaving in 1924. I did visit my mother there often and noted that changes in the area didn't start until after World War II.

I recall an Army camp which existed where the Engineering School now stands. The camp was there during World War I, putting soldiers through a two month training period. Its only connection to the University was that the University owned the land it was using.

My great grandfather was Jesse Lewis Maury. He was the son of Reuben Maury, the original owner. He farmed the land, and owned slaves. My grandfather had seven living children, each of which received a part of the farm when he died in 1904. This is when Uncle Reuben got the main house. None of the children continued to farm, so the land went back
to bushes. My mother's mother got a farm, as both her grandparents were Maurs. Grandmother was from Charlottesville, grandfather was English, and was called "Liverpool Jim." Grandfather was sent for by Thomas Jefferson. Now Henderson Heyward owns much of the original property.

Prior to 1920, everyone knew each other in the JPA neighborhood. The Rixey house was owned by a widow. This is the large home next to the Beta Fraternity (McLean Tilton's house). She had two sons, John and Barber, and two daughters, Mary and Edith.
Recollections of Booton Herndon

Booton Herndon lives at 2422 Jefferson Park Avenue in a house which was built in 1900 by his grandfather. He left Charlottesville to live in New York where he pursued a writing career. After some years when, as many writers do, he sought quieter surroundings, he returned to his native Charlottesville. His own neighborhood experiences are augmented by memories of the stories his parents used to tell.

This neighborhood really grew up around the large resort hotel, or spa, which was built here around the turn of the century. And it was built because of the springs which were on the site. But around 1913 there was a fire which caused some damage to the hotel and the owners just gave up and tore it down because they were no longer making the money they expected. There are three of the four houses still standing which were built out of lumber that was salvaged from the old hotel.

Jefferson Park Avenue (JPA) didn’t exist then and neither did I. That was long before I was born. The Southern railroad ran along beside where JPA is now and the station was nearby. The hotel was reached by a “dummy line,” and I don’t know why they called it that. It was pulled by mules, I think. People would get out of the trains and onto the dummy line and it would run straight across country to the hotel. My mother was alive at that time and she tells me about how they did then at spas. They began the day with a huge breakfast. In addition to whatever fruit they had (and they didn’t have a lot of fruit because transportation wasn’t like it is now), they would have hot cereals like oatmeal and cream of wheat and then steak, eggs and pancakes. They ate like pigs! And then they would walk down to the spring and drink a glass of water. Then they would walk back up the hill and sit on the porch and rock in their rocking chairs until lunch. Lunch was in the middle of the day and it was what we would consider dinner today. It was the real “groaning board” feast! Then they would walk back down to the spring, have another glass of water and come back up to the porch and rock until supper. No doubt they had a snack before bedtime too.

As far as I can see, the only thing to do here was to sit at the hotel, eat, and walk down to the springs for water. Whether many ever played tennis or not I don’t know. There was just one court and no golf course that I know of. But the peak season saw overflow crowds and a rather large house near the hotel was said to have been built to hold this overflow of guests.

The water in the springs was the reason for the hotel being built here. Spas were springing up all over the country. Now Warm Springs and Hot Springs and White Sulfur Springs had warmth to offer but this spring didn’t, it just had the same old temperature all the time but it tasted decidedly different. It had iron in it. You could advertise anything then. There was no Federal Trade Commission, and the idea was that by drinking this marvelous water you could be cured of almost anything. It promised good health and that you could be free of practically every disease known to man. I like the taste of it. My uncle and his wife and children used to drive from Warrenton every Sunday afternoon through the back roads (there was no Route 29) to drink from it. People came from all over the world. The hotel was expensive but I don’t know how elite it was.

The spring itself was a nice looking place at the beginning. It had a nice roof over it with rustic shingles. It was much neater than it is now. There isn’t any interest in drinking the water these days. There isn’t even a path down to it anymore. Nobody cares about the spring or the water. Not that I do either except when someone expects me to be the native guide. Then I’ll go down. In my time though, I’ve spent hours there just sitting and talking. I learned to smoke there. There is another spring there but the main one was the covered one. I used to sleigh ride down to it on the path from the hotel. There was also a dam and small pool to look at. That was another reason for guests to walk down the hill, I suppose. I remember it as a natural forest with pines around it. It’s strange that a place once so popular could now be such a mess.
After the hotel was torn down, a church bought the property. I don't know why the hotel lost popularity. Maybe it shouldn't have been built here in the first place.

The Fry's Springs Amusement Park (at times it had other names) overlapped with the hotel for a while. I can remember as a little boy, the sounds of the playground equipment in the afternoons (it was a lovely sound, the chains that held the swings clanging up against the steel poles) and the sound of the street cars coming up. When the bridge was put in over the railroad tracks and the streetcar came out here, it really opened this neighborhood up. Before that time you could get across the tracks but in the early 1920s there were twenty some passenger trains which came through Charlottesville a day. In addition, there were the freight trains. So you could spend a long time waiting to cross the tracks and it was dangerous too.

My grandfather was the Secretary/Treasurer of the Charlottesville/ Albemarle Railway Company and I have a feeling that is why we got this house here. He knew this area was going to open up. He built it around 1900. It was a sample house - a sales gimmick. People would come in and offer to build you a house without it costing you anything if you would just tell your neighbors who built it. My father was well-known in the community and this was going to be a new fashionable area like Rugby Road. They made a deal with him to use this new process called sand block, a textured block which came out before cinder block. The only bill we can find for it is $700.

There was a place in the neighborhood which was called "Swiss Village" but is now just Woodland Drive. There are about six or seven charming little houses which were put up by a woman named Coombs. As kids we mispronounced it and always called it Coosville but they were like little Swiss chalets with delicate woodwork. Other houses have been jammed in among them now. At one time the only way to get to those homes was over a log pathway.

The park and the streetcar happened together. The whole reason for this park was so that people would get on the streetcar in town for a nickel and come to the park. There were movies shown in a pavilion and the children could play on the playground. People could dance in the pavilion on Saturday nights.

The playground was owned by the streetcar company. Not just small children but even adolescents, fifteen and sixteen year olds, would use the swings because they were rather sophisticated and complicated swings. There was also a Maypole type of thing made of chains hanging down which we could swing around on and actually be horizontal to the ground. A real Maypole was before my time but it was just a pageant type of thing which children would march or dance around holding streamers that were attached to the top of it.

The street car company ran an open-air car in the summer. The car would turn at the circle at the end of the road and the bad boys of the neighborhood would pull the trolley. A street car has a trolley which sits up against an overhead wire. That's where it gets its power. Its a steel shaft. On the end of it is a roller which runs on the wire. A rope goes up that you can put it on with. We would hide behind trees and when the street car would slow down to make the turn, we would run out and grab the rope and make it go off the trolley. The car would stop and all the lights would go out. The motorman would have to get off the car and come back around running and swearing to put it back on. Some of them carried guns and shot up in the air. At least, I don't think they were actually shooting at us but the first time I heard the shots, it scared me to death.

When I was growing up, there weren't many homes here. One of them was built by a man named Duff whose daughter I dated in high school. I worked on that house for fifteen cents an hour so I could get strong for football.

G. Russell Dettor, in 1921, borrowed money from the bank to build a swimming pool here in the park. The bank officials were shocked that he wanted to borrow money on a hole in the ground but they gave it to him. It was the only one in the area for many years. It was first run as the Redlands Swimming Club. It was a private pool. Mr. Dettor was the manager of the Country Club (now the Chi Psi Fraternity of Rugby Road) before undertaking the pool. He either leased the land from the streetcar company or bought it. The playground equipment was still there and was free except on Sundays when there was a small charge. He put in a miniature golf course and a tennis court. He was progressive in his business ideas. Even in his seventies and eighties, he was always thinking up new things to do. I worked there for him sometimes - all the neighborhood boys did. We had a stand and sold ice cream and pop. We got paid very little, maybe a dollar a day.

My maternal grandfather didn't come to Charlottesville until after the Civil War, and that was a terrible thing to have to live with. That meant we were not "old Charlottesville." I came back here from New York in the 1950s after being there for six or seven years. We eventually ended up back in the house which my grandfather built.
Recollections of Mabel Apple Talley

Mabel Apple Talley has lived in the Fry's Springs neighborhood all her life, except when she went away to Pennsylvania to college. She has lived at her present address, 105 Sunset Avenue since 1954. In addition to teaching physical education, she became a certified librarian and worked in the Reference Room at Alderman Library. Her community service includes membership in the Charlottesville Civic League, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Virginia Educational Association and the Louisa County and Albemarle County Historical Societies.

I have lived in this neighborhood longer than anyone else here. The house in which I was born was located on the lot where the Seventh Day Adventist Church is now. My parents came here from Pennsylvania before I was born because of my older sister's health. She required a milder climate. My father traveled as a musician with an operetta company. He was also a watchmaker and an optician.

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Stirling Avenue got its name from a family which married into the Maury family of "Piedmont." The last baby born in Piedmont, now Mrs. John W. Clark, lives in the stone house which we called "no-man's land." Booton Herndon lives next door to the Lutheran Church. He's a freelance writer who wrote a book on Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

When we were growing up here, the children didn't play too much. There really weren't many of them. We mostly read books. The girls had dolls and sewed doll clothes. We met every two weeks or so to sew and we were called the "Wimity Circle." We had tea parties too. All little girls in the South had tea parties. That was how they learned. We also had cows and chickens to keep us busy. When we were older, we went to the University activities—concerts, plays and dances.

When I was growing up in the 1920's, girls were curious about going out with boys just like they are now. The University of Virginia was not so large and we went to dances there. And we were busy! Students with money would rent a rig and go around three or nine mile circle (according to how much money he had)...with your mother along, of course, as a chaperon. Madison Hall would have an open house on Friday afternoon and we would dance to Victrola music. A boy would tell the hostess, Mrs. Walker, who he wanted invited. She would do the inviting and send him to get the girl. The dances would last from about 3:30 to 5:30 p.m. I was there
the day Mrs. Walker put the barber's daughter off the dance floor. There were distinct classes of people then and they didn't mix socially.

St. Anne's School for girls was outstanding. Jefferson School was the private school for boys. Only the riff-raff went to public schools then. After World War II, public schools became the fashion.

All sorts of people lived in Fry's Springs--University professors, etc. But blacks couldn't own property there in the early days. Outside of our neighborhood, the lawyers lived on Park and High Streets. The Main Street stores were often owned by and employed by people who lived on Ridge Street. Belmont and Fifeville were areas where a lot of C&O Railway people lived. Houses were built there for certain railroad workers because the people had to walk to work. Ridge Street used to be the most beautiful neighborhood in town and West Street was outstanding.

Of course, up to the 1950s, there was the separation of the coloreds and whites. More private schools were started because of integration.
Recollections of Charles E. Moran, Jr.

Charles E. Moran, Jr., most often referred to as "Chic" Moran, was born in 1913 in a house on a "cowpath" that later became Shamrock Road. He lived there until 1977 when he moved to the county. His father was born in Cairo, Illinois and came here in 1896. His mother moved here in 1903 from nearby Hanover County. Mr. Moran earned a Master of History degree at the University of Virginia and taught briefly in Culpeper County. He was principal at the Blue Ridge School in Albemarle County for a short time. He spent four years in service during World War II and spent several more years in Europe as a Quaker relief worker in Southern France.

Mr. Moran operated a printing business before joining the university's printing staff at the University of Virginia where he worked for twenty years. He served four years as the University History Officer and recorded oral histories of prominent University officials for the University's 150th anniversary. He has watched his neighborhood of Fry's Springs grow from a small group of homes to a heavily populated area. Mr. Moran is one of the forty-seven recorded Quakers in the city. He became a Quaker in 1930 and established a recognized meeting in Charlottesville in 1952.

Shamrock Road where I was born was just an unnamed cowpath off of the Fry's Springs Road (now Jefferson Park Avenue). I considered my neighborhood of Fry's Springs everything south of Shamrock Road and southeast of the University. The name Jefferson Park Avenue was created as a real estate promotion back in the 1890s but wasn't accepted then. When the city was paving the road and putting up street signs, I think they decided that the subdivision in Fry's Springs had originally been called Jefferson Park so they gave that name to the road. It was just a single lane road there beside the railroad tracks. I had always called it Fry's Springs Road until the city put the sign up in about 1930. People accepted the change but there are some people like me who still call it Fry's Springs Road sometimes. This area was named for Joshua Fry who was the owner of the land in the eighteenth century. There was a spring there. This spring became very important to the development of the neighborhood.

Jefferson Park had been initiated by the Leterman family, an enterprising Jewish family who set up an amusement park out there. Because of the amusement park, a very pretentious hotel was built where the Jefferson Park Baptist Church is now. The hotel burned later. The Jefferson Park subdivision began in the 1890s and the heart of it was the hotel and amusement park. There wasn't any economic activity in Fry's Springs - it was completely residential. Later on, at the JPA/Fontaine Avenue intersection, stores and service stations appeared and employed some people in the neighborhood. The neighborhood was very close-knit. People knew each other. By the time I moved away, the University of Virginia had overflowed into the area and my part of Fry's Springs was occupied mostly by students and student families.

The Fry's Springs Pavilion, which had a roof with open sides, was built in the 1920s. A movie theatre was in the pavilion first. By the mid-1930s, the pavilion got a dance floor. They held square dances on Wednesday nights for a hundred or so people. The music was by the Monticello String Band which I played in every Wednesday night for four or five years. The band's leader was a salesman for the Monticello Dairy, hence the name of the band. Later, the Fry's Springs Beach Club was established there by the owner, Russell Dettor. He built the pool and then the dressing rooms. It was private but it could be joined for a fee.

For a long time, the only public school was Midway School. McGuffey school was built in 1916, and then in 1925, Venable, which I attended. There were no school busses so we had to walk most of the time. Growth of the neighborhood was not due to efforts of the residents but was imposed from outside. There was some construction going on in the 1920 and 1930s but the growth rate was slow until after World War II. It occurred as people divided large lots into smaller ones and built houses and apartments to rent. Development occurred privately, not by developers. Two contractors lived in
the neighborhood - a Mr. Clark and then Mr. Grover Failes who built the house on Shamrock where I lived. The expansion of the University had great effect on the growth of the neighborhood as well as the growth of the community as a whole. The University built faculty housing in our neighborhood too.

I don't recall any annual neighborhood "events." The residents didn't feel organized although it was a definable neighborhood. Shamrock Road was named by my mother. A Mrs. Brown, a former New England governess at the old Maury place, "Piedmont," married and when her husband died, returned to the neighborhood to rear her children. She built a home opposite the end of Scott Stadium and called it Shamrock. In 1912, my parents bought a small log chalet from her which she had built on the property for her son, Kenneth, who was interested in becoming a writer. He didn't stick with it, so the house was sold to them. I was born there. It was in the county then. When the city annexed the area three years later, they asked my mother the name of the street. She said, "Let's call it Shamrock Road" - and they did. Stadium Road was named for Scott Stadium which opened in 1931. Before that, it was called Lynchburg Road because it wound back southward to Lynchburg. There are a number of streets around that are named for people who lived there. The Fry's Springs neighborhood appealed to my parents because it was not Park Street. They didn't have the means to build a large house so they felt more comfortable in a more modest neighborhood. I think that characterized the neighborhood then and still does now.

There were some pretentious houses in the neighborhood though. The very prominent Harmon House (Daniel Harmon lived there and he probably built it) is between Washington and Observatory Avenue. It was bought by the Clarks who I have mentioned before. He was a contractor. Another handsome house was located just beyond where the 1800 Jefferson Park Avenue apartments are now. It was called Carrollton Terrace and was owned by a family named Carroll. There have been apartments there for some time now. Another rather large house is now a fraternity house on Maury Avenue. It was owned by a man named Tilton, an early contractor. An- other rental house so they felt more comfortable in a more mod- est neighborhood. I think that characterized the neighbor- bhood then and still does now.

The hotel burned before I was born. On the south side of the railroad tracks, there was Fifeville and Bingleville. The Bingler home was on Shamrock Road. It also burned. The trolley was the most important transport when I was young. By the 1920s, private automobiles were seen more but there was still much walking. We got our first automobile, a Model T, in 1921 and Father drove to work then. He would also take us to school and we would walk home. We used to explore country roads. It was an adventurous thing to do. I remember riding to Richmond on a dirt road. Licenses were required early on but I drove from age 10 to 14 without one. Captain Mack (McCauley) stopped me and warned me once when I was running an errand for my mother. I was about 13. I had to stop driving for a year. You had to be fourteen to get a license.

As children we played a lot at the University. We walked home through the University from school. We loved it there and would play football on the Lawn in front of Cabell Hall. We even had a few teams and some plays built around Homer's statue. We liked to play on Observatory Mountain too. It was wonderful and wild and there was an opportunity to watch birds and the plants and wildlife. I had two brothers and a sister. I was the oldest. We all played together and with some of the other neighborhood children.

I have been concerned that the city and the University should promote close cooperation between all parties in the neighborhood, permanent residents and students, to maintain a good quality of life for all and prevent exploitation and greedy over-development. There is such a tendency for us to feel that exploitation is a good thing. Generally, it is not a good thing for the people. Exploiters put up structures which do not cost much and are not top quality. This can be done because our city government wants to cost as little as possible and wants to interfere with people's lives as little as possible. But all of us have got to be prepared to give up certain rights in order to have a better society.

I want the city and University to remain alive and even improve their sensitivity toward each other. I don't like the proliferation of jurisdictions. Here we have three separate jurisdic- tions. We should have done a lot more merging than we have done. For example, Sen. Tom Michie's recent bill, which did not pass, in which he wanted to make the University subject to zoning regu- lations of the city, had merit to it. The University simply is not a mile from Charlottesville as it was when it was built between 1819 and 1825.

When I was born, Charlottesville had 10,000 people. Now there are 40,000. You could probably see no more than fifteen houses from the place where I was born. The thing that gives me pleasure and satisfaction is to note how much more our society here is open to minorities and other faiths than in the past. This coincides with my life as a family
Recollections of Mabel Apple Talley

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There are quite a few churches in the neighborhood: the Lutheran, JPA Baptist, the Christian and the Free Will Baptist and of course, the Seventh Day Adventist, dissenters from the Episcopal Church. I sold them the land to put up their church but they didn't do what they promised. There wasn't a Catholic Church in Fry's Springs. When I was growing up, we had a very small one downtown and the priest came once a month. There were very few Catholics in town. I don't remember more than ten people in Sunday School. Not until the Morton Food Company brought in people were there more Catholics. I used to fight battles because I was both a Catholic and a "Damn Yankee."

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Stribling Avenue got its name from a family which married into the Maury family of “Piedmont.” The last baby born in Piedmont, now Mrs. John W. Clark, lives in the stone house which we called “no-man’s land.” Booton Herndon lives next door to the Lutheran Church. He’s a freelance writer who wrote a book on Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

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When I was growing up in the 1920’s, girls were curious about going out with boys just like they are now. The University of Virginia was not so large and we went to dances there. And we were busy! Students with money would rent a rig and go around three or nine mile circle (according to how much money he had)...with your mother along, of course, as a chaperon. Madison Hall would have an open house on Friday afternoon and we would dance to Victrola music. A boy would tell the hostess, Mrs. Walker, who he wanted invited. She would do the inviting and send him to get the girl. The dances would last from about 3:30 to 5:30 p.m. I was there
the day Mrs. Walker put the barber's daughter off the dance floor. There were distinct classes of people then and they didn't mix socially.

St. Anne's School for girls was outstanding. Jefferson School was the private school for boys. Only the riff-raff went to public schools then. After World War II, public schools became the fashion.

All sorts of people lived in Fry's Springs—University professors, etc. But blacks couldn't own property there in the early days. Outside of our neighborhood, the lawyers lived on Park and High Streets. The Main Street stores were often owned by and employed by people who lived on Ridge Street. Belmont and Fifeville were areas where a lot of C&O Railway people lived. Houses were built there for certain railroad workers because the people had to walk to work. Ridge Street used to be the most beautiful neighborhood in town and West Street was outstanding.

Of course, up to the 1950s, there was the separation of the coloreds and whites. More private schools were started because of integration.
Recollections of Charles E. Moran, Jr.

Charles E. Moran, Jr., most often referred to as "Chic" Moran, was born in 1913 in a house on a "cowpath" that later became Shamrock Road. He lived there until 1977 when he moved to the county. His father was born in Cairo, Illinois and came here in 1896. His mother moved here in 1903 from nearby Hanover County. Mr. Moran earned a Master of History degree at the University of Virginia and taught briefly in Culpeper County. He was principal at the Blue Ridge School in Albemarle County for a short time. He spent four years in service during World War II and spent several more years in Europe as a Quaker relief worker in Southern France.

Mr. Moran operated a printing business before joining the printing staff at the University of Virginia where he worked for twenty years. He served four years as the University History Officer and recorded oral histories of prominent University officials for the University's 150th anniversary. He has watched his neighborhood of Fry's Springs grow from a small group of homes to a heavily populated area. Mr. Moran is one of the forty-seven recorded Quakers in the city. He became a Quaker in 1930 and established a recognized meeting in Charlottesville in 1952.

Shamrock Road where I was born was just an unnamed cowpath off of the Fry's Springs Road (now Jefferson Park Avenue). I considered my neighborhood of Fry's Springs everything south of Shamrock Road and southeast of the University. The name Jefferson Park Avenue was created as a real estate promotion back in the 1890s but wasn't accepted then. When the city was paving the road and putting up street signs, I think they decided that the subdivision in Fry's Springs had originally been called Jefferson Park so they gave that name to the road. It was just a single lane road there beside the railroad tracks. I had always called it Fry's Springs Road until the city put the sign up in about 1930. People accepted the change but there are some people like me who still call it Fry's Springs Road sometimes. This area was named for Joshua Fry who was the owner of the land in the eighteenth century. There was a spring there. This spring became very important to the development of the neighborhood.

Jefferson Park had been initiated by the Leterman family, an enterprising Jewish family who set up an amusement park out there. Because of the amusement park, a very pretentious hotel was built where the Jefferson Park Baptist Church is now. The hotel burned later. The Jefferson Park subdivision began in the 1890s and the heart of it was the hotel and amusement park. There wasn't any economic activity in Fry's Springs - it was completely residential. Later on, at the JPA/Fontaine Avenue intersection, stores and service stations appeared and employed some people in the neighborhood. The neighborhood was very close-knit. People knew each other. By the time I moved away, the University of Virginia had overflowed into the area and my part of Fry's Springs was occupied mostly by students and student families.

The Fry's Springs Pavilion, which had a roof with open sides, was built in the 1920s. A movie theatre was in the pavilion first. By the mid-1930s, the pavilion got a dance floor. They held square dances on Wednesday nights for a hundred or so people. The music was by the Monticello String Band which I played in every Wednesday night for four or five years. The band's leader was a salesman for the Monticello Dairy, hence the name of the band. Later, the Fry's Springs Beach Club was established there by the owner, Russell Dettor. He built the pool and then the dressing rooms. It was private but it could be joined for a fee.

For a long time, the only public school was Midway School. McGuffey school was built in 1916, and then in 1925, Venable, which I attended. There were no school buses so we had to walk most of the time. Growth of the neighborhood was not due to efforts of the residents but was imposed from outside. There was some construction going on in the 1920 and 1930s but the growth rate was slow until after World War II. It occurred as people divided large lots into smaller ones and built houses and apartments to rent. Development occurred privately, not by developers. Two contractors lived in
the neighborhood - a Mr. Clark and then Mr. Grover Failes who built the house on Shamrock where I lived. The expansion of the University had great effect on the growth of the neighborhood as well as the growth of the community as a whole. The University built faculty housing in our neighborhood too.

I don't recall any annual neighborhood "events." The residents didn't feel organized although it was a definable neighborhood. Shamrock Road was named by my mother. A Mrs. Brown, a former New England governess at the old Maury place, "Piedmont," married and when her husband died, returned to the neighborhood to rear her children. She built a home opposite the end of Scott Stadium and called it Shamrock. In 1912, my parents bought a small log chalet from her which she had built on the property for her son, Kenneth, who was interested in becoming a writer. He didn't stick with it, so the house was sold to them. I was born there. It was in the county then. When the city annexed the area three years later, they asked my mother the name of the street. She said, "Let's call it Shamrock Road" and they did. Stadium Road was named for Scott Stadium which opened in 1931. Before that, it was called Lynchburg Road because it wound back southward to Lynchburg. There are a number of streets around that are named for people who lived there. The Fry's Springs neighborhood appealed to my parents because it was not Park Street. They didn't have the means to build a large house so they felt more comfortable in a more modest neighborhood. I think that characterized the neighborhood then and still does now.

There were some pretentious houses in the neighborhood though. The very prominent Harmon House (Daniel Harmon lived there and he probably built it) is between Washington and Observatory Avenue. It was bought by the Clarks who I have mentioned before. He was a contractor. Another handsome house was located just beyond where the 1800 Jefferson Park Avenue apartments are now. It was called Carrollton Terrace and was owned by a family named Carroll. There have been apartments there for some time now. Another rather large house is now a fraternity house on Maury Avenue. It was owned by a man named Tilton, an early fund raiser for the University Alumni Association. Otherwise the houses were not exceedingly large. Even Piedmont was not pretentious. It wasn't really visible, for one thing.

The hotel burned before I was born. On the south side of the railroad tracks, there was Fiffeville and Binglerville. The Bingler home was on Shamrock Road. It also burned. The trolley was the most important transport when I was young. By the 1920s, private automobiles were seen more but there was still much walking. We got our first automobile, a Model T, in 1921 and Father drove to work then. He would also take us to school and we would walk home. We used to explore country roads. It was an adventurous thing to do. I remember riding to Richmond on a dirt road. Licenses were required early on but I drove from age 10 to 14 without one. Captain Mack (McCauley) stopped me and warned me once when I was running an errand for my mother. I was about 13. I had to stop driving for a year. You had to be fourteen to get a license.

As children we played a lot at the University. We walked home through the University from school. We loved it there and would play football on the Lawn in front of Cabell Hall. We even had a few teams and some plays built around Homer's statue. We liked to play on Observatory Mountain too. It was wonderful and wild and there was an opportunity to watch birds and the plants and wildlife. I had two brothers and a sister. I was the oldest. We all played together and with some of the other neighborhood children.

I have been concerned that the city and the University should promote close cooperation between all parties in the neighborhood, permanent residents and students, to maintain a good quality of life for all and prevent exploitation and greedy over-development. There is such a tendency for us to feel that exploitation is a good thing. Generally, it is not a good thing for the people. Exploiters put up structures which do not cost much and are not top quality. This can be done because our city government wants to cost as little as possible and are not top quality. This can be done because our city government wants to cost as little as possible and wants to interfere with people's lives as little as possible. But all of us have got to be prepared to give up certain rights in order to have a better society.

I want the city and University to remain alive and even improve their sensitivity toward each other. I don't like the proliferation of jurisdictions. Here we have three separate jurisdictions. We should have done a lot more merging than we have done. For example, Sen. Tom McHie's recent bill, which did not pass, in which he wanted to make the University subject to zoning regulations of the city, had merit to it. The University simply is not a mile from Charlottesville as it was when it was built between 1819 and 1825.

When I was born, Charlottesville had 10,000 people. Now there are 40,000. You could probably see no more than fifteen houses from the place where I was born. The thing that gives me pleasure and satisfaction is to note how much more our society here is open to minorities and other faiths than in the past. This coincides with my life as a family
person with children who needed to go to school at a time when public schools were closed to avoid the effects of a national decision. When I see Eugene Williams and his Dogwood Housing Project rehabilitating houses to essentially remove slum housing, I feel we are a better, more harmonious community.

The most dramatic event was in 1956-57 after the Byrd Massive Resistance laws went into effect. These were state laws saying that if a black child came to a white school seeking admission, even under federal court order that school should be shut down. There was a lot of dissension in the community. Rock Hill Academy was established to avoid integration. White citizens councils were active. But a lot of thoughtful, concerned citizens also helped the city overcome this crisis. Mr. Peter Mansey was one who set about organizing alternative schools in homes, arranging to have teachers paid.

Tom Michie was mayor and in an effective, quiet way he said to residents enough times and in enough favorable circumstances that there was not going to be any disorder or turmoil in Charlottesville - and there wasn't. His firm, positive leadership deserves credit for this. Oh, there were some cross-burnings. Public schools were closed for half a year and children attended school in churches and private homes. This wasn't all over Charlottesville, just in Venable and Lane High.

Of the people whose pioneering raised our consciousness (on segregation) more than anyone was Sarah Patton Boyle. She was a faculty wife and daughter of the librarian at the University. She grew up on West Main Street. She was successful as a writer. When the first black was admitted to UVA Law School in 1950, she saw this as something new and different and went to talk to him which was against all usual southern etiquette in regard to race. She was enterprising enough to go find out for herself. This must have brought about a conversion in her whole outlook because she was a real southerner in her outlook toward race. She became a pioneer and was the personification of a beginning recognition of the fact that relations between blacks and whites were not as harmonious and constructive as Southerners liked to think they were.

Personally, it was a very traumatic experience for her. It actually led to the break-up of her family. She was quite unafraid. She didn't want the pioneer role at all but it was something she found herself in the middle of. She was the mainspring for organizing the first local chapter of the Southern Regional Council on Human Relations. It was a group of southern blacks and whites based in Atlanta, which had been for a decade or two quietly researching the disparities between blacks and whites. Until 1956 it was just a regional thing with annual meetings but no great field work. No one was trying to carry out the council's objectives. Pattie organized the first local chapter here. She asked me to be on it. Our first meeting was at Westminster Presbyterian Church. The police were all around the place (we didn't realize it!) because one of the leaders of the resistance at that time, John Casper, had come to Charlottesville to do what he could to disrupt things.

People like Francis Fife worked more in the background. Jane Foster, the wife of a medical school professor, was effective. She became president of the council after David Cole Wilson stepped down. He was the only person I could find to accept the chairmanship of the council at first and he did a superb job.

City initiatives have been small and unnoticed in our neighborhood. The city has generally approved changes that had already begun. It's been a well-behaved, crime-free neighborhood. Before World War II, crime virtually didn't occur.

The University built a house for my grandfather on McCormick Road and right opposite his house, where Clark Hall is now (behind Monroe Hill) was tee number one of a nine-hole golf course that belonged to the University.

A community of English immigrants grew up very gradually in the Ivy area. The Higginsons, Hopkinsons and Barlows were among them. They brought with them a delightful form of community athletics - field hockey. They played in the orchards at Ivy. They came mostly from the Midlands of England after the Civil War when property prices in the U.S. were very depressed and foreigners could get excellent buys - large farms. They kept to themselves for many years. In the mid-1930s, one of the first generation of those English people, Tom Hopkinson, invited my brother to come out and play hockey. This was unusual but they opened up some in the 1930s. We played a good many years. A delightful social athletics - very active, we made a point of playing with practically no rules. After the game we would assemble at the host's home for tea or at Springhill. That belonged to Junius Fishburne - a beautiful old estate. Chris Greene owned a farm and orchard at Ivy where we played. We had to clean up the pasture before we could play! Chris was a direct descendant of General Nathaniel Greene of New England Revolutionary War fame.

The Marchant Woolen Mills was a large employer. He took over after the Civil War and built it into a large business and community.
In the 1920s, a Northerner named Jx came in and established the silk mill in Belmont back of Garrett Street. The lumbering business was important. King Lumber Company became Charlottesville Lumber and then Better Living. After World War II, service industries became more important with the arrival of Sperry Marine and Comdial.

I attended Nancy Gordon's school on Rugby Road. She was the daughter of a Confederate general. She was an influential educational force in the community. It was small, just one room and she ran it with one assistant.

After World War II there was rapid development in the northwest section of the city. Towle's addition and the Lewis Mountain Road - Thomson Road were just beginning to have houses. This only began after opening of Emmet Street and Route 29. U.Va. doubled enrollment by 1950 (from 1940) as veterans went to school on the GI Bill of Rights. This spurred development of housing and industry. The Morton Frozen food plant was built at Crozet.

I was born in Charlottesville because my grandfather was a good safe cracker. He had lost a leg in the Civil War and had to take up a sedentary business. He became an accountant and bookkeeper. He moved to a Charlottesville in 1895 and brought all his savings with him and lived off of them while looking for work. The proctor (bursar at the University) was Major Green Peyton. About the first of April, 1897, he locked up his office in the basement of the Rotunda, locked up the large safe there containing all the important ledgers and account books and went home and had a stroke. He lived several weeks and died without regaining his speech. So the safe was locked up and business was stopped because no one could open it. My grandfather offered his services. He had some experience with safes and managed to open the safe, so he got the bursar's job. He retired about twelve years later.

Scott Stadium opened in 1931. We went to school six days a week and I used to miss the games. At the turn of the century, U.Va. was hardly a regional institution and had not reached Jefferson's dream of becoming a national institution. Until Alderman took over, it was basically a southern institution. His changes were noticeable but the depression and war slowed the progress. Colgate Darden made tremendous contributions after the war to the University and to Virginia. He set up goals for the University that, with Edgar Shannon's help, allowed Jefferson's dream to be realized.

On Vinegar Hill and five blocks west of that and north of Main Street was where blacks were concentrated - a slumful place. Now, it is hard to envision the poor living conditions of most blacks then, conditions were miserable. Blacks have always been in the Tenth and Page area. The condition of the houses has improved greatly and city government is responsible for this. Gospel Hill is where the Primary Care Center is now.
Recollections of Linwood H. (Jim) Warwick

Linwood H. "Jim" Warwick, now deceased, earned the nickname of "Jim" from the role of Jimmy Griggs which he played at the Levy Opera House in 1895. The production was "Mrs. Wigg's Cabbage Patch." Shortly after he was born in Charlottesville, his family moved to Clifton Forge for ten years. He returned here at the age of ten and has lived here since. He lived at 525 Ridge Street in his youth.

When my father left here to work in Clifton Forge, Virginia, it was a boom town. He was with the Adams Express Company and was transferred there. My Dad's people ran a hotel here and he sometimes drove a hack for the hotel, providing transportation for guests. On one of these occasions, he was kicked in the forehead by one of the horses. It was just a flesh wound, so he didn't pay any attention to it. Then, in his mid-thirties, he suffered a massive cerebral hemorrhage. He had a sister, Mrs. Charlie Harmon, who lived in the suburbs of Nashville, Tennessee, who persuaded my mother to bring my dad out there for surgery by a famous neurosurgeon. He never recovered from the operation. It was a tiresome trip, as I recall. We had a long lay-over in Cincinnati, Ohio.

I was ten years old when my father died and I have been on my own ever since. I grew up on Ridge Street. Ridge and Park Streets were the two leading residential streets in Charlottesville at that time. General Fitzhugh Lee lived on Ridge. Dr. Dice was a celebrated Ridge Street resident, also. But Ridge has gone down terribly. It is now occupied by low-income people, mostly blacks. The street got its name because it was located on the ridge. Observatory Road, where I moved later, got its name because it was on the way to the Leander McCormick Observatory.

I remember when I entered the University, Mr. Alderman, "Tony," had a chauffeur who drove a Cadillac car. Dr. Thomas L. Watson and I would be walking downtown together and he would pick us up. I think some of the other students were jealous of me because I got to ride in Dr. Alderman's car. I took my degree from the University of Virginia. I took a "Cultural" BS degree which was very misleading and later was labeled as a BA degree. I got a scholarship to the University but it was worth very little.

I was raised in the Methodist Church, but I married an Episcopalian and was confirmed by the Reverend Mike Donovan after I married. I've been married since 1936. I am an honorary member of the Thomas Jefferson Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution. I belong to the Civic League and the Charlottesville/Albemarle Historical Society.

I worked for the Geological Survey and was Chief Clerk and Bookkeeper for them. But during the depression, I was appointed acting head of the survey. This supplemented my income and helped me weather the depression years with considerable more ease than I would have done otherwise. I retired in 1959.

I was married in my wife's home in Lynchburg on October 3, 1936, when I was forty years old. We lived in the Brandon Avenue Apartments when we were first married. Then we lived on Observatory Avenue in the JPA Neighborhood. The street has largely been taken over by students--my former home--in fact, the entire street, except for a few homes at the entrance of the street. When we lived there, everyone knew each other. It was a dead-end street. It was a very closely knit section. Everybody was very friendly with everybody else. I remember that we celebrated our fortieth wedding anniversary with a reception there and a friend of mine, Charles Risilla(?), wrote a poem about it. We had two punch bowls--one with alcohol and one without. My two nieces presided over the punch bowls. I think people had parties mostly on special occasions back then.

The neighborhood was all residential--there were no businesses. The people who lived there worked all over. I think the people in our neighborhood held important jobs and contributed to the whole community in that way.

I took part in the sesquicentennial celebration
here, and Virginia Cloud was in charge of properties or "props." It was advertised that we would use a punch bowl which had been used in the White House. She doctored up this huge tin tub to represent a punch bowl. My colleague, Carrington Eggleston, and I, who were in colonial costume, held that punch bowl up every night in the week. It was in August and we would frequently have thunderstorms in the evening. The only liquid we had in that punch bowl during the entire week was when it rained for about ten minutes one night. I took the part of William Randolph of Turkey Island. My real ancestor is Ann Randolph. Jane, her sister, married Peter Jefferson and they were the parents of Thomas Jefferson. That makes Thomas Jefferson a cousin, once removed, of mine.

Over the years, Charlottesville has been more cosmopolitan. Students are here from all over and I think that is due to the growth of the University. When I entered, there were only about 600 students and now there are over 18,000. I think that is due to the fact that they have put emphasis on quantity rather than quality.

The Dogwood Festival is an important event to Charlottesville. As for important people, I think Dan Harmon, who was a lawyer and a member of the Board of Visitors of the University contributed to the progress of the city. Dr. Charles Alphonzo Smith, who was on the faculty of the University, was an outstanding English scholar and teacher. And the people—in general—contributed. They supported activities and groups like the Monticello Guard and the civic clubs.

The Michie Publishing Company was an important employer. They had a bindery there. The Daily Progress newspaper is important. The Murphy Travel Agency has exhibits in their windows of places all over the world which people enjoy.

Some important buildings are the Elks building, the University Baptist Church, and the University Chapel. The Chapel has several memorial windows there of note. One is dedicated to Dr. John Davis, a celebrated physician, and his wife. One landmark is the statue of Jim McDonald as an aviator in flight situated to the left of Alderman Library on the Grounds. Of course, the mascot dog, Beta, is memorialized on the Grounds too. And Virginia Cloud wrote a pamphlet, "As We Were" which has his picture and story in it.

The blacks, when I was growing up, were not recognized to the extent that they are today. They were classified with the lower income group families then. They lived in the outlying districts of Charlottesville. A lot of them lived around the Lankford Greenhouse on Ridge Street and on the streets going down to Oakwood Cemetery. Mr. Thomas Inge was one of our outstanding black citizens.

Back when I was playing in Mr. Wigg's Cabbage Patch, I always thought Mrs. Wiggs must have been a racist because she named her children after all the continents except Africa. One was named Europa, one was Asia, but there wasn't any Africa. The theatre activities have always been a good kind of recreation for many residents. Of course we rode our bicycles and played tennis and golf. The chief place to play tennis was at Farmington. I used to play a lot of table tennis. I miss that here at Midway Manor. I told the manager that we needed a table here. I've always enjoyed walking too. I was one who did a lot of walking—up to five miles a day.

The growth of Charlottesville has adversely affected the natural environment. As I said previously, the emphasis on quantity sacrifices quality. The environment has always had a positive influence here. People came here because it is pretty and we need to make certain its stays pretty. The city government has been very active in promoting interest in the area. I think they should be interested in anything that would improve the city neighborhoods and their environment.
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA AREA

There is definitely a side of the "University area" other than Rugby Road. Much of the University lies on the west side of Barracks Road, and the "North Grounds" now have an identity all their own. Early residential neighborhoods now appear tucked in around large academic buildings or dormitories. However, when they were first developed, they tended to be more rural than urban. The Towle's Addition, which includes the Thomson Road and Lewis Mountain Road area, began along Emmet Street and extended back to the foot of Lewis Mountain to an apple orchard. The area to the north along Emmet to Ivy Road was residential, but with room enough for a cow or two.

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Recollections of Raymond Bice

Raymond Bice, a professor of Psychology, came to the University of Virginia shortly after World War II when enrollment was increasing greatly because of the many veterans who were able to attend college on the GI Bill. He lived at the Colonnade Club for a while, in the dormitories for five years, then in Pavilion III until he was married. He has lived on King Mountain Road in Meadowbrook Heights since 1966. His long association with the University provides insight to the changes there since the 1940s.

Until 1969, all faculty lived within a mile or so of the University. The 250 By-pass was considered "country." The Barracks Road area was an old swamp. The boundaries of the University have changed since the North Grounds were added. A family named Duke owned that land before the University. When I came here after World War II, Copeley Hill was full of "barracks" used as dormitories and apartments. The rent was $25 per month. They were heated by kerosene heaters and the University furnished the kerosene.

These barracks were much sought after, and there was the greatest camaraderie you ever saw. The married students didn't have much money and were all striving together. The whole place was full of babies. The faculty and students lived close together and they had a baby-sitting service, and were all very happy. But the buildings were in a state of deterioration. I went to dinner once and the wind was blowing so hard through the floorboards it made the food on the table shake! By the time they got to Copeley Hill, they were extremely noisy, and they would run all night.

I remember one Saturday night the students soaped the rails over by Beta Bridge, and a double-header engine pulling a deluxe passenger train couldn't make it up the grade. The railroad was incensed, and asked the University's president to intervene. The president said he couldn't help. Then the trains would come through and dump garbage onto Lambeth Field. They generated heaps of garbage for fifteen years! The students had to pick it up because it was their playing field. The railroad had detectives to keep the students from crossing the tracks on foot. We had some killed. Now we don't have fast trains coming through and not as many.

The University had low enrollment before the end of the war, but when the Veterans came back, it shot up rapidly. In 1948, enrollment was over 5,000. I was recruited in 1948 for Fall Session and was told that I would have a small introductory psychology class of about forty students. There were 250. It's been like that ever since. Sometimes twice that.

In 1950, we were to open up McCormick dormitories. Previously, we only had Monroe Hill. The Korean War came along and steel got in short supply and the plans were changed from ten to four buildings. Soon, we got messages from the War Production Office that the steel doors and frames were not ready, so we put students in those barracks, and were they worn down! They were already worn down when we got them for they were government surplus. The students were unhappy, but were told it was only for a month or so. We had an early winter, and the students started destroying the barracks. Just before Thanksgiving recess, we moved
the students into unfinished buildings. After that, the Barracks, which really were an eyesore, were used to store old furniture. They eventually were torn down to build University Hall in 1960. Then the brick structures were built on Copeley to house married students. There's been no construction on central grounds since New Cabell and Wilson Hall were built. The lower end got built up--the dorms, physics building, Gilmer Hall, chemistry building, and Alderman Road dorms, as well as structures added to the engineering school.

In 1948, the garden club was in the process of restoring the gardens. They were overgrown, and the serpentine walls had to be repaired all the time because cars hit them. The Rotunda wasn't in such terrible shape. The library moved out in 1937 and the Rotunda wasn't used for a while, and one floor was missing. The balcony was full of old check stubs, records, and dusty boxes. People could roam around up there. Downstairs, there were partitions to delineate office space. There was a hostess who guided tours (Mrs. Schultz) around the Rotunda, and she was fastidious about cleaning up messes and keeping the Rotunda area locked up. After she left, many times it would not be locked and the kids would come in and skate on the marble floor. Students would have parties, and spill beer down the cracks in the tiles. It deteriorated from 1948 until we restored it.

Dean Lewis used two of the lawn rooms as an office. When President Newcomb resigned, he was kept on as an architectural consultant and he had a Lawn room office. Pavilion I was faculty residence, Pavilion II was the Graduate School of Arts and Science, Pavilion V was a faculty residence, and Pavilion VII is the Colonnade Club. Pavilion VIII and IX were faculty residences. Eight was changed to the president's office. Pavilion X was used for the dean of the law school. Pavilion VI was called the "romance pavilion," and one room is claimed as "French soil," because the French ambassador came here and planted a French flag. The Colonnade Club goes back eighty to ninety years.

In 1949, beyond Grady Avenue, Rugby Road was quite elegant. Closer in we had fraternities. On Easter weekend, they once blocked off Rugby illegally to have a street dance, and the police pleaded with them (to no avail) to open it. Many people were trapped on University Circle. By 1950 that all changed.

At one time, there was friction between University police and city police, because city police couldn't pursue a wrongdoer on University grounds. Then the city police would get even by arresting a student for leaning on a stop sign or some such thing. But by the time I came here, they were getting along alright, although the police had the attitude that University students were special people and were allowed to do a lot of things townspeople weren't allowed to do because University people were being trained to be great leaders, etc. So, when a minor infraction was done right in front of a city policeman, nothing would be done if the culprit was a student. Otherwise, the offender would be arrested.

This attitude, over time, created friction. The deans were very generous with the attitude that "boys will be boys." In the late 1950s things changed, and some students were arrested. Previously, students had riots, once because Thanksgiving vacation was about to be cut. A policeman got hit with an apple, and a student was charged with assault. Then the police cracked down on students. The dean of the University could discipline the students and would make the punishment fit the crime. The veterans did not like street lights, so they shot them out, and that was tolerated, but when they started on the traffic lights, that was stopped.

But, I believe the veterans were a leveling influence. There were lots of overprivileged students here, as well as good students. Some came down here just to have a good time, and forty percent of the total grades were unsatisfactory. Many got suspended. In the 1950s, a committee to reverse this trend made me Dean of Admissions, and specified this was my job. Then these type of people were not admitted and we started getting people on academic prowess, not promise. Some of those "playboys" caused the University a lot of trouble.

The children of the faculty and students went to a preschool, and there was St. Anne's Belfield (for the girls, it was not co-ed yet). There was Venable public elementary school with a lady principal who ran a first rate school. Lots of faculty wives taught there. The high schoolers went to Lane; they had no choice. If you lived on University property, you went to Albemarle. The University had quite a few houses over in Dawson's Row (behind the Jackson House) and Piedmont and Copeley Hill that were all considered county.

There has always been a cosmopolitan flavor to the faculty members. The old-timers were from Virginia, but many were alumni of the University, and a few from Harvard and Yale, and other universities. A great feature of the University area was the streetcar. It came past the Rotunda and up Rugby to a turntable up by the Beta Bridge. Ladies would call up the grocery store, which was where the old Sears building is, and order groceries. The store would put the order on the street-car and Mr. Maupin,
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the conductor, would stop in front of the house and run in with the groceries. That was a service for the elderly or disabled only. It was a great social thing, the streetcar, everyone knew everyone else. I know this from listening to other folks' stories.

I know about the great rose gardens over on Fendall, and about how people never locked their house or car. In fact, people used to leave their keys in the car, so if anyone had to move it, they could. Mr. Mincer, of the Pipe Shop, used to have a hole-in-the-wall up the street, and he had a bowl of five dollar bills on the counter (it was called the lettuce bowl). Anytime you needed money, you just took what you needed, and left an I.O.U. Mr. Mincer said he never lost a cent. Some people paid it back, and would put in an extra quarter or so.

When a church in town was being painted or repaired, the chapel here would be the site of services. The YMCA was Madison Hall. They had weekday services. There was also a lady who served tea in the afternoons and you could meet your friends there. That building was sold to the University and Madison House was built with the proceeds. Volunteer work is done through Madison House.

The Commons (located at Garrett Hall) was an eating area and there were blacks working there. It was big; 150 people could be fed. When I came here, meals were subsidized. You had steak every night and the bill would be 35 cents. The steaks were wonderful. A lot of the cooks were retired from the railroad dining cars. We also had black building custodians called janitors and maids.

The cafeteria declined in the 1950s and the director, Mr. Fontana, came on board and tried to get more people to eat there. I had an organ and I worked out a deal with him as an organ player to come play for the Commons. One night while I was practicing, someone had neglected to turn off the switch and my awful sounds were being piped into an athletic award banquet! Then, the Commons got too small with so many dorms, so we got a barracks moved over to the education school site and they poured a concrete floor into it, and it was the most attractive building. At the same time, a very nice restaurant was built on Pantops Mountain, called "Pantops." The school called ours "Pan- Bottoms." It lasted several years.

Next to it was a two-story barracks which housed the Department of Economics and the R.O.T.C. One night it caught on fire. Mr. Kaufman went into the building and "rescued" the mock wooden guns and let fine equipment and theses, etc., burn up! I was living in the dorms then and the smoke came over and deposited trash and ashes on my bed; I didn't wake up until morning.

The University cemetery is very old. Even thirty years ago all the spaces were used up. There is a real history of the University there. It used to be a Confederate cemetery. Out in front of it was a grave for all the unknown, unidentified soldiers. I don't know why they chose that spot; it used to be out in the "boondocks." Of course, the McCormick dormitory site used to be a golf course. Emmet House is on what used to be the fifth hole.

The chemistry building stands where very elegant homes once stood. We used to have a kind of student union for the freshmen in one of the houses. A Mrs. Walker went to pour tea there. The students didn't really want that, but she would befriend the lonely, and the homeless. Alderman Road dorms are on the site of a cliff.

The growth of the University of Virginia and the city used to coincide. The people were very hospitable and used to invite people for meals. The merchants and business people were so thoughtful. Mr. Wood, who ran the store where the old Sears was, used to extend credit to some of the graduate students who were poor and had babies. Some of them had grocery bills in the hundreds of dollars. They couldn't pay. Mr. Wood finally went out of business; he was supporting all those students. There was an Oldsmobile dealer, Mr. Mooney, who would help students by fixing their car if they had an accident, and by seeing to hospital care, etc. It was a very small community, and everyone cared. They went that extra mile! I could get anything I wanted in any store. They would charge it to the psychology office and they would send a bill, and it would get paid. No code number, nor red tape, like we have now.
Recollections of Mrs. Frank Elliot

Earline Robertson Holt Elliot, who died in 1985, was Thomson Road's First Lady. She lived at 1946 Thomson Road for more than twenty years. She lived in the house next door for fifty years and was in the first house on the street, Lambeth House, for ten years. A seventh generation Episcopalian on her mother's side, most of her community work was through the church. She describes her neighborhood as made up of the usual Charlottesville--average people interested in the "right things."

Charlottesville has been my home since 1915. Other than Thomson Road, I lived on High Street in a house which we built. The architect was Warner Wench of Brooklyn, a wonderful man. I was born in Mississippi. I had a friend who begged me to come here with her and I finally gave in and came. I had a good time here. I took several classes at the University in the summer which I enjoyed and I taught school.

This area was called Towle's Addition. There were forty-three acres which went from here to Lewis Mountain Road. We were outside of the city. Lewis Mountain Road went right up the mountain. It was the Towles' driveway. Actually, Dr. Towle's plan was to leave an apple orchard, not insurance! (His apple orchard failed due to a blight.) Thomson Road was named for my neighbor, Dr. Thomson. When Miss Marian Thomson died, it was a great shock to me. She grew up in the south too--on a plantation in South Carolina. There is not much else up here on this forty-three acres.

Dr. Lambeth bought his lot at the beginning of the street from the Towles. He was an important man to the community. His house was originally given to the University as a residence for Italian professors. It has a grand Italian garden.

This is mostly a residential neighborhood except for the University's Alumni Hall and two churches. The University might be called part of the neighborhood, but it's too big now. They used to be small. They could never get to 3,000 students in the beginning. Most of the original residents were from around here. We used to give tea parties for all the new people in the neighborhood. A great many people who lived here then have moved to other parts of town. As I grew older, I lost sight of them.

When I was a child I was surrounded by other children and animals. There were six children in my family. We never wanted for activity. We lived in one block where there was only two houses--my grandmother's and the Murphys. My uncle lived with us. My grandmother took me to stay with her for a while so I wouldn't get whooping cough. I was her favorite. Once she opened a chest and said, "it's yours, nobody else's but yours."

We all went to a ball game once but didn't like sitting on the hard seats. When I was older, there were dances at the University gymnasium. All the big bands came here in the 1930s. Guy Lombardo was the one I went to hear. He was so nice.

These days, everybody knows everything there is to know. It doesn't take them long to find out what is going on. I would like a little more land around me but I don't know where I'm going to get it. We bought seventy-five feet here--the pine tree is still at the top of the street as a marker. Just remember, I was here first!
Recollections of Mrs. Hunter Norris

Mrs. Hunter Norris lived at 1500 Rutledge Avenue for more than twenty-five years, but grew up on Route 250 near where it now intersects with Route 29. However, when she was a child there, Route 29 had not been built. Her recollections are of her earlier home site which she refers to as the Ivy Road neighborhood.

I have lived in Charlottesville all of my life. I was raised out on 250 West, where the Downtowners used to be. My mother was not from here, but my father was born on Elliewood Avenue. It was a dirt street then. I grew up in the Baptist Church.

I worked at the old People's Bank which is now the Virginia National Bank. I worked in bookkeeping there for thirteen years. After I married, my husband and I had a grocery store on Main Street which was located next to the Ben Franklin store. The store was co-owned with a Mr. Wood and his wife. It was called the Cash Food Mart and it was opened in the thirties.

I call the neighborhood I grew up in “Ivy Road.” Our house was on about two acres. My grandfather built the old Ford place which was right next door to us. (He came to this country from England when he was seventeen years old.) The neighbors knew each other. At first there were only three houses out there and one was owned by my aunt. Highway 29 wasn’t open yet.

My father worked at the University. Surrounding neighbors were carpenters and contractors. The neighborhood was residential in character. The Massey family owned a farm next to us. It was an area mostly of farms. Midway School was close by. We walked to school every day, even if it snowed. My father attended school there too, when he was young. The people who were important in making the neighborhood what it is were all the nice neighbors. They were especially helpful when you were sick. There were lots of doctors and dentists nearby.

After I was married, Route 29 was developed. It had originally been a dirt road also. Highway 29 contributed greatly to the area’s growth. Early transportation consisted of a buggy. My aunt, who lived near us, had a buggy.

As children, we used to play such games as farmer-in-the-dell and drop-the-handkerchief when we lived in the country. We played in our backyards, with the other children in the neighborhood. My playmates included my aunt’s children.

When the city annexed our property, we received running water. We got a bathroom, but had a cesspool in the backyard. We were able to take our baths in the kitchen. We had a Victrola. And many years ago we stayed at home more. Families were closer. Some card games we played were Rook and Flinch. Where I live now, we began playing bridge once a week. When I was growing up, at Christmas, we had to get up early in the morning and get on a train and go out to Ivy to celebrate with relatives. There was no time to look at the presents Santa had made me. That would make me very upset.

As a young child, I recall no electricity. Mother had to cook on a wood stove. We had a garden, two cows, and pigs. We’d slaughter the pigs and salt them down. We had a well for water and we had heating stoves in every room. The grocery stores had just about everything you needed to buy. If you were sick, the doctor would come to your house in his buggy. One time he rode horseback to our house to see Mother.

Our religion was very narrow. We couldn’t dance and weren’t supposed to play cards. We weren’t even allowed to have rummage sales. When the circus came, there was a parade. The circus would stay just for one day and night. I thought the hobby horses were the best thing about it. Sometimes minstrels would come through town on the trains. When we got a little older, we girls would meet boys at church--lots of boys went to church.

Important places outside my neighborhood included McIntire Park and the University. The Rotunda is my favorite building. (My grandfather, George Ford, was a builder at the University.) Another favorite place of mine was Fry’s Springs. They had free movies every Saturday night. We would ride the streetcar out there. Silent movies were held outside. Later, a pool was added.

Leisure activities included golf and tennis. I used to play tennis and my father built me a tennis court at home. We did a lot of walking--between Fry’s Springs and Route 250. I went to parties during Prohibition. But my mother wouldn’t allow me to go to dances. We’d also go to the movies down at the Jefferson Theatre.

The banks and merchants were important employers. Old man Tilman had a dry goods store downtown where I shopped over many years. There was also Timberlake’s Drug Store and People’s Bank. Mr. Michie was the president of the bank. There weren’t too many clubs while I was growing up. At
the moment I recall the Kiwanis Club and the Young Men's Business Club.

The city government has played an important role in making street improvements. The bus service today is pretty good. But the train service is not so hot. The town is really growing. I've always loved this town. I'm sorry that it has gotten so big. I liked it when we lived on Route 250. The University and Sperry Rand and others have influenced the growth in Charlottesville. The University has grown by leaps and bounds. Pretty soon, there aren't going to be any trees left at all.

[Editor's Note: Mrs. Norris presented the interviewer with a copy of her grandfather's memoirs, "Recollections of the Past" by George Sidney Ford, born in London, England in 1829. It has been included in the Appendix of this publication.]
The Rugby Road - Venable area is a mix of student occupied housing and more established neighborhoods - both blue and white collar.

An older and well-established neighborhood, many of the homes on Rugby Road were designed by noted architects and were built before 1940. They reflect a grace and quality of construction found before the building boom which followed World War II. Most have been well maintained but a few have been replaced by apartment houses.

Some of the older residents on University Circle have lived there for over sixty years. Large, stately apartment buildings stand among spacious single family homes. Originally developed by a group of University faculty members, the Circle has long been home to those with University connections.

When the University began to increase its enrollment in the 1970s, housing on the grounds was not adequate for the influx of students. The tradition of taking-in a student or two within the neighborhood was long standing. But as many original families died out or moved away, some single family homes were rented to groups of students or sold to sororities, fraternities or other student groups.

Strong neighborhood associations have worked successfully to preserve the character of the area. The Venable Neighborhood Association has worked with sororities and fraternities and has helped to list part of the neighborhood as a historic district. Property here is some of the most desirable in the city.
Recollections of Barbara Rosser

Miss Barbara Rosser, who died in 1984, lived in the Rugby Road area for more than forty-four years. In the late nineteenth century, her grandfather bought what was known to local residents as the “big Rosser home” which is now located off Rosser Lane. The Rosser family called it “Rugby Hall” after a boy’s school which was operated there before they bought the property. Miss Rosser lived in the west for a short time when her father was working with the railroad, but would visit her grandparents here. After her grandfather’s death, her family returned to Charlottesville and Rugby Hall.

Until about ten or eleven years ago when I moved here to Glenair, I lived on the Rosser property. I had lived there from the time I was eighteen years old. My father divided much of the 200 acres of the Rosser property into lots and the first one was sold the Mrs. Susan Peggau. She built on what used to be an ice pond and I can still remember when little ducks swam around there. When she built her house, a beautiful gum tree was killed because it was too close and the roots were cut. It was a dreadful mistake and she didn’t realize it. There was a big family cemetery up where Fendal I Avenue meets Edgewood Lane. In order to sell lots, my grandmother was told to move all the graves and stones up to Riverview Cemetery. A Mrs. Blackburn had lived there and was buried there. She was Mrs. Garth’s mother. Mrs. Garth refused to have her mother’s remains moved because her mother had always said she didn’t want to be disturbed once she was buried. So my grandmother just planted a Japonica bush there at the headstone and left it. It was on the Rosser-Rugby Road property. It’s probably still there.

It was not a heavily populated area. Mrs. Heath Dabney lived near us as you turn into Edgewood Lane. Her husband taught history at the University. Dr. and Mrs. Harry Marshall and Mrs. White lived in the neighborhood. I can remember that there was a place right on Preston Avenue (where the colored people now have a park—Washington Park) which they called the “Pest House.” That’s where people went if they had small pox or something contagious. We used to call that the “back way” to town—going down Preston Avenue. My grandfather was Mason Gordon. He was a lawyer in town and he used to walk that way to town. Mason Lane was named for him. On that walk, he had seven cats that would meet him and walk along with him.

My aunt, Miss Nancy Gordon, lived across the field from us, at Stonefield. She had a very successful school and everybody that could sent their children there. She had a waiting list of students who wanted to get in. Most of the people who went there were connected with the University. We were across the field from one another. My older cousin and I used to like staying over there because my grandmother ran Rugby as a boarding house when I was small and although the meals were perfectly delicious (it wasn’t a money-making affair) they lasted for hours, or so it seemed to me. I didn’t like to sit still that long—so I would go across to Stonefield to get away. My grandfather lived with my aunt at Stonefield and that was where her school was.

Rugby Hall was a huge house and there were little cottages in back. My grandmother had forty boarders. Mrs. Betty Cocke also had a boarding house. It was located where St. Paul’s Church is now, on University Avenue. Dr. Ivy Lewis was instrumental in tearing down the boarding house for the church. St. Paul’s used to be just a wooden church. A Mrs. McLlhany had a large boarding house which I think was located back around the nursing school. There were a lot of boarding houses on Chancellor Street, of course.

Mrs. W.N. Page also had a boarding house on the corner of Elliewood and Main Street. Elliewood Avenue was named for her daughter, “Ellie Wood”—and she is still living—on Bollingwood, I think [Editor’s Note - Ellie Wood Page Keith died in 1985]. She was a great horse rider and she would get up these riding parties of about fifteen or twenty of us. There was room enough on the streets so we could all ride abreast. When the horses would get near their homeplace, you never knew such a run as we had in your life! Those horses would take off! This would be right up Main Street. I still remember that there were cobblestones on the street.

I can think of the time when Mr. Paul McIntire lived out in our section. He bought the house from a Mrs. Moore. It was a big wooden house with a lovely garden out back—where the McIntire-Rugby Apartments are now. He was a great friend of my father’s and we used to see him often. My father was paralyzed and Mr. McIntire would come out to visit him. They went to the same Presbyterian
I remember Fry's Springs. They had what they called “Morning Junes.” The young men didn't have cars, so we would walk way out there. Most of the time was spent walking out to these places. They had a pavilion out there where they held dances. An then, of course, there was the Fayerweather Gymnasium on the corner--another place where they had dances. I also remember walking there.

We had a horse and buggies. My grandmother had an old horse and she would drive around over the place--220 acres--on the back roads of Rugby. And we would go downtown, too. There was a store down there called Dickerson's Store. My grandmother was very large and didn't get out of the buggy. She would stop someone walking along the street and ask them to go in and tell Miss Helen Eastham that she was there. And Miss Eastham would come out with a bolt of material, maybe, and my grandmother would pick out material for a dress. And that was the kind of service Mrs. Eastham gave.

I remember going over to Dr. John Davis's house. He lived just as you go over the Beta Bridge across from the Faculty Apartments (on Rugby Road) where Westminster Presbyterian Church now stands. There was a boardwalk-two boards--that my grandmother had put down because the mud was simply dreadful on Rugby Road. I remember being spanked soundly because I got all dressed up to go over there and I was on the walk. I looked down and the mud looked so inviting. I got down in that mud and after I got all dirty, I walked home. My best dress was ruined. That was the only spanking I ever got.

I can remember the Card Club. It was open only to invited guests. They had several tables of bridge. My mother also belonged to the Fortnightly Club, which was a literary club.

Rugby Road and Rugby Avenue got their names from our place, of course, and Preston Avenue was named from the old Preston place near Preston Court. The Prestons had a wonderful ice pond where we used to go skating when we were little. The Preston place was a large wooden house. Fendall Avenue was named for my great-aunt's house, Fendalia. She named it after her uncle, Fendall. Winston Road was named for another uncle.
Recollections of Mrs. Dudley C. Smith

Mrs. Dudley C. Smith came to Charlottesville from Mississippi. She moved here when her late husband joined the faculty at the University. She recounts some of the early social customs among the faculty wives which made her feel at home in her new surroundings.

I've lived at 32 University Circle for four years this June [1983]. Prior to this, I lived at 30 University Circle--since 1921. I was born in Mississippi, as were both of my parents and my husband. In 1921 we were married and came here. We were always Baptists, but our children went to St. Paul's Episcopal, so I'm affiliated there. Another group I belong to is the Charlottesville Garden Club which I co-founded with Mrs. Rankin. I was a housewife.

The neighborhood is called University Place, and its boundaries just include the circle. All the residents used to know each other. Most are faculty affiliated. The neighborhood is purely residential. University President Hereford once lived on the Circle. The residents, including myself, would take students in to live with them.

Important places on the Circle include Dr. Watts's home. His place was "The Place." It has now become the Jewish Student Center. He sold his property and went to Farmington. During the war (World War II), we had ourselves a victory garden--Mrs. Flippin, myself and two others. It was beautiful. I got first prize in the victory garden contest, and this apartment is built on the land where it was planted. After the war, when Dr. Watts sold this land, we fought to prevent this apartment being built. When I think of my husband writing all those letters--and here I am living in the apartment over the spot where I had my victory garden!

One person who helped make community life what it was is Mrs. A. E. Walker. She was a hostess for dances attended by students and the town girls over at Madison Hall. She was affectionately known as the hostess with "the Betty Grable legs." She owned the Macon House on University Circle where all the Kennedy boys stayed when they were in law school here. It was a fraternity then.

Sports events were important to us. It was the one time we all entertained before the football games. We had cocktail parties. Neighborhood activities included the several plays we produced in our basement to make money for the church. The basement had a little stage, and everyone got involved with doing something, from footlights and everything. Those who moved into the neighborhood included professors and doctors from all over the country. There were also plenty of students from the South and the North.

An important building on the Circle was Miramont Apartments. It has always been a place where retired professors lived. Even my husband said he wouldn't mind living there. It took ten or fifteen years after he died before I was ready to move here from our home. Dr. Metcalf lived there. I remember when Mrs. Walker's house was built. It obstructed my view. I also remember this building being built, the builder's name was Goldstein.

The main way of getting around the neighborhood was walking, even though I had a car. Everybody had a maid, and mine lived in the basement. After I put my children to bed, I would walk all the way downtown. A lot of children played ball right over there in my yard. One day they broke one of my windows. Ernest Jordan, the son of the Dean of the Medical School, was the only one who didn't run. The children also played on Lambeth Field, as it was safer then.

I remember when Mrs. Darden (the University President's wife) came to call on me--she and Nannie Saunders. In those days you called somebody with a Ph.D. a doctor. I was working out in the garden and Mrs. Darden said, "Oh, let me help you." She was the grandest person. I always felt so at ease with her. Mrs. Alderman was also wonderful. Once at Mad Bowl, something was happening--a disturbance. Dr. Alderman walked down the steps and said "Gentlemen"--and he didn't say another word. He just walked away and all quieted down. He had a beautiful voice!

The city of Charlottesville has changed a lot. I loved it in the early days when they had the beautiful tea room at Brown's. Everybody would go downtown and eat there. I always have loved downtown. It has always been a friendly place. The department stores were very nice places--Tilmans, Williams. We were here when Virginia National Bank was the People's Bank. The building of the Mall has been the biggest change to Charlottesville. It has taken away quite a bit of the old downtown atmosphere.

Important people worth mentioning in the changes of Charlottesville included Mr. Tilman. Everybody loved Mr. Tilman! Lucy Dillon Elliot was one of the first hostesses who worked up at Monticello after it was opened as a museum. There
used to be a couple of blacks up there who would show you around. She was not black. I worked at Michie Tavern and then up at Monticello for ten years.

An important community asset is St. Anne's School. It has always been important for the girls here. My son went to Woodberry in Orange County. He graduated from there, and then went to VMI (Virginia Military Institute). Recreational activities included going to Virginia Beach; also, we have a bridge foursome in the neighborhood. My husband was the president of the Rotary Club, and that has always been an important club here in Charlottesville.

There aren't many faculty members living around here like there used to be. There are only two other people living who were here when I first moved here. It has become more of an area for students. This is one way city changes have changed our neighborhood. The streets and sidewalks have changed in the city a lot. They were beautiful, but they are awful now. There are more cars now. The natural environment was instrumental in influencing Charlottesville's growth. There is so much beauty around out in the county.
Recollections of Margaret Smithy

Margaret Smithy, who died in 1986, moved to Charlottesville from Richmond in 1919 when her husband joined the faculty at the University of Virginia. She was born in Harrisonburg and her husband was from Amelia County, Virginia. They were both members of the Methodist Church, but after her husband died in 1967, she transferred to the Westminster Presbyterian Church in the neighborhood so she could walk to services. Although she never drove a car, she managed to take an active part in community activities.

When I first moved to this neighborhood, we lived at the Miramount Apartments across the street. We bought this land and built our house in 1924. At that time, the whole circle was called University Place. The upper part of the circle was referred to as Linden Place and the lower part was called Maple Street. Both parts had the same house numbers and it was confusing. Later, the whole street was officially called University Circle. Since this street would have been 18th Street if it had been named in sequence with the other streets in the neighborhood, residents were asked to add the number eighteen in front of their numbers. Of course this wouldn't cure the confusion of numbers within the Circle, so we just kept the small numbers at this end.

In 1919, Theta Delta Chi and Phi Delta fraternities were here and still are. There were several more houses rented by fraternities, but we got rid of them. We are zoned against them now. The Macon house was a fraternity house at one time. The University was small then, probably no more than a thousand students. It was a courtesy for the old faculty members to call on the new ones, so we knew everyone on the faculty, no matter where they lived. Most everyone on the Circle was and is connected with the University. It's a nice neighborhood within walking distance of the University.

My boys had lots of other boys right here in the Circle to play with. Dr. Bray had two boys; the Smiths, Webbs and Manahans had boys. They played ball and croquet and rode their bicycles. They played in their yards and also over in Lambeth Field.

All the athletics of the University were played on Lambeth Field at one time. And the county children had their activities there too. Now, dormitories are on the upper part of the field but the back part is still open for recreation--games and an occasional party.

When the Thornton sisters died, they left their house (the Trotter house) to the University and it has been made into a house for international students. They have big gatherings which cause big parking problems for the residents. They finally built a big parking lot behind the house which helps considerably because we don't have extra parking spaces on the Circle at all. A Jewish organization bought Dr. Stephen Watts's house for their Hillel House. It's going to pot because they don't keep it up.

A Mrs. Walker, who lived in the neighborhood, made a name for herself at the University. She had an office in Madison Hall and also served as hostess for dances for the University. She was called "Queenie" by the male students. Her house was originally four apartments.

Dr. and Mrs. John Manahan built a beautiful house on the Circle and they also had a farm down at Scottsville. Their son, Jack, is living in the Circle house and he is so busy taking care of his wife, Anastasia, the Grand Duchess of Russia, that he doesn't have time to take care of the property. It was once the showplace of the Circle. I think Anastasia really is the Grand Duchess. I met her when he first brought her over here for a six month visit. He was working on trying to prove her identity. When they went to get the visa to return to Germany, they couldn't get it for some reason, so he suggested they get married and he could continue to work on establishing her identity. She was very nice and friendly and everyone welcomed her and made her feel at home. She has been sick now for some time and can't walk. He has her in a wheelchair. It really takes all his time to look after her. Jack was born in the Miramount before his father bought a house and lot on the Circle. The lot is where he built the showplace. The other house is rented out. Anastasia came here sometime in 1967. Jack has lived here all his life.

There have not been too many changes on the Circle except when the owners have died. In most cases, the houses are bought by new professors coming in, but some few have been sold to others. Lawrence Brunton bought Mr. Hancock's house.

Both my boys went to Venable School when it was very new. Miss Moran was a wonderful principal there then. They started to school around 1925. Both went to high school here at Midway High. One went on to VMI and then to the University. Both graduated from the University of Virginia.

This neighborhood was developed when Dr. Alderman came here in 1904 and bought the vacant
land with Dr. Lambeth, Dr. Lefevre and Professor Lyles specifically for development. They marked it off into building lots. One of the alumni of the Theta Delta Chi wrote a history of the fraternity and stated that they bought that property from Dr. Lambeth. Whether that included a house or just the land, I don’t know, but I think Dr. Lambeth must have built the house and lived there. They called Dr. Lambeth the “Father of Athletics” at the University. He was an M.D. and came here and improved the athletics. When we bought this lot, Mrs. Lambeth’s name was on the deed so this was part of the division that her husband had. Dr. Lefevre’s house was the third house down from here. Dr. Alderman had a vacant lot here. Mrs. Alderman owned the vacant lot where John Manahan built his second house. He traded her a lot on Rugby where she built her house. We were very much against the Number 32 apartment house being built on this little circle. There are twenty-two apartments there and only eight parking places. That’s wrong. We went to court to try to prevent it but we lost. Dr. J.C. Smith lived on one side of it and Dr. Harvey Jordan lived on the other. They talked about buying the vacant lot to protect it but never did it. It was sold to a Mr. Goldstein, of Washington, who built the apartment building. Apartments have been put in some of the houses here against the law.

Most of the people who live here have cars. There are only two children living on the Circle now, but we have grandchildren who come back. The sidewalks are in terrible shape, and they should be replaced. The streets are narrow and you can’t tell when a car is coming up on you so you need good sidewalks. The property here is valuable and the owners pay high taxes—enough to have good sidewalks. It will give owners incentives to keep up their property. I object to rental property because the owners leave it up to real estate people to maintain the properties and they don’t do it. All they do is collect the rent and not put any back into the property.

I have seen many of the apartment buildings built around here. The Rugby Apartments was a lovely building. It was filled with older couples. Then the rent was increased and it was filled with students because the older couples couldn’t afford to stay there. I don’t think that is right.

We have never lacked for recreation in our neighborhood. We had our own parties. Our friends were within walking distance back in the 1930s and 1940s. We also had parties at the Colonnade Club for the faculty members. We thoroughly enjoyed those. We had a lot of dinner parties, and bridge parties. There are four of us old ladies on the Circle who play bridge together. Our friends tell us we are so lucky that there are four of us who live near enough to walk. We can always get to one place or the other. But it is difficult for us to have a party because there is no place for our guests to park. I am so glad that they did not pass the law that single-family houses could have apartments here.

When I came here we had streetcars. They came up Rugby and turned on a turntable at Beta Bridge and went back downtown. Now we have buses. I remember going to the movies with my husband. He loved to walk. We usually walked down and rode the bus back. The fare was a nickel. The Paramount Theatre has been closed, but I’ve seen something in the paper recently about someone wanting to reopen it. All the stores were on Main Street and it was a grand gathering place. What they need down there is a good dry goods store. It’s hard on older people who do not drive. They have to go to Barracks Road or out in the country to buy what they need. I take a taxi but I cannot afford to do it too often. It costs three dollars each way for me to ride down to the Mall where my dentist is located.

I never learned to drive even though we bought a second-hand car before we built this house. The streets in the neighborhood were just dirt roads and my husband was willing to drive me anywhere I needed to go and he was free in the afternoons to take me. The streetcars and buses usually took care of me, though.

I belonged to the University Hospital Circle which merged with another group to become the University Hospital Auxiliary. I am a fifty-year member of the Albemarle Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and an honorary member and past president of the Rivanna Garden Club. There are twelve or fifteen small garden clubs in the area but only three belong to the Garden Club of Virginia—the Rivanna, the Albemarle and the Charlottesville clubs. The Garden Club of Virginia is the organization which puts on Garden Week every year.

I think all the churches in town are important. This little Westminster Church up on Rugby is a wonderful center for organizations to meet. There is something going on there all the time.
Recollections of Charlotte Yancey

Charlotte Yancey now lives at the Cedars Rest Home. Her recollections give us Charlottesville in the "roaring twenties" and a glimpse into the activities of some of the noted people who lived and visited in the Rugby Place neighborhood. She also mentions some of the notorious residents who are remembered in Charlottesville.

When I came here, my husband's family, the Yanceys, had had the same housekeeper for fifty-seven years. They kept a cow out at Gleason's pasture. Their address was 301 Ridge Street. My husband's name was Albert Yancey, Jr. Our son is Albert III. My husband's family came to this place in 1909 from Barboursville (in a railroad car) and stayed, at first, at the Albemarle Hotel. I came here in 1927. My husband lived on Ridge Street until we were married, and then we sublet Dumas Malone's apartment for the summer school session. Daddy bought me a Buick coupe with a rumble seat, and I had a raccoon coat.

We got married the day after Christmas. Malone's apartment was in the Faculty Apartments by Beta Bridge. The building where my husband was in the car business is still on West Main. Later, we built our house on Rugby Place. Past the Unitarian Church there is a house with a natural slate roof which we own. There are two other stone houses (on the end of Rugby) which have copper gutters and slate roofs. My mother built them, and I rent those out.

We moved into our house two days after our son was born, in 1929. I had relatives visiting here at that time also! We had interesting neighbors—a writer for the Saturday Evening Post, a boy from Storrs, Connecticut, and Bernard Baruch's nephew and another boy from Maryland. They were cute young people. They would sometimes go to an estate in Caroline County to hunt. They would order food from Washington, D.C. restaurants and have it delivered on the trains. Then their bootleggers would come at all hours. This was during Prohibition. They were U.Va. students and the students dressed well then. Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. lived on the lower lot. At that time, he was having an affair with an Adelaide somebody. My children would climb trees to see what was going on when "Gramma" or "Mommy" would come. Franklin was married to a DuPont, and they had little Franklin. We had a collie that would cross the street to join them when Franklin and his wife would go for walks—along with an FBI man (one in a car, one walking). We saw FDR off the day after FDR Jr. graduated. We've had Franklin and Coolidge here and they both made speeches here. Bobby Kennedy, Edward Kennedy, and Bobby, Jr. also were here in school. Across Rugby Road, there is a big white stucco house where FBI men stayed.

Sometimes FDR and Mrs. Roosevelt would visit. They came separately, the two women (both Mrs. Roosevelts, mother and wife) when they visited. Mrs. Mulholland lived at the end of Rugby Road. She was the one who wrote of the Kennedy days here. Five houses out on the left on Rugby Road is where William Faulkner lived. His wife and I were in the hospital, and we became good friends. In the early 1960s, Samuel Goldwin's son had a room out here on Rugby Road when he was in school. We took him to school because he didn't have a car.

FDR didn't come here too often, but as often as other fathers did who had responsible businesses. He stayed at Farmington (Country Club). Congressmen like to come here for weekends. Our club house (Farmington) was designed by Jefferson. The architecture is the same style as Monticello. Farmington was owned by the Wood family. Wendell Wood's sister, Mrs. R. O. Wade, lived over there and her brother used to live close by. The clubhouse was owned by the Wood family, when it was a home. Ridge Street was a merchant's street. Park Street consisted of bankers and doctors. Dr. Walter Reed used to live in the house next to the Methodist Church. There was rivalry in the town between the University and the townspeople.

Gleason's used to be the leading grocer here. Mr. Gleason died at the Cedars Rest Home in the late 70's. Mrs. Gleason had an apartment at the
Monticello Hotel and died recently. When Mr. Gleason was in grade school, he would jump fences and take grocery orders on the way to school. That school (Midway) was the whole school system. McGuffey was later built.

The other neighborhood on Rugby Place was called Rugby, after a huge house that faces Rosser Lane. Now it has been divided into several apartments. It was once owned by General Rosser. His daughter lives at Ivy. When we moved in, there were no houses on the left hand side. When we lived at the Rugby Faculty Apartments, most of the other residents (professors) were more mature than we were, and had two or three children. Well, they were amazed at our being able to build a house. All of a sudden ten or twelve of them were building houses up on Rugby!

The neighborhood was bordered by hillside and country. There is a house out there facing a strange way because it was built before Rugby was built (across from the church). Another house (Professor Balz’s) was built of rock from Rugby Road (the first house across from Burnley Road). The neighbors were doctors, professors, and some who were on the Board of Supervisors. They bought two houses (due to bankruptcy) for less than $10,000 at auction. The biggest house (929 Rugby) was built by my husband’s uncle Albert. It has two driveways and a small cottage. Next door to that is Dr. Smallwood’s house. Those days you didn’t lock your doors. After a while we started to get prowlers and peepers and funny people. Notable people in the Rugby area included Stanford Turner’s parents. We rented a house to Jake Ewald for three years.

The type of people living on Rugby has changed. People parade around in bathing suits, and they are noisy. There were problems because of zoning and there are drainage problems. There is a parking lot outside my back door. There is also a parking lot for a church on Rugby. And Route 29 North is a mess.

A Mr. Huntley built our house. There were lots of smaller contractors around also. We used to know Whitney Stone of Webster Brick.

I remember Margarita [who operated a bordello south of downtown]. She used to bring her “girls” (three or four) downtown to shop. Another of our “claims to fame” were two sisters (Longleigh) from Charlottesville who had THE house in Chicago. Margarita’s house was torn down, and lots of money was found hidden there.

An event that changed the city was when they decided not to have parking after four p.m. on West Main Street. It put a Greek Restaurant out of business. Parking became an issue when the U.Va. boys got cars. When the fraternities left, it had a negative effect on our neighborhood, but they dribbled back. When fraternities could not come further than University Circle, that was good.

I’m a charter member of Beta at the University. Dr. Sledd was one of my English professors and I used to take him out to Fry’s Springs to get spring water. I remember Professor Stringfellow Barr. He had red hair and wore green suits and tried to “eliminate undesirables” from the University.

Blacks lived further out. I’ve never really been exposed to minorities, but I’ve always accepted them. We had live-in servants that were black. Later on, I had a white servant for thirty years. The Yanceys had a white servant, but there were black servants under her. We had a black boy who lived in the attic at one time. He took care of the yard and the car, and his name was Jimmy Fagin.
When people say they live in The Meadows neighborhood, chances are they are speaking of a few streets on the west side of Route 29 North between the 250 By-pass and Hydraulic Road and back to the Albemarle County line. The neighborhood probably takes its name from the Meadow Creek Farm which was located on that side of Route 29 and the farm on the east side of Route 29, called The Meadows.

The neighborhood is a mixture of single family homes and some of the early duplexes of Charlottesville where newcomers often make their homes while looking for something to buy. The original Meadows homestead still stands behind the K-Mart shopping area. To its east is a small townhouse development on Michie Drive, a street which takes its name from former owners of the land. Other than that the neighborhood along Route 29 is commercial.
Recollections of Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Peyton

Clay M. Peyton and his wife lived in the house in which he was born, "The Meadows," for many years. The Peytons moved in the mid-1980's, but the house still stands in the middle of Seminole Square Shopping Center on U.S. Route 29. Mr. and Mrs. Peyton's recollections reveal an earlier, small Charlottesville where a stranger at a party stood out because everyone knew everyone else.

(This is an interview of Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Peyton. Responses by Mrs. Peyton will be preceded and followed by an asterisk).

We live at "The Meadows," 979 Seminole Trail. I was born in the upstairs of the main house on "The Meadows." My wife moved in when we were married in 1938. I also lived on Rugby Road from 1925 to 1938 while I attended the University. My father was born in Gordonsville, and my mother was also born in this house (979 Seminole Trail). My grandfather bought this home and some 640 acres back in 1868, and he remodeled it in 1872. My grandfather was Captain Henry Clay Michie of the Confederate Army. We belong to the Episcopal Church, Farmington Country Club, and the Metropolitan Club of Washington.

I owned an automobile business from 1939 to 1952. My mother died in 1925, and I inherited her interests in The Meadows. I co-owned my share with my mother's sister, Eunice Michie, until she died in 1975. My grandfather and grandmother, (she was a Sykes from Alabama), bought property almost to Park Street. When I was born, they owned all the property from Sperry Piedmont to Rio Station--approximately 640 acres. When grandfather died in 1925, it was left to his six children equally. But the will was not settled until 1940. Miss Michie got 150 acres extending from Highway 29 to Meadowbrook Heights and from Hydraulic Road to Greenbrier Road.

Our neighborhood was called The Meadows. Everyone else calls it The Meadows also. We farmed it until about five years ago [Editor's Note: the late 1970s], but its address remained The Meadows for many years. The post office has changed my house address four times, and I'm still in the same house.

Important places to the neighborhood included Major Bolton's home and farm north on Route 29. That was the nearest house. Now the Catholic School is in his home. South of Route 29 was Meadow Creek Farm, approximately where Angus Road is presently. Around WW II Dr. Payne ran it as a cattle farm. Barracks Road Shopping Center. In fact, all the law school buildings over at the University are on the Duke property. You never could see our house from Route 29. There were so many trees and a fifty foot rise plus a hill hid us from the K-Mart. Six months ago everything was bulldozed. Water was first pumped into this house from a gravity-fed well behind Sperry. There was so much force in that stream that the water made it to the second floor.

People who have lived or worked here to make it what it is included my grandfather and Major Bolton. The town was smaller in 1938 than the University is now. No homes were really around here. If we went to a party, everybody knew everybody. If somebody had a house guest, you knew it because there was a stranger in the room. My father served on the City Council, and lived at 925 Rugby Road. He was serving on the council when they built Lane High School. That was such a bad section of town.

Big events in my life start with my grandfather trying to get all the children back every August. One of his sons had a farm at Brook Hill. He was the only one that wanted to farm. Brook Hill was located at the River Crossing at Route 29. Unfortunately, he was killed by a bull. Over at the Vepco and Kroger property they used to have a fair every year back in the 1920s. Horse racing also was a big attraction at any fair then, including carriage racing. At the fair, all the merchants had a stall to display their goods. My father had one, and he displayed his cars.

Charlottesville has changed quite a bit. It was a sleepy little town back in the Civil War days, until U.Va. really began to grow. In 1934, there were only 2800 students, and only 100 girls. The increasing population has moved this direction. This
land, which was once countryside, is now the center of the Charlottesville/Albemarle population.

The community groups which were important for the people in Charlottesville included all the churches in town. The country club, where the Chi Psi fraternity is now, was also special. My father was the secretary-treasurer when Prohibition passed. And since it made most of its income from selling liquor, the place went under soon thereafter.

Rugby Road got its name because that was the name of the property that belonged to Col. Rosser of the Civil War. Rosser was in the same class at West Point as Custer. The last home going North on Rugby Road belonged to Rosser. It was a large property extending down the south side of Barracks Road. There is a Rosser Lane off of Rugby. Michie Drive was named after my family because they owned the property. Peyton Drive was named after my father because he owned the land it was cut on. Garth Road was named after the Garth family. Barracks Road was so named because during the Revolutionary War some Hessian mercenary soldiers were captured at the Battle of Saratoga and Jefferson said they could be put at this farm in Charlottesville. Log barracks were built for them from the trees on the property.

Originally there were about eleven buildings on this property: the main house (still standing), an old kitchen, smoke house, carriage house, cattle barn, farmer's house, corn crib, slave house, and a chicken house. The main house was built in about 1780. When my grandfather bought it, he bought an L-shaped two-story house. Some rooms were torn down and some new ones built. Now this square shaped two-story house stands.

A particular builder I recall was Carr, a secretary during Jefferson's administration, who built his son a house on Meadow Creek. We think that this is it. My grandfather bought it from Junius Fishburne's grandfather. When my grandfather's estate was settled in 1940, my father bought out another brother and sister. Then he sold all that property to Sperry-Piedmont and Stromberg-Carlson.

The people used to get around mostly by horse and buggy until 1915. The farm people walked. There was no public transportation. Of course, around WW II it changed.

I was an only child, and my best friend lived where the Albemarle Shopping Center now exists. There was this black boy, Herman Snow. His mother was Mary Snow. She worked for my grandfather. And he would come over on weekends to play. As a child I built little automobiles and villages out of boxes. We made our own entertainment. Radio is really a very recent thing.

* I was in college before we had a radio. The boys were beginning to make crystal sets while I was still in high school. You couldn't pick up much except maybe a local station, and there was too much screeching static. No good radios surfaced until some breakthroughs in the 1930s. When our children were young they had ponies and a wading pool, a sand area, and a jungle gym. By the age of ten they were involved in fox hunting.*
city begins with Farmington. People came here to retire because of the club. It was beautiful, and the climate was nice. A good deal of the Keswick area is inhabited by retired people. The type of population entering is different from that of an industrial or college town. I feel the whole thing slanted because of the retirement area.

We used to have streetcars. I remember that the University was on the outer edge of town. Main Street was brick paved. For quite some time, tracks were left up to the Rotunda. Without question, the University has grown over the years. In 1934, there was a student population of 2,800, with only 100 girls. For women, you had to attend two years of college someplace else before you could enter, and then you could only take education classes as an undergraduate. Then you could attend graduate school. Before applying, you had to be twenty years old. I was the only girl in graduate school taking economics. There were five in law school and five in medicine during that year. There were four formal dances a year: Openings, Mid-Winters, Easters, and Finals. During these weekends, there were three or four formal dances. You never saw more gorgeous gowns! There were huge big bands, and the stag lines were enormous. I always left with blisters. During the Finals weekend, dancing took place from Thursday through Saturday evenings. They went to 4 a.m. Then there was a tea dance on Sunday afternoon and a dance Monday evening that went until 6 a.m. Of course, the traditional thing to do after this was to go up on Blue Ridge Drive at Afton for breakfast. I was always too tired to make that. It was a marvelous, good time. You often had different dances within one party weekend. The boys wore tails if they had them, or tuxedos.

The women's honorary society was equal to the men's. The Raven Society had to have an average of ninety or better in all classes to join. During my second year here, four of us came back to the society. We had to elect officers. It consisted of four members and four officers. This organization remained this size until the University officially let women in.

Ethnic groups in Charlottesville consisted of a black settlement up on Hydraulic Road. A Solomon family lived up there. They were a good black family. Solomon Court is named after them. Past their home up near the reservoir, there were black homes of varying qualities. Mr. Greer up at the reservoir was an excellent man. He was the county farm agent for many years. His land at this time is a park. None of them were trashy or irresponsible. It was a very nice settlement. Union Ridge is the name of their church up there.

*When I was first married, I used to take a horse and ride from here to Rugby Road and never see a paved road. I'd only cross Burnley Avenue. Route 29 didn't go through until 1927. The Bypass was introduced just ten or so years ago. Railroad stop number ten was called Rio Road. Actually, Rio Road was Park Street which extended a nine mile circuit--Park Street to Hydraulic.

Our home was without electricity until 1916 or 1917. And then we paid the electric company a flat fee of $200 for permanent maintenance--Clay's grandfather did. We are still enjoying maintenance services from that fee paid for long ago. There are two things my grandfather used to always tell me that I'll never forget, and will share with you at this time. I once asked him, "Why are farmhands farmhands?" His pat answer was-- "If he had any more sense, he wouldn't be a farmhand." On hot summer days he used to sit out on the porch and I'd ask him why he didn't come inside where it was cooler. He'd say, "My eyes are worth another man."*
MEADOWBROOK HILLS

The Meadowbrook Hills neighborhood lies west of Rugby Road between Barracks Road and the Route 250 Bypass. The area was bought and subdivided by several University of Virginia faculty members and planned as a country club development. "The Lodge" on Rugby Road was the original club house and is now the home of the Chi Psi fraternity.

Most of the houses in the neighborhood are large, well-kept and sited on large lots. This somewhat isolates each house from the others. The neighborhood has not changed significantly in the last twenty-five years. In general, the neighborhood has not been particularly closely knit, but the residents work together to solve problems that affect the entire neighborhood.

The rapid development to the west on Route 29 North has been a concern of Meadowbrook Hills residents. However, through such efforts as the reconfiguration of the Route 250 - Rugby Road intersection, many related traffic problems have been addressed, and the residents of the neighborhood continue to work with the city to ensure that Meadowbrook Heights continues to be a pleasant place to live.
Recollections of Dr. G.S. Fitzhugh

Dr. G. S. Fitzhugh, who died in 1985, was a native of Charlottesville. He attended the University of Virginia and its Medical School, and was affiliated with the Medical Center for almost fifty years. He lived on Jefferson Street, University Circle and several other places near the University before moving to Blue Ridge Road in Meadowbrook Hills in the forties.

I was born and raised in Charlottesville. I went to Midway School for one year, and then to Augusta Military Academy for three years. I came back to go to the University in 1927. In 1933, I graduated from the Medical School here. Then I had two years post-grad. I did my training at Tulane, and then two more back here. I was on my way to Oklahoma, when Dr. Fletcher Woodward, who had an ear-nose-throat practice, decided to enlarge his office downtown. He asked me to join him, so I stayed on. I have been a part of the University Medical Center since 1935. In 1937, I was an instructor.

I was born in Martha Jefferson Hospital. At that time it was a new hospital, only three years old. We lived on Jefferson Street. My father was a druggist here with his brothers. He died in 1917 when I was ten years old and my sister was eight. My mother moved us toward the University. She was an astute woman. She had great plans for her children. We sold the Jefferson Street property to a Mr. Saxon who owned a dry cleaner business – probably the first modern dry cleaner in town. We eventually moved to 33 University Place, now University Circle, in the house now occupied by the Manahans. In the process of building that house, we moved gradually toward the University. I lived at University Place when I attended U.Va. I was on probation most of the time but I finally made it. In 1937 when I joined the staff, and was in private practice with Dr. Woodward and Dr. Hedges, I got married. I borrowed $700 and bought a car. For two years we lived with my mother who also rented out two rooms to students. After two years, we moved to the Anderson Apartments until 1940. Then we built a house on Mason Lane and lived there two years. After that (1942) I went into the Army for four years. We came back and built this house on Blue Ridge Road.

In 1946 this was called Meadowbrook Hills. We were not the first house, and this was like the country then. Two or three faculty members bought the land and subdivided it into building lots. One of the faculty members was Dr. Manahan (father of the current University Circle Manahan) who was dean of the School of Education. The architect for most of the houses here was Milton Grigg, and R.E. Lee was the builder for practically all of them. Barracks Road was just a country road and Emmet Street was nothing like it is now. Carroll's Tea Room sat over where the Barracks Road Shopping Center is now. Wendell Wood's father owned land and a small grocery with a filling station on Route 29. That's where he started making his money. There are a lot of fast food places along there. One time, the neighbors called me while I was on vacation at Virginia Beach to come back to help protest a move for development on Barracks Road. Of course, there wasn't anything they could do about it.

Just a few houses were here in Meadowbrook Hills when I came. This area was supposed to be developed like Farmington is now, around a country club. That was the plan for this area. It was supposed to be an exclusive area for doctors and faculty. The club house was over by Rugby Road. Joel Cochran built a racetrack out behind where the English Inn is now. The property is now owned by the city. Most of that is in a flood plain and the city still rents out garden spaces there. I've seen cars submerged out there by Meadowbrook Creek.

The boundaries of Meadowbrook Hills are the 250 By-pass to the north, Morton Drive and Meadowbrook Road on the south, part of Rugby Road on the east and Barracks Road on the west. There is a cohesiveness to the neighborhood, but not a close one. No one knows anyone closely in Charlottesville.

As far as changes go, there is less faculty now in the neighborhood. Russell Dettor moved here in
the 1940's. The Campbell/Hurst house is older, as it was here when I came here. As far as major changes go, just a few houses were affected by the growth around us. It has been steady over the last thirty years. There was no common denominator in the neighborhood. But gradually the neighborhood would merge together to protect something when zoning or building issues came up. We tried to get the Morton's (Del Monte's) Drive blocked off so we wouldn't get any overflow traffic from Emmet Street. It's relatively safe here. We've only had one significant break-in in the last two years. Everyone has a burglar alarm and if I see a strange car up here, I don't hesitate to call the police.

The biggest change in the city itself is the increase in population and the more affluent businesses moving west and depleting the mid-section. The east part of town has never developed. I remember sleigh riding on what used to be Free Bridge Road down by the Martha Jefferson. They used to block that road off just for us. The changes on Emmet Street—we detest them.

To reflect on my experiences at the University—I remember when President Alderman died in 1933 and then Newcomb took over. He (Newcomb) had been doing the job ever since Alderman had been sick and he did a good job but he was not a man of imagination—he was an engineer. He resigned and they got Edgar Shannon who was a good man. Colgate Darden was a terrific administrator.

Changes at the University Hospital were just a matter of expansion. Here again, there was poor planning. They did not buy up enough land for adequate growth. One disaster was the loss of the old medical school—the first one. It was the last building that Jefferson designed. It was built on a low budget. It was condemned as a medical school and various other buildings were used for classes while it sat empty. It was demolished in 1937. This never should have happened because it was Jefferson's last structure. The second medical school, which opened in 1929, faced the Corner, and the third is over at Jordan Hall, if you want to call it that. I've been writing a history on the medical schools, but I've been sick with a cancer and I'm constantly battling that. I can't get to all the things I want to do. I have a bunch of old pictures of the buildings on my office wall.

There haven't been any black homeowners here in Meadowbrook Hills, but a member of the faculty lives at Rugby and Hilltop; a Mr. Scott, who is a minister. We once had an outstanding minister here in Charlottesville—a Mr. Petrie. He was a chaplain during the Revolutionary War. Many years ago, there was an epidemic here and a student died. Mr. Petrie was the only minister who had courage enough to bury him.

The Redland Club is a long-standing men's club here. They used to hang up a lantern and a sheet to put election returns on. They printed the results on glass and projected them onto the sheet with the lantern.

There used to be 2,000 students at the University of Virginia. Freshmen had to wear a hat. It could be any kind of regular hat, not a special kind. They would doff their hat to the professors and the professors, in turn, would doff theirs back. Quite a nice custom. Now you can't tell the students from the bums.

The size of my medical school class was about seventy-three. We graduated fifty-two. That was the average size class. UVa has always been a prestigious school, in the 1930s as well as today. The education in the medical school has changed remarkably. Medicine has changed and so have the students. They used to dress like gentlemen and now they look like bums. Especially their shoes—those dirty sneakers! I don't know why patients even tolerate it.

About Vinegar Hill, right in the middle of it was a firehouse and there were three horses and three pieces of equipment dashing out when the fire horn blew. I remember the steam engine pumping water. I also remember Bay Maupin, an old timer who ran the streetcar. I remember the students lifting a street car off the rails and he had to beg them to put it back. They used to have frolics and riots back then, too. Students were the worst in 1827. That's when they shot and killed a law professor on the Lawn. They would only kick them out of school for dueling!
GREENBRIER-MEADOWBROOK HEIGHTS

The northern boundary of the Greenbrier neighborhood, Rio Road, is in Albemarle county. Although having Route 29 North on the western edge and the 250 By-pass on the south was a most convenient location, the proximity to Rio Road, which was still relatively rural, made early residents feel that they had moved to the country. In fact, farms on Rio provided pasture for at least two ponies whose owners lived in Greenbrier. In the late 1960s, it was not uncommon to see a mostly black, rather chubby, pony mare named "Ripple" cantering around the baseball diamond at the Greenbrier School playground.

Another rural aspect of Greenbrier and its twin neighborhood, Meadowbrook Heights, is Meadow Creek. The creek meanders through both areas and in spite of occasionally flooded yards and mosquitoes, it provides a cool and wondrous nature laboratory or a great place for just catching minnows and tadpoles on a warm summer day.

In the 1970s, Halloween night was an exercise in technology and imagination as neighbors went all out with such attractions as electronic sound effects, vampires on rooftops, a wrapped mummy handing out candy from a coffin and talking Jack-O-Lanterns. There were no "tricks" from the costumed children who moved gleefully in and out of the shadows in sweeping waves collecting their "treats."

Central to the development of the two neighborhoods were the schools. Greenbrier Elementary served the younger children and later on, Charlottesville High was built in Meadowbrook Heights. Many of the families who settled in the area with school aged children have remained here after the children were grown. This has resulted in a stable community. Still, there has been enough resident turnover and influx of young professionals to fill the hillsides with small sledgers after a snowfall.

The Keith House
Recollections of Joseph and Joan Trice

Joseph Trice and his wife Joan have lived in Charlottesville for over thirty years, and were among the first families to move into the Greenbrier neighborhood in 1961. Since they are in the older section of the development on Banbury Drive, there are more long-time residents and the area is more stable than the newer sections. Mr. Trice was a public school principal, and his wife was a nurse. The area is made up of predominantly middle class white collar workers.

We bought the lot and moved in in 1961. The only other street developed then was Tarleton. This area used to be the Gentry dairy farm. Montague, Miller and Company developed this area. Grover Forloins built most of the houses in Greenbrier Heights. Most of the people here are from the city of Charlottesville. We've been here twenty-two years. All the area behind us used to be woods and the school was built one year after we came. Our son, who should have been in this school, was sent to Jefferson due to annexation and integration. All fifth graders had to go out of the neighborhood and pay tuition, and blacks were transported into Greenbrier. Now we have some black families who live here. We also lived in the Fry's Springs area. I'm from Howser, which is about thirty miles from here, and my wife is from Lynchburg. Both of us went to the University of Virginia. We belong to the First United Methodist Church. My wife belongs to a service sorority group here, but we do not belong to a political group, and are not active in the neighborhood association.

I would like to say the boundaries of the neighborhood are the bridge by Brandywine Hills, Rio Road, Denise Lane and the railroad tracks. The area behind the elementary school on the hill is called Greenbrier Heights. I guess the most important building in the area is the school. This is a new subdivision, not more than twenty years old. Our immediate area is close knit because we have all been here a longer time. There is Jim West, Mr. Mincer of Mincer's Pipe Shop, Clyde Knolls, Professor Wendell Lewis and the Willard Geers. Other areas of Greenbrier are more transient. We do have a neighborhood Memorial Day cookout, and also on Labor Day, and the 4th of July. We have a neighborhood poker bunch, and some of the neighbors are involved in "neighborhood watch."

City government treats us nicely here. The water pressure is good, the trash is picked up twice weekly, and if we go out of town, we call the Police Department and they will drive by the house to check things. I think annexation of this area was a good thing to do. I don't think we, as a city, approach housing properly though. I'm not so sure it is a good thing to put all those people in one place in West Haven; also Garrett Street. I don't think it was fair to the people. And we should have a community for retired folks that is really geared to them. The Meadow Creek still floods but we have always coped with it. Traffic is awful up on 29 North. It was always congested even when it was a two lane road. The new bridge at Park Street has helped us. We can now do our shopping without going onto Route 29. Rio Road and Greenbrier Drive are now a problem at 5:00 p.m. But everyone here keeps their house up, plants trees, and keeps their grass cut. We're doing pretty well here.
Recollections of Anna Hammer

A resident of Meadowbrook Heights since 1971, Anna Hammer grew up in the Ridge Street area when it was still farm land. She recounts some of the important improvements in city life over the years, but also expresses regret over many of the lost traditions.

I have lived at 1615 Keith Valley Road for about twelve years. Before that, I lived at the Mill Road Farm. It was in the Ridge Street area but is gone now. That is where I was born, and I lived there until moving here. Mother was born in the county (near Ivy), and Father was born at Mill Road Farm also. He was a farmer and livestock broker.

The church I belonged to was the First Presbyterian Church on Park Street. I worked at the Monticello Hotel for a long time as a cashier in the gift shop.

Our neighborhood is called Meadowbrook. Some people call it Meadowbrook Heights. Everyone knows each other. The residents go to work each day outside the neighborhood, because it is strictly residential here. The oldest home in the neighborhood was a log cabin, built in 1770 by a Mr. Keith who was a stonemason. That is how the street got its name (Keith Valley Road.)

Everyone in the community has helped to make it what it is. It has changed quite a bit. The youngsters have grown up and gone to college--some have married. The people who live here came from all over. James Tuley, an architect, designed the Wadlington's home and his own. People get about mostly by cars. The children in the neighborhood play in the yards. They play some of the same games which were popular when I was growing up--baseball, football, and tug-of-war.

The city of Charlottesville has changed a lot over the years. It has really grown. However, I think too many old homes and nice old buildings have been torn down in the process. The City has cut down many nice trees, so I don't like it as much as I used to. The Urban Renewal and federal housing projects played a large part in Charlottesville's changes. It did some good, but much was destroyed by tearing down so many old places. Many people were displaced from the neighborhoods they had always lived in and loved!

The city changes haven't affected our neighborhood, but it has made a difference in others, like Ridge Street. I loved Ridge Street. I was raised in that area. It has been destroyed, mostly by the increase in rental properties. This has really hurt the area. My old neighborhood was very quiet, very conservative, a nice white and black mix. I walked to school to the old Lane High. Our farm was an operating farm. We had animals and raised fruit, vegetables and grain.

All of the old homes are very important to the city. They are pretty and nice. I love every building downtown, every stick and stone.

When I was growing up, we played bridge in our leisure time. And of course there was baseball, football, golf, and tennis. Most of the tennis was played at Farmington Country Club. There were always big baseball games on Meade Avenue. I think they were professional games. My brother played once on the Charlottesville baseball team.

We also went to movies. The old Jefferson Theatre and the Paramount (built in 1931) were popular. And there was the Lafayette Theater which showed westerns on Saturdays. At the Paramount opening, they had a local organist, Arthur Brown, that everyone called "Brownie." He left here, went to Washington, and went big time. Many people went to the Jefferson Theatre too. There was an orchestra there. This orchestra played slowly and low all during the pictures when they had silent movies. Brownie would play the organ there before and during intermissions.

An important employer I remember when I was growing up was King Lumber Company. They're not around any more. That was on Preston Avenue and Walter King was the owner. An important community leader I recall, was Dr. George L. Petrie. He was the finest Presbyterian minister we've ever had. His church has been leveled. He was a very fine man. Mrs. Ethel Irwin was important in bringing the cable into Charlottesville. Plus, there were many other important figures in Charlottesville. The rescue squad was created sometime in the 1950s and is very important. Joel Cochran is partly responsible for the squad.

The city government played an important role in creating the Downtown Mall. They also put a lot of shrubbery around and flowers out around town in the summer. The streets and sidewalks around Main Street have changed. I liked it better before they put the Downtown Mall in. I remember the old streetcar which used to go up and down Main Street. It went off in June of 1935.

The University of Virginia isn't as nice as it used to be. I don't care for all the lettering smeared all over the bridge. Tin cups are all over the lawns of those beautiful fraternity houses. It used to be very exclusive and elegant.
Appendix

"Recollections of the Past"

By George Sidney Ford, Grandfather of Ruth Ford Norris (Mrs. Hunter Norris)

[Editor's Note: Born in 1837, Mr. Ford was seventy-three years old when he wrote this in 1910.]

Having a good deal of spare time on my hands and being desirous of so using it, that it may not be entirely wasted, I have concluded to write down my recollections of the various changes that have taken place with me during my life, what I have done and where I have been. This will comprise not only an attempt at composition, but an effort of memory. It will also be to me a matter of recreation, and together with reading, will pleasantly help to pass away the time.

From the time of my twelfth year until my seventy-first birthday I have earned my living, asking charity of no man, have had many happy days and passed through many sad and bitter experiences. And now when through the affection and love of my children I have no longer to labor, I can seat myself and review the past whilst conscious of having made many mistakes. I am also sure I have made no enemies. I am proud to realize that in all my dealing with whosoever I have been employed by, I have given satisfaction.

Starting at the commencement of my life, I will give some account of my family. My father's name was Charles Henry Ford. My mother's name was Martha Harriet. I have never known anything of my father's family, but have had some indistinct recollection of Aunt Carnell who I believe lived in Canada, and also a Cousin Rebecca: they were Quakers.

In consequence of troubles, my father was a stern man in manner, a strict disciplinarian and very methodical in his habits. He was always well dressed, walked very erect, wore a white cravat fastened with a diamond pin, carried a costly gold watch and a large seal ring. He was highly educated and wrote numerous articles for the newspapers. His occupation was that of a watchmaker and jeweler. My mother was the dearest and most lovable woman I have ever met. I never knew her to use a cross word, neither with my sister Emily, the servants, or myself. She had a most winning expression and I judge she was very handsome when younger. She was very accomplished, and a beautiful singer.

Her family was well-to-do but disapproved of her marriage to my father, but her father gave her five thousand dollars on her marriage. Her maiden name was Lord and she had one brother who was in business as a coal merchant, but was poor off.

At the commencement of my knowledge of family matters, I learned that my father was in partnership with a Mr. Hills doing a business in what were called Birmingham goods, namely silver-plated ware and jewelry. He traveled all through England with samples of their goods, whilst Mr. Hills attended to the business in London.

Their store was on a street called Houndsditch, and at the corner of St. Mary's Axe. Nearly every other store on the street was occupied by Jews, dealers in old clothes and china ware. The English Jew is very different in appearance from those one sees in America. Some of the handsomest girls I have ever seen were Jewesses. Their stores were generally very dirty from the kind of goods they sold, but they always had an upstairs room fitted up with costly pictures and furniture. I have but a dim recollection of my father's store, but will repeat an anecdote told me by my brother Charles as to something that occurred there one day. The family lived above the store, and on an occasion when the plumbers were repairing the water pipes, they took up the flooring in a passage that ran across the store, laying down some loose planks to walk whilst the repairs were being made. The passage was dark, and one of the servant girls going through with a bucket of slops, stepped off a loose plank and broke through the ceiling of the store. It so happened that a German customer was buying a lot of goods and had quite a quantity put aside. The place the girl broke through was just above him, and on looking up he saw a pair of black stockinged legs vigorously kicking, and received part of the slops in his face. Throwing up his hands in horror, he rushed from the store and never came back. I recollect sister Emily and myself sometimes going on a visit to an old woman, who for several years was a
nurse in our family. Her name was Millwood, and she lived in a suburb of London called Islington.

When I reached the age of five and Emily seven, father sent us away from home--to a boarding school for young ladies at a seminary at a place called Milton on Severn. The school was kept by two old maiden sisters named Walton. We went by railway to Birmingham and from there by a carrier's cart to Milton. The only feature of our life there that I bear in mind is that we had to go on Sunday to attend the Episcopal service, morning, afternoon, and night, and that the church seats were very hard. We were well fed and taken care of and they nursed me through the measles. We remained there three years before father sent for us to come home. On returning, we passed through London and went to Gravesend some twenty miles from the city. What had occurred during the time we were absent we never knew, but the firm of Ford and Hills had dissolved as a partnership. Father was engaged in business as watchmaker and jeweler at Gravesend and Mr. Hills had gone to America.

Gravesend on the Thames River was a pretty place, and not being very far from London a good many people moved there during the summer on account of the bathing. Fish, oysters, shrimp, lobsters, and crabs were caught there in plenty. The Rosherville Zoological Gardens were only half a mile distant and my sister and I went there often. Offering some rudeness to a monkey there one day, he flew at me and split my fingernail with his sharp teeth. I didn't repeat the offense. Opposite Gravesend, on the other side of the River, lay Tilbury Fort--a place celebrated as the ground where Queen Elizabeth reviewed her Army. About a mile distant there was an extensive garden, where quantities of watercress were raised for the London markets.

We lived here about one year and then moved back to London. Father had obtained a position as business agent for a large company. It was called "The Cutler's Company," and was composed of some 150 members, mostly merchants of the richest class. They owned considerable real estate, and to attend to the repairs and collect the rents was father's business. They had a fine hall in which they met and four times a year they had a grand banquet and election of officers. The following song was always sung at the banquet:

When Adam and Eve dine on Apples and Salatte
They wanted no relish to tickle their palate
The man was contented and so was his wife
And they never once thought of the use of a Knife. Derry down
But Eve soon grew tired of diet so spare
A plum soon abhorred and detested a pear
She declared without meat, no joy was in life
Of meat they had plenty, but never a Knife. Derry down
To please his fair bride, tho' young at the trade
Our ancestor Adam, a Knife quickly made.
Though rough and unpolished you all must agree,
He was the first Master of this Company. Derry down.

The office my father held was not a very lucrative one, but he had a fine house adjoining the hall, fitted up with bathrooms on each floor, fine kitchen range, the use of the company's chinaware and cutlery, and coal and candles, for all of which he had nothing to pay.

Once a month a board meeting was held by the officers of the company, and a lunch was furnished them consisting of oysters, lobsters, ham, beef tongue, pastry and wines all provided by my father, paid for by the board. What was left of the lunch supplied our family for several days afterwards.

Father, having some spare time, undertook the cleaning and repairing of watches which brought him some additional means. The housekeeping was done by mother, Emily, and one servant. Mother also taught Emily, and I went to school. The school I went to was almost a college, having some 900 pupils in one very handsome building. I attended there about three years, but outside of reading, writing and arithmetic, I can't say I learned much, for I hated Grammar and Latin, and father finding this out, made me write out the whole Cobbets English Grammar as a task. He also sent me to a night school to learn penmanship.

I have not much to relate of our home life at this time. About four times a year father would unbend and take us all out on a picnic excursion, sometimes to a boat race on the river. On one occasion, when we were on the river at a point where the houses were far apart on the banks, a sudden storm of wind and rain came up and before we could get to shelter we were thoroughly drenched not having brought any umbrellas. Mother, Emily, a lady friend and our white servant were the feminines of the party. Father, Mr. Phillips, a
school companion of mine, and my wife helped the females of our party to some dry clothes, whilst the balance of us stood by the baker's oven till we got dry. On another excursion we went to visit some pleasure grounds at a place about twenty miles from the city. On returning the engine gave out when some ten miles had been made, and the only vehicle we could procure was a one horse cart. Our party consisted of twelve and it was a tight fit to get all in. It rained before we got home, but the cart had a canvas cover over it, so we sang all the way and we kids of the party thought it good fun. What was considered one of the wonders of the world, the Thames Tunnel was just finished and on an occasion of a public holiday when the admission was free, Emily and I with our servant girl, received permission from father to pay a visit there. The Tunnel is some forty feet down in the river and a half mile in length. On this day it was crowded with people, and when we had walked to nearly the center, some mischievous person turned off the gas, leaving us in the dark. Screaming and hollering, the crowd rushed back to the entrance, thinking that the water was coming in. I was carried off my feet in the rush and separated from my companions, but the gas was soon lighted and I soon found them and we were glad to get back to the top of the ground once more.

I will now go back to the family record again.

Whilst I was told by my brothers that mother had fifteen children, I only knew my brothers Charles, James and Alfred, my sisters Harriet and Emily, each of which I will give you a passing glimpse of their history.

My brother, Charles Henry, up to his twenty-first year was with my father at the watchmaker's trade, but not liking the business he tried several other employments and then enlisted in the Army, joining the Queen's Thirteenth Light Dragons. He soon gained promotion and was made Sergeant Major. During the time he was in the service, he and the First Lieutenant of the Regiment had charge of the Queen's Escort when she road out. He was very good looking, much liked by the men under his command, but an unfortunate difficulty he had with his Lieutenant caused him to ask for his discharge from the Army. Shortly after this he emigrated to America. His subsequent career, having been blended with mine, will be told further on in this narrative.

My brother, James Arthur, also commenced as a watchmaker but was probably more skillful as a jeweler. Whilst working with my father at Gravesend, he became infatuated with a girl employed as a saleswoman in a fancy bazaar. He married her and then discovered that she was the cast off mistress of a nobleman and had three children. He immediately left her, went to London, and not being able to find satisfactory employment there, also emigrated to America. What he did there will be told further on.

My third brother, Alfred Julian, was an invalid most of his life, but married before he was twenty one, went to Birmingham, and after a hard struggle to make a living, returned with his wife to father's and shortly afterward died. His widow remained with us until she married again. She married a butcher, who I was told treated her very badly.

My sister, Harriet, I saw very little of, she being engaged in some millenary establishment in London. On her marriage she came to see us at Gravesend. Her husband was an artist and portrait painter. His name was Claperton. They also emigrated to America, and on her husband's death (he died in New York), sister went back to England but after father's death returned to America. She married a Methodist minister, went somewhere in Illinois. Never having received a letter from her, I cannot tell whether she is living or not. She was a large, fleshy woman and as I suppose that her age when I saw her in New York was over thirty. I cannot imagine that she is living now.

My sister, Emily, was my constant companion until I left home. She was of a most lovable disposition, always ready to help me in my school studies and my boyish troubles, and I do not recollect of a single occasion when we had a quarrel. My father sought but few acquaintances the few that visited us, being mostly old people, so our home was a dull one, and sister having no companions gradually became dull and melancholy. I believe she had some love affair unknown to mother or father, and finding it a hopeless love became more and more disordered in mind until her troubles brought on a disease called (I think) melancholia, and shortly before my father's death, my brother Charles wrote me that she had been sent to a sanitarium and pronounced incurable. If living now, her age would be seventy-six, but I cannot think but that she too has passed away. This sums up my recollections of my family.

Of father and mother's deaths I received notice. Father was about eighty when he died and mother was about seventy. The last that I heard of my brother Charles was in a letter that he wrote in which he stated that he had just come out of a hospital where he had been laid up with illness for some time. I have heard nothing of him since and have no idea that he can be living. Brother James died in Baltimore, and brother Alfred at home. I do not believe that either of my sisters are living. I am the last of my English family.
I now come back to my own individual history. Father, having found out that he had made a mistake in forcing my brothers to learn a trade that they neither had any fancy for, concluded to let me choose my own occupation. So having taken up the idea that I would like to be a cabinetmaker, I started out when twelve years old to earn my living, but the first place I struck proved a failure. I went to work with a cabinetmaker for one month on trial. If we mutually agreed, I was to be apprenticed for three years. I was to sleep at home and he to furnish my dinner only. In place of doing a general cabinetmaker's business, the only branch of the trade he worked on was the making of large telescopic dining tables, made of mahogany with carved legs, very fine work but nothing in it for me for day after day. My only work was to go over the table tops with a piece of cork and sandpaper. He only kept one hand besides himself, was very disagreeable in his manners and as soon as he sold a table, got drunk on the money. I left him. I then went to a carpenters and builders, who was doing a large business, but after I had been there some three weeks he failed and the works were closed up.

At that time father had been informed that a firm of wholesale and retail confectioners had an opening for a junior clerk and as the firm was well acquainted with him, he applied for and secured the position for me. So I gave up my cabinet making desires and went in for a clerical life. The firm of Burrows and Sons were doing a large business and on the same street that father formerly lived on Houndsditch. They had two stores fronting on the street, and a factory in the rear. They employed twelve clerks who all boarded in the house, and some fifty hands were employed in the factory of candy makers and bakers. They did a large business in the sale of sweet and bitter almonds. Nuts of all kinds and figs and raisins. For the time I was employed with them, I did very well, being promoted or having my salary raised several times during the three years that I was there but finally left them for the reasons that I was not satisfied with what I saw ahead of me in the future and the changes offered in a clerk's life. The superintendent of the house was the head clerk and his wife was the housekeeper. Having access to the books and knowledge of all the expenses of the establishment I saw that as a clerk, even if I rose to the superintendent's place, I should be only getting a bare living, and I wanted to do better than that.

About that time there was a good deal of talk of the fortunes to be made in America, and both my brothers who were then in America wrote home very flattering accounts of their success there. Charles had started in business as an Architect and Engineer in Chicago having been able to study on both branches at odd times during his past life and whilst in the Army, and was making a good living. Brother James had opened a jewelry store in Richmond with very flattering prospects. Their letters describing their success in business and giving descriptions of (to them) the New World and the better chances that a young man had to rise in the world there than in England, did much to increase my desire to join them, and after a full discussion of my views with father, he agreed that I should make the trip. I always spent Sunday at home and the subject of my going to America was thoroughly talked over. Being the only son left, mother was not very favorably impressed with the thought of my leaving, but I assured her that if I did not find satisfactory employment, I would return. Father was not satisfied that I should join my brothers but was of the opinion that I should fight my own battles without being dependent upon them. A merchant of his acquaintance, much taken with the idea of a fortune to be made in the gold fields of America, and who had gathered much information as to the best means to do so, had chartered a vessel, loaded it with goods, and intended to open a commission house in San Francisco. He proposed to take a number of clerks, but only those who would agree to work their passage as sailors. He wished to take me, but would have me bound under articles as an apprentice for seven years. This I was not inclined to agree to, so I fell back on my original proposition and father consenting. I bid farewell to home and on the good ship "The Margaret Evans" set sail for New York. I was seventeen years old.

The ship was a three master, was very large, and had a captain, first, second and third mates, boatswain, carpenter, steward, two stewardesses, cabin boy, cooks and sailors--also a doctor. She was lying in St. Cather-ine docks when I went on board the day before we sailed, taking on the balance of her cargo, about fifty cabin passengers and between 500 and 600 steerage passengers, who were either Germans, or Irish, but very few English. The board furnished for both, was of excellent quality and plentiful. The berths of the 1st class were on each side of the long dining hall, extending nearly the whole length of the vessel. The cabin I was in was on the midship deck, and besides myself had a man, his wife and two children, and also two of the better class of Germans. All the steerage passengers were down in the hold or below the deck, plank partitions running across the deck separated one family from another, and single females traveling alone had berths at one end of the vessel and single men at the other. Some families had brought bedding, but those who had none had to put up with straw, an abundance of which was furnished by the shipping company.
No open lights were allowed by the ship which furnished lanterns, and a strict watch was kept to guard against fire—a sailor or one of the mates going through the steerage several times during the night. The cooking was all done at the Galley fires on deck. Each family took their turn in regular rotation, but I expect most of them had done their cooking before they started. The Germans lived mostly on sausage, sauerkraut and crackers. The voyage down the river was a delightful one, the day bright and sunny and the water smooth. It was not until we got to Dover that we had any unpleasantness. Everybody seemed happy and all hands went to making acquaintances, and so it continued until by the motion of the vessel we found ourselves in rough water. When the sea sickness commenced, the happy faces disappeared and the side of the vessel was lined three deep with people trying apparently to turn themselves inside out. It took one of the sailors all the time to keep the crowd on the right side of the deck, for as the wind was constantly blowing, if you were on the wrong side the deposit you were making landed on the deck, but if you were at the right side, it was blown out to sea. And this continued for days, in my case for three weeks, but I kept on chewing away at a hardship biscuit, until I got over it. The sickness is in itself horrible, but to see others by the hundreds all puking away for dear life, doesn’t tend to make you feel any better. The majority of the cabin passengers stayed below in their berths and were attended to by the stewardess, but a great many of the steerage passenger women and children were unable to get on deck, and being down in a place with no light but what came down the hatchway, must have suffered terribly. On one occasion I found a young girl, one of the second class passengers lying flat on the deck near my cabin and on my offer to assist her to her cabin she replied, “please don’t disturb me, I want to die right here.” I got her up however, and she soon got over the sickness, in fact long before I did.

One of the troublesome features of an ocean voyage is the water question. It is taken on board in large casks that are filled from the London water mains, and a close economy has to be used in the distributing of it, for when it has to be used for the benefit of some 800 people and the length of the voyage is uncertain, both that given out for drinking and washing, great care has to be taken to see that each person or family gets their due share, and that none is wasted. Every morning the first mate issued the water ration to the steerage passengers, who were lined up to receive their supply in vessels of proper size. The 1st class passengers were supplied from water coolers filled by the stewards, but the cabin passengers got only the same ration as the steerage did, and if the coolers were emptied before night, we got no more until next morning. In due time we arrived at Dover and remained there long enough to take on the Mails for America, a few more passengers and land the pilot who had charge of the ship so far.

Leaving Dover and going out through the English Channel, we had a long distance view of the shores of France, and before long we were out of sight of land and were on the mighty Atlantic Ocean. The Captain now had charge of the ship, and his station was called the quarter deck. This portion of the ship was also the promenade for the cabin passengers and was about one-third of the length of the ship. It was raised some eight feet above the balance of the vessel. The steerage passengers were not allowed on the quarter deck but had to stay forward. In working the ship, the captain gave his orders from the quarter deck to the 2nd and 3rd mates at the Fore & Main masts, who directed the movements of the sailors. No sailor was allowed to be idle, the decks were flooded with water every day and scrubbed clear, all brass work kept polished and work on the sails and running gear, kept in good order to replace when worn out. It was the duty of the 1st mate to see that everybody did his work and he was held responsible by the captain that the men did their duty and that the ship was kept clean. Our first mate was a crabbed and surly sort of a man, was much disliked and had frequent rows with the German and Irish emigrants, in consequence of his domineering ways. It was one of his duties to see that the galley fires were put out at a certain hour, and as sometimes happened a woman had not quite finished her cooking, it was just fun for him to throw a deluge of water on it. Our 2nd and 3rd mates were different. They were polite and well behaved, both of them upwards of six feet in height, and built for strength. Sailors as a class in those days were a rough lot and a mate had to have both strength and courage to manage them. It did not do to argue with a man or let him see that you were afraid of him, but you had to use force at once.

On our first day out, I saw an instance when our third mate acted with the necessary promptness. Sailors frequently come on board at the last moment partially or wholly drunk. They may be perfect strangers to the Mates who have to take them as they find them, if they are willing and obedient it is all right but if not, they get rough usage, and the mates are held responsible by the captain for the mens’ good behavior. In the case I mention some sailors were working on the quarter deck and a part of the first class passengers, mostly females, were watching them, when one of the sailors broke out with an oath and commenced singing a low black guard song. It was evidently done to try the temper of the third mate, but
"From Porch Swings To Patios"

Appendix

it did not work as the man expected, for without saying anything to him, the mate knocked him down, picked him up in his arms and threw him down onto the lower deck. The mate had no further trouble with him and he behaved himself during the balance of the cruise. I saw one other instance when a sailor answered the second mate with an oath, and was promptly knocked down, and that was the end of it. The daily routine of the ship was as follows: up at nine o'clock the sailors had the decks and passengers were expected to remain below. The decks were sluiced with water and scrubbed with what was called holystone leaving them clean and white. If a passenger ventured on deck at this time it was fun for the sailors to send a bucket of water over his feet and legs and if he didn't take the hint he was apt to get it over his body too. The brass work was rubbed until it shone and in fact there was not an inch of the upper part of the vessel that was not gone over.

After this was accomplished, all being done under the supervision of the 1st Mate, the passengers came on deck and the mate gave out the water to the steerage passengers. After being down in the dark and badly smelling steerage all night, these people were only too glad to get on deck, and came swarming up the gangways as soon as they got a chance. It was amusing to see a group of the German women, squatting down on the deck and scraping away at the children's heads to catch such vermin as had collected. As a general thing, the women kept themselves and the children neat and clean, but it was not so with the men who seemed to care for little but to eat and smoke. The German girls and boys were eager to learn the language of the new country to which they were going and would collect together with a German-English dictionary earnestly endeavoring to learn such words as they thought they would have use for. They called me frequently to pronounce some word they could not give the right sound to. Some of the girls were not bad looking, and to them I had no objection to play teacher. Dictionary in hand, I would point to a girl's head then show her the word in the dictionary and give and make her repeat the English pronunciation, then to various articles of her dress, and articles of food, etc. I have had thirty or forty around me at one time, all intent on the lesson I was giving and some of them learned quickly, and would come up to me at times, point to some object and tell me the English name of it. They were always bright and cheerful, full of fun, and you rarely found serious countenance among them, and it was the same with the older people. They seemed to have left all care behind and were looking forward hopefully to the new life in a new land. One of the German gentlemen who had a berth in the same cabin with me owned a musical instrument. I have forgotten the name of it. I can only describe it as an octagon accordion, and he frequently played on it to the delight of the girls who would in return sing some of their German songs. There was a piano in the saloon, but little music in the lady passengers, and the sweet voices of the German girls, to use an American expression “took the cake.”

The sailors had a fiddler and would occasionally have a dance among themselves. Notwithstanding my seasickness I never gave up but kept on deck as much as possible. For some three weeks I could not retain anything in my stomach, but would eat my breakfast or dinner and immediately go on deck and deposit it in the ocean. An old sailor advised me to always carry a hardship biscuit in my pocket and keep chewing away on that. I did so, and after a while got my stomach all right. Being so thoroughly cleaned out I was then in splendid health. In the morning the two Germans and I got up and left the cabin to give the married lady a chance to dress, and when she had washed and dressed her two children, I frequently took them up on deck and did my best to amuse them, until their father came and relieved me. They were very nice people, and the husband was going into the dry goods business in New York.

When the weather was fine and the ship somewhat steady, the cabin passengers played a game called "Shovel Board" and as I seemed to be inclined to make myself useful, was generally called on to chalk the deck and keep the score. This helped to pass away the time. Looking out for passing vessels, and who would first see a fish was another amusement. Ships in the distance we rarely saw, but fish often, porpoises especially, they played about the ship in droves, sometimes staying and keeping up with us all day. This fish has a head very much like a hog's and were from 3 to 6 feet long. Once or twice we saw dolphins, a large fish looking more like an old rusty steam boiler than anything else I could compare them with. They were shaped the same at both ends. They showed no fins, but would suddenly rise in the water until about half the body was in sight, glide along some twenty yards then sink, and come up again to repeat the same movement until they got out of sight. Once we saw a whale spouting up water in the distance and on one occasion floating icebergs.

At noon every day the captain took his chronometer sights from the sun and charted down in the Log Book the position of the ship and the distance traveled. At one time for about two days we were becalmed and the vessel made no movement, the sea being as still as the water in the millpond. I think it was at this time we saw large flocks of "mother Careys Chickens" a bird that seemed to be a cross between a
pigeon and a duck. It seemed strange to find birds a thousand miles from land and I suppose they live altogether on the water, and live on floating seaweed and small fish. On only one occasion we had a severe storm. It was what was called a gale of wind and the sea ran as it was called mountain high. It was useless to try to stay in your berth, for to keep from falling out you had to hold onto the sides of it and as the vessel rose on a wave you were almost standing on your head or as she glided down into the trough of the sea, you were apt to pitch out on your face. As the ship plugged along sometimes shipping tons of water that came over the bow, it was necessary to fasten securely the covers of the hatchways and the steerage passengers were compelled to stay below and be shut in. Had there been imminent danger though the hatchways would have been opened to allow them a chance to escape. But they were shut in for two reasons, one that it was necessary to keep the hatchways to keep the water out and the other that a number of them being on deck would have impeded the sailors in working the ship. We had one mast broken and some sails blown away. Unable to sleep and preferring to be where I could see what was going on, I climbed up onto the quarter deck, and though advised by the mate to go below, I secured myself with a rope to a cabin skylight and remained up all night. As I saw no alarm on the faces of the sailors or mates, I concluded there was no danger and was not much frightened. The gale lasted all that night and the best part of the following day. One of the most unpleasant features or rather smells about a ship is that of the bilge water. The strains on a ship are so heavy that there is always a certain amount of leakage, and the water has to be pumped out, and the scent of it is horrible. There is no way to prevent it from pervading every part of the ship. Cabin and steerage both get their share, and the aristocratic American lady and German emigrant girl both walked the deck with their handkerchiefs to their noses. We had one suicide during the voyage—a German who not being able to get over the seasickness, threw himself overboard. It was in broad daylight and tho' a boat was lowered at once, it was some time before the sailors found him, and he died before they reached the ship. He had no friends on board, and was buried in the sea. The Captain took charge of his effects and performed the funeral service over his remains. The Captain also read the Episcopal service on Sundays, but did not preach any sermon.

From the time we left the British Channel until nearly in sight of America, we had encountered contrary winds. This caused us to lose much time and having to tack about all the time, made our course something like what you see in a worm fence. We would sail for instance three and one-half miles back and go in another direction three and one-half miles, and only gain one-half mile of our true course. This lengthened our voyage considerably, and before it ended, we had been seven weeks or forty-nine days on the water. Upon nearing our destination we passed through the fogs on the banks of Newfoundland. The fog was so dense that at times you could scarcely see your hand if held before your face, and from one end of the ship you could not see the other end. There is constant danger of vessels colliding in these foggy waters and horns and megaphones are frequently sounded to ward off danger. Notwithstanding this, the fishermen from the banks go out in their boats to fish for cod and remain out for days at a time. Anchored out in the ocean, they burn a flare occasionally of rags and grease in old iron kettles, and even then some are run over and capsized by larger vessels and all hands drowned. Our ship came so near running down one of these boats that our foreyard arm tore down the sail of the fishing boat and grazed along her side.

Although the captain of a vessel is supposed to understand this business in deep water, it takes a pilot to navigate a ship through the shoals and currents along a coast, and when some fifty miles from land we found our pilot, our captain's duty as far as navigation ended, and the pilot took charge.

Getting near the land, a ship is generally taken in tow by a steamboat and the mates and sailors go to work taking down the sails and rigging and leaving everything in good condition, this done their work is ended and when the vessel reaches the wharf they are free, and a gang of stevedores unloads the vessel. The wind having at last changed in our favor after having taken on the pilot, we sailed along gallantly and later on were taken up by a big steam tow boat who carried us to the quarantine grounds where all vessels have to stop for the passengers to pass a medical examination, and if there are any cases of serious disease on board, none of the passengers are allowed to land until all are well. About two weeks previously, a faster sailing vessel than ours had passed us on their way to New York. We found them again at the quarantine grounds. They had been stopped here having several cases of small pox on board. The celebrated "Father Matthew," the great Temperance Orator, was one of the passengers on his vessel. Not having any cases of sickness on board, the doctors gave us a clean bill of health, and crossing the magnificent bay of New York we landed in America on July 3rd.

Father had given me a letter of introduction to Mr. Hills but the ship not having reached the pier until about 4 p.m., it was too late for me to start out hunting up a direction in a strange city that day, so I joined a party of friends whose acquaintance I had made during the voyage and who had decided to remain on
board that night. The party consisted of three young men who were going into business in New York, a married lady who expected her husband to meet her the next day and who was going to Buffalo, and two young ladies who were going by railway to visit relatives in the States. Before night the Captain, 2nd and 3rd mates, cabin passengers, sailors and emigrants, stewards and cooks had all landed and only our party, the 1st mate, and 2 caretakers or watchmen remained on the vessel. Our supper depended on somebody going on shore to get it, so after taking up a contribution from each of the party to make the necessary purchases, one of the young men and I went on shore and laid in a supply of cooked ham, bread, butter, sardines, cakes, candy, and bottled beer, but on returning we found the vessel had been moved some fifteen feet from the wharf, and since this was rather too much to jump we had to get a boatman to row us across, and to make that fifteen feet cost us twenty-five cents each. However, we got there all right, had supper, sang songs, told tales, and had a very jolly time. We left early the next morning, went our different ways and so ended my experience of an ocean voyage.

I had no difficulty in finding Mr. Hills. He was chief clerk in a large wholesale jewelry house in the city, but owned a fine residence in Brooklyn, across the East River from New York, going back and forth by ferry every day. He gave me my sister Harriet's address and on finding her I was just in time to go with them on a pleasure excursion to a place called Hoboken. The whole city seemed to me to have gone crazy. Fire crackers, bombs and muskets were going off everywhere, and I was told that they were celebrating the 4th of July. It was sometime before I could get used to it. To see a young man pull out a pistol and fire a succession of shots from it, simply to make a noise, seemed to me the height of folly. At Hoboken were shows, merry-go-rounds, swings, etc., and an immense number of people singing, dancing, hollering, laughing, and apparently all having a good time, but the noise was deafening. Our party went in for fun with a will. Sister and the ladies in the party rode on the merry-go-rounds, patronized the swings and took in most of the shows. Everyone was chewing candy. I suppose our party used up several pounds that day. To see grown people eating candy was another novelty to me, who at home I had only seen it given to children and not very often at that.

Getting towards sundown we returned by the ferry, and after a light supper, I turned in and slept heartily after my experience of a holiday in New York. The next day I passed in walking about the city. In the business part I was much struck with the rush that seemed to be going on all the time the men and boys all moving as if they had but five minutes more to live and had a lot to do before they died. I went into a dining hall, patronized chiefly by merchants and clerks and I suppose twenty men eat their lunch, whilst I was getting through mine. A man would rush in, give his order to the waiter, get his food and just bolt it. I had never seen such a display of hoggishness before, but to the New Yorker it was all a matter of course. Father had written to Mr. Hills to get me a situation in New York, but he candidly told me at once that an English clerk stood no chance, for they were too slow. I spent several days with him at the store and went home with him in the evening to Brooklyn. He was very kind to me and helped me all he could. From his house, which was up on an elevation sufficiently high to look over the East and North Rivers and see a good deal over the city, I first saw the fire flies, as they are called there, but lightening bugs in Virginia. They were in immense numbers. I have never seen such a number since, anywhere. The marshy land about New York accounted for them. Mr. Hills had but one child, a little son—he was unfortunately an idiot. Upon my first visit to the house I had noticed the poor little boy, sitting in his arm chair and saw that he had a leather belt round his waist and a short chain fastened to the wall. His nurse told me that if he was allowed to go loose he would walk into the fire which seemed to have an attraction for him. A friend of Mr. Hills hearing that I wanted a situation offered to take me on a trip with him up the Hudson River to Albany, to take orders for cigars, in which he was a dealer and manufacturer. The distance was about 100 miles up the river and I enjoyed the ride very much. We started about dusk but it turned out a bright moonlit night and I sat up on the upper deck of the steamer, and smoked nearly all night reaching Albany next morning. After landing and getting breakfast at a hotel, my employer gave me a box of cigars, told me to always have one in my mouth and along certain streets that he named, go into every bar room or saloon that I came to and take what orders I could get. I walked all day but got no orders. Not knowing anything about the manufacture of cigars I stood no chance with the shrewd Yankees at Albany. When I tried to talk up my cigars, they would show me something that they claimed was better at a less price, and I could not dispute it. So I went back to the hotel and reported my bad luck to my employer. He just laughed, and told me he had not expected I would make any sales but would get some experience.

We went back to New York that night and on the road I had a long talk with him, and as I mentioned my desire to join my brother in Virginia, he gave me some good advice and wound up by saying, "my boy you
will not get along in New York. It is too fast a place for you. To succeed there one has to have what we Americans don’t care a damn about them, and that you haven’t got. You are too modest and inexperienced. Go to Virginia, and when you get there learn a trade.” After talking over the matter with Mr. Hills who thought it best for me to go to Virginia, he got me a passage to Richmond on a schooner that was going up to James River to that place. The schooner, a one-masted vessel was loaded with cut stone, mostly grindstones and building blocks, and had a captain, mate, cook, and four sailors. I went on board in the middle of the day and shortly after the boat was hauled out to the center of the river and anchored there to wait for the going out of the tide which took place at about 3 p.m.

The North and East Rivers come together at New York and form one stream running out into the ocean. The current thus formed is a great help to vessels going out. About sundown as there was nothing doing on the boat, the captain sent the mate on shore to make some purchases, and as I was the only passenger, he suggested that I could go too. We were to return by 10 o’clock. As I wanted some cigars, I was glad to go and by and by, I bought 100 cigars for $1. One dollar or one cent a piece, that were equal in quality to cigars that are sold in Virginia for 5 cents. We went ashore in a small boat the party consisting of the Mate, myself, the cook and two sailors. Upon landing, the mate told the sailors to stay with the boat, and the cook to be back by 10 o’clock. We went up into the city and after walking about awhile made our purchases and by 10 o’clock were back at the wharf to find no cook, one half-drunk sailor, and after waiting some time for the others, the other sailor came also drunk, but the cook sent word he would come later. It was very dark, a high wind was blowing and it commenced to rain. The mate, fearing that a storm was coming, ordered the sailors into the boat after cursing them for getting drunk and we started to go across to the schooner. By that time the wind was blowing terrifically, the rain coming down in torrents and the water was very rough—the boat made little headway, the sailors being drunk did not pull together and the mate had to steer. In consequence, we drifted with the current and were being swept out to the ocean, when passing close to a large vessel the mate hollered to the watch on deck to throw us a rope, which he did. We missed it, but managed to get hold of a small boat that was towing at the stern of the vessel. We fastened our boat to it and lay there for about two hours and the wind and rain was fearful. We had to keep bailing the water out of the boat all the time. We were then at a mile distance from the schooner. About one o’clock the sailors having become somewhat sober, and the storm somewhat abated, the mate decided to try again. So, casting loose with determined effort, the sailors urged the boat through the water and we at last gained the vessel. The captain was glad enough to see us for he thought we had been swept out to sea. I was thoroughly drenched, and soon slipped out of my wet clothes and glad to roll up in the blankets of my berth. I had no desire to take another trip on rough water in a small boat.

The weather continued fine after the storm. I enjoyed the trip up the James, and in due time landed at Richmond. Having to walk from the boat landing up to the city, I came across a lot of little coal black Negroes playing in the sandy roads. They were stark naked, and as I had never seen one before, were a novelty. I watched them some time thinking that they were not much different from monkeys. I then continued my walk and before long, shook hands with brother James. In order to explain the several events that follow I shall have to give some account of brother’s movements prior to this time. After having started his jewelry store, for some time he did well and was making some money, when he concluded to get married and unfortunately took the wrong kind of woman. She was engaged in the millenary business and was of French descent—vain, young, frivolous, had no knowledge of housekeeping and was helpless as a baby, and was about twenty years of age. To make matters worse, brother thinking he could add to his idea of doing anything but dressing extravagantly and getting jewelry from the store). They had a married man and his wife, his wife and four clerks for boarders. The house was run by the servants—they had a butcher, cook, and two house maids. The cook bought the provisions, the boarders were a fast set—cards and going to the theatre wound up the day. The expenses were twice the amount of the income and ruin was the result. To make matters worse at this time, a cholera scare took place in the city. The members of the Senate and House of Representatives left the city with their families, and went to Williamsburg. All the best families that could leave followed them. As they were the best customers brother had, his jewelry business fell off, the daily receipts were not enough to pay the rent, and this together with the boarding house trouble, broke him down and left him bankrupt. Just at this time I joined him. His wife, being cholera scared, was sent to a farmers (about six miles from the city) along with myself to board and he stayed in Richmond to settle up his affairs.
During the summer months, when the season had commenced at the White Sulfur and the Hot and Warm Springs, brother used to take a supply of jewelry there and generally made it a profitable venture. He always had a desire to own a farm, and on an occasion of his returning from the White Sulfur, stopping at a tavern, which was also the stage house, at Buffalo Gap twelve miles from Staunton, the proprietor talked him into buying 100 acres of land that he wanted to sell. With no knowledge of the labor of cleaning up land and building a dwelling on it, brother made a partial payment on it and taking his wife and myself after we had left the farm house where we had been boarding, left Richmond to start a new life at Buffalo Gap. The first week we boarded at the tavern but the board being too high, left there and went to a Mrs. Bell’s about a mile and a half from the gap. The land brother bought laid at the base of the North Mountain, was a long narrow strip, with one end at the County Road and bounded on one side by Buffalo branch. The land was heavily wooded and it was a piece of folly for two green hands, such as Jim and I, were to attempt to clear it; neither of us accustomed to the use of an axe, but Jim had a good deal of grit and determination and thought we could make it. After working at it for about two months, walking to and fro, three miles every day, Jim’s funds gave out and he went to Staunton and got a position as working silversmith in a jewelry store. I apprenticed myself to Hudson & Lushbaugh, Building Contractors. Jim worked until he got some funds ahead and then went back to the Gap and managed to get a log house built on his land, but he found out later that Pitman who sold him the land had taken him in as a greenhorn, threw every obstacle in his way so that he could, being sure that Jim would break down after a while, and he (Pitman) would get the land back partially cleared and be able to sell it again at a better price. All of which happened, and Jim went back to his trade in Staunton, but later on left there to join brother Charles in Chicago, but stopped at Detroit on Lake Erie and opened a small tavern there, where I will leave him for the present, and go back to my own affairs.

The terms of my apprenticeship were “that I was to be boarded and in lieu of clothing, to have twenty five dollars the first year, thirty five the second, and forty five the third year. I boarded with Lushbaugh, and his wife and daughter kept a splendid table. I had dessert every day; they were cooking all the time. They had eight other boarders besides myself. Lushbaugh owned a large tract of land adjoining Staunton, and he frequently sent me and another apprentice he had out to work in the corn field or repair fences. This I finally declined to do, giving as my reason that sending me in the corn field was not teaching me the carpenter’s trade. Lushbaugh did not like my objecting, and tried to get me to go into the printing business, but this I would not do. The work put on the apprentice was very hard, we had to fill and empty a plank drying kiln every week, carry all the joists and sheeting on to the building being erected and, in fact, do all the rough work. They were building a large addition to other buildings at the lunatic asylum, and several residences in Staunton. The only time I ever saw any liberality in Lushbaugh was on one day when he gave me a quarter of a dollar to go to the circus after I had been working three days in the corn field. Being poorly clothed, I could not go out on Sundays, so met no acquaintances. However, I held on and after about one year of my apprenticeship had passed, Hudson and Lushbaugh were the successful bidders and secured a $40,000 contract to build a public hall and lecture rooms at the University of Virginia. Mr. Hudson was to take charge of the job, taking such journeymen carpenters as he chose to leave Staunton and to take two of the four apprentices. I was only too glad to go, and Lushbaugh to get rid of me, but his wife and daughter had treated me very kindly, and I believe they were sorry to see me leave. Something very singular had occurred in that family, there being a gap in between the birth of Mr. Lushbaugh’s two last children of fifteen years, a very unusual occurrence.

Mr. Hudson was a very different man from Lushbaugh, but his wife and daughter were not disposed to be friendly with the hands. He boarded all the workmen, carpenters, fourteen journeymen, myself, and the apprentice (a Negro), who he owned, and to this Negro I was indebted for much that I learned of the trade. The contract lasted about two and a half years but my apprenticeship ended before then. It had been customary to pay apprentices twelve dollars a month for the first year after they had served their time, but Hudson gave me fifteen. The job ended. Hudson and all hands but two went back to Staunton, I and one other going to work for a Charlottesville builder, Peter Wade. He owned seven Negroes, and they were all good workmen. A white foreman, a white hand, myself and seven Negroes were sent to the green mountain on the road to Scottsville to build a house for a Mr. Coles. It was fifteen miles from Charlottesville, but I used to leave there at twelve o’clock Saturday and walk to town to see my sweetheart, for I was courting then. After being with Wade sometime, I married and the morning after left with Connell and his wife, who had come to my wedding, for Union, Monroe County, to go into business with him. We traveled in a carriage and pair of horses, and as we had five in the party, one of us would walk up the steepest hills. We got to
Fisherville the first, Variety Springs the second, the Warm Springs the third, and arrived at Union on the fourth.

I found Union to be a small village containing five stores, a court house, saddlers and blacksmith shops, a jail and two taverns. There was also a Presbyterian Church. Connell's father was the jailer, and his wife was a very kind old lady who was much thought of by the villagers for her kindness to them when any sickness was about. Connell's brother, Andy, owned several lots and one of them having a house on it, we took possession of it. Ann and I boarded with Connell for one year. I then rented a house and went to housekeeping and bought a cow. Later on I built a small cottage for Andy Connell, he furnishing all the materials, and for the building was to have the house rent free for three years. For a time, I had a happy life in Union. The people were friendly and very sociable and there was no class distinction—the lawyer and the doctor not thinking themselves better than the mechanic. The Presbyterian minister generally conducted the services on Sundays, but occasionally an Episcopal, Methodist, or Baptist minister would take the pulpit.

Before leaving Charlottesville, I had been a member of the Methodist choir, and this having been told in Union, I was requested by the minister to organize a choir and lead the singing. This I did. Ann, having a fine voice, helped me in this very much. All the young girls and men wanted to join, and at some time, I had forty in the choir. After a while jealousy broke out and the choir ended. But as long as I was in Union, I led the singing. The farms around Union were large and mostly used for grazing cattle. The owners were all wealthy people and spent most of their time at the springs.

There was not much building going on, but Connell and myself did a pretty good repairing business for several years, but could only make a bare living. Brother Charles joined me here. He had to leave Chicago on account of chills and fever. He was so weak that for some time he could scarcely walk. He soon commenced to improve, and would start out after breakfast every morning with a corn pone and chunk of bacon in his pocket, and walk in the woods all day. The salt Sulphur springs was located about two miles from Union, and brother there became acquainted with a good many wealthy people, among them Oliver Beirne who was then part owner of the White Sulphur Springs and from him he got the position of architect and superintendent at both the white and warm springs, riding on horseback from one to the other. Whilst in Union, my two children, Charles and Hattie were born. After some three years Connell, at his wife's insistence, got tired of Union and went back to Charlottesville, but I remained in Union until work got so scarce that I gave up and moved to Lewisburg, at which place Charley had bought a house and lot. I found it difficult to get work in Lewisburg. People were getting uneasy, rumors of coming trouble were in the air, but I kept my eyes open and went for a job as soon as heard of one.

Two children were born to us here, but both died in Charlottesville later on. I made some friends, but the difficulty of making a living was so apparent that I at last gave up and brother, who had gotten through with his work at the springs, gave up the house then not being able to make the last payments, and opened an office in Charlottesville. I bid goodbye to West Virginia and joined him. Upon arriving at Charlottesville, I rented a house in the rear of the court house, and brother had his office in the public square, and lived with me. I first went to work for a cabinet maker named Hudson, and afterwards went into brother's office to learn draughting, and was with him until the Monticello guards went to Harpers Ferry. During that time I lost my two infant children, and brother having bought a lot, I built a small cottage on it, into which we moved. It was in the rear of the opera house. The first roadway or paving of Main Street, was let out to contract at this time. It was a macadam road bed and cut stone curbing. Charles superintended the work, the leveling and grading. He also planned the Rawlings Institute, the post office, Mr. Norris's office, George Oliver's dwelling, and remodeled several houses. When the war broke out, Charles joined the Monticello Guards, and was made Sergeant, but later exchanged into the Albemarle Light Horse, in which company he remained until after the first battle of Manassas, leaving the Army on account of a contraction of the muscles of his sword hand. He secured a position in the Confederate States Army, at Richmond as Assistant Master Armorer with the rank of Major. The office being closed, I was again thrown on my own resources. There was a general stagnation of business at this time and not being able to get work at my trade I struggled along, just taking hold of anything I could get. I first went into the tent making business, buying the cloth, cutting out the tents, employing the women who did the sewing, making the pegs and ridge poles, and shipping the goods to the different companies. Each company contracted for, and paid for, their tents. I handled the tents for twenty-two companies. This work ending, I went to work collecting accounts, and made fairly good wages at that. I also for three months was employed in the Farmers Bank as discount clerk, and having to leave on account of the former clerk coming back from the Army, I picked up several writing jobs and built a two story porch for W. J. Farish the Sheriff. I now come to the saddest part of my
recollections. My wife had commenced breaking down before we left Lewisburg, being threatened with consumption, and the constant care and attention she had to give to the two little ones that died, nursing them night and day helped to accelerate her end. She had worked bravely and patiently, but had at length become resigned and knew the end was near.

At this time the militia were ordered into service and the two Albemarle regiments, one commanded by Dr. McKennie and the other under a Mr. Barksdale, commenced drilling and being mustered in at the court house, and were subsequently quartered in the dormitories on East and West ranges at the University. I was in Company A—under Captain Hart, who was at that time head professor of the Rawlings Institute. It being impossible to get excused from service, I had to have Ann and the children moved to her father's, but not being comfortable there, I returned home with a bad attack of bronchitis. They came back home and it enabled me to be with Ann until she died. Brother came home on furlough at this time, and was a great help to me.

In the meantime, and whilst I was absent from my company, the two militia regiments were ordered to Richmond, and when they arrived there the men were drafted into different regiments of the Army. The officers were allowed to return home, and as Col. McKennie had me enrolled as Sergeant Major of the regiment, thus making me an officer, I escaped from service at that time. After my wife's death, I had a hard struggle for some time, but brother finally got me a place in the Confederate States armory, and leaving the two children with their grandfather, I bid adieu to Charlottesville and took the train to Richmond.

For a short time I worked in the carpenter's shop at the Armory, but was later on transferred to the clerical force in the arsenal. The branch I was attached to consisted of several factories where the hands were engaged in leather work, making cartridge boxes, officer's saddles and haversacks and a variety of other work. The man in charge had the rank of major, and had under him a secretary-treasurer, paymaster, two clerks, and a property clerk to keep account of stores, bought, manufactured and issued. This last was my office, and for a time a very easy and pleasant one, until Confederate money became worthless and food scarce. I had to go sometimes for days with nothing to eat but corn meal and moldy herring or rancid bacon, no coffee, salt or anything to make food palatable. There were frequent alarms that the Yankees were coming, and during the last year of the war, all the clerks and mechanics in the several departments were formed into battalions to act as local reserve forces under the command of General W. H. C. Lee.

My brother Charles had command of the Armory Battalion, consisting of some 200 men. There was also the arsenal, quartermasters, commissaries, naval, and treasury battalions. Quite a body of men, but when we were called out in consequence of an expected raid, more than half of the men were left at the shops, and we made a poor showing. We were not allowed to drill only when out in the field, were poorly equipped, part of the men disaffected, and all together worthless as troops. I had my musket in my office and when the alarm sounded, would drop my pen, pick up my gun and rush to headquarters. Sometimes we were out for days, and at other times after leaving the city, receive orders to return. The only time when we had any fighting was on one occasion when we were called out late in the afternoon and had a skirmish with a regiment of Yankee cavalry, under a Col. Baker, they were part of the Dahlgren raid, were nearer to Richmond than they wanted to be, for they were trying to join General Butler at Drewry's Bluff, but were misled by their guide, a Negro. Coming on them unexpectedly, brother ordered the battalion into a piece of woods, and we commenced firing into them. But they came charging down on us, when brother ordered us to retreat, and the battalion broke for an open field and scattered in all directions. We only mustered 175 men and only half of whom had cartridges, the cavalry numbered 600. Before it was over, it was nearly dark and raining heavily. While we were in the woods my Sergeant was killed, not ten feet from where I was standing. Four others were wounded, but in the morning when we returned to look over the ground, we found seven dead cavalymen and in a farm house nearby, thirty wounded so we did not do so badly for green troops.

That night I laid curled up at the foot of a pine tree, and before day, it began snowing. I had no overcoat, no food, and no tobacco, and altogether was about as miserable as I ever could be. Looking at the poor dead Yankees (who were all fine looking men) lying in the road stark naked for the Negroes at the farm had stripped them, I had enough of field experience and did not want to see any more. This ended my Army experience. I could tell of a good deal that came into my notice in Richmond during the War, but as I fear, my narrative is getting tedious, and I will from this point on condense it.

Things got from bad to worse after the fall of Richmond, and the end of the war loomed up. We saw it coming and some were glad for food got scarcer every day, and at last came our orders to evacuate the city. Our department was ordered to ship what goods we could by rail and canal, and go to Milton, North Carolina and open new factories. Our party of clerks left on a canal boat in the morning. The Yankees were in
Richmond that night. The city was set on fire by the nob, who broke into stores and dwelling houses, but were eventually stopped by the soldiers of the U.S. Army. Going up the canal, we looked back on the burning city with sad hearts, for we had all left friends behind and we judged that their danger was imminent. We had to leave our canal boat before we got to Columbia for the Yanks were following the boats to capture the stores. They did capture them and blew them up.

We struck out walking for our destination—literally begging our way, for the Confederate money we had was worthless, but we met with much kindness and never suffered for want of food or shelter. We passed Appomattox two days before Lee's surrender and finally got to Milton in time to find out that the War was over and our trip was a useless one.

All of us having been in arms against the U.S., our best chance was to surrender to the Commander of the nearest U.S. camp who would give us railroad transportation back to Richmond where we would have to take the Oath of Allegiance to the U.S. Our party, by this time, numbered about fifty and passing through Clarksville, we took the road to Blacks & Whites, a depot on the South Side Railroad and finding a U.S. camp there surrendered to the colonel in charge. We were well treated, but were sent on next morning to Nottaway Courthouse as the General who had to sign our papers was at that place. Leaving there, we were loaded with a lot more on flat cars and finally arrived at Petersburg. It so happened that the day before, a big engine had broken through a bridge on the railroad running to Richmond, and the running of trains hindered in consequence, until the bridge could be repaired. Rather than wait, I and a young man whose acquaintance I had made, footed it to Richmond, a twenty mile walk. I found friends with whom I stayed two days.

I feel bound here to relate an act of bravery that occurred after we left Richmond. Our storekeeper did not leave with us, but decided to stay to protect the store and factory from destruction if he could as the property belonged to his brother. Arming himself with a revolver, when the mob of low whites and Negroes broke into the store, he warned them that whilst he could not keep them from pillaging and robbing the stores, he would kill the first man that attempted to set the place on fire. His courage saved the property and when I returned, I found the store was standing alone whilst all the buildings surrounding it were in ruins. After two days rest, I went to the Capital, took the Oath of Allegiance and got transportation to Charlottesville, but at last got no further that day as the cars only went to Louisa Courthouse, the railroad being partially destroyed beyond that point.

I stayed that night at the hotel and the next day walked the thirty-five miles to Charlottesville, landing there ragged, almost barefoot, and to use an American expression "dead broke." Connell, who had been working in the saltpeter caves in West Virginia, had got back to Charlottesville a day or two before me, and was in the same hard up condition. For about two weeks we were depended on old Mr. Bowyer for our subsistence until we could get work. We then got the job of tearing down the ward hospital that had been put up for the wounded soldiers and had been under the management of Doctors' Davis and Cabell. We were to receive five dollars a building and all the hardware for tearing them down. It was an awful dirty job, the houses having five or six coats of whitewash on them, but we stuck to the job, and after our day's work was over, would sit up half the night straightening nails, which we sold for five dollars a keg, after getting through with this, we secured a $1,500 contract with the University for repairs to buildings and other work.

At the close of our University contract, I went to Baltimore and after a hard struggle there, I returned to Charlottesville having been gone about one year, and went to work at the University. What occurred in my life from that time on, I shall have to condense, working sometimes for the University and other times on outside jobs. To enumerate the different descriptions of work I did at the University I will mention some of the more important: I built the Massie Dining Hall in addition to a three story addition in the rear of Professor Minor's residence, and also an addition in the rear of Professor Smith's residence, four two-story dormitories on Carrs Hill, bathrooms to the infirmary, new roofs on the chapel, and law lecture adjoining the Rotunda, I remodeled the Monroe House and Washington Society Hall, built 15 foot lantern on top of the Rotunda. I also made nearly all the apparatus in Professor Mallet's chemical laboratory, and a host of other jobs during that time.

Most of this work was done under the supervision of the Proctors of the University, commencing with Professor Socrates Maupin, then with Col. Johnson, Green Peyton during his first term, James K. Campbell, Green Peyton, second term, and W. H. Echols. To reduce this to years I can state it as follows: With Col. Johnson - one year, Peyton - twenty-six years, Campbell - four years, Echols - one year, making altogether about 30 years that I was employed on University work. In addition, and outside of the foregoing, I remodeled Mrs. Singleton's dwelling and built an addition and remodeled a house for Major Peyton on his
farm near the University. I built a house for Mrs. Massie, and did a considerable amount of work on adjoining farm now owned by Senator Martin. I remodeled a dwelling owned by Judge Cochran, and other work. I also built a cottage for myself on the land lying on Ivy Road, and where for many years I lived a happy life until misfortune again overtook me by taking from me, my dear wife and helpmate, an irreplaceable loss.

I am proud to say that during the whole of my career at the University, I gave complete satisfaction to my several employers with the exception of Mr. Echols, who discharged me for reasons best known to himself. I believe I had the confidence and good will of all the professors with whom I had worked. After leaving the University, I went into Anderson Brothers Bookstore as clerk and bookkeeper, a position held for some fifteen years, with pleasure to myself and I have unbound proof that gave satisfaction to my employers, they only discharging me from their employment for economic reasons. Giving up business at the solicitation of my children, I went to my daughter's home in Ivy, on April 13, 1908, to make it my permanent home and resting place. Having been in this country fifty-seven years, I account for my time as follows: thirty years on University work, fifteen years with Anderson Brothers, and all other time as twelve years.

And so my task is done and my narrative ends.

*Our thanks to Mrs. Hunter Norris for these recollections.*
A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE RIVANNA RIVER

At one time the Rivanna and the James above Columbia were known as the North and South Forks of the James, or as the Rivanna and the Fluvanna.

Peter Jefferson built a mill at Shadwell in 1757. It washed away in the great flood of 1771, was rebuilt by Thomas Jefferson in 1795, and was burned by the Yankees during the Civil War. Thomas Jefferson became interested in navigation on the Rivanna and made a study of the river in 1763. At his instigation, the channel was cleared of rocks and debris and was said to be navigable for cargo by canoes and bateaux as far as Milton.

In 1762, the state legislature authorized construction of a toll bridge over the Rivanna near the new town of Charlottesville, but apparently none was built. Depending on the height of the river, the Three-Notched Road crossed the river at Secretary's Ford near the site of the Woolen Mills, and at Moore's Road or at Lewis's Ferry, both near the site of Free Bridge. Bridges were built at both locations early in the 1800s.

The Rivanna River was an important transportation route during the Revolution. There was a military depot and arsenal at Point of Fork. It was captured and destroyed by British troops. The town of Milton at the head of navigation was established in 1789. It had a state tobacco inspection station and several warehouses. Milton flourished and was larger than Charlottesville. It began to decline after the war of 1812 due to competition from Scottsville and the railroads. A number of buildings were removed from Milton to Charlottesville (including 213 Seventh Street, NE).

The Rivanna Navigation Company was organized in 1805 for the purpose of improving the river for navigation from the James to Moore's Creek. Its initial work consisted primarily of clearing out the channel and building dams. More dams and a number of wooden locks were built in the 1830s, enabling bateaux to go all the way to Moore's Creek when the water was high. The handsome stone locks whose remnants can be seen along the river today were built in the 1850s, as was a tow-path for horse-drawn boats.

Sometime around the 1820's, Charlottesville gave its ports on the Rivanna the name “Pireus,” after the port city of Athens. This area is now better known as the “Woolen Mills.” Just downstream from Pireus, at the junction of the Rivanna and Moore's Creek, the dam and mills that were the forerunner of the Charlottesville Woolen Mills were built about 1830. The Charlottesville Woolen Mills manufactured cloth for Confederate soldier's uniforms during the Civil War. Union soldiers burned the Woolen Mills, perhaps by accident, when they burned the bridge over the Rivanna River in March, 1865. Although subsequently rebuilt, the Woolen Mills were eventually closed in 1964.

The three parks along this part of the Rivanna involve land that is much a part of the River's history. Pen Park, the largest park in the City system, sits on land that gave Park Street its name, even though this is a relatively new park facility. The area of land has kept its name for more than 200 years. In 1786, Dr. George Gilmer, a Virginia patriot, purchased the plantation of “Pen Park” from John Harvie, who settled in Albemarle in the 1740s from Scotland. In about 1910, the old home of Dr. George Gilmer burned and another house was soon built. In 1972, the City obtained the first 250 acres and by 1979, the remaining acreage had been acquired, making a total of 280 acres.

Rivanna Park, the 111 acre joint city-county park now under construction across the River from Pen Park, was once part of the historic Franklin estate. Since the 1700s, it had always been open land and in agricultural use. Elk Drive and Dorrier Drive (north of the site) used to be Route 20 before it was realigned. Rock excavated from the old stone quarry location on the site was used to build old Route 20. This land was purchased from the Mahanes and Snow families in 1986 by the City and County for the Park.

Riverview Park sits on the land near the Woolen Mills and dam that was known as “Pireus” as discussed above. It also is one of the newest additions to the City's Park lands. This 26.6 acre tract of land was a gift from Riverview Cemetery Co. (the Jessup family) on October 16, 1974 and is currently being prepared for development as a passive recreational area.
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From Porch Swings to Patios
An Oral History of Charlottesville

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