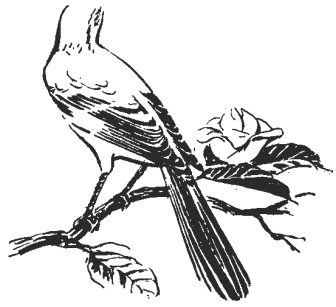
Elizabeth S. Jordan
and
Elizabeth J. Rutherford

Listen To The Mockingbird



The Life and Times of a Pioneer Virginia Family

by

Daniel Dunbar Howe

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To those who dedicated their lives to others, -

CAPTAIN JOHN THOMAS HOWE, C.S.A.
and SALLIE DEJARNETTE HOWE

To those who gave their lives for others, -

LIEUTENANT ELLIOTT HAMPTON HOWE
LIEUTENANT JOHN CLAY JONES

Foreword

The ensuing Virginia odyssey, impressive in scope and fascinating in detail, affords the reader the rare privilege of following the fortunes of a Virginia family from their arrival out of England in the 1740's, into the earlier frontier settlements of the Valley, thence through the Indian hazards, the Revolution, the Civil War, to the present. Valuable in its personal record of the general movements that have already become our country's history, the book is particularly timely in its pres·entation of family details of the Civil War, the present year marking the beginning of the centennial of that event.

The main part of the narrative deals with the four y,ears of the conflict told largely from the standpoint of John Howe, the writer's father, who left the old homestead at nineteen to volunteer in what later became the Stonewall Brigade, where from green farm boy trained under Stonewall Jackson's corps of V.M.I. cadets to company commander at Chancellorsville, he shared the triumphs and tragedies of war. In Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, wounded and captured, the following months he spent in a Union prison, to be released on exchange, for the final period of the conflict and surrender with Lee's remnants at Appomattox. Reconstruction days, small town boom times and the Gay Nineties, and the writer's and his brother's experiences in the Argonne as officers in the First World War bring the book to a close.

Factual, well documented, and coherent, with a considerable collection of genealogical notes, the account makes a valuable contribution to the Virginiana of our western counties.

The youngest son of Captain John and Sallie de Jarnette Howe, Daniel Dunbar Howe, the author, was born on a farm near Coffeyville, Kansas. Here the family had moved from the Old Dominion in the trying days of 1884, seeking new fortunes in this wheat farming section of the West. Returning to Southwest Virginia in 1891 they established their home in the growing town of Radford where the children had the advantage of the local Belle

Heth Academy. On completing his work at this institution the author in 1912 enrolled at nearby Virginia Polytechnic Institute, where four years later he was graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in Civil Engineering.

Entering the Regular Army when war clouds began to gather, in 1916, as second lieutenant of infantry, with further training at Fort Leavenworth, he sailed with the Fifth Division for service overseas in World War I. Attaining the rank of captain, engaged in trench warfare along numerous sectors of the front, severely wounded in the final great battle of the Argonne, after the Armistice and hospitalization, he returned to the Army, serving in various posts in this country and a tour of duty in the Philippines. Retired for physical disability, in 1941, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he now makes his home in San Antonio, Texas.

DANIEL A. CANNADAY

Associate Professor of History,
Radford College,
Member of State Commission for
Preparation of Textbooks in Virginia
History for the Public Schools, and
Chairman of the Civil War Centennial
Commission for the City of Radford.

Preface

In writing this book I have sought to present a candid and true life picture of a pioneer Virginia family, and to tell this story against the ever-changing background of the American scene over more than two centuries of time. In doing so I have been moved by that worthy desire of civiliz,ed man to learn of the history and deeds of his ancestors, and to record these events and their accomplishments for the benefit of posterity. I believ,e that the high spirit with which they met the adversities of life and their ever-present will for achi,evement deserves the acclaim and emulation of future generations.

A paragraph from the book, "The Family of Hoge" by James Hoge Tyler and James Fulton Hoge, deserves repeating here: "It is a callous soul that takes no interest in the history of the past, and especially of the doings and sayings of those through whose veins course his own blood. Daniel Webster said, 'The man who feels no sentiment of veneration for the memory of his forefathers, who has no natural regard for his ancestors, or his kindred, is himself unworthy of kindred regard or remembrance.' "

It has not been possible to veach all potential sources of material, especially in regard to some branches of the family whose ancestors seemed to be few and difficult to trace. But ,every effort has been made to learn something of the history of the various Howe branches and, especially of Jos,eph Howe, progenitor of the Howes of Virginia. It was only through exhaustive research by Charles Kent Howe, extending over a period of several y,ears, that something of his early life in the northern part of the Virginia colony and association there with Georgie Washington, the young surveyor, was revealed. It appears that these documented historical facts were unknown to past generations since nothing of that part of the lifie of Joseph Howe has been found in the Howe or Hoge records. The difficulties encountered in unearthing valuable family history makes ever more apparent the desirability of carrying on a record of ,events, traditions and worthy deeds from generation to generation. It is regrettable that the importance of gathering this information at the source is not realized until those who

were acquainted with the facts have long since passed away.

Many thanks are due to those relatives who have so kindly assisted in our quest for material, and to those of the older generation who down through the years provided stories and interesting episodes of the distant past. Most of these come forth as figures in the unfolding of this narrative and, therefore, it is not deemed necessary to mention them by name, with one exception. My niece, Mary Moore deButts, requested some years ago that I write something of the history of her father, Elliott Hampton Howe. Once begun, it soon became apparent that the life and times of the Howe family was an integral, and necessary, part of such a history or story. That was the "genesis" of this book. Now Mrs. deButts has undertaken its publication. For her generous contribution and vigorous efforts in seeing this project through, and the help of her daughters, Lulu Glascock McCoy, who attended to the business records and was a jack-of-all trades in the endeavor, and Mary Howe Glascock di Zereg1 who did such a prodigious job of editing and expanding the Appendix, I am most grateful. To her husband, Harry Ashby deButts, I also owe a debt of gratitude for his generous help in having prepared certain of the illustrative maps and the many hours of wise counsel he gave on technical problems relating to the publishing and distribution of this book. If it were not for Mr. and Mrs. deButts and her two daughters this book might never have been published.

It is our belief that the old Sunnyside burying ground where lie the remains of those two pioneer settlers of Back Creek, Joseph Howe and James Hoge, and many of their progeny, should be perpetuated as another means of keeping alive the memory of our ancestors. With this in view, Charles Kent Howe initiated its reconditioning some years ago and it is hoped that the endeavor will be sustained through the years by the younger generations to follow. And it would be fitting if the crude field stones that mark the last resting place here of Joseph and Eleanor Howe, first of their line in Virginia, were some day replaced by a suitable marker to their memory, and as a permanent landmark for this historic spot.

Daniel Dunbar Howe

Lieutenant-Colonel, Retired,
United States Army.

San Antonio, Texas.
March 7, 1961.

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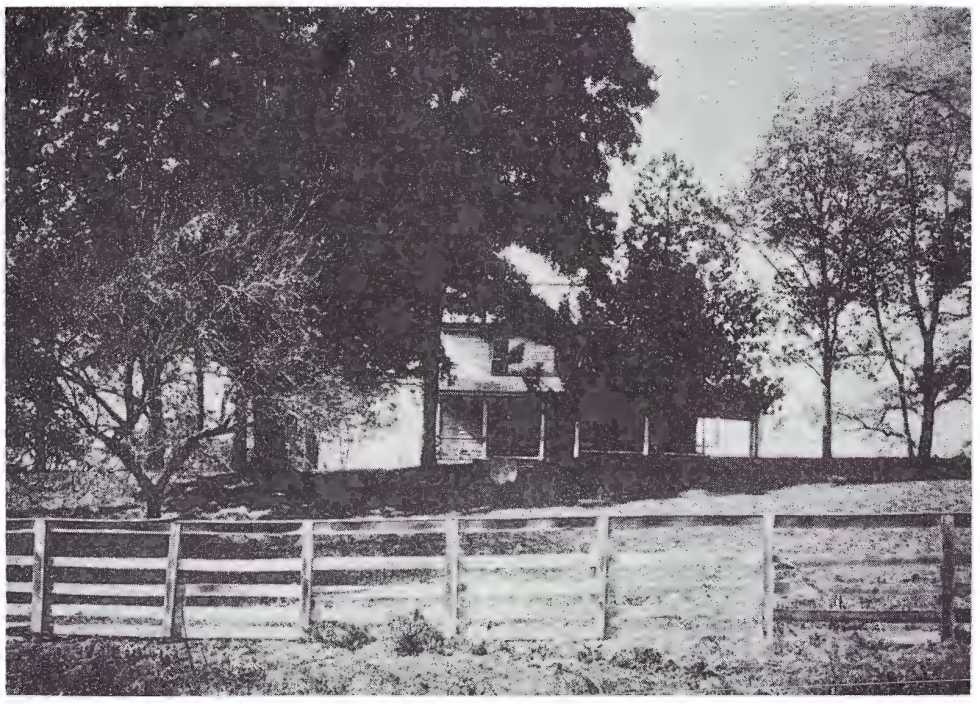


SUNNYSIDE

The first Howe homestead in Southwest Virginia. It was built by Joseph Howe one of the earliest settlers of Back Creek, about 1767-'70.

Chapter I

AN EPISODE EAST OF THE MEUSE

In the hazy light of the early autumn morning khaki clad figures could be seen making their way through the Bois de Consenvoye, a wilderness area two miles east of the Meuse River. The wet leaves and sodden ground silenced movement underfoot but the air overhead vibrated with the whine of rifle and machine gun bullets. From time to time bursts of high ,explosive shells sent a spray of deadly metal fragments screaming through the underbrush.

It was shortly after dawn on the morning of October 11, 1918. The 29th "Blue and Grey" Division had jumped off at daylight with the mission of extending the extreme right flank of the American forces in the great Meuse-Argonne battle and driving the Germans in this sector back on the fortress of Metz. Company M, 116th Infantry, as a part of this operation, was advancing to the attack.

The first platoon had just reached a favorable position for a temporary halt when a German 77-mm high explosive shell whizzed through the dripping branches and exploded with a vicious bang a short distance from Lieutenant Howe, leading the platoon. When the smoke had partially lifted Sergeant Charles Farmer, platoon sergeant, saw that his commanding officer had been hurled into a shallow ditch nearby and was lying there face downward. The sergeant, followed by his assistant, Sergeant Homer Alley, ran to the lieutenant's side and together they lifted him to his knees but he apparently was unable to rise. As he grasped the arm of Sergeant Farmer he looked up at him with a quizzical smile on his face and inquired, "Am I hit?"

Sergeant Farmer made a reassuring reply but there was no response. The smile gradually faded from Lieutenant Howe's face and he rielaxed his grip on the sergeant's arm and sank back on the ground. Further efforts to arouse him were to no avail.

Sergeant Farmer immediately sent for first aid, and then seeing Captain Barksdale approaching, called out, "They've got Lieutenant Howe!"

The captain turned and ran back for the battalion medical officer who was already on his way forward but Lieutenant Howe - better known among his intimate companions of Mexican Border days as "Ellet" or "Bull Snake" - was beyond earthly aid. A large chunk of steel had torn into the small of his back near the kidneys breaking the spine. His life blood was already oozing from the jagged hole. Mercifully, the shock was so great that any s,ense of pain was completely deadened. After the first puzzled inquiry he never spoke again. He breathed his last even before the medical officer could reach his side. Thus did Lieutenant Howe, beloved by all his men and others alike who knew him, meet his ,end on the battlefield of France. He would never know that at almost this very hour orders were on the way from GHQ promoting him to the rank of captain.

His body was wrapped in an army blanket, placed near a road crossing in the vicinity and covered with a shelter half, while khaki clad comrades continued the relentless advance through the smoke-filled woods to the tune of rumbling gunfir,e.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away the regimental chaplain and his assistants buried the body in a temporary grave near the spot where he fell, in the Bois de Consenvoye, a few miles northeast of village of Brabant. They placed a white wooden cross at the head of the grave and on this attached his metal identification disk. It bore the inscription:

1st Lieut. ELLIOTT HAMPTON HOWE
Co. M, 116th Infantry, U.S.A.

After the war the remains of Lieutenant Howe were recovered from this wooded retreat and returned to America, to be buried in the family plot with full military honors. This was at his long standing request, made when he set out for France, and it was also the wishes of his wife and family. In the event of death in battle he had expressed the desire to be laid to rest in the soil of Virginia among the home folk he loved so well, and near wh,ere rested his ancestors.

Chapter II

THE LAND OF HIS ANCESTORS
A BIT OF HISTORY

Lieutenant Elliott Howe, late of the 116th Infantry, was born in a farm house on Roanoke River about four miles east of Blacksburg. The Howes lived here for a short time around the beginning of the eighties. His mother was of French Huguenot and English stock, and his father was of English origin. Their union joined two of the old Virginia families, the Howes of Southwest Virginia and the De Jarnettes* of Caroline County, in the eastern part of the state.

The first Howe to take root in the soil of Virginia was Joseph. Through the years there has been speculation among the Howe descendants regarding his English ancestry. The late ex-Governor James Hoge Tyler, a great-great-grandson of Joseph Howe and one of the best authorities of his time on the Howe and Hoge families, in writing of the Howe lineage, refers to Joseph Howe as a cousin of Lord George Augustus Howe, 3rd Viscount, who was killed at Ticondaroga in 1758, and of Admiral Richard Howe, 4th Viscount, who in the war of the American Revolution commanded the British naval forces, and General William Howe, who succeeded to the title, and who, in the same war, at one time commanded the British armies.

The chi,ef source of the late Governor Tyler's writings is believed to have been the meager records at Sunnyside and the word of mouth stories passed down from the older generations. In his writings he further states that on Joseph Howe's trip to America he met Eleanor Dunbar, a Scotch lass, whom he married soon after arriving in Boston, near which they resided for a time.

We now know that Joseph Howe reached the Northern Virginia frontier as early as 1749 for his activities in this region are recorded in George Washington's Journal of land surveys made

*See Note I on Page 345.

along the Lost River of the Cacapehon, the latter part of that year. During November, 1749, George Washington surveyed about ten tracts of land of 300 to 400 acres each, taking in Lost River Valley (now Hardy County, W. Va.) from the present town of Lost River to the post office at Bakier, a distance of about six miles. (see map page 5). This land was securied by grant from Lord Fairfax, who owned a vast acreage in this section of the Virginia colony. Those securing the grants were Joseph How, John Dunbarr, Baker, Scott, McBride, Collins and others.

These first settlers of Lost Riv,er Valley no doubt came up the South Branch of the Potomac and crossed the mountains about five miles south to Camp Branch. One of the Washington surveys mentions this road near the creek that "leads to South Branch." Very likely they camped on this creek near its junction with Lost River while George Washington was making the surveys, hence the name, "Camp Branch." As there were no settlements in this virgin territory it is evident that these pioneers had their wives and families with them and lived grouped together in a temporary camp for self protection.

The record attests that Joseph How accompanied George Washington on the survey of his tract of land and assisted by marking the trees that were designated by the young surveyor as the boundary line and corner trees of the land grant. The land surveys are recorded in detail in Washington's diary, in which he recounts his day by day experience through the Lost River region.*

History records that as a young man George Washington became acquainted with the Fairfax family, from whom he obtained employment as a surveyor of large tracts of territory in the rich valley of the Allegheny Mountains of Northern Virginia. It was while engaged in this work (1748-1749) that he completed the sur-

*"Reference The Library of Congress. - Washington's Journal, having to do with a "Journey Over the Mountains," in which, pg. 84, is the following:

"November 7, 1749 - Then Survey'd for Josh How a certain tract of Waste and ungranted land lying in Augusta County on the Lost River of the Cacapehon and bounded as followeth: Beginning at the corner of the land Survey'd for James Scott a Hickory red Oak and Maple on the Mountain side and running thence along the Mountain N 35 E Two Hundred and Six Poles to two white Oaks and Maple on the Mountain side and thence leaving the Mountain and run thence N 55 W 60 Po (and) Three Hundred poles to Red Oak Chestnut Oak and Hictory on the Mountain side and thence S 35 W two Hundred and six poles to a large white Oak James Scott corner thence with his line S 55 E Three Hundred Poles to the Beg."

Josh How M: Plat Drawn

(The "M" following name of Josh How, stands for "Marker"; the one who marked the line and corner trees - two notches for the line trees and three notches for the corners.)

The writer and his brother traversed the section of the country from Winchester west to the county seat of Hardy County, W. Va., seeking historical data and examining historical landmarks. The land grants of the settlers whose names are given were plotted on the old geographical survey map by C. K. Howe from the survey data taken and recorded by George Washington in his diary. George Washington was scarcely 18 years of age at this time and it is believed this was his first work as a public surveyor.

veys for Joseph How, John Dunbarr and others. The young surveyor lived in the homes of the settlers as he worked his way through the trackless wilderness. In the Washington diary of this period some of his experiences are recounted. He gratefully refers to the hospitality of the settlers who made room for him in their homes, (plain hand-hewn log cabins were the only homes known at this time in the undeveloped mountain region) sometimes so crowded that the guests had to sleep on a deer skin in front of the hearth on the living room floor. Should the log dwellings of Joseph Howe, John Dunbarr and those of the other early settlers of this region be found still standing one might in all seriousness refer to them with that trite phrase, "Georg,e Washington once slept here."

There are, also, numerous references to Joseph How in the Augusta County Abstracts by Chalkley. They appear to be taken from old court records and concern the taking of title to land, witness to wills and other legal matters of common occurrence. Chalkley's earliest reference is that of May 24, 1750, which states, "Joseph How is directed to set up posts, and keep them set, on the road up the Catawba to the New River Ridge." (This was the site of the Draper's Meadows settlement, now Blacksburg). Those selected to accompany him were John Elswick, Andrew Viney, John Dunbarr, William McBride, Robert Denton, James Thomas, James Scott, James Hamilton, Wm. Mol1er and Valentine Sevier. Most of these were the same men for whom George Washington surv,eyed land during November, 1749. It is presumed that the John Dunbarr mentioned here, and in the Washington surveys, was either Joseph Howe's father-in-law or closely related to Eleanor Dunbar Howe, wife of Joseph. This would tend to corroborate the tradition that Joseph Howe and the Dunbar family came to America on the same boat and that Joseph and Eleanor were married in Boston shortly before migrating to the Virginia colony.

It might be presumed that Joseph Howe and James Hoge first became acquainted in this section of the Virginia colony. At this time the senior James Hoge resided with his large family near Opequon Church outside of Frederick Town (now Winchester, Frederick County, Va.). Hampshire County adjoins Frederick on the west. The early settlers in their trek to the west journeyed over the mountains by way of Frederick Town, following the only well beaten trail that led by Opequon Church to the Cacapehon Valley some 40 miles distant. Since this region was sparcely settled, that the Hoge and Howe families enjoyed some degree of acquaintanceship is most probable. The Hoges had long been resi-

dents of the Frederick Town ar,ea, which is further attested by certain geographical names found in the region that are associated with the family. For instance, referring to an old map of Frederick and Hampshire Counties, running northwestward along the trail (now the state highway) about seven miles out of Frederick Town is Hogue (Hoge) Creek. One mile further is Hayfield, and three miles further north is a stream called Back Creek. Such familiar names not only indicate that the Hog,es were pioneer settlers of Frederick County but it provides evidence that James Hoge must have been the settler who transplanted thos,e names to Southwest Virginia, as will be seen from the following related incidents.

It is recounted in the book - The Family of Hoge - that "**James Hoge, who was the progenitor of the Hoges of Southwest Virginia, left his father's home in Frederick County in search of his elder brother, John, who was supposed to have been killed at Fort Duquesne. He failed to find his brother and wended his way up the Valley of Virginia, and finally found his home and wife, and was married at the old Howe homestead.***" In the latter part of the narrative there is a considerable period of time in the life of James Hoge that is unaccounted for. It is now known from documented evidence that the trek to Southwest Virginia and marriage at Sunnyside did not occur until a number of years after the disastrous encounter with the French and Indians at Fort Duquesne during which John Hoge was lost in battle. In the interim young James Hoge's wanderings are problematical, But there appears little doubt that he was in Friederick County for some years after the brief absence in search of his brother and, as previously told, this afforded ample opportunity for him to become acquainted with Joseph Howe's daughter, Elizabeth. It is highly probable that this attachment was the inspiration that sent him over the trail that Joseph Howe later traveled with his family, up the Valley of Virginia and into the wild territory west of New Riv,er. Here he was to find his teen-age sweetheart awaiting him, and they were married within the year of his arrival on Back Creek. James Hoge built his home a short distance up the creek from the new Howe homestead and named it "Hayfield" for one of the familiar landmarks in his own Frederick County. It is reasonable to assume that he may have given the stream on which he and Elizabeth Howe Hoge were to begin their new life the name of "Back Creek" for another landmark he had known in his youth.

It is believed that while living in Northern Augusta County Joseph Howe had his first military experience under the command of George Washington, about 1751. It was that year when the

northern frontier became so threatened by the hostile French and Indians that the militia was ordered put in a state of readiness. All able-bodied men of military age we11e considered a part of the militia, and military training and duties - principally the building of forts and stockades and fighting off Indian raids - went hand in hand with the normal pioneering activities incident to opening the wilderness country to settlement. Major Washington, so history states, had in the meanwhile prepared himself in the science of military tactics and was placed in charge of the defensiv,e preparations of this district with headquarters in Frederick Town.

There are historical markers on the sites of several old forts in the Val1ey of the Cacapehon and the Lost River Valley, to the west of Winchester, each giving some details of a battle fought between the American frontiersmen and the French and Indians during the ,early part of the French and Indian War. A marker near Wardensville states that George Washington laid out land near here in 1749, and that the following year a fight with the Indians took place in which a number of the settlers were killed. Another marker, on a fort site several miles above Baker, called "Fort Riddle," states that Captain Jeremiah Smith with his company of 50 fronti,ersmen was engag,ed in a battle here with the French and Indians in 1756. It is believed that Joseph Howe, John Dunbarr, Warden, Scott, McBride and other settlers of Lost River Valley were living within the confines of Fort Riddle at this time and, therefore, took part in this engagement. It is regrettable that the details of these campaigns and the names of participants were not recorded.

The forts along the river provided the only protection for the settlers and their families while opening up the virgin territory to settlement. It appears that the pioneers were given land and then requiried to build forts and stockades and fight to hold their possessions against the hostile Indians and make the country safe for additional settlers. This gives a general picture of the French and Indian warfare that was a part of the daily life of Joseph Howe for a number of years in the northern part of the Virginia colony. It is certain that he and his companion vigilantes had frequent conferences with George Washington in the fiield, as well as directives from their superior officer's headquarters in Fr,ederick Town. The crudely constructed rock house which Major Washington used as his headquarters during this period is now a famous historical shrine of Winchester.

Tending to corroborate the part played by Joseph Howe in the French and Indian War, there was preserved for a long time at

the old home place on Back Creek a curious metal tag taken from the nose of an Indian warrior killed at one of these frontier forts. These tags werie furnished by the French to the Indians and were to distinguish them as friendly to the French cause. Circumstances point to the battle at Fort Riddle on Lost River, in 1756, as the most likely place and date of this incident.

There is no official record available of Joseph Howe's further service in the French and Indian War but it is believed to have been continuous until the end of hostilities, about 1763. It was not a well regulated war in which statistics and records were kept. Of the nature of the desultory conflict in this region Julia Davis in her book - T h e Shenandoah - says, "****The French and Indian wars werie not continuous. There were in the Valley no pitched battles, no lines of men opposing one another. The victims of the conflict were not soldiers, but old men, farmers, pregnant women, babies. The Indians appearied out of the silence, in daylight, struck, and disappeared, struck again, and vanished. Not twice in the same place, sometimes not twice in the same year, but often enough to keep the terror living, to keep the people 'forted up'.***"

And so the first years in America were for Joseph Howe years of war or an armed, anxious interlude during which he and the pioneers about him remained ever alert and on call to the military commander of the district. For more than a decade his constantly increasing family was always within the protecting shadow of the stockades, and so well were they "forted up" that none ever fell victim to the prowling, bloodthirsty savages. The story has been handed down from past generations that for his services in the war George Washington presented him with a sword, elaborately decorated with silver. It was said that years later a great-granddaughter had the silver melted from the sword and made into a cup for her infant son.

Joseph Howe had his first view of the Southwest Virginia country when he was engaged in blazing the Catawba trail in 1750, (as previously stated in the Chalkley Abstracts). There were no doubt other occasions when he had to journey southward over this route of the early pioneers that led to Draper's Meadows and the banks of New River. During these trips he became acquainted with the wild, scenic country lying west of the river in what is now Pulaski County and decided that here was where he wanted to live. In May, 1767, he made a trip to New River to arrange for the move to Southwest Virginia. He returned to Hampshirie County in August for the purpose of disposing of his land holdings there, and the trek to Southwest Virginia with his family was made in the late

summer of 1767.*

In early colonial times a journey of some 200 miles over primitive roads and trails with a large family was a hazardous undertaking. One can only imagine some of the difficulties that confronted a man and wife with six young children as they laboriously made their way over the wilderness trails. At this time Rebecca was a baby of two, Daniel was a lad of nine, John was 14 and the eldest girl, Elizabeth, was just turning 16; and besides there were two younger daughters, ages unknown. A cov,ered wagon or two and a few head of livestock probably made up-the caravan that lumbered slowly along over the ungraded jungle roads at the rate of 18 or 20 miles per day. They cooked, ate and slept in the open with only their covered wagons for refuge against the dangers of hostile Indians, wild animals and the natural elements. The solitude of the long, lonesome nights was broken only by an occasional crash of a bear through the underbrush or the howl of a lonely wolf or the spine-chilling wail of a wildcat. Surely a feeling of great relief came over Joseph and Eleanor Howe, and there were shouts of joy from the children, as after days of hazardous travel the tired little band came over the hill and sighted the gre,en valley with its clear, blue meandering stream and the cozy log home on its banks that awaited them. (**It** is p11esumed he had built some sort of temporary log abode here at the time of making the trek alone to the section earlier in the year, when he secured the grant of this land.)

It has been said that Joseph Howe was one of the first three permanent settlers west of New River, and that James Hoge came a little later.':'* As previously told, James and Elizabeth Howe Hoge married about a y,ear later, in 1768, and they established their home on an adjacent farm which they called "Hayfield".

When Hayfield became the inheritance of James Hoge Tyler,

*Reference court records Hampshire County, W. Va., Deed Book No. 2, page 18: "August 7, 1767, Joseph How and Eleanor How released land to William Smith, merchant of the city of Philadelphia and Provence of Pennsylvania, 386 acres. Sealed and delivered in the presence of: Ja. Keith, Pet. Hoge, Luke Collins, W. Rannells and John Lyne."

The description of the tract of land shown in this deed corresponds to the George Washington survey recorded in prior footnote.

The disposal of the land on Lost River and trek to Southwest Virginia, August, 1767, is also referred to in the Augusta County Abstracts by Chalkley.

There is also recorded in the Hampshire County court records a deed showing the transfer of land by John and Ann Dunbarr.

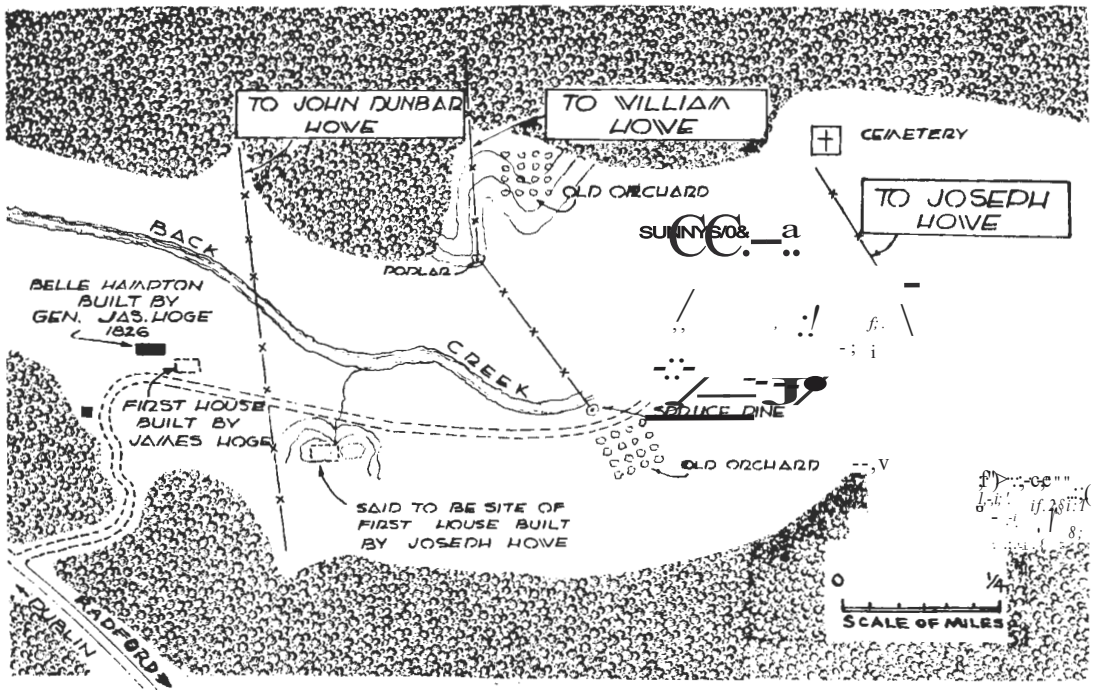
**The History of the Middle New River Settlements,, page 32, says, "About the year 1758 Joseph Howe, and a little later James Hoge settled in Back Creek Valley." The year, however, should be 1767, according to authentic documents heretofore quoted.

a great-grandson of James Hoge, he renamed the place "Belle Hampton" in honor of his two eldest daughters, Belle Norwood and Sue Hampton. In writing of the original home, the late ex-Governor James Hoge Tyler said, "The old house (Hayfield) stood in the corner of the present garden at the spot which I marked with a pyramid of rocks taken from its foundation.** This house was still standing in my earliest recollection. Though of plain hewn logs, it was a remarkable structure for its day. My grandfather said that persons had ridden all the way from Tazewell County to see it. The brick house was built by General James Hoge, my grandfather, in 1826, and at that time was the first brick house within a hundred miles."

Tradition has it that Joseph Howe first built his home, which he called "Sunny Side," on the south side of Back Creek, on a knoll near the present west boundary line. A spring, one of the main requirements of a suitable home site in early times, flows from the base of the knoll into the creek. A few years later a more substantial log house was built about a mile down the creek, on the north side of the stream.

Joseph Howe was a devoutly religious man, as were the other settlers on Back Creek, and all were followers of the Presbyterian faith of their ancestors. Consequently one of the first concerns of these pioneers was the establishment of a place of worship. While planning for this, the spiritual needs of the families were met by conducting religious services according to their own fashion in one home after another about the community. Meanwhile plans were made for the building of a centrally located church and the securing of an ordained minister of the gospel to take charge and conduct regular Sunday services. In 1769, records disclose, the New Dublin church was founded by Joseph Howe, Samuel Coleville, John Taylor, Samuel Clay and James Montgomery. It is one of the oldest Protestant churches and probably the oldest Presbyterian church west of the Alleghany Mountains. Joseph Cloyd, another of the early settlers on Back Creek, gave the land on which the first log church and manse was built, two miles west of the present town of Dublin. The first minister, the Reverend John Craig, was paid 45 pounds for his support, given equally by the settlers. The name, New Dublin, was suggested by two brothers named Reed who aided in the erection of the church. They were Irish Presbyterians then living at the small Irish settlement, New

"*On searching for the pyramid of rocks on a recent date the writer was informed that they had been removed in later years and used to build the new gateway to Belle Hampton.



SUNNYSIDE AND HAYFIELD (BELLE HAMPTON), PULASKI COUNTY, VA.

Sunnyside, estate of Daniel Howe, as it was divided among his heirs by will of 1838. *The first home of Joseph Howe was built about* 1767, *and Sunnyside a few years later. Hayfield, now Belle Hampton, adjoins on west. Freehand sketch by C K. Howe shows forest growth as it probably appeared at this early date.*

Dublin (a settlement that has long since passed from the scene), at that time located on the Stagecoach road between Ingles Ferry and Newbern.

Joseph Howe was to live a long and contented life, constantly adding to his simple frontier home additional cleared acres for needed crops, vineyards and orchards and accumulating more live stock and other assets through the years.

Joseph and Eleanor Dunbar Howe had three sons and four daughters. Of the sons, Joseph, Jr. is believed to have died at an early age as nothing further is known of him. John was an active business man, engaged largely in the acquisition of wild lands by survey and grant in the early years of the settlements along the tributaries of New Riv,er. He made a survey and obtained a grant of 400 acres of land on Bush Creek, near where the town of Princeton is now located. He married Mary A n n - (last name not known) and they and their family of seven child en later migrated to Kentucky. It is recorded that he was living in Greenup County in 1833, at the age of 80 the oldest Revolutionary War soldier in that section. Daniel, the youngest son, remained at the old home place on Back Creek and more will be told of him later.

Of the daughters, Elizabeth, the eldest, married James Hoge and they settled on Back Creek, as has been recounted. Eleanor married George Pearis, and Ann married Robert Pearis, a brother, two years younger than George. Rebecca, the youngest daughter, married John Deay (Daye). They later moved with their family to Tennessee, and from there to Kentucky, about 1810. Rebecca Howe Deay died in 1856 at the age of 91, and was said to be the last widow of a Revolutionary War soldier to die in Kentucky. The Pearis brothers were Huguenots whose family had originally settled near Parris Island, South Carolina, from whom that place and the present day great Marine Training Base, take their names. The brothers had at this time taken up life on New River with a sister, Mrs. Samuel Pepper, for whom the first established crossing of New River in this region and the ro3d leading thereto were named. The old Pepper home still stands on the west side of the river opposite the late Edgar Eskridge plaoe. The house, however, would not be recognized as an ancient one for the original logs are covered by more modern construction. It was while living here that the Pearis boys started the courtship of Joseph Howe's daughters which ended in marriage for both brothers.

Captain George Pearis and Eleanor Howe were married the winter of 1771 and he remained in the vicinity of Pepper's Ferry until 1782, when he moved down the river to the fertile bottom

lands on which Pearisburg, the county seat of Giles, was laid off and named for him. Two years before this move his wife died, soon after his return from a campaign against the Tories in the neighborhood of the Shallow Ford of the Yadkin in North Carolina. During the campaign he was seriously wounded by a musket ball in the shoulder.*

It is probable that Eleanor Howe Pearis, the first of the Howe family to die in Southwest Virginia, was buried in the old Pepper burying ground at Pepper's Ferry for this graveyard is the oldest one known in the region west of New River and antedates the Sunnyside burial plot by a number of years. Another supposition is that her remains were removed to Pearisburg and interred beside her husband.

About 1790 Robert Pearis moved with his family to Kentucky where it is said he founded the town of Paris, the county seat of Bourbon County, named in his honor. A son was in the state Legislature for several years.** It was here during this period that the first spirits were distilled from corn. This whisroey was locally called "Bourbon" for the name of the county. After many years, when its fame had spread, all liquor of a corn content of fifty percent or more became known throughout the world as bourbon whiskey.

No attempt has been made to follow the fortunes of the descendants of these families further. Though the Pearis name may have largely disappeared, imperishable monuments to the family exist in many parts of the eastern portion of the country in the towns bearing the name Paris, commonly believed named for the first city of France but actually, in many cases, in honor of some member of this Fflench family of Pearis who were once such active pioneers in Southwest Virginia.

Joseph Howe lived to a ripe old age. Very little has been handed down in regard to his personal appearance and characteristics, but he was known as a courtly and elegant gentleman of adventurous spirit. He died in 1790. The exact date of his death is not known but the fact that his will was probated on September the 7th of that year indicates that his death occurred near the first week of autumn. His will, bearing the unique phraseology peculiar to those early times, is quoted verbatim:

*History of the Middle New River Settlements, Page 415, the Howe family and Page 444, the Pearis family.

**This is a tradition handed down in the Pearis-Howe records. However, the writer was unable to confirm this part of the story, so it is believed the name of Paris, Kentucky came from some other source.

"In the name of God, Amen - I, Joseph Howe, of the County of Montgomery, being of perfect mind and memory and calling to mind the uncertainty of life and that it is appointed for all men once to die, therefore, first of all I recommend my spirit unto God that gave it and my body to the Earth, trusting and believing through the mercy of God and the complete satisfaction of Jesus Christ, my redeemer, to receive it at the general resurrection. And what worldly estate it hath pleasied God in his providence to Bless me with, I order to be disposed of in the following manner: First of all, I do direct that my Executor, Daniel Howe, shall keep and maintain my dearly beloved wife, Eleanor Howe, for during her natural life, decently and well.

And as I have a judgment against a certain James Smith of the County of Lincoln, for the sum of 77 pounds, which I do bequeath to my two sons, John Howe and Daniel Howe. I give to my son, Daniel, my four work horses and six head more, viz: The English mare, named Lucy, one dark bay mare named, Kentucky, and one hog backed mare and colt and twenty three head of cattle, my wagon, the whole of my household furniture, with my farming utensils and other tools, with the whole of my stock of sheep and hogs.

To son, John, one bay yearling filly, three head of cattle to be given by Joseph Cloyd and my son, Daniel, out of the residue of my stock.

To grandson, Joseph Howe, one spring colt. To my son-in-law, John Deay, one sorrel mare and three head of cattle. Also to my grandson, Joseph Deay, one horse colt. To my son-in-law, Robert Pearis, one two year old colt and two head of cattle.

I appoint my two sons, John and Daniel, as executors and order them to make title to Richard Chapman to 260 acres of land on Wolf Creek.

Signed June 26th, 1790, in the presence of:

John Taylor Joshua Daye
Fanny Alsup Katherine Dock

Probated at Montgomery County Court the 7th day of September, 1790.

Lincoln County, referred to in the judgment against a certain James Smith, was at that time one of the distant counties of the state, near the Ohio River border, and now a part of West Virginia.

The first son, Joseph Howe, Jr. is not mentioned in the will, and this appears to be further evidence that he died at an early

age_ That no mention is made of the other son-in-law, George Pearis, is explained by the fact that his wife, Eleanor Howe Pearis, had died and he had remarried before the provisions of this will werie made.

The grandson, Joseph Howe, mentioned in the will was the first son of John, a lad of seven at this time.

According to old English law and custom, adherred to in this country at this time, the family estate habitually rev,erted to the first son. However, since the first son was deceased and the next in line had established a home ,elsewhere, Daniel Howe, the youngest son, on the death of his father became the new squire of Sunnyside.

Chapter III

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

Daniel Howe of Sunnyside first saw military service at an early age when, at 18, he enlisted for one month in the Montgomery County militia, in 1776. He served short terms yearly from this time until the end of the war. Captain Burke was in command of his first company, one of the units in the organization of Major Cloyd. Colonel William Preston of Smithfield was commandant of the district, then known as the military district of Fincastle. This district embraced Montgomery County, a county which at this early period included within its boundaries a vast area of the Southwest Virginia frontier extending as far south as the North Carolina border. Following the first tour of duty he served for a month under Captain Taylor. A third tour of duty was served in 1777 or '78, at which time Daniel Howe himself was a subaltern and then captain of the company.* The next three years he was on regular tours of duty for stated periods of time, a customary procedure in the remote farm areas, his activ,e service ending with the close of hostilities, in 1781.**

It was during the last year of his active service that Captain Daniel Howe, with the Montgomery County militia, took part in General Greene's Guilford campaign of March, 1781. In the spring of that year, with the British invasion of Western North Carolina, the Montgomery County militia and other available troops in the area were ordered south to assist General Greene in repelling the invader. At this time General Greene was maneuvering against the foroes of Cornwallis south of the North Carolina border near

*He was referred to in later life as "Major" Daniel Howe, having attained the higher rank in the peacetime militia.

**From the declaration of Daniel Howe on file in the Pension Office, Washington, D. C. Sworn to in Montgomery County court, October, 1832. This statement of service, made after more than 50 years, is necessarily rather general.

the Yadkin River, in the area around Guilford Court House. There occurred several meeting engagements, one at Culp's Mill on March 2nd, and at Whitesell's Mill on March 6th there was a hotly contested battle. Finally, on March 7th the British commander moved further west, and four days later General Greene prepared to give him batHe. He disposed his troops on the Sailsbury Road with 300 regulars on either flank to give stability to the militia. His total force of 4400 regulars and militiamen was facing about 2200 British. The Virginia militia under Lawson occupied a position in a woodland at the center rear. The fighting that day was severe, and Greene being threatened by additional forces from the rear was forced to withdraw. The American losses were 14 officers and 312 troops killed and wounded. The British suffered more severiely, leaving 93 dead on the field in addition to the more than 500 wounded.

That Captain Daniel Howe had a part in this campaign is disclosed by a claim filed in the Montgomery County Court of Virginia in session April 2, 1782, which states as follows: "Daniel Howe same one blank!et and a half .... bay horse lost by him in the service before the battle of Reedy Fork (Whitesell's Mill) in North Carolina in March '81, and that he ought to be paid for the same ... '*

During the years of hostilities when Captain Howe was not engaged in active campaigns on distant frontiers he was detailed at times to observe the activities of known Tories in the country adjacent to his home base and to place under arrest those who appeared to be endangering the common cause. This phase of his military duty led to an ,episode that had a profound bearing on his later life. This is the gist of the story that has been handed down from past generations:

Dawn was breaking and the welcomed rays of a cheerful May sun were pushing their way gently through the treetops along the hills to the east as Captain Daniel Howe mounted his horse and rode away from Sunnyside. A cavalry saber, primarily a badge of office, hung in a scabbard from his saddle.* He was dressed in coarse hunting shirt and buckskin brieeches, the habitual attire of a militiaman of Colonial Virginia. The serious expression about normally friendly blue eyes indicated that his mission was not a pleasant one. Inside his shirt was a warrant for the arrest of one

*Annals of Southwest Virginia by Summers. Edition 1929, pg. 764.

*The saber is now in the possession of Daniel Dunbar Howe, given to him by Mrs. Agnes Howe De Jarnette a few years prior to her death.

Howard Haven, a Tory sympathizer, if not an avowed enemy of his country. On two previous occasions the offender had escaped him. The third time he must not come away empty handed.

Topping the rise at the rim of the valLey the lone rider drew rein and leisurely turned to gaze back across the fertile farmlands. For a moment his thoughts reverted to the past four years. Now a campaign-hardened veteran, he was only a lad in his teens, he mused, when in '76 he joined the military forces of his country and rode away to confront the dangers of the frontier. His mother had grieved to see him leave home at such an immature age. But, like all mothers, she could not realize that he was now old enough to take a man's part in the fight for independence; nor could she know what it meant to him to shoulder a musket and with frontiersmen like Burke, Taylor, McCorkle, Cloyd and others share in the thrilling experiences that far away places have to offer those of venturesome spirit. Now that these eventful years had passed it seemed that fate had nothing in store for him but a humdrum life alone among the peaceful hills and green meadows of Back Creek. But after all one can never tell what fate has to offer! Expanding his chest with a deep breath of the fresh morning air, he wheeled his horse about and set off over the forest road that led to Pepper's Ferry and the home of Howard Haven around the eastern bend of the river beyond.

The latter part of the morning the lone horseman, Pepper's Ferry now several miles to his rear, was jogging along the river bottom road in deep thought when his meditations were interrupted by a young feminine voice softly singing "Barbara Allen." He was in front of the farm home of Howard Haven and the voice was that of a little girl who sang with sweet and plaintive rhythm to the gentle gliding of a swing that hung from a limb of a large spreading apple tree that stood in the front yard. He paused in admiration for a brief moment while she completed her song and brought the swing to a gradual stop.

To his salutation she came to the gate and with a friendly smile, said, "Won't you hitch your horse and come in?" As she unlatched the gate and stood the e, her long, black curly locks and smiling brown eyes presenting a perfect picture of lovliness, she added, "I am Nancy Haven."

He gravely replied that he was Captain Daniel Howe, and when he explained that he had come to see her father on business of importance her smile vanished. She suspected that his visit was not a friendly one for she replied in no uncertain terms that her father and mother were both far from home and he need not wait

for their return.

The captain suspected a prearranged plan to outwit the military authorities. He had met similar situations before and he was not to be easily thwarted. After due deliberation he expressed a desire to search the premises. To this proposal little Nancy spiritedly replied, "Search to your heart's content. I have told you there is no one at home. I am sorry if you do not choose to take my word for it."

"Now are you satisfied," she chided, when the search was completed and the only other human beings in evidence were found to be old "Uncle" Ben and "Aunt" Dinah. Still not a hint would she give of the whereabouts of her parents nor when she expected them to return.

Presently Nancy grew friendly again and the stern demeanor of her visitor was softened when she invited him to remain for the noon day meal, now being put on the table by the faithful colored servants. It was a wholesome meal of crisp fried chicken and gravy, cornbread and sweetpotatoes, and while they partook of it the little hostess listened with rapt attention to his recital of some of the recent events. Hers was a small world. She had scarcely been beyond the limits of her farm home and those of the adjacent farm neighbors, the Peppers and the Shells. At last he arose to go and when he thanked her for the excellent dinner and bade her good-bye he added in a kindly voice, "Now, my little friend, you must not think hard of me for after all a man in the service of his country must do his duty."

Her dark eyes flashed as she retorted, "And you must not think hard of my Daddy, either!" His heart was touched when her tone softened and she added with a sweet smile, "But I'd like to have you come back again, anytime, for just a friendly visit."

He expressed his appreciation for her gracious manner and kindly thoughts towards one in his position, assuring her he would be most happy to return and renew their friendship after the end of hostilities, which he hoped would be very soon. As he prepared to mount his horse he added, "And by that time I feel sure our independence will be a reality, and with that issue settled there will be no occasion to call on you armed like this and demand to search your home," concluding in a spirit of jest, "unless I have to do so to find you."

He flung himself lightly into the saddle and with a cheerful farewell salute rode away, his mission unaccomplished - and perhaps for the moment forgotten.

Thus the story might end, except that there was a day of re-

turn. Future events lead to the belief that Captain Daniel Howe did not go home that day entirely empty handed. He carried with him the heart of a brown-eyed, spirited little Tory, and left his own behind.

The story continues. -

Some years later, one bright Sunday afternoon towards the end of summer, the same lone rider mounted his horse on the front lawn of Sunnyside and set forth over the road that leads to Pepper's Ferry and the home of Howard Haven around the bend of the river beyond. From his immaculate attire and light-hearted manner it was evident that this trip was not of a serious nature. War was long a thing of the past. The animosities and suspicions - the extreme feeling of colonist against Tory or loyalist - had been largely forgotten. The lone horseman, Daniel Howe, was now the master of Sunnyside and an industrious young g,entleman farmer. Fate perhaps had much in store for him. He hummed the words of one of his favorite songs, "Barbara Allen," as he rode along with a light heart over the leaf strewn forest trail. The birds in the trees overhead appeared to join in the refrain. Romance was in the air.

The roadway around the bend of the river to the Haven farm home was now a well beaten trail, so frequently had Daniel Howe made this trip during the past summer. Nancy Haven, of the days of black curly locks and the apple tree swing, had blossomed into beautiful womanhood. Theirs had been love at first sight, and deep devotion at second. Daniel Howe and Nancy Haven sat under the same old spreading apple trne that night until a late hour. He held her hand while the silvery moon cast its shadows over the rippling waters of the nearby river. Soft words were spoken and plans wer,e made.· There was nothing to mar the perfect serenity of this blissful summer evening together when they pledged never again to part.

Daniel and Nancy were married as the red and gold of the woodland fo:rietold the corning of autumn. With the "little Tory" by his side in the family carriage he drove back across the river and over the winding forest road to the old Howe homestead on Back Creek. Nancy was now the new mistress of Sunnyside.

Early tradition erroneously placed the locale of this story at the old Haven place on Plum Creek, two miles ,east of Radford. This, possibly for the reason that it was the only old Haven place known of in the river area. The log house located a short distance up the hollow from the mouth of the creek was at one time the home of William Haven, son of Howard Haven, and later the home of William's son, John. The log house still stands although the

grist mill and dam have long since vanished.* The Howard Haven home, the true locale of this story, was about fiv,e miles further down the river. The log house of Revolutionary days disappeared from the scene in the far distant past and the farm lost the identity of its original owner at such a remote date that the Howard Haven ownership and the association of the place with the romantic episode of his daughter appears to have become lost in the mists of time. The court records disclose that it passed out of the hands of the Haven heirs in the early 1790's.**

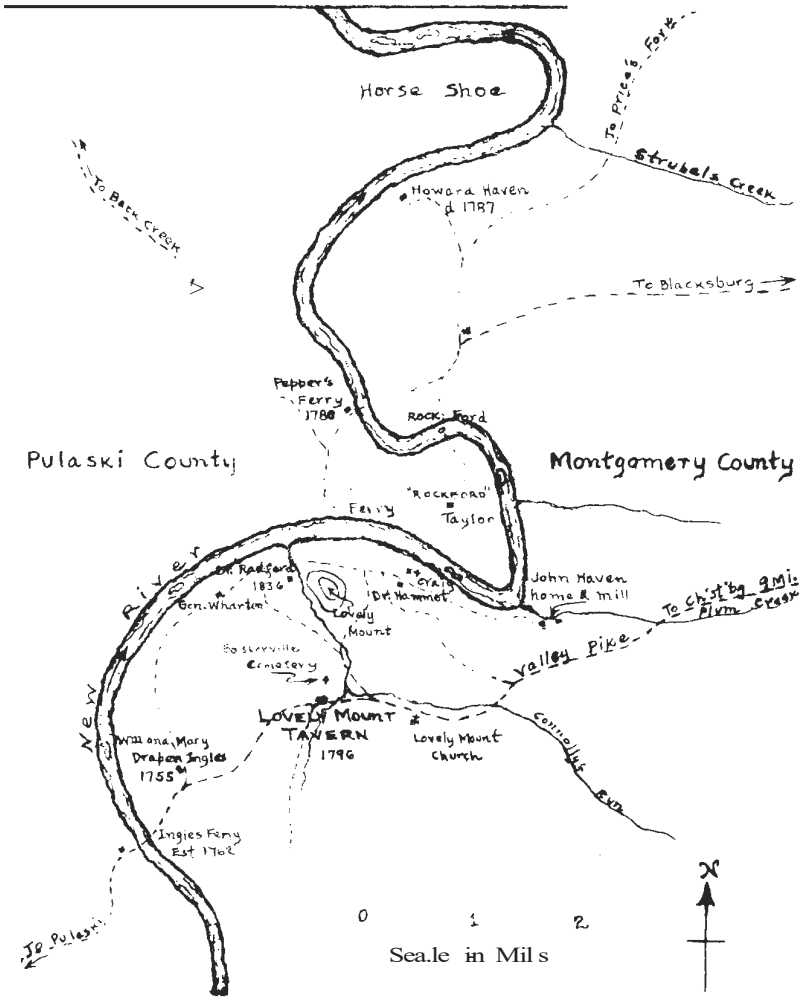
Howard Haven was among the early settlers along the east bank of New Riv,er. He died in 1787, three years prior to the betrothal of his youngest daughter to Major Daniel Howe. Nancy's mother was her guardian at this time and she was given in marriage by her elder brother, William. The farm home of Howard and Ruth Haven was locat,ed on the east bank of the river, about two miles below Pepper's Ferry. During the early nineties an ancient looking red brick house, dating from around Civil War days, stood on the site of the original log house. The red brick house was destroyed by fire around the turn of the century and was never restored to its original form.

On the death of Howard Hav,en, under the provisions of his will, dated January 30, 1787, the home place was bequeathed to his only two sons, John and William. William, now 25, had married Barbara Shell and John, two years his junior, a year prior to the death of his father, had married Mary Pepper, daughter of Samuel Pepper of Pepper's Fierry. Both the Shell and Pepper families owned river bottom farms adjacent to the Howard Hav,en place. A few years after his marriage John Haven built a Wayside Inn on the Valley Turnpike near the upper branches of Connelly's Run, which he called Lovely Mount Tavern, and moved there with his young family, in 1796. The community center that developed at

*Ref: Court records show that William Haven, a son of Howard Haven, bought the home and mill on Plum Creek from one Cofer, in 1819. He conveyed the property to his son, John, on departing for Indiana with others of the Haven clan, in 1827. John Haven operated the mill there until his death, in 1853, when the property was acquired by Colonel Hammet.

**Reference: The record in the Montgomery County Court House gives the description of the Howard Haven farm as follows: "Lying east of New River, adjacent to the lands of Shell, Pepper, Barnett ... and bounded as follows: (Here is given the lengths and bearings of boundary lines etc..) and containing 283½ acres..."

The description places the Howard Haven farm at the locale described in this story. The farm lay between what was later known as the Henry Barnett and Henderson Flannagan places. The latter farm extended down the river to Stroubles Creek. The Barnett Farm extended up the river into the mountain ridge near Pepper's Ferry.



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Data & sketch by C.K. Howe & B.D. Howe

Lovely Mount was the forerunner of a town that was founded nearby in later years. But that is another story.

A few years after their father's death the Haven sons sold the home place to one Taber, and after a brief tenure by the new owner it was conveyed to one Matthews. Through the years the place passed from the hands of one owner to another, when in the late 1850's it became the property of John Dunbar Howe, a son of Dani,el and Nancy Haven Howe. On the marriage of John Thomas Howe, son of John Dunbar, to Sallie De Jarnette, in 1866, the river farm, then known as "Riverton", was given to John Thomas and his bride as his inheritance. The story of their life here will be told in a later chapter.

It is a rather unusual coincidence that the Howard Haven place of the 1780's should eventually be restored to a later generation of the Howes. But even more unusual that they should have remained unaware of the fact that this was the place where the little Tory girl won the heart of Daniel Howe amidst the tumultous days of the Revolution.

The union of Daniel Howe and Nancy Haven was blessed with seven daughters and four sons. All of them, except Daniel Jr. who died in infancy, grew to maturity and most of them after marriage settled in Giles, Pulaski and Montgomery Counti,es.

The second daughter, Eleanor, married her cousin, James Hoge, Jr. Of this romance the story is told of how James came upon her one day at the small summer house at Hayfield (Belle Hampton) alone and quietly weeping. Much concerned he put his arm about her and softly asked, "What in the world is the matter, Nellie?"

Brushing the tears away she confided that her parents wanted her to marry some one (mentioned by name) with whom she was not in love. Young James drew her closer as he assured her he would solve her problem. When she questioned his ability to alter the very difficult situation confronting her, he declared his deep love, kept to himself for a long, long time and insisted that she pledge to marry him forthwith. Eleanor, only 18 at this time, had secretly nourished the same feeling of affection for her cousin, and thus her problem of the heart was solved. Eleanor and James Hoge were married **and** on the death of his father two years later he became the owner of Hayfield, later to be known as Belle Hampton. Here they were to enjoy a long and happy life together.

In writing of this marriage the late Governor James Hoge Tyler, a grandson, said: "General James Hoge, who was a son of James and Elizabeth Howe Hoge of Belle Hampton, married Elea-

nor Howe, daughter of Daniel and Nancy Haven Howe. Thus General James Hoge, who was a son of a Howe, married Eleanor Howe, who was a daughter of a Howe. Both parties to this marriage, therefore, had the same grandfather, Joseph Howe. General Hoge was the nephew of his wife's father and Eleanor Howe was the niece of her husband's mother. Thus they were first cousins and thus did their descendants become mor.e Howe than Hoge."

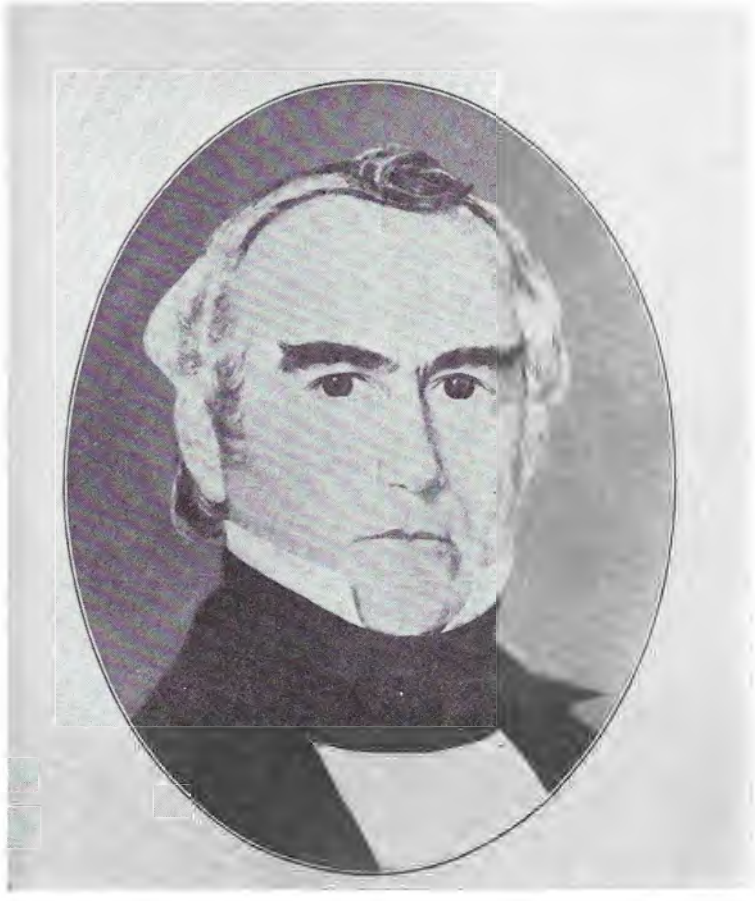
Eliza, the only daughter of General James and Eleanor Howe Hoge, was the mother of the late Governor James Hoge Tyler, and died at the time of his birth. In telling his childr,en of his early life he once said of the grandmother who had reared him, "Eleanor Howe Hoge, your great-grandmother, took me at my mother's death and brought me from Caroline to our present home (Belle Hampton) when I was but two weeks old. After the first leg of the journey from Caroline to Richmond by carriage, travel from Richmond to Lynchburg was by canal boat. She was met by her husband and I was carried from Lynchburg to Southwest Virginia swung in a champagne basket tied to the top of the carriage. This kind grandmother was indeed a mother to me, and I cherish her precious memory and that of my noble grandfather, both of whom raised me as their own son."

Of the remaining daughters of Daniel and Nancy Haven Howe, little is known of their later life following marriage, and so little can be told. The three sons, Joseph, John Dunbar and William each marri,ed and had large families, many of whose descendants are prominent throughout Southwest Virginia. Joseph settled in Draper where he died at an advanced age, and is buried in the old family burying ground near that village. John Dunbar at the time of his marriage took up life on a farm in Draper's Valley. He eventually returned to take over the old home place. The fortunes of John Dunbar Howe, with whom this story is more closely concerned, will be taken up at greater length in a lat,er chapter. William, the youngest son, managed Sunnyside during his father's later years and eventually fell heir to the estate but later he traded his interests to his older brother, as will be recounted in more detail later. Upon leaving Sunnyside William Howie settled in Wythe County where he, as well as a son, William, after him, became an outstanding farmer and cattleman of that region.

Daniel Howe's life of 80 full years covered a most eventful period of time, extending through the American War of Independence, in which he had a part, to the birth of a new Nation. He witnessed the struggles of the infant republic under George Washington, and its development through the terms of Adams, Jefferson

ELEANOR HOWE HOGE

From an old painting in the possession of James Hoge Tyler, III.



GENERAL JAMES HOGE

From an old painting in the possession of James Hoge Tyler, III.

and their successors, on past the turbulent reign of Old Hickory Jackson. During these years he was busily engaged in developing and expanding his Sunnyside estate, as well as sharing an interest in public affairs. He increased his holdings to 1200 acres of land along the Back Cr,eek Valley, over which now roamed many fine head of cattle, flocks of sheep and other live stock. His le:tdership in church and civic affairs during a long and worthy life was a great asset to the farming community in which he lived. The History of the Middle New River Settlements says of him, in part, ***Daniel Howe, an officer in the Revolutionary War, was a man of strong mind and high character.***" He died at Sunnyside on January 2, 1838.

In the division of his estate Daniel Howe's farm land along Back Creek was apportioned among his three sons. The sons and their portions he specified in his will, in order: "To son, Joseph Howard Howe the lower end of my lands which he has had in possession etc.... To son, John Dunbar Howe the upper part of that tract of land I now live on as far down the creek to a large spruce pine on the bank of the creek at the edge of my orchard, and across the creek westerly to a large poplar on the steep hillside, thence up the hollow to the foot of the hill north to my patent line. (Given in full, this describes the tract of land adjacent to Belle Hampton). To son, William Henry Howe the balance of my land where I now live, my wagon and two work horses, my smyth tools and all of my farming utensils, one bed and furniture, cupboard, my old desk and bookcase, one rifle gun and negro boy, Isaac."

His daughters were not forgotten, although they had all married men who had farms of their own, or were otherwise well provided for. But r,egardless of economic status, each was mentioned by name in a division among them of the large amount of property their father had accumulated, outside of his land holdings, household goods and personal effects. After a few selected gifts comprising cash, special p,2ces of furniture, riding horses, et cetera, he states: "The balanc,e of my property to be sold and divided among my children (daughters given by name, followed by a list of property), viz: Cows with calves, for $12 each; cattle at prices ranging from $12 to $20 per head; 2800 sheep, priced at $1.25 each; one sow and seven pigs, for $7; some 1200 pounds of bacon, at seven cents per pound; and nine slaves."

There wer,e several more pages of miscellaneous property.

Daniel and Nancy Haven Howe enjoyed forty years of married life. They raised a large family and accumulated an abundance of the fruits of the ,earth to distribute among them. Nancy Haven

Howe died in 1830, preceding her husband to the grave by eight years.

Today, in the old family burying ground at Sunnyside, on the hill overlooking the Valley of Back Creek, stand two tombstones side by side. They are covered with moss and tarnished by more than a century of time. One bears the inscription, "To the Memory of NANCY HAVEN HOWE," the other, "To the Memory of MAJOR DANIEL HOWE". Underneath the latter, through the tarnished surface, can with difficulty be deciphered the ending to the epitaph:

"IN YOUTH A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION
IN OLD AGE A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS."

Chapter IV

DRAPER'S VALLEY - NEWBERN
SQUIRE JONES SEES A GHOST
JOHN HOWE SEES A TRAIN

Of the eleven children of Daniel and Nancy Haven Howe, John Dunbar was the sixth, and the second son. At 29, he married Sarah Boyd Logan Shepherd, a great-great-granddaughter of Colonel James Patton who was massacred by the Indians at Draper's Meadows, in 1755. *

John Dunbar Howe and his bride, of 15, began their married life on a farm, to which she had fallen heir, in Draper's Valley, a rich agricultural region some six or eight miles southeast of Pulaski City. Here were born their first children; Daniel, Margaret Ann, Susan Boyd and Eliza Jane.

He left Draper's Valley with his young family and moved to Newbern, the principal town of Pulaski County at that time, and went into the mercantile business, about the year 1838. It appears, however, that the farm in Draper's Valley was not disposed of at this time, for Eliza Jane and Charles Matthews, after their marriage some 15 years later, lived there for a time. Later the place was sold and Charles and Eliza Howe Matthews bought a farm on Walk,er's Creek, in Giles County.

John Dunbar Howe's business enterprises at Newbern included a store and the U. S. post office combined and located on the Valley Pike (Rock Road) , the main stagecoach line from the Shenandoah Valley to Bristol and the southwest, it served as a sort of wayside tavern. How long the family lived in Newbern is not definitely known but, like the period lived in Draper's Valley, it can be fairly well estimated from the record of the births of the children. Here were born EU2n Mary, John Thomas, Samuel Shepherd, Haven Boyd and William. The last two children of the family, Minnie and

*Reference: Genealogical data in the Appendix, Page 370.

JOHN DUNBAR HOWE

SARAH BOYD LOGAN SHEPHERD HOWE

Agnes, were born at Sunnyside, the former in 1852. Therefore, John Dunbar Howe left Newbern and returned to the Back Creek home sometime between the births of William and Minnie, or probably about 1850.

John Dunbar came into possession of Sunnyside through a trade with his brother, William, who lived there from the time he had inherited the estate, on the death of his father, in 1838. It is understood that he gave his Newbern property and other considerations in exchange for the old home place. He still owned a tract of land adjacent to BeUe Hampton, and additional land down the creek secured from Joseph, restored the estate to approximately its original boundaries.

Very little is known about the life in Draper's Valley but the record becomes somewhat clearer during the ten or more years sojourn in Newbern. The children of that period, whom the present generation years later knew as Aunt Susan, Aunt Lizzie and Aunt Ellen, remembered their mother as being very pretty and vfvacious. She lived a strenuous life, according to the standards of that time, managing a large family; sewing, weaving and knitting and, with these many activities, supervising the slaves and seeing that they kept at useful tasks when the usual household chores were done. Many of their father's periods of relaxation were spent in playing the fiddle and having his little daughters, Margaret, Susan, Lizzie and Ellen, ranging in ages at this time from about nine to five years, dance to his lively jig tunes.

Margaret Ann, the first daughter born in Draper's Valley, was the only one of the girls who did not, on marrying, settle down on a farm in the vicinity of Back Creek. Margaret married Dr. George Shannon, and soon thereafter they set out for Texas. A timid, shy girl, she was reluctant to go so far from home, especially to such a strange, wild land as this was reported to be. A few years after settling there Margaret died, and a short time later Dr. Shannon returned to Virginia with his young son, Johnny. Later he again went to Texas and took up ranching. One day while branding cattle a steer broke loose and gored his son, John, now 22, to death. Dr. Shannon returned to Sunnyside with the cremated remains for burial in the family cemetery. It was whispered among the servants that he had his son's remains with him, in the upstairs west room which he occupied. The colored folk having no understanding of cremation, were uneasy and frightened with the thought of going upstairs and talked about it in awed whispers for days. The incident gave rise to another of the many legends of ghosts in the old homestead.

Some idea of the life and conditions existing during the years at Newbern can be seen in a humorous episode written by John Dunbar Howe for a local newspaper in his later years. His reference to the undisclosed time of happening, considering the period at which it was written, places the incident around the early 1840s, or during the first years lived there. The following is quoted from his original manuscript:

"Some forty years ago, I am not particular about dates, I kept a little store somewhere in the County of Pulaski. It doesn't matter where but it was not in Dublin, for at that time Dublin was not established and railroads and telegraphs had not been thought of, and all who took newspapers and received letters had to 'wait for the wagon' before they got them. I kept liquor for sale, as most merchants did in those days, and there was an old man living near me, I will call him Squire Jones, who almost uniformly came early every morning to get his bottle filled. It so happened one night I was taken with a severe pain in my head and, as I was suffering very much I concluded to get some pepper and pound it up and wet it with whisky and bind it to my head. The weather being warm and there being no fire, and matches not being in use in those days, I felt my way the best I could in the dark to where I kept a keg of pepper, and put my hand in and got out what I thought was a handful, and pounded it up and wet it with whisky and rubbed my forehead and temples well with the mixture, and went back to bed.

"Early next morning before it was quite light, the time when ghosts are said to do their walking, I heard someone knocking at my door. Thinks I, 'Squire Jones, and nothing more,' so I again sank into a slumber. But soon again I heard a knocking, knocking at my door so I raised up in my bed and said, 'Come in,' and in popped my old customer, Squire Jones, bottle in hand, and after taking a wild and hurried look at me, broke back, exclaiming, 'Good God!'

"I could not imagine what had come over my old friend and customer to cause him to beat so sudden a retreat and that, too, without getting his bottle filled. So I got up and dressed and on facing the looking glass I saw that I had the most awful looking face that any poor mortal ever had. In reaching down in the dark to get pepper I had missed the pepper keg and got a handful of indigo, and had pounded it up with the whisky and had rubbed my temples and forehead well with the mixture, and it was my frightful looking face that so frightened the old Squire. and made him take the back porch in such a hurry without getting his bottle filled.

"And now, Mr. Editor, I will say to you and your readers that what I have related is no fiction but real genuine historical fact. I will only add that my old friend, Jones, has long since gone the way of the earth, but it is some consolation to know that for several years before his death he became quite a temperate man."

His narrative concludes with the following observation:

"In relating this little episode of my early life, I am forcibly reminded of the transitory things of this life. I am carried back in memory to the days when I, in the prime of youth, engaged in the busy scenes of life with a busy people, most of whom have now passed away and I, almost alone, left standing on the bank of that much dreaded River Styx, awaiting with all the philosophy I can command the fatal summons, 'Hop over, three score and ten.'

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

"Now that I have given a quotation from Oliver Goldsmith I had as well give Josh Billings' commentary on it:

'Man wants but little here below' may have been true when it was first written but ever since the war 'he wants all he can lay his claws on.' "

John Dunbar Howe's use of the expression, "wait for the wagon," indicates that this old folk song had its origin a long way back, probably well before his time.

One day while his wife was "waiting for the wagon," the stage drew up at the door with the horn blowing loudly. The driver jumped down, secured his sweating horses to the rack and rushed in with the announcement, "Mrs. Howe, I've brought you something very special from your husband."

A blanket was thrown back disclosing a little colored girl about six years of age. Her husband had gone to Richmond on one of his periodic business trips and while there had bought the little girl in the slave market.

While he kept slaves, as was the custom with all other families of the south, he was opposed to slavery on humanitarian grounds. But while passing the market he had found a colored woman in great distress, and a "deal in slavery" appeared to be the only solution to her problem. Kind man that he was, he had talked with her and learned that she had just been purchased, and on the condition that her child be left behind. She was in a state of mental anguish over what might become of her little girl. In an attempt to pacify her, Mr. Howe suggested that he buy the child and give

her a good home, one where she would be accessible to her mother at any time. She became thoroughly pacified by his sympathetic, kindly manner and entirely agreeable with the arrangements he sugg,ested. In payment of $800 he secured the girl and sent her to Newbern on the stagecoach ahead of his departure.

The child grew up into an intelligent, dependable servant. When Susan Howe married Montgo:mery Thomas, on April 6, 1854, the slave girl, now well along in her teens, went with the bride and groom to their new home as one of the wedding p:riesents from the bride's parents.

There are those of the present generation who hav,e heard Aunt Susan tell something of the life in the days of the slaves. At that time many retained the customs and superstitions of their native land. This story which illustrates some of their strange ways she probably heard from some of the older generation at Sunnyside.

Among the newly acquired slaves was a tall, coal-black negro, named Hannibal, who habitually walked around muttering unintelligible gibberish to himself and otherwise acting as though he had come dlrect from the African jungle. One of his primitive tricks was to tie woven-grass ropes across the trail as a kind of trap, and when one of the other slaves tripped over the entanglement he would rise up out of the grass where he was in hiding and laugh at the discomfiture of his victim. His queer ways led the other slaves to the belief that old Hannibal had the power to "conjur" or "hex" them. When one of the young slave girls became sickly and lost her desire for food, she claimed that Hannibal had hexed her. She became frightened and stole away into the deep woods to be free of her hexer.

Several weeks elapsed before she was found; unkempt, dirty and with her clothes in tatters. But to the great surprise of all she was physically fit and fat as a well fed animal. When questioned about how she had secured food for her sustenance, it was found that she had subsisted almost entirely on locusts. This happened to be a locust year and they were in abundance throughout the forest. Should this case be brought to the attention of a psychiatrist, he would probably say that the girl was suffering from an emotional disturbance - the imagined hexing - which brought on the deficiency in nutrition. This was shown by the fact that once released from the nervous tension the normal appetite returned, and the locusts provided the very vitamins her system so sorely needed.

The reference to the fact that railroads in this section had not been thought of and that "Dublin had not been established," fur-

nishes a clue to the reason for the demise of Newbern as a prominent town in this section. That Newbern was a city of some importance at this early period can be discerned from the following items taken from the social notes of that day:*

Newbern, Virginia.
November 13, 1847.

"The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at a party to be given in honor of Miss Susan Shields and Colonel Thomas Wilson, at the Union Hotel, in the town of Newbern, on the 18th inst., at five o'clock in the evening.

The Committee:

William J. Jordan	William J. Wall	Leander Smith
Thomas J. Charlton	John B. Baskerville	Herman Bope
James M. Aiken	J. W. Shields	James M. Ward

And, again, the following month, -

Newbern, Virginia.
December - , 1847.

"The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at a dancing party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Dunbar Howe, on the 28th of December, 1847, at six o'clock in the evening."

(Signed by the Committee)

Inquiries fail to find any inhabitant of that neighborhood who ever heard that a Union Hotel, or any other hotel, ,ever existed in Newbern. Nor was there in the remembrance of John Thomas Howe, which went back to the early fifti,es, anything at his birth place at that time other than a few houses by the roadside. In short, the little city virtually disappeared overnight with the coming of the railroad, and had its reincarnation near by in the town of Dublin.

John Thomas Howe, as a small boy, saw the first train to run to Dublin. And it was the first train he, as well as many of the other inhabitants of that section, ever saw. He came from the old home place on Back Creek, where they had moved in the early fifties after leaving Newbern, for the occasion. In telling of the incident years later, Captain Howe remarked that the coming event had been talked of for days since no one in that part of the country

*"Howe's History of Virginia, published 1845, page 443, states: "Newbern, the county-seat, (of Pulaski County) is on the great stage-route from Baltimore to Nashville. It is the only village in the county and one of considerable business. It contains five mercantile stores, one Presbyterian and one Methodist church etc etc . . . . "

had ever seen a locomotive. Ther,efore, a large crowd had gathered, some bringing along picnic baskets so they might make a full day of it.

The Virginia & Tennessee Railroad, as the Norfolk & Western was originally caUed, had opened its line to Christiansburg on April 1st. Two months later, on June 1st, the line was extended to Central Depot, the town afterwards known as East Radford. Now, July 1, 1854, the line was to be extended to Dublin, or rather to a way .station near Newbern which was to be christened Dublin.

Recalling some of the details, Captain Howe said, "'The folks had been waiting patiently a long time before the strange contraption came puffing into the depot. Ev,erybody got back some distance at first but as soon as she settled down we all edged up pretty close, curiosity evercoming our trepidation. When ready to resume the return journey the engineer climbed up in the cab and pulled some lev,ers, and there resulted a terrible hissing noise and a cloud of steam that billowed out over everybody. At the same time a big loose mouthed country fellow yelled at the top of his voice, 'Look out, folks, she's gon-na turn around!' and with that warning cry he headed for the nearest rail fence. The crowd stampeded with him."

In concluding his recital of the incident, Captain Howe continued: "We, of course, knew that this being the end of the line, the big machine would have to go back the way it came. But nobody had thought of how it was to be done until the fellow shouted, 'She's gon-na turn around!' I fell down a couple of times in making the fence, and crawled the last few yards to safety. The grown folks went over the top, we smaller ones scramb1ed through the cracks. I have often wondered why I wasn't badly trampled by the mad rush of those heavy country boots. From the vantage point of the fenc,e I gazed in awe through a crack between the rails until the monster was out of sight in a cloud of steam, smoke and cinders."

Since John Thomas Howe moved to the old home place with the family at the early age of eight, he had little remembrance of Newbern and the period lived there. He talked most often of his early lifo at Sunnyside; how through the long winter months he toiled over his spelling and arithmetic sums at the blackboard in the one-room country school house, and later went on to the more advanced subjects of grammar, history, geography, mathematics and accounting, until he had compl,eted all of the course of instruction offered in the rural schools. In that day only the young men who were to become lawyers, doctors or ministers of the gospel went away to college. Most of the boys whos,e parents had large

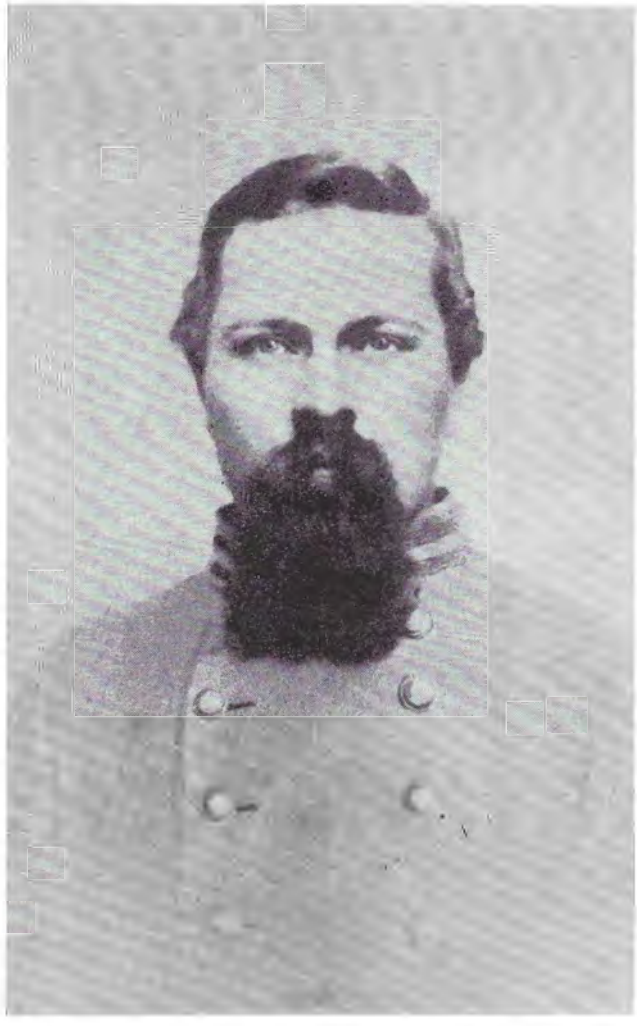
land holdings anticipated a farm of their own as soon as they were old enough to marry and settle down. The best preparation for this appeared to be by application on the home place.

The rural schools, however, were thorough and substantial and offered all of the educational advantages necessary for any practical purpose. So during these years John Howe acquired an excellent education in all of the fundamentals, and was especially gifted in mathematics, accounting and penmanship.

But his fondest recollections were of his earlier boyhood days; those long peaceful hours of summer when as a barefoot boy he roamed afar up and down the grassy meadows, swam and fished in the deep, shady pools along Back Creek, and munched sweet apples from the trees in the front lawn.

Generations of the Howes and De Jarnettes enjoyed the apples from the two large, spreading trees that stood at the lower edge of the front yard near the entrance gate. They yielded a large, red and golden tinted apple, the flavor of which has never been duplicated. They were called Albermarle pippins but they were far superior to the apples of that name. They had a special flavor of ambrosia and a juicy texture that no other Albermarle pippin, nor any other pippin, ever possessed. These trees have long since disappeared. With their demise that strain of apple passed out of existence. But those who as youngsters searched through the high orchard grass for this luscious fruit are apt to think of the two apple trees in the front yard at Sunnyside whenever Albermarle pippins are mentioned.

When young John Thomas Howe, as a boy in his late teens, left the tranquil valley of Back Creek for the Civil War, little did he guess the change that four short years would bring. An entirely new world; a world of hardships, joys and sorrows undreamed of was to open to him, and to the family that was to be.



CAPTAIN JOHN THOMAS HOWE

Co. *E, 4th Virginia Volunteers Stonewall Brigade*
Taken at the age of 22

Chapter V

OFF TO WAR

On the morning of April 16, 1861, John Thomas Howe, then 19 years of age, was working in the meadow at Sunnyside when a neighbor stopped by to break the news about the latest war developments. The previous day, the informant related, President Lincoln, due to the action at Fort Sumter on the 12th, had issued a call for 75,000 volunteers to invade the south. This was nothing less than a fighting declaration to all southerners.

Young John promptly put away his farm tools and prepared to leave for the nearest recruiting oenter. The next morning he bade his home folks good-bye and set out for Blacksburg, some 15 miles distant. Arriving there after several hours travel over the dirt road by way of Pepper's Ferry, he applied for enrollment in the 4th Virginia Regiment being mustered into the service for the Confederacy by Colonel James Francis Preston.

Colonel Preston, owner of White Thorn estate near Blacksburg, a graduate of West Point and v,eteran of the war with Mexico, had already been designated for regimental command by higher authority. He had fought with distinction in the Mexican War but had resigned his commission at the time of, or shortly befo:rie, the secession and had resumed_ his status as a prominent farmer and distinguished citizen of that section. He was especially suited, therefore, for the command of a regiment of volunteers, and the town and country boys of that region flocked to his banner at the first call to arms.

John Howe often related how the people of Blacksburg gathered on the streets in excited groups taking leave of their loved ones; the ladies offering them gifts of tobacco pouches, sewing kits, pincushions, needle cases and other knickknacks designed for the prospective soldier. Most of the young ones were shouting and laughing, and some of the older ones were crying. But the boys were happy and gay with the prospect of going out in the world

on their first great adventure. Everyone agreed that it would be a joyous picnic, except perhaps those few older ones who wer,e crying. Of course, the young recruits reasoned, their elders were too old fashioned to really appreciate the worthwhile, adventurous things of life. They would march towards Washington with bands playing and flags waving, have a great parade and demonstration, and then all return home. They were sure that both sides would view the who1e affair in this light and not a shot would be fired, except in celebration of the happy home coming within a few days, or a few weeks at most. What a grand experience was in store for them!

The following day the regiment, or that part recruited in Blacksburg, set out by wagon-train, buggies and four-horse coaches for the railway station at Christiansburg, ten miles away. Here a restless night was spent in waiting for the train. When near daybreak it at last drew up to the depot it was not the expected passenger train but a long string of box cars. Into these the boys crowded with their hand baggage and parcels, good-naturedly shoving for a place near the door as the train slowly pulled out for Richmond. The people in the towns of Salem, Big Lick (now Roanoke) and Lynchburg waved and cheered as they passed through, and they shouted back greetings and words of cheer until their throats were raw and sore.

In writing of this experience, John Howe said, "On arrival in Richmond we were put up that night in the Metropolitan Hotel. The following morning the captain and his lieutenant were busy rounding us up for enrollment when one of the boys bounded up the steps and called out ,excitedly, 'Run out here quick, the general is coming!' We all made a break and all the raving and storming the captain could do was of no avail. The rooms were quickly emptied as we crowded for a place of vantage along the front of the building. There was a hush as he passed by; a tall impressive figure, dressed in magnificent uniform all covered with gold braid. On his head was what looked like a bear skin cap with a cockade on it. Under his arm he carried a gold encrusted general's or field marshal's baton. He was the most stern and important looking personage we had ever seen, and all agreed that he must be the highest ranking general in the Confederate army."

"When the general was out of sight," he continued, "we were finally assembled for enrollment and then marched out to the fair grounds to pitch camp. Here we were quartered in the stables, two to a stall, while being armed, equipped and dressed in new grey uniforms. The next evening after guard mount we had our first

dress parade. They formed us in line, or as near a line as could be formed with green country boys who had never seen anything like this before, with Smith's celebrated band, secured for our regiment, on hand to furnish the music. When the band marched around by our side of the square there was our 'general' at the head of the band, twirling his gold encrusted baton and stepping the highest anyone ever saw to that inspiring music."

It was now Private John Howe of Company E, 4th Virginia Volunteers, who began his training under cadets from the Virginia Military Institute in the rudiments of disciplinary drill. A few weeks of this basic training and the organization was prepared to take the field. In comparison with present day standards this may appear much too short. There was, however, little to master in the art of warfare as it was then taught. The position of a soldier, the salute, the facings, the manual of arms, guard duty and the ceremonies were just ab:mt sufficient training to round out the soldier's preparation for the field.

The guard mounts and dress parades, with Smith's famous band providing the martial music, were the most inspiring features of the training. In addition to the inspirational and disciplinary training, there was some instruction in the nomenclature, loading and firing of the piece and use of the bayonet. The loading and firing drill was tedious and complicated due to the many distinct movements, from the time of drawing the cartridge and nipping off the greased paper end to the final placing of the priming cap and pulling the trigger. When executed by count, as required in training drills, it consisted of fifteen movements; the drill master counting as he gave a command for each separate operation, viz: Handle cartridge! Tear cartridge! (in two movements as the tallowed paper end was torn off with the teeth) Charge cartridg,e! Draw rammer! Prime! (in three motions) and, in addition, there were three counts for cocking, aiming and pressing the trigger. But with a few days practice the men could simulate firing a volley, reload and be ready to fire the next volley, all in double-quick time. And the fifteen steps necessary to arrive at getting off the charge was soon to become as "one-two" in future days of battle.

For bayonet training there were but two movements; how to take the position against an antagonist on foot, and how to alter the position to meet a mounted man. In the latter case the soldier dropped to one knee and placed the butt of the rifle firmly against the ground to absorb the shock of the hors-e. Both movements could be explained in a couple of minutes, after which, additional practice could be had when the enemy was met on the field of battle.

Field maneuvers, range firing and combat practice were all unknown. In short, aside from the disciplinary drills and the few fundamental operations necessary in handling the simple weapons of combat, there was little else to be learned about the life of a soldier except to march and shoot, and these were to be learned the hard way - in personal contact with the enemy.

THE EARLY CAMPAIGNS - WITH THE STONEWALL BRIGADE

This contact was now sought as the regiment was dispatched north by train under sealed orders; first to Manassas Junction where a transfer was made, and thence west to Strasburg. Here a long wagon train awaited. With a gleeful shout of pleasure at this preparation for their continued journey northward, the green country boys rushed pell-mell for the wagon train, clambering aboard and making themselves comfortable in choice seats in the wagon beds. Their anticipated pleasure, however, was to be short lived. They were promptly driven off the wagons by impatient officers who formed them on the roadside, counted off details, and under non-commissioned offioers proceeded to load the wagon train with rations, ammunition and other implements of war. This task completed, the troops reformed and set out on their first march down the Valley of Virginia.

"That eighteen miles from Strasburg to Winchester," remarked Captain Howe years later, "was to be the beginning of the years of marching up and down the Valley that earned for us the nicknam,e of 'Jackson's Foot Cavalry.'"

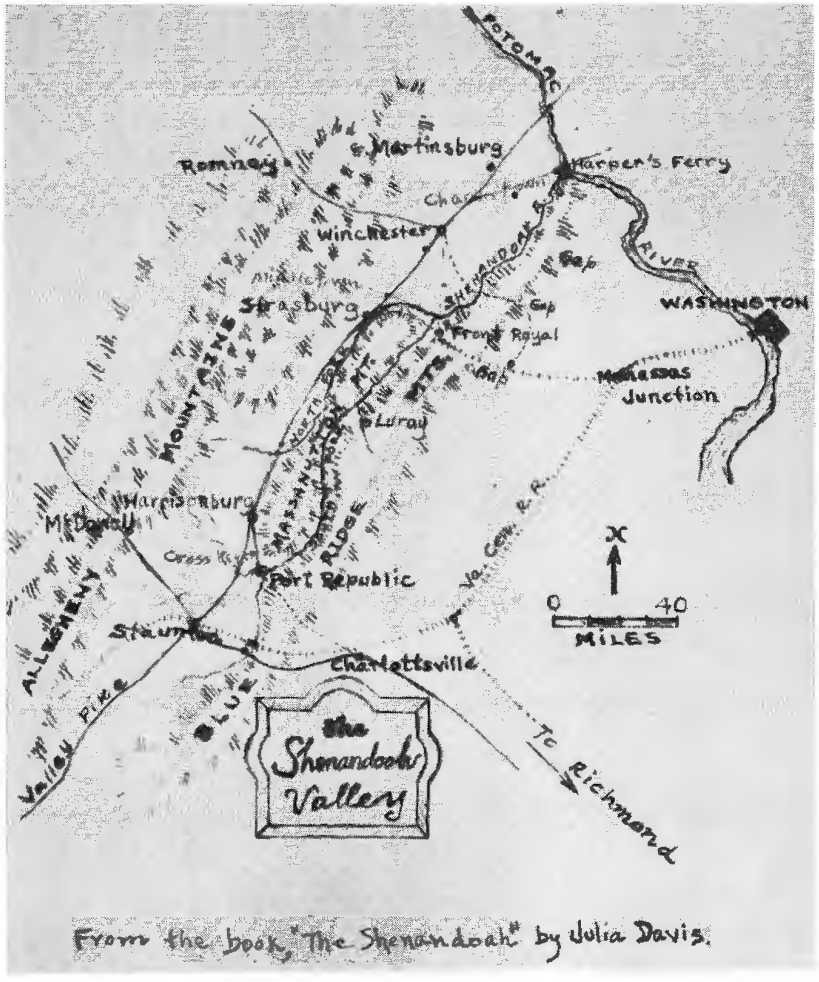
At Winchester the regiment again entrained, this time for Harper's Ferry, the final destination. It was now learned that the objective of the several days of train riding and marching was for the purpose of seizing the arsenal and stores at this stategically located town. This was done promptly, and with very little resistance on the part of the small Federal garrison stationed there at this early stage of the war.

After a few weeks at Harper's Ferry, with the ever present threat of the arrival of strong Union forces from Washington, the troops were ordered to withdraw up the Valley to the vicinity of Winchester. This advanced position had become untenable, and also the movement further to the rear was partially dictated by the fact that the bulk of the Union army was now concentrating at Manassas Junction and the Confederates were not to be outflanked or drawn into a trap by allowing such a grouping of enemy forces this far in their r,ear.

To the care-free farm boys of Virginia the Harper's Ferry

campaign had been a great success. It had convinced the Yankees that they meant business, and now that they saw the light the war would soon be over. With such thoughts in mind the fair month of May was turned into a period of gaiety for the soldier boys camped about the Valley town of Winchester. There was martial music by the r,egimental bands, lawn parties, dancing, and the scent of apple blossoms filled the air. If this be war give us more of it, was the thought that ran through the minds of the hundreds of young men in grey who drilled and paraded with their regiments, and in between times frolicked about the town with the girls.

This lightness of heart, however, was not shared by the commanding general of the brigade, of which the Blacksburg regiment had recently been made a part. General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, already known as Old Jack to the rank and file under him, went about his military duties with a visage as cold and stern as the West Virginia section of the Alleghenies from whence he came. After graduation from the United States Military Academy at West Point Lieutenant Jackson had early gone through his baptism of fire in the Mexican War. After some years of garrison duty he had accepted the post of professor of mathematics and military tactics at the Virginia Military Institute, and was engaged in this pleasant pursuit at the time of the secession. When Major Jackson on the outbreak of war placed himself at the service of his native land (Virginia) he was ordered with a selected cadre of his cadets to take over the military training and instruction of the green young recruits then flowing into Richmond to join the colors. While at Harper's Ferry Colonel Jackson of the Virginia Volunteers was promoted to brigadier general and placed in command of the First Provisional Brigade. Old Jack was soon recognized by those under him as a stern disciplinarian and a man of unsual and outstanding character. He early impressed his men with his firmness and promptness of action, as a man with keen, analytical mind, strength of character and great physical endurance, and one possessing a Christian sense of duty so strong that no obstacle could deviate him from the course of action he knew to be sound and just. When a task confronted him he threw his whole mind and energy into the accomplishment of it. When he marched on an objective he recognized the vital importance of arriving promptly and striking hard ond fast. Or, if the enemy was not yet on hand, he saw the great advantage to be gained by being able to select a favorable position and not be forced into an unfavorable one by a more alert enemy. He drove his men to the limit of endurance at all times, whic he felt was necessary in order to meet the high standard of achieve-



From the book, "The Shenandoah" by Julia Davis.

ment he constantly set for his command. But he was a keen observer of human natur,e, as well as human endurance, and recognized the limits to which a soldier could go and still be able to give his all when the final test of battle came. The men early learned that this drive and firmness of purpose was the key to Old Jack's brilliant successes. They acquired abiding faith in his plans and decisions and appeared to relish the hardships he shared equally with them.

By early July the rumors we!'e flying thick and fast throughout the army camp at Winchester concerning the tense military situation across the mountains to the east at Manassas Junction. General Beauregard, the highly ,esteemed Confederate commander, faced a strong Union army along Bull Run under General McDowell, and reports were rife that the battle which each side expected to end the conflict was about to be joined. On July 17th orders were !'eceived directing the brigade to move out early on the morning of the 18th and join General Beauregard at Manassas Junction. All troops at Winchester, less the sick and wounded, were to march across the mountain, crossing at Ashby's Gap 20 miles to the southeast, and thence some 10 miles further to Piedmont (now Delaplane), where trains would be waiting to carry the troops on 35 miles eastward to Manassas Junction. Arrival there must be made at the earliest possible hour in order to insure success in the impending engagement.

For the boys of Colonel Preston's 4th Virginia Volunteers the season of gaiety around Winchester was at an end. The morning of July 18th the tramp of boots on the cobblestone streets could be heard long beforie daylight as company after company swung into line and headed eastward towards the crossing of the Shenandoah and the low gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains that could be seen on the horizon some mi1es beyond. Darkness that hot summer day found the long, dusty grey line of weary men still on the go, now toiling up the slopes of the Blue Ridge with no indication that a halt for a bivouac was in prospect. Old Jack accomplished his astonishing feats of forced marching not so much by increased speed of foot as by keeping everlastingly at it. It was tramp, tramp, tramp for sixteen or eighteen hours a day with only short ten minute rest periods ,every hour; and then on and on to almost complete exhaustion before a final halt was made for the few remaining hours of the night.

They crossed the Shenandoah at twilight and it was near the midnight hour when the last of the regiment passed over Ashby's Gap and came to rest for the night in an oak grove on the lower

edge of the village of Paris. There was no thought of pitching shelter tents. The exhausted men unfastened equipment, stacked arms and dropped to the ground and fell asleep on their packs without further ceremony. When a staff officer noticed that guard had not been mounted and reported this to General Jackson and asked if he should arouse a detail of men for guard duty, it is said that General Jackson replied, "Let the poor fellows sleep. I will watch over the camp myself."

The general, himself, took his brief period of sleep on the front porch of the house that stands at the junction of the road near the lower end of the village. He removed only his boots and campaign hat, and with folded poncho for a head rest lay down on the bare boards in view of the bivouac across the road. The occupant, aroused by the arrival of the troops and noting the general's presence at the side of the road nearby, suggested he occupy a bed in his home for the night. General Jackson graciously refused. In the field he preferred, and insisted, on sharing the outdoor life with his men.

The old house still stands today, at the junction of the road leading to Delaplane (then Piedmont). The present owner, if asked of the historical incident will point with pride to the very spot near the end of the open porch where General Jackson spent the night preceding the Battle of Manassas - the battle that was to mark the beginning of his fame.

It is a matter of history how General Jackson arrived with his brigade at Manassas Junction on the eve of the battle and on the crucial hour of July 21, 1861, played a major role in the brilliant victory of the eventful day. It was one of the most sensational victories that ever fell to troops on American soil.

At the height of the battle, when the outcome was still in doubt, the 4th Virginia Volunteers commanded by Colonel James Francis Preston, held a key position in the line and stood firm against the brunt of the Union attack. It was this phase of the action that inspired General Bee, on seeing General Jackson standing coolly surveying with satisfaction the action of the 4th Virginia, to exclaim, "There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians!" A new name was won for General Jackson and his brigade at Manassas. With this spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm General Bee coined a phrase and a nickname that was to become one of the most famous and lasting in the nation's history.

But young John Howe was not present on the battlefield of Bull Run that 21st day of July. Afterwards, in explaining why he

missed their first great victory, he said, "The day we marched into Winchester I was terribly sick. For a time I thought it was a minor upset due to the hard march from Harper's Ferry and too much cold water while over-heated. I hoped to shake it off so kept doggedly on. Later in the morning, however, I found I could hardly put one foot before the other, and the company commander observing my condition told me to get in one of the supply wagons and ride until we made camp that evening. The next morning I had to go on sick call for the first time in my army service. On finding my temperature was considerably above the hundred mark the medical officer questioned me more closely about the childhood diseases I had had and ended the examination with the curt remark, 'It looks like a case of the measles ... the hospital is the place for you..... ' I later developed tonsillitis also and the two ailments kept me in the hospital for s,everal weeks."

"There was lots of excitement among the patients," he continued, "when the troops started moving out for Manassas Junction. The last unit had hardly departed when word came that the sick and wounded would soon be evacuated. On the day of the battle I was in an ambulance moving along the road from Strasburg when there came the first rumble from the booming guns in the distance, telling us the big battle was now in progress at Manassas Junction.''

The great Confederate victory at Manassas offered a chance for the complete destruction of General McDowell's army and a final march on the National Capitol. However, more thought and ,energy was given to celebrating the immediate fruits of victory than the ultimate long range advantages offered by more prompt and diligent action. There were days of delay for collecting the bountiful quantities of rations, arms and equipment left behind on the battlefield by the fleeing Yankees, for orientation and reorganization, and then just indecision and procrastination until days had lengthened into weeks and the golden opportunity had slipped away.

By the time Private John Howe had fully recovered and was back for duty with his organization in the Manassas area all thoughts of a headlong dash into Washington had vanished. But General Jackson - now more oft,en called "Stonewall" - did not relax in the slightest. He insisted that his brigade be kept in a state of readiness for any eventuality. There were long days of drilling, marching and cleaning chores; and then watchful waiting, with equipment kept in shape and a full supply of ammunition on hand in anticipation of any orders that might send them surging north-

ward. The weeks stretched into months, with only raids and sorties towards the Potomac but the orders to advance in force and take Washington never came.

In late October Stonewall Jackson was promoted to major general and given command of the Shenandoah District with headquarters again in Winchester. A short time later General Joseph E. Johnston, the supreme commander of the Confederate forces in the field, faced by the newly appointed General McClellan's reorganized Union army and the threat his movements towards the unprotected eastern peninsula offered to the Southern Capitol, decided to ,evacuate Manassas Junction and fall back on stronger positions near Richmond. This now left General Jackson with his small army of 4600 isolated in the distant Valley, unsupported and responsible for the protection of a vast area that was of critical importance to the Southern cause.

By now the rank and file of the Stonewall Brigade who had formerly looked upon their hard driving commander as somewhat of an eccentric, and at times down right crazy, began to regard him with :rieverent awe. To them Old Jack with his piercing blue eyes and flowing black beard was Old Man Mars in person. Even down to the buck privates it became the fashion to grow a full beard, whether in imitation or for lack of soap and razor. In any event, young John Howe already boasted a black beard that came to his uniform collar, although he was just turning 20 at this time. Such faith was there in the infallibility and courage of Old Stonewall that all ranks evidenced a desire to emulate him and to follow him, to hell if need be, come what may. Little did they know how close they were to tread to regions as hot, figuratively speaking, in the eventful months to come.

There were few developments in the Winchester area during the latter part of the year but early in 1862 General Jackson found himself facing formidable opposition. At this time General Freemont was hovering on his left flank, at Romney, across the first mountain range to the west, with 12,000 men, and General Banks 2nd General Shields waited at the Potomac, to the northeast, with an Army numbering about 37,000. In the face of this preponderant opposition, General Jackson was charged with protecting the Valley and preventing General Banks from joining McClellan in front of Richmond. It was a most difficult task. To General Banks it must have appeared that Old Jack was already securely corralled; set for the kill like a fox neatly penned in a trap. However, Jackson was soon to display all the cunning of a fox plus the offensive spirit of a mountain lion. The wizardry with which Stonewall Jackson

performed the difficult task assigned him constitutes one of the most brilli2.nt pages of military history.

In early March, the worst of the snow storms and wintry blasts having passed, General Jackson order,ed his army to move southward. No one questioned the reason why, but the Union forces were growing stronger and more threatening and it was apparent that Stonewall Jackson, after due deliberation had decided that the move was his logical course of action at this time. It was evident from the serious preparations being made that something of vital moment was in the offing. With his movements effectively screened by the energetic young cavalry officer, General Turner Ashby, he now started on the series of maneuvers and accompanying brilliant victories that were to make his name immortal.

Jackson's Valley campaigns have become a classic in the art of war. Text books have been written on these campaigns for use in military schools, and military men throughout the world have studied the Valley campaigns of Stonewall Jackson for their perfection in each of the vital principles of war, such as; the element of surprise, economy of force, supply, mobility, hardihood and endurance, security, secrecy, concealment, cooperation and offensive action. Under extreme adverse conditions of warfare courage and hard work alone are not enough. When always outnumbered three or four to one, and against an enemy backed by unlimited resources of manpower, food, guns and ammunition, it r,equires a stout heart and the brain of a genius to carry on and attain one great victory after another. Little wonder the question of how and why this was accomplished is so worthy of study.

John Thomas Howe was to follow the Stonewall Brigade through this series of military operations from the first retreat out of Winchester, back to the battle of Kernstown, the pursuit and counter pursuit of Banks with the outwitting and defeat in turn of Freemont, Milroy and Shields, at the battles of McDowell, Front Royal, Second Winchester, Cross Keys and Port Republic; and later to go on to larger, though no more sanguinary, battlegrounds. It is not within the scope of this work to recount the complete story of each of these engagements; it is suffici,ent to touch on the high points that stood out most vividly in the memory of one who participated in them.

From early March through April, May and June the Stonewall Brigade was on the go up and down the Valley, dodging first across one gap in the mountains and then back through another; appearing suddenly on one front, and after a devastating blow silently slipping away in the night to appear again just as unexpectedly on

another battle front many miles distant. They subsisted on scanty rations, except when a Union field train was the prize. When the nights were cold a brush pile in the woods was their bed. At other times when a forced march was in progress they slept on their packs beside the road or in the open field, never taking time to unroll blankets. But with all the deprivations and hardships they were to keep the Union army of the Valley under General Banks completely bewildered as they struck one telling blow after another in the months to come.

It was on March 12th that Jackson started his move southward from Winchester, leaving his cavalry commander, Turner Ashby, to screen the movement and greet any of Bank's troops that might venture into the town. They marched 40 miles south to the neighborhood of Mount Jackson, and then came a courier from Ashby that halted further withdrawal. The message was to the effect that General Banks had pulled back with his main force and was preparing to join McClellan on the Richmond front, and that General Shields had been left with 11,000 men to hold Winchester. This was all Old Jack wanted to know. He ordered a counter march at once, and with two days of forced marching, on March 23rd, came upon General Shields unexpectedly at Kernstown, a village four miles south of Winchester, and attacked him with such fury that General Banks had to recall his columns from the march on Richmond and return to extricate Shields, and again take up the arduous task of pursuing Jackson.

In the face of superior numbers Jackson again withdrew south to Harrisonburg where he camped under cover of the woods during the early part of April. During this time the Old Fox was planning, and his troops were on the alert, scouting and patrolling, while Ashby's cavalry retained a screen across the Valley and made long distant forays into enemy territory for information regarding the strength and movement of the Union forces. So effectively did General Ashby perform his duties that Banks repeatedly reported to Washington, "There's nothing left in the Valley except some Rebel cavalry."

With Freemont still across the mountains to the west, General Banks strung out between Harisonburg and Strasburg to his north, and Shields at Front Royal to the east of the Valley, Stonewall Jackson, on April 30th, marched out for Port Republic and on through Brown's Gap beyond as though he intended to flee from the Valley. Instead, after disappearing through the gap in the Blue Ridge he marched his command directly south to the Virginia Central Railway line and entrained for Staunton. It must have

entailed considerable planning and staff work to arrange for such prompt dispatch of railroad transportation for a large body of troops then at distant -points in the field, but so s,ecretive were these plans made that the entire command was aboard and had reversed its field for a return to the Valley without anyone realizing what had ta en place.

Jackson detrained at Staunton and marched west into the Alleghenies. On May 8th, 25 miles west of Staunton, he made a surprise attack on General Milroy, one of Freemont's generals, at the mountain town of McDowell. The woods were soon aflame from the fury of the rifle fire. For three days the Stonewall Brigade pursued the disorganized Yankees through the wooded mountains. When Sunday came Jackson ended the pursuit and celebrated the victory with a long day of worship.

Stonewall Jackson was back in the Valley on May 20th to join forces with General Ewell at Harrisonburg, and at daybreak next morning they marched north 17,000 strong. To the troops it appeared that it was to be a return to Winchester. It was not long, however, before the general had turned the grey column to the east to disappear behind the Massanutten Mountain, and thenc,e northward to Front Royal. Again it was proved that Stonewall .Jackson's intentions were never known, even to those close around him, until he was r,eady to bear down on his final objective.

At Front Royal Jackson's hard marching veterans, on May 23rd, took Shields unexpectedly in the rear and put him to rout. Large quantities of rations, guns, ammunition and other military equipment were taken from the f1eeing Yankees.

That night of May 23rd-24th Stonewall Jackson prayed and planned. General Banks was known to be at Strasburg, a town 12 miles to the west on the Valley pike, towards which the remnants of Shields beaten command had fled. Jackson's problem now was how to dispose his troops so that he might, first, destroy Banks at Strasburg, if he stayed there; or secondly, block any attempt by Banks to slip out of Strasburg; or thirdly, strike in force his columns if he marched on Winchester (and which appeared to be his logical move); and fourthly, to move rapidly and overwhelm Banks at Winchester, if he succeeded in reaching there. Jackson's decision was to dispose his command so that he would both intercept Banks and move on Winchester at the same time. To accomplish this plan one column, headed by Ashby's cavalry, was to move out along the Front Royal-Strasburg road, turn right at the first junction and cut across to Middletown, fiv,e miles north of Strasburg, in the expectation that this column would intercept Banks on the march.

In the meanwhile, a column under General Ewell would march by way of Cedarville over the road that led dir,ectly north to Winchester.

Early the morning of the 24th the advance started. The left column had not advanced far before Ashby's cavalry reported back that Banks was alDeady on the move out of Strasburg going north on the Winchester pike. This was good news to Old Jack for he knew how much better it was to be able to hit him on the move rather than allow him to get into prepared positions. With an exultant g1eam of combat in his eyes, Jackson's only comment was, "Press on, men - press on!"

Their great leader's fever for combat was contagious, and they did press on with renewed vigor. Emerging on the Winchester pike at Middletown, they came upon a clattering, dust-shrouded column of rapidly moving detachments of field artillery, wagon trains and escort, forming a part of Bank's 11etreating army. They were headed down the Valley apparently oblivious to any danger. Bugles sounded the attack and Jackson's advanced detachment swung into action. Immediately after the first burst of shells and volley of rifle fire the road was a mass of struggling and dying horses and riders. Several hundred Federal troops were hopelessly trapped with their artillery and field trains, and blinded by the dust, smoke and flying debris. Those who could untangle themselves fled in every direction. Bank's column for several hundred yards was cut to pieces but the major portion of his command was already far along the pike on the way to Winchester. The Rebels took up the chase but soon ran into much stronger resistance and the advance settled down into a tedious, plodding hit and run fight.

Throughout that day and into the night it was a terrible march. There were hot exchanges with the enemy with every road turn. Step by step the weary veterans in grey moved along, halting to take cover and fire, and again moving cautiously forward to the next point of resistance. Through the darkness would come rifle fire from every stone fence and clump of trees. Driven out, the Union troops would steal away to the next obstruction and Desume their harassing tactics. It was near the midnight hour when one of the regimental commanders reported to General Jackson. "Sir, my men are falling beside the roadside from sheer exhaustion and loss of sleep. Unless rested we will be useless for the main fight in the morning."

Jackson replied, "Colonel, I yield to no man in my sympathy for these gallant men, but I am obliged to sweat them tonight that I may save their blood tomorrow. The line of hills southwest of

Winchester must not be occupied by Banks tonight. My own troops must be there before daylight." Then after a pause, he added, "You shall, however, have two hours rest."

At four o'clock in the morning Jackson had word passed through the ranks that the men should be aroused for the resumption of the advance on Winchester. A short time later he was informed by courier that Ewell was coming up on the right. By the time day had broken on May 25th the troops of Stonewall Jackson were on the crest of the ridge, in the positions he had held uppermost in his mind the past twenty-four hours. General Bank's harassed infantry had been denied the high ground and now had to fight from unfavorable positions. As General Ewell advanced on the right during the daylight hours and poured a hot fire into Bank's left flank his positions became untenable. Slowly the Yankees fell back until it became a hand to hand fight through the streets of the town. On beyond Winchester they drove the now demoralized Union troops, until after some miles north of the suburbs the drive began to die a natural death on account of extreme fatigue. About five miles beyond the town the leg-weary Confederate veterans found it was not humanly possible to go a step further. They sent out messages for cavalry help, and when none came some of the more determined endeavoDed to put the artillery horses to use. But the-animals were as exhausted as the men, if not more so, and so could not be induced to budge. The battle was over. There was nothing to do but Deturn and gather up the spoils, and after that let the worn out troops have their long deserved rest.

Old Jack was bitterly disappointed when he found out his troops were incapable of continuing the uninterrupted pursuit of Bank's beaten army. However, he was quick to realize that it was impossible to go further for the moment. But it was Sunday and a most appropriate day for Jackson to issue orders of thanks to all arms for their sacrifices and direct that religious services be held throughout the command in appreciation to God for his favors of the past three days and pray for his continued guidance.

The rest in Winchester was brief for General Jackson had uppermost in mind General Lee's standing orders, "To press the enemy towards the Potomac." On the following day he directed the cavalry to push on, and the infantry columns were soon following in the wake of the fast stepping horsemen. For the next three days the Yankees were vigorously pursued, and when no more of the blue-coats could be found, demonstrations were made against Martinsburg, Charlestown, and even as far as Harper's Ferry. In

short, the enemy was driven completely to, and not merely towards, the Potomac.

But unknown to General Jackson at this time strong Union forces were gathering back in the Valley under General McDowell. On May 30th a report was given to him by scouts from Winchester that General Shields, moving to join McDowell, was at Front Royal, and that McDowell himself was marching on Berryville, a town about ten miles east of Winchester. Freemont was moving also with the probable intentions of making a junction with McDowell somewhere up the Valley, possibly at Strasburg. If Freemont came from the Alleghenies to join Shields the two could block his passage through the area from Front Royal west, while Banks closed in on his rear. Jackson could see that he had a long stretch of about 45 miles to march to r,each Strasburg, while Shields had only 12 miles to go. On the face of it the odds looked to be impossible. But Stonewall Jackson had done the impossible before and he believed that his veterans had the ability to pass Strasburg before the Yankees could close in. Or, at least, before they could converge on that point in such force as to successfully oppose his passage.

At Charlestown at this time Jackson pondered the s,erious situation. He was fully aware of the grave danger confronting him and realized there was nothing to do now except hurry back up the Valley before the trap was closed. His decision was quickly made and orders issued. It was not long before troops were being alerted on all sides and were in formation. Wagon trains were loaded and soon on the move. The retreat up the Valley was underway.

At this hour the Stonewall Brigade, having gone considerably ahead of other units in the advance towards the Potomac, was making its way leisurely back from Harper's Ferry. A courier was rushed to the brigade forthwith informing the commander of the perilous situation and urging him to march as he had never marched before in order to avoid at all costs being cut off from the main body. If this appeared imminent he was advised to take to the mountains and escape in small groups. General Jackson felt that should his army be cut in two the Southern cause itself might fall as the result. Should he escape the trap, however, it would be on to Richmond later to share in the defeat of McClellan.

After a grueling all day's march, on the late evening of June 1st, up the road to Winchester came the Stonewall Brigade. The weary men were all but staggering from the heat and fatigue of their long march, for they had covered 36 miles since daylight. But the brigade was intact and had had no interruption from the Yan-

kee raiders. They were just in time, however, for Freemont was now only a stone's throw to the west. The grim veterans never slackened their pace, and with Ashby's cavalry ranging to their rear and flanks they felt able to take care of any emergency. To the great relief of General Jackson his army had escaped the jaws of the trap and was safe. Later in a letter to his wife, of this critical hour, he said, "The Yankee hordes thought they had me but God has been our guide and saved us from their trap."

Stonewall Jackson's army now intact kept on and on, burning bridges behind them and obstructing the line of march in every way possible. Banks closely followed along the Winchester pike, using his pontoons whenever necessary to cross swollen streams. General Freemont all the while was rapidly closing in from the region of the Alleghenies. The advance guard and far ranging cavalry of both Banks and Fr,eemont gave battle whenever opportunity offered.

It was now June 6th and nearing the end of another arduous day's march, harassed continually by the persistent Federal troops. The 4th Virginia had formed the rear guard since the march started at daylight and had given intermittent battle to the pursuing Yankees throughout the day. Ashby's cavalry had appeared on the scene from time to time to give relief to the hard pressed infantry. The rear guard was on the road between Harrisonburg and Port Republic when John Howe saw the fearless cavalry commander, General Turner Ashby, gallop by at the head of his command to repel another attack that had been suddenly launched by the Yankees against the rear guard. There was rapid firing as the clash developed in the edge of a patch of woods bordering a wheat field, a few hundred yards to the right rear. A short time later a trooper was seen leading a riderless horse from the scene of the firing. The once spirited animal's white coat was dirt streaked and flecked with blood, its head drooped and it walked with difficulty. The horse and rider had both gone down under a blast of fire from the Union advance guard making up the attacking force. When the white charger was shot from under him, General Ashby jumped up and ran forward, waving his cavalry saber and calling to his men to follow him. But the gallant officer did not run far. A bullet had gone through his chest near the heart. After a few steps towards the enemy he stumbled and fell into the arms of a comrade.

Later they again saw the white horse str,etched out on the ground dead, its tail and mane almost clipped off by the saddened troopers who wanted a keepsake of their beloved commander. The dauntless Turner Ashby had repelled the attack and he paid for

his heroic charge with his life. But Jackson's army of the Valley was now safe.

Two days later General Jackson camped across the river from Port Republic. The situation was still precarious for Shields was on his way south along the Luray Valley and Frnemont was approaching along the main Valley of the Shenandoah. There was no longer any opportunity for Old Jack to disappear around the Massanutten Mountain. The remaining means of safety was to prev,ent a junction of the Union armies, and this could be done only by offensive action. Jackson therewith ordered Ewell to turn back on Cross Keys, about four miles west, and deal with Freemont there, while he crossed the river and drove Shields from Port Republic. Jackson waited until the sounds of cannonading indicated that General Ewell had opened his attack on Freemont. By two o'clock in the morning, when he found that Ewell had repulsed the Union forces at Cross Keys, he was ready to move across the river. Old Jack found Shields a much tougher opponent than was expected, and for some time the issue was in doubt. However, the Federals finally began to give ground when Jackson threw in his reserves, and a couple of hours later the Yankees were in retreat from the field, after one of the sharpest and bloodiest battles of the entire campaign.

Thus Stonewall Jackson successfully dealt with the two armies that for days had given him some of the most trying moments of his life. With his trains safely beyond Brown's Gap he could now move his army of the Valley on over the Blue Ridge to Charlottesville and form a junction with Lee at Richmond.

In the past two months, with an army that never exceeded 17,000 men, Stonewall Jackson had defeated the armies of Shields, Freemont, McDowell and Banks, one after another. His troops had marched about 400 miles up and down the Valley and time and again, when the situation demanded super-human effort, had broken all records for daily distances covered in forced marching. He had fought five major battles and almost daily skirmishes, and captured upwards of 4000 prisoners and enormous quantities of rations, arms, ammunition and military stores of all sorts. His deeds sent one thrill aft,er another throughout the Southland and kindled fresh hope in the hearts of millions. Finally, while accomplishing these brilliant successes he had held the large army of General McClellan virtually immobilized before Richmond. Truly never has a military commander in history accomplished so much with so little.

General Lee had earlier written instructions for Stonewall

Jackson to prepare, when practicable, to bring his army to Richmond. At this stage of his Valley campaign, considering his mission accomplished as far as practicable and his present position in respect to Freemont and Shields now favorable, Jackson concluded that the time to reinforce General Lee was at hand. His movements shrouded in secrecy he set out by train for Richmond to discuss the move in person at Lee's headquarters and arrange the details of the disposition of his troops on that front. During his several days absence the troops camped on the mountainside and enjoyed their first prolonged rest in many weeks.

The restful sojourn was interrupted a few days later when Jackson gave the word for the trek out of the hills to Charlottesville. Here the organizations entrained for the meeting with General Lee's army on the Richmond front. The stage was now rapidly being set for greater adventures to come.

The veterans of Company E, now proudly calling themselves the "Montgomery Highlanders", the many weeks of danger and hardships a thing of the past, were in a joyous mood. Little did they think, nor care, of the hard campaigns yet to come. John Thomas Howe, who had progressed through the ranks of his company from private to non-commissioned officer and lieutenant, was soon to begin one of his most trying and memorable phases of the war, a series of battles that was to lead from the Chickahominy, abov,e Richmond, southeastward to the lower James. Here he was to go from one desperate see-saw engagement to another, the series of indecisive and bloody conflicts to be known as the Seven Days Batt1es before Richmond. There followed in order: Mechanicsville, Gaines Mill, Savage Station, White Oak Swamps, and finally Malvern Hill, on July 1, 1862. At the end of the seven days of grueling fighting McClellan was foroed to withdraw his battered army from the field of battle, and under the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing, seek safety down the James River.

Early in July Lee learned that a new Union offensive was underway in northern Virginia. General Pope, fresh from the western theatre of war, had taken command and was then in Culpeper doing much damage throughout the countryside. Jackson was ordered to march without delay to the northwest. His command moved out next day, July 14th, through Ashland to Gordonsville. After a concentration here Jackson was to make contact with Pope near the Rapidan.

General Pope on arrival in Virginia had taken over the command with an outburst of oratory to the troops about his accomplishments in the west. He was reported to have boastfully said, in

concluding his introductory address, "My headquarters are in the saddle." When Stonewall Jackson heard of this he was said to have smiled grimly as he declared, "I can whip any man who doesn't know his headquarters from his hindquarters."

The first contact with the enemy came at Cedar Run (or Slaughter Mountain), south of the Rapidan, on August 9th. After a hard fought battle the Federals were forced to retirie across the river and Jackson's troops rested on their arms while burying the dead and collecting the spoils of battle. McCliellan was now leaving his base on the James and moving up the Potomac to reinforce Pope; and Lee, acting with characteristic daring, dangerously depleted his command to reinforce Jackson. He later departed for Gordonsville himself to assume command of the combined forces for the eventual attack on Pope's army. The Union commander took alarm and moved north towards the Rappahannock, and when General Lee learned that Pope was being reinforced by troops of General Burnside he determined to attack immediately before the Federals became too strong. In accordance with the plan of maneuver Jackson was to avoid a crossing here and make a screened movement westward up the stream, then turn northward to the western slopes of the Bull Run Mountains. On arrival back of this screen he would turn directly east, crossing the range at Thoroughfare Gap and strie Pope's line of communications along the railroad at Manassas Junction, at the same time placing himself between the Union forces and Washington. It would require a forced march of almost 30 miles a day for two consecutive days, a most unusual task for any except the most seasoned troops. It was a bold plan requiring a feat of marching and precise execution that could only be entrusted to a commander of Jackson's known ability. The skill and determination with which the mission was carried out was to lead to the defeat of Pope at the Second Battle of Manassas.

Of this battle Captain Howe in later life recounted how in reaching the battlefield they made one of the hardest marches of their army career, a distance of 54 miles in two days. This was done on scanty rations, mainly food taken from cornfields along the way. As was customary on forced marches, the troops were allowed to rest on their arms ten minutes every hour on the hour and were bivouacked near the road for only a few hours of sleep nightly. Many of the men were complet,ely barefooted and others were near that state. "But we made it," said Captain Howe, and on arrival at the railroad junction about sundown were well paid for our extra exertions. There we found piled up in boxes and crates great quan-

tities of military stores of all kinds, including shoes and clothing, coffee, sugar, molasses, whiskey, fine wines and brandies and other luxuries. On this bountiful windfall we quickly fell too and soon made up for our many past days of near-starvation."

Before dawn next day, after some preliminary engagements by advanced elements with scattered Yankee forces, Jackson's main body was thrown into position along a ridge and was soon heavily engaged in battle. Later in the day, when battle casualties and fatigue had greatly depleted their ranks, Company H of the 4th Virginia found itself holding a key section of the railroad line. Here with ammunition gone the men doggedly held their ground by using stones from the railroad bed to beat off the oncoming Yankees.

At the end of the day's fighting Stonewall Jackson appeared on this part of the battlefield, riding slowly among the troops. He stopped repeatedly to talk to wounded soldiers and to offer words of praise and encouragement. One badly wounded young soldier found along the railroad embankment claimed his special attention. General Jackson dismounted and went to him to inquire of his wounds and while offering words of sympathy ask with what regiment he had fought that day."

"The Fourth Virginia, General, your old brigade," he proudly r,eplied. "This is the fourth time I've been wounded and it is the worst, but I hope I'll soon be able to follow you again."

General Jackson was touched by the young soldier's suffering and his courage in face of the hardships and dangers he had recently undergone, and he gave orders for immediate care by a medical officer. A member of his staff was instructed to have an ambulance report for his use. He laid his hand on the wounded boy's head as he said, "You are worthy of the Old Brigade, and I hope with God's blessing you will soon be able to return to us again."

This young soldier's courage and high morale well exemplified the spirit of the farm boys of Montgomery and Pulaski Counties who largely made up the rank and file of the 4th Virginia Volunteers.

Following the defeat of Pope at Manassas General Lee was faced with a difficult decision. The Union forces in northern Virginia had been weak,ened and pretty well disorganized. The question now was how to take advantage of this favorable situation before the enemy could strengthen his position by fresh troops, supplies and equipment that were surely to pour in from Washington in due time. There were several lines of action open to him.

The easiest course would be to retire to a strong defensive position around Richmond. But this was the time for maneuver in open country and Lee realized that advantage must be taken of the opportunity. He could march ,eastward but this would bring him under the guns of the Federal capitol, which was not desirable under present circumstances. A move to the west would place his army in the Shenandoah VaUey, and this would isolate his command in a restricted area where forage and supplies, among his greatest needs at this time, were exceedingly scarce. His area of maneuver must be in territory where the poorly equipped and supplied Confederate army could find unlimited quantities of forage and subsistence, as well as the advantages of suitable terrain for operations against a superior force.

After estimating the several courses of action open to him, it appearied that an advance northward across the Potomac into Maryland was, by elimination, the only logical course left to follow. Such a move offered advantages both strategical and political. The enemy would be drawn away from his Washington defenses and with Maryland occupied, Virginia would be freed of the invaders. From the political standpoint it might furnish the necessary spark to set off a burst of enthusiasm for joining the Southern cause, and bring thousands of young men flocking to the Confederate colors.

There were heavy risks involved in a campaign far into enemy territory but the great advantages to be gained appeared well worth the expected hazards, and so on September 3rd, General Lee having received the approval of President Davis for a march into Maryland, set his army in motion towards the Potomac. His plan was to divert a part of his command to take Harper's Ferry and gain control of the lower end of the Valley. This would secure his line of communications back into Virginia by way of the Shenandoah. His main force would in the meanwhile cross the Potomac at one of the fords near Harper's Ferry and branch out in two columns towards Frederick and Hagerstown. It was presumed that plenty of time was available for sizing up the country and gathering subsistence for the men and forage for the animals before any appreciable Federal force would appear near enough to the scene to cause a concentration for battle.

It was on September 6th that the leading columns forded the Potomac and marched up the northern bank with bands playing "Maryland, My Maryland." The excitement was at fever pitch among the natives but fow, if any, rushed forward to join the stars and bars now waving over their land for the first time. General Lee pushed ahead with the right column and established his head-

quarters near Fr,ederick.

General McClellan, whom Lee expected to react to the invasion with his usual deliberate caution, for this once failed to follow his old standard pattern of action. He accepted the challenge without delay and bitter fighting soon broke out in the mountain passes along South Mountain, the range running generally northeast between Frederick and Hagerstown. General Lee, finding himself badly outnumbered and his command in danger of being cut in two, had to recall his scattered forces and regroup west across Antietam Crieek. Here, on the morning of September 15th, he formed a new line of battle along the hills to the east of the small town of Sharpsburg. The new defense line, facing Antiretam Creek and with the bends of the Potomac to his west and south, while the most favorable at hand, was not exactly the ground he would have deliberately chosen to meet McClellan in a decisive open combat. But it was a position that must be tak;en hastily due to the vigorous action of the past twenty-four hours on the part of the Union commander.

At this hour came the first good news of the campaign. A message from Stonewall Jackson, drafted in his personal handwriting, told of the surrender of the Federal garrison at Harper's Ferry. Jackson was sent a congratulatory reply and instucted to leave a suitable holding force and proceed to Sharpsburg without delay.

September the 16th was for General Lee a day marked by anxiety, waiting and feverish preparations for defense againt McClellan's vastly superior force now emerging from the mountain passes beyond Antietam Creek and taking carefully selected positions for the attack that was expected momentarily. He waited in great anxiety over the possible timely arrival of his widely separated brigades and divisions and the disposal of them in time to meet this Yankee onslaught which was frought with such grave possibilities.

Late that evening Jackson and Walker rode up to Lee's headquarters in Sharpsburg to announoe that their hard marching troops were only hours behind. Lee congratulated the generals in person and directed Stonewall to take position on the left (north) flank. General Walker's command was in much worse shape from the long march and was allowed a period of rest before taking position on the extreme right. Only the three divisions of A. P. Hill, Anderson and McLaws were now absent and Lee felt confident they would arrive before the battle was fully joined.

Well before daylight of the 17th sporadic fire from the skirmish lines announced the approaching general engagement. By early morning the front was aflame along its entire length. Now

developed what Captain Howe declared to be the bloodiest battle of the entire Civil War. All day long the battle raged with the outcome constantly in the balance. At times it appeared that the poorly equipped and greatly outnumbered Rebels would be completely annihilat,ed. But their dogged determination made up for the disparity in numbers and at each crucial hour they held on until the Yankees had to fall back in the face of tremendous 16sses, only to reform and attack over and over again. The slaughter on both sides from rifle and close up artillery fire was terrific. Captain Howe afterwards related how that at one period of the fighting his company was ordered to charge across a cornfield and drive the enemy from a piece of timber known as East Woods. On jumping a rail fence they landed on the top of dead bodies and had to make their way over these dead, both Confederate and Federals, all the way across the field until they reached the woods several hundred yards beyond.

When, at 4 p.m., it appeared that the battle-weary Confederates would finally be driven from the field, General A. P. Hill arrived with his division from Harper's Ferry. His arrival was truly in the nick of time. General Hill's men had made a forced march of 17 miles and were in a state of near exhaustion. But on being apprised of the gravity of the situation they forgot their sore feet and empty stomachs and flung themselves into the fray with renewed life. With this additional firepower Lee's lines steadied, and held. The Union troops battered in vain and finding no progress could be made fell back to lick their wounds and await reinforcements, which McClellan now realized were needed to dislodge the t·enacious Southern veterans.

General Lee, with all of his reserves committed, knew that his only course was an early withdrawal. He remained on the battlefield, however, until midnight of September 18th-19th when he withdrew to the south side of the Potomac where he took up new defensive positions along the hills east of Martinsburg. From her,e there were some demonstrations back and forth across river for the next few days but the main campaign into northern territory was over. The long trek southward was next in order.

Considering only the major engagement at Sharpsburg, General Lee's forces here numbered some 37,000 men. His losses for this battle were 9,550 killed and wounded. McClellan's army numbered 87,600 and his killed and wounded for that same period of fighting were 12,410.

As far as the Maryland campaign as a whole was concerned the results were negative and it could not be said that the campaign

was a great success. There was some compensation in the great quantities of military stores and the 11,000 men captured at Harper's Ferry. These prisoners duly exchanged made up for Lee's losses. As for the main engagement at Sharpsburg, judging by comparative losses Lee had given a good account of himself. Considering the difficulties of his position his was a brilliant achievement. It was later said that he took greater pride in Sharpsburg than any of his other battles. This, because he believed his men werie faced with the heaviest odds they had ever encountered.

In the early autumn, just two months from the time the Army of Northern Virginia had started on its campaign into Maryland, it was back on the Rappahannock. As soon as the main body of his disorganized army had reached the Peninsular area it was Lee's task to put his troops back into fighting trim to meet McClellan's eventual renewal of the campaign. This meant food, rest, refitting and disciplinary training. His army's greatest need was shoes and horses. On November 15th more than 6,400 men in Longstreet's command were barefooted.

In the meanwhile Lee's lieutenants were not id1e. There were repeated clashes with McClellan's scattered forces in Northern Virginia. Such actions s,erved to keep him off balance and determine his future course of action. From the information gained in the field, and the fact that Union gunboats were concentrating on the Rappahannock, it was now evident that Fredericksburg was McClellan's next goal. At about this time it was also learned that McClellan had been superseded by General Ambrose E. Burnside. McClellan was never again to be met on the field of batHe. General Lee now began to make preliminary dispositions to meet his new foe on the banks of the Rappahannock.

Before daylight on December 11th, Confederate pickets observed the Federal engineers preparing to throw pontoons across the Rappahannock at several points above and below the town. Lee, riding forward to observ•e, soon had his artillery in action on the heights above Fredericksburg, and the first phase of the battle had begun. Due to the early morning fog the crossings could not be wholly prievented and soon after daylight several Yankee regiments were across the river. By this time Lee's infantry was strongly entrenched along the heights above the town. Once Burnside had effocted a crossing in force he began a frontal assault on the Confederate lines. Steadily the Union infantry advanced like troops on dress parade. They were plainly visible from the heights above the town but not a shot was fired until they had closed the distance to about 800 yards, when Lee's artillery laid down a terrific fire on

the front lines. The Yankees wavered and fell back in confusion but they reformed to try again. Marye's Heights and the "Sunken" Road running along its forward slopes provided a death trap. From covered positions along the Sunken Road the Rebels laid down a deadly fire that troops however brave could not long withstand. But the Union troo!)s came on to the attack time and again until the end of the day brought a halt to the useless sacrifice. Space does not permit a mor,e detailed account of this battle. Sufficient to say that Burnside was repulsed with a loss of 10,000 men, and here, on December 13th, ended the campaigns of 1862.

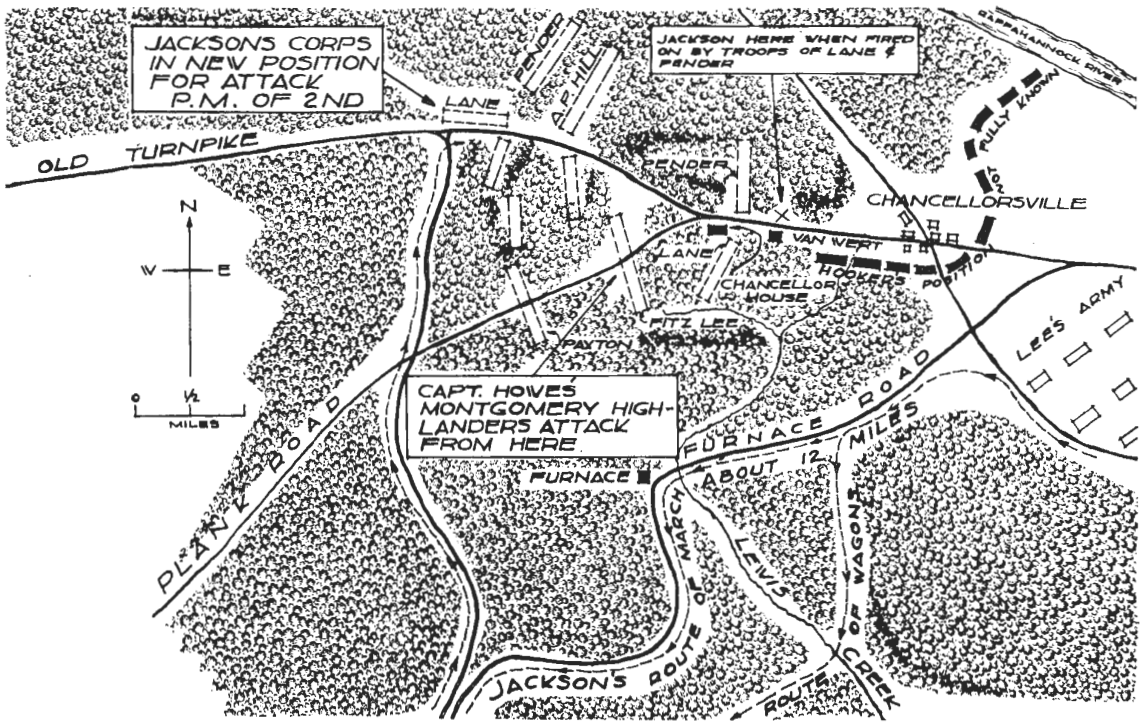
During the first year and eight months of campaigning with the Stonewall Brigade - a period of marching and fighting without parallel in American history-'-- Captain John Howe, the once green farm boy, by his qualities of leadership and fortitude in battle, had continued to advance until he was now in command of his company. It was the hard way that he earned the title of "Captain," by which he was to be known the balance of his life.

The mid-winter months of 1862-'63 proved to be a period of watchful waiting while both sides augmented their forces in anticipation of mor,e desperate encounters surely to come with the first melting of the snows. Came the first signs of spring and the two great armies of veteran troops were again on the move in the area between Fredericksburg and the tangled wildwood to the west, known as the Wilderness. In a short time Captain Howe was to take part in one of the most eventful tactical operations of the war.

CHANCELLORSVILLE - A HISTORIC MARCH

The latter part of April, 1863, found the Union army of 60,000 men, now under the command of General "Fighting Joe" Hooker, maneuvering for position south of the Rappahannock River, and about 15 miles west of Fredericksburg. At this time General Lee with his army of about 40,000 battle tried veterans was moving westward along the highways from Fredericksburg to meet the invaders. On the night of April 30th the Confederates were bivouacked southeast of Chancellorsville, a town at the gateway to the Wilderness, with their patrols in sight of the Yankee camp fires only a few miles distant. It had been learned that General Hooker had taken a strong position around the southern outskirts of Chancellorsville, and there was a feeling in the air that a great battle was in the offing.

All the next day and throughout the night the atmosphere was tense. Patrolling and preparations went on at a feverish pace. Then on the morning of May 2nd, the companies of the 4th Virginia had



Jackson's turning movement against Hooker's right flank, May 2, 1863. *Pender and Lane had not completed deployment near Chancellor House when Jackson rode towards enemy lines to reconnoiter the night of 2nd. The Stonewall Brigade was under the command of Gen. Fitz* Lee *at this time.*

a before-dawn breakfast, buckled on their equipment and moved out with the column to the Plank Road, and at the junction turned westward on the Furnace Road into the Wilderness.

During the night plans had been made for Stonewall Jackson to march his entire corps of 25,000 men around the Union right and attack Hooker's army from the rear of that flank. General Lee's decision to retain only 15,000 of his original army to face the Federals might under ordinary circumstances appear to be a most hazardous one. But Lee had not forgotten Jackson's many brilliant exploits, and so it is certain he had not the feeling of apprehension that he might have had had such a bold undertaking been placed in the hands of a less trusted lieutenant.

Finding a suitable route of march through the apparently trackless forest had been the hardest nut to crack in planning the proposed turning movement. The only available maps showed the road turning south near Catherine Furnace but there were no roads leading back north. Jackson was a practical and determined man, and so he refused to rely altogether on maps. He wanted direct information from the natives who knew the Wilderness first hand. Such a woodsman was eventually found, and to the general's great satisfaction was able to describe an obscure wagon road that cut northward through the forest from a point several miles below Catherine Furnace, and he conducted General Jackson far enough through the Wilderness to disclose it. It was so obscure that even cavalry patrols had been unable to pick it up. After a personal reconnaissance the general found he could reach the rear of Hooker's right flank after a march of about 12 miles, and most of it over a little known forest road, ideal for the concealment of such a perilous maneuver.

The officers and men of Company E marched out with their usual spirit of gaiety but the light banter gradually gave way to the silent muffled tramp of worn, dusty boots along the wooded roadway. The first interruption of the march came on arrival at a clearing approaching the crossing to a small stream. An alert Yankee battery located on the high ground a mile or more to the northeast caught sight of the column and opened fire. The first detachment to be exposed to this fire lost several men with the initial salvo and was thrown into some confusion. However, those to follow, on seeing that the fire was not always effective, settled down to a methodical crossing of the danger area by double-timing in small groups. When the Montgomery Highlander's turn came to cross the danger zone the Yankee battery was blazing away at a great rate but the company took the hurdle a squad at a time and

without the loss of a single man. Except for the shelling the Union detachment took no further action against the Rebel movement in this vicinity, apparently not considering the incident of any particular significance; certainly not having the momentous consequences that were to be proven by later developments.

The only protracted halt came at noon when arms were stacked off the road under cover of the woods for a light snack. Jackson's foot cavalry did not go in for "banquets" or picnic lunches when engaged in a serious operation. Cold parcels of food were taken from knapsacks and consumed hungrily, the plain fare helped down by several gulps from their canteens. Then a brief period of relaxation with a pipe of tobacco. In less than a half hour the Montgomery Highlanders, completely refoeshed, had shouldered arms and were again on their way.

By the middle of the afternoon the head of the column had reached one of the main roads leading directly to the enemy's rear .and excitement mounted. Then came a period of delay for reconnoitering the Yankee positions, and while the higher command evaluated the information of the enemy and made a further estimate of the situation. Staff officers and couri•ers could be seen dashing excitedly back and forth as Jackson's plans for the attack were being developed and the deployment of the brigades and regiments progressed at high speed.

The 4th Virginia was ordered to turn eastward along Plank Road, advance under cover for a certain distance and then deploy and be prepared to strike the enemy's flank when the bugle signal was given. Hooker's right flank was now definitely known to be located on the high ground in the vicinity of the junction of Plank Road and the Old Turnpike, where much activity among the bluecoats had been observed and reported by Jackson's scouts and staff officers during the afternoon.

The thrilling notes of the bugle calling, "To the attack!", echoed and r,e-echoed across the wooded hills as the waning evening sun was yet some two hours from the horizon. With the dying notes the veterans in grey plunged forward out of the woods with Rebel yells, the surprising charge throwing the startled Yankees into confusion. Of his part in this phase of the battle and the incidents immediately following, Captain Howe, 40 odd years later, wrt>te:

East Radford, Va.
1905.

"The final movement on General Hooker's right was completed that evening of May 2, 1863, and our line of battle

was formed at right angles across the Yankees' southwestern flank. We moved forward through the thick underbrush, driving the Dutch (his habitual designation of the Pennsylvania troops) before us until they were doubled back on their main line.

"At dark we rested in line of battle on the crest of a ridge in an open field. We had stacked arms and scattered about, gathering up Yankee blankets to make ourselves comfortable for the night, foeling confident that this was our roosting place. But we were doomed to disappointment, for suddenly a terrific fire opened in the woods to our immediate front and we were thrown in line and ordered forward at double-quick. We were stopped, however, when we reached the woods and found the fusillade had entirely oeased.

"The report soon came to us that General Jackson had been severely wounded during the firing and had been carried to the rear. We laid here on our arms until next morning, and then at early dawn we moved forward through the woods to some Yankee breastworks. Passing these we ascended a hill that had been partially denuded of timber, and when we reached the crest were met by a murderous fire which literally cut us to pieces. The half an hour we held the hill our flag went down five times. Company E was color company and John Hodges was color bearer for the day. When he went down it was taken up by Joseph Henderson, and then by two others in quick succession who, in turn, were shot down.

"We were then forced to retire a short distance to some breastworks in a hollow. This, by reason of the troops on our right falling back. While here reforming General "Jeb" Stuart, who had assumed command in the place of Jackson, rode around to our position, waved his saber and cried out, "Charge, boys, and remember Jackson!"

"We did charge, and with such vim that the Yankees were retiring when we reached the top of the hill. Then the colors again went down, and so I took the flag myself. Later we filed out to the main road and on to the Chancellor House. General Lee and some of his staff were sitting on their horses in front of the house as we came up. Around the place the carnage was frightful; gunners and horses torn to pieces and scattered around in all kinds of shapes, and other dead and wounded lying about.

"I now directed the orderly sergeant to detail a color bearer and, consulting the roster, he informed me that the next on

his list was Samuel Shepherd Howe, my younger brother. The sergeant returned a short time later, however, to tell me Shepherd was out on the picket line, and so he didn't take his turn with the colors on this occasion.

"The next morning I was ordered to command the picket line, immediately in the front. While employed in the thick brush and timber, Colonel Pendleton rode up and ordered me to move the line forward until we developed the enemy's position. We did so, and soon coming out on the open hill discovered that the Yankees had recrossed the river.

"I have attempted here to give a brief account of the part our company play,ed in one of the most historic occasions of the Civil War; that in which General Stonewall Jackson met his untimely end."

JOHN T. HOWE,
Captain Co. E,
4th Virginia Reg. CSA.

Captain Howe often told many personal episodes of the battle he neglected to mention in this written report. One concerned that point of the attack where they were forced to retire to the Yankee breastworks. In recounting the episode he described these breastworks as a series of hastily felled logs piled up and covered over with dirt and sod, making a very effective covering for the Union flank. After routing the Yankees from these positions in the initial attack, Jackson's men took advantage of this cover for rest and protection before resuming the attack. Captain Howe said that on first approaching one of these hastily constructed bunkers he found a Confoderate soldier sitting there with back resting against the logs. On closer examination he saw the man's shirt was open and the exposed stomach bore a ghastly wound through which a portion of the soldier's intestines protruded. The severely wounded soldier was attempting to sew together the ends of the severed intestine. Fuzzy cheeks and general appearance indicated a youthful farm boy of not over 16 or 17 years of age. The young soldier had succeeded in getting out his sewing kit, threading a needle and drawing a couple of stitches through the severed ends. His efforts seemed to have faltered at this point. Captain Howe said further, "I knelt down by his side to assist and encourage him in this courageous effort to save his life. When I spoke sympathetically he did not answer. I pushed back his service cap that had dropped partially over his eyes and touched his brow to find the youthful soldier already cold in death."

It was not until the next day that Captain Howe learned that their great commander had been shot by his own men as he was returning with members of his staff from a reconnaissance of the enemy positions. Impatient to know first hand what was going on out front, he had ridden eastward in the ,e::irly hours of the night on the Old Turnpike far beyond the Confederate lines. On return, about 9 p.m., the North Carolina regiments under Lane and Piender, now only just completing their re-deployment on both sides of the Turnpike, unaware that General Jackson had gone forward to reconnoitier, challenged and fired on the general and his staff before they could make themselves known. The firing once started the Federal troops were aroused to a retaliatory fire and their artillery shells screaming through the woods added to the din and confusion.

It was at this stage that Company E was aroused from bivouac and sent forward on the doubl<e, only to be halted when it was learned that a night attack by the Yankees was not in progress.

Under the conditions of inky darkness, tangled forest and general confusion camed by the strafing fire it proved a difficult task to convey the severely wounded general over the wooded trails to a place far enough in the rear where adequate first aid could be administered. This was only a part of the distressing situation. While artillery and rifle fire rang out through the dark jungle the corps surgeon must be found and ambulance secur,ed for transporting the suffering commander out of the dangerous woodland and to a field hospital for the major attention his severe wounds and loss of blood requir,ed.

General Jackson had been struck by three rifle balls; one lodged in his right hand, another passed through the lower left arm and a third struck the upper part of his arm a few inches below the shoulder joint. The last was the most severe. He had to be assisted from his frightened horse to a reclining position on the ground. Later he had to be alternately supported and then carried by improvised litter through the darkness, beset on all sides by reckless firing until an ambulance could be found for a more speedy exit from the danger zone. After that there were still several miles to cover over perilous mountain roads with ambulance careening back and forth uncertainly to add to the general's suffering.

On later examination at the field hospital it was found that the shot through the upper arm had shattered the bone and the corps surgeon, Doctor Hunter McGuire, had to inform the general that amputation might be necessary. General Jackson accepted the

inevitable without complaint and told Doctor McGuire, in whom he had great faith as well as personal affection, to do as he thought best.

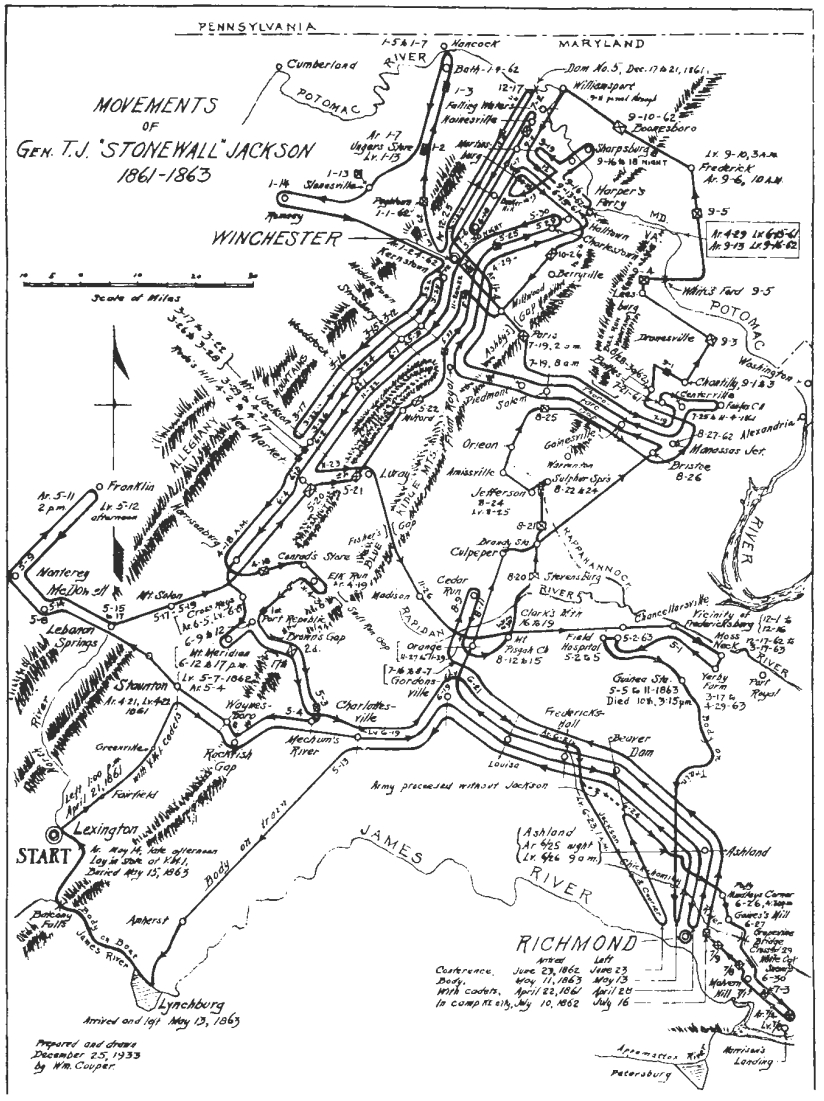
After recovering from the first effects of the amputation General Jackson was moved about 25 miles back of the front to Fairfield, the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chandler, old friends, where all of the comforts of a private hospital could be had. Here his wife was able to be at his bedside, and with her companionship and attention and the expert administration of Dr. McGuire, there followed a pleasant period of gradual recovery from the ordeal of his wounds and the major operation. For several days the general was in good spirits. He talked cheerfully of the prospects of a convalescent period at home and the eventual return to his old command and, in spite of the loss of his arm, appeared happy and contented with the future outlook.

Then on the night of May 6th General Jackson awoke from a restless sleep in great pain. He was given first aid of cold and hot packs but his suffering continued throughout the night. Dr. McGuire, now constantly at his bedside, observing that the pain was from the region of the chest, knew that pneumonia had set in. The exposure, loss of blood and shock were too much for even his hardy constitution to stand, and day after day he grew progressively worse. By the third morning of the relapse he was in a state of delirium a great part of the time and talked incoherently of past incidents of battle, muttering commands and instructions to his old subordinates of the Valley campaign days. On the evening of May 10th, just seven days after the tragic night in the woods, he passed peacefully away with the last words to those at his bedside, clearly whispered, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

The death of Stonewall Jackson was a profound loss to the Southland. In this critical hour it was a greater loss to Lee, who sorrowfully said, "I know not how to replace him," and further expressed himself as hopeful that God would "raise up someone" in Jackson's place. His worshipful veterans of the Stonewall Brigade were saddened beyond measure, for until the shocking news of his death they had confidently looked forward to his early return to lead them on to ever greater victories.

INVASION OF THE NORTH
GETTYSBURG - IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY

During the latter part of May rumors were rife that Lee would soon carry the fight beyond the Potomac. As an intimation



MAP SHOWING ALL OF
STONEWALL JACKSON'S MOVEMENTS.

Compliments of Mr. Harry Ashby deButts and
Stonewall Jackson Memorial, Inc., Lexington, Virginia

that such a course of action was in the offing, during the first part of June, "Jeb" Stuart, whose mounted force was now greatly enlarged and completely reorganized, moved north into Orange and Culpeper Counties with a great display of cavalry strength, and on June 5th, engaged a Union force at Brandy Station. Then on June 9th General Lee started his main command moving towards the north. The veterans of the Stonewall Brigade, now in the command of Generals Ewell and Jubal A. Early, knew that a great campaign across the Potomac was under way.

The march was by way of Front Royal to Winchester, which they reached on June 13th, and there attacked and defeated a Federal force of 8,000 men under General Milroy. The Stonewall Brigade was on the right flank in the pursuit of the Yankees past the town to Stephen's Depot, about four miles north. Here Milroy made another stand but the Union troops were put to route to end the Second (major) Battle of Winchester. After a few days rest the Confederates made ready to resume the march to the Potomac.

The Montgomery Highlanders (with Ewell's Second Corps) were in fine fettle as the troops got under way for the long march northward towards the crossing of the Potomac and the shores of Maryland. The day brought back memories of those days in September, 1862, when they had first travelled the route that ended in Maryland with the Battle of Antietam. That campaign, however, had limited objectives; this was to be an all-out effort, into far northern territory, until the Union army made a stand, perhaps somewhere in Pennsylvania, then one more big battle and the war would be over. Spirits were high in anticipation of a great and successful venture. This, as well as the natural exuberance of youth, caused the troops to break lustily into one of their favorite marching songs as they boldly stepped along. From the head of the column and down through the ranks there echoed the refrain,-

"Rally around the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shout out the battle cry of free - ee - *dam!"*

The farm boys from Southwest Virginia who had marched and fought together for the past two years were inspired by the thought that "one more rally" and "freedom" for their sacred soil would surely be a reality. Boys in years but hardened, battle-proven veterans in warfare, they marched with a carefree determination that bode ominous portents for their enemies.

On June 16th the Second Corps began its crossing of the Potomac at Shepherdstown. Longstreet's First Corps crossed further up the river, at Williamstown, where the men could wade the

stream with little difficulty. Of the upper crossing, Douglas Southall Freeman in his Lee's Lieutenants, says, "'The crossing was not without humor. As the long, long columns approached the stream, the men halted, took off their trousers and shoes, and made these into bundles which, with their cartridge boxes, they carried on their shoulders. The hour of their wading the river happened to be that which various Maryland ladies, 'mostly young and guileless', had selected for a pilgrimage to Virginia soil. Carriages and columns of half-naked men, going in opposite directions, met in the stream from which the abashed ladies could not retreat. There were embarrassed and averted looks, but, as Adjutant Owen of the Washington Artillery wrote, with as much philosophy as of exaggeration, '50,000 men without their trousers on can't be passed in review every day of the week.'"

Once across the Potomac and firmly on Maryland soil the memories of the men of the Stonewall Brigade again returned to that inspiring old song they had sung with their last coming, and the troops with one accord spontaneously broke into "Maryland, My Maryland." The enthusiasm was contagious and it was not long before the crowds of spectators that lined the roadway had joined in. With this added encouragement the men from down the Valley, Jackson's old "foot cavalry," swung lightly along to the singing:

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Sounds the bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, My Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf; nor dumb!
Hurrah! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes, she burns - to our aid she'll come!
Maryland, My Maryland!

She did not come, except in spirit. She looked with kindness on the boys from Virginia but her sons did not join in the crusade.

Time and again bevies of ladies and town folk ran out to greet the troops and joke and laugh with them as they marched along. Captain Howe liked especially to talk to the old darkies along the way and find out their reaction to the war and their new freedom. On one occasion, observing a very aged, white haired negro man leaning in the front door of a roadside cabin, using his customary salutation for unknown elderly colored men, he called out cheerily, "Hello, Uncle Ned!"

With a light of great expectancy in his eyes, the old colored

GENERAL AREA OF THE
INVASION OF THE NORTH

(1) LONGSTREET (2) EWELL (3) A. P. HILL
(4) STUART'S CAVALRY RAID, JUNE 25th to July 2nd

man burst through the front gate and hobbled out among the troops, crying out excitedly, "Fo' God, who dat know Uncle Ned!"

The Confederate army crossed Maryland without untoward incident. Lee's march orders, after directing march objectives for the various columns (tenative and general objectives York and Harrisburg on the Susquehanna), specified there should be no looting, wanton vandalism or destruction in the way of reprisals; there would be no unwarranted seizure of private property but all available supplies, material etc. for the use of the Confederate army would be taken by proper requisition; and finally, that should contact with the enemy be made, he especially emphasized that "a general engagement must not be brought on until all of my troops are up."

As the advance elements emerged into the rich farm lands of southern Pennsylvania the troops began gathering great quantities of cattle, hay, grain and other provisions. Lee's decision to live off the country promised not only to be a great saving to his own commissary but caused the people of the north to feel some of the economic pinch the Virginians had suffered for so many months past. By the latter part of June E-well's corps had seized 5000 barrels of flour and 3000 head of cattle for Lee's quartermaster. In addition a train load of ordnance and medical stores had been shipped back from Chambersburg.

In the meanwhile "Jeb" Stuart's cavalry was engaged in a prolonged raid some distance to the east. He had left his encampment in Virginia on June 25th, crossed the Potomac far down the river from Lee's main army, at Rockville, and as he entered Pennsylvania proceeded northward burning bridges, tearing up the railroads and in every way possible disrupting the line of communications between Washington and any Federal forces that might be to the west, within threatening distance of Lee's northward march. His objective was eventual junction with the advance columns of the Confederate army somewhere on the Susquehanna. However, on the other side of the ledger, to offset the advantages of Stuart's ambitious undertaking, was the fact that he had deprived Lee of his valuable services on his immediate flanks. He had now been out of communication with General Lee for days, and on the 28th-29th of June when the situation was developing towards a critical stage Lee had not his dependable "Jeb" Stuart nearby to guarantee flank protection, as well as to send him frequent information of the enemy and the periodic location of his own widely disposed troops, all so sorely needed at this time.

At this juncture little knowledge was had of the location,

strength or intentions of the main Union army, except that gained through the use of spies and individual couriers. It had been learned by this means that the Federal army had hurriedly moved north of the Potomac. It had also been reliably reported that "Joe" Hooker, against whom they had so recently fought at Chanoellorsville and in the Wilderness, was no longer their antagonist, but that while the Union army was in hasty movement northward to check Lee, the command had been placed in,the hands of General George Gordon Meade.

On June 29th-30th the dispositions of the main elements of Lee's army were as follows: (1) General Stuart's Cavalry Corps, now in the midst of its raid north, was engaged in disrupting the Federal lines of communication near Union Mills, about 25 miles east of Gettysburg. (2) Ewell's Second Corps, the northernmost in the advance of the infantry columns, was between Chambersburg and Carlisle. (3) General Longstreet's First Corps was near Chambersburg, with instructions to follow Hill's route. And, (4) General A. P. Hill's Third Corps was in the vicinity of Cashtown, a village in the edge of the mountains about eight miles northwest of Gettysburg.

The morning of June 30th Johnston Pettigrew of Heth's Division (Hill's Corps) proceeded towards Gettysburg where he heard there were ample quantities of fine shoes that could be taken for his barefooted men. Later in the evening Pettigrew returned to Cashtown, without the shoes and sorely disappointed, to report that as his troops neared Gettysburg they ran into Union cavalry outposts, and that there were indications that other Federal troops were in the area.

When General Hill heard the story of the illfated expedition from General Heth he scoffed at the report of Federals in Gettysburg in force, saying that he had just returned from Lee's headquarters and according to his scouts the main body of the Union army was far south, and it was probably a small detachment of cavalry on observation.

"If there's no objection," Heth answered immediately, "I will take my division tomorrow and go to Gettysburg and get those shoes."

"None in the world," General Hill replied. And on these four words fate hung.

At daylight next morning General Heth started for Gettysburg with Archer's brigade in the lead followed by Davis' brigade and Pegram's and McIntosh's artillery battalions. While nothing serious was expected, General Hill decided to have Fender's division

follow Heth immediately. About three miles west of Gettysburg a few Yankee troopers were seen but they quickly withdrew. A battery of artillery was brought forward, however, to shell the patches of woods where the patrols had disappeared and wipe out any Yanke,e resistance that might be hidden there. On approaching Willoughby Run, a stream about a half a mile west of the outskirts of the town, the troops deployed to both sides of the Cashtown road, Archer on the right and Davis on the left, but before the right 11egiment of Archer's brigade had completed its crossing there came rifle fire from the bluecoats located in concealed positions along the western edge of Seminary Ridge beyond the creek. The fire quickly grew into a hot fusillade and a furious clash ensued. Union artillery joined in and soon were ,exchanging shot for shot with Pegram's and McIntosh's batteries. In a short while the Union troops appeared in superior numbers, completely overlapping the right of Archer's line. In the fighting and confusion that now ensued General Archer himself fell into the hands of the enemy. As fate would have it, General Heth's troops had run into an unusually efficient Union outfit, the Iron Brigade, an organization of Michigan and Minnesota troops, tough and hard as the name implied. They were the type of veteran soldiers that could be counted on to give a good account of themselves under any circumstances of warfare, and they now proceeded to do so, and during the latter part of the morning the two confederate brigades we11e pretty badly mauled and mixed up.

At this time General Heth possibly had in mind the earlier admonition of General Lee, not to bring on a general engagement until "all of my troops are up." However, it appeared that no choice remained to him except to renew the fight or quit the field. This was surely a situation where a bear was being held by the tail. Neither Lee nor Hill had arrived on the scene, and so Heth had to make his own decision. Under the circumstances he had no other course but to put more of his troops into the fight and hope to push the Yankees out of the way without serious difficulty, and before a major conflict could develop.

It required some time, possibly two hours, before General Heth had issued orders, made further deployment and was able to renew the attack, and by this time both Lee and Hill had appeared on the scene from Cashtown. Heth was again cautioned that a major battle should not be brought on until all of the Confederate troops were in position, however, the course of the action was hardly within his control by this time, and the fighting continued sporadically.

Sometime prior to the evening that Heth of General A. P. Hill's Corps sighted the enemy outpost, Ewell had received orders from General Lee directing him to change his route of march to Cashtown, with further implications in the order that he might wish him to move on to Gettysburg. On June 30th, the evening Heth was so concerned about shoes for his barefooted men, Ewell's Corps was proceeding towards Cashtown at the customary rate of march, completely oblivious to the impending danger towards which they were marching. After the first clash next morning couriers arriv,ed from both Lee and Hill telling of the contact with the enemy. Lee's message directed, and Hill's suggested, that he march on Gettysburg by the most direct route without delay. Thus Ewell's Second Corps had now forgotten Cashtown and the leisurely gait of the day before, and while these events were taking place near Gettysburg during the morning hours of July 1st, the corps was pressing southeastward at full speed.

It was about 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon when the troops of Heth's Division noticed considerable activity on their left as though large bodies of Federal troops were moving in that direction. **It** was soon learned that the Federals were shifting northward to meet some unseen foe. Then came the welcome sound of Rebel guns and soon word passed through the ranks that Ewell's Corps was approaching Gettysburg from the north, and that his artillery was already in action.

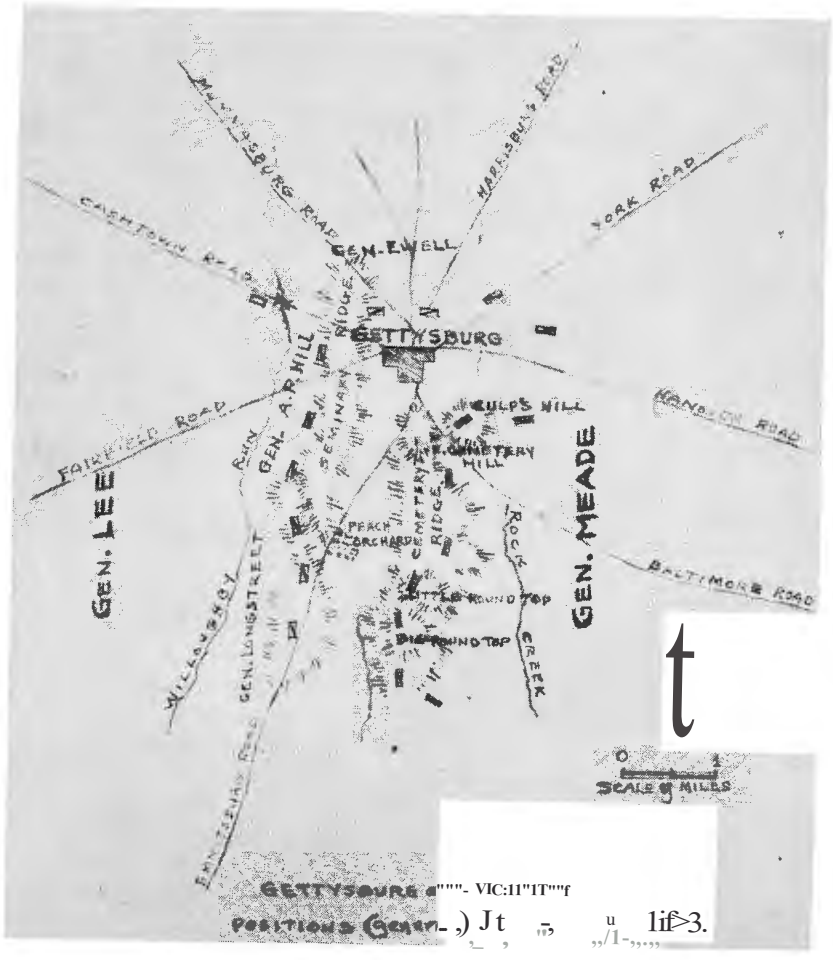
Ewell's Second Corps had heard the sound of firing while a couple of miles from Gettysburg and had prepared for action. As Ewell's Division and Brigade Commanders drew near enough to estimate the situation, and to observe the location of Hill's front lines and the positions of the Union troops, decision was made to strike the Federals on the right flank. Quickly the columns swung to the left, marched some distance to the northeast, then turned south and deployed at approximately right angles to Hill's Corps and began the advance on the town from the north. The Union cavalry, driven in with the first approach of Ewell's columns, had long since apprised the Gettysburg defenders of the danger and it was not long before the Yankees issued forth from the northern outskirts of the town in great numbers to meet the advancing Rebels.

It was at this hour of the afternoon that Captain Howe with his company of Montgomery Highlanders entered the historic battle. According to his personal report the Yankees offered stubborn resistance on the initial encounter but were driven from their positions after some hard fighting, and then slowly pushed back

into the streets of the town. Here the Yankees were thrown into a state of confusion by the oncoming ranks of determined greycoats. After a running fight through the streets a great many of them were captured while others fled south from the town. By four o'clock in the afternoon Gettysburg was in the possession of Ewell's Corps, and the troops of Hill's Corps now occupied all of Seminary Ridge, a long regular shaped eminence stretching north and south just east of the town.

From suitable vantage points in Gettysburg the rugged slopes of East Cemetery Hill and Culps Hill could be seen a short distance to the south. These two hills marked the beginning of a long series of hilly ridges that stretched several miles to the south. Towards the slopes of these hills the straggling bands of Union troops who had been driven from the town could now be seen making their way. It was apparent that these protective ridges marked their next place of reorganization and defense. A strong line it would provide, too, once the main elements of Mead's command became entrenched along this natural barrier. General Ewell was able to observe all this, and there were at least three hours of daylight left, but he made no move to take up the pursuit and to occupy that favorable high ground to the south and east. He could have had in mind Lee's earlier instructions, to refrain from a major engagement "until all of the command was on the field of battle." However the significance of that directive had passed. The battle had already been joined. It was now a matter of judgment in taking advantage of the breaks as they might occur. General Ewell had heretofore proven himself a bold and resourceful commander; an apt pupil of Old Stonewall himself, who placed the greatest confidenoe in his battle judgment and courage. But now the vacillation and hesitation in a situation that clearly demanded prompt and vigorous action caused many a junior officer to wonder what had come over their trusted commander. Thoughts naturally reverted to the hills south of Winchester and Old Jack. Did not he have them march and fight all night long to reach a favored position on that high ground south of the town - have them "sweat throughout the night that he might save their blood on the morrow?" Here was another like situation, and it cri,ed out for Old Jack. But if there was any sound as of a reply, it was only the great "Stonewall Jackson" restlessly turning over in his grave!

It was around the hour of sundown when Lee appeared at Ewell's headquarters north of Gettysburg. It was now too late for further action this day. Gathered about him were the Corps Commanders, Ewell, Hill and Longstree·t and other staff officers. The



GETTYSBURG - VIC:11"IT""f

POSITIONS

situation of his own troops and that of the enemy was reviewed, and even before going into the details of his plans he announced his intentions of attacking at the earliest practicable moment in the morning. On inviting expressions of opinion from his Corps Commanders, all agreed with the general's plans, except Longstreet. He first offered some objections on the grounds that all of his corps was not up, and when that was passed over by General Lee he changed the subject into the possibilities of holding Seminary Ridge and forcing Meade to make the attack so that they might destroy him on the ground of their own choosing.

Here it must be said that General Longstreet had long entertained the defensiv,e-offensive concept of warfare for the Confederate army. He had become embued with this idea since the success of Fredericksburg. Remembering how the Union mass attacks had floundered and broken to pieces against the strong positions of Lee on the heights -there, he had visions of repeating this operation during the campaign in Pennsylvania. To his mind here was the ideal place to do it. He did not express these thoughts so strongly to General Lee for he would never deliberately take issue with the supreme commander. But his was only a lightly expressed suggestion which he fervently hoped that Lee would grasp and accept as his own plan of action. Lee was offensive minded under any circumstances. Here on foreign soil where he was depending on the country for the sustenance of his army he would never have risked a defensive position where he might be bottled up by a Union army of superior numbers. Fast moving, hard hitting was his idea in the invasion of the north. When Longstreet came to the realization that General Lee would give no thought to any sort of maneuver of the defensive-offensive type and was bent only on immediate attack he was obviously so disappointed that his heart could not have been in the offensive plans of the morrow.

General Lee now presented a brief outline of his plan of action, which was as follows: Hill and Longstreet would advance on Cemetery Ridge in an oblique, northeasternly, direction along the Emmitsburg Road, Longstreet's Corps on the right. The main effort would be by Longst:r,eet against the enemy's left. Both corps would seize and occupy the low ground in the center of the ridge. Ewell's Second Corps would hold from its positions on the north and the York Road, and be prepared to launch an attack on E-ast Cemetery Hill and Culp Hill when the Union positions were broken. The time of the attack was to be at the earliest possible hour, and this had to await :r,econnaissance and arrival and deployment of all troops. Lee expressed the hope that everything would be in readi-

ness by dawn.

Longstreet demurred on the early hour suggested for the attack on the grounds that all of his corps was not up but General Lee passed over this on the assumption that they would be up, or that the attack would have to be made with the troops at hand.

The next morning found General Lee on Seminary Ridge at three A.M. The Corps Commanders soon joined him. It is doubtful if any of these generals had slept since the conference of the early evening for there were endless tasks to be performed. Reconnaissance and deployment of troops went on at a feverish pace, with Lee riding to and observing all portions of the battle front. Longstreet was to initiate the attack from the right as soon as all of his corps was up. General Lee returned from a conference with Ewell at mid morning to find to his dismay that Longstreet was still not ready, and was awaiting the arrival of Laws from New Guilford.

Seeing now that the ridge to the east was bristling with artillery and the Yankee lines were getting stronger by the hour, General Lee gave explicit orders for Longstreet to attack according to plan with whatever forces he might have available. In spite of his insistence, there was still more delay and it was around the noon hour before the attack was finally launched.

The Confederate troops, moving out by regiments and battalions, advanced boldly, and in spite of the heavy fire from both artillery and small arms that shattered their ranks time and again, pushed the attack right up to the enemy lines. Although the Union lines were not believed to extend all the way down the ridge, it was soon found that Round Top on the right was heavily fortified. This, and the Peach Orchard near the center, now offered the most stubborn resistance. One of Longstreet's brigades made a desperate flanking attack on Round Top and after some hard fighting succeeded in scaling the heights, spiking a battery beyond its crest and driving off the defenders. But they did not hold for long. Superior numbers of Federal reserve troops were thrown in and Longstreet's men were driven back down the slopes again. The heaviest fighting was at the Peach Orchard near the center. This changed hands several times but at the end of the day was in the hands of the Confederates.

In the meanwhile Ewell had become impatient holding himself in readiness on the north and had launched an attack with three brigades against East Cemetery Hill and Culp Hill. His men were met by terrific artillery and rifle fire from both hills as they got under way and suffered great losses. But they charged through this curtain of fire nevertheless and reached the crest. Here they

hung on until the end of the day, and then under cover of darkness fell back a few hundred yards to the cover of an abandoned road.

It was well into the night of July 2nd before the fighting for that day was at an end. On the extreme right some of Longstreet's troops were holding Little Round Top. The Peach Orchard remained in Confederate hands. And far to the left Ewell's men were holding on to some of the front line trenches of the enemy. General Lee hoped these positions could be made his line of departure for a decisive attack the next day.

The Confederate troops had conducted themselves with great fortitude and bravery throughout the day but it had been a piecemeal attack by brigades and divisions; uncoordinated, disjointed and indecisive.

Early the morning of July 3rd the attack was resumed, but without coordination. Ewell made an early assault on Culp Hill and was repulsed with heavy losses. The Federal positions had grown strong,er over night, especially those of the hilly flanks. Lee was now convinced the only practicable course left was to br,eak the Union center. Those rugged hills at the right and left of the defens,e line were much too formidable to reduce or turn. His initial decision was to have the whole of the First Corps, of about 15,000 men, make the assault. Longstreet, however, called attention to the fact that two of his divisions were hed down on the flanks and suggested Pickett's Division, which had not been engaged and was now in reserve near the stone bridge on the Cashtown Road. Lee agreed to use Pickett as the nucleus, but as his division was less than 5000 men, he instructed Longstr,eet to call on the other corps for additional units to bring the attacking force up to the desired strength.

The plan was as bold as it was simple. Pickett's command was to deploy under cover of Seminary Ridge and remain in r,eadiness while the corps artillery bombarded the Union center on Cemetery Ridge. When the enemy lines had been shattered, the fire was to lift as Pickett's lines advanced over the ridge. They were then to charge by bounds across the 1400 yards to the eastern ridge and br,eak through the Union center. The First and Third Corps would then pour into this breach and roll up the Federal lines, north and south. Stuart's cavalry, now the only remaining reserve would take over the long distance pursuit.

"Jeb" Stuart had at last arrived. He was ,engaged in a raid on Carlisle when word reached him of the battle at Gettysburg, and he had rounded up his command and turned south in all haste. His cavalry had jogged into north Gettysburg so used up the men were

ready to tumble from the saddle in exhaustion. Stuart rode ahead and reported to General Lee on Seminary Ridge the afternoon of the 2nd. His had been the greatest raid of his career. Lee, however, was not enthusiastic about the results of his long trek around Meade's army. His presence had been too sorely needed here on the Gettysburg battlefield. Lee abruptly assigned him to reserve north of Gettysburg there to await the critical stage of the battle now soon to come.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when the batteries opened signifying the way was being made clear for Pickett's momentous task. The Union batteries from all along cemetery Ridge answered promptly and smoke, dust and debris soon covered both ridges. Far off to the left the guns of the Second Corps also opened to add to the din. Soon over Seminary Ridge Pickett's deployed regiments appeared advancing in perfect parade ground formation. Nineteen battle flags fluttered through the smoke filled breeze. Every soldier within hearing had been stirred by Pickett's appeal as they set out, "Up, men, and to your posts! Don't forget today that you are from Old Virginia."

How Pickett's courageous infantry charged across that open stretch of 1400 yards, through a hail of minie balls, grape and canister and threw their bodies futilely against the impregnable Union lines, is history.*

About three o'clock of that afternoon of July 3rd, Captain Howe, leading Company E, 4th Virginia Volunteers, was in the midst of this fighting. The old Stonewall Brigade had been assigned to Pickett for this crucial attempt to break the Union center. They had just charged across a broad stretch of open ground in the face of heavy fire, and after suffering terrible losses, were attempting to work their way up the slopes of the ridge in order to engage in hand to hand encounter with the enemy defenders. The Union batteries were delivering such an intense fire over this area that Captain Howe with the leading squad of his company had to seek cover behind a section of stone fence. At this juncture a shell struck the fence with a mighty roar and suddenly all went black. Thus Captain Howe was not conscious of the decisive hour of that fateful afternoon of July 3rd, the hour that marked the end of Pickett's gallant effort; the field strewn with the dead and dying, the Southern Cause itself among the bloody wreckage.

How long he remained unconscious he did not know but on

*The disposition of troops for the Gettysburg campaign and various phases of the 3 days operation from Douglas Southall Freeman's "Lee's Lieutenants."

DEAD CONFEDERATE SHARPSHOOTER AT
DEVIL'S DEN, GETTYSBURG

It is said to be Andrew Hoge, Pvt. Co. E, 4th Virginia Inf. The identification appears in a note on a copy of the photograph on file in the National Archives Collection of Brady Photographs.

Andrew Hoge was the son of James Fulton and Elizabeth Johnson Hoge of Giles County, and the grandson of General James and Eleanor Howe Hoge of Back Creek.

Captain John Thomas Howe, C.S.A., commanded Co. E, 4th Virginia, at the Battle of Gettysburg, and was a member of this company from its organization at Blacksburg, April 1861, to Appomattox.

(Photograph compliments of the National Archives)

regaining his senses he observed lying nearby his severely wounded younger brother and the mangled forms of sev,eral of the brave lads who had so recently fought by his side now beyond all aid. His shaken, dazed condition, as well as a severe shell wound in the region of the knee joint prevented him from rising or moving from the spot. While cloudy mind pondered over his predicament and tried to concentrate on some means by which he and his young brother might reach their own lines for protection and medical treatment, voices were heard nearby. "Aid has already reached us", were his thoughts, as strong hands lifted him from the ground. The prospects of a safe return and early treatment for his wounds at the first aid station of the 4th Virginia, somewhat alleviated the pain in his leg, which was now aggravated by the rough journey along the hillside. The party had not gone far, however, before his bleared sight began to focus on the surroundings and it slowly dawned on his still hazy mind that the coats of his benefactors were not the familiar grey. These were bluecoated men who were carrying him, and they were making their way backward over the slopes of Cemetery Ridge. He was in the hands of the enemy!

Under cover in rear of the Union lines a halt was made for a short time while first aid treatment was given to the numerous wounded prisoners collected there. Then Captain Howe was taken to a fi,eld hospital at an unknown location some distance from the front, where he remained under treatment for about two weeks. On partial recovery the officer patients were evacuated from here and sent by rail to West Chester, a city near Philadelphia, and incarcerated in a girls seminary that had been converted into a military hospital. In the meanwhile the fate of his young brother, barely 19 at this time, was unknown. Soon after falling into the hands of the Yankees they had become separated before he was in condition to inquire into the extent of his brother's wounds. Weeks later he was to find that Samuel Shepherd, after a period of treatment and convalescence in another field hospital, had been taken with a group of captives to the Union prison at Point Pleasant, Maryland.

During the period in the improvised hospital prison at West Chester the rules and regulations were liberal and the guards were lax, allowing the now recovered Rebels to wander about the grounds at will. One day towards the end of the two months stay at this convalescent center Captain Howe was strolling about the grounds when he came across a guard seated on the grass cleaning his gun. He was a jovial old fellow of German extraction, off duty at the time, and during the conversation that ensued he proposed

making arrangements for him, and one or two companions of his own choosing, to escape. The guard appeared to be rather lukewarm about the whole business of war and a sympathetic soul as well, and declared his willingness to fix things so they could slip away and have a day's start before their absence would be detected. Captain Howe expressed his appreciation and told the guard he would consider the matter and let him know later.

On discussing the proposition with some of his closest friends all came to the conclusion that it was not a good idea. They reasoned that the pleasant conditions they were now enjoying would come to an abrupt end as soon an anyone's escape was discovered and harsh measures would be taken against the remaining prisoners. Thus it would not be fair to the many officers who had to remain behind. They were aware of the fact that officers were constantly being exchanged, and so perhaps it was better to retain the status quo and await their opportunity for the proper exchange in due time.

The following week two Rebel officers were found to have made their escape, and the results were as they had predicted. All prisoners were forthwith returned to close confinement and carefully watched, double guards were placed about the grounds and all privileges were withdrawn. Captain Howe and his friends secretly conferring over the incident came to the conclusion that the offer made to arrange for their escape had been taken up by this other pair, and this surmise was borne out later.

The two Confederate officers after crossing the Potomac and reaching the safety of Virginia soil, wrote to thank the prison guard and enclose him a small amount of money as a token of their appreciation. This proved to be a very foolish thing to do. The letter was promptly intercepted by the alert prison postmaster and turned over to the military commander. The kindly disposed guard was put under arrest and speedily brought to trial before a general court-martial. He had no defense to offer and threw himself on the mercy of the court. But a military court has no mercy in time of war. He was found guilty and forced to face a firing squad.

A short time after this unfortunate incident all of the prisoners, now fully recovered from their wounds, were taken aboard a train and started on a long journey west. The hard life of a prisoner of war now began in earnest with the arrival at one of the main Federal prisons. The one to which they were taken was located on Johnson's Island, a small island in Lake Erie, off the coast from Sandusky, Ohio.

The first few months of their confinement was not to compare

in severity to the latter period of their prison life. The prison area covered three or four acres, in the center of which were four barracks facing each other and one at each end, to form on enclosed rectangle. There were about 3000 prisoners housed in the barracks, all officers. In writing of the prison life, Captain Howe said, "The treatment was good, at the start, and rations plentiful, though coarse and monotonous. Every few days a wagon was driven through the prison grounds loaded with small baskets and boxes of food and other useful gifts donated by the kind ladies of the surrounding community. The prison authorities provided numerous activities to keep the prisoners profitably engaged. There were weaving shops, a tailor shop, a work shop to make barber chairs, a shop for making violins and a shop for making inexpensive jewelry and other articles of adornment from guttapercha and seashell. We signed up for the shop of our preferenoe, and later traded around from one type of work to another. Following the work hours periods of recreation were scheduled. During these exercise periods we played round catch most of the time. We played without gloves or any other equipment, except ball and bat, and our game wasn't anything like the baseball played today. The evening periods, after supper, were taken up with games of checkers or contests between our several organized debating societies, however, lights were put out at a fairly early hour. We also organized a Sunday school and prayer meeting."

In commenting on the prison Sunday school, Captain Howe said, "The Sunday school period, held at eleven o'clock every Sunday morning, afforded us an interesting hour of Bible discussion. These Sunday morning sessions were well attended and looked forward to as a pleasant interlude in the monotonous -weekly routine of prison life. It was the best substitute we had for the big Sunday meetings, with organ music, hymn singing and fine pl'eaching, like Old Jack always provided for us on Sunday back in the Valley."

The pleasant times, if any part of the irksome life of a prisoner of war could be so considered, wer,e not to last. One day a notice was found on the bulletin board which stated, in effect, that on account of the cruel treatment of Union prisoners in southern camps and the starvation diet given them, the same treatment would be accorded the inmates of all northern military prisons. From that day on the treatment was not only harsh, but the rations were based on a starvation diet. This fare consisted principally of poorly made northern cornbread, thin soup made from cabbage or potatoes and scraps of left-overs with little or no nutritional value.

Recreational activities gave way to work in the shops when not under confinement.

Captain Howe does not state the ,exact date on which he was finally released from the military prison in Lake Erie. But the approximate period, December, 1864, is indicated from his writings, for he states, "It was near the end of 1864, and another winter was coming on when I at last received my papers for exchange, arranged for by kind friends, and was able to bid adieu to my prison comrades and Johnson's Island forever. We walked across the ioe three miles to Sandusky. Captain Archer, one of the older officers in the group who couldn't stand the hardships like we younger fellows, was so feeble from his long confinement and undernourishment that he was unable to walk and had to be placed on a sleigh which accompanied us. He had some money, and so was able to persuade the guards to take us to a hotel for a good meal, the first in many months. I had to use the utmost self control to keep from gorging myself but Captain Archer, the wisest of the group, warned us of the dangers of over-eating in our state of near starvation, and his advice caused us to dine with caution. But with due allowances for our self restraint it was a repast long to be remembered.

"Our stay in Sandusky was very brief," he continued, "for the guards hurried us direct to the next eastbound train for Baltimore. On arrival in the eastern city we were taken aboard a coastwise boat which sailed that night down the Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the James River, and thence up that stream a short distance where the boat docked and we were taken ashore back of the Union lines. Aft.er a short delay for examination and certification of credentials, we were passed through both Federal and Confederate lines, and to our military headquarters in Richmond. Here I was given a warm welcome, questioned at length by staff officers, and then granted a thirty day leave to go home and recuperate before reporting for active duty again."

BACK AT THE FRONT - APPOMATTOX
THE JOURNEY HOME

To Captain Howe that short rest period in the snug safety of Sunnyside seemed like a pleasant dream by comparison with the dangers and hardships of the months gone by. The leave passed so rapidly, however, there was scarcely time to lose the prison pallor and gain weight and strength lost during those harrowing experiences, begun on the afternoon of July 3rd, at Gettysburg, so many months ago. With all of the young men gone there was little to do

but idle away time and gather strength for a return to the seemingly endless conflict.

When Captain John Howe reported back to his old command in the early part of 1865, now in the trenches around Petersburg, he found a shocking deterioration from conditions as he had known them when he last fought at Gettysburg. While the troops had always been short on clothing, rations and other supplies, now the situation in this respect was deplorable. His old organization, Company E, of the 4th Virginia, the command of which he again assumed, was now only a ragged little band. The once proud Montgomery Highlanders, still retaining a high degree of the old esprit de corps, were now tatter,ed and grimy with months of unrelieved combat. Tarnished army caps and faded, worn uniforms could hardly be recognized as such. Shoes were gone, or what remained were mer,ely parts of shoes tied together with rags and strings. The men were living on rations barely sufficient to sustain life. The fare was largely hominy or parched corn, and an occasional small bit of bacon along with it was a luxury. At intervals a bag of flour was issued, one to a squad, and this formed the nucleus of an individually prepared meal. The flour was made up into dough balls, using only water and a little salt for seasoning, and the hungry men wrapped these balls around the end of their ramrods and cooked them over the camp fire. This, in a small way, filled the great cravi g every southerner had for hot bread. But in spite of these hardships the troops made frequent sorties against Grant's menacing lines and held firm to their positions behind the breastworks with the resolve to keep the Yankees out of Richmond at all costs, and even trusting for a turn of the tide that might soon bring another great victory.

That these beleaguered and battle weary veterans should entertain a vestige of hope at this late hour is a great tribute to their dogged determination and valor. In spite of so many reverses they still retained that unquenchabLe spirit and will of iron; and to the last they remained ever ready to follow their great commander from one defensive position to another, fighting to the last unto the most distant borders of the Southland, if that be his desire. There is no record in history of a military leader who held the same admiration and worshipful devotion that General Robert E. Lee held from his men, and to the very end of their shatter,ed hopes.

The men in the trenches, however, as well as the high ranking officers, had at last come to the realization that success for their cause was fast fading. They would not admit defeat on the battlefield but the enemy's unlimited resources, that never ending

stream of manpower, guns and war material was beyond their control. If worse came to worse they would accept the dictates of fate but it would be a matter of bowing to the inevitable; accepting what could not be avoided. They were willing to keep on and on, however, the final choice they would leave to the judgment of their great commander.

It was apparent that General Lee was desirous of staving off a final decision when he ordered the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond and the retreat of his harassed defenders towards the west. The positions around the Southern Capitol had become untenable. There appeared one last hope that a successful defensive stand could be made on more suitable terrain further inland until help could arrive from the deep south. But it soon became apparent that the odds were too great for even a successful retreat.

Nearing the town of Appomattox with his battered and weary little army, beset on all sides by the overpowering hordes of Union troops, all hope for assistance gone and no way to turn except into a wall of menacing bluecoats, Lee's proud Army of Northern Virginia surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865.

There is still preserved in the family records a prized memento of this historic occasion. It is the parole (now in the possession of the writer but almost illegible with the passage of time) issued to Captain John Howe when he and his ragged little company of hard-bitten veterans turned in their arms at Appomattox on the morning of April 10th. The photostatic copy is shown on accompanying page.

In accordance with the generous terms that General Grant offered General Lee the regimental commanders were directed to muster out their commands, provide each with a parole to be taken to the Provost Marshal General of the Union Army for official stamp, and send the officers and men to their respective homes with this proper identifying authority. Significant of the terribly depleted condition of the Confederate forces near the end is the fact that a captain was commanding the regiment at the time of surrender.

On receiving the officially stamped document of his release from army service, Captain Howe was allowed his personal belongings, including his uniform and personal equipment and army overcoat. The latter appeared somewhat out of place on this sunny April day but Captain Howe knew it would come in handy some day. He was also given a horse to ride home, which was very much in place under the circumstances. It is believed the allotment of

It reads:

Appomattox Court House, Va.
April 10, 1865.

The Bearer, JOHN THOMAS HOWE, of Company E; 4th Regiment of Virginia, a Paroled Prisoner, of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home, and there remain undisturbed.

(Signed)
Ham. D. *Wade, Capt.,*
Comd'g Regiment.

Official Seal
P.M.G. *Union Army*

horses was restricted to officers and farmers, and to others who could show a desperate need, as long as the limited supply of animals lasted.

Little time was lost by Captain Howe in preparing for departure and in bidding his command good-bye. Then throwing his faded army grey overcoat over the pommel of his saddle, he mounted and waving a last salute to his comrades set off on the long trip to the old home place in Southwest Virginia. It was four long years ago, lacking six days, that he had set out from home with a light heart and visions of happy and exciting adventure, and no thought of the years of hardship in store.

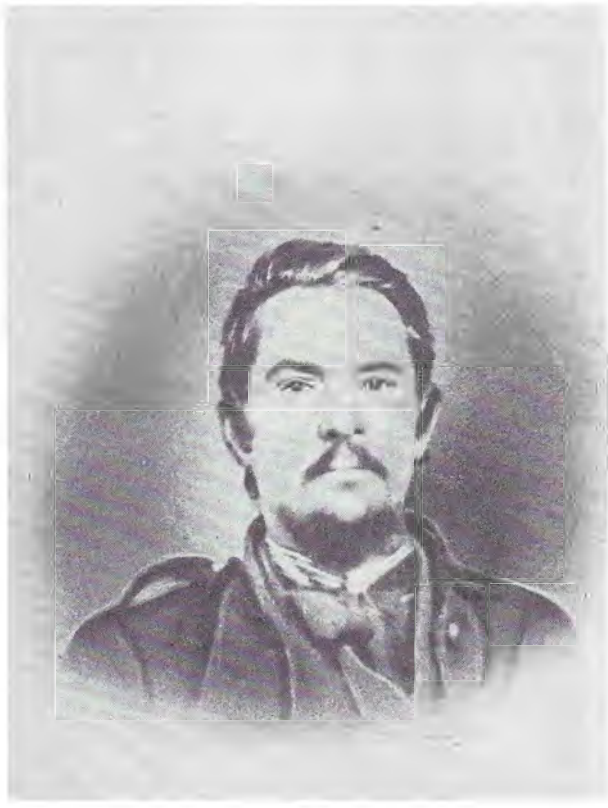
In the meanwhile his younger brother, Samuel Shepherd, had not been so fortunate. He had died about a year after his capture at Gettysburg in a Union prison. The epitaph on his tombstone tells the sad and simple story:

SAMUEL SHEPHERD HOWE
Son of John D. and Sarah B. Howe
Born August 20, 1844
Died at Point Lookout, Maryland, August 14, 1864.
He was brought home and buried in the family
graveyard March 2, 1866. And to his memory
this marble slab has been erected by his aged
and sorrowing father.

During the last leg of Captain Howe's journey back to his home there occurred an incident which was the concluding episode of his almost endless store of war experiences. In telling of this happening on this last day of his long ride, he related:

"My horse had slowed down to a walk as we entered the last patch of woods before reaching the ridge on the south side of the Valley of Back Creek, when suddenly the animal shied at something in the road and glancing down I saw that it was a big blacksnake. I dismounted, threw my overcoat on the ground, tied my horse to a sapling, and gave chase. After a short run down the rail fence I managed to overtake the snake and kill it with a stick. Then remounting I continued on my way home.

"Upon arrival at Sunnyside the family rushed out on the lawn to greet me, and then I sat down on the porch to cool off and refresh myself with a drink of icy cold water brought direct from the spring house. The folks gathered around to hear all about the last days fighting, the surrender at Appomattox Court House and my trip home. Before starting with the war news, however, I reached into my overcoat pocket for pipe and tobacco, for I had



PVT. SAMUEL SHEPHERD HOWE
Co. E, 4th Virginia Volunteers.

Wounded and captured at Gettysburg, and died in Union prison. Picture taken when about 18 *years of age.*

become an inveterate pipe smoker during my four years of army service. Feeling something cold and soft in the large side pocket whee my pipe and tobacco should have been, I instinctively snatched out the queer feeling thing as I jerked out my hand. On seeing that it was a big blacksnake I uttered an exclamation of surprise and terror and flung it far into the yard, whi1e the folks who had gathered around scattered in every direction. They appeared shocked and quite dumfounded at my queer action. But I soon ,explained, reciting my recent encounter with the snake in the woods. We all agreed that there had evidently been a pair of the snakes and one had taken refuge in the pocket of my army overcoat while I was busy chasing its mate.

"All were so happy over my home coming that the little scare was soon forgotten, and after I had dispatched the second snake, we all settled down to an almost endless period of lively conversation regarding the happenings of the past four years."

SPRING GROVE, CAROLINE COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

Chapter VI

RECONSTRUCTION DAYS
BEGINNING LIFE ON THE RIVER FARM

The years immediately following the surrender at Appomattox, particularly those y,ears between 1865 and 1870, were most tragic ones for the Southland. The people of Virginia, on whom the brunt of the hardships largely fell, came to the belief that war had been more bearab1e than the peace. Then the excitement and optimistic reports from the front brought a certain degree of relief. Now there was nothing to break the inexorable gloom. The outlook was almost hopeless. The negroes were enfranchised, and in the elections, provided for by a new constitution under which the unscrupulous northern leaders controlled the election machinery, the carpetbaggers took over the state government. These were the Northerners who had come to the south as sutlers and other camp followers in wake of the Union army. With the state in control of such riffraff the civil authority commanded no respect, and showed little sympathy for the true southern people.

These were the dreary, the poverty stricken and lawless years. Vandalism was rampant. The cont,ents of smoke houses, chicken coops and hog pens were not safe after dark in many sections of the state. The wandering and embittered negroes committed some of the depredations, and much was done by the lower class of ex-soldiers who for the past four years had lived a care-free and dangerous life, without restraint. Now that the negro was free he did not know where to go. Some of the ex-slaves stayed on with their former masters on the plantations. Others drifted into the towns where they found no employment and wandered aimlessly about. Idleness and hunger were enough to bring about a grave social problem. Such an upheaval in the social order could not be accomplished without widespread misery and suffering to all classes of the southern people. Necessity her,e gave birth to the Ku-Klux Klan. With no protection from the law, this hastily

devised order of vigilantes furnished the only means of rehef the southern people had for these intolerable conditions.

The situation was much worse in the ,eastern part of the state where the destruction of war had been so great. Southwest Virginia, protected by mountain ranges, had been outside of the beaten track of the marching armies. The scars of war did not stand out here as they did in the Valley and around Richmond. Nevertheless, the period of reconstruction was just as severe. Along Back Creek the farms had been drained of the best live stock, the crops were at a low ebb and the products of the farm brought little or nothing in the maret. There was no money, no employment to be had in the towns and nothing to turn to for a livelihood but the soil. This the fathers and sons gladly did, although there was no recompense other than a bare living. The young men who for four weary years had shouldered gun and knapsack now took up farm tools and bent their shoulders to the plow, firm in the resolve to build anew on the wreckage and forget the bloody and useless struggle for a lost cause.

A few months after Captain Howe had discarded his tattered grey uniform and resumed work on the farm he was asked by Major Chapman Snidow, a neighboring farmer of GiLes County, to be a groomsman at his approaching marriage to Ann Eliza Hoge of Caroline County. It was the first social event to break the monotonous grind of the after-war years, and it was to prove a most eventful occasion for John Howe.

Among the bridesmaids was Sallie De Jarnette, a relative of the bride, also of Caroline County. This first meeting between John Howe and Sallie De Jarnette resulted in a warm friendship, which quickly blossomed into a love affair. A proposal of marriage followed a few months later.

Sallie De Jarnette was the daughter of Robert Elliott and Cordelia Burke De Jarnette of Clifton, Caroline County, Virginia, and the granddaughter of Daniel and Jane Coleman De Jarnette of Spring Grove. There was a large spring in a grove of trees at the edge of the lawn at the latter place from which it derived its name. The De Jarnette homes, Clifton, Spring Grove and Hampton, were only a short distance apart, and with travel in those days difficult, the social activities of Sallie De Jarnette and her many relatives in Caroline revolv,ed about these old colonial plantations.

Sallie De Jarnette was just turning 18 when she and Captain Howe first met. During the early years of the war, while he was campaigning through the Valley and around Richmond, she was attending Gosse's Finishing School for young girls in Albemarle

County. A letter from her mother, dated December 21, 1864, discloses this fact, and also tells something of the war conditions at this time:

Clifton
December 21,

My own dear Sallie:

I'm in the midst of Xmas pr,eparations so only have time for a short letter this evening. It is very late and I can scarcely see my lines so you must make all allowances.

We are all well except one of the servants. Your Uncle Jordan will be up the last of the week. Your Pa has sent to Rappahannock for oysters. Wish you were here to enjoy them with us, however, you will soon be home. I would like for you to go to Brother Gosse's a session longer. We do not know what we intend doing but don't believe I can stay here if the Yankees return in the spring.

Salli<e, I want to see you so badly. Little Fanny is the sweetest baby you ever saw. Ellen is perfectly devoted to her. Eugene has gotten a great deal better. I expect Lizzie Dew and her Pa will take breakfast with us in the morning on their way to Richmond.

How are you getting along in your French and the rest of your studies? I ,expect to find you very smart when you come home. Now don't let beaux take lessons out of your head, but remember your time is precious and try to learn all you can. Johnny and Daniel go to school to your Aunt Peggy. She thinks they are very smart boys. Bob expects to get a situation in the Navy after Xmas. Your Uncle Daniel wrote to your Pa about it.

All join in best love to you, and best love to Lucy.

Your devoted Mother

Captain Howe, however was not campaigning when this letter was written. Rather, he was at Sunnyside, slowly recuperating from his dreary stay behind the somber walls of a military prison on a small island in Lake Erie.

The year was omitted from the original letter but by reference to other events it is evident that it was written in 1864. Also, Sallie De Jarnette, in talking of her girlhood often referred to being away at Gosse's Finishing School during this period of the war. In her reminiscen0es of the Civil War years she often recalled the fear they constantly felt at home on hearing the tramp of horses hoofs in the yard during the night, not knowing whether they would look

out to see frtendly grey uniforms or the dreaded blue of the Yankees.

Whenever the grey was recognized a feeling of relief, as well as pleasure and ,excitement, swept over the entire household. Often it would prove to be a Confederate general and his staff who had stopped by to rest a few moments and ask for a drink of water. They would tie their horses to the tees in the lawn and gather around the front porch to exchange information about the enemy while the colored servants busied themselves in watering the horses and fetching refreshments for the gallant men in grey. There would be geat platters of ham sandwiches and large pitchers of both sweet milk and buttermilk. Of the generals Sallie De Jarnette particularly remembered General Wade Hampton because of the numerous visits he made. This resulted in a close friendship with the De Jarnette family that continued long after the war.

But were the visitors Yankee troops fear gripped the household until the retreating sound of the dreaded hoof beats had died in the distance. The Union soldiers did not wait for favors to be granted but boldly crowded into the house and tramped into the dining room and kitchen with muddy or dusty boots and took what they wanted. Not satisfied with what was within sight, they ransacked the cellar and smoke house for canned fruits, hams and bacon. They also carried away anything else of value that might suit their fancy.

As the fortunes of the South sunk lower and lower and the protective covering of the Confederate forces receded further into the background the depredations grew progressively worse. With slaves freed and all of the able-bodied men of the family in uniform farming operations almost ceased. This resulted in a very meager supply of farm products and provisions for home use, and even this skimpy supply was often carried away by the raiding Yankees.

Outside of the Valley, no other part of the south was so badly hit as this section immediately north and east of Richmond where the marching armies left so much desolation in their wake. Likewise, Caroline County suffered most from the loss of slave labor. The large plantations in the eastern part of the state could not operate under the long established crop system at a profit without an abundance of free labor. The slaves now gone forever, fields that had so lately produced rich crops of grain, sweet potatoes, peanuts and tobacco were soon overrun with weeds and pine thickets, and the great colonial estates began to crumb1e and assume that appearance of neglect that marked their doom. With the

end of the war and the terrible burdens placed on the people as a consequence of the harsh terms of the reconstruction period, a gradual drift into respectable poverty was the inevitab1e lot of many. But the old Virginia families of Caroline, as elsewhere, held their heads high and retained their courtly manner, high spirits and all the fine traditions of the south, nevertheless, and if their life had undergone some momentous change for the worse it was never apparent. On the surface the carefree and gay life of old plantation days went on apace.

The romance of Sallie Lewis De Jarnette and Captain John Thomas Howe culminated when they were joined in marriage at Clifton, in Caroline County, by the Reverend James C. Parish, on June 13, 1866.

It was with some misgivings that the bride's family saw their very young daughter depart for such a remote section of the state. At that time Southwest Virginia was considered "way out west." It was supposed to be the inaccessible mountain region, still wild and uncivilized. Sallie's elder sister, Jane, was fearful lest she be set upon by the Indians.

The young couple established their home on a farm on the Montgomery County side of New River. The farm, known as "Riverton," consisted of 283 acres, a large portion of which fronted on the river. The Henderson Flannagan place was on one side and Henry Barnett's on the other. Until it burned down some years ago, the tarnished red brick farm house stood a short distance back from the river, just around the bend from the present railway site. This was John Howe's inheritance from some of the ancestral land holdings. Unknown to the newly weds it was the same farm home (the original log replaced by brick some years in the past) at which, almost a century before, had occurred the romance of Daniel Howe and Nancy Haven, as recounted in an earlier chapter.*

The following year the first child, Robert De Jarnette, was born. The young wife went back to her old home place *in* Caroline County for the event. The next year, when Samuel Shepherd arrived, she returned to the nearby home place of her husband, Sunnyside, for the birth. Then came Ellen and Bessie, the first of the children to be born at Riverton. Ellen died of croup and pneumonia in infancy. John Thomas, Jr., the third son, came a couple of years later to complete the river farm family.

*The locale of this episode was definitely established in recent years through the research of court records by C. K. Howe, Sr.

JOHN THOMAS HOWE and
SALLIE DEJARNETTE HOWE

At the time of their marriage.

While this sizeable family increased the joys of life, it also added to the work and responsibility. The river farm was not a very productive one. A large portion of it was in timber or untillable land, and so the actual crop acreage was not great. Conditions, too, were entirely different from the farming of pre-war days. **It** came as a rude awakening to find one's s-elf without slave labor in abundance; labor that need be paid only with a log cabin for shelter and an allowance of pork and cornmeal for rations. It was difficult for a young couple starting out in life with a farm as their livelihood to adjust themselv,es to this radically different system of economy. Hence, financial problems; the constant anxiety as to how and where the money would come from, and the worry over whether ,ends would adequately meet, became an early burden of married life.

Too, a poor paying farm without abundant free labor to which they were accustomed meant hard physical work for both John and Sallie Howe. Captain Howe kept one regular year hand, Sam Shields, a dependable colored man. Extra help had to be hired by the day for the busy season. His wife's cousin, Robert Burke, made his home with them a large part of the time while on the river and he and Captain Howe, with the help of Same Shields, carried on the plowing, harvesting, tending the stock and other farm work the year around.

Sallie Howe managed the house with the help of "Aunt" Caroline, a colored servant, who also took care of the Howe children of this period. But even with her help there was plenty of hard work to keep the head of the house busy every hour of the day. Up to the time of her wedding Sallie De Jarnette had never had her hands in dishwater. She had not so much as done up her own hair before settling down to married life. Such services had always been performed by a slave maid regularly assigned to her. At the old home place in Caroline, in addition to the cook, houseboy and regular servants, there was a maid provided for attendance on the girls. This young colored girl was at their beck and call daily for every kind of personal service. **It** was not considered the thing for a girl of the southern aristocracy to engage in house work, or work of any kind, during the antebellum days. Her spare time might be spent with some fancy needle work, music and the arts but there were slaves at hand to take care of everything that might be classed as drudgery, and everything in the way of work was so classed. The slaves themselves would have resented their master or mistress engaging in manual labor. Sallie De Jarnette's higher education had been taken up largely with music and the classics

and no thought had been given to things of a domestic nature or the practical problems of life. At that time no one ever dreamed that the life on the plantations under slavery could ever be anything else.

Now this dream had evaporated for Sallie Howe and she suddenly found herself in a new kind of world. Abruptly this inexperienoed bride of 18, frail of physique, weighing hardly more than 100 pounds, had to roll up her sleeves and start turning out three heavy farm meals daily. With it came the usual labors with mop and broom, and later when the children came, tending them in-between times. Such tasks required steady going from the first crowing of the rooster until long after sundown. That she, one who had never cooked a meal nor done any of the numerous tasks necessary in keeping an orderly home, learned to do these things, and do them extremely well, is a great credit to her adaptability and fortitude. Through the hard school of experience she became a most resourceful and efficient mother and housekeeper. After a few years no one could excel her in the art of making any place of abode a real home, as she was to do time and again in the years to come, nor in the preparation of a delicious southern cooked dinner.

In going to the river farm from Pulaski County the route was over a red clay road by way of Pepper's Ferry. The crossing at the ferry was the only one for some miles along the river and this, also, afforded the most direct route to Blacksburg. Leaving the river at the Eskridge farm, the road winds around the rocky bluff and after about a mile comes to a fork at the top of the ridge. The left branch of the road swings back around towards the river and leads to the Riverton farm the Henry Barnett and the Flannagan places, the right continues on to Blacksburg.

Near this fork, on the north side of the Blacksburg road, once stood a small white frame church. The remains of the foundation can still be seen a short distance back from the road in the underbrush. The church was built by John Howe, Henry Barnett, Henderson Flannagan, Mr. Keister and others of the neighborhood, ostensibly, for the spiritual good of the entire community. The results, however, were to the contrary for it was responsible for arousing bitter feelings that lasted for many, many years.

On completion of the church the question arose of designating its denomination. It seems strange that this important matter was not discussed during the initial stages of the planning. But it appears that it was not, and so on completion Henderson Flannagan declared that it should be a Methodist church. Mr. Keister, a Meth-

odist himself, concurred. But John Howe's family had always attended the Presbyterian church, and Henry Barnett's folks were also Presbyterian. So Mr. Flannagan's suggestions did not conform to their ideas. They both were willing to compromise by calling it the Union church so that all would feel equally at home. No suggestions.from either side were satisfactory, however, and an angry argument ensued. Neither faction wo:uld giv,e in to the others viewpoint, and as a result old friends became bitter enemies.

Prior to this the Flannagans and the Howes had been the warmest of friends. The Flannagan youngsters, Grant, Walt, John and Will, were about the same ages as the Howe boys and they all attended school together. Often Mr. Flannagan would bring his boys over to spend the night, and on these occasions he would usually stay awhile to talk to John Howe and listen to his wife play the piano. Once she started rippling her fingers over the keys he would settle back on the sofa as though enchanted. He frequently boasted that Sallie Howe's piano playing was the best music he ever ·heard.

After the split over the church the visits came to an abrupt end. Not only did Henderson Flannagan avoid the house, but he refused to speak to John Howe when passing on the country road. And, although the Flannagan and Howe boys continued to play together, the break between their elders became permanent. Eventually John and Sallie Howe moved from the neighborhood and this promised to end all chance of a reconciliation.

Almost 20 years passed. The Howe family went west, then came back again and settled in East Radford. When the family returned from the west Robert and John Howe, Jr. remained behind to seek their fortunes in Texas and Oklahoma. After a time, however, they gave up this quest and followed the family back to Virginia. John came east first, and a month or so later Robert followed.

On the day of Robert's return a strange man ca1ne up to him on the street and in friendly manner said, "Young man, I believe you are Bob Howe." With quizzical expression on his face Robert admitted that he was, and the stranger continued, "Don't you remember me? I'm the father of the Flannagan boys, the boys you and Shep used to play with down on the river."

"Y-e-es, I . . . I do remember our old times down on the river . . . . and the Flannagan boys . . . ," haltingly answered the returned trave11er, trying to collect his thoughts. Then it finally dawned on him just who it was that had addressed him, and after that their conversation waxed warm and friendly.

"They were the good old days," went on Mr. Flannagan wistfully. "Remember how I used to come over with the boys and hang around to listen to your mother play the piano? Gosh, she could surely make those keys dance! When she started in on "Listen to the Mocking Bird" I could imagine the trees full of mockingbirds whistling and chirping away for dear life. I'd give a lot to again hear her play some of those .... "

"Come on out home with me," interrupted young Bob, "and I'll get Ma to play some right now. We still have that same big old square piano and my mother plays on it just lile she always did."

Together they walked across the hill to the home near the circus grounds. Mrs. Howe and some of the young children were at the house, and she was most happy to see Henderson Flannagan again after so many years. The past misunderstanding had long been forgotten, so far as she was concerned. They reminisced on and on, until Robert at last interrupted with the reminder that Mr. Flannagan had come home with him especially to hear her play the piano.

"Yes," grinned Mr. Flannagan, "the minute I saw Bob I thought of those good old days down on the river, and then I began to have a hankering to hear you play the piano again."

Mrs. Howe smiled happily at the implied compliment, and without another word sat down at the old square piano. Touching the keys lightly by way of a few preliminary notes, she gradually swung into "Do Your Remember Sweet Alice Ben Bolt?" while Mr. Flannagan settled himself in a comfortable chair and gazed off into space as though enraptured. The light in his eyes indicated that he was carried back through the years to fond memories of the past.

Suddenly a footstep was heard in the hallway. The sound of the footsteps drew closer and closer, and then there was a pause near the living room entrance. Some one else was listening to those melodious tones with the same rapt attention. At last the notes died away, the door opened - and there stood John Howe.

Henderson Flannagan arose, and during a moment of silence the eyes of the two men met. Then they advanced towards each other, apparently of a single mind, as their hands clasped in warm greeting. For a few seconds not a word was spoken. Tears stood in the eyes of both men, indicating fully the thoughts and feelings that needed no words to express. The controversy over the church at the road forks was a long forgotten matter. For the next hour they lived again the happy days they had once enjoyed together down on the river.

Chapter VII

A CHANGE IS BREWING - TRAGEDY STRIKES

After eight years of the hard grind on the Riverton farm the heavy burden they were bearing had begun to tell on John and Sallie Howe. It required untiring effort to make both ends meet ,even under the most favorable conditions, and the years since the war had been anything but favorable. Most property was burdened with debt at the close of the war, and it is logical to assume that Riverton carried some encumbrance at the time of its inheritance. Consequently, carrying a debt on a none too productive farm might have proven difficult even in normally prosperous times.

But widespread depression had set in following the demonetization of silver in 1873. This act, so its opponents claimed, was forced through Congress by the International Money Power, owners of the Bank of England and other European State banks, primarily, for the purpose of strengthening their "gold standard" money system. And, secondarily, for the effect it would have in cutting the circulation of money in half, thus creating a long drawn out depression whereby mortgages could be foreclosed and real wealth taken over. The conspirators, thereby, killed two birds with one stone. The stone was $500,000, the amount required to "grease" the various committees and key figures of both political parties responsible for guiding the legislation through congress.

Even though strong, these charges were made openly and, as far as is known were never the cause of any libel suits being filed. The political leaders responsible for this betrayal of the country's welfare did not even take the trouble to make a denial. They had nothing to offer in the way of a logical argument for enacting such a biased piece of monetary legislation, so wholly in favor of the Money Trust and against the interest of the people, and so it appears they felt that silence and a lofty attitude was their only answer. This was the best means of allowing the issue to soon be forgotten.

Certainly the adverse ,effect it had on the economy of the nation called for a censure of the political leaders in the harshest terms. The immediate result was one of the worst and most prolonged depressions this country had ever experienced. The farmers wel'te among the first to suffer. Where it had been difficult in the past to accumulate cash for farm operations and the necessities of life, with the money supply throughout the country cut in half, it now became almost impossible.

There is evidenoe that during the latter part of 1874 the depressed conditions had moved John Howe to seek relief from his financial burdens, in that he was negotiating for a sale of the river property. In this connection he made a trip to Chicago, the first long trip he had ever made away from their river home. A Mr. Simpson who proposed to buy the farm had made an offer which involved stock in a bank in, or near, the city as partial payment and it was thought wise to go there and inv,estigate the property in question.

The incident of the Chicago trip is revealed in a letter Mrs. Howe wrote to her husband at the time. While the purpose of the trip is not disclosed in the communication, she personally related the reason for the trip years later when the letter came to light:

Riverton,
September 11, 1874.

My dear Husband:

Thinking a letter from you had hardly had time to reach me, you may guess my surprise at receiving one last evening.

I was glad to know that the monotony of travel was broken by you seeing so many interesting places, and as they were fraught with reminiscences of the war know they were particularly interesting.

All is not so well with us. There is someone making a steady inroad among the sheep. The last one stolen was a fine ram. Charles found where it had been butchered in the open field. They left the feet and other offal. There are 15 sheep here now. I don't remember just how many you had left.

Sam finished delivering your wheat on Wednesday. It did not weigh well at all. Bob thinks the half bushel is defective. He is now sowing wheat and Sam is harrowing. The hogs will be attended to. They are fed from the kitchen and I churn more regularly than when you were at home.

Aunt Peggy and family 1eft for Norfolk last Monday. We borrowed Mrs. Barnett's Jersey wagon and hitched Fan and

Bell. Bob drove them and it did not interfere at all with the hauling of the grain. Robert sent her money before Pa reached Norfolk and it lacked $5 of being enough. She waited two days to hear from Pa but received no letter so I ventured to let her have six bushels of wheat, which under the circumstances, I did not believe you would care.

Bob was in Blacksburg Wiednesday. Neither Mr. Luster nor Colonel Preston was in town so he did not accomplish anything. Said it was the dullest place he ever saw. Why don't you see what the prospects are for you in the west?

I wrote to you a day or two after you left but did not know where to address you. The letter is stale but I shall mail it for it contains some right interesting matter.

Bessie has a slight cold and Sheppard suffered very much last night with toothache, and this morning he's crying with it again. Robert and Johnny are well. I do wish I could write you some of Bessie's smart, sweet sayings!

Please write often. A kind of journal of all incidents connected with your travels and stay in the west. I do so love to get long letters from you, and am so lonely the pleasure of a long letter from you is that much greater.

Our little ones unite with me in dearest love to you and wish you a safe and speedy return to us.

Most affectionately,
Your Sallie

The plaoe referred to which was "fraught with reminiscences of the war" was Johnson's Island, where Captain Howe was imprisoned during the latter part of 1863 and 1864.

Aunt Peggy was in reality now Mrs. Howe's step-mother. Sallie Howe's mother, Cordelia, died the year of her marriage and her father married his deceased wife's younger sister, Margaret Burke, in 1867. All through life, howev,er, she was referred to as "Aunt Peggy." She was on her first visit to the mountains with the younger members of the family. The older sister, Jane, was now married and Brother Robert, to whom she refers regarding the money, was just entering the brokerage business in Norfolk.

It was Colonel Robert Preston of Little Solitude whom Bob Burke sought on the visit to Blacksburg, and for the purpose of acquiring some farm land near the town. Colonel James Francis had not survived the Civil War. He was wounded at the first Battle of Manassas and during the campaigning a short time later contracted rheumatic fever for which he was sent to his home, White

Thorn, where he died during the second year of the war.

Captain Howe returned from his Chicago trip the latter part of the month with an indecisive report on the bank stock, and the proposed farm deal with Mr. Simpson was held in abeyance for the time being, anyway.

Later that fall came the usual hog killing time with the first cold snap in November. This was one of the important farm tasks that required lots of work by all hands, including the women folk of the family. Captain Howe, Bob Burke and Sam Shields did the killing in the hog lot near the house. From here the hogs were hauled on cart down near the river where a tank of steaming water, sunk in the earth to ground l,evel, awaited necessary scalding, scraping and cleaning. Later the women folk would take over the day-long job of making sausage, liver pudding and souse.

The day before hog killing time Mrs. Howe had made a shopping trip to Christiansburg after household supplies and fall clothing for the children. For little Bessie, now about three, she brought home a red riding hood suit with red shoes to match. This morning following her return she dressed Bessi,e in her red outfit for the first time for all to admire. Then, while she tended Johnny, the baby, and busied herself with work incident to the hog killing, she sent the little girl out to show off her new suit to Bob and Shep and join the boys in their play about the house.

It was assumed that the little boys were playing near the house as that was where they were recently seen. In the meanwhile, however, they had wandered off some distance from the yard, attracted by the activities of the hog killing crew near the river. They were now at the grapevine swing, near the scalding tank, Bob swinging and Shep pushing him, while they both waited around in this vantage place of observation for the coming scalding and scraping operations.

When Bessie came in sight and headed in their direction Shepherd saw her approaching and yelled to her to go back. But Bessie either did not hear or only noticed the gesturing of her big brother and took it for an invitation to join them. With a chortle of glee she hastened her footsteps in that direction, completely oblivious to the hidden danger Shepherd was trying so frantically to point out to her. The boiling vat had been covered with sacks to hold in the heat so that its presence was not apparent to an inexperienced eye. Before the boys could 1eave the swing and run out to stop her the little girl had reached the vat, and stumping her toe on the edge, she plunged headlong into it.

"Come quickly, Bob, Bessie has fallen into the scalding tub!"

frantically yelled Shepherd, as he rushed to her side as fast as his little legs would carry him.

By the time Robert got there Shepherd was already holding on to her for dear life. But both together did not have the strength to lift her out. At this juncture "Aunt" Caroline, who had been attracted by the cries and had looked from her window to see what was going on, took in the situation at a glance. Without a moments hesitation she jumped out of the window, disregarding the danger from the uncommonly high leap, and ran down and pulled the little girl from the scalding water.

Bob Burke had arrived by this time and he carried her in his arms to the house, arriving as the other members of the family came running up. B2ssie's only complaint all the while this was going on was that her finger hurt so badly. She had held on to the side of the tank with that hand and it was the only part of her that had not gone into the hot water.

The grief-stricken family realized from the first that all efforts to save the child would be of no avail. Their precious little girl passed away quietly within the hour. She was buried in the old family burying ground at Sunnyside beside h2r infant sister, Ellen. This was the first great tragedy to strike the Howe family, and Bessie's tragic and untimely death left a scar on the heart of her mother which the passage of time never erased.

While the depressed economic conditions had caused prior consideration of the advisability of selling the river farm, this tragic happening brought the matter to a sudden head. For days Mrs. How,e remained in such a broken state that it appeared imperative she have an immediate change. That she would never be able to live longer in these surroundings is further attested by the fact that in later life while the Howe family lived for years within less than 20 miles of the river farm, John and Sallie Howe never again went within sight of the red brick house on the river.

Just a week after the funeral John Howe went to Blacksburg and on November 28, 1874, bought from Colonel Robert Preston 256 acres of land and arranged for the construction of a house on the place. The house was built in a hollow beside a large spring, called King's Spring, and this was to be known as the King's Spring farm.

A few months later he acoepted the previous offer of Mr. Simpson for the river farm. For reasons of haste the deal was closed without further investigation of the collateral offered in part payment. Captain Howe made the best he could of what looked like a none too good bargain. Official records disclose that

the farm was conveyed to one Carey Simpson, on March 13, 1875, for $18,000. On October 23rd of that same year an entry in the court record book discloses, however, that Mr. Simpson could not meet the payments, and that John Howe agreed to accept $10,000 worth of stock in the Evansville National Bank of Indiana. This was some of the stock that Captain Howe went north to investigate the previous summer. How much of the agreed price was eventually paid is not known. But it is understood that the stock did not turn out well, and so on the whole a heavy loss must have been suffered in disposing of the property.

In any event, on that spring day of March 1875, when the Howe family packed up their household belongings and started on the trek over the hills to Blacksburg cash assets comprised no appreciable part of their burden. The treasured household goods accumulated at this first home, including, large kitchen range, boiling pots and copper apple butter kettle, numerous bulky black walnut beds, bureaus and tables with marble tops, other miscellaneous furniture, several large round top elephant trunks and the heavy square piano, which remained the pride of the Howe possessions through years of vicissitudes, afforded the only fleeting remembrance of the old red brick house down on the river.

Blacksburg was the Promised Land. **It** was looked upon as a place of opportunity not to be found elsewhere. Here was located the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, formerly known as the Pr,eston and Olin Institute, and all of the boys would be able to attend the college as day students at little cost. With college diplomas in hand the future of the Howe boys would be assured.

There were disadvantages of selecting Blacksburg as a permanent home site, however, that had not been anticipated. **It** was so far off the beaten path that not even a railway switch line ran into the town. Industries were unknown, and due to its isolated location and lack of running water and other inviting facilities, there was little likelihood that any would ever develop. The only business was the college. The e were a few country stores and a couple of livery stables that depended on this for a livelihood. The livery stables did a fairly prosperous business hauling goods and passengers to the nearest railway center at Christiansburg, 10 miles away. The greater part of this business, however, was confined to the college year. On the whole, had a diligent search been made it is doubtful if a more thoroughly dead town, or one offering fewer opportunities, could have been found east of the Allegheny Mountains.

It was under these adverse circumstances, little realized at the

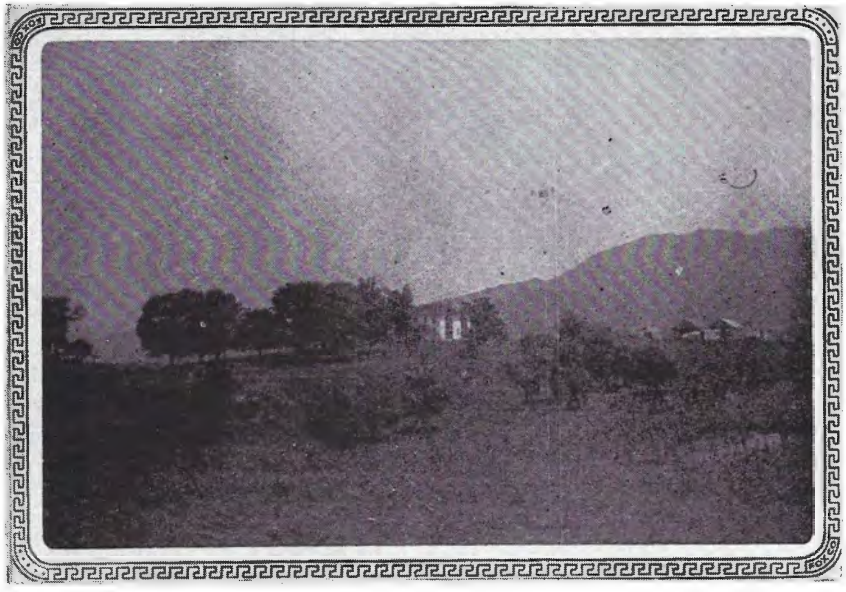
time, that the Howe family now resumed that age-old struggle for the happy and prosperous life. They were never to be denied their share of happiness, whatever the conditions of adversity might be. But the unfortunate experience in connection with the river farm they were to learn was only the beginning of the larg,e portions of bitter that must be taken with the smaller portions of the sweet as one progresses along lifie's rough pathway.

The King's Spring place was located about a mile southwest of Blacksburg and joined the Colonel Robert Preston, Lucy Preston and Montgomery Thomas farms. Colonel and Mrs. Preston and their widowed daughter, Mrs. Virginia Preston Means, who resided at Little Solitude over the hill north from the Howes, were their nearest neighbors. Colonel Preston had given the land for the Preston and Olin Institute, later to develop into the great Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and as a result of this generous sacrifice was not as large a landowner as he had been in former years. They were the salt of the earth, the best of the old Virginia aristocracy, and soon became the Howes' warmest friends. As a result of this close friendship, and the particular affection held for Mrs. Means, Sallie Howe was to name her next daughter, Virginia Preston, for Mrs. Virginia Preston Means. This was the only one of the Howe children to ever acquire a name outside of the family lineage.

For a time, in addition to farming the King's Spring place, Captain Howe was in partnership with Will Wiley in the livery stable business in Blacksburg. This did not work out successfully and considerable money was lost in the business. In the summer of 1876, he riented the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, in conjunction with Burnet Hawley, and they ran it that season. About $5000 was lost on this undertaking.

His farming activities went on meanwhile. Howev,er, the prices on the regular farm products were so low at this time that he turned to horse raising. He, in partnership with a cousin, James Hawes Hoge, older brother of John Hampton and Harris Hoge developed a bunch of very fine animals. That fall they took them to North Carolina, south of Danville, for sale but fate again appeared not to favor the undertaking. They lost money on a drove of horses that had been counted on to yi,eld very large profits. Far from home with stock that must be sold, they found themselves at the mercy of sharp and none too scrupulous horse traders. They had to accept a quantity of tobacco and miscellaneous groceries as part payment on the deal. On return Captain Howe and Bob Burke opened a grocery store to try to sell out the stock of goods they had

The King's Spring farm house as it looks today. Top of the spring house can be seen under trees on left, from which it derived its name.



"Waveland," on Roanoke River. Birth place of Elliott Howe, as it looks today.

somewhat reluctantly brought home. This was not much of a success and Messrs. Howe, Burke and Hoge were forced to make personal use of a large portion of the tobacco and groceries to save further loss.

Due to this series of misfortunes, by the end of 1877, John Howe had lost all of his assets, including the King's Spring property. He was ab1e to hold onto the farm, however, long enough to put in a crop the following spring. George and Virginia were born during these years to increase the King's Spring family to five children.

Unfortunately, a loss was sustained on practically every operation Captain Howe undertook, regardless of how sound the proposition might have initially appeared to be. He was an honest and industrious man, methodical and thrifty in his habits, with a keen sense of humor and a cheerful, kindly manner that invited friendships. He could see no evil in anyone, and was constantly mindful of the Golden Rule in all of his dealings. That he did not always have others do likewise unto him never deterred him nor embittered him. After each reverse he resumed his efforts with the same cheery optimism. It was probably these characteristics that made him an easy prey to any unscrupulous person, and this may, in part, have accounted for his frequent losses on one venture after another.

It was evident by now that the King's Spring farm must be given up. Burnet Hawley, who owned and operated the Hawley House, owed Captain Howe about $500 as settlement on their venture in the White Sulphur Springs deal. The cash was not available so he suggested that the debt be "lived up" at his hotel. Later that year the Howe family moved into the Hawley House, then at the entrance to town but long since burned down, to "live up" the $500 while considering several possibilities for the future.

* * * * * *

A mother sat rocking on the front porch of her farm home. It was a summer afternoon in the early 1880's. The house had been put in order and the small children were playing under a shade triee in the side yard.

The excited clucking of a hen suddenly brought the mother out of her reverie. A part of the back yard was being used for hens with new broods of chicks, which made their care easier and also afforded more protection from the hawks and weasels. Could this excited clucking mean the approach of a hawk? Upon hearing the noise reach a stage of pandemonium the mother sprang from her chair and reached for a broom, the only weapon available.

Weasel, hawk or whatever it might be, it must have gained entrance to the coop for inside the mother hen was attacking furiously while the small chickens ran screeching in all directions. One glance was convincing proof there were good and sufficient reasons for the panic that had seized both hen and brood. Two chicks lay dead near the door of the coop with heads neatly clipped off. Inside a form could be seen crouched at bay in the corner with a chicken betw,een set jaws, while two doubled up little paws were pressed over tightly shut eyes to guard against repeated attacks from wildly charging old hen.

As the mother dropped the broom and gathered up her baby boy in her arms, she extracted a chicken from tightly clenched teeth. At onoe reaction from fright and excitement exerted itself in a burst of uncontrolled wails and a flood of tears. Little Elliott Howe, just at the toddling age, had strayed off from the other children and sought his first adventure.

But as impetuous as he was in action, likewise was he easily subdued. It only required a gentle rocking back and forth to his mother's crooning of, -

"Can't get a red bird, a blue bird'll do,
Can't get a red bird, a blue bird'll do,
Can't get a red bird, a blue bird'll do,
Skip-to-my-Lu, my darling."

When his Daddy comes in from the farm he will rock and sing to him, too, those songs he likes to hear so well. "Possum Up a Simmon Tree," "If You Get to Foolin' With My Lulu Gal," "Wait For the Wagon," and "Ole Dan Tucker." These were favorites with all of the Howe children, especially the song about "Ole Dan Tucker." Many a night that started with an earache, or some other childhood misery, had ended in blissful dreams on their Pa's lap to the low, rich tones of, -

"Ole Dan Tucker he got drunk,
Fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk;
Combed his head with a wagon wheel,
Died with a toothache in his heel.
Get out of the way for Ole Dan Tucker,
Came too late to get his supper,
Get out the way for Ole Dan Tucker,
Came too late to get his supper."

After the chorus and a silent period of rocking back and forth, a small voice would be heard to say, "Sing 'nother verse," and then

would come more vigorous rocking and, -

"Ole Dan Tucker stood there lookin'
Dinner's over, supper's cookin'.
Get out the way for Ole Dan Tucker,
Came too late to get his supper,
Get out the way for Ole Dan Tucker,
Came too late to get his supper."

A pause to see if the little one was still on the alert, and then a snatch of the "Old Wagon" song, -

"Wait for the wa-gon,
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ri-i-de."

Before the second verne of "Wait For the Wagon" the little sleeper is sure to be in dreamland. These old songs followed all of the Howe youngsters through their childhood.

* * * * * *

The episode of the chicken coop took place at the Daniel Howe Hoge farm on Roanoke River about four miles east of Blacksburg, whence the Howe family had moved from the Hawley House the early part of 1879. Elliott's arrival the following year was to be the only Howe child born during the few years at Waveland, the name of the Hoge estate.

Elliott was the first real chip from the old block. He was a happy, rollicking youngster with all of the physical characteristics of his father. Later he was to develop into the same broad-shouldered, stocky figure, with calm, even temperament and attractive personality. The twinkle in his blue eyes bespoke a keen sense of humor that was ever with him, even in times of adversity, and these entertaining qualities made for good company on any occasion.

The Hoge farm home was considered only a temporary expedient. Following the reverses at King's Spring that ended so disastrously the latter part of 1878, the sons of Daniel Howe Hoge had suggested that Captain Howe take over the operation of the place on Roanoke River until conditions appeared more stabilized and he had had an opportunity to again regain his financial balance. Thus, John and Sallie Howe were glad to take advantage of this transitory haven while they gathered strength, so to speak, for any new opportunities that might arise.

Chapter VIII

THE POCAHONTAS BUBBLE
WEST TO THE KANSAS PRAIRIES

After three years of farming at Waveland and waiting for the advent of better times, John and Sallie Howe decided that the time had come for a move back to Blacksburg where there were more opportunities for the advancement of the family.

The Howes were eternally optimistic about future prosp2cts. In contemplating a new move they could not help but feel they were headed for great things. The bad times through which they had just passed would surely be supplanted by prosperous ones. In this case there were many good things to look forward to in Blacksburg. Certainly there would be ample employment for all. Too, Robert and Shepherd were now of almost suitable age for college entrance, and that was a consideration.

The decision made, John Howe and his wife drove into town on Saturday to look around for a suitable home. The Amiss house, diagonally across Main Street from the Alec Black place, was found available and arrangements made for its occupancy.

The day of moving was the usual busy one. The Howe children rode the wagons back and forth, helping with the loading and unloading, much excited at the prospect of getting back to town again. The young ones were always thrilled at any activity that indicated change and action - different scenery, strange places to explore and more playmates to be found.

One might well visualize the late evening scene of that summer day at the Amiss house. The household furnishings are now in place and a hot supper has been hungrily eaten by a tired but happy family. Dishes have been done and put away by the children, while Mrs. Howe now refreshed is sitting at the square piano in the parlor of the new home her fingers running over the ivory keys to the tune of "Listen to the Mocking Bird." This portends

that all is well with the Howe family. However difficult life may be once the melodious treble notes merrily echo and re-echo through the house the birds seem to be singing in the trees outside the window, and hard times and the labors of the day are forgotten. The children dance and prance around the room in time to the music, and when they tire of this fast tempo their mother, sensing the fact, gradually switches to "Darling Nellie Grey", "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and "Old Black Joe." This will draw the family closely around the piano for a chorus of small but lusty voices until bedtime puts a stop to the merriment.

The Howe family returned to Blacksburg and took up their abode in the Amiss house in 1881. That summer Mrs. Howe's sister, Jane De Jarnette Byrd, came for a visit with her two daughters, Virginia and Cordelia (now Mrs. Andrew Hart of Albemarle County and Mrs. Edmund Ruffin of Norfolk). With so many of the young people there together it was a very gay summer. Mrs. Kyle Robinson, daughter of Aunt Susan Howe Thomas, at that time a girl of 13 or 14 years of age, is the only member of that group of Blacksburg residents now living. She recently spoke of this period with fond recollections. In commenting on that summer, as well as some of the other happenings of the period, she said:

"That summer (1881), soon after Aunt Sallie and Uncle John moved to the Amiss house, her sister came for a visit accompanied by her attractive daughters. We young folks used to gather there and have dances in the big parlor with Aunt Sallie playing the piano. She would play by the hour and never seem to tire of seeing us dance and have a good time. She was a fine musician and could play all of the liveliest dance tunes, and classical numbers as well. I took music lessons from her the year before the family moved from King's Spring to Waveland Farm. It was while living at Waveland that Robert used to walk over home with his guitar. It was about five miles from the Hogre farm to our place at Blacksburg but folks didn't mind walking that far to visit in those days. Robert had recently taken part in a school minstrel show, and so played and sang the songs he had learned there. I Demember two of them well, "Miss Clare Olden's Ball" and "If There's Ever a Time to Try Your Friends, It's When You're Broken Down." We had grand times around Blacksburg all during the early eighties but I believe the summer of 1881 was about the gayest."

During 1882 there was much talk about the new coal discoveries near Pocahontas. To add to the activities in that section, a railroad line was being built down the river and into West Virginia with a view of tapping the mineral wealth of this region. This was

supposed to hav,e caused a substantial boom in that section. That mountainous area was literally flowing with milk and honey, so it was reported. There was no employment to be had in Blacksburg at this time and Captain Howe, intrigued with the reports from Pocahontas, decided he would go out there and investigate the possibilities in the coal fields.

He set out for Pocahontas, walking by way of Pepper's Ferry and the old home place. Since the railway line was only in its initial stages of construction, the area along New River to the north and east of Back Creek was almost a trackless wilderness.* After a short rest at Sunnyside, he completed the 60 odd miles in the next two days, bivouacking for the night under the protecting branches of a forest pine. An expert woodsman, he was able to take advantage of all of the short cuts through the mountain passes, and thereby reduce the ,estimated mileage considerably. Such a jaunt was not unusual in those days, especially for one who was born and raised in the country, and had marched for years with Jackson's "foot cavalry." Throughout his life Captain Howe always enjoyed a long journey by foot through rugged and scenic country, such as the mountains of Southwest Virginia afforded. On reaching his destination he was able to secure clerical work with one of the coal companies, and he wrote to inform his wife and family of the good news.

A short time later Shepherd and George Miller, one of the town boys, decided to go to the boom town of Pocahontas. They were too young to attempt the journey on foot so arrang,ed to drive there by horse and buggy. The boys at least knew that coal mining was done with a pick, and so to enhance the possibilities of being taken on as full-f1edged coal miners they both carried picks with them. When Shepherd was told that at his age, 14, he could only qualify as a door-boy, he was glad to sell his pick to one of the mine.sand accept the job offered him. In a few months Shepherd had become so affluent that he was able to make a visit home. He returned in a short time, taking Robert and their mutual friend, Jim Bodel, back to Pocahontas with him.

Captain Howe left the boys in Pocahontas in the mid-winter of 1883 and came home on the occasion of the birth of a new daughter, Minnie, so named for his sister, Minnie Howe Crockett. Subsequent developments prevented him from returning. However, he had already become disillusioned about the great oppor-

*"The History of the Middle New River Settlements, page 352, states: "The work on this line of railroad was rapidly pushed, so that on the 21st of May, 1883, the same was completed to Pocahontas, Virginia."

tunities to be found in the West Virginia coalfields. True, there was plenty of work available, of a sort, for the coal miner and construction gang type of laborer. It was a place of hard work, mainly for unskilled labor, long hours and poor pay. The land of milk and honey stuff could be written off as the Pocahontas Bubble.

Shepherd and Robert were in the meanwhile holding their coal mining jobs under precarious conditions. The underground shafts had become untrustworthy and dangerous. Or, at least, the danger was for the first time being recognized as a possible hazard to the miners. At this time Major James Hoge Tyler (later governor), a member of the Virginia State Senate from the district of Southwest Virginia, was chairman of the committee having supervision over mine safety. In this capacity he journeyed to the Pocahontas area for a personal observation and report. Following his investigation, he advised the Howe boys to give up their work and return home. They accepted the advice, and Robert left for Blacksburg on Monday, just as soon as he could secure his pay and get away. Shepherd left the coming Saturday. The same Saturday night soon after he had departed an explosion occurred in the shaft where he had been working, entombing 150 miners.

It was the early autumn when the boys returned to Blacksburg, just in time for Robert to enroll in the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College for the term of 1883-'84. In the spring of 1884 Shepherd started in the primary college course, which was at that time a preliminary step in the preparation for full entrance for boys of his age. The sudden change of events which was to take the family to Kansas at this time put an abrupt end to their college educations.

The sage advice of Horace Greeley, "Go west, young man," could have found no more receptive ears at this particular time than those of the Howes. After the past few years in Blacksburg, culminating in the bitter disappointment of the Pocahontas venture, John and Sallie Howe were conditioned for any undertaking. It was disheartening to have to face the stark realization that the good things hoped for on return to Blacksburg were impossible of fulfillment. The small community offered no business opportunities. Jobs were scarce or non-existent. Caught in a whirlpool of frustration, a change of some kind was imperative. Under the circumstances the "Go west" formula struck a responsive chord when it was offered, not by Horace Greeley, however, but in a more direct and personal manner by a brother-in-law, Doctor Stuart Crockett, the husband of Captain Howe's sister, Minnie Howe Crockett. Doc-

tor Crockett was an avid travieller, and one who occasionally invested in good properties while on such travels. On a recent trip through the west he had come into the possession of a farm in Kansas and now proposed that Captain Howe go ther,e and take *charge* of *it.*

The proposition was a most attractive one for the Howes, especially at this particular time. The farm was situated in the midst of the rich prairie country and was pictured as a v,ery productive piece of black river bottom land where wheat, corn and other grains grew in greatest profusion and bumper crops could always be expected. Truly, it was a farmer's dream, and John Howe was at heart a farmer. The rural life since childhood had instilled in him a love of the country that nothing else could satisfy. Farm work - the tilling of the soil, cultivation of the crops and care of liv,e stock - had an appeal for him not to be found in any other occupation. It was natural that farming should be his chosen profession. Even in later years when "back to the soil" was no longer a possibility he never ceased to long for the sound of the lowing catt1e, the rippling of the clear spring branch over mossy stones and the sweet odor of new mown hay at sundown. For these things he and his wife and children now pined.

The plan was for Captain Howe to go to Kansas at once and take over the farm so that the ,early spring plowing and seeding could be attended to. The family would follow later. Mrs. Howe cheerfully accepted the task of packing the household goods and completing pr,eparations for the jaunt westward whenever the word should be given. It was an exciting moment when John Howe took his personal belongings in hand that early spring day of 1884 and set out for the far distant and unknown west.

In retrospect it seems rather riemarkable that a family of this size with so little worldly experience and children of this immature age should have undertaken such an adventur·e. At this time John Howe was 42 and his wife, Sallie, 36. The children's ages were: Robert, 17; Shepherd, 16; John, Jr., 10; George, 8; Virginia, 6; Elliott, 4; and Minnie, just one year of age. Conditions must have been extremely bad and a. feeling of desperate uncertainty must have existed for a long time to have induced this large family to undertake such a hazardous excursion.

A 1etter to his wife a short time after arrival in Kansas indicates keen enthusiasm for the farming venture in the west. The communication itself is not available but the general contents, which serve to giv,e a fair picture of the undertaking, can be quoted from memory:

"I arrived safely after a most interesting journey and, although, I've barely had opportunity to look around, I'll try to give you some idea of what you'll find out here in the west.

The 216 acres of rich prairie land comprising the farm lies on the Verdigris River two miles from Liberty, the nearest railroad station. The back of the farm lies along the river. The farm house is a very substantial two-story frame standing about fifty yards back of the road that runs into Liberty. We are located about midway between Coffeyville and Independence. Independence is the county seat and the main shopping center for the farmers.

We will have as our near,est neighbors the Felts and the Pinkstons who own the farms adjoining our place. They are the friendly type of western folk and have given me every assistance in getting settled.

The land out here is fine for wheat, corn and hogs, the kind of farming we know. The yield of wheat is a great deal more per acre than we would expect in Virginia and they, also, have bumper crops of corn every year. The back section of the farm is rich bottom land, just the place for melons, and I have taken time by the forelock by getting a patch of both watermelons and canteloupes started already.

I am looking forward to your arrival with the children and hope you all have a pleasant and safe journey."

This was the gist of the news concerning the new home in the west, although detailed instructions for the trip and other personal matters were mentioned.

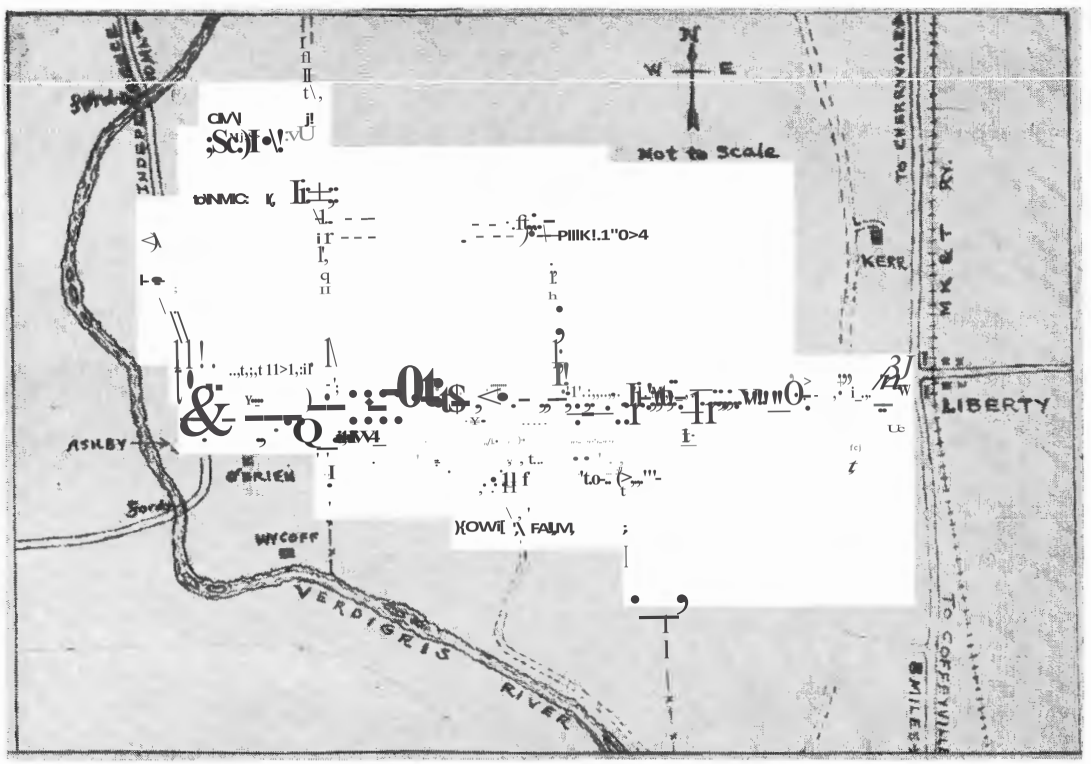
When Mrs. Howe and her children, with baggage and travelling paraphenalia, took the hack for the ten mile driv,e to Christiansburg, there to board the train for the trip west, the excitement of the past few days reached its culmination.

On arriving at the depot in Christiansburg Mrs. Howe was for the first time on her own with the railway travel problems of a large young family. Here she had her hands full with the great assortment of baggage and the children to look after at the same time. The conductor was kind enough to help with the entraining, to see that her belongings were put on the right car and that they were provided with choice seats where all could be grouped together. She felt great relief when they had settled down and the conductor's cry, "All aboard!" signified they were at last on their way. As the train pulled away from the station she was too full of the high spirit of adv,enture to experience any sorrow that she might be leaving relatives and old friends forever, nor did she give

any thought to what might be in store for their future. It just seemed that life somehow would be better, and that in itself was a satisfying and happy thought.

It was not long before evening had waned and the children were hungering for their first meal aboard train. Food for the journey was carri,ed in a basket. There was no thought of squandering money on meals in an expensive dining car. That was not done by the ordinary traveller back in the eighties. Families still retained the pioneer spirit of self-sufficiency whenever a long journey was necessary. Neither was there any thought of wasting money on such a luxury as the Pullman sleeping car. When the family had eaten the evening meal from the prepared lunch basket the seats were turned face to face and the children curled up with an extra blanket tucked about them for the night's sleep. This manner of living viewing the strange sights from the car window by day, constantly on the lookout for Indians and buffaloes they expected to see momentarily, was a part of the high adventure that kept the young ones happy and excited throughout the long journey.

Three days of travel through strange lands passed as quickly as the rapidly changing scenery; then arrival at Liberty, Kansas, where the farm wagons were drawn up at the depot to receive them - and happy reunion in the golden west!



Farm near Lib.erty, Kansas, where Howe family lived from 1884 *to* 1891. *Sketched by C.* K. *Howe from his recollection after more than* 50 *years. Last seen by him at age of six.*

Chapter IX

FARM LIFE IN THE WEST

Back to farm life once more was an occasion for rejoicing by the entire Howe family. For the first time in almost ten years the worries over the uncertainty of the future could be forgotten. The hazards of unemployment and the specter of hard times were now things of the past. There was plenty of work ahead for all. The farm home, soon in order, was well situated in a clump of cottonwood trees a short distance off the dirt road l,eading into Liberty. A mockorange hedge scr ened the roadway in front of the house. In the prairie country where timber was scarc,e hedge fences were extensively used. To the rear of the house a short distance beyond the clump of cottonwoods was the barn lot. The fields, some in grassland and others being seeded to crops, stretched from here to the Verdigris River, a quarter of a mile distant.

The two oldest boys were now able to do a man's work in the field and with so many willing hands available the black prairie soil was soon sprouting green crops in great abundance. That summer the sweet odor of new mown hay was in the air and John Howe and his boys were busy as bees r,eaping the harvest. With early fall came the cutting and shucking of corn, and later on the husking bees. By the end of autumn the corncribs were full to the eaves and the sleek, fat animals munched grain and hay under a barn roof bursting with timothy and clover. The Kansas farm venttire was off to an auspicious start.

While the grown folks labored in home and field the young ones were off to school with the other farm boys and girls of the country community. The one-room schoolhous•e was located a mile or so away, off the farm road leading northward to Independence. From primer and slate to highest grade the pupils of assorted sizes all toiled over their 1essons together. Perhaps this was an advantage in some respects. The youngsters of the lower grades while working sums at their desks could absorb a certain amount

The Howe farm home in Kansas, birth place of the three youngest children, as it looks today.

of geography and rhetoric from the big boys and girls reciting up front. The building was used both as a schoolhouse and a community meeting place for all sorts of social affairs and farmers' rallies. It also served as a Union church for all of the combined faiths of the neighborhood. In accordance with the Biblical injunction, on the Sabbath day the farmers and their families put aside their labors and gathered here for worship.

The Sunday schedule began on Saturday evening. The men folk came in from the field a little earlier to help with the preparations by killing and picking the fryers. Cakes were baked and other food stuffs prepared so that no work need be done on the Sabbath except the necessary feeding of live stock and the milking chores. The staple portion of the Sunday feast put aside, the large wooden wash tub was dragged in and placed in the center of the kitchen floor. Numerous kettles and boilers of water were then arranged on the stove to heat and the weekly round of baths got underway. Considering the difficulties of bathing under old time conditions, the much talked of Saturday night bath was no joking matter after all.

On Sunday morning, as with the other days of the week, the family was astir at daybreak. But on a Sabbath there was a diff,erence. Now a certain holiday spirit pervaded the atmosphere. It was good to know the only farm tasks at hand were the feeding and milking. Barn doors would be left open so that the horses could wander out in the fields to graze. This, too, was their day of rest. A team of horses would be latched in for the drive to church later. Soon all would gather for a favorite breakfast of buckwheat cakes, sausage and sorghum molasses, all products of the Howe farm. The batter for the buckwheat cakes was mixed the night before and put in a large earthenware jar on the warm hearth to rise. If the batter had been mixed just right by morning it would be found pushing its way from under the lid and oozing down the sides of the jar to the hearth. The yeasty odor permeated the room and gave a z,estful anticipation for the treat to come.

After breakfast there would be a scurrying about for white shirts and freshly starched dresses. Each of the children would then take a turn at polishing shoes, the youngest ones being assisted by their father. A first rate shoe shine was one of his special requirements for Sunday school and church. A watchful eye would catch anyone derelict in this important duty. The father (Pa, as he was always called by the children) would call attention to any deficiency by shouting out in a seemingly harsh but good-humored manner, "Great Scott! you're not going off to Sunday school with

the heels of your shoes looking like that, are you? Come back here and let me do them right."

When shoes had gone the rounds of this special touching up there would be a final period of running about the house looking for "coppers" to go in the collection plate. There would be very little silver put in for the major portion of the preacher's wages came from the smoke houses and cellars of the farm folk. If he were kept bountifully supplied with hams and bacon, flour, corn-meal and canned fruits and vegetables it was presumed that a few dollars from the collection plate on Sundays would be ample to meet all other needs. These emoluments were augmented by the regular Sunday dinners from one country home to another throughout the year. Come Sunday morning when the time for entertaining the preacher approached, Mrs. Howe would propose, "I s'pose we'd better ask the Reverend and Mrs. Purdy over for dinner next Sunday." Perhaps her husband would remind her they were to dine with Brother Pinkston on the coming Sabbath, and so they would set the time for the week after. Everybody knew pretty well where the preacher and his family would be taking dinner on any particular Sunday.

The young ones would start loading up as soon as the first bell for Sunday school was heard tolling in the distance. Then father would come out and take over the reins, first helping his wife up on the front seat of the wagon. By this time all the remainder of the family had scrambled into the open bed and settled in choice places in the straw. The carriage was all right for a trip to Coffeyville or Independence when John and Sallie Howe were driving alone or with only one or two of the children but when all of the family wanted to turn out together ther,e was nothing like the roomy wagon bed with a layer of clean straw in the bottom. It was the only way for a large family to go as a group.

On arrival the Howes would be joined by the Felts, the Pinkstons, the Venables and others from all directions around the country side; travelling on foot, by buggy, horseback, and the larger families in wagons. The men sun-tanned and looking awkward in their "meeting day" outfits. The women and young girls were shiny of face and looked prim in fresh muslin and dimity that stood out straight and stiff with starch.

The meeting opened with the congregation singing lustily from well worn hymnals, "Joy to the World." Sometimes it would be "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," "Take the Name of Jesus With You," or "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again." There followed long prayers, more singing, and then the preacher pre-

sented his text with deliberation, and repeated it with more deliberation so the implication of his words would sink in. Then came the sermon that lasted well over two hours. The wooden benches seemed to get harder and harder as the preacher's voice droned on. Now and then he would thresh the air and interspers,e his exhortations with ample portions of hellfire and damnation. Near the end he would give the Bible a resounding whack, causing some of the elders to sit up straight. The eyelids of the Howe children would flicker open and they would experience a feeling of relief that the long sermon was drawing to a close.

Pretty soon the preacher would reach for a hymnal, open it and read in measured tones the first stanza of the closing hymn. At the first pause, Mrs. Howe at the organ pulled the stops and the music pealed forth. The notes of the organ would recede, and then swell forth again into a repetition of the opening stanza when the voices of the farmers and their families joined in to make the rafters fairly shake with, -

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from Wrath, and make me pure."

With the closing anthem the country folk filed out to mingle together in the church yard and discuss the farm activities of the past week. The young ones relaxed and happy with the solemnity of the occasion at an end, contested for choice seats in the wagon beds. The high point of the week had been reached and all was well with the world.

The Sunday the preacher and his wife came for dinner the religious hour extended far into the afternoon. The dining room would not accomodate so many at one time so four or five of the youngest children had to wait for the second table. Unknown to the pavents, this was a terrible ordeal for them to face. It seemed to take longer for a preacher to eat than any other kind of company. The eating was deliberate and interspersed with lengthy and profound discussions of the Scriptures. During this long wait the pangs of hunger grew so intense that the outlook for relief appeared just about hopeless. The scraping of chairs on the floor as the family and guests moved away from the table was the most gladdening sound that could possibly be imagined.

On Sunday afternoons there was nothing in the way of enter-

tainment. After six days of toil on the farm from sunup to sundown the privilege of sitting around the house in clean Sunday clothes was all the recreation anyone desir,ed. The nearest town, Liberty, was closed tight on Sunday. The town square, where on week days wagon teams and riding horses stood switching flies while the farmers milled about doing their weekly trading, was as silent as the tomb. Not a soul could be seen on the streets. Nobody ever went to town on the Sabbath.

For the neighbors who might drop in there was the st,ereoptican slide and a stack of handsome photographs on the marble top parlor table, when some diversion from farm talk was desired. Popular games were forbidden but the stereoptican filled the void very satisfactorily and furnished pleasant, educational entertainment suitable for a Sunday afternoon. The playing of popular airs on the piano or guitar was, also, forbidden. Later in the evening, however, after a buffet style cold supper had been eaten, the family usually gathered in the parlor while Mrs. Howe played hymns and all joined in the singing:

Around nine o'clock her husband would interrupt to say, "Sallie, I s'pose it's about time to read the Scriptures." Everybody would go into the living room and the children would take seats around the wall while their father brought out the family Bible. He would bring the large kerosene lamp to the center table and look it over to see that the chimney was clean and shiny and the wick was trimmed just so. He would never waste a minute on a sooty chimney or a wick that did not burn straight and square. Adjusting his gold rimmed spectacles, he would search through the pages to a suitable chapter and read, -

"And Jacob dwelt in the land wherein his father was a stranger, in the land of Canaan. These are the generations of Jacob. Joseph being seventeen years old, was feeding the flocks with his brethren ..... " And on through the 37th Chapter of Genesis.

The children liked the stories from the Old Testament; David and Goliath, Jonah and the whale, Noah and the Ark. These were the stories their father read most often. When certain parts were not well understood he would retell the incidents in his own words so that the happenings sounded very realistic. The children thought their father knew more about the Bible than anyone, except possibly the preacher knew about as much. In fact, the children thought their mother and father were two of the greatest and wisest people in the whole world, and could do anything. And their Pa was the strongest and most fearless man who ever lived. They had never '"een him in a fight, not even in a quarrel. But then he had killed

hundreds of Yankees during the Civil War with his sword and bare hands, and that was proof enough. Though the vision of feats on the field of battle may have dimmed with time, the thought of their parents all-around greatness and perfection remained with the children always.

Following the Bible reading all would kneel beside their chairs while their father offered prayers. At the conclusion he would always say, "And may the Lord watch over us and protect us."

The younger children, who often placed their own interpretations on anything they did not understand, assumed that their father said, "And may the Lord watch over us in Texas." It always reawakened their curiosity and was inclined to disturb them, for they had heard much talk of the Indians and wild cowboys down in Texas and thought the family was on the verge of moving to that strange land. Why else should their Pa ask the Lord to "watch over us in Texas?"

The year of 1885, the first new year in the west, had barely begun when there came a message announcing the death of Captain Howe's father, John Dunbar Howe, at Sunnyside. He had lived just five days past his 84th year; a full life, and most of the eventful days were spent in sight of the peaceful Valley of Back Creek.

According to the provisions of his will Sunnyside was left to his youngest daughter, Agnes Howe De Jarnette, who had looked after him during the inactive period of his life.

This same year saw the first increase in the family group in Kansas, with the birth of Charles Kent Howe. Robert saddled old Baldie and rode to Liberty for the doctor. All of the Howe children with the exception of Minnie were born in farm homes. It was not customary in those days for the mother to go off to the hospital. But there was not a hospital within a hundred miles of the Howe place at that time, anyway.

The excessive heat of summer and the blinding blizzards of winter are two of the principal remembrances of the west. The summers on the Kansas plains were terrible. The sun beat down so mercilessly that by midday the sand and smooth river rocks were hot enough to blister the bare feet. The children, ever busy in play or venturesome escapades, used the flat rocks as a sort of griddle on which to fry grasshoppers and other make believe culinary dishes.

The grasshoppers were one of the major pests. During some of the worst grasshopper years they came in such swarms that the ground and shrubbery were continually covered with them. By the end of the summer they had eaten most of the growing crops and

young fruit trees almost down to the ground. The farmers had to fight them incessantly during thes bad periods. They raked them up and burned them by the baskets full. The laws of Kansas provide that "all able-bodied persons between the ages of 12 and 65 may be called out by the township trustees for the purpose of destroying locusts and grasshoppers."

Another pest which the farmers systematically fought was the rabbit, both jack rabbit and cotton tail. These pesky creatures made themselves such a nuisance by nibbling the vegetables and other young plants that it became necessary to organize against them. Once every year the Farmers Alliance sponsored a rabbit drive and general farm work was suspended for the day so that all of the men and boys could take part in the event. At the end of the day the spoils were displayed at the community meeting house.

This was a very eventful day and a holiday spirit prevailed throughout the community. Rabbits were slain by the scores and by every means that could be devised. Towards the end of the day after the hunters had shot everything in sight the thickets were burned as a last resort towards a complete clean-up. This was called "burning the canebreaks" and was the occasion for the younger set to indulge in a field day. The youngsters took their stands at strategic places and knocked them down with rocks and sticks as they ran out. Some gave chase across the meadows and tried to out rival the other lads in their fleetness of foot. Sportsmanship was of little consideration, however, for the main idea was to get the rabbits and by any means that could be devised. Prizes were awarded that night to those who had brought in the largest number of rabbits by sundown.

In the evening there followed an oyster supper at the community house sponsored by the ladies of the neighborhood. Oysters were a very rare delicacy in this section, and so this special occasion was the main topic of conversation for days ahead of time. No one in the neighborhood would care to miss this unusual treat. The annual rabbit round-up, culminating in the oyster supper and donation of prizes, was one of the important events of the season.

During the summer there was relief from the excessive heat by the frequent lightning and thunder storms. The storms were marked by the intensity of the electric display, such as that experienced by the boys when they had to drive home in the wagon with their father one evening from Coffeyville. A terrible lightning and thunder storm overtook them as it was growing dark. The night was soon so black they could not see the roadway except at intervals when it was illuminated by streaks of lightning that inter-

mittingly ran along the wire fence on both sides of it. These frequent flashes afforded the only means of staying out of the drainage ditches had the horses not been able to do so by instinct. On another occasion during a severe lightning storm the Howe house was struck and a corner of the house and a part of the chimney were knocked off. The bolt of lightning ran down into the fireplace and fused the contents of a child's tool chest that happened to be sitting on the hearth. Fortunately no one was hurt, and it was said this was because the family slept on feather beds. After that experience whenever it thundered the children ran and jumped on the beds. It became an accepted doctrine henceforth that the feather bed ranked with rubber boots and the lightning rod as a safeguard against the dangers of electricity.

The winters were likewise of extreme severity. By late November the snow blizzards were sweeping over the prairie and farm operations, with the exception of caring for the live stock, were at a standstill. During the worst snow blizzards wiries had to be strung from the house to the barn and other outbuildings so that the boys and their father could find their way out to milk, tend the stock, gather stove wood and then hold onto the wir,e with one hand and guide themselves through the blinding snow back to the house. The long winter evenings were spent with the family grouped about the fireplace. The children popped corn over the open coals and ate apples cold and crisp from the apple bank. The apple bank was the storage place at the edge of the orchard made by scooping a hole in the ground and filling it with straw and covering it with straw after the great pile of apples were dumped in. Other covered mounds contained ample supplies for the winter of cabbage and turnips. The only interruption to the conversation of the grown-ups and the laughter and play of the children came when another log was thrown on the fire. It was great fun sitting around the open fire on a cold winter night when the blizzard was howling outside. Bedtime came all too soon for the young ones. The family lived in a little world to itself throughout the winter. It was a world that by present standards might appear extremely restricted and humdrum. But that was the only life the children knew and to them it was absorbing and interesting, a perfect existence.

To the farmers it was a great relief to see the melting away of the last big snow and the appearance of the first few robins hopping around the barn lot. They were ever impatient to be out in the fields with their live stock and teams, breaking up the black earth and getting ready for fresh crops. But to the young folk this

was just another change of scenery in the never ending panorama of a strange and wonderful life.

The care and safety of a large family of young children presented an ever present problem to a mother burdened with so many other dutiies incident to farm life. Years later, in speaking of the problems of this period, Mrs. Howe said, "I often had to let the children more or less take care of each other and they were always up to so many escapades I never knew what was going to happen next. One morning while churning and trying to watch the baby at the same time there arose a terrible clatter from the barnyard accompanied by the screams of the children. I ran out in time to see a calf tearing through the fence with improvised harness of ropes dangling, and Ginny upside down in a dishpan hanging in the wire fence. Georg,e and Elliott were in hot pursuit, screaming at the top of their lungs. The little boys had hitched a calf to the dishpan to take Ginny for a ride. Innocent of the consequences, she had allowed them to tie her in the pan. As soon as the calf started off and found the queer contraption rattling along behind, it bolted in panic. Had the ropes not broken when the calf ran through the fence Ginny might have suffered more s,erious injury than the few scratches and bruises that resulted."

"There was another time when one of Elliott's pranks almost scared me out of my wits," she continued. "On this occasion I had taken the baby and walked up the road about a half a mile to see Mrs. Minnick. We were sitting on the front porch talking when I was startled to hear a wail in the distance that sounded like one of my own. Looking down the road I saw Ginny and Mary Felts approaching, leading between them a tottering figure I r,ecognized with more careful scrutiny as Elliott. The difficulty in recognition was due to the fact that he was disheveled and his face was covered with a white mask or a coating of something that hid his identity until they drew near. I could then see that he was crying with pain and his tearful ,eyes blinked strangely out from the chalky, mask-like face. I thought at first that he had been made up as a circus clown and then suffered an accident. Only that part of my surprise in regard to the accident was correct. I found that he had taken his father's powder horn and dumped the contents into a hole in the ground, over this he had piled corncobs and stuffed some paper underneath for the fuse which he then lit to set off a blast. When the paper was slow in burning Elliott got down on all fours to blow the smouldering fire into life. The consequences were inevitable and rapid. The bast he had expected to witness from afar went off in his face. The two girls watching from a safe distance quickly

ran to the rescue of the blinded, terrified Elliott. They took him to the house and in panic tried to relieve his suffering by plastering his face with lard covered over with a coat of flour. When they found that this gave no relief from the painful burns they set out up the road to find me with Elliott between them screaming at the top of his voice. It was a terrible shock to have him brought to me in this pitiful looking condition. On returning home with him I found that his eyelashes and some of his hair were burnt off, but these were only superficial burns and he escaped from the ordeal without scars or permanent injury."

There were hazards in work as well as play. One day while driving the harrow young Johnny pulled up his team to clean the cornstalks from underneath. Robert and Shepherd werie plowing a short distance ahead of him at this time. Johnny - 12 or 13 at the time - was still somewhat young for heavy farm work, and so he had difficulty in holding up the bulky wooden frame while untangling the rubbish with his free hand. During the operation the frame slipped from his grasp and landed on his foot. Robert and Shepherd were attracted by the cries for help and ran to his assistance. On lifting the harrow the older boys discovered why Johnny was so effectively held in place. One of the steel spikes had gone directly through his foot pinning it firmly to the ground. On reaching the house his mother, though shocked at the gaping wound, calmly set about rendering first aid, as she had learned it from the school of experienc,e. While the foot was being bathed she brought out sugar, turpentine and bandages. A handful of sugar was poured over the wound and that saturated with turpentine and bandaged. That it was effective was proven by the prompt healing of the wound without further trouble.

Like many of the old home remedies used by Mrs. Howe in emergencies, the reason for this treatment might be questioned. But like many of the others it has a sound basis. The sugar formed a syrup and served to coagulate and stop the flow of the blood. The turpentine acted as a disinfectant, much in the manner 0£ iodine that is used so much today, and apparently was just as effective.

During those early days in sparsely settled country a knowledge of practical medication was imperative. Doctors were usually miles away, could not be easily had and were expensive. It was through necessity that the mother of a large family had learned

r idents and minor ail-

For sore throat a flannel cloth was soaked in kerosene oil and tied around the throat. Mustard or turpentine was sometimes used, diluted with lard to counteract the severe burning effoct. The mottled surface of the skin that resulted was supposed to be the interior inflammation that had been drawn outside by the application. As a preventative against disease all of the children wore a small bag of asafetida attached to a string about the neck during the winter months when contagious diseases were especially prevalent. The odor, the most unusual as well as the most unpleasant that could be found, was supposed to be a sure preventative against all the common kinds of childhood diseases such as measles, chicken pox and scarlet fever. Possibly the fact that the terrible odor of the asafetida kept the children apart to some extent may have served to lessen the chances of the spread of contagious diseases. Anyway, the children grew up happy and healthy, ample proof that many of the old fashioned remedies had a sound basis for their use, and it is possible that most possessed a great deal of real merit.

It is difficult to tell of the life in Kansas without repeatedly mentioning the farm product corn because this grain and all of its by-products played such an important part in western farm life. "There's where the tall corn grows," was more than a song in Kansas as well as Iowa. The type of soil in the middle west coupled with just the right amount of moisture and uniform heat during the growing season of mid-summer made a perfect combination for a bumper corn crop. Soon after the first frost had given a touch of color to the pumpkins along the corn rows every crib and vacant farm buildingwould be bulging with the long golden ears. At hog foeding time it was necessary to drive a two-horse wagon loaded to the brim through the pasture, and one man standing in the back scooped ears of corn out to the squealing hogs while the driver crisscrossed about the field.

Corn in one form or another was used for everything, including the children's toys. The older boys who were more adept with pocket knife made popguns for the youngsters using a long straight stalk for the barrel. Or perhaps they might fashion a fiddle. This was done by splitting the fiber on the flat side of the stalk and placing a bridge underneath at each end. The bow was made by attaching horse hairs to a smaller stalk. Toy pipes for pretended smoking or blowing soap bubbles were made out of the cobs. A favorite delicacy with the children were the popcorn balls. Sorghum molasses, another corn product of the farm, was used as a binder, the popcorn being rolled in it and made into balls about the

size of a baseball. The big boys in trying to outdo each other often made them as large as croquet balls. Where candy and store-bought sweets rarely made their appearance except at Christmas time these large, sweet corn balls cached in a convenient place fulfilled a farm child's candy desires for days on end.

There were times to come when corn was to be used as a fuel. This was during a deplorable economic condition throughout this section of the west, the development of which will be related in subsequent chapters.

Chapter X

HARD TIMES IN THE OFFING
ROBERT BECOMES A "SOONER"

For the second time on the Kansas farm Robert saddled old Baldy and rode to Liberty for the country doctor. The occasion was the birth of Daniel Fauntleroy Howe.

When Daniel made his first appearance in the primer class of grade school seven years later Miss Grace Caldwell, the teacher, ask him to stand and announce his full name so that it might be recorded on the class roster. The vocal announcement also served to introduce ,each pupil to the class as a whole. When the new pupil in timid tone of voice came out with "Fauntleroy" it brought forth a wave of suppressed laughter. That the young initiate's home-made jacket was set off with starched sailor collar and his hair was carefully parted in the middle and slicked down, didn't help matters any. The suppressed laughter, primed by a loud guffaw from Arthur Stump, a fat boy sitting in the rear row, was soon out of hand. Young Howe's confused retreat from the room was the only thing that restored some semblance of order.

Returning home Daniel declared that he would not go back to school until he could announce himself in class without causing all of his fellow pupils to go into hysterics. His mother was sympathetic. She called off sevieral of the old family names and allowed him to select "Dunbar," also her own choice. The change was pleasing to him and it appeared to be satisfactory to his classmates as well, including Arthur Stump, who now became his first deskmate.

The new arrival in the Howe family came in ,early February when the Kansas winter was at its worst. Mrs. Howe had scarcely begun her normal activities when late one bleak afternoon Mrs. Felts came to ask her help. Her youngest child, Arthur, age five, was desperately sick with croup.

There was no doctor available at this time but Mrs. Felts knew that her neighbor had successfully treated her own children and

nursed them through many serious sick spells, and so she felt that Mrs. Howe's priesence and her capable advice and administrations would be a great comfort in a time of the grave illness of her youngest. Together they anxiously worked over the desperately sick child throughout that drieary February evening, Mrs. Howe giving him regular doses of cough syrup and changes of mustard plasters on his chest to reduce the hoarseness and ease his breathing. By bedtime the child was resting easy and it appeared he had passed the crisis and would spend a comfortable night. At Mrs. Felts' insistence her helpful neighbor returned home for some much needed rest.

It was well past midnight when Mr. Felts, lantern in hand, appearied at the front door to say that Arthur had suffered a relapse and ask if Mrs. Howe would please come with him at once. She hurriedly dressed and together they made their way through the snow and wind of the wintry night back to the Felts farm home. The little boy was found in a choking spasm and his mother was sitting on the edge of the bed helplessly ringing her hands in grief. Mrs. Howe took the child in her lap by the fireplace and tried to restore his normal breathing but all her efforts were in vain. In a very short time he died there in her arms. The tragic occurrence seemed to create a special bond between Mrs. Felts and her neighbors from Virginia for she never forgot the Howes to the end of her long life.

By the latter part of the eighties a new economic slump was being felt throughout the country and this was now having an especially depriessing effect on the western farmers. The fairly prosperous times of the past five or six years had proven to be only a temporary upswing for a recession had already begun to have its deadening effect on the former prosperity of the farm region. The price of farm products had now dropped to such a low figure that it was difficult to realize any profit from their sale, and certainly not sufficient for a fair living. Nevertheless farm operations kept on at the regular paoe with the hopes that better times would soon return again.

In their efforts to raise the cash farm income to some extent the Howes specialized one year during this period in raising tureys. By late fall they had a flock of hens and gobblers of which any Vermont farmer would have felt proud. When marketing time came the boys and their father transformed the deep four-horse wagon bed into a double deck coop for the trip to Independence. It was a ten mile drive, somewhat further than the trip to Coffeyville, but this was the county seat and the best market for

farm products.

The day of departure Mrs. Howe dressed in her best, for she had decided that she would ride on the front seat with her husband. By wagon team it meant a long, tiresome journey and necessitated hurried trading about the town in order to get back to the farm by dark. But the trip would afford her a much needed outing and an opportunity to use some of the proceeds from the sale of the turkeys for the necessary fall shopping.

The team had been jogging along for some time with Sallie and John Howe deeply engrossed in a discussion of their plans for the day when at a pause in the conversation Mrs. Howe chanced to look back down the road. The sight which met her gaze brought forth an exclamation that caused her husband to jerk the team to a sudden halt. As far back over the rolling prairie as the eye could reach turkey hens and gobblers could be seen casually picking bugs and grasshoppers from along the roadside.

A hasty examination of the wagon bed disclosed that the last bird was at this moment preparing to evacuate the prison through an aperture that had been made when a board had become loosened by the constant bumping over the road. Due to the time it required each turkey to make its exit they were spaced at 30 or 40 yard intervals along the road and presented the appearance of the re'1r guard of a straggling army.

The details concerning the roundup of this prized flock and placing them back into marketable condition have become obscured by time. But it is believed it required several days of footsore labor and that all were not brought back alive. It is fairly certain, however, that it was a distressing experience for Mrs. Howe and that she was forced to postpone her shopping trip until another day.

The depressing state of affairs on the farm was instrumental in influencing Robert to decide, in 1889, that it was time to strike out for himself. There had been considerable talk about the opening to settlement of new lands in Indian Territory, and so that appealled an ideal place for a young man to get a start. He had nothing definite in view except the vague idea of fabulous wealth to be gained from the acquiring of free government land. But Robert was inclined to be rather impetuous in transferring an idea into a plan of action so without further ado he hurriedly packed a valise and with the enthusiastic good wishes of all the family ringing in his ears set out to join the land grabbers gathering on the horizon of old Oklahoma and Indian Territories.

He reached there just in time to have his name recorded

among that historic band to be known as the "Sooners." This was the slang term they applied to those who settled on government land before it was legally opened to settlement, in order to gain the prior claim that the law gives to the first settler when the land is legally opened. Robert did not actually settle on the land, although like the other Sooners, he made every effort to do so. Possibly a lack of worldly experience, as well as the legal technicalities involved, nullified any chance there might have been in profiting from his efforts.

In telling of the incident years later, Robert said, "We gathered north of Guthrie, then only a tent town, and were a-rarin' to go well before daylight. When the signal was given after hours of waiting around we rushed across the line lickety split. The motley hundreds of land grabbers were in buggies, wagons, on horseback and on foot. I was among the latter. After running around aimlessly most of the morning I finally put down some stakes on what I hoped would be a future town square.

"That far back nobody had the slightest thought of the possibilities of oil. We were after good farm land, with the vague hope that a part of the section we chose might be selected as the location of the county seat or the principal town of the region.

"I camped right there on my claim that day and night with no food other than a small bag of cheese and crackers I had stuffed in my pocket the day before. By the next day I was thoroughly exhausted from waiting and watching. Along towards the end of the day a group of rough looking men appeared, headed by what I took to be a U. S. Deputy Marshall. At least, he wore a ten-gallon hat, carried a brace of 44's in his belt and wore a large silver star on his vest. They ordered me, as well as all of the others in sight, to move back to where we came from. The leader gruffly added that all of us had jumped the gun and got there too soon. We later heard they had started calling us "Sooners," which I presumed came from the off hand remarks of the U. S. marshal.

"This experience cured my desire for free land grabbing and I hit the trail for the mushroom town of Guthrie. Here I found a settlement of the toughest bunch of westerners I had ever run into. Most of them had their packs like prospectors and were roughing it in tents or hurriedly built shacks. It didn't take long to see that this was no place for me so after a bri,ef stay I pulled up stakes and went to Childress, in the Texas Panhandle, where I was told there was a good chance of finding a job."

It was probably many years before Robert realiz,ed that his precipitate act of attempted land grabbing had made him a charter

member of the famed "Sooners," and that the historic incident in which he had taken part had been responsible for adding a new word to the dictionary. His experiences in Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory during the next few years is another story.

It was while in Childress that Robert was instrumental in inducing Shepherd to join him for his first try at a r,eal job following the abortive attempt at land grabbing. There had been some correspondence between the two in which Shepherd had urged his older brother to get him a job, promising he would join him as quickly as he could possibly get there. The hard times on the farm and the uncertainty of the future had made Shepherd, also most anxious to move out in the world and seek his fortune.

In all of his reports Robert had been most optimistic. In the last letter to Shepherd he said that things looked mighty good all through the Panhandle and if an opening was found in Childress, and he certainly expected several good propositions to turn up there, he would send for him at once, and by wire if the situation demanded prompt action.

This was ,enough to put Shepherd on the qui vive, even thou,gh he was well aware of Robert's inclination to over optimism. If there were the faintest signs of big things in the offing Robert would surely see them. The pathway of his travels was certain to be strewn with one proposition after another, and all of them gilt edge.

A few days later the wire came. Shepherd tore open the official looking yellow envelope with fingers trembling with excitement and read the brief message:

"HAVE LANDED JOB FOR BOTH. PROMPT ACTION IMPERATIVE. WIRE TIME OF ARRIVAL."

-Bob

Shepherd later said that reading this, the first personal telegram he had ever received, apprising him at the same time of his first important job offer, was one of the thrills of his life.

Describing his reactions to the trip, he went on, "I could hardly sit still on the train so anxious was I to reach Childress and take over that job before it was snapped up by somebody else. I was a little worried when I thought of how I'd make out with the smart city fellows who stayed dressed up and looked like dudes all the time. But then maybe I'd have to dress lie a dude, too, if the job happened to be in one of the stores or, perhaps, the national bank. I was dressed in my one good outfit and carried the balance of my belongings in one of the big round shiny valises we kept in the

attic for travelling occasions. No farm boy ever had but one Sunday outfit. But I thought if it turned out to be one of those city jobs I could get credit and stock up on extra clothes after I started drawing regular monthly wages. This problem solved to my satisfaction I felt there was nothing else to worry about so I lounged comfortably back in the soft red velvet cushions and watched the landscape roll by. It was a great feeling to be rushing by train out in the world towards lucrative employment in a strange city.

"When I rolled off the train at Childress," he continued, "there was Bob, face beaming, just like he always looked when he was thoroughly satisfied with the prospective situation. For some reason he wasn't in any hurry to enlighten me. I presumed he was afraid somebody would overhear his plans and thought he'd better wait until we'd had a chance to settle ourselves in a more secluded place and could talk at leisure. When we had walked a couple of blocks up the street he guided me around the corner to what I considered then a magnificent establishment with sign over the entrance reading, 'Railroad Men's Family Hotel, Lodging $1 per Day,' and boldly entered. 'Inside he led me, still uncommunicative, to an out-of-the-way corner at the far end of the lobby. As we halted here to catch our breath - Bob was always inclined to step along a little briskly when something pretty important was a-foot - I turned expectantly to him to hear the good news.

"He shoved his hat back on his head with an air of sophistication and in a low, confidential business-like tone of voice burst out exultantly, 'Shep, I've landed us a contract to dig a cellar!'

"I dropped my valise on the floor too dumfounded for words. After a moments silence I mumbled something about the need for a drink of water and together we walked on out towards the dining room. After we'd had a bite to eat and had talked awhile," Shepherd concluded, "I finally convinced Bob there wasn't enough future in his proposed contract to justify me staying in Childress to consummate it. I caught the first train next day back to Liberty."

But Shepherd's experience failed to deter the venturesome spirit of John, for a short time after his return John set out on his own for the Texas Panhandle. When next heard from he was on one of the big ranches near Fort Worth, all booted, chapped and spurred, at 16, leading the exciting life of a Texas cowboy.

Chapter XI

THE CLOUDS GROW DARKER
BACK TO OLD VIRGINIA

Old Baldie was to ma e but one more emergency run to Liberty. This was on the occasion of the birth of Sallie De Jarnette Howe, the twelfth, and last child of John and Sallie Howe. A short time after this trip the old horse laid down in the barnlot and died.

Baldie, a favorite with all of the youngsters, was the one horse all of the children could ride and drive or play around his hoofs in safety. Now that the gentle old animal was gone the children were sad at being without their faithful friend around the barnlot and pasture field. Some said the passing of Old Baldie was a bad omen for the Howes. Bad omen or not, the dark clouds of depression were rapidly gathering at this time.

While farming in general had been none too promising all during the latter part of the eighties, by 1890 there was no question but what the Kansas farming venture was headed for the rocks, and disaster could only be averted by the country's leaders bringing about some form of miracle in the agricultural situation of the nation. That winter saw a new low in economic conditions throughout the middle west. The price of corn, the one most dependable crop, was so low that it did not pay to haul the grain to the market. The farmers found that it could be m@e profitably used as fuel. Throughout the prairie section of the west firewood was always a scarce article due to the absence of forests in this region. For this reason the fuel problem, especially during the winter season, was one to be rieckoned with. Coal, bought at high prices and hauled from long distances, was the main reliance. Corncobs were often used in place of wood for starting fires, and sometimes for light cooking. However, a oertain amount of coal had always been considered a necessity as heavy winter fuel.

But this winter of 1890 corn was selling at such an insignifi-

cant price, and coal at such a dear one, that the farmers found it far more economical to burn the corn for fuel rather than market the corn and buy and haul coal from town. The crops were plentiful that year. Corn, especially, was in great abundance. The Lord had bestowed His blessings most bountifully over the land, but the political rulers thereof had not done so well. They had again, through their subservience to the money-changers in the Temple of Wall Street, played the people false. To see the ripe, white and golden ears burned in the kitchen range because the price offeried in the market place was much cheaper than the same quantity of common fuel, and considering the labor it had taken to produce it, was enough to take the heart out of John Howe, as well as all of his farm neighbors. Those who owned their land outright could withstand such a condition for several years, at least, and ride out the losses until the upturn came. But Captain Howe, making heavy farm payments and with a large family to support, could not.

During the latter part of the winter he began to make preparations for closing out, the only course now open to him. After that there was nothing left but to pack up the household goods and personal belongings and all head back to old Virginia. Certainly with farming conditions as they were it was impossible to regain a foothold anywhere here in the west. He needed first of all to find temporary haven for his wife and large family of young children so that he and the older boys would have unhampered time to look for work. The only logical place for this was at the old home place on Back Creek. There they could remain for a short period of time until he secured employment and established a new home, possibly in one of the nearby towns. The village of Central Depot, to be renamed East Radford within the year, because of its prominence as a railroad junction, appeared to offer the best possibilities. Such were the general plans of John and Sallie Howe as the hard winter of 1890-'91 drew to a close.

All of the farmers in this section of the west were very zealous members of the Farmers Alliance. This organization met monthly at the community house, and it was customary to call on a member for a prepared talk on some phase of farming and related problems. The meeting for the month of March, 1891, featured the departing member, John Howe. Since it was to be his final appearance it offered an opportunity to combine his farm lecture with a farewell message to old friends of so many years of toil, hardships and happy associations.

These Kansas farmers had proven to be friends of the caliber that could be classed as the very salt of the earth. All were tillers

of the soil together and were ever willing to share their knowledge, counsel and physical labors, whenever the need required, each with the other. All had the same rural outlook on life, worshiped in the same community church and enjoyed the same group recreations. There were no more hard working, industrious people; no more steadfast, loyal friends than the Pinkstons, the Felts, the Venables, the O'Briens and the other farmers throughout the community. These were the old friends that had now gathered to hear John Howe deliver his farewell speech and afterwards grasp his hand for the last parting.

He was introduced by Mr. Felts, his closest farm neighbor, who briefly reviewed their rielationship of the past seven years. He related some humorous anecdotes, as well as some of the more serious experi,ences of this period, and told of the affection his family and others of the community held for the Howes and how badly they would be missed both at work and during the hours of social recreation.

Captain Howe acknowledged the introduction with many thanks to all for the fine friendships he and his family had enjoyed, and then continued with the main theme of his address, -

> "It is with a heavy heart that I fill my place tonight as speaker for the last time.
>
> "It lacks but a few days of seven years since I settled in your midst. At that time this state was in comparatively prosperous condition. Money seemed to be plentiful and prices for everything were good. Since that time we have witnessed a financial blight pass over the land which has been as devastating in its course as was the vegetable blight caused by the grasshopper plague in 1873.
>
> "A little less disastrous have been these seven years than the seven years of Egyptian famine. Jacob, at least had his sheckels wherewith to buy. We have had our yeq.rs of plenty and produced the corn but starving thousands had not the money wherewith to purchase it, and we have had to sell at a price below the cost of production. Years of famine should be regarded with horror and dread as the greatest calamity that could befall a nation. Yet 25 years of famine have we had, and the last seven more terrible than the seven symbolized by the seven lean kine that Joseph foretold would devastate the country ..... " *

The theme of Captain Howe's discourse was taken largely

*The faded pencil copy of his prepared talk was found among old family papers. The last pages, however, were in large part illegible.

from the Bible. In his constant reading of the Good Book he had found many interesting stories that concerned the land, the crops and the cattle. It appeaDed that the problems of the rural folk of ancient times were closely related to the experiences of the hard working farm people of the present day. On this he dwelt at length, pointing out the similarity of conditions and the exploitation of the people by corrupt politicians, or those in power who had no knowledge of agriculture and no desire to better the lot of the farmers and prevent the depressing conditions with which they were now confronted.

He later went on with a more detailed discussion of the Kansas farm problems that were of more immediate and personal concern, and touched on other matters of interest to the community. In conclusion John Howe paid tribute to all of his friends and neighbors and expressed his deepest appreciation for the privilege of their past association and earnest hopes for their happiness and prosperity in the years to come.

A few days later, the last Sunday at the community church, was long remembered by the Howe family for it was a kind of dedication service to their departure. It was not openly announced as such but from the spirit of the occasion it could be seen that this was taken for granted. The final hymn was "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again," and as stanza after stanza was sung and the sonorous notes of the organ rolled back and forth through the church, eyes were alternately on the hymnal and the Howe pew. Mrs. Howe at the organ for the last time played with more feeling than she ever had before. The services closed in an atmosphere of sadness with the realization that John and Sallie Howe, as pillars of the little church, would be hard to replace, and that they and their large family would leave an irreparable void in the church and social life of the community.

The next day when the Howes started making final preparations for the long trek back to Virginia Mrs. Felts, Mrs. Pinkston, Mrs. Venable and their daughters assembled at the Howe farm home to assist in the sewing, mending, cooking and packing, the kind of household drudgery that required a lot of help in getting a large family ready for such a prolonged journey. There were now ten to make the trip, (Robert and John were still absent in Texas) and all of the young,er ones had to be properly outfitted for their first railroad journey away from home.

The last day was devoted almost exclusively to baking and cooking for it was necessary to have on hand enough food to last the large family throughout three days of travel. The only suitable

container on hand that would accomodate such· a huge quantity of portable cooked food was the large family double-handled laundry basket. This was brought forth and as one contingent cook,ed and baked others packed and filled. Into the hamper went fried chicken, ham sandwiches by the dozens, beaten biscuits, half-moon apple pi,es, jars of fruit and pickles and about everything imaginable that could be conveniently carried and eaten in travel. As a final touch Mrs. Felts presented a gift she and some of the others had secr,etly prepared as a surprise offering. This was to be the piece-de-resistance of the Howe super-lunch. It was a gr,eat four-layer chocolate cake on top of which was inscribed in white icing, "FAREWELL TO THE HOWES." With the beautiful gift cake in the center, the basket almost overflowing with staple food and goodies, a red checkered tablecloth was tied securely over the top and the three days store of provisions set aside for the coming journey.

The hour of departure was both a sad and exciting one. All of the neighbors were on hand at the depot to wish Godspeed with a warm clasp of a sun-tanned, calloused hand from the men and a tearful ,embrace from the women. The Howe family and their belongings, including personal baggage, clothes basket of food and a crate containing two prairie dogs, occupied the entire end of one coach. The same old muzzle-loading shotgun that had gone west between George and Elliott again rested on the seat between two of the small boys who count,ed on its threatening appearance to ward off outlaws and hostile Indians. Heads were hanging from car windows as good-byes were called back and forth until Liberty faded from view.

It was the beginning of a joyous excursion for the young ones, especially those who had never ridden on a train before, but for John and Sallie Howe, in spite of the outside appearance of gaiety, there was through it all a touch of sadness. For them it marked the end of an epoch; an epoch that was ending with shattered hopes and blasted dreams. Seven years of hard labor and at the end, nothing. Now they must return to Southwest Virginia where they had started out together with such bright hopes and at this late period in life, empty handed, with burdens multiplied many fold, begin life all over again. To contemplate a future so barren of worthwhile possibilities might be calculated to break the morale of the most courageous. But in spite of the unfortunate end, the past seven years had been eventful, and happy ones, and this thought afforded a degree of satisfaction. As the train wended its way out of the prairie country and chugged along towards the

great Mississippi River, in their ears continued to ring the refrain, "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again."

After crossing the Mississippi the route led through Tennessee by way of Chattanooga and Bristol. Most of the children still remember the former place as a place of scenic grandeur, where their father pointed out the mountainous peaks along which was fought the Battle of Lookout Mountain, called the battle above the clouds. After a long, tiresome journey the dust begrimed family, the small childrien covered with jam and cinders, detrained on a windy evening late in March at the deserted little railway station of Dublin.

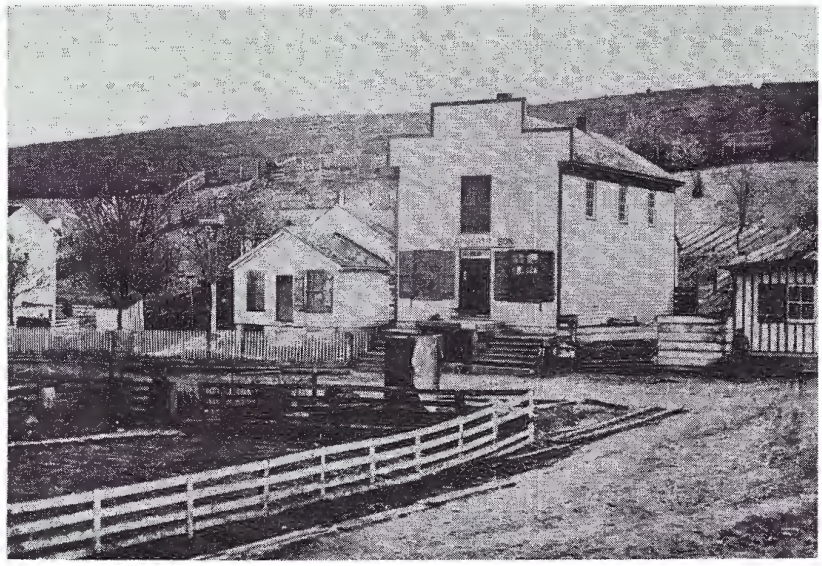
The first night back on Virginia soil was spent in a rambling frame hotel standing on the north side of the tracks near the Dublin depot. It has long since been converted into a private residence. The next morning a team came from Aunt Ellen Howe Kent's Back Creek farm and the family with their large assortment of baggage, less the prairi,e dogs which had escaped somewhere along the way, were driven to Captain Howe's sister Ellen's. A day was spent here and then the family continued in the wagon teams down Back Creek to Sunnyside.

The Howe family remained at the old home place about a week. During this time Captain Howe and the two oldest boys present, Shepherd and George, went to Radford to look for work and a new home. The date of the culminati,on of the stay at Sunnyside is remembered from the incident of the older children playing April fool jokes on the younger ones - April Fool's Day, 1891.

After a few days Captain Howe returned to announce that all was ready. He had succeeded in finding employment as foreman of a construction crew, grading the roads leading to the bridge then being built across the river at St. Albans school. George was to be given a job with the same crew as water boy. In the meanwhile Shepherd had secured work with the Norfolk and Western Railway, and on the strength of this they had obtained one of the company owned houses in the river bottom as a temporary home.

The Howes, cheered by this stroke of good fortune, reloaded their belongings and set out by wagon team for East Radford on the last leg of their long triek back to home soil. After several hours of bumping over the dirt road the wagon, loaded to the top with household goods and children, came over the hill in sight of Radford. The team turned down the grade through the little settlement of Brooklyn and was taken across the river at Dudley's Ferry. Leaving the flat bottom boat the caravan proceeded only a short ways westward up the river bottom and came to a halt in

front of the first house in a row of yellow frame buildings. These houses have long since been obliterated. Even the road leading up the eienter of the river bottom thereto has been obscured by time and river floods. Here the Howes unloaded and took possession of their first home in East Radford. They had reached another Promised Land.



CENTRAL DEPOT (LATER EAST RADFORD), EARLY 1880's

The W.R. *Roberts & Son on Norwood (Main) Street near junction of Virginia Avenue seen in the foreground, was the center of the business district. This year of* 1885 *the community had a population of* 500.

Chapter XII

THE NOT SO GAY NINETIES
"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE, ALL AROUND THE TOWN"

East Radford, as the Howes found it in 1891, had nothing of the aspects of gaiety about it, although this was supposed to be the beginning of that so-called Mauve Decade. Benjamin Harrison was president of the United States and William McKinley, with whom the Gay Nineties is largely associated, was still an unknown Ohio politician.

The boom at East Radford, heard all the way to Kansas, was the magnet that drew the Howe family to this particular town. Started a few years previously by Philadelphia capitalists, the town, incorporated and rechristened "Radford" in 1892, in honor of one of its pioneer citizens, was purportedly "destined to be a great railroad center and the principal metropolis of Southwest Virginia". As an indication of the confidence placed in its future importance the village across the river was named "Brooklyn."

The mushroom growth instigated by the energetic northern capitalists accounted for the many ov,er-sized and soon-to-be forgotten and useless business buildings and numerous large dwellings of fancy architectural design scattered mostly throughout W,est End. The big city men from the north with abundant means and zeal for accomplishment modernized the town over night and over-sold themselves, as well as the local inhabitants, on its future greatness.

As for the Howes, unfortunately they were, again, "too little and too late" for upon their arrival, in the spring of 1891, the boom was already subsiding and the cycle of hard times for all was once more in the offing.

The main activities of the dormant town revolved around the railway depot in East End, as that section east of Connally's Branch was locally called. The pipe works and furnace were so

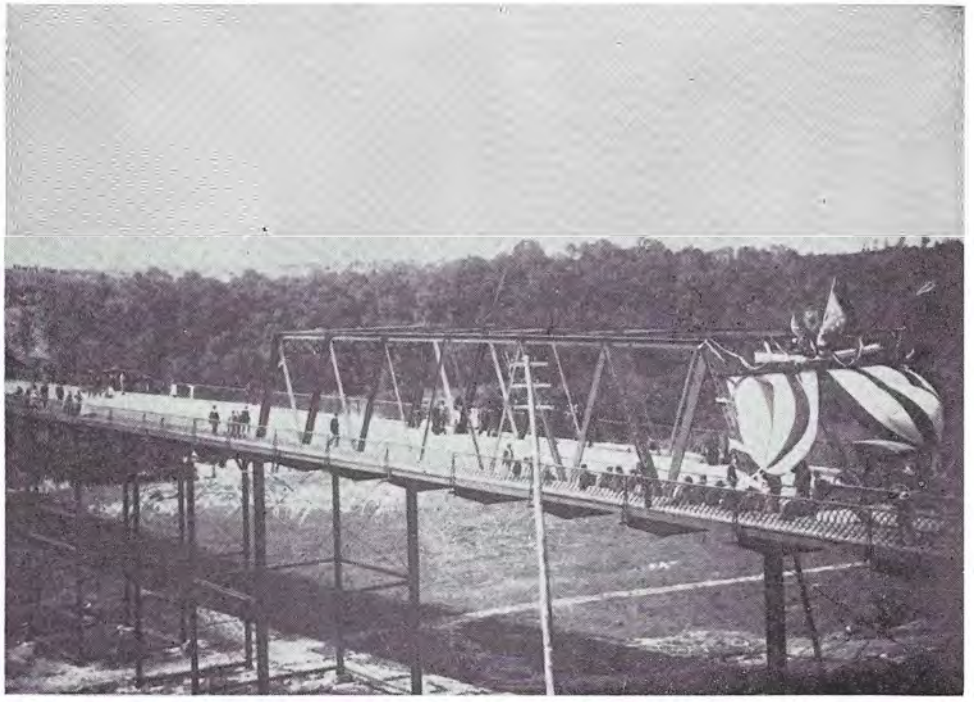
far out they were considered beyond the limits of city activity. West End was chiiefly a stock grazing area. A few large residences of the cupolaed architecture of the late eighties and early nineties were scattered about here and there at random, separated by wide open spaces of cow pasture, dewberry fields and blackberry patches. There was no highway bridge over Connally's Run. The route to West Radford was along the river bottom by way of Spout Spring and over the now obliterated roadway where lived the Howes. The dirt road crossed the creek at a ford about halfway between the railroad and the river, and turned back over the tracks into lower West End at a grade crossing a couple of hundred yards beyond the railroad culv,ert. A small foot suspension bridge anchored to willow trees on each side of the creek near the ford provided pedestrian traffic across the stream.

On the banks of Connally's Run east of the crossing was Greenspon's Ice Plant. It supplied the town with its only ice for many years before the modern factory was built by Mr. Geisen further south near Main Street. To Greenspon's the youngsters went during the hot summer months for refreshing soda pop, the only place it could be had right off the ice. There were strawberry, lemon, cherry, orange and all of the other glamorous colors and delicious flavors. The bottles were sealed with a small rubber ball inside the neck, and on whacking the plunger at the top with the palm of the hand there was a sharp "pop!" as the ball went downward and the gaseous soda shot upward. The distinctive sound made on opening the bottle gave to the drink its name, "pop" or "soda pop," which has survived long after the odd sound was eliminated by modern methods, and forgotten. The barefoot boy who was looking *Jor* a bargain for his hard earned pennies, earned by many hours of toil in searching through alleys for salable scrap iron, old rubber and whiskey bottles, usually wound up at Greenspon's on a hot summer afternoon. And with one of the red or yellow ice cold bottles of pop in hand he felt that his earnings were not being squandered.

St. Albans, founded by Professor George Holland Miles, was at this time preparing to throw open its doors to the young bloods of the south. Professor Mi1es was a pioneer in the belief that a successful school must be built around championship football and baseball teams, and so he personally recruited star athletes from all over the south. The college, so-called by the town people, was soon to become one of the major athletic attractions of the state, successfully competing with some of the best college teams in the Southeast. The railroad line to West Virginia ran by St. Albans in

WEST RADFORD A YEAR PRIOR TO THE OPENING
OF THE WAGON BRIDGE

The West End Station seen in the foreground was built in 1889-90. *The Radford Inn on the right, built about the same time, was destroyed by fire May* 16, 1893. *To rear of the railway station is the Bee Hive, only brick structure along Main Street at this time.*



OPENING OF THE WAGON BRIDGE, 1891

The Wagon Bridge, formally opened for traffic Sept. 7, 1891, was so called because it filled a long felt need for wagon traffic to and from Pulaski County.

(*See page 280 for dedication of new bridge replacing old 58 years later)*

those days. The trains crossed the river on the old curve bridge, marked now by only a few truncated stone piers, and puffing up the steep grade in front of the college, disappeared through the cut nearby and wound over Schooler Hill on the way to Belspring and Bluefield.

Radford's Main Street, officially named Norwood, was the only area of business activity, and was unpaved. Stepping stones were provided at all street intersections, with suitable space between for carriage and wagon wheels. Hitching posts were prominent along store fronts and in the vacant lots near the depot, and country teams and riding horses usually stood there in the sun drowsily switching flies. The streetcar line to West End had not been laid at this time. Boardwalks extended along Main Street and into the residential sections of the town. The storie buildings were all of frame construction and lighted at night by large brass kerosene lamps. Electric lights had not come into use but a few arc lights were in ,evidence at the important street intersections. The cleaning of lamp chimneys and trimming of wicks was a customary morning task in every household.

From every fifth or sixth building along Main Street there exuded the intoxicating odor of sour mash which greet,ed the passerby through the familiar double-swinging doors. By slightly stooping one could glimpse the shiny brass rail underneath. An irate wife or pinched faced child could usually be seen hanging around the outside, occasionally peeping under the bottom or glancing through the cracks of the constantly swinging doors, patiently looking in the hopes that they might recogniz,e the feet of a wandering husband or father who should be at home with them instead of at the bar of a licensed saloon. Seldom did their patience go unr,ewarded.

During the days of the early nineties the men went about their places of business or strolled with their girls along the boardwalks dressed in tight pants and point,ed toed shoes. Handle-bar mustaches adorned the faces of the more mature. Bustles were in style and the skirts were voluminous and so long they dragged in the dust. The pompadour and leg-o-mutton sleeves were all the rage and high buttoned shoes were worn by the ladies for all occasions.

By nine o'clock at night, except for the rumbling of an incoming or outgoing train and its lonesome whistle as the engineer b1ew for the crossing or slyly signalled wife or sweetheart, all was quiet. Arc lights blinked fitfully at deserted street corners, the town was in semi-darkness and human activity was at rest until

the coming of another day. Such, in brief, is a picture of Radford as the Howes saw it in the early nineties.

There was some construction work going on about the suburbs at this time. In addition to the bridge being built across the river at St. Albans and the roads being graded to it, there was also under construction the waterworks near Rock Road. This consisted of a fresh water pond and pumping plant in the creek bottom and a standpipe on the high hill to the west. Captain Howe worked as a foreman on all of these jobs and George was with him as a water boy. The younger ones were much impressed by the reports of the building of the standpipe on the hill. It was to be more than a hundred feet high and hold so much water that if it ever gave way all of the town would be flooded and the people would hav,e to flee to the hills for safety.

In those days the job of foreman or supervisor of a labor gang paid $45 per month, which was considered handsome wages. The day labo11ers received 75 cents per day, and George earned 25 cents for his day's work as water boy. This, too, was considered good pay for a boy of 13 or 14 years of age. Elliott went along as understudy for a water boy's job. George later said that he took Elliott along as "his ambassador without portfolio." "That", he explained, "was without a bucket of his own but entitled to the honor of carrying one occasionally and passing around a dipper full whenever he heard the cry of 'wat•er!' "

The first home in East Radford is best remembered by the gushing spring nearby known as the Spout Spring. There was no water on the premises of any of the houses in this neighborhood, and so the11e was a constant stream of the neighbors going back and forth for water. At any hour of the day a group of the Howe children might be seen, each with bucket graduated to size, wending their way along the path that led through the bulrushes to the moss covered spring. The rusty iron pipe from which the ice cold water poured protruded from the bank below the underpass where the road turned down towards the ferry. The fetching and carrying of spring water was the principal chore throughout the day.

When not engaged in carrying water playtime was spent along the river bank nearby. From one of the large sycamore trees hung a grapevine swing which afforded many hours of pleasure. One day Charlie, then about six, tried to outdo the others by freeing his hands at the height of his swing to buy an imaginary package of groceries. He failed to properly handle his "package" and before he was able to recover his balance tumbled from the swing like a crippled bird and falling far out on the bank of the river broke his

arm. After that incident the swing was torn down and play along the river bank was discouraged.

Of the neighbors living in the row of houses along the ridge above the river bottom, Mrs. Moran was a frequent visitor. One Sunday she happened to be visiting while Captain Howe's sister, Agnes, had driv,en in from Back Creek for the afternoon. Later Mrs. Moran made some very complimentary remarks about Mrs. De Jarnette, referring to her beauty and gracious personality, and concluded by saying, "Perhaps I'll have a daughter some day and I'll name her Agnes."

She did have a daughter some years later which she named for Agnes Howe De Jarnette of Sunnyside, and she developed into one of the very fine personalities of Radford.

The sojourn near the spout spring was brief. By the end of the summer a better home had been found closer to the center of the town. This place, known as the Mont Smith house, was located directly back of the roundhouse in the heart of what was known as the "back track" section of the city - the wrong side of the tracks. In the same line of houses a few doors away lived the Bass family. The two elder of the three boys, Tom and Wilbur, soon became daily playmates of Elliott. They were good hearted boys but among the toughest in a locality noted for its toughness, and would have made life hard for Elliott had he not been husky for his age and capable of looking out for himself. His characteristic good humor and even temper, coupled with a rugged physique, soon earned the friendship of these natural leaders of the juvenile community.

One day some years later whiLe swimming in the river, the principal pastime of the town boys during the summer season, Tom and Wilbur got into a fight over some trivial matter and Tom slashed Wilbur in the side with a pocket knife. Wilbur dipped his undershirt in the muddy river water and swabbed out the cut, then threw the bloody garment into the weeds and all went about their play with little further concern over the cutting affray.

When the youngest of the boys was in his middle teens the Bass family moved to Texas and was not heard of for many years. One day a member of the family was seen on the streets of Radford, having stopped over for a brief visit while en route north. After reminiscing over old times some one present inquired about the health of the rest of the family, adding, "And has Tom ever tamed down from the rough, tough ways he had as a kid over in the back track neighborhood?"

"Well, they've got him now where he'll have to," was the sad reply, "for Tom got tougher and tougher as he grew older until

finally down in Texas he got into a hot argument that ended up rather disastrously. It was a case of 'the cowboy and the lady,' and Tom beat his rival to the draw - with a knife. I might add that Tom had grown much stronger and was more skillful with his knife than when we had that little family cutting affray down on the river years ago. He almost cut the cowboy in two before he knew what was happening. They sent Tom up for life."

While the back track section was most convenient to the depot and other town activities, the neighborhood was generally uninviting, so in the early autumn the family moved to a place over the hill near the circus grounds. The plain frame dwelling, called the Robinson house, was located on the northeast corner of the street intersection a block east of the Christian Church, on which site a brick residence now stands.

Many of the houses about town were called by the name of the family who had originally lived there. Today some of the older houses are still so known although the original family and descendants have long since passed from the local scene.

That fall was the first year in Belle Heth Academy for the Howe children. The last of the older boys had finished public school before leaving Kansas. There was no such thing as graduation from the public school at Radford in those days. The boys usually attended school until they were large enough to work at some gainful occupation and by this time both teacher and pupil seemed to assume they had all of the 'learnin' they could absorb, so they just quit, with the apparent approval of everyone concerned. Now the second contingent of the Howe childllen, less the two youngest, were ready to descend on Belle Heth en masse. The school building, moved some years ago across the street and now used as an apartment house, was then located on the lot where stands the present modern high school. The academy was named in honor of Captain Heth's wifie, who gave this first public school building to the city. At that time almost all of the open fields and vacant plots of ground in and around East Radford were owned by the Heths, and most of the public benefactions came from them. The school building, proudly refierred to as Belle Heth or The Academy, was a large box-like frame building with lobby leading into assembly hall, and with two class rooms up and two down. Later on a wing was added at the back to accomodate four additional elementary grades. A high square belfry towered above the upstairs lobby. It was considered a fine structure for that day. The clanging and the ding - dang - donging of the big brass bell from early September until late May was a familiar morning and noon

summons to the generations of youngsters during the nineties.

During the early years of Belle Heth Academy there was no space provided in the main building for the primary grades and these classes were conducted in any outlying vacant building available. The first grade was in a store building on the north side of the jail. From here the class progressed to the second, and then the third floor above the jail. These rooms were reached by long tiers of outside steps, narrow and rickety, and forming a perfect fire trap. This danger was emphasized on one occasion when an intoxicated inmate of the jail in a cell directly underneath the second grade set fire to his mattress and attempted to escape amidst the flames and smoke. Fortunately it was during the noon period so the rickety steps were not put to the test at this time. After "doing a year's time" in each of the over-the-jail rooms the now more seasoned pupils were transferred across the field back of Popovich's lumber yard to another store building on Downey Street. The successful completion of a year here and the proud pupils were ready for the great Belle Heth Academy proper.

The sole equipment of the first couple of grades was slate and pencil, and when the pupils became fairly proficient with these tools the McGuffey's First and Second Readers were added to the curriculum. There was the cheap ten cent slate without trimmings, a somewhat larger brand for twenty cents and a real fancy model with red and blue yarn trimmings on the borders that only a few kids with well-to-do parents could afford. Both of the better grade slates had a red, white and blue pencil attached to one end of the wooden border and a small sponge dangling by a string from the other. With this slate the tedious hours were largely spent, "doing sums" and attempting to master whatever elementary steps of the three R's the teacher might devise.

The youngsters in the slate and pencil stage looked with envy on the older boys and girls with their rich brown colored Maury's Manual Geography and the higher McGuffey's text books, and longed for the day they would qualify for such advanced learning. The McGuffey's higher grade readers containing such classics as "The Village Blacksmith," "The Barefoot Boy," "Hiawatha" and "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" were the bone and sinew of this country's early education. When they were replaced by the over-zealous educators something went out of the school life of the American girl and boy.

The various school grades were commonly known by the names of the teachers in charge. There was the Miss Graoe Caldwell's room, the Miss Effie Gunn's room, Miss Mildred Pamplin's

room, Miss Dudley's and so on. The teachers themselves were looked upon as paragons in the field of educational attainments and worldly knowledge. Most of the teachers had been on at least one travel expedition to some place of historical interest, like the capitol at Washington, Mount Vernon, the seashore at Norfolk and places like that, and they often used the experiences gained therefrom as a kind of travelogue lectur,e on certain Friday afternoons. One teacher who had been on a trip to the east that took in both the Peaks of Otter and Natural Bridge talked on this tour over and over again. The young pupils w,ere so much impressed by the scenic wonders described that they hardly realized that these historic places were not over one hundred miles away, nor that it was the only journey the teacher had ever made out of the county. Before the year was out they had heard of this tour so often that any of the pupils could with eyes closed have made a sketch showing how the twin peaks looked from the depot at Bedford, or a close-up of the Natural Bridge covered with ferns and wild flowers, with George Washington's initials carved in the stone near the top of the arc.

During the early nineties all of the families were large, and with so many, seldom did all of the children of school age manage to attend classes at one time. This was due in a measure to the hard economic conditions then prevalent. However, those families who were confronted with such a problem solved it to their satisfaction by rotating the attendance back and forth among the boys, some of them doing manual labor about the home while others were in school and vice versa. This, they believed, would at least keep the germ of learning always activ,ely working within the family. Years later one of the town characters whose educational program seemed to have followed some such plan, in speaking of the difficulties in acquiring learning in those days, remarked, "I never went to school but three days in my life, and then I was substituting for my brother."

The winter spent in the Robinson house is memorable for its severity, and coupled with the "Cleveland panic" it appeared doubly severe. John had returned from his venture as a Texas cowboy in the early fall and Robert gave up his efforts at fortune hunting in the west and came back to Virginia a short time after moving out near the circus grounds. So the brief period at the Robinson house marked the first and only time all of the Howe family were ever under one roof together. When the family had reached its maximum in Kansas some of the older boys had gone out in the world; and except for this one winter, there was no oc-

casion when all of the members of the family ever returned home at the same time.

The Radford boom of earlier years had not only subsided w,ell before the winter of 1891-'92 but the momentum of the back-swing had carried far in the other direction. Work of any kind was very difficult to find. One of the men in the neighborhood who was especially hard put for employment was heard to remark that the only job he could find after tramping all over the town for days was with a gang of laborers at the extreme section of West End, requiring a walk of three miles, and for a salary of fifty cents a day they wanted to hitch him up with a mule.

It was so cold the winter of '92 that New River froze almost solid for mi1es, a very rare occurrence. A party of St. Albans boys led by star athletes, Frank and Will Spain, dressed in heavy woolens and carrying skates and lunches, journeyed to Belspring by train and skated all the way around the river back to Radford, a distance of 15 or 20 miles. They arrived under the bridge opposite St. Albans late in the evening, fresh enough to put on a skating exhibition for those of the town's people who were hardy enough to come out in the foeezing weather and witness it. The ice was so thick a two-horse team could be driven across the river at Dudley's Ferry, a condition never before nor since duplicated. For this reason, ev,en the meager ferry business of Mr. Dudley suffered a terrible slump during this period.

The snow covered the ground and house tops practically the entire winter season. Many of the children in the neighborhood did not have shoes and some of the parents let them go barefooted in the snow, with certain limitations on the time and distance they should stray from home. They claimed that a certain amount of this barefooted exposure would promote health and fortitude. It was rumored among the children that it was much too cold for Santa Claus to make his rounds that Christmas, and some of the less fortunate youngsters accepted the rumor with good grace.

The hard winter, however, like all other things good or bad, eventually came to an ,end. It was a great relief to see the icicles trickle faster and faster until they reluctantly loosened their hold on the eaves of the houses and plunged to the ground with a clatt,er, while at the same time patches of warm earth began timidly peeping through the slowly disappearing blanket of snow.

With the coming of spring the Howes found a better place to live. This was a house beyond Heth's grove, built by Cousin John Hampton Hoge for himself and his bride, Lulu Virginia Otey Hoge, and in which they spent the first happy days of their married life.

The Howe family, too, was to enjoy life here for the next several years.

When the Howes moved, in the spring of 1892, to what was then called "the flat," or "the field," they found that far eastern section of the town an almost uninhabited open plain stretching from the outer boundaries of the Heth estate a half a mile or more to the southeast. There were no graded streets through the area. Cowpaths crossed the flat in several directions, and another cowpath across the field and through Heth's grove was used as a short cut to town, although care had to be taken that Heth's vicious, red bull was not in sight. The Howe house stood alone about two hundred yards east of the Heth boundary line.

The wooded area to the west of the Howe home, known as Heth's grove, was to the youngsters of that generation a great, mysterious forest. Within its confines almost hidden from view by the dense woods was the Heth red brick residence, one of the show places of that day. On the north side of the flat overlooking the railway stood La Belle Inn. It was an immense three-quarter shingled building of fancy design with castle-like towers at each end. There were rooms enough in the three story structure to house the Democratic National Convention. The building was erected during the boom by Captain Heth and associates as a summer hotel and, like Belle Heth Academy, was named for his wife. Captain J'ames Green, mayor of the city during the early nineties, and his family w,ere the sole occupants. During the period they lived there, until around 1897, it was the scene of much social activity. In succeeding years it was occupied from time to time by a caretaker, but any thought of the historic structure's return to its former glory long sinoe abandoned, it was finally torn down in later yeairs.

The Green children of La Belle Inn and the Tinsley children, then living in one of the twin frame store buildings that stood a short distance in the rear, also constructed as store and apartment buildings during the boom days, were the only playmates during the first year in the field. The associations formed here with the Greens and the Tinsl,eys proved to be life long. As time went on, however, the Howe children grew old enough to wander a little farther a-field, to a large new house on the distant hill where lived the Prestons.

Soon after the return of the How,es from Kansas, Captain Hugh and Cary Baldwin Preston sold their estate, White Thorn, near Blacksburg and moved with their family to East Radford. They built a new home on the hill over looking the flat, with a

beautiful view of the river valley, and named it Bel Alto. Captain Preston was the son of Captain Howe's regimental commander of Civil War days, and, friends of long standing, they were glad of the opportunity to renew the old relationship of the King's Spring and Blacksburg period. The younger members of the two families, as soon as they were old enough to visit back and forth, were to strengthen and enrich the old ties and enjoy again the congenial companionship which the older members remembered and valued. In the years to come Bel Alto and the hilltop adjoining were to become the youngsters' most prized visiting place and playground.

But at this time the Howe children's world was restricted to the immediate vicinity of the flat, and the only well beaten path they knew was that one leading from the Howe home by way of the Tinsleys to La Belle Inn. This group of small children never tired of making explorations through the intricate passages of the great rambling building, from spacious cellar to mysterious attic. While the younger children were romping through the corridors the two older girls, Mary Green and Virginia Howe, were usually at the piano playing and singing. Mrs. Howe had given both music lessons and they sang and played well for girls of fifteen. The girlish strains of "Two Little Girls in Blue," "After the Ball was Over," "The Sidewalks of New York" and "Sweet Bunch of Daisies," all popular airs at this time, could be heard ringing through the cavernous inn at all hours of the day.

Oftentimes when Sunday or a holiday came around, the children looked forward to an afternoon's excursion with their father. On these occasions he would set off, the youngsters following in his wake, on a long trek to explore the bluffs and shady nooks along the foot of Tyler's woods. At other times he would conduct a fishing trip to Plum Creek. These trips, each small fisherman supplied with a pole carefully selected by their father from a willow thicket along the way, provided a glorious outing for all of the young ones and, likewise, seemed to afford their father some of the happiest moments of his life.

The Sabbath during the early njneties in the field was in many ways reminiscent of the Sundays in Kansas, in that the program, except for the ride in the farm wagon or surr,ey, was the same. The place of worship was the Christian church near the foot of cemetery hill, about a mile jaunt from the house. The Presbyterian church had not been built at this time, and so the Howe family became charter members of the most convenient church to that neighborhood, the recently organized Christian church.

Early every Sunday morning 'when all were ready in stiff

shirts and polished shoes the family would set out on foot together across the field by the circus grounds, habitually arriving at the church just as the bell pealed forth announcing the first call for Sunday school. Captain Howe's Bible class, composed of a large group of teen age boys, always looked forward to his interesting discussion of the stories from the Old Testament. They also looked forward to his supervision of their interests at the Sunday school picnic of the mid-summer and the Christmas tree celebration, for they well knew that Captain Howe would look out for them and see that they got first consideration at the picnic spread and were given substantial presents at Christmas time. Mrs. Howe arranged the music program. She was the church's first organist. The Howes, the Stumps, the Fosters and the Hundleys were all charter members of this church. For decades John and Sallie Howe never missed a service there; for Sunday school, church, prayer meeting on Wednesday night and church socials, they were always on hand. The plainly designed frame church, built and dedicated in 1891, was vacated as unsafe a few years ago and dismantled.

The circus grounds, the broad grassy meadow on the west side of the red clay road now known as Tyler Av,enue, was much more than just another field. When one entered the pathway that led around its perimeter or through the center near where the great circles of upturned earth marked the stage of a late thrilling performance, there was the feeling that here was a place set apart.

Circus day was the day of days that had no counterpart for genuine, awe-inspiring excitement and soul satisfying pleasure. When the advance agents first placed the colorful circus posters on the sides of livery stables and barns a wave of anticipation swept over the town and the youngsters could hardly contain themselves until the time of the arrival of "The Greatest Show on Earth." On the big day the more enterprising of the town boys were up well before daylight and were making their way to the railroad yards to be on hand for the unloading. Here they found a reward for their early morning endeavors for the air was full of wild animal odors, circus language and other strange doings. Great cages were being pulled from flat cars and prancing horses pulled the mysterious contents over the hill to the circus grounds. The town boys followed in the wake of the slowly moving elephants and on arrival eagerly pushed to the forefront in the hopes of being selected as a water carrier, for that was their main hope of gaining free entrance to the big top. This temporary employment also led to the probability of being selected to lead a camel or carry one end of the bass drum in the street parade. Either of these posts of

honor was the very height of any red-blooded boy's ambition.

Soon after sun-up the roads leading into town would be choked with wagons and buggies loaded with country people. There would be a sprinkling of covered wagons fresh in from Floyd County carrying the usual load of chestnuts and corn whiskey. By the middle of the morning the streets would be a mass of laughing, jostling humanity only awaiting the big parade, scheduled to start at ten o'clock rain or shine, before rushing pell-mell to the circus grounds.

At last, after many false reports, from the distance comes the blare of the brass and the clash of the cymbals announcing that the street parade is in truth on its way. This is further confirmed by the distant toots of the calliope tuning up far in the rear as the musical monster takes on a suitable head of steam. A shower of sparks and cinders fill the air and the high notes of "The Bowery, The Bowery, I'll Never Go There Anymore" float out across the hills. The tension of the crowd is now at its highest.

The hero of the hour in the eyes of the youngsters of the town is the boy who marches proudly in the center of the band carrying one end of the big bass drum while the drummer, an impressive figure in red and gold uniform, strides along behind the shiny instrument boom, boom, booming in time with the inspiring music. But there are other boys to be envied, those fortunate few who have been selected to 1ead the camels and some of the other more docile show animals. These enterprising lads are partially disguised by the bright red fez placed on their tousled heads to lend color to the scene and make them an appropriate. par:t of their circus charges. It takes no second glance, howev,er, to recognize the grinning faces of Frank Cannaday, Elliott Howe, Early Pile, Bruce Tinsley and others of the town boys who have faithfully performed their circus chores and are now eaping their just rewards. Though dusty and begrimed from the early morning labors, what a thrill it is to march along at the head of one of these colorful animals on which is mounted a dainty little lady in gold and silver spangles and from time to time pridefully cut sidelong glances at the girls and the less fortunate youths who gape in envy from the crowded boardwalks.

Comes the hour for the main show. From a stand at one side of the entrance the band striroes up a stirring number and a showman who could be Mr. P. T. Barnum himself suddenly appears yelling at the top of his voice that the amazing, colossal, stupendous spectacle is about to begin. His face is purple with pent up emotion and the blood vessels stand out on his neck like whipcords.

As the crowd pushes towards the entrance he stirs them into a renewed frenzy with the sharp cry of, "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" and the excited men, women and children almost stampede over each other in their efforts to get inside the big tent.

The town and country folk scramble up the rickety stands to seats of vantage beneath the billowing canopy as the glittering spectacle gets underway. Hour after hour it goes on; trained animal acts, marvelous bare-back riding, men and women acrobats in colorried tights, their muscles rippling under the pink silk as they swing gracefully back and forth high overhead, while the clowns make merry along the front of the grandstand, all to the exhilarating notes of a band whose repertoire of inspiring music appears to be inexhaustable. At last the blaring notes die down as the ringmaster cracks his long whip over the heads of the group of departing horses. He turns to the stands, doffs his silk hat and takes a final bow. The crowd slowly disperses. The worn out children are sticky and soiled from head to foot and everybody is tired, but happy and satisfied. Among the departing throng can be seen the Howe group, John and Sallie with their youngest in hand, the larger children bringing up the rear. They all t:vek along the cowpath to the house in the field there to gather after supper in the living room, with the bay window looking out on La Belle Inn, and excitedly discuss their experiences of the day, and finally off to bed with the contented feeling of a day well and gloriously spent.

That once ,expansive meadow with the turned-up mounds of earth marking the old circus rings is now largely built over. Time was when the town's youth passed up and down there, looked longingly at the circus mounds and bided their time until one of the greatest shows on ,earth moved in with all of its colorful paraphernalia to give them another day of thrills they would never forget.

Soon after moving to the house in the field or flat, as it was cal1ed, John and George made a try at work in the coal mines of Pocahontas. Times in Radford were so bad during this period they decided, in spite of the adverse reports they had often heard from their older brothers, to try this once reported boom town as a last resort. George was only 16 at this time and it was his first job away from home. The work in the coalfields was hard, poor pay for beginners and rough living. The boys were disappointed with their prospects and came back to Radford after a few months of it.

The th:riee oldest boys next became "Norfolk conscious." Uncle Robert De Jarnette had for years been engaged in the brokerage business in Norfolk and there under his watchful guidance appear-

ed to be the best prospects for a successful future. The Norfolk relatives agreed and expr,essed a willingness to give the boys every assistance. John went first, shortly after the return from Pocahontas. George and Robert soon followed, and Shepherd was to go a few y,ears later.

The early summer of 1893 the Raders broke ground for a brickyard in the field a few hundred yards west of the Howe home. They had the contract for making the brick with which to build a Presbyterian church adjacent to the site of the brickyard. Elliott returned from the scene of the operations one ev,ening to break the good news that he had been given a job carrying brick, and the pay was to be $3 per week! The family considered this almost a fabulous salary for a lad hardly in his teens. Elliott worked at the brickyard throughout the summer, carrying his four-brick mould along with the much older boys. He was only 13 at the time but a sturdy lad for his age, and so was able to keep pac,e with the older gang without any trouble.

After Elliott had accumulated a stake from his brickyard labors he was encouraged to buy something for himself of lasting worth. In the Howe family the minor children who work,ed voluntarily gave a share of their earnings to their mother for household use but she usually held a part of this "in escrow" for their crying personal needs, such as shoes or some other item of clothing sorely in need of replacement. Following a family discussion it was agreed that Elliott should have a new suit of real "store bought" clothes. A store bought suit was something that so far he had nev,er had the privilege of wearing. In large families of that day the younger boys wore the clothes handed down from the older brothers, altered to fit. But Elliott at this point was reaching the age of graduation from the "clothing inheritance" stage. To make this proposed sartorial ventu11e the more exciting it was decided that Elliott should go to town after work Saturday evening and pick out the suit of his own choice.

The younger children awaited Elliott's return by the fence stile at the pathway leading through Heth's grove and excitedly waved greetings as they saw his approach along the short-cut path from town. From here they escorted him, bundle under arm, to the house. The proud purchaser of the new suit and his escort came in as though they were conveying the crown jewels of the Czar. With all assembled around the dining room table the bund1e was opened and Elliott triumphantly drew forth the contents for all to gaze on with admiration. It was a double breasted blue - the bluest of blue suits - a real dude outfit wpich was a far cry from the ac-

THE HOUSE IN THE FLAT

The Howes lived here from 1892 to 1894. *Tyler's wooded hills can be seen in the background. Buildings on immediate left, fencing and shrubbery did not exist at this time. House stood alone in the field except for log cabin, far distant left, which had been a tobacco barn in early times.*

House built by John Hampton Hoge for his bride, Lou Otey Hoge, in 1890.

cepted fashion in conservative circles of that day.

But his mother was never one to disparage or give an expression that might cause disappointment. She smiled her delight in accord with the admiring young ones and pronounced it, "Elegant!" This was always her highest term of approbation. A special bureau drawer was provided for its storage and for many days afterwards the younger ones frequently returned to peep in and admire, and to long for the day when they, too, might possess so beautiful a garment.

Came the end of summer and Elliott had to give up his job and go back to school. In the meanwhile his father and mother, after a consultation with Aunt Ellen, decided to let him spend the winter on Back Creek and attend the private school in the country. His parents reasoned that here he would hav,e all of the benefits farm life provided, and with it private tutors not available at home. At this time private schools were considered superior to the over-crowded lower grades in public schools. This possibly false notion was enhanced by the fact that so many of the boys of Elliott's age were then being tutored privately. The Heth boys, Clement and Stockton, Hal Tyler, Robert Preston and Ned Cassell, were all being tutored privately, and their educational advantages were much to be envied. So it was considered a great stroke of fortune when a similar opportunity was found for one of the Howe boys.

Elliott not only remained that winter but the arrangement was so satisfactory to all that he stayed on through the following summer and the next school year. The time was divided between Aunt Ellen's on Back Creek and Cousin Frank Bell's estate near Dublin. The end of this period of hard work and play in healthy rural surroundings was to see a rapid change from barefoot boy to approaching young manhood.

There was one other dwelling of passing interest in the flat outside of La Belle Inn and the Howe and Tinsley homes. This was an old log cabin, somewhat shrouded in mystery, that stood on the southeast side of the field. It had been purportedly built by the Hammets in the early days as a tobacco barn but was now occupi,ed by the Weiss family. Due to the ancient atmosphere of the log cabin, and the picturesque appearance of old Doc Weiss and his strange goings and comings, the children looked upon this as a "ha'nted" house and gave the place a wide berth.

Doc Weiss was a "doctor by courtesy." He spent a great deal of his time in searching out and digging herbs from the secret recesses of the "Y;Ooded hills and selling them for medicinal purposes. The herb of great value was said to be ginseng, and there were

others equally rare and valuable. His herbs were supposed to have special qualities as drugs, and it was further claimed that only old Doc Weiss knew how to find and identify these plants. For his special work in this field the town folk felt that he had earned a place in the world of medicine and occult sciience that called for recognition; hence he was always known as "Doc."

Doc Weiss was also an expert fisherman of the old school. He had paddled about in New River for so many years that he looked like Old Man River himself. He was a wrink1ed, brown-visaged old fellow who travelled back and forth from his cabin to the hills or river bottom with the regularity of the river current. It was said that he could deliver on order a catfish of any weight specified and have it at the kitchen door, fresh out of water, any day and hour desired. This was quite a feat in the old days when New River was so colored with iron ore washings that catching a fish of any description was a task for only the most resourceful fisherman. Doc truly belonged to the old order. He was a sort of Daniel Boone of the Radford backlands and river bottom. If one had the power to visualize that scene a it appeared then he would surely see the sun-tanned, bent figure of Doc Weiss with a long string of catfish dangling from his shoulders breaking through the willows and making his way towards that mysterious "ha'nted" cabin on the far side of the flat.

However, the faithful medical doctor who took care of the sick of the town during the early nineties was Doctor Farmer. His rawboned, slightly stooped figure, with slow shuffling gait was a familiar one along Main Street or at the front of Wygal's drug store at any hour of the day or night. In appearance he might have been likened unto a less angular George Bernard Shaw, including the shaggy eyebrows and kindly, Irish blue eyes. In conversation his words came out slowly in a sonorous, soft rumble and were always gentle and sympathetic which gave him an appealing manner to old and young patients alike. Under the appearance of drowsy ease was concealed an untiring energy that kept him going about the town on foot or across the hills in his rickety old buggy almost twenty-four hours of the day.

Day and night he went to the homes of the rich and poor alike. When he came into a home, rumpled suit reaking with the smell of iodoform, the whole outlook on life changed for th better in an instant. He would sit down by the bedside of the ailing patient, take his biscuit-size gold watch from vest pocket and feel the pulse with reassuring hand, and the fever and pain would seem to vanish forthwith. While muttering to himself he would

examine tongue and throat and then sit there, eyes partially closed, mumbling now half-coherently, words of cheer and encouragement, ... "This child's going to get all right ... tongue a little coated .... some temperature ..... but we'll soon have that straightened out ... "

Then he would take a pad from his medicine case and scribble something on it no one could read, except Doctor Wygal, the town druggist who filled all of his prescriptions.

"Get this fiUed," he would lazily direct, "and give the child one of the powders in about a half a glass of water every three hours. I'm confident he'll be all right tomorrow. But I'll be around some time tomorrow to see that he is."

With this assurance he would close his medicine case, pick up his black slouch hat and shuffle out to waiting buggy. Peace and calm would then settle over the household. Doctor Farmer's mere presence was magic. Past experience had proven that he would not fail to bring relief whatever the pain or ailment might be. It was known that he never refused to answer a call day or night, nor did he ever send out a bill. It is probable that he kept no accounts whatever. If pressed on the spot for a statement of charges he would haltingly mutter the amount but the words usually died out in his beard as though he did not expect, nor desire to be heard. His attitude was that money was of no concern. It was taken for granted that the simple necessities of life would be forthcoming for himself and family so financial problems were of no particular moment. His only problem was that of alleviating the suffering and curing the sick, and this was the only thing that really mattered. His generous, merciful deeds were endless, and his uncollected fees would have provided amply for his retirement and old age.

A grateful public should erect a monument to Doctor William Farmer and thereon inscribe a fitting tribute to the memory of a man who through the pioneer days of E,ast Radford was the sole dependence of so many of the community's sick and needy people.

Today, in an obscure section of the East Radford cemetery, this worthy citizen and public benefactor lies in an unmarked grave, a patch of weeds for a tombstone - a patch of weeds his only epitaph.

Chapter XIII

GREENER PASTURES
THE GAY NINETIES

One early spring day in 1894 when the trees were at the budding stage the two youngest Howe children were taken by their pal'ents for a jaunt across the hills. The older children were in school at the time. During the course of the journey over cemetery hill and through the woods to the western edge of East End the youngsters learned from their mother and father that the object of the trip was to look at a vacant house in this desirable section that might be available for rent.

The home-to-be was located on the southeast corner of Downey Street, and at that time was the last house on the street, where it came to an end in the wooded hills. The parents, as well as the children, were very enthusiastic about the new place, and a short time later the family moved from the old home in the flat to this house on the hill. The youngsters were soon to become indoctrinated into a new town gang whose sandlot baseball teams and all other activities came under the head of the "Hill Boys."

A few months after moving Shepherd bought the property and deeded it to his father and mother. This was a very generous sacrifice for a young man with no means other than his potential earning power, and who was hardly established in life himself.

The house on the hill was a great contrast to the monotonous flat. For the young ones it promised to be much more interesting and exciting. The hills to the south and west were at this time covered with a virgin forest that extended to within a few yards of the property. There was a cow barn and plenty of garden space, and so for the first time since leaving the Kansas farm the Howes wel'e able to enjoy the pleasures and reap the benefits of caring for a cow and chickens and making a vegetable garden in the spring and summer.

At about the time the Howe family moved to the hill house, Cousin Ann Anderson and her family, who had come to Radford from Blacksburg in r,ecent years and taken up residence near the circus grounds, were also moving to a new home in the hill section. There were several unmarried sisters in the family, one of whom had been disappoint,ed in love during her younger days and as a result had gone into seclusion. For years she had remained so closely confined to her upstairs bedroom that few people outside of the immediate family knew that she existed.

On moving day the drayman, Pat Howell, went about his work of carrying out and loading the household goods totally unaware that another member of the family was secluded somewhere within the house. He had completed moving most of the heavy furniture, and while the family were at the new house adjusting things, Pat and his assistant went back to pick up the final consignment from an upstairs bedroom they had not y,et reached. Whistling blithely Pat hurried up the stairs to the room at the rear of the hall, and pushing open the door without ceremony found himself confronting a strange and unearthly sight. A woman in white d11essing gown was standing before the mirror combing her long white hair that hung loosely down to her waist. She turned slowly to rest her silent gaze on the intruder, her large, soulful brown eyes and chalk-like fieatures giving all of the appearance of an inquisitive ghost.

Pat took one hurried look, slammed the door and rushed headlong down the stairs, almost knocking his assistant off the porch as he bounded over the rail and headed for his team with the terse command, "Come on, let's get the hell away from this place, that back room upstairs is full of ha'nts!"

Two unusual events for a country village marked the first year of the Howe's sojourn on the hill. There occurred the only twin disaster of major magnitude to ever before or since strike the town; and, secondly, and of equal importance, Radford's first trolley car was put in operation.

The twin disaster occurred when the superstructure of the bridge being constructed over Connolly's Branch gave way and crashed into the creek bottom killing five men outright and injuring a number of others. While people wer,e running frantically to the scene of this disaster a score of locomotive whistles in the Norfolk and Western Railroad yards screeched a warning of the burning of the Hoffman House. This was a large hotel, pride of East End, that stood on the north side of the railroad tracks near the crossing at Virginia Street.

Never had the town been in such a state of bewildered excitement. Norwood Street, from the depot to the scene of the calamity at Connolly's Run, presented a picture of wild confusion. The Main Street was a melee of stampeding town folk, running first to the bridge and then back to the burning hotel, while many others were too confused to know which way to turn.

The hotel was never rebuilt. The bridge was raised and completed during the summer. Soon after that the streetcar tracks were laid and preparations made for the first rail traffic between East and West Radford.

The day the trolley car was to be put in operation word went about that the first trip from East to West End and back would be free to all those the car would accomodate. When this exciting news reached the hill neighborhood the Howe youngsters ran breathlessly out across the grove beyond Grove Avenue and down the bluff to Main Street in anticipation of a free ride on a wonderful mechanical vehicle they had never even seen in operation. The streetcar, loaded to the roof with madly cheering children and public spirited citizens, was just disappearing over the hill at Tyler's Opera House when they arrived on the scene. The Howe children were bitterly disappointed that they had missed their only opportunity for a free ride on such an unusual conveyance but it was some compensation to have had the privilege of gazing on this great red and yellow four-wheeled chariot in full flight, a sight the like of which they had never expected to see outside of a circus.

The latter part of April, 1895, Robert returned from Norfolk with the determination to go back out west. He had become discouraged with prospects in the seaboard city, or more than likely the longing for the old days in the west was too strong within him to resist. He had now made up his mind he was going back to Oklahoma and become a lawyer. Although his parents had no idea of trying to discourage him in any way, they thought this goal, under the circumstances, would be a very difficult one for their eldest son to attain. He had never attended law school and had no legal training other than some sporadic periods of reading law books in the office of Cousin John Hampton Hoge. In spite of all handicaps, however, he was eventually to attain his life's ambition.

Following a short vacation with the folks in East Radford, Robert packed two old fashioned valises with all of his belongings and bidding the family goodbye set out for the west. Oklahoma was to be his home for the remainder of his life. Of his early struggles to break into the legal profession more will be told later.

DR. HENRY STUART CROCKETT and
MINNIE HOWE CROCKETT

Taken at an earlier period, this completes the group on the opposite page.

A gathering, August 20, 1895, *on the occasion of the 60th birthday anniversary of Susan Howe Thomas. The group presented her with gold rimmed spectacles as a birthday gift. From left to right, bottom row: Susan Howe Thomas, Ellen Howe Kent, Sallie* De *Jarnette Howe, Lizzie Howe Matthews. Top row: John Thomas Howe, Haven Boyd Howe, Charles Matthews and Agnes Howe* De *Jarnette.*

This same spring, some weeks after Robert had departed westward, Elliott returned home permanently from Back Creek. He had mastered his three R's in the country school and was now ready to enter the higher grades at Belle Heth Academy.

The two highest grades at Belle Heth were taught by Professor Gunn himself, principal of the school. He was considered by the town's people as an unusual man of outstanding ability in the teaching profession. A more exacting teacher nor a more strict disciplinarian could not have been found. In appearance he was a swarthy, stern looking man of strong, athletic build. A dark brown mustache adorned a determined mouth from which there usually protruded the stub of a black cigar. He habitually dressed in black from shoes to derby hat. On his flattop desk was found only the bare necessities of the classroom. These included a box of chalk and blackboard eraser, a short ruler for cracking knuckles and a bundle of stout hickory switches. The latter were used on the slightest provocation. He could snatch up the biggest boy in the school and hold him at arm's length with one hand, free of the floor, while giving him a sound thrashing with the other - and he often did. So much was he feared, in and out of the classroom, that any town youngster would dodge through the alleyways for a half of a mile to avoid meeting him face to face on the street.

Belle Heth Academy and Professor Gunn are synonomous in the minds of those who grew up in East Radford during the nineties. To have their sons and daughters round out their public school career under Professor Gunn was the ardent desire of all Radford parents. Whether or not there was a formal graduation it was considered a finished course.

Soon after return home, with the summer facing him before the school was to open, Elliott canvassed the stores of the town in search of a job. In those days that was the only class of employment open to a young lad. He was eventually able to locate a job at Tom Noell's grocery store as delivery boy at $10 per month. He worked regularly here, and part time at W. R. Scott Brothers, all of the remainder of his years in Belle Heth.

Tom Noell was a strict taskmaster. Elliott said that when the first payday came he hung around an hour after quitting time, trying to screw up enough courage to ask for his pay. When he finally did broach the subject Mr. Noell almost took his head off.

"You want pay? Why, gosh a'mighty, boy, I've just been breaking you in! You ain't worth a cent to me 'til you've learned the business."

"But his bark was worst than his bite," added Elliott with a

grin, "for he presently relented and counted out my first week's salary of $2.50."

The work was worth every cent of this, however magnificent the sum might have appeared at the time. The heavy delivery was accomplished by means of a two-wheeled cart. On this was loaded sacks of flour, sides of meat and other miscellaneous groceries. The vehicle with its normal load should have more appropriately been drawn by a horse, and Elliott claimed that a horse-drawn cart did replace him when he quit work for school in the fall. But regardless of the heavy work and long hours he went cheerfully about his task of pulling or pushing that heavy cart up and down the hills from early morning until well into the night. Stores had no regular closing time. They kept open until the streets were deserted and it was apparent that no more customers were coming in. Rarely did he get home until nine o'clock, and on Saturday nights the hour was more apt to be ten or eleven. In later years, in referring to his job at Noell's store, Elliott said, "In addition to pulling that cart around and delivering groceries, I waited on customers, cut meat, kept books, swept the store and on slack days went to Tom Noell's home and worked in the garden."

In the early summer, Virginia, then 18, was preparing for a visit to the home of Uncle Robert and Aunt Lucretia De Jarnette in Norfolk. This, planned for her first protracted stay away from home, and which was to be fraught with so much gaiety and pleasure, was to end tragically about a year and a half later. In the midst of personal sewing for the trip, Virginia also assisted her mother in making a suit which was to serve as the youngest boy's Sunday outfit. It was to be what was then all the vogue for youngsters; a white sailor jacket that attached to knee pants. Virginia pridefully completed the jacket with stylish square sailor collar while her mother fashioned the knee pants from discarded family garments. The pants for the small boys of this period were usually made from the worn out suits of the older members of the family. It was not always possible to secure enough good material from one discarded suit. But the problem was easily solved by taking, say, a piece from a grey suit for the front of the pants and a section from, perhaps a brown or blue suit, for the rear half,. Little did the boys know that this sartorial innovation was to be popularized fifty years later in the two-toned automobile. However, this rather incongruous appearance made no difference to the little boys. Their main desire was for durable material with strong, roomy pockets for gravel-shooters, tops, tobacco tags, marbles and other essentials of a boy's life. Most of their companions wore pants of a

JOHN THOMAS HOWE

Taken during the late nineties.

SALLIE DEJARNETTE HOWE

Taken during the late nineties.

similar two-toned design, and so the fact that the front and back were of different materials was considered of no importance whatever.

Within a few days Virginia was ready to depart on the extensive trip to Norfolk. The family saw her off with great anticipation of the impending good times to come. She was just past 17 at the time and her father and mother felt that a year in the city would be equivalent to a similar period away in college. The many fine friendships formed in Norfolk that winter and the exciting times she had in her first experience of city life exceeded all expectations. The year's visit was so successful that on Virginia's plea, and the insistence of her brothers and the Norfolk relatives, it was decided that she would stay on for another winter.

Fate decreed otherwise. The second winter had scarcely set in when, on the 12th day of November, a t,elegram came from Uncle Robert De Jarnette telling of her sudden death from cerebral hemorrhage. This, with the exception of the loss of the two little girls in infancy, marked the first break in the ranks of the large Howe family. Just prior to this the family had been seriously discussing the possibilities of moving to Norfolk. After the tragic death of Virginia, however, the plans were definitely abandoned.

It was not until well past the middle nineties that this decade earned for itself that name so oft told in song and story, "The Gay Nineties." The early years of the nineti,es were fraught with such hard times that levity could have had little place in the order of things. It was a somber and morose period filled with trials and hardships. F,ew who reminisce about the gay nineties, therefore, realize that only the last few years of that so-called mauve decade can lay claim to this designation, and less do they realize what caused this sudden burst of prosperity and gaiety after almost 25 years of the doldrums.

Up to this time there had been little change in economic conditions throughout the United States since the Civil War. There had been many slight upswings in the progress curve but these approaches towards good times never went far above normal and were not lasting. By the middle of the nineties, however, the slow upward climb was beginning to gain a fair degree of staying power. The times only required some special stimulant to fully arouse the partially-awakened financial condition of the nation and infuse it with vigorous, vital life.

At this psychological time the fates delivered. The sorely needed infusion came with the discovery of gold in the Klondike, in 1896. This new gold (before it could be siphoned to the Bank of

England via Wall Street, to be used as a basis for the issuance of more "debt" money) served as a transfusion to the financial blood stream of the nation. This additional money in circulation, causing more employment and the production of real wealth, brought a *new forge of life to an economically depressed people.*

Though ignorant of the cause of the "bust" and "boom" cycle, the keen sensitivity of the masses to the effects is reflected in the songs of the times. The American people have always carried a song in their hearts but in the old days the melodies that were in harmony with the pace and temper of life were mournful dirges like "Grandfather's Clock," "Hard Times Come Again No More" and "The Picture That's Turned Towards the Wall." But when this new day dawned minds relaxed, spirits rose and the people went about their play and work singing and whistling, "Ta Ra Ra Ra Boom De Aye," "The Band Played On" and "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Thus was born a new era, to be known as The Gay Nineties.

Business and social activities were flourishing to a high degree in Radford at this time. The principal places of trade in East End, all confined to Main Street from the depot to Harrison, were the merchandise establishments of W. R. Roberts, Fred Jones, J. W. Tinsley, Tom and Bob Noell, A. Simon and the drug stores of Wygal and Lyle and Carson. Lyle and Carson operated as a single firm until about 1895, when the partnership was dissolved and the former established a separate business in West End. All of the stores that featured "groceries and notions" conformed to a standard pattern. Near the entranc,e there hung from the ceiling a circle of buggy whips, and a large tin tank of kerosene with hand pump was in easy access nearby. On having his kerosene can filled the customer habitually stuck a potato on the spout to pr,event loss of the contents on the way home. Sandwiched in between the business establishments were the saloons of Charlie and Dick Beamer, Bacon Smith, Goldberg's, and Jack Fisher's "Last Chance" saloon which occupied the lower end of the street before leaving the boardwalk for Heth's grove. The Last Chance saloon and grove nearby provided a perfect set-up for the chronic alcoholics of the town. It was a cool, sheltered area and just about as far as a drunk would care to navigate before his legs gave out and he had to seek the shade of a t11ee to sleep off his load.

The business in West End centered about the Bee Hive. This establishment, owned and operated by Rosenfeld and Sons, was considered the last word in department stores. It was located in the lone large brick building that stood on the south side of Main

Street facing the river a short distance west of St. Albans bridge. An afternoon's shopping at the Bee Hive was a gala event, in every way as profitable and exciting as a day's visit to one of the big department stores in Roanoke in the present day.

In East End, along Main Street about a hundred yards west of the junction at Harrison, was the George Tyler Opera House. The great frame building was the center of the town's cultural and social life. Public speakings and political rallies, school commencement exercises, boxing matches, minstrel shows, amateur plays and the higher class performances by professional stock companies wer,e held in this building. For Radford it was the Madison Square Garden of the nineties. While activities were continuous the year around, the featured season came during the winter months when one stock company after another, reportedly direct from New York, billed Tyler's Opera House for an ,engagement, showing such popular melodramas as "East Lynne," "Hearts of Oak," "The Banker's Daughter," "Paid in Full" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom." On one occasion an advance theatrical agent tried to arrange for a performanoe of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" but at the mere suggestion of defiling the minds of the good people of the town with this anti-southern play the city fathers and the U.D.C. sprang to arms. Had the advance agent been in ,evidence after these officials and social leaders were fully aroused he would probably have been escorted out of town on a rail.

When a first class theatrical company was performing at the opera house the reserved seats, which consisted of the first ten rows of folding chairs, were occupied by the town's top crust. The balance of the tickets were sold at the door for 35 cents each, and entitled the holder to any of the remaining seats in the house, including the privilege of standing up on the benches placed around the sides of the wall and the back of the hall. The rougher element seemed to prefer to stand on the benches from whence they could better register their disapproval in boos and catcalls every time the villian made a move to take advantage of the pretty damsel in distress. If the villian went too far angry threats were not uncommon.

About once a year a medicine show would put in its appearance at Tyler's Opera House and this was considered an outstanding event in the field of entertainment, especially among the younger set of the town. The troupe best remembered, on account of the several return visits, was that of Blue Mountain Joe and his company of singers and dancers and a black face banjo player and comedian. Blue Mountain Joe, habitually garbed in the full regalia

of his tribe including feathers in long black hair, was supposed to be a direct descendant of one of the famed Indian chieftains whose discovery of potent native herbs had been compounded into his famous elixir and was now available to the public in limited quantities at one dollar per bottle. Between acts a popularity contest was a feature of the several weeks entertainment. After nominations for the most popular girl of the town were made by the audience, voting got underway the following night with five thousand votes allowed for each bottle of the medicine purchased. The large number of votes allowed for ,each bottle made it possible for every young lady to make a creditable showing, for when the results were posted from the stage night after night the contestants far down at the ,end could still feel proud when such a large figure as fifteen or twenty thousand votes were announced in their favor. The rivalry between different cliques backing their favored cont,estants grew so hot that Blue Mountain Joe and his assistants could scarcely keep up with demands during the periods of selling at intermission time. On the final night of the show's run the winner of the popularity contest was called to the stage and pr,esented with a beautiful gold watch. Lesser gifts were given to those who were runners-up. The show's songs and jokes left their imprint on the youngsters for weeks to come, and there would not be a medicine cabinet in the town that was not amply stocked with bottles of the famed elixir known as "Blue Mountain Joe's Golden Medical Discovery", - a proven remedy for the common ailments of mankind.

This was the heyday of St. Albans, first opened to students at the beginning of the nineties. The college now set the pace for the town's progress, social and otherwise. Credit is long over due Professor George Holland Miles, the leader in education and social progress, who first put the country village of Radford on the road to citydom. The social and sports activities revolved around this institution on the north bank of New River. During the crisp autumn afternoons mighty cheers could be heard coming from the river bottom above the bridge where play, either a practice game or a regularly scheduled college contest, was in progress. The football squad, dressed in turtle neck sweaters and the type of stocking cap worn by hockey players, represented an aggregation of some of the greatest athletic stars of the south, including this section's all-time gr,eat, Lewis "Nig" Ingles. The heavy turtle neck sweaters and stocking caps of striped college colors were discarded when playing got underway in earnest. Once the ball was in play the hauling and tussling continued until the struggling mass was inert

from sheer exhaustion. No player ever left the game unless so severely injured it became necessary to carry him off the field.

When spring came the crowds gathered on the baseball diamond back of the Kenerdines to usher in the baseball season with a renewed burst of enthusiasm. This was the sport at which the St. Albans boys excelled. Many of the players wore handle-bar mustaches which gave them the appearance of mature men. Whenever one of these mustachioed players of the opposing team came to bat he was unmercifully panned by the home town rooters. Every time he missed a pitch there went up a cry of derision, bellowed out in sing-song fashion, "Eat 'im up-a whiskers he won't shav,e!" This line of attack must have been ,effective for it never changed.

The following from "The Promus," the college year book, is an account, in part, of the first game played by St. Albans, April 15, 1893. **It** is believed to be the first matched game of baseball played in this section. -

Christiansburg 16 *St. Albans* 6

"On April 15th the team made its first appearance on the athletic field against an opposing nine. The players were plainly nervous and their team play was deplorable. Neither team made an earned run, which shows the character of play on both sides.

St. Albans scored one run in the first. Peter was hit and took first, but was retired at second on Frank Spain's hit to short. Spain went to second and third on pass balls and came home on Shaw's grand drive to short, Shaw in the meantime having been thrown out at first by the short stop. Wilkins struck out, retiring the side*****

In the fifth Shaw went to first on his good judgment of balls, got on second on Wilkin's sacrifice, stole third, and got his run on the pitcher's wild throw. This ended the Albans' scoring, their opponents giving them blanks after the fifth."

Comparing this write-up of an early baseball contest with a sportswriter's column of today gives one an excellent picture of how far the old American game has progressed. **It** likewis,e shows that the sports columnist has come a long way in his technique of reporting the event.

All of the home games wer,e umpired by the town's highly regarded commonwealth's attorney and one of the leading lawyers of the community, Robert "Bob" Jordan. His selection was not guided solely by his experience on the baseball diamond but rather on account of the authorative atmosphere his legal background, commanding appearance and clear, forceful voice lent to

the occasion. From a position back of the pitcher's box he habitually officiat,ed in black derby, conventional striped trousers and cutaway coat, the formal habiliments of the hustings court. His decisions smacked of the law and were accepted as such. There were exceptions to this rule, howev,er, for on one occasion a particularly obstreperous batsman from a visiting team disputed a called strike with unusual vigor, advancing menacingly to the pitcher's box and registering his protest by shaking his fing,2r in the umpire's face. But he quickly realized his mistake for Bob Jordan shot a fast right to his jaw knocking the surprised batsman flat on his back in the dust. A couple of players carried him off the field while Lawyer and Umpire Jordan coolly wiped his hands with linen handkerchief taken from the upper pocket of his cutaway coat, carefully folded and replaced the handkerchief and commanded in clear, ringing tones, "Play ball!" and the game went on as usual.

After the games the crowd would gather at Lyle's drug store, drink sodas and excitedly discuss the outstanding plays while waiting for the streetcar to carry them to East End.

Sunday baseball games were not countenanced. On Sunday everybody dressed in their best and went to church. The young men of the town affected the styles, customs and mannerisms of the St. Albans college boys. The young ladies in Gibson girl style of wasp waist, pompadours and picture hats "set their caps" for the St. Albans boys. In the afternoon most of the town's dandies took their best girls buggy riding. The shiny, rubber-tired buggies had to be ,engaged days in advance for the livery stable had only a limited number of these fancy buggies for hire. So it was a case of come early or see your girl driven away by a hated rival. The more sedate played croquet on the wooded lawn at the top of the hill off Grove Avenue. The youngsters were off to Connolly's Branch to wade in the cool pools under the willows and hunt frogs, crayfish and minnows. Meanwhile the older boys of the town headed for Cassell's Island to pilfer watermelons on the way and play and swim in the river.

Altogether there was more of a semblance of prosperity and plenty around the town than there had been for years; and there was fun, and leisure, and laughter ev,erywhere. Such was the spirit of the nineties.

During the latter part of 1897 Captain Howe, ever restless for any sort of farm toil, purchased from Captain Heth two and a half acres of heavily timbered land on the hill some 200 yards southwest of the house. About a year later he added two and a half

acres more, extending the tract down the hill to the C. F. Thomas place. Mr. Thomas had in the meantime bought the five acres which included all of the top of the bluff overlooking the bridge at Connolly's Branch. The Thomas place, the site of the future Howe home and later the Governor Tyler Hotel, was to come into the possession of Elliott Howe years later.

Captain Howe began clearing the first tract of land early that winter, working in his spare time. Elliott and the small boys assisted him in the afternoons after school and on Saturdays. Many of the trees were large oaks measuring about three feet through at the base and requiring a whole day to cut down and trim off the main limbs. Later the larg,e trees were split into rails for fencing and other parts cut into cord wood. The work was hard, back-breaking sort of labor but he kept constantly at it until the area, except for a grove of trees left at the upper corner as a site for a stable and chicken yard, was cleared and made ready for cultivation. A combination stable and chicken house was built, and fruit trees and a half an acre of vineyard were set out on the lower tract.

It was while engaged in this task that Captain Howe dug up several of the locust trees, trimmed them down to mere poles with tap root and re-set them along the west side of the house. At the time some of the neighbors laughingly said that they looked like fence posts, and would never be anything else. Today, however, they constitute a beautiful row of large locust shade trees, an adornment to the neighborhood, and a testimonial to Captain Howe's labors and his horticultural skill.

The work he did in preparing this new ground for cultivation, especially the early stages of cutting down the giant trees, would have taxed the the endurance of a man years his junior. Such strenuous work at his age was probably instrumental in bringing on high blood pressure and other complications which could have shortened his life by ten or more years. But his longing for a touch of the farm life was too gr,eat to resist, and the pleasant avocation it afforded was undoubtedly of incalculable value towards his contentment and peace of mind.

Notwithstanding the hard daily grind, the winter evenings usually found Captain Howe at the fireside ready to assist the children with their lessons. Often he would end the school session with a Civil War story or join in with the childr,en in the telling of ghost stories. His stories were all drawn from tales handed down of the "ha'nted" old homes on Back Creek. He knew endless ghost stories in connection with all of the ancestral homes; the departed spirits rambling through the dark attics at Sunnyside and Belle

Hampton, chains rattling in the dead of night and other ghostly sounds. It was after an evening of such story telling that an incident occurred which led to what their father afterwards called his favorite ghost story.

The family had retired and quiet had long since settled over the household when Charlie woke to hear a strange noise in the closet. It may have been the nibbling of a mouse. But he visualized one of the evil spirits that had recently been so vividly pictured. As Charlie raised his head and cocked an ear to listen, Dan, sleeping beside him, became aroused and likewise alarmed. After a slight pause the mysterious sounds continued, and Charlie now decided it was time to call for assistance from his parents who were sleeping in the bedroom downstairs. Feeling that only a suggestion to his father was all that was needed, he called out, "Pa, I believe there's a ghost up here."

Captain Howe was always most sympathetic with the problems of the children but his keen sense of humor never allowed an opportunity to pass for a bit of amusement at their expense. Without hesitation he called back in a resigned tone of voice, "Well, if you think there's a ghost up there you'd better come on down here."

With this lack of reassurance Charlie leaped from the bed as though he had been propelled by a hidden spring. Dan was not to be left behind. He leaped, also, just in time to fix his hands in the back of Charlie's collar. Charlie went for the stairway like a shot dragging Dan and bedclothes in his wake. Turning the corner of the hall he tripped at the top of the stairs and the two boys, bedclothes and all, came tumbling down the steps in a tangled mass.

Their father was by this time in the lower hallway with lamp in hand, almost splitting his sides with laughter. In after years he often told this humorous episode and laughingly referred to it as his favorite ghost story.

It was during the winter of 1897 that Elliott joined the Baptist church, and the young boys went with him to attend the Baptis Sunday School. Minnie at this time changed over to the Episcopal church. Theve was a definite reason for this exodus from the Christian church which the family had attended in a group for so many years. A few months previously the church became sorely disturbed over the problem of card playing and dancing. None of the churches countenanced these social evils, with the exception of the Episcopal, but up to this time they had made no issue of the matter, possibly because such things were almost unknown among the church members. The new minister of the Christian church, a

rabid crusader for straight-laced Christian living, had hardly been installed before rumors began circulating about the card playing and dancing going on in the community. At first the talk was confined to certain members of the congregation but it pointed to the Howe family as the main offenders. The parents were known to be liberal in their views concerning the children's social activities. They allowed the older ones to attend functions at St. Albans where it was said the new fangled dances, the waltz and two-step, were danced. It was, also, rumored that all of the Howe children played big casino and seven-up openly in the home. The whispering campaign became persistent and grew more ominous as the weeks went by. When the rumors finally reached the ears of the new preacher he quickly threw down the gauntlet and tackled the problem directly from the pulpit.

The placid atmosphere that had existed in the Christian church for years was soon stirred into a turmoil. The sermons on the subject were repeated with renewed vigor and remarks became more personal and pointed. Finally came a Sunday when the preacher used the twin curses of dancing and card playing as the text of his entire sermon. Towards the close of his discourse he strode to the front of the pulpit and vigorously shaking his finger, declared, "Those who take part in the modern dance and play cards in the home have no business sitting in this house of worship!" There could be little doubt in anyone's mind that the finger was shaken directly at the pew of the Howe family.

On returning home from church the parents held a conference and the issue was gravely discussed with the children. They expressed sorrow and regret over the nature of the sermon for it presented a challenge to their way of life. John and Sallie Howe yielded to no one in their high ideals of Christian living but they could not see any harm in dancing and playing cards in the home. They had always encouraged these pastims for they considered them wholesome social recreation. Therefore, they had no intention of depriving their children of such innocent and worthwhile diversion. The only recourse was for the children to change to some other church of their choice. It was a reluctant course for them but the only one.

Their decision was to change to the Baptist church. It was nearby and here went most of their neighborhood friends; the Martins, the Alberts, the Shepherds and others, and among the big boys were Fred and Emmitt Thomas, Elliott's schoolmates and hillboy companions. So that appeared the logical place to go. Elliott went through the formalities of joining the church at this time

mainly because it was his mother's desire that all of her children be baptised into some church when of suitable age, and he assumed there was no better occasion than at the time of this change.

When the Baptist Sunday School had a Christmas tree for the children that year Elliott played the role of Santa Claus. Fred and Emmitt Thomas and Elliott went to the wooded, snow-covered hills and cut down a tree so large that Mr. Albert had to drag it in behind his one-horse draywagon. The tree was a thrilling sight standing there all decorated with colored glass balls, tufts of cotton and tinfoil streamers that looked like snow and icicles gleaming in the moonlight. Candy canes and presents hung from the lower limbs and more presents were piled high around the base.

After the opening ceremonies and the singing of carols, the main character of the evening, old Santa Claus in person, red pantaloons and jacket well stuffed and rose tinted nose and cheeks set off with white whiskers, came on the rostrum to pass out the Christmas presents. With each announcement a happy youngster went forward, face gleaming with expectation, to be handed a colored stocking of hard candy and a substantial toy of some kind. For the boys it was popgun or knife and a doll or toy stove for the girls. This group of tousle-headed boys and pink cheeked girls could now feel that their many Sundays of faoe scrubbing and primping up for prompt attendance at Sunday School and the committing to memory and reciting the Golden Text were all well rewarded. This prelude to Christmas was a joyous occasion for the youngsters from the opening of the church doors until the last shrill voice and melodious horn toot died out on the distant snowy hillside.

Christmas Eve came a few days later and found the town of Radford happy and expectant as it approached another joyous Yuletide season. The community was at the peak of a flourishing decade. Bulging with goodies, fireworks and colorful toys were the stores throughout the business section. The barrooms in between were likewise bulging with Christmas cheer and free lunches. As the shades of night descended Main Street took on a giddy hue with the reflection of the myriads of colored toys from the flickering rays of the large brass lamps in store windows and the brighter light from the arc lights on street corners. By 10 p.m. the last of the Christmas shoppers wel}e hurrying homeward. Soon stockings would be hung by the chimney and the town folk would be ready for that long winter nap.

It was some time after the midnight hour when a call-boy on his way from the roundhouse sighted a blaze reaching out from

one of the small shops a few doors west of the W. R. Roberts store. To his excited cries of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" was soon added the shrill blasts from a dozen locomotive whistles then in the railroad shops and yards. Those families living at the top of the hill along Grove Avenue and Downey Street, on being awakened by the clamor, were apprised of the true situation when Lewis Pamplin came tearing up the hill and in a voice hoarse with emotion and acrid smoke fumes, yelled, "My God, folks, you'd better run for your lives, the whole town's on fire!"

By the time a sizeable group of hastily dressed, sleepy-eyed men, women and children had arrived on the scene all of Main Street looked like Dante's description of the lower regions. There was no fire department in the town at this time, nor was any fire fighting ,equipment kept on hand, so leadership and organization had to be improvised on the spot. Scores of men and boys formed bucket brigades along the streets and alleys and went to work at a feverish pitch. It was soon realized, however, that the entire business area was doomed and the fire fighters slowly beat a retreat. When the Main Street became entirely untenable, the efforts of the volunteers were turned to blocking the fire at Third Street. Here the fight was waged from the roof of Dr. Farmer's house. Throughout the pre-dawn hours the older and more intrepid of the town boys, together with a number of the star athletes from St. Albans, could be seen clambering over the top of the smoking roof, their dim forms moving about through the flying sparks like monkeys in the tree tops of a burning forest at midnight. With tireless endurance and the natural exhuberance of youth this group of the town's youthful heroes worked frantically, spreading wet blankets over the roof and sides of Dr. Farmer's residence and dousing the blankets with bucket after bucket of water as the human chain passed them back and forth from far up the alley south of Main Street.

In the meanwhile others of the volunteer fire fighters centered their attention on the stock of Christmas goods in the burning store buildings and worked desperately to transport some of the valuable stores to a place of safety. This work went on through the early morning hours to the tune of popping firecrackers, the angry swish of skyrockets and the colorful whirl of pinwheels and Roman candles.

A considerable part of this effort to save valuable goods was centered about the several burning barrooms. Barrel after barrel was rolled out the back way and up the hill into the alley south of Main Street. Before the fire had progressed far, many kegs of beer,

casks of assorted wines and barrels of fine whiskey were stacked along the alley and on the side of the open hill above it. This phase of the battle was the occasion for testing the strength of Alec Mills, one of the town characters. Alec was known to be a very powerful man, but no one knew his r,eal strength because he worked in such a leisurely manner that he never fully ex,erted himself. But here his zeal for the task at hand overcame his reluctance towards extra exertion. It was reported that he was overhauled going over Robert's hill with a fifty gallon barrel of whiskey on his back. And the witness declared that he was in full stride and had not even so much as "broken a sweat" under the load.

Most of the fire fighters, however, were content to take their refreshments where they found them, along the alley and along the hillside, and to the shelter of these oases the tired workers repair,ed from time to time to refresh themselves with a choice libation and thereby renew waning strength for further efforts. Before dawn a goodly portion of the carefree element wer,e in exuberant spirits and willing to carry on the fire fight long after both sides of Main Street lay in smoking ruins.

The futility of the workers was due in large part to the fact that practically all of the store buildings along Main Street were of frame construction, and bare hands and water buckets were powerless to stem the destruction among such great tinderboxes. Only the open street at Doctor Farmer's corner, where is now located the Tyler building, and the superhuman efforts put forth from the roof of this residence, served to check the otherwise uncontrolled conflagration and block its further destructive progress westward. Just about all of the prominent business places of that period were completely wiped out.

In that one fateful night, exactly fifty years ago this coming Christmas, as this is written, East Radford of the period of the frame store buildings and board sidewalks passed into oblivion. And it might be said that with it passed, for Radford, most of that gilded era known as the "Gay Nineties."

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Co. *H, 2nd Virginia Volunteers*

Radford boys in the picture: Top left, Corp. Eugene Mundy. Top right, Corp. Frank Cannaday. Center row, fourth from the left, sitting between Capt. Griffin and Lieut. Johnson is Corp. Elliott Howe.

Chapter XIV

REMEMBER THE MAINE!

The stage was set for the Spanish-American War when the Cuban insurrection against Spain began in 1895. The matters at issue were minor and could have been amicably settled by a fair degree of statesmanship. But the warmongers of that day, aided and abetted by the yellow journals, promptly set out on a campaign of sympathy for the starving Cubans and vitriolic hate for the cruel Spaniards unequalled in fervor by any similar issue since the Crusades. The hate campaign grew in intensity from month to month until by early 1898 the desire for war was whetted to formidable proportions.

Then came the customary "incident." On the night of February 15, 1898, the Batt1eship Maine was mysteriously blown up in Havana harbor. No one knew how or why it was blown up nor was there any apparent desire to find out. That this was a diabolical trick of the wily Spaniard was accepted without question. The real facts have remained a mystery to this day, except that when the Maine was raised some years later physical evidence found at the source proved that the explosion had come from within, indicative of an unexplained accident. But at that time a public keyed up with many months of intense war propaganda did not want facts. Facts at such a time would appear dull and uninteresting. The people were conditioned for something more exciting. They wanted war. The cry of "Remember the Maine!" resounded throughout the nation. There was no stopping the inevitable. War was officially declared on April 21st of that year.

In his book, "The Martial Spirit," Walter Millis states, -

> "In the opinion of nearly all writers of international law the particular form of intervention in 1898 was unfortunate, irregular, precipitate, and unjust to Spain. The same ends could have been achieved by peaceful means, safer for the wide interests of humanity."

In further explanation of the war's reaction (and this appears applicable to all of this nation's wars, with the exception of the American War for Independence), he continues, -

> "The waves from the sunken Maine had hardly subsided beforie the corridors at the capitol were swarming with perspiring and patriotic gentlemen offering their services, demanding favors and claiming contracts. The fascination of impending battle with its high honors and great monetary rewards for all was irresistible."

During the early spring months of 1898, prior to the official declaration of war, volunteer regiments were being formed throughout the country. The war fever spread rapidly to the boys of high school age and they were soon straining at the leash. All thoughts of anything other than the roll of a drum, the silvery notes of a bugle, and a sweetheart's tearful farewell at the railway station, disappeared from their minds.

Thus, when Elliott Howe, then just approaching 18, announced that he wanted to go to war it was not entirely unexpected. His parents, long prepared by his growing manifestation of patriotism, were ready to oppose the suggestion with calm logic. They tried to point out the many disadvantages in too precipitantly joining in this war parade. In the first place he had not yet reached his 18th birthday, the required age of enlistment. Again, why give up the last valuable year in school? This would not be much of a war, anyway, they pointed out. The excitement would soon subside, but once out of school he would never go back.

To all of these arguments Elliott's most effective reply was to the effect that everybody else was going. In fact, just about all of the boys of his age and that, Elliott reminded, would leave him almost the only boy in Professor Gunn's room. As for the age requirement, those under 18 would be accepted on written consent from their parents. "Why," he concluded, "Captain Preston is going to take Robert in his company, and he is barely 17!"

Elliott's father could not readily answer this line of reasoning, nor could he bring himself to take too firm a stand in the matter. He never folt like opposing one of his sons on an issue which involved some action he had himself taken when a young man. Had he not gone to the Civil War when in his teens? Perhaps' his parents had at that time felt the same way he now felt? Anyway, both father and mother hoped the war fever would subside, and with it Elliott's proposed venture.

But time proved otherwise. One night late in April Elliott came home to announce that a regiment of Virginia volunteers

from this area was mobilizing, and that all of the boys around town, or most of them, had signed up and were to report in Salem for mustering into Federal service the next day. His mother and father had retired for the night when he came in, papers in hand, flushed with excitement, to make the announcement and declare his intention of joining them in the trip to Salem. Elliott sat down on the side of the bed and the old argument was renewed. However, there were noticeably weaker protestations from his parents.

At last Elliott resignedly concluded, "I don't see why you should begrudge me the very thing you had the privilege of doing when you were my age. In just three weeks I'll be 18 years old anyway. All of the other boys will be gone by that time. Isn't it better that I go along with them now, with your consent?"

His father had no answer to this final querry. He slowly arose and sat on the side of the bed, saying as he did so, "Hand me the pen and ink." Then he carefully fixed his signature to the bottom of the paper and handed it back to Elliott with the remark, "I guess you might as well go and find out for yourself war's not the picnic you think it is. But I surely hope you get back sooner than I did, and just as safe."

The following day, April 29, 1898, Elliott went with a group of Radford boys to Salem and was mustered into the Federal service as a member of Company H, 2nd Virginia Volunteers.

The young,er members of the family went with him to the depot the day of departure. On the way, when they reached the corner at Belle Heth Academy, Elliott suggested they walk on ahead while he stopped in the next block to tell a friend goodbye. The youngsters ling,ered to peep around the corner and were somewhat dismayed to see Elliott wasting his valuable time talking to a girl. Elliott was at the Mohler's gate and on the other side could be seen the flaxen, curly head of Inez Mohler. Her great mass of finely spun, golden hair did not create the envy among other girls that it would today. Such tresses were then consider,ed an oddity rather than an asset. With the mounting excitement at the depot the younger ones thought this idle talk with a high school girl a sheer waste of time. For Elliott and Inez Mohler, however, this was a dramatic moment. A romance that had progressed through the note writing stage during the past winter had now come to full bloom with the spring and this dramatic parting. But it flowered and was gone before the war's end.

Some thirty years later Mrs. Howe was reminiscing about the incident of Elliott's enlisting for the Spanish-American War. In referring to the hour of his leave taking she, for the first time after

all of these years, told of her feeling of anguish at seeing her 18 year old boy go away to war, and added, "I kept my composure until he was out of sight down the street. Then I felt I could no longer hold back the tears. But I didn't want to further depress the others and, perhaps, I felt a little ashamed of myself, too, for this weakness. Anyway, I stole silently out back of the barn where, unnoticed, I could r,elieve my pent up feelings with unchecked tears. As I turned the corner, dabbing wet eyes with my handkerchief, I came face to face with your Pa. There he was leaning against the back of the barn the tears streaming down his face. We just stood there for a few moments without saying anything, and then both wiped our eyes and walked quietly without a word back to the house."

After a brief pause she concluded, "But, then, I'm sure all other parents who have sons have had similar experiences. Only ***they*** can understand the kind of deep heartache that comes with seeing a young son leave home for war."

After the 2nd Virginia Volunteers had completed its mobilization at Salem the r,egiment moved to Camp Lee, outside of Richmond, where the troops were in training the month of May. When it became known that the Virginia boys were soon to be sent south to a post near the battle front, Elliott got a short furlough and come home for a few days visit.

This was the first opportunity the town folk had had to see one of their young war heroes first hand and Elliott made the most of it. Each morning after breakfast he dressed up in full regimentals, as his mother called it, and with field equipment added. In blue uniform, canvas leggings and campaign hat, field pack with blue army blanket rolled snugly and strapped over the top, haversack paced with personal accessories and canteen filled with cold well water, he strolled forth. The youngsters followed him about the town; halting and sitting on the edge of the boardwalk when he sat, using the opportunity to inspect the various articles of army ,equipment and, on occasion, enjoying the thrill of a sip of water which he allowed each to have from the genuine United States Army canteen. Elliott was convinced that army regulations and the customs of the service required that the uniform be worn at all times and that full army equipment be carried on his person. And the kids on the hill got a great thrill from their first close-up of what they considered a :neal field soldier right from the battlefront.

Early in June the orders for the move came but instead of being sent into active battle the regiment was ordered to Jackson-

ville, Florida. Here the 2nd Virginia took up intensive training at Camp Cuba Libre. Now began the long months of close and extended order drills, guard duty, range firing and long days of maneuvers through the hot waste lands of Florida.

During that summer the home folks thought and talked of little besides the war with Spain. The reports that came back from their own home town boys furnished the most exciting news from the front. Each day soon after breakfast Mrs. Howe would hurry off down the hill to the post office in the expectation of receiving a letter with the familiar cross flags in the upper left hand corner of the envelope, the fluttering stars and stripes on the right crossed by the single star flag of Free Cuba. Elliott's letters came from Camp Cuba Libre with regularity, telling of the camp life and what he was doing and seeing in this strange tropical land. His recital of personal contact with alligators, monkeys and parrots, all in the wild state, was highly exciting to the children, and the apparent dangers confronted in the Florida swamps appeared to equal anything that would he met on the battlefield.

To the family one of the most impressive of Elliott's communications was the letter telling of his promotion to corporal. In telling of his promotion to the grade of a non-commissioned officer he went on to say that, as such, he "had been placed in command of a body of men." After the story of Elliott's new honor was repeated several times it became slightly altered in the telling from the original context to "now in command of a *large* body of men," and his new rank began to look like something of unusual importance. Apparently no one had stopped to consider that a corporal commands a squad of eight soldiers, including himself. Anyway, that a boy of 18 should be in command of any number of soldiers seemed an exceedingly high honor. The picture sent later, showing the gleaming white chevrons on the blue background of his upper sleeves, was still more impressive and left nothing to be desired in the way of military recognition.

The big events of the week came on those evenings when the troop trains passed through going south to the army camps in Georgia and Florida. The entire town turned out for the occasion and waited far into the night for the last belated section to pass by. The school children were always in the van of the unofficial welcoming committee that assembled at the depot. Professor Gunn made the announcement to the pupils means of a terse written statement on the blackboard of each room. Coming in near the closing hour of the afternoon he would walk briskly to the rostrum,

CORPORAL ELLIOTT HAMPTON HOWE

Co. *H, 2nd Virginia Volunteers.*

select a stick of chalk from the box on the teacher's desk and write, -

"Troop train passes through tonight, 1st s2ction, 8: 10 P.M.
2nd section, 8:40 P.M.
3rd section etc etc . . . "

Then carelessly tossing the piece of chalk back into the box he would take his departure with an air of satisfaction of one who has just delivered the scoop of the week.

As soon as suppers were over all paths wJuld lead towards the depot. An hour before train time a great crowd would be on hand and while awaiting the familiar sound of the approaching troop train, usually many hours late, the agitated town people would mill about the depot platform, groups gathering here 2nd there to while away the hours in h3.rmonious ong. One of the most popular songs of the day, and one which appeared to have been composed just to fit the sentiments of the Spanish-American War hero and hero worshippers was a sentimental ballad entitled, "Just as the Sun Went Down." The refrain told the story of a youthful war hero dying on the battlefield for the sake of his country, his mother and sweetheart, and gathering the flag to his arms while making his dying declaration, the dramatic moments culminating "just as the sun went down." It was sung over and over again, the touching words and mournful melody providing a perfect outlet for the emotions of those teenagers who longed so deeply to be at the battlefront where they could enioy the romantic life of a war hero.

Before the summer was at an end, the stunning victories of Manilla Bay, El Caney, San Juan Hill and Santiago Harbor were over and each great feat of arms was hysterically celebrated in turn. With no other strong enemy centers of resistance to conquer there was little left to keep the patriotic fever at white heat. Then the war came to an end. The bands ceased to play, flags no long, r waved, and uniforms and implements of war faded from view over night. The martial spirit that had been abroad in the land for so many months disappeared as if by magic. The 2nd Virginia Volunteers in distant Florida struck camp, folded their tents and silently, like the Arabs, stole away by train northward to a designated point of demobilization. Not a Spaniard had been seen. Not a shot had been fired in anger.

Elliott was mustered out at Salem on December 10, 1898. He received his accumulated pay in full, to the amount of $108.50. The army pay at that time was smly $13 per month for a private and $15 for a corporal. This final pay :r,epresented a rather large sum to accumulate from such a small rate of monthly pay. It was,

no doubt, amassed by savings returned to the finance officer monthly at the pay table, the total to be refunded with the final payment on separation from the s·ervice. This was a customary procedure among the thrifty soldiers. It indicated that Elliott had supplied all of his personal wants during his period of time in the service on about $5 per month. The magnificant sum drawn on final payment was a just reward for his frugal manner of living. That large sum was much more money than he had ever had in his possession before in his life.

On his discharge certificate, signed by Captain Griffin, opposite the words "Conduct and Character," was entered, "Excellent." This was the highest rating permitted by Army Regulations. It was evidence that, in spite of the many pranks Elliott jokingly claimed *to* have taken part in, he had been considered an outstanding soldier.

After the mustering out ceremonies in Salem, Elliott spent the balance of the day shopping and his purchases included, not only new civilian garb for himself, but suits for the younger boys and substantial gifts for every member of the family. He arrived home unheralded, and under a stack of bundles which almost hid him from view.

All of the Radford boys who went away amidst such pomp and glory drifted back into town singly and unnoticed. With the war's ·end, the bugle calls and flag waving, the passing of troops trains - even the dramatic sinking of the Battleship Maine - faded into dim recollection. But Elliott's home coming was long to be remembered in the Howe household.

Chapter XV

AROUND THE TURN OF THE CENTURY CROWDED YEARS

The end of the Spanish-American War brought to a close one of the most colorful chapters in American history. But in the excitement of winning the war it was hardly realized that a new day had dawned. The great outpouring of patriotism, with the blare of trumpets and the tramp of marching men, came to an end so suddenly that the people, figuratively speaking, were left limp and dazed. It was only with the turn of the century soon to come that they awakened to the realization that the tinsel decade of the nineties really came to an end with that burst of martial glory in 1898, and that the country had evolved into a more realistic pattern of life. Of that period since around 1895, it was as though to say: "For years we anticipated the wonderful adventure of war. We have fought and won it, and there was glory enough, of a sort, for all. But the glory has lost its savor. What now?"

With the dawn of the new era, the Radford "veterans" of the late war feeling their "mature" age and recent worldly experience had placed them beyond the educational possibilities of Professor Gunn and Belle Heth Academy, scattered to the four points of the compass to seek their fortunes in any line of endeavor that might be open to them. There was little hesitancy regarding Elliott's purpose and direction. The older boys were well established in Norfolk by this time so his one thought was to join them without delay. John had a successful insurance business in Norfolk and George, of a more mechanical turn of mind, was enthusiastic about his work in the Newport News shipyards. The outdoor life and the hard physical labor the shipyards had to offer appealed to Elliott's youthful vigor at this time, and so he chose to try his luck with George.

Some years later, in telling of his arrival in the bustling shipbuilding center of Newport News, Elliott said that he joined

George and a couple of his fellow lodgers at the boarding house late in the evening and was unpacking his valise when they noticed that he had no work clothes. One of the friends proposed that while he finished his unpacking they hurry down the street before the stores closed and pick up a pair of coveralls and a few other of the essentials he would need on reporting for work. Elliott agreed, and reached in his pocket for the required cash. He found that his wallet contained only one lone $20 bill, the last of his war savings, and this he cheerfully handed to George and his companions saying they could break the bill for the necessary purchases and return him the balance later.

When Elliott had finished his unpacking he noticed that about an hour had elapsed and still no sign of the return of George and friends. The time dragged on towards midnight when he decided he should get some sleep if he expected to be in top shape for work next morning. It was about 2 a.m. when he was aroused by an Indian war whoop coming from the street below his window. This was followed by loud talking and other boisterous yells, and after a pause the singing of "Sweet Adeline" in a barber shop chorus of whiskey tenors. Elliott said he had already experienced a kind of uneasy feeling when he heard that first war whoop outside of his window, and before the chorus of "Sweet Adeline" was finished he became resigned to the fact that his last $20 bill was finished, also.

The next morning with some borrowing from George's wardrobe he managed to dress himself suitably and report on time for the shipyard job. The arduous tasks encountered caused him to soon forget the incident of the untimely flight of his hard earned capital. Of this first experience in the shipyards Elliott later said, "It was the toughest job I ever tackled. In the dead of winter I was put to work out in the open drydock cleaning off the bottom of a ship. This required crawling along under the hull and scraping off the ice-encrusted barnacles with a steel hand scraper. Heavy work gloves provided some protection for the hands but they quickly wore through in places exposing the bare hands to the ice and barnacles. At quitting time each day I shucked those wet gloves from my bloody hands, relieved for the time being, yet knowing it would be the same thing on the morrow. I stuck to it that winter, along with a gang of very tough customers, only because I felt I had to."

The following spring Elliott went back to Norfolk and found employment with the Southern Bell Telephone Company. After a few months, however, he gave up this in order to join John in the

HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS

Lower end of Main Street, decorated for the Radford Fair, 1904. *The Virginia House, popular hotel of the nineties, can be seen on the extreme left. The hotel stood well back from the street on a shaded lawn at the corner across from Heth's grove.*

The upper end of Main Street, looking east, about the same period. Automobiles had not yet made their appearance in Radford.

insurance business. About a year later he was transferred to the Eastern North Carolina district with headquarters, first at Elizabeth City and later at New Bern.

It was from New Bern that he came home for his first vacation, in the summer of 1902. He brought with him a new guitar and a large framed portrait of his fiancee, Miss Mary Bryan Moore, prominent in the young social set of New Bern.

With George and Charlie on hand with mandolin and banjo, Elliott's arrival with his guitar was to fill the summer evenings with harmonious entertainment. Most of the Howe boys were musical and the strumming of a guitar or mandolin was often heard whenever the boys gather,ed around. Close harmony went with the string music on occasion, at which times the barber shop chords were built around George's tenor. George had developed a pretty high grade tenor voice since going to Newport News. During the years there he had sung regularly in the church choir and had gained so much recognition that he was sought after by some of the best church choirs in both Newport News and Norfolk. One of his friends once told how President Theodore Roosevelt on a weekend cruise down the bay happened to stop over in Newport News for a church service. Asking about a church with good music he was directed to the church in which George sang. He was so highly pleased with the service, and especially with the choir singing on which he seemed to be something of an authority, that he came back on numerous occasions whenever he was in the area on a Sunday cruise. It was said by some that George Howe had the finest first tenor in either Newport News or Norfolk.

In Radford at this period it was well before the phonograph or other means of artificial music, and so people by necessity h3d to make their own musical entertainment. Fortunate were those who were able to do so, even to a limited degree. The evening sessions on the front porch seemed also to be a delight to the neighbors for they would sit on their front porches and listen in apparent enjoyment just as long as the singing and playing continued. Elliott had brought home many of the latest song hits from the city and they were now being heard for the first time in their entirety "Honeysuckle and the Bee," "Tell Me Pretty Maiden," "Hello My Baby," "Just One Girl in the World for Me," scores from the "Prince of Pilsen" and others then at the height of their popularity.

The stories Elliott had to tell of his experiences since leaving home for the city and his jolly personality and keen sense of humor, together with these musical evenings made that one of the

happiest summers the Howe family had ever spent together. As a consequence the days flew by and it seemed no time at all until the summer was drawing to a close and Elliott was boarding a train for return to Norfolk and New Bern.

The courtship of Elliott and Mary Moore culminated in marriage at the home of her parents, Leonidas J. and Bettie F. Terry Moore, on June 15, 1904. Mr. Moore was a prominent attorney of New Bern. After a honeymoon trip to White Sulphur Springs, the bride and groom stopped for a visit with the family in East Radford before returning to their home in New Bern.

For the next few years Elliott and Mary lived an idyllic life in North Carolina. Their first child, Mary Moore, was born the following autumn, to be followed two years later by twin boys, Leonidas and Elliott Hampton, Jr. Soon after the birth of the twins it was found that a blood transfusion was necessary for the mother and it was given with Elliott as the donor. This was said to be among the first successful blood transfusions administered in this country.

Mary showed immediate improvement and the attending physician desiring to avoid a relapse recommended a long period of rest in the mountains. As soon as she was able to travel, Elliott and Mary, with the little girl and the twins, all entrained for the home place in East Radford.

When at the end of the summer it was found that Mary's health would not permit her to return to the climate of Eastern North Carolina, the Echols house next door was rented for the occupancy of the litUe family and they moved there in the early fall. With the home folks nearby to help look after Mary Moore and assist with the care of the twins, it was not long until Mary had regained a semblance of normal health and Elliott was ready to return to his business in New Bern and leave Mary and the children in the healthful mountain surroundings for an indefinite period.

That summer Robert made his first trip home from Oklahoma since going there in 1895. He had succeeded in his ambition to become a lawyer in spite of the lack of a law degree or a college education. His one great asset was a consuming ambition to become an attorney-at-law, and this had overcome all of the handicaps and pitfalls predicted for him should he pursue such an apparently impossible course.

Oklahoma was one of the few places where a person without a law degree, or any appreciable amount of preparation whatever, might realize his aspirations in the legal profession. In the early

days, prior to statehood in 1907, when the area comprised Oklahoma and Indian Territory, there were no statutory requirements involved. It was only necessary to pay a nominal fee, hang a sign over the door reading, "ATTORNEY-AT-LAW," and go to work. This Robert did, and with a few second hand law books acquired at a sale, plunged right into law practice as though he were already a seasoned barrister. He worked hard, traveled far and wide through the small towns of the Territory and made a fair living. To his credit he gradually gained the reputation of being a shrewd and successful landgrant and criminal lawyer. And here he found an unlimited field for these branches of the profession.

After accumulating a fair amount of practice around the town of Guthrie, visited during the days of the Sooners when it was a shack and tent town, he took time out to court and marry one of the town belles. Then came the hard grind of the early years in first one cowtown and then another. This wide practice led to an acquaintanceship with most of the important characters, both good and bad, throughout the state. Few, however, were considered bad in the true sense of the word. Had a man been accused of robbing a bank and killing several people, Robert would invariably conclude his recital of the episode by saying, in extenuation of the accused, even if he were found guilty, "But he was a fi-i-n-e fellow," thus showing his unfaltering belief in the cause for which he worked. With these varied contacts and experiences of the court sufficient reputation was accumulated to qualify for a part in some famous cases, one of the better known being that of the trial of the Jennings boys, famous train robbers. Al Jennings afterwards reformed and gained more fame, on an honorable plane, as nominee for governor of the state. He was later claimed by Robert as one of his warmest friends. To add to his laurels in his chosen fields of law and politics, Robert was named as a delegate on several occasions to the Democratic National Convention, assisting in the nomination for the presidency of Woodrow Wilson at Baltimore, in 1912.

From this wide experience and his natural aptitude as a raconteur, Robert, on his return to Virginia, was able to picture Oklahoma as a strange, undeveloped land of boundless opportunity. New oil discoveries had recently been made in the state and he had unusually exciting success stories to tell in connection with the hunt for this liquid gold. As a result Shepherd went back west with him with the idea of making Oklahoma his permanent home. A short time after they had gone west, on continued insistence from both Robert and Shepherd, Elliott decided to go out and

investigate the feasibility of securing leases on prospective oil land.

John came to Radford about this time, and hearing of Robert's tales of Oklahoma and the great fortunes being made there in oil, he also got the "g,et rich quick fever" and prepared to follow the others. At this time Dan had just returned from a year's work on an engineering corps near Big Stone Gap with savings enough for a first year of college. John, hearing of his plans, pooh-poohed the idea, saying, "You can't afford to waste that hard earned money on college now with such an opportunity thrust right in your face. I can take your little stake to Oklahoma and make us a fortune. Why, by this time next year I'll have enough to buy a college and make you a dean or something."

Dan was so impressed that he turned the money over to John without further question and bade him good-bye and good luck on his way west to cast his lot with the other Howe boys.

By late autumn Elliott had exhausted most of the oil lease possibilities, and so leaving his business deals in the hands of Robert he returned to his family in East Radford. After a short stay he went back to his insurance business in New Bern, and continued frequent return visits to the old home in Radford where remained his family. John eventually gave up the search for oil as a hopeless task and returned east also. In speaking of their experience in the west, he said rather disgustedly, "There's plenty of oil in Oklahoma but only Robert was familiar with the country, and so we had to rely on him to take us to the prospective oil fields. For oil land he seemed to have an uncanny sense of misdirection. Every time a new field came in we found ourselves as far away from it as we could get and still stay in the state of Oklahoma."

Following the Christmas holidays that year, E1liott prep:1.red to return again to New Bern. Before going he decided to make his customary visit to the Bells at Rockwood and Cousin Howe Kent on Back Creek. His winters there as a boy had resulted in such strong ties that he never failed to go back to see all of the Dublin and Back Creek kin whenever he came to Radford. Mary, his wife, was in fine spirits the day of his departure and seemed to be in normal health. But the next morning she died suddenly of a heart attack while dressing for breakfast. Elliott was reached by telephone at Cousin Frank Bell's and arrived home within the hour. He later accompanied Mary's remains to New Bern where she was buried in the family cemetery.

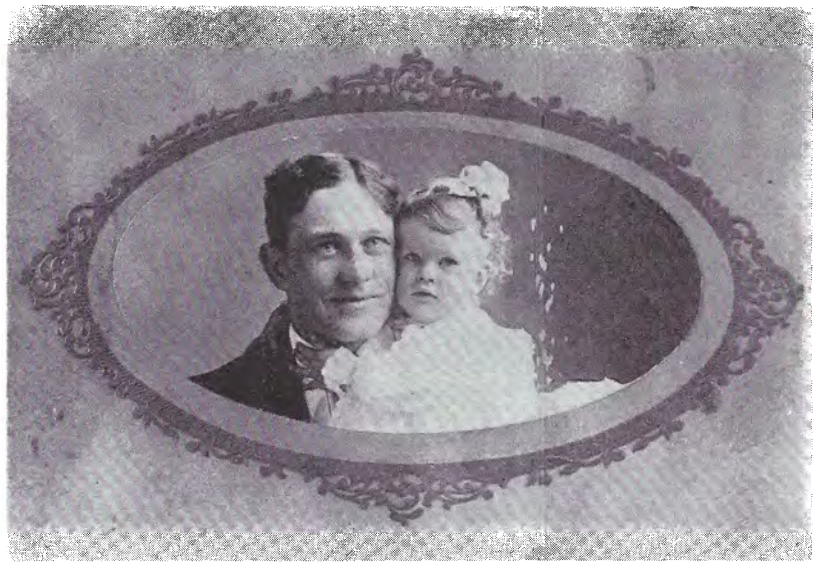
Little Mary Moore, Lon and Elliott who had been brought up to the mountains for a visit with their father's folks found themselves instead in a permanent home where they were to live and

grow to maturity. So many of the characteristics of the Howes did they possess that they soon became an integral part of the Howe group. Aft-er a few years the family, as well as the people of the town, thought of them as merely younger members of the same generation as John and Sallie Howe's children.

Captain Howe was now in declining health and had given up regular ,employment altogether. His days were largely spent on the porch of the new home writing on events of the Civil War or going back and forth to the little farm on the hill, gathering fruit and vegetables and caring for his flock of chickens. The enlarged family were all in the Echols house now where there was more space and modern conveni,ences. Most of the time he would carry his writing materials on the jaunt up the hill and after feeding the chickens would sit in the shade of the oak trees near the chicken house and write. The family had for years been urging him to record some of his war experi·ences but the problem of earning a living for a large family had always consumed his entire time and energy. Now that his earning capacity had ceased and others had assumed the burden he had so long carried he found great pleasure and relaxation in writing. He said he had always had a secret urge to write.

His story was entitled, "Two Boy Scouts," and the scenes of the narrative followed the route of the Stonewall Brigade in its four y,ears of campaigning, from Harper's Ferry to Appomattox Court House. The plot was woven around the exploits of two young Confederate soldiers who were continually engaged in daring feats of spy work and dangerous scouting expeditions within the Union lines.

That part of the story pertaining to the two scouts and their exploits was fictional, although the scenes were laid along the route of the Valley campaigns and the action included happenings in connection with most of the important military engagements. The plot of such a story, mixed with both fact and fiction, was a rather difficult one to carry. His task would have been much easier had he undertaken only a simple narrative of his own personal. experiences. His factual story of the war, the experiences compris . ing a most unusual and gripping close-up picture of the four years struggle, under one of the most colorful commanders of all time, would probably have been more interesting than anything fictional he could have devised. But at that time "blood and thunder" stories appeared to be the principal type of literature in demand by the reading public, he felt that a narrative of what he saw and did while campaigning under Stonewall Jackson would have no his-



MARY MOORE HOWE WITH HER FATHER

torical value and would be far too tame for anyone's enjoyment.

After hours of writing he would put aside pad and pencil, gather the ,eggs and take the pathway down the hill home, there to read what he had written to some member of the family for comments and suggestions. Then he would sit on the porch and labor over the revision of his manuscript until dinner hour put a stop to his literary endeavors.

In the late summer afternoons all of the young folks would dress up and go down to watch the trains come in. For years in East Radford this was a social rite with the young set, and the event of the day. The main passeng,er trains came in between six and seven o'clock in the evening and shortly before this hour the family group would set off down the hill, picking up a friend here and there on the way. At the same time, from the Galways, the Clarks, the Tinsleys, the Prestons and from Cassellton, by horse and buggy, other groups dressed in their best would be setting forth. The custom had been so long in vogue that these friends from widely different sections of the town, as if by prearranged plan, converged on the depot at precisely the same hour. When the rubber-tired buggy, with tasseled parasol top, emerged from around the corner of Heth's Grove it was a warning that number 13, the first of the evening trains, would soon come roaring in.

On arrival of the several groups at the station platform there would be a jolly reunion, just as though these town people had been apart for many months, and then as the first train drew to a stop everyone would rush down the tracks to the side of the passenger coaches as if determined to be the first on hand to meet a long absent fri,end or relative. Sometimes a friend or relative would arrive, or one might be bade farewell on departure. In any event, all of the rites would be gone through just as though the arriving or departing guest was really on hand. After the last of the several trains scheduled at this hour had disappeared in the distance all would stroll up the street to the drug store, there to group together again around Charlie Johnson's soda fountain and ,exchange the latest news while drinking sodas and waiting for the mail to be put up. When it was announced that the frosted windows at the post office nearby had been thrown open there was a rush for the mail, and the impromptu gathering came to a happy climax. The young friends waved cheery adieus as the groups drifted off homeward. The interesting event of the day for this small town was at an end.

During the early part of 1909 it was noticeable that Captain Howe grew more feeble from week to week. By the end of the win-

ter high blood pressure and arteriosclerosis, with other complications, completely disabled him. On the evening of March 2nd members of the family were notified that he was sinking very rapidly and was not expected to live through the night. Those who were nearby hurried to his bedside and found him in a comatose condition. He passed away early the next morning without ever regaining consciousness.

At last John Howe had found peace from a troubled worId; a world that was for him mostly one of hard times, due mainly to a disastrous war and its long drawn out aftermath. Since leaving Back Creek, at 19, for the Civil War he had endured an almost continuous life of hardships. At the very threshold of young manhood he was to enter into four terrible years of war, with dangers and privations unparalleled, only to emerge into a long period of reconstruction followed by years of depression, all of which carried with it a life of never ending worries and reverses that were to follow him to the end of his days. During this long period he saw one venture after another end in financial disaster, through no apparent lack of zeal or judgment on his part, until haunted by failure, and with the heavy responsibilities of a large family to carry, he hardly knew which way to turn.

His only periods of recreation came from occasional outings with the children; the fishing trips he made with them down to Plum Creek and the explorations with them through the woods during the early days on the hill. Many a Sunday afternoon he would gather a group of teenage boys and girls about him and set off for a long hike to explore the depths of the forest and valley along Connolly's Branch. The children thought nothing so much fun as a jaunt with Captain Howe. They always felt secure in following him over unknown trails and into the most mysterious mountain recesses where strange birds, wild flowers, chinquapins and other treasures abounded. From time to time he would pause to rest and sit on a log in the shade and watch with pleasure while the young folk searched for the trailing arbutus and violets, waded in the creek and gathered nuts and wild grapes until exhaustion and the end of the day forced the group to turn homeward.

In the early days there were also the long tramps to Sunnyside and to Brother Haven's home up the river. On these trips he always took Dan and Charlie along. He quickly sensed when the little boys were getting tired and would stop for a rest period under the shade of a convenient tree along the roadside. Oftentimes while relaxing like this he would take the occasion to tell them some interesting incident of his early life. On one of the trips to Sunnyside he

MARY MOORE AND TWIN BROTHERS, ELLIOTT AND LEONIDAS.

In the front yard of their first home in Radford, summer of 1909.

JOHN HOWE WITH MARY MOORE, ELLIOTT AND LEONIDAS.

The first years at Clifton.

stopped for a rest at the very same place in the woods wher,e he had killed the snake while on his ride home from the surrender at Appomattox. Although the boys had heard the story before they experienced an added thrill from having it retold on the act al spot and then accompanying their father in his search along the wooded road for the sapling - now a sizeable tree - to which he had tied his horse while chasing the snake along the rail fence nearby.

This was his last trek to Sunnyside, taken just ten years prior to his death. It was to be his f1nal view of Back Creek and the beautiful valley, the land of his ancestors. The old home place passed from the family when it was sold by Captain Eugene and Agnes De Jarnette, in 1901.

It was these periods of relaxation with the young ones, and the many hours that he and Mrs. Howe spent through the years communing with nature among the fruit trees, the vineyard and the garden that, in spite of financial reverses and worries, made life full and satisfying.

It was particularly fortunate for Mrs. Howe at this time that Elliott's three children had come into her lif,e. Their care and welfare absorbed her energies and furnished her with a new interest in life. At a time when the faithful mate of so many years had been taken from her it helped greatly to alleviate her grief at this parting.

During the early years on the hill Captain Howe often expriessed a desire to own the tract of land at the top of the bluff just above Connolly's Branch bridge. He said it would some day be considered the most beautiful building site in the city. As recorded in a previous chapter, a neighbor, Mr. C. F. Thomas, also recognized its ,excellent location and bought the five acres which included this area at about the same time Captain Howe acquired his first tract of land further up on the hill.

In the latter part of the nineties Mr. Thomas and his boys worked at clearing, and then cultivating his piece of land, while the Howes were busily engaged on their new-ground adjoining. After some years the Thomas family moved to Marion and the place was later sold to Captain John T. Walters, a retired business man, who wanted it for a venture into the fancy chicken business.

Captain Walters poured money into the place, building chicken houses almost good enough for human habitation; installing in the houses running water, electric lights and stocking them with pedigreed fowls of choice plumage. The hens were so highly pedigreed that the price of eggs was quoted at three dollars the dozen. The

people of a country town, however, were not educated to the point of ,eating three dollar eggs. As a consequence, in due time Captain Walters closed out his chicken business and turned his interests elsewhere. There followed a period of years when the colony of once active and noisy chicken houses stood silent on that choice hill-top site looking like a deserted village.

This was the way matters stood with Captain Walter's chicken venture when, in 1909, on one of Elliott Howe's periodic trips home during the •early summer he became interested in the property. It was renewed interest, occasioned by his knowledge at the moment of Captain Walter's desires to get rid of the property. Elliott was well aware of his late father's long desire for that bluff acreage and he, as well as the rest of the family, had always shared in those desires. He found Captain Walters receptive to any reasonable deal wher,eby he might turn what he now considered a white elephant into cash. Elliott supplied the desired cash, and the old Howe home on Downey Street was thrown in to complete the deal.

George was at home at this time, and a shipbuilder of long experience, Elliott entrusted him with the job of building the new house. He dismantled the colony of palatial chicken houses and skillfully used the material in putting up the framework of a large rambling structure which was faoed with brick. The new house smacked strongly of the nautical in its architectural design. Likewise, the floor space was as ample as that provided by many a ship's galley. But this was a boon to the large Howe family. It, also, allowed them to indulge more fully their hospitality with relatives and friends whom they enjoyed having for the summer months on a continuous house-party basis.

The house was completed at the end of the summer, in 1910, and the Howe family moved there in the early autumn. Mrs. Howe declared that the new place should be called "Clifton" after her girlhood home in Caroline. The location high on the bluff made the name appropriate, too, so henceforth the place was thus known. Standing in a majestic grove of hilltop oaks overlooking West Radford and the river to the north, with garden, fruit trees and vineyard in the rear, it afforded all of the beauties and comforts one could desire. It was in every way the ideal home site the late Captain John Howe years ago predicted it would be - and the particular site he had often longed for. Here the How,es began what was to be a long period of tranquil and happy living.

A short time before the Howe family moved to the new house on the bluff Elliott settled his affairs in New Bern and established himself in business in Richmond. It was not easy to tear himself

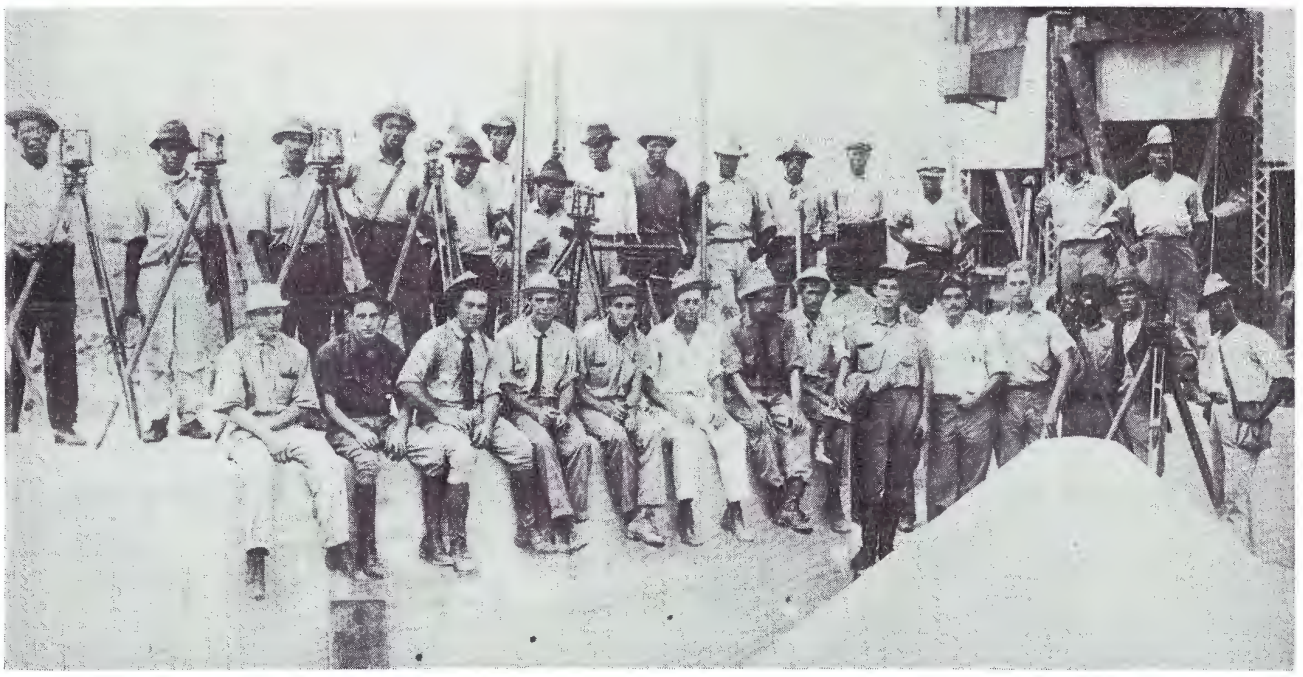
away from friends and business associates of long standing but the move was prompted by the desire to be closer to Radford where morie regular contact could be had with his home and children. By the time the family was settled in the new house Elliott was commuting back and forth on a week-end basis. The change was almost equivalent to a permanent reunion with his long s,eparated little family. It later turned out to mean even more, when he met Miss Belle Baylor of Richmond who was soon to become his second wife.

The year of 1912 was marked with several outstanding events in the Howe family. That year Dan graduated from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute and took off for Panama to engage in the construction of the great Panama Canal.

Of the Panama Canal, the historian James Brice called it the "greatest liberty Man has ever taken with Nature." Quoting further, "Even in the space age, the Panama Canal is a breath-taking engineering coup. The Americans came into a steamy, pestilential jungle and moved enough earth to build 100 Great Pyramids. The achievement was heroic, and Americans rightfully regarded General George Washington Goethals, General William Gorgas and Doctor Walter Reed as titans. About 5000 Americans worked on the project, and they had as much patriotism as guts. They were highly paid - and in gold." (*The writer received the magnificent sum of* $85 *per month, to start)* .

In December of that year of 1912 Elliott and Belle Baylor were married at her home in Richmond. The same month Sally, the youngest of the large Howe family, was married to Warren Gibson Jones of Fauquier County, a graduate of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute and a classmate of her brother. It was necessary to request permission to have the Episcopal ceremony held in the Presbyterian church on account of the great number of town's people that the family wished to attend. A few days after the wedding invitations werie out, Mrs. Goodykoontz, one of the oldest neighbors, requested the honor of baking the wedding cake as her special present to the bride. This was an honor highly appreciated for Mrs. Goodykoontz's cake-making fame was known the town over. The bride was described by the local papers as "a striking blond of charming manner and attractive personality, greatly beloved throughout Southwest Virginia." After the honeymoon the bride and groom returned to begin their married life in Fauquier County.

So ended the notable year of 1912 - the conclusion of a most historic decade. Looking back since the turn of the century, who could deny that these had been crowded years?



PANAMA CANAL, 1912. *Civil engineers of the Pacific Division, sector extending from the Culebra Cut to Pacific Ocean, including Pedro Miguel and Miraflores Locks. Left to right: Fields, Julian Smith, Millet, "Curley" Jones, Lewis Payne, Dan Howe, Bruce Tinsley, V.P.I.,* '06 *(engineer in charge of all field work), Danneberg, Baldwin,* Obie *and Martin. Native helpers in background were selected for this work on account of high degree of intelligence.*

CLIFTON, 1913.

A p1rt of the Howe family gathered for summer vacatioon. From left to right: Charlie, John, Sally, Belle, Dan, Mrs. Howe and Minnie. Lon, Elliott and Mary Moore in yard.

Mrs. Howe with her grandchildren. Lon and Elliott on left, Mary Moore on right. She holds Warren Jr., Sally's first child, in lap.

CLIFTON, 1914.

Left to right: Elliott, Belle, Charlie, Sally, Dan and Minnie. In center: Elliott, Jr., Warren, Jr., and Mary Moore.

CLIFTON, 1919.

Left to right, front: Jane Jones, Virginia Howe, Dan Howe Jones and Elliott Howe, Jr. Rear: Mary Moore Howe, Charles Howe, Jr., Mrs. Howe, Warren Jones, Jr. and Lon Howe. Virginia and Charles are the children of Charles and Margaret Howe of Beaufort, N. C.

Chapter XVI

TO THE MEXICAN BORDER
"BULL SNAKE"

The year 1915-'16 saw the rise of Pancho Villa and his bold depredations along the Mexican Border. When he crossed over onto Unit,ed States soil to raid Columbus, New Mexico, the hue and cry for some form of intervention and protection for American citizens became so great that National Guard organizations began mobilizing with the expectation of being called into Federal service for this duty.

The boys of Radford quickly caught the military fever and a National Guard company, designated Company M, 2nd Virginia Regiment, sprang into being in the community. There was a deficiency in both men and officers but as the prospects for active service on the Mexican Border became more imminent an active recruiting campaign soon filled up the ranks, with the exception of the captain's right hand man. The first lieutenant vacancy remained conspicuously open. Men of mature judgment and leadership with military experience were difficult to find in a small community and it seemed that this key post would remain vacant. However, at this juncture it occurred to some of the town boys that Elliott Howe, who had returned to the old home place shortly before this, had once seen service in the army and without further ado he received a "call-to-arms."

When first approached on the subject, Elliott demurred, protesting that he had not had a rifle in his hands in an official capacity sinoe the Spanish-American War. But the men of Company M brushed such excuses aside as being of little consequence, saying that he could bone up on the Drill Manual and Field Service Regulations and soon meet all of the requirements. So this urging of old friends and the desire to be with them in any prospective adventure down Mexico way could not long be resisted, and Elliott

accepted the commission as first lieutenant the early part of 1916 and started training with the company in the town armory.

Later in the spring the call came for more active military operations and the organization was sent to Camp Stuart, near Richmond, for this purpose. Here Elliott qualified in all of the required military subjects and field tests and his provisional state commission won approval by the Adjutant General of the U. S. Army, the final authority for Federal Commission status. The company was mustered into the Federal service about this time and the regiment soon thereafter began entraining for Brownsville, Texas, arriving there the latter part of June, 1916, to become a part of the Border patrol.

It was while on the Mexican Border that Elliott influenced his younger brother, Dan, to take up a military car,eer. On learning of the interesting field service of his Radford friends, Dan wrote to his brother in regard to joining them. In reply Elliott advised that due to the gathering clouds of war he (Dan) had better take the examination for a commission in the regular army instead. He thereupon applied for and took the examination at Fort Myer, Virginia, the latter part of July. Months later he was notified that he had passed and had been commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry in the regular Army of the United States, as of November 30, 1916. He and Elliott were to meet briefly at one of the training camps later.

In r,ecounting some of the experiences of the Border service, Ballard Preston, one of the local boys who was with Elliott there a great part of the time, said, "When I saw they were going to call out the troops I immediately enlisted in the 1st Virginia. Due to my hurry to get in, and the fact that I was in Norfolk at the time, I for the moment forgot about my friends of the 2nd Virginia in Radford with whom I'd preferred to be. We entrained at Norfolk for Brownsville, arriving there the first part of July, and were brigaded with the 2nd Virginia, the 4th U. S. Infantry and the 36th U. S. Infantry, as the First Provisional Brigade, under the command of an old Indian fighter by the name of Brigadier General "Whistling Jim" Parker. The break came for me when I found the Radford company had arrived a few days ahead of us and had their tents pitched right beside our area. There were all of my old friends on hand to greet me. Elliott and I, of course, fell on each others necks. Ther,e were also present Fred "Tub" Harvey, Hugh French, Bill Giesen, Bob Foster, Charlie Farmer, Vince and Bill Stump and many others of the home town boys I had known all my life."

This was the set-up at the beginning of the adventure on the Mexican Border which was to be a subject of conversation among the town boys for years to come.

Bill Stump, one of those mentioned, was older than most of the boys in the company, having served in the Spanish-American War for a brief period. For years he had been something of a character about the town, and a great teller of tall tales, including his experiences in the war with Spain. There was one incident in particular regarding his war service of which he liked to boast. This occurred at the preliminary of one of his important battles, (all fought only in his imagination) in which the general rode out to the battlefront and looking carefully over the field, called out to the troops, "Is Bill Stump in the line?"

At which he (Bill) rose up from his position in the front ranks, waved his hand in assurance and called back, "Here, General!"

Whereupon the general commanded in a loud voice, "Let the battle begin!"

With the long days of army drill under a burning Texas sun, and the hikes and maneuvers through the cactus and mesquite waste lands, the ardor of the Radford boys for a brush with Villa gradually cooled off. The training was tough enough during the hot summer and early fall but as the cold weather came on it got much tougher. The winter season, while not extremely cold, was marked by a succession of northers, at which times the drizzling rain and wintry blasts from the north made camp life extremely disagreeable. While the main body trained, platoons and companies were detached and sent off to take their turns in guarding the railroad bridges, waterworks, banks and other key facilities and important business centers along the Border sector. The regular army units took the national guardsmen under their wings, taught them all of the tricks of the service, and did much towards molding them into hardened, veteran soldiers, this to the great pleasure of the once green lads from Virginia.

The Texas wildland is famous for its snakes, mostly big rattlers, but there are many harmless types as well. Of the latter the most frequently encountered is a large snake of blackish color known along the Rio Grande Valley region as the "Bull Snake." Since his youth Elliott Howe had always entertained a feeling of indifference towards snakes, whether poisonous or non-poisonous. Down on the Border the poisonous snakes, so feared by most of the men, were of little concern to him. Should they happen upon a rattler, Elliott would quietly step around back of the snake and set

his heel down on its head, while his companions were running wildly about looking for a rock or club. Were one of the large bull snakes encountered, he would pick it up and play with it as though it were a house pet. Knowing these large sluggish snakes were harmless he liked to catch them and play practical jokes on the boys, like hiding one under his trench coat and suddenly dropping it on the feet of some unsuspecting fellow.

His favorite target was Bill Stump, on account of his unfailing good disposition and ability to take it. Bill scarcely ever came around without bumming a cigarette. On one occasion, while out on maneuvers, when he stopped by to ask for the customary smoke Elliott casually pointed to his musette bag hanging on a mesquite tree nearby and told him to help himself. Bill ran his hand into the bag but instead of a pack of cigarettes he found to his horror he had a hand full of bull snake. Old Bill let out a yell that could have been heard on the far side of the Rio Grande. Elliott ran over and threw the snake out on the ground with an exclamation of surprise and terror. But when he could keep up the pretense no longer he burst into a fit of laughter, and sent Bill away pacified and happy with a whole pack of cigarettes.

It was not long before everybody around the camp learned of Lieutenant Howe's way with snakes and the pranks he played, and they all started calling him "Bull Snake." Henceforth that was to be his nickname among his army buddies of the Border and throughout his later service.

Life on the Mexican Border was not all army drill, marching and maneuvering through the mesquite and cottonwood jungles. On a rare occasion there would be an exciting week-end trip to Brownsville or some other Border town for those fortunate enough to secure a pass around payday when "beer money" was plentiful. On one such occasion Sergeant Ballard Preston took off on a trip to Brownsville and Matamoras with almost dire results. At the time of his departure Lieutenant Howe gave him a parting directive, to wit: (jokingly), "The camp is dry, our morale is low, so remember any presents you bring back better have corks in 'em."

After whiling away a pleasant evening rubbing shoulders with the jabbering Mexicanos around the night spots and doing his bit towards furthering the good neighbor policy, Ballard, with generous thoughts for his less fortunate friends in camp, tucked a quart of bourbon under his raincoat and headed for home.

Now Sergeant Preston was well aware of the standing orders which prohibited the introduction of spirituous liquors within the limits of the army reservation. He likewise knew that this dictum

was continually ignored, for the search and seizuDe of the personal effects of officers and non-commissioned officers returning from pass was virtually unheard of. Perhaps this is why he was all too careless of the priceless package he carried. It proved the wrong time to be car·eless for the officer of the day was present in person when Sergeant Preston passed through the sentry gate. A perceptible chill ran along his spine when this officer called out sharply, "Hey, soldi,er, what's that sticking out from the back of your raincoat?"

The officer of the day did not wait for an answer. He simply reached out and caught hold of the neck of the quart bottle that was protruding through a torn place in the back of the raincoat. The rent place in the back of the coat, and that which had worked through it, had been entirely overlooked by Ballard during his carefree wanderings of the evening. It was not to be overlooked, however, by a hard-boiled and conscientious OD.

As a result, Sergeant Preston was a short time later "on the carpet" before the colonel trying to justify an untenable position in the eyes of this stoney-faced superior.

Aft.er a lengthy harangue on the subject of army discipline and the importance of obeying all military orders to the letter, the colonel finally concluded with a touch of sarcasm in his voice as he querried, "And since you admit you had read and understood the orders against introducing alcoholic beverages into this camp, will you kindly tell me one good reason why you brought this quart of whiskey back here with you tonight? Or, frankly, sergeant, did you give the matter any thought at all?"

Sergeant Preston stood for a moment in silent contemplation. It was a t,ense moment. But he was one whose wits never deserted him in a crisis. In the field of tact and diplomacy Ballard Preston was known to have few equals. Here, however, was a situation that required the exercise of the highest degree of art in tactful handling if he were to weather the storm that was about to break.

"Yes, sir, colonel," he at last managed to reply as he mopped the beads of perspiration from troubled brow, "I honestly did give the matter considerable thought, and after due consideration I came to the conclusion that it was the *logical* thing to do."

The colonel slumped down in his chair completely nonplused. To such a frank exposition he knew not for the moment how to respond. What response was made when he found his voice is not known. However, it is known that Sergeant Preston suffered no punishment other than the loss of a quart of bourbon and some inconvenience, all of which was of little moment considering the

grave situation faced. His trip to the city that week-end did end in a certain amount of disappointment for Elliott Howe and "Tub" Harvey who had waited up until a late hour for his return, but the reputation of Ballard Preston for tact and coolness under fire remained unsullied. In fact, it is understood that the colonel, impressed by the honesty and frankness of Sergeant Preston's approach, ended the interview in an atmosphere bordering on one of regret and apology at the necessity of impounding the evidence.

During the latter part of the period on the Mexican Border Elliott was sent with his company to take over the task of guarding some of the key facilities in Brownsville. Rumors were rife that Villa's next raid would strike here. The banks of the city were thought to be his particular target. Company M was charged with patrolling the financial centers and guarding other important industries that might furnish a prime target for the Mexican bandit. If such were his intentions the presence of this strong force of United States soldiers was sufficient warning for he never came.

It was here that Elliott's border service came to an end. The regiment was withdrawn and returned to Virginia in February of 1917, to be mustered out of the Federal service. Ballard Preston and "Tub" Harvey, after being called back into Federal service a few months later, having displayed high qualities of military leadership, were sent to the first Officers Training Camp at Fort Myer, Virginia. They mastered the strenuous three months course with little difficulty and were duly commissioned second lieutenants. Lieutenant "Tub" Harvey, a charming personality, was to be cut down by a German machine gun bullet while serving with the 30th Division on the Flanders battlefield. It would have been difficult to find three more compatible and mutually entertaining characters than "Tub" Harvey, Elliott Howe and Ballard Preston.

The return from the Border and demobilization was to be only a breathing spell for Elliott Howe and the boys of Company M before the storm of real war so shortly to come.

CAMP McCLELLAN, ALABAMA, 1918.
Belle and a friend visit Elliott in camp.

TRAING CAMP
NEAR RICHMOND

Left to right: Margaret Crawford, Ed Crawford Waller Cassell and Fred "Tub"" Harvey.

Lt. Howe, as regimental bayonet instructor, demonstrates the "On Guard" position.

Chapter XVII

OVER THERE

When war with Germany was declared on April 16, 1917, the veterans from the Mexican Border patrol who had now been at home only about two months, experienced anew that old thrill of war excitement. They realized that it meant a speedy return to active service and this time for the real thing. They had been hardened by the past winter of field service, the taste of military life was in their blood and they were physically and professionally ready to go. The company that had }eft the Brownsville sector in February was mustered back into the Federal service in May and recruiting to war strength began as they assembled in Roanoke with the riegiment for training.

Prior to the initial assembly a directive was issued by the War Department which stated, in effect, that National Guard officers, married and with dependants, upon re-mobilization were privileged to leave the service. It was pointed out by some of the home folk at this time that Elliott with a wife and three children came within the scope of this directive and, therefore, might well leave his army obligations to a younger man without dependants. Whether or not he gav,e the idea any consideration, his strong sense of duty and the determination not to let his companions in arms down were the deciding factors, and he promptly rejoined his comrades of Border days for the assembly in Roanoke.

After a summer's training in Roanoke the Radford organization, under the new designation of Company M, 116th Infantry, 29th Division, followed the other units of the division to Camp McClellan, Anniston, Alabama, where a long period of intense field training set in. This grind was to continue through the winter and into the following summer.

In the meanwhile, it will be recalled that the latter part of the previous year Dan Howe had been commissioned a second lieutenant in the regular army. He had completed his basic training at

Ft. Leavenworth and had joined his regiment at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. Soon after the declaration of war he took part in organizing another regiment, the new regiment was to be the 57th Infantry. It was hastily formed at the then abandoned Camp Wilson nearby, from cadres and a portion of the officers from his old 19th Infantry. Colonel D. J. "Dumb John" Baker assumed command. Contrary to the nickname Colonel Baker was far from dumb. He was both a keen and unique character of old army fame, and one with a special gift for oratory. Small of structure, he had a booming voice and on any occasion could deliver a talk that would rank as a minor classic. At the first regimental conference, after covering all of the details incident to the initial organization, he concluded his lecture with some sage words of advice, adding certain words and phrases of inspiration. His conclusion was a kind of paraphrase from Napoleon: "':'*':'*And remember that some of you young officers standing here befor,e me are now carrying a field marshal's baton in your knapsack.****" His words may have been meant as inspirational but they also proved more prophetic than he could have ever dreamed. One of the young officers present and on whom his glance probably fell was to become supreme commander of all allied forces in Europe during the second World War, Lieutenant Dwight D. Eisenhower.

On making assignments at the close of the conference, Lieutenant Eisenhower was designated regimental supply officer and Second Lieutenant Howe was told to report to Lieutenant Eisenhower and "help him out with the most important job we now have at hand," - that of supplying and equipping the new regiment. The following days of hustling about the supply depots at the side of Lt. Eisenhower impressed Dan Howe with the feeling that here was an officer that was going "to get along." But just how far along did not enter his mind at this time.

In January of 1918, Second Lieutenant Howe was transferred from the 57th U. S. Infantry, then at Camp Logan, near Houston, Texas, for duty overseas. En route to the port of embarkation he was able to stop over at Camp McClellan for an evening with his brother Elliott. When he arrived in the late afternoon the camp proper was deserted as the troops were on the combat range a mile or so out. A motorcycle sidecar was secured and he reached the training area as the organizations were forming to march back to camp. However, after searching about a bit he came upon E-lliott without warning in conference with the division commander, General "Nosey" Morton. General "Nosey" Morton had acquired that nickname early in the service, according to one version be-

1st Lieutenant DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, 19th Infantry.
He was made regimental supply officer of the newly formed 57th *Infantry when the 19th was split (due to war time expansion) to organize the new regiment at Ft. Sam Houston, May,* 1917.

cause of both his prominent nose and his diligence in nosing around into every phase of activities of his command. He had ridden out late this afternoon to observe the firing and arriving near the completion of the day's work, had called the automatic arms instructor, Lieutenant Howe, to one side to question him regarding the training and the'effectiveness of the new French "Chauchot" rifle that had recently been introduced into this country. On account of his aptitude with all types of arms and his ability to present his knowledge to the men, Lt. Howe had been given a special course in automatic weapons and then made brigade instructor. The general, all the while sitting relaxed on his horse, appeared pleased at the progress of the work and impressed by the clear answers the lieutenant was able to give on every phase of the training. Lieutenant Howe then called for a Chauchot rifle and gave the general a demonstration of the operation of the French gun, which also seemed to impr,ess him most favorably. At this time the "Chauchot" was the "mystery weapon" of the army training camps and the brass hats were curious about its use and effectiveness.

After Lieutenant Howe had saluted the departing general he turned and was greatly surprised to find his younger brother waiting in the background. They greeted each other warmly and set off on foot to camp. Here Elliott changed to fresh uniform and they later joined his wife at her apartment in Anniston where they had several hours together before train time. This was the last the brothers were to see of each other as they never succeeded in getting together during their war service in France.

The now Captain Dan Howe went on to take command of Company H, 60th Infantry of the 5th Division. The promotions in the regulars had been fast and the higher rank had come with the telegraphic assignment for overseas duty. He took ov,er his new command at Camp Greene, North Carolina, the latter part of February, 1918, and in a very short time was en route to Camp Merritt and Hoboken, the port of embarkation.

His battalion, travelling as a unit, landed at Le Havre, by way of Liverpool and Southampton, England. Here they became initiated into that quaint mode of travel soon to become famous throughout the A.E.F. - the box cars of the French railway, labeled, "40 hommes et 8 chevaux." The train journey by box cars lasted all night and most of the next day, and carried the troops almost across France to an advanced training area around the town of Bar-Sur-Aube. The area was near the right flank of that part of the western front destined to become the American sector. The

battalion, with companies billeted one or two to a village and with French officers assisting, carried on training here in the latest techniques of trench warfare during the late spring, reaching what was considered a high state of perfection with the coming of summer.

On June 15th the 5th Division took over its first front line assignment in a sector south of St. Die, in the Vosges Mountains. The battalion made the last leg of the march to the trench area under cover of darkness, where French guides met each company and accompanied the captain up the winding mountain trail and to the trench sector occupied by the company of French poilus he was to relieve. Silence was the order of the night; no talking above a whisper, no smoking. Those who were to occupy the most exposed strong points were required to dress in grey overcoats and French helmets, borrowed from the poilus, in order to make the deception more certain. What a dismal failure these efforts were was brought home to the doughboys the following morning when at daybreak from the German side of no man's land a large, crudely constructed sign faced them, reading, "WELCOME, AMERICANS!!"

Company H was to remain on the alert in the front line trenches until the early part of July. These were trying weeks of continuous watchfulness by day and exciting and dangerous scouting and patrolling by night. Due to the mountainous nature of the terrain the trenches were at some places less than 100 yards apart, while at others they were almost beyond observation among the wooded crags several hundred yards distant. In the former case the slightest movement above the parapet would draw a sniper's bullet. In the latter, however, patrols from both sides would slip through the camouflage screen from time to time and in the moonlight would stalk each other through the mountain underbrush of no man's land.

The casualties from sniping and the nightly scouting expeditions were few and the encounters were taken lightly. But near the end of the tour the Germans staged a large scale raid that put the fighting on a more determined and aggressive plane. At the midnight hour, when it appeared that another quiet night on the western front was passing, all hell suddenly broke loose. In the silence of the night the Boche sprung their well planned raid, hurtling down out of the black sky without warning a terrific box barrage of high explosives mixed with phosgiene gas shells. The latter were large pig-like shells about two feet long, and scores of them were fired simultaneously by batteries of trench mortars set

off electrically. With this unique system being put into use against the Americans for the first time, suddenly hundreds of these lethal gas cylinders came showering down out of the dark night all at once, bursting and spitting out the deadly fumes in all directions. The effect was terrifying. The artillery barrage of high explosives "boxed in" the local area to be raided, which included a salient of strong points where Companies G and H joined. As the wall of fire effoctively cut off all hope of aid from flanks and rear, a strong detachment of picked German troops armed with riot guns, hand grenades and flame throwers made the assault on the strong points. The primary objective was to take prisoners for information and identification purposes, and at the same time to wipe out these strong points that encroached too dangerously near their own lines.

The attack was beaten off after severe hand to hand fighting, and without the capture of a man by the Boche. But the two companies which bore the brunt of the assault suffered about eight killed and a score or more wounded, among them being the division's first gas casualties. The suffering of those who failed to get their gas masks on in time was intense. The brownish colored fumes gave off an odor of decaying silage, sweetish and inoffensive on first sniff, but a light inhale and the resulting searing of the lungs caused painful coughing and vomiting. If several good whiffs of the phosgene was taken, certain death followed.

A short time after this violent brush with the enemy there came welcome relief from the trenches. A few weeks rest period was had in French billets, the battalion training long and hard daily while waiting the call for another turn at combat duty. The latter part of July the division was again sent into the front lines, taking over a sector a few miles north of St. Die. This was to be an extra-long and arduous contact with the enemy; six continuous weeks without an opportunity to fully undress or take a bath.

In fact, during the first part of this tour in the trenches an incident occurred that made undressi-ng strictly forbidden. A second lieutenant recently sent in as a :r,eplacement, city-bred and unaccustomed to out-door life, had undressed and donned a suit of white pajamas following his midnight shift off of front line duty. A German patrol came by at this hour and threw a couple of hand grenades into the trenches. In the excitement that followed the white outlines of a ghostly figure was seen flitting about in the pitch black darkness and this drew more attention than the Germans, who due to the riot they had created among the Americans made a clean get-away. The "ghost" was by this time over-

powered and dragged kicking and protesting - uncommonly vigorous manifestations for a spirit - into the light of a dugout. To the disgust of the jittery doughboys, it was found not to be a spirit nor some device of the wily Germans, but only an indignant, pajama-clad American second lieutenant!

When this incident got back to division headquarters, an order was issued stating, in effect, that troops in the front lines would not undress for any purpose, and that while at rest in dugouts uniform and sidearms must be worn at all times. There was little incentive for undressing, however, for there were no bathing facilities in the front line trenches. Thankful were the troops for sufficient water for drinking purposes, sent into the trenches daily in milk cans strapped to the backs of tiny burros. This supply allowed only enough for filling canteens and a small canvas basin extra for shaving.

The great July offensive along the Marne salient was in progress at this time, requiring the use of all reserve divisions, and the 5th had to remain in place during all the weeks of active fighting. When relief came, the men were so inured to a life of sleeping, eating and carrying on the daily routine in a burrowed slit in the ground that it had long since become to be regarded as the normal manner of living. It proves that man can accustom himself to anything. Company H turned over its trench positions to the relieving organization that day after sundown. The mental and physical relief was so great that the men felt almost as though they were stepping into another world as they drew away from the area of constant watchfulness and danger. By daylight the company had marched out of the mountain sector to rejoin the other units of the battalion at a prearranged assembly point, a French village several miles to the rear.

A few weeks later came the St. Mihiel drive, starting the middle of September. The artillery preparation, opening without warning at midnight, was one of the most spectacular displays of fireworks ever seen on the western front. The lighted sky could be seen for 40 miles distant. Such a devastating rain of high explosiv,es, going on continuously for five or six hours, literally pulverized the German positions. Some of the Boche reserve divisions moved hurriedly to the rear. Those who did not were smothered. There was little or no resistance met when the Americans went over the top at daylight. The divisions marched forward in deployed formation, knocking off any light resistance that was offered, and in a few days the famous St. Mihiel salient was no more. At the end the 5th Division found itself in a reserve position

north of Toul, resting and reorganizing while the Meuse-Argonne offensive was in the making.

During the first week of October the units of the division started the long trek north in trucks under sealed orders. No one besides the battalion commander knew the destination but every one suspected the convoy was headed for the Argonne. After an all night and all day grind the truck train drew into a woods near Verdun and speculation was confirmed. As darkness settled down companies gathered about the rolling kitchens for a hot supper, at the completion of which two bandoleers of cartridges per man were issued, and the battalion set out immediately on the march northward towards the distant sound of artillery fire. The troops would soon be on the battleground west of the Meuse River, where the fighting had been underway in the tangled fastness of the Argonne forest sinc,e September 26th. It would not be long now before the 2nd Battalion and Company H were engaged with the Germans in open warfare. The famous trench warfare, written and talked about since 1914, had now passed into history.

The sound of artillery fire was further away than had been anticipated, and due to the fact that movement could be made only under the cover of darkness, several nights of marching elapsed before the 2nd Battalion reached the front and, on October 9th, relieved a depleted battalion of the 80th Division. Came daylight and Company H found itself in the midst of the fray.

* * * * *

In the meanwhile the Radford boys of the 29th Blue and Gray Division, formerly of Camp McClellan, had long since been on the move. In early June the units of the division started entraining at Anniston, Alabama, for Hoboken. The train section carrying the 3rd Battalion of the 116th Infantry, of which the Radford company was a part, arrived at Hoboken on June 14th and boarded the S. S. Finland that night. The battalion debarked at St. Nazaire on June 27th and after a few days of rest started on the tr,ek across France by easy stages. Short periods were spent in one French town after another for acclimation and training as the organizations progressed ever nearer its first contact with the enemy, a sector it was to occupy in the Vosges Mountains near Belfort.

From the town of Geuwinheim the battalion marched into the trenches along the rugged mountain side the lat,e evening of August 3rd, relieving a French organization in the dead of night. On coming out of the sector five days later and taking billets in the village of Rieppe for a short rest period, concerning this first

contact with the Germans, Lieutenant EUiott Howe wrote his young daughter:

Somewhere in France.
9th of August, 1918.

My darling daughter:

Since I wrote you last I have been considerably on the move and have, also, had the experience of holding a sector of the front line trenches for five days and nights in the darkest piece of woods I ever saw. Three nights it rained, which made it impossible to see anything at all, except when flares were sent up.

On being relieved from the trenches we landed in this village after marching two nights. We only travel by night when this close to the enemy. Well, nobody got hurt, I'm glad to say, though we had some close shaves and some funny experiences. Lots of things I'd love to write you about are forbidden so will try to remember them so that when I come home I can tell you, Lon and Elliott about them.

I hope the Chautauqua was good. How I would love to have been there to have gone with you. In fact, I would love to be there all the time. I have never been satisfied away from you all, and the next time I come in you can say the old man is here for keeps.

You would laugh to hear me try to speak French. My tongue gets twisted but I know quite a few words and can usually make myself understood, and I add a word or so to my vocabulary every day. It is a beautiful language and I want you to learn it. When I come back I will help you.

Your Mother Belle told me you got your ring. I've got something in my mind for your birthday but it might be delayed as I have to wait until I can get to a plac,e where I can buy it.

I certainly have missed being with you all this summer. Didn't we have a good time last summer when Uncle Charlie was there, and also Aunt Sallie? When Dan and I come back we'll have to have another meeting.

When you write me again let me know how John is getting along in Roanoke, also tell me any news you may have. I was glad to hear from Lonnie and certainly proud of him doing all the work when everybody is away. I just don't see how you could get along without Lon. Elliott must help him out when he comes back. Your school seems to be starting pretty early this year. I want all of you to do as well as usual,

and know you will. I suppose by the time you get this Grandma and Elliott will be home. Give them my best love, also to all of the rest, and a hug and kiss for you.

Your devoted,
Daddy

Grandma and Elliott were visiting Sally in Fauquier County at this time and Lonnie, now 11, was milking the cow, cutting the wood and doing a man's work about the place alone in the absence of Elliott, Jr.

From the date of this letter, August 9th, until the latter part of September the regiment was on the move in the Vosges Mountain area. A few days were spent in billets in some quaint French village, only to have the rest period broken by another tour in the trenches. This was called a quiet sector because no large scale offensive was expected. But once in close contact with the Boche plenty of combat activity could be expected, even in a so-called quiet sector. The Germans were worthy foemen wherever found, and the continuous scouting and patrolling, trench raids and sniping contests with such an enemy hardened the troops and made them more alert and aggressive for the strenuous campaigns yet to come.

When the battle of the Argonne Forest opened the latter part of September, the 29th Division was one of the first of the American divisions in the quiet sector of the south to be ordered north. The troops entrained at Belfort on the night of September 25th with the feeling that they were leaving the Vosges Mountains behind forever.

The 3rd Battalion of the 116th, travelling in the first section, detrained at a railhead near Verdun at noon on September 26th, and by consecutive night marches reached the town of Regneville at daylight on the 28th. A few days were spent here, when on October 2nd the regiment crossed to the east side of the Meuse River, arriving at the French village of Samogneux during the night. It was rumored that this town, some eight miles north of Verdun, would be the jumping off place. Certainly the doughboys could not go further into enemy territory without deploying and meeting the Germans in open combat.

This sequence of events, revealed later in a letter to his wife, indicate that Lieutenant Elliott Howe's letter of October 3rd was written from the village of Samogneux, and on the day following the night of arrival there. This communication proved to be his last:

3rd of October, 1918.
Somewhere in France.

Dearest:

We have moved up close and are just before going into probably the biggest battle of the war - the great American offensive. We have been in reserve for about five days during which time the artillery fire has been practically unoeasing. Everything else on the same stupendous scale, so much so that it is useless to try to tell about it. In fact, haven't had time but am taking this v,ery limited time to drop you a note before going in, as once in the maelstrom you never know what's going to happen. Should I come through, of course I'll write fully, and I feel that I will. But should I be unfortunate, may God bless you and my dear children, mother, sisters and brothers.

My battalion leads the regiment in action, and Company M is to be in the front line. The first platoon, commanded by me, is the guide platoon, and unless something happens to me, I will see the whole thing through. There are great hopes of coming through okay on account of the splendid artillery preparation and support. The principal danger lies in the desperate counter attacks of the Germans at this place. I confidently believe they are making their last stand, and from the present prospects I..elieve the war is liable to come to a close most any time.

I hope my writing this letter has not made you all any more appriehensive than you've already been, but thought you had better know just how things were with me, and I wanted above all things to let my dear children and you know that my thoughts were of you to the last, in the event anything happened to me.

I haven't had my clothes off now for five nights and days but we have all had plenty of rest and good food, and all are cheerful at the prospects of getting a whack at the Boche.

No doubt you will not hear from me before you get this letter, and no news will be good news. Should anything happen you will be notifi,ed from Washington, so don't worry any more than possible as matters will not be helped thereby.

Will have to stop now. Give my best love to each and everyone and kiss my kiddies for me. Tell Mary Moore that

Here Capt. Woodfield, on Capt. Howe's right, fought against stubborn resistance, alone killing 20 odd of the enemy during the day, many in hand to hand combat. (See comments on photo).

I'll be thinking of her on October the 6th, her birthday.

Loads of love to yourself.

Devotedly,

Elliott

Some of the pertinent events that followed the jump-off are revealed in a letter written by Hugh French, a member of the Radford company, sometime after the conclusion of the operation. He wrote, in part:

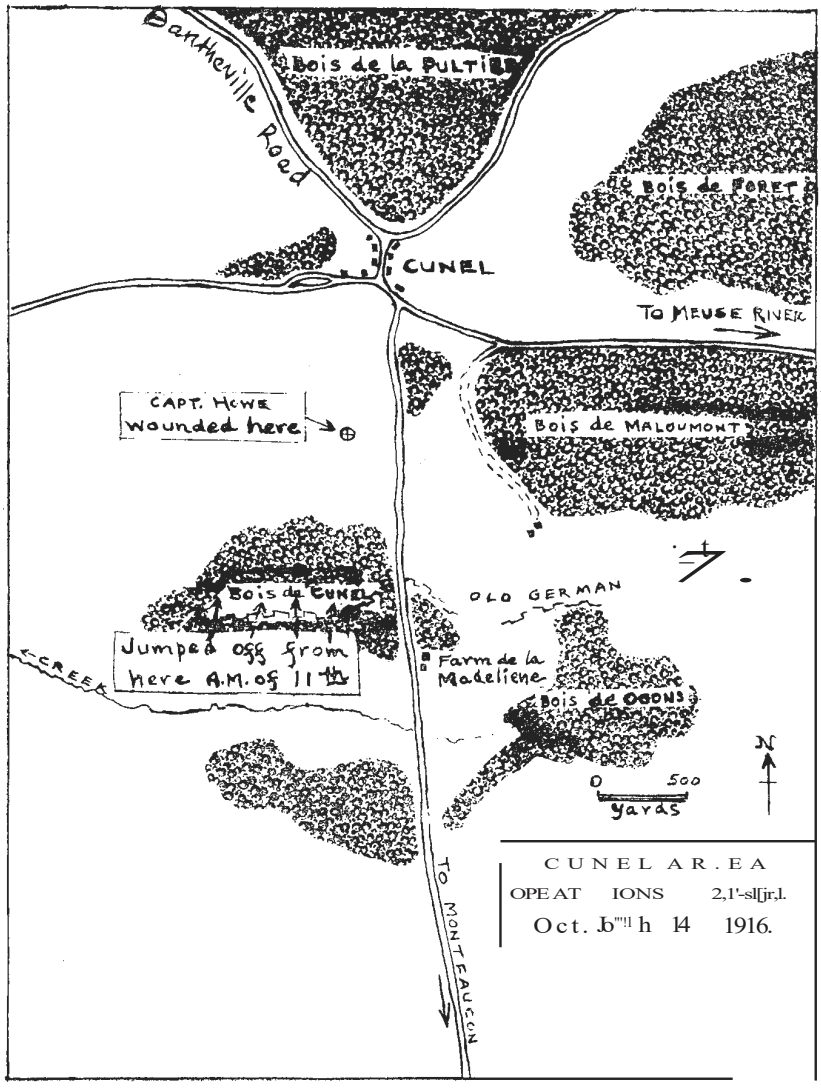
"The approach march began from Samogneux the night of October 7th. After hiking a part of the night we arrived in no man's land about two o'clock in the morning of the 8th and laid down for a few hours rest while awaiting the zero hour. Due to our cautious approach and slow marching occasioned by the black night and in strange t,erritory, we hadn't progressed very far up to the time we made our final halt for the night. Just before daylight we shook off our drowsiness and started on our journey for Berlin.

The Verdun-Belfort highway was the axis of advance to the town of Consenvoye, then a swing easterly into the Bois de Consenvoye. We gained only a few kilometers that first day, halting when darkness came on and sleeping in the shell holes. The next day we continued the advance and had our first casualties, Corporal Hawks and Private Pirts who were killed by machine gun fire. The going was getting tougher. High explosive shells were now bursting all around us.****"

* * * * *

At this very hour the 5th Division - as previously cited - was in combat with the Germans on the other side of the Meuse River, 10 miles directly west of the Bois de Consenvoye. The battle-worn troops of a battalion of the 80th Division - as will be recalled - had been relieved by the 2nd Battalion, 60th Infantry, during the late afternoon of October 9th. It was a tedious and dangerous job; creeping and crawling about the battlefield swept by machine gun fire and sniper's bullets, searching out the friendly detachments in shell craters and fox holes and supplanting them with fresh men from the 5th Division. The task was accomplished while the fighting went on unabated.

A couple of miles north of the local battleground was the village of Cunel, the primary obj,ective in this sector. The town, unimportant in itself, was some five miles north of Montfaucon, that old observation point once used by the German Crown Prince, and which had been taken during the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne. Cunel, on high ground and at the entrance to a vast



CUNEL AREA
OPERATIONS 2nd-3rd
Oct. 1st to 14 1916.

wooded area, was on the main highway leading north from Montfaucon. It was, also, at the junction of important roads running generally east and west. Thus the village was of strategical importance to the northward advance in this area. The Germans were too smart not to recognize this, and throwing in fresh troops, resisted every effort of the Americans to advance further on this important road center.

Came the night of October 10th and division orders were received directing the battalion to re-form with other troops on a designated line, a series of old trenches in the woods back of the main fighting area, for a general attack at dawn. Cunel and the high ground in that region must be taken at all costs.

Soon after midnight, while the troops lay on their arms in the woods along the old trench line, the American artillery set up a systematic bombardment of the German positions. Through the early morning hours the fire grew progressively more violent until by dawn the sky overhead fairly reverberated with a continuous shower of steel that struck the enemy lines with one thunderous crash after another. The Germans answered in kind, adding to the din.

As it approached daylight company officers could be dimly seen through the early morning fog and smoke emerging from cover, adjusting equipment and signalling platoon and section leaders to see that they were on the alert. As the time drew ever nearer men started rising all along the line and making ready. There was more hitching and adjusting of equipment, last cigarettes were lighted and wrist watches consulted over and over again; anything to allay the extreme nervousness that mounted as the seconds ticked away towards the final moment.

At last the hour had come, 8:00 a.m. on the dot. The shrill blasts of many whistles was heard throughout the woods. Hand signals were relayed up and down the line. Khaki clad figures moved forward with gleaming bayonets fixed. It was the zero hour - and over the top!

The even line quickly broke as the men started picking their way over the shell-torn earth amidst gun smoke and flying debris. Then out of the woods and onto a stretch of open terrain, likewise pitted with shell holes. At this juncture, scarcely more than 200 yards from the jump-off, a begrimed and brieathless runner overtook the company 'commander. He drew a crumpled piece of paper

Captain SAMUEL WOODFIELD, Co. M, 60th Inf.

For deeds of gallantry near CUNEL he was decorated with the Medal of Honor and French Legion of Honor, and later selected by General Pershing to be *a pallbearer at the burial rites of the Unknown Soldier. In singling out Sam Woodfield for this high honor General Pershing, referrinq to his day of valor at CUNEL, added with deep feeling, "Here is America's greatest doughboy!"*

*(The saga of Woodfield's great day at CUNEL appeared some years later as a featured story in the INFANTRY JOURNAL, by this writer, under the title of "Single-Hand-*ed.")

See general map for area of operations.

from his blouse pocket and handed it to the captain, who paused to read, -

"HQ 60th U. S. Infantry 11 Oct. '18. By Courier
To Captain D. D. Howe (or other senior officer of 2nd Bn.)

It is reported that Maj. Baldwin cannot be found. The senior is to take command, if such be true, and attack according to plan as follows: Follow Col. Peyton (1st Bn.) at 300 meters until you enter the Bois de la Poultire north of CUNEL; when he will slow up somewhat for you to connect with his left flank, your left to rest about on road CUNEL-BANTHEVILLE and right to connect with Col. Peyton. Go to N. W. edge of woods and dig in 50 yards inside same. Inform me at once by bearer of status in Bn. Act quickly."

(signed) HAWKINS
Col. Comd'g.

A hastily scribbled r,eply. *** "The attack progressing according to plan. *** Status of Maj. Baldwin undetermined at the moment. ** If found to be killed, wounded or missing will assume command of the Bn. *** " Then resumption of the advance.

* * * * * *

At this very hour 3000 miles across the sea in America many anxious souls were waiting and hoping. Patiently waiting for news from the battlefront it seemed would never come. The realization that a great battle was raging in a distant land, the certainty that sons, husband or father were in the midst of it, and the uncertainty of the dangers that might now be surrounding them, afforded a nervous strain that few are called upon to bear.

The ominous silence that had pervaded the atmosphere for days was at last broken by the dreaded War Department telegrams. The terse lines read :

"Deeply regret to inform you that it is officially reported that Captain Dan Dunbar Howe was wounded in action degree undetermined. Further information when received."

(signed) HARRIS
The Adjutant General.

Within hours the grim messenger again arrived. The second telegram read:

"Deeply regret to inform you that it is officially reported that Lieutenant Elliott Hampton Howe was killed in action.'

(signed) HARRIS
The Adjutant GeneraL

THE FARM DE LA MADELE-INE

Here was located the batallion aid station during the fighting for Cunel, Oct. 11th and 12th, 1918. Co. *H jumped off from the far edge of the wooded hill seen in left background.*

Weeks elapsed before news was had from the battlefront. Then came a letter from Captain Dan Howe, written while in an army hospital at Tours, France. He told of how they had jumped off that October morning at daylight with the objective of taking the town of Cunel. How they had come out from under the artillery barrage only to meet a drum fire of more artillery, machine gun and rifle fire. Gaps were torn in their ranks but as some of the unfortunate boys in khaki were blown to bits by the burst of a high explosive shell or stumbled and fell from the impact of a machine gun or rifle bullet other groups of advancing doughboys came on to fill up the ranks as they pushed onward towards their objective.

On :Peaching the open hills about a half a mile south of Cunel one of the high explosive shells came whizzing down out of the smoke laden sky and exploded with a violent crash near him. When the smoke had partially cleared away Captain Howe and several men of company headquarters who had been near him were seen struggling to rise out of the debris. The men suffered only temporary shock but the company commander received a direct hit in the right elbow joint and the arm dangled helplessly at his side. A companion, cutting away the sleeve, found a jagged hole through the joint out of which bits of torn clothing protruded. Bandages were applied to stop the flow of blood, and after a short rest in the nearest shell hole he made his way back to the first aid station at the Farm de la Madeleine. Outside the shell-torn farm house the ground was covered with wounded, and more were arriving on foot and stretcher by the minute. Only hurried treatment was had here - an anti-tetanus injection and temporary splint for the fractured arm - and the tedious journey to the rear by ambulance was begun.

As he took his place in the ambulanoe he found himself beside Lieutenant Harwood who had commanded Company G, on his left, in the attack. An exploding shell had knocked him out and cut his face badly. Stretched on the ground unconscious, with features distorted by dirt and blood, he was left there by his companions for dead. Lieutenant Harwood later regained consciousness and attracted a stretcher bearer who took him to the first aid station where he was found to have lost an eye from a shell splinter, but otherwise he was only superficially wounded.

The one good Irish blue eye which shown from the blood encrusted bandages sparkled with pleasure at the sight of an old pal with whom he had recently gone over the top. It was apparent the bandages covered a satisfied grin as he enthusiastically ex-

CAPTAIN DANIEL DUNBAR HOWE
Co. H, 60th Infantry, 5th Division.

On convalescent leave from base hospital at Tours, France, December 1918. *Taken at Domremy, birthplace of Joan of Arc.*

claimed, "W,e're sittin' on top of the world capt'n!" As the ambulance pulled out he called for a cigarette and as one of the medical attendants lighted it for him he repeated with emphasis, "Yes, capt'n, the war is over for us, and we're really sittin' on top of the world!"

It was about nine o'clock that night before the trip, broken by many stops for rest and nourishment and shuttle transfers along the way, came to an end at the field hospital. Here the long delayed surgical treatment - removing shell splinters and setting fractured bones - was accomplished in an improvised operating room during the late night hours. The following day this group of patients were transported by hospital train across France to Tours. Here Captain Howe was convalescing at the time of the armistice.

Again, returning to the Radford company of the 29th Division, news from the battlefield east of the Meuse River came in a letter from the company commander, who wrote:

February 16, 1919.

Dear Mrs. Howe:

I have been on leave or would have answered your letter sooner. My first letter evidently failed to reach you, and I now suspect why. According to orders, all letters relating to casualties have to go through the central records office. I forgot about the order and wrote you direct, and so no doubt my first letter was destroyed by some one in the censor's office.

Elliott was killed on the morning of October 11th, about 8:30 in the morning. We began the drive on October the 8th, and Elliott's platoon was in the first wave. He, and it, did wonderful work. We went through some pretty tough places and it was a wonderful comfort to hav,e him with me. He was always so cool and calm. On October the 11th we moved up from where we had spent the night to support the other battalions. We took our position in a wood and just as we reached our stopping place I heard a shell whistling by, and after a brief moment it exploded with a bang! right where I knew Elliott must be. I hurried in that direction and saw Sergeant Alley approaching, and as he came closer he called to me and said, "They've got Lieutenant Howe!"

I hurried to the spot and found him alive but unconscious. I tried to get him to speak to me but I could not rouse him. Sergeant Alley had already sent for first aid but I ran for the medical officer. Lieutenant Newberg returned with me but


LT HOWE
RIVER
ATTACK OF 116th INF.
Oct. 8th-11th 1918.

Elliott was gone before we got back. Sergeant Alley told me that the shell hit right by Lt. Howe and he thought a piece of it broke his spine. It knocked him down and a moment later he raised up and asked Sergeant Alley, "Am I hit?" He immediately lost consciousness and never regained it. I don't believe he suffered at all. It happened too quickly.

He was buried near where he fell and Lieut,enant Nye has a map with the spot marked on it. It was near a road crossing in the center of the Bois de Consenvoye, near Brabant, a village on the east side of the Meuse River, about 10 miles north of Verdun.

His trunk was stored in the ,early fall and will be sent you. I have his small clothing roll, which had practically nothing in it except his bathrobe, which I will bring back and send to you later. Lieutenant Nye has a few of his things which he will bring back with him. The small articles on his person were turned over to his chaplain, who should have sent them to you. I will ask him about them.

If there's anything else I can do for you don't hesitate to call on me. I reckon you know how much I thought of Elliott at Camp McClellan, and we were thrown together most intimately over there. I have missed him and wished for him a thousand times.

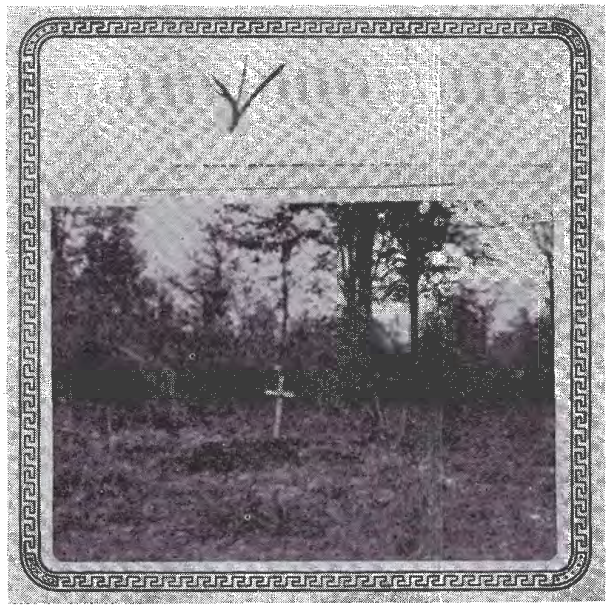
Major Alexander has gotten all right. I came through without a scratch. I will never understand why. It is a strange Providence which left me untouched and took Elliott, leaving you and the children. Of course, it is a great honor to be the widow of a hero but I realize that the loss is heavy and I do most sincerely sympathize with you. I hope to see you soon.

Sincerely,

A. D. Barksdale,
Capt. 116th Infantry,
Commanding Co. M.

The clash of arms in France had not long ceased when Captain Ballard Preston, then commanding a machine gun company of the 80th Division, on hearing that Elliott Howe had been killed in action, got leave from his organization and made his way to this part of the battlefield with a view of finding out the facts of his death and the place of his burial.

He traveled over the same route the troops had followed, from the jump-off at Samogneux northwest to Brabant, thence to the town of Consenvoye and easterly from here to the Bois de Consenvoye. There, some 300 yards inside the woods and 50 yards east



Lieutenant Howe was buried where he fell, in the Bois de Consenvoye, east of the Muese River. Grave scene taken by his old friend, Ballard Preston.

of the road, he came upon the freshly marked grave of his life-long friend and army comrade.

In telling of this trip some years later, Ballard said, "I could go back there today and, blindfolded, walk to that white cross in the cleared spot of the Bois de Consenvoye or, at least, to the exact place it was. Elliott's remains have long since been taken away but if I approached the vicinity of that fateful spot where, on October 11th, 1918, he fell and was buried, I'm sure his spirit would greet me with the same cheery, 'Hi-ya, Ballard!' that so often welcomed me to his side during those happy days among the mesquite and cottonwoods of the Mexican Border."

Chapter XVIII

CONCLUSION

'!'hat Mrs. Howe should have had to suffer this great sorrow at her advanced age was but one of the tragic aspects of Elliott's death in battle. She had been blessed with a long and useful life but cruel fate in return had taken from her a husband and four children, some under the most heart- ending circumstances. She was to live to see more members of her family taken from her.

The tragedy of the late war was still fresh in her memory when word came of the death of her second son, Samuel Shepherd Howe, in Oklahoma. He had never returned east since going there with his oldest brother, Robert, in 1907. However, Mrs. Howe had had the pleasure of visiting her sons in the west a few years previously. She made the long journey alone and scoffed at the suggestion that such a trip might be too hazardous for her to undertake unaccompanied.

The family at Clifton had now dwindled to a mere fraction of what it was in the old days. Soon after the notification of Elliott's death his widow, Belle, settled up her affairs in Radford and returned to her old home place in Richmond. During parts of the summer the home on the bluff looked even more deserted with Mary Moore or the boys visiting their Aunt Sally in Fauqui,er County.

While Mary Moore was on a visit to Fauquier some years later Thomas Bedford Glascock, a neighborhood friend of the Jones', called. A courtship developed from this first meeting which resulted in marriage a few years later. This was particularly gratifying to Mrs. Howe since her main interest in life had for some years past been the welfare of her son's children. It was a great satisfaction to her that she had lived to see Mary Moore happily married. Too, the marriage opened another interesting chapter in her iife for after a few years, on her visits to Fauquier County, she could bask in the sunshine of, not only her daughter, Sally, and

her grandchildren, but Mary Moore and her great-grandchildren as well.

During her last years Mrs. Howe suffered another loss in her family, when on a visit to Fauquier County in the autumn of 1930, Minnie, who had been in ill health for some months, died from the effects of a tonsillectomy, in the Winchester Memorial Hospital. After the burial in Radford, Sally took her mother back home with her where she spent the winter. Mrs. Howe returned with the coming of spring, happy to be back in the old home on the bluff, the place she had taken so much pride in calling "Clifton" after her girlhood home in Caroline. Here she soon became busily engaged during the spring and summer, working with the boys in cleaning off and breaking the ground for another spring planting, the last time she was to oversee a garden crop. Although well up in her eighties, she insist,ed on sowing the lettuce and radish beds and supervising the laying out of the cymlin, pea and bean patches, and later in taking an active part in canning and preserving.

During the first part of the summer came a surprise visit from some of the old Kansas neighbors. This was the first and only meeting with any of thes,e western folk since the Howes left there, in 1891. Mrs. Felts said she had never expected to see the country east of the Mississippi River, and that would have been her ultimate fate in life had not the new fangled automobiles come into use during her time. Her daughter and husband, Will K,err, boyhood companion of the older Howe boys, were making their first trip east and, at their insistance, she agreed to accompany them if they would go to Virginia so she could have a visit with the Howes. They drove up to the house that June morning unannounced, and as the two who had been farm neighbors in their heyday of life came face to face for the first time in mor,e than 40 years they stood speechless, hands clasped together, as far-gone events of fond recollections caused the tears to course down their wrinkled and worn faces.

Perhaps one of the recollections that passed through their minds was of that tragic night in mid-winter when Mrs. Howe trudged through a Kansas blizzard to the home of her neighbor to administer to little Arthur Felts, critically ill with croup, and how in the middle of the wintry night the child had died there in front of the fireplace in Sallie Howe's arms. No doubt, also, there were passing in retrospect many of the more happy moments of those eventful years in Kansas; the great fall harvests followed by the joyful husking bees, the church socials at the community house, the oyster suppers following the yearly jackrabbit round-ups. Now

almost at the end of their long and eventful lives they faced each other with tear-filled eyes, well realizing that they were near their journey's end and those happy days were gone forever.

Mrs. Howe told the boys to go out and kill four of the fattest fryers they could find in the chicken lot. They would have a big dinner, and the entire day was to be set aside for one of feasting and reminiscing over bygone days spent together in Kansas. It was an unusual and memorable occasion for all.

There were more happy days spent here at the hill top home but for Mrs. Howe they were fast declining ones. When her youngest son returned from army service in the Philippines the latter part of 1932, he found his mother, at 85, weak and broken with age. She no longer had the inclination to dress in her best after breakfast and hurry off to town for the mail, a desire that had remained with her until only a short time past. She was now content to just sit and rock and listen to the conversation of the others around her. On observing this lack of interest in life, the family proposed that she make a trip to Sally's, knowing a change like that always brought about beneficial results. Her face lighted with pleasure at the suggestion. Mary Moore came for her and they motored back through the Valley of Virginia to Fauquier County.

The country atmosphere and the sight of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren tended to revive her spirits. While she still had to rest in her room most of the day, she was inclined to converse more and displayed a livelier interest in her surroundings. When the one mail delivery came in the early afternoon, there was a revival of the old time enthusiasm "to hear from the boys." Her chief interest, when she occasionally desired to join the conversation, was "their prospects," on which she commented eagerly and confidently, as she had so often done in days gone by.

"Robert's last letter sounds as if he expected the drillers to be on his oil leases any day now," she'd remark, hopefully. Then meditating awhile thoughts would revert to her other sons in turn as she would add, "I ought to hear from Johnny today. Last letter said something about going back to Norfolk and getting in the insurance business again. I beUeve he'll find a bright future down there."

It was gratifying that she could retain such hopes to the last. The same boundless optimism that Captain John and Sallie Howe had displayed all through life was just as strong within her as it had been 40 years ago.

She lived with her daughter in Fauquier County until the following summer, which was to be her last. She died in July of

that year, passing away at midday without approaching illness or warning. Eighty-six years were enough of this life's struggle. She was just too tired to go further.

With the death of George Howe, five years later, Clifton became as forlorn as some deserted medieval wayside inn. He was the last member of the family to occupy the old home on the bluff. A short time after his death the house he had built, in conjunction with Elliott, was torn down to make way for the Gov,ernor James Hoge Tyler Hotel. This attractive, modern hotel, the first of which the city could ever boast, now occupies that beautiful site in the oak grove overlooking New River.

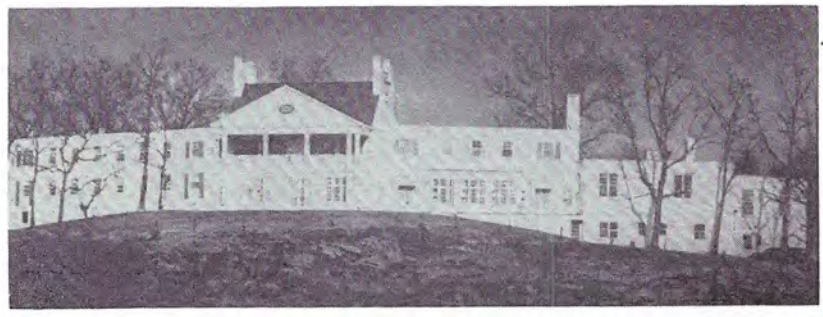
In a quest for a name for the new hotel two of the suggestions stood out as final choices; The Governor James Hoge Tyler and the Elliott Hampton Howe Hotel, and while the former was the final selection, both suggested recipients of the honor were great-great-grandsons of Joseph Howe, the first Howe of Virginia.

It may hav,e been just as well that Captain John Howe did not live to see another great war and the tragedies and suffering that came in its wake. One war such as the fratricidal conflict in which he played so large a part was enough for any man. Then, he and Sallie Howe had travelled further along the hard road of life and carried heavier burdens than most are called upon to hear. But they made the most of life and lived a happy one, in spite of all their many disappointments. Their years of sacrifices in the search for security and happiness for their large family, and their high spirit in the face of every adversity will make them live on and on in the hearts of those they left behind. They lived a Spartan life, ever mindful of the Christian example they should set for their offspring; and Sallie Howe attained, at least, one of her grieatest desires in life - "To live near those I love." On a faded page of her girlhood diary, under the question, "What is your idea of happiness?" this was written. It was her philosophy of life that monetary gain alone did not bring the greatest amount of happiness, but rather the satisfaction of the simple pleasures found in close association with friends and loved ones.

On earth John and Sallie Howe never reached that promised land they, with a large family in their wake, so anxiously sought. Enough that they now reside in the Promised Land above. There will be found golden pianos, as well as jeweled harps; and surely Sallie Howe will be called upon to play by a heavenly host of those friends and neighbors of other days. As in days gone by she will take her seat without undue urging before the gold and ivory keyboard and strike a harmonious chord. She liked to see hearts young

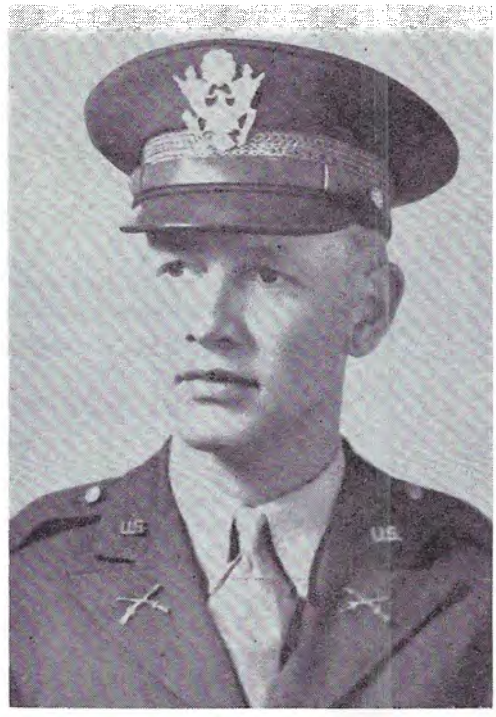
and gay, and so the measured tones will give way to livelier ones as the melodious sounds echo and re.echo as though the birds in the trees have taken up the refrain with the dying notes, -

" * * * Listen to the mocking bird, listen to the mocking bird...
* * * * * and the mocking bird is singing all the day .. "



THE GOVERNOR TYLER HOTEL

The hotel now stands on the bluff overlooking New River and West Radford, occupying the site of the old Howe home place, known as Clifton.



LIE-UTENANT JOHN CLAY JONES

EPILOGUE

"Remember the Maine!" "Make the World Safe for Democracy!" - and now "Pearl Harbor!!" Each is a far cry from the other but they in turn had the same electrifying effect upon the nation's youth.

When the battle call came on December 7th, 1941, the young men of America, ever responsive to the call to duty, hurried off to training camps from city, town and farm. Among the thousands of eager lads to answer the call was John Clay Jones, 22 year old son of Warren and Sally Howe Jones of Fauquier County, Virginia. Private Jones was eventually selected for Officers' Training School, and on completion of the training he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army of the United States. This young officer is next found in one of the division camps working hard to prepare himself for eventual battle leadership in France. Then came the call. In the late spring of 1944, D-day being imminent, First Lieutenant Jones, recently promoted, was sent to England to fill a vacancy in one of the divisions preparing for the assault on Hitler's Europe.

When the time came to cross the English Channel in June, Lieutenant Jones was, by coincidence, assigned to the 175th Infantry of the 29th Division, the same organization (then designated as the 116th Inf.) with which his late uncle, Elliott Hampton Howe, had landed on French soil 26 years earlier. Filled with wonder at the strange people and unusual scenes about him, as were the invaders of 26 years ago, Lieutenant Jones was not to enjoy a leisurely journey across France to the trenches in a quiet sector. Instead he immediately found himself in the midst of the great battle for the continent of Europe.

The fighting had not gone on for many days before his captain was killed by the explosion of a booby trap, and he himself was placed in command of the company. The added responsibility was assumed with a light heart as he led his organization on into battle against a determined enemy, using every means of warfare known to modern science to prevent the American troops from advancing

further on their key objective, the great port city of Brest, France.

It was now near the end of summer. The local engagements had continued over the past few weeks, with one close call after another. A letter written at the beginning of autumn gives a picture of the events at this time:

September 8, 1944.

Dear Mother and all :

I have been receiving a lot of V-mails from you and you can't imagine how I enjoy them, but I receive very few from anyone else, so "get on the ball" and get people to write to me. I wrote you a V-mail about two weeks ago and this is the first chance I've had to write since. But I'm doing the best I can.

I am now c::impany commander of Company A, 175th Infantry, and am getting along very well with it, but one never knows when they might ship a captain in to take over.

The other day my battalion took a very important hill, with my company taking a major part. As a result of this we had a lot of press men around, and included in these was a LIFE photographer. He took my picture and asked a lot of questions so he could write a story. So watch LIFE magazine and you might see a picture of your son. But don't be disappointed if you don't because very few of the pictures taken ever find their way into the magazines.

I know my letters seem very short but I can't write too much about what's going on. I can tell you that I have had some close shaves, and have seen some terrible sights, but as yet I haven't been hurt a bit and I feel better than I ever felt in my life.

Hope to be seeing you in the very near future, unless Hitler wants to be crushed right to the ground. If that is so it might take a little longer, but to all of us over here the picture looks brighter every day. Lots of love.

Devotedly,

John

* * * * * *

Three days have elapsed since this letter was posted from somewhere along the coast of France. It is now the morning of September 11, and through the fog and smoke-laden mist of the autumn dawn khaki clad soldiers can be indistinctly seen making their way in deployed formation across the fields at the westernmost point of the Brittany peninsula. The dim walls of the city of Brest can be seen in the distance, grey and foreboding in the hazy morning light. The sky overhead vibrates with the wicked whine

By courtesy of LIFE MAGAZINE.

On the reverse side was found this inscription: "Lieutenant JOHN CLAY JONES, 175th *Infantry, 29th Division. Taken at Brest, France, two days after the company commander was killed by a booby trap."*

of rifle and machine gun bullets and the whistling of high explosive shells, which time and again strike the earth with a resounding "Bang!" throwing out a death dealing spray of metal and debris. The battle for the important port of Brest is in full sway.

* * * * * *

Again, the history of 26 years ago repeats as three thousand miles across the sea anxious home folk are waiting and watching for that message of hope and encouragement that might tell them the battle is over and all is well.

But such is not to be. The days of uncertainty are at last broken by the dreaded War Department telegram:

"Deeply regret to inform you that it is officially reported that Lieutenant John Clay Jones was killed in action."

Ulio
The Adjutant General.

The letter of September 8th proved to be the last communication from John Clay Jones; a message of his hopes, desires and aspirations. Further details of the military operation which ended fatally for him are recounted in a letter to his uncle, Lieutenant Colonel Dan Howe, written by Colonel McDaniel, then Chief of Staff of the 29th Division, an old army friend of long standing:

HQ. 115th Infantry.
July 12, 1945.

My dear Colonel Howe:

I received your letter requesting information in regard to your nephew, Lieutenant John Clay Jones, and have investigated the incidents leading to his death. I hope the following will give you a clear picture of the details.

From the 25th of August until the 18th of September, 1944, the 29th Division was eng9.ged in the reduction of the enemy garrison stationed in and around the seaport of Brest. The enemy forces were estimated at from 15,000 to 40,000. This campaign was characterized by slow, stubborn fighting against a a determined enemy, including the crack German 2nd Paratroop Division. In addition to the difficulties inherent with the hedgerow style of fighting of Normandy, the Brest area was studded with prepared fortifications to prevent encirclement from the land. The enemy had an exceUent intercommunication system of trenches, were well supplied and had short and covered routes of supply.

Slowly, under constant artillery pounding, the 29th, with the other two divisions (the 2nd and 8th Divisions) making up the 8th Corps, pushed towards the sea, forcing the Germans

to withdraw further and further into their inner system of defenses.

On Sept,ember 6th, the 1st Battalion, 175th Infantry beseiged an objective known as hill 103 - one of the keystones to the inner defense system. Captain Rowan, commanding Company A, was killed by a mine in that attack. In view of his brilliant r,ecord as a combat soldier and his exceptional leadership qualities of his men under fire, First Lieutenant Jones was placed in command of the company.

Several days later, on the 11th of September, the 1st Battalion, 175th Infantry, was ordered to attack and seize the area known as the Keriel Farms, near the Naval Academy Mound. This tactically important objective was another vital link in the German chain of defenses around the port. Opposing the 1st Battalion were elements of the 2nd Paratroop Division and the troops from the Naval Garrison (Kriegsmarine).

In the initial assault the battalion Commander, Lieut.-Col. Whitford, placed Company B on the line, while Company A remained in reserve. When Company B ran into strong opposition, the Battalion Commander decided to send Company A in a flanking movement around the enemy strong point.

Lieutenant Jones and his runner went forward to make a quick preliminary reconnaissance of the terrain prior to the employment of the rest of the company. As he peered ov,er a hedge row to get a better view of the ground, an enemy sniper sighted him and fired. The bullet struck Lieutenant Jones in the head. This occurrred at 11 o'clock in the morning.

Lieutenant Jones was carried back to the Battalion Aid Station where he died a few minutes later without having regained consciousness.

I was Chief of Staff of the 29th Division during the fighting in France, and I obtained this data from the investigating officer, who questioned members of the command present at the time.

I would like to add that the operation at Brest was, I believe, the most rugged slugging match that any American troops have been engaged in over a long period of time in this war. The operation repeated the siege of Port Arthur more than any other historical example that I can recall. From my observation of the terrain around Port Arthur and the nature of the defenses there, I found a distinct similarity to Brest. Some day the operation at Brest will be written up in its true

perspective, and the sacrifices of the brave men like Lieutenant Jones will add luster to their heroic achievements.

I am sorry that I did not know Lieutenant Jones. I am sure that I have seen him, and it is possible that I saw him after he was in command of his company. Anyway, I saw others like your nephew under similar conditions. I am unable to adequately express my admiration for the magnific,ent manner in which he performed his duties.

I wish you would tell his mother how I, as one of his comrades, deeply regret his death and her loss, and how humble we survivors feel in this moment of victory. I cannot help but think of our soldier-philosopher and jurist, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who stat,ed: "A man must enter wholeheartedly into whatever is the main effort of his time for failure to do so, he may be judged never to have lived."

The young men like Lieut,enant Jones who performed their duty as combat infantrymen, have fulfilled their obligation to our time.

Please extend my kindest regards to Mrs. Howe, and best wishes to yourself.

Sincerely,
Edward M. McDaniel,
Commanding 115th Infantry.
(Former Chief of Staff,
29th Division.)

Thus came to an untimely end another of the thousands of young American boys who had such a short time ago started out so hopefully on the inviting pathway of life.

When the smoke of battle had lifted and the last sign of strife was finally cleared away, his remains were taken from the temporary burial place and reinterred in the permanent United States Military Cemetery at St. James, Brittany, France. Here his body today rests among the honored dead - those splendid Americ3.n doughboys who paid the supreme sacrifice when they so gallantly spearheaded the Crusade in Europe.

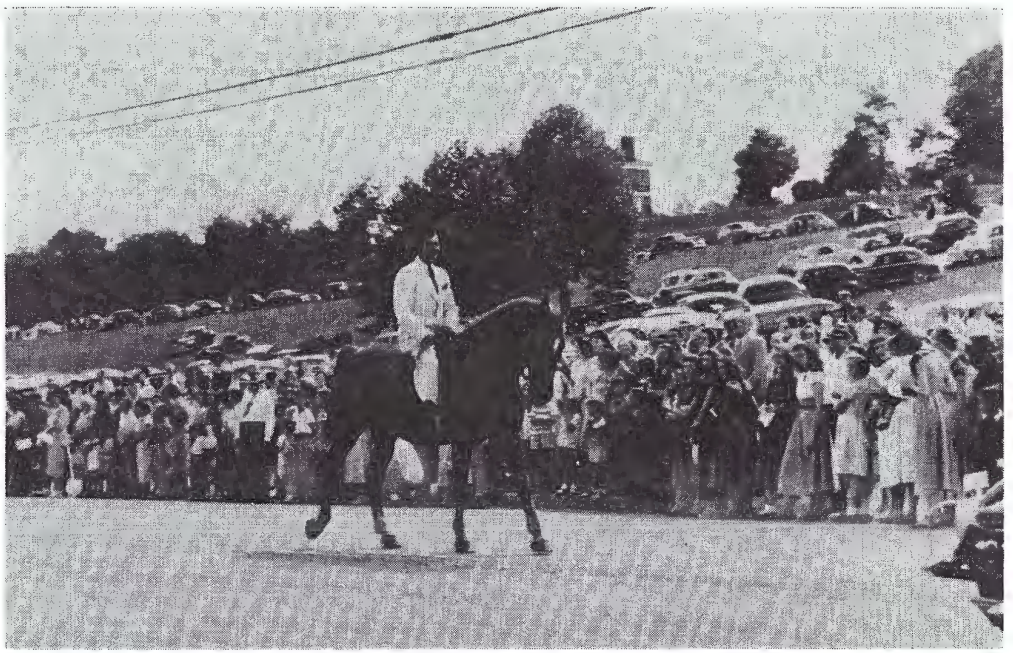
* * * *

The story of a pioneer American family ends on the same note on which it began, and so the cycle of time moves inexorably onward. New characters come on the stage of life, play their parts, and are gone. While all are equally missed, an ,extra tear is shed for those who are forced to make their exit before their part is fully played.

But they all had dreams, and they passed them along to us in trust. They lived according to their lights, each having cares and sorrows, joys and fears, hopes and ambitions. So let us consider their achievements - their good fortunes and misfortunes - and profit from the experience of those who have gone before.

And let us strive to emulate the heroic deeds and accomplishments many have added to the illustrious pages of our family history, from the time that Joseph Howe led the first family group of intrepid settlers through the Valley of Virginia and into the wilderness west of New River, there to find a new life in the peaceful Valley of Back Creek.

- THE END -



DEDICATION OF THE SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA MEMORIAL BRIDGE, SEPT. 5, 1949.

Mayor C. K. Howe, Jr., parade marshal, leads the parade west on Norwood (Main) Street, followed by the 176th *Infantry, Virginia National Guard, veterans organizations and pupils of the public schools. On the hill in the background can be seen the brick home built by Dr. John Blair Radford, in* 1836.

Howe