

History of Tuscawilla Farm

Thomas Creigh (1766-1847) was a man of prominence, wealth, and esteem. He came to this country from Ireland in 1796. He owned most of the land north east of Lewisburg, then in Virginia, halfway to Frankford, which was the first permanent settlement in Greenbrier County, and south of Lewisburg, reaching to the Greenbrier River. He married Margaret Williams on August 1, 1801. She was the niece of Colonel John Stuart, the father of Greenbrier County, a surveyor, Indian fighter, and chronicler of pioneer history of southern West Virginia. They had nine children: their daughter Jeanette McCreary Creigh married Reverend David Preston, a Presbyterian minister on August 12, 1840. I was told that they served as missionaries and ministered to the people of the western mountains of Virginia. Then hearing of the need among the southern Indians, they moved to Florida to serve the Seminole Indians. After a few years Reverend Preston came down with swamp fever and was forced to return to the mountains. They bought the land now known as Tuscawilla Farm from her father, Thomas Creigh. They called their farm a musical name, Tuscawilla, a Seminole Indian word, meaning two

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lakes. There were two large ponds on the farm.

Reverend Preston started building their house in 1844. Slaves were used to make the brick on site. In those days, everyone tried to make a better brick than the next man. The Brick House at Tuscawilla appears to be a two-story house, though it is really four stories consisting of a basement, first floor, second floor, and a large attic. The front of the house has nine windows with small panes. The third floor, the attic, has two very large rooms. Each room has a small window with very small panes. When in the attic, one can see large floorboards from all kinds of trees. The house has four very large chimneys with a fireplace in every room. The upstairs has four bedrooms with a main central hall. The main floor had a large entrance hall, two bedrooms, a large parlor, a dining room and a kitchen with a fireplace. There are two rooms over the original kitchen, which is currently the dining room. Several years ago, on the south side of the house, a new kitchen and pantry were added. The front door measures forty-five inches; it has panels of frosted glass and the door is put together with wooden pegs. It has a brass door knocker and brass locks. Wide boards of pine and oak were used all over the house. This house was one of the finest of houses of all times. In the back of the house there was a large well and the slave cabins. The yard was full of many large trees.

Before Reverend Preston's death, his swamp fever returned. He became a man of rages; at different times he would beat his slaves. He became enraged with two slaves over stealing meat. Mrs. Preston knew it was the fever not the man. A year or so later the fever returned, this time his rage was more than he could bear. He called two male slaves upstairs over the kitchen, which is now the dining room, to what was his study. He shot and killed one slave on the spot. He shot the other slave trying to run away. He died also. There was a blood spot on the floor for years. Ethel Knight took everyone to see this spot. The Knights had colored

maids; they would not sleep upstairs after the two rooms were turned into bedrooms. Elizabeth Knight, known as Aunt Ebbie, had a great maid, Myrtle, who used the room in the daytime to change her clothes and rest. She also did the ironing up there, but she never did go up to that room at night as the ghost of the slave was said to walk.

Tuscawilla saw the army of the South and the army of the North passing by on the North-South Turnpike. The residents saw smoke, heard the battle cannons and all during the Battle of Lewisburg. The beloved Southern fighting men, returning home in rags, their heads hung low in defeat, found Tuscawilla unharmed! The Prestons blocked the front lane with pine brush and showed no lights in the windows at night. Unharmed, Tuscawilla stood, but it was touched in many other ways. Three young men went to war, the finest horses went, as well as other livestock. Jeanette Creigh Preston saw her brother's family meet with such sorrow during the war. While her brother, David Creigh was away, a Yankee looter stopped and went into the house, upstairs into a bedroom, where Mrs. Creigh was setting with their sick daughter. When David Creigh returned home to find a Yankee in his daughter's room, he shot and killed him, then hid the body and rode off to find friends and neighbors to see what he should do. They all decided to get the body hid for good.

David Creigh went home, and with no one's help but two slaves, dropped the body into the well. Now, I was told that one of the slaves was a troublemaker, and he ran off that night and told someone who got word to the Yankee Army, which was west of Lewisburg. The Yankees came for Mr. Creigh and took him, and his wife and daughter, to the mill on Sinking Creek where a military trial was held. No one was given time to speak out for him. His wife and daughter were made to walk back to their house. David was taken to Virginia, where he was hanged on November 7, 1863, at Brownsburg.

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Tuscawilla Farm was empty for a few years. Eventually, Mr. and Mrs. George Bloomer from Ohio bought the place. They lived on the farm on and off between 1863 and 1886. Mrs. Caroline Bloomer was a lady of wealth: she farmed and maintained the finest stable of horses. George Bloomer was older than Mrs. Bloomer. He was Vice President of St. Lawrence Lumber Company which had just opened a very large mill on the Greenbrier River at Ronceverte. The home office and biggest mill were in Ohio. Mrs. Bloomer bought two other farms, both owned by Jeanette Creigh Preston's family. Dr. Thomas Creigh, her brother, had a farm south of Tuscawilla that was called Tallassee. His farm was as large as Tuscawilla and the house was a two story log one. I never saw such big logs! In later years the logs were plastered over. It was a great country home. I was always told there was a tunnel from the dirt basement up back of the house to a small underground room that had an escape door. This was built as an escape route when the Indians raided.

The first cabin on that farm was only two rooms; a bigger cabin was built later. In 1985, the State Fair bought the house and the lot and then tore down the house and cabins in 1986.

Mrs. Bloomer also bought a third farm; it was the David Creigh farm called Montescena which had been empty for a long time.

Caroline Bloomer was the belle of the springs. She had a great social life in and around Hot Springs, White Sulphur Springs, Salt Sulphur Springs, and Sweet Springs. This was around 1884. She was noted for the finest carriage horses in and around all the Springs.

Tuscawilla was play land for all the young southern belles and gay blades. George Bloomer was seldom home; he spent most of his time at the home office or buying timber. He was an older man and didn't care for the gay life. He and his wife drifted apart, and she started a romance with her coachman whose name was Simmons. This was a great county scandal. They had a daughter. Caroline went to D.C. to have the baby

and when she returned, she moved the family into the house at Tallassee. She and Simmons raised the daughter, who was sent to schools and had the best of everything.

George Bloomer left Caroline. He returned to Ohio, as most of the timber had been cut around Pocahontas and Greenbrier Counties. Caroline stayed at Tuscowilla but spent the winters in D.C. where she died.

Tuscowilla was empty once again for a few years. It was sold to a Joseph G. Robertson, who was a sawmill man. He built sawmills on the farm, and farmed. One mill was in the bottom above the old log cabin on the back road. The other was built on the right side of the woods in the flat area. He had a large sawmill at Frankford. He cut pine timber here on Tuscowilla.

I knew Mr. and Mrs. Robertson's daughter, Ethel Robertson Stone. She had a great thing going for Tuscowilla Farm. She loved it. She was old enough when they came to the farm to remember how hard it was to get the horse and wagon up the lane. I remember she always said the Bloomers planted the Washington Thorn hedge along the lane. It had grown together, which made it very difficult to get the horses to travel up the lane.

They found the house run down. Mr. Robertson paid around seven thousand dollars for about two hundred and sixty-five acres of Tuscowilla. The house still held lots of the Bloomer's furniture and fixtures. Ethel still had a chest and some lamps left by the Bloomers. They only lived there two years. Ethel Stone died in 1975. She always told the story about the slaves being killed.

I never was so sure about the very early part of the Knights' purchase of Tuscowilla. I was always told that Colonel Eugene Dana and his wife, Maria Swift Dana, bought this farm for their family. A few years later their son-in-law, Edward Wallace Knight, bought part of the

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farm where the house Tuscawilla was sitting. Both families used it in the summertime. Mr. E. W. Knight wanted a summer home for his family so Tuscawilla was the place. It started out as a family farm: a couple of milk cows, a few sheep, hogs here and there, chickens, turkeys, a vegetable garden, lots of buggy horses, work teams, a couple of riding horses.

Edward Wallace Knight married Mary Catherine Dana. They bought the farm in 1909. They paid two thousand dollars for it. Mr. Knight wanted a place in the country not too far from the railroad. He was the General Counsel of the Virginia Railroad Company. He needed to be near the railroad; he traveled most of the time on the K. and D. with Col. Dana. He shared the farm for a time. Mrs. Dana died a year or so later and Col. Dana married a red-haired dancer from New York. About half the time when the Knights came to stay at the farm, their stepmother Dana had run off the help. She tired of the Springs and missed New York, so they moved back before long.

Mr. Edward Wallace Knight and his wife, Mary Catherine Dana Knight, and their children Edward Dana, known as Ed, their only son; their daughter, Elizabeth Swift and then fourteen years later, daughter Mary Ethel, lived many years here on Tuscawilla. Mrs. Knight spent a long time beautifying the house, the grounds, and her beloved flower garden. Her husband also spent many happy years planning his farm, planting, developing his orchard, and raising hunting dogs. I was always told it was a place of quiet and easy resting for Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Knight.

The beautiful brick house is reached today as it was in the years gone by, by a long thorn hedge planted as I said by the Bloomers. This hedge encloses the lane, which was dirt. The yard is full of oaks, red and yellow maples, tall swaying hemlocks, a big elm, and dogwoods. The north side of the house is flanked by an enclosed flower garden and large white barn. The house had a large front porch with steps in the middle.

The porch had six white posts and a railing. There were big hemlocks on each side of the steps. The house also had a door on each side of the house with steps.

Mary Catherine Knight died in September 1935, and Edward Knight died in 1939. They spent only a short three months on the farm a year; the rest of the time they lived in Charleston. Mr. Knight was a great sportsman; he loved dogs and horses, played golf at the Greenbrier every day he was at the farm. They cherished all who worked for them; they were both caring for all others. Mrs. Knight most sincerely, truly, shared in her part of Tuscowilla with an iron hand. She was respected by every person in Greenbrier County. When she came out every day to the flower garden every hat came off. The younger folk cared for her. Tuscowilla was a grand party farm: they entertained the family and friends several times every summer. Mrs. Knight had more flowers in her flower garden than anyone could ever know. She also raised a cut flower garden full of roses, delphiniums, stock, canterbury bells and cockscomb, out behind the brick house. She put flowers in the Old Stone Church every Sunday she was here. She carried flowers to all the ill she knew and funeral flowers for any of the farm workers' families.

The cook was Rachel Deaver, who was a very young unmarried gal from Teaberry. She stayed in the cook's house when the family was here and moved back to her home in the early years when the Knights were not at the farm. Later they helped her build a small house in Fairlea. From the first I can remember, every Sunday morning, rain or shine, after breakfast there was a horse and buggy tied at the back door. Rachel drove home and to church in Fairlea every Sunday. She was the last person around here to drive the horse and buggy. The man who milked on Sunday morning and evening harnessed it up for her. The old horse was named Princess. The milkman had to unharness the horse and put her away for the evening when he finished his milking. She turned into a

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cute little old lady, chubby one, always had a small white dog, which was her life. Rachel was terrified of storms; she would go hide.

Back then the brick house had a root cellar, a woodshed, a smokehouse, a chicken pen around the back along with a well and cistern. The horse lot was near the flower garden gate. The cow and calf lot was at the upper end of the flower garden. The small red barn stood in the far corner of the flower garden. The well was at the front door of the chauffeur's house.

Late in 1917, the Knights started to redo the brick house, to build the barn and the cook's house, the Cary house, and the garage apartment. The First World War slowed things down for a year or two. Most of the big timbers in the barn were cut in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Some of the lumber was cut on the farm but not much as when Colonel Dana got the farm it had just been timbered by Mr. Roberston.

Grandpa and Grandma Knight had big family gatherings, played kick-the-can in the barn once a week, and most all summer long. On the fourth of July they had their biggest parties. Big Ed – E. D. Knight – put firecrackers off, and they were bigger and bigger each year. Homemade ice cream was served, and cake, and the servings were big. Most of them rode to the Greenbrier River behind the farm to swim! Six or seven riding horses, three or four working horses, or mules, would be taken. Great-grandpa, Mr. Edward Wallace Knight, had one party I remember. There was an Eastern United States Educational Meeting of some sort at the Greenbrier. Man, did this place shape up! Everything shined. Twelve men worked ten hours a day to get ready.

A big friend of his was the president of Dartmouth. He and his wife were here. The president of Harvard was here, as were the presidents of Cornell, Yale and Princeton. Mr. Edward Wallace Knight was such a proud man, he gave all men a big walking stick, to all his guests. They didn't miss a thing on this farm. Edward W. Knight and my dad got along

so well; he kept Dad on when he bought the place from Mr. Cartmill. Anyway, Dad talked him into a matched white pair of Percheron horses – mare not purebreds – just common farm horses, bred them and out came a solid white mule called Kaiser, and a red mule called Arbury, both born practically the same day, and great-grandfather Knight was the proudest person on earth over his team of mules. My daddy was equally as proud as he was. The mules lived their entire life here on the farm.

E. W. Knight started the purebred hogs. He brought his first hog from Canada in 1923 or 1924. There were hogs here before and they were called Sand Brier, and there were half wild hogs from Indiana. They were red, and very dangerous. We couldn't walk in the orchard sometimes when they were out. They would fight anybody, or anything, over their babies. He got rid of those and put in the purebred Tamworth hogs.

E. W. Knight was great. He also put in purebred Jersey Cows. He had eight at all times. He had two bulls that I remember well. He named one of them John Dickinson and one of them Charlie, and one was the blackest, meanest bull there was.

Tuscawilla Farm has had many folks, so many in my life. I was born here in this same house in 1923, as Ed was in 1920, as Julian was in 1925. My memories come along around 1928. By this time Tuscawilla Farm was a fast-moving farm. The brick house had been redone for the second time, the barns were all up and going full speed, they were building Mr. Ed Dana Knight and Mrs. Lucille's summer home on the hill. There was a fifty-acre apple orchard, the flower garden had been laid out and planted by a Mrs. Bell from Cincinnati, Ohio. Fourteen or more horses, jersey cows, a team of mules, and by this time the big Tamworth hog herd was going full blast. The brick house by then had a full time cook, a maid, a houseman, a gardener, and a chauffeur.

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In the flower garden there were two apricot trees, the best in the world. By the garage apartment there were four big cherry trees. Alongside of the flower garden by the road were four more cherries. In the chicken lot we had plum trees, and a couple of peach trees. Lynn Green, one of the men who worked here, took care of them all. Mrs. Knight had a cut flower garden by Rachel's little house. On one side next to the house, she had her garden, also horseradish, rhubarb and a big mint bed. By this time Miss Elizabeth had a one- room house behind the cook's house where she painted.

Back then, Mrs. Knight had a lamb killed once a week, on Thursday afternoon for the weekend. Dave Deaver was in charge of killing the lambs. He would pick out one Thursday morning, put it in a certain place in the barn. At four o'clock Thursday afternoon he would get the lamb, bring it outside the hog barn under an apple tree, and I would just love to take the city cousins down to watch this. They'd all get sick, go home crying and mad at me forever, but I always liked to tease them with it. But, anyway, Dave killed the lamb, dressed it under the tree, took the hide off, salted the hide, stored the hide, cleaned the lamb, took it over and put it in the basement of the brick house. We didn't have a freezer room or coolers. The next morning, he would go back over and cut it into leg of lambs, front quarters, and chops. Grandmother Knight always had lamb for the weekend, always, when she was here. We never did ship lamb to Charleston, only had lamb during the early summer and late, up until late fall. We also got some lamb every week, along with chicken. Jim Early, the old colored fellow, would kill each family three or four frying chickens or old hens also, and a duck or two once in a while.

Lynn Green always buried cabbage, potatoes, turnips, hanovers and one hill of apples. At this time when the Knights went back to Charleston for the winter, they put three quarts of Jersey milk and one

quart of cream in boxes twice a week to send to them. David Williams drove these boxes to Ronceverte to the train station, where they were put on train number thirteen in Ronceverte at fifteen minutes to twelve. Once or twice a week three dozen eggs were put in a box with three pounds of butter and also sent to Charleston.

Mr. E. W. Knight was at the farm for a day every two weeks or so to bank meetings. On these trips he would take home pork, ham, apples, and vegetables out of the hills, chickens, ducks, and turkeys. A couple of times a winter Dad would go down with things they needed, mostly moonshine.

Oh! Back to the brick house. I left out one main person. She was Ethel's maid, Nora, a tiny little German lady from Cleveland, Ohio. She was with Ethel forty years. She saw to Ethel's food, clothes, laundry, and her behavior at all times. She had an iron hand. We Cary kids were her pals. She read to us and played games and sang.

For twenty-five years the farm had two station wagons, just alike, one for the brick house, and one for Dad, plus two Buicks, two Fords, two Pontiacs, and one Jeep. Mr. E. W. Knight was a Packard man.

The Knights had kin folk up in Greenbrier County, so Tuscawilla was the place they all gathered. Mrs. Knight's brother, John Dana, had his home on the hill between the farm and Lewisburg. It was only two acres and a lane. For years it was their summer home. Later on, Dad had to look after their place when they were gone. He cut grass and cared for the twelve apple trees they had.

On over the hill, backing part of Lewisburg, were the Smiths. Mrs. Knight's sister Elizabeth Adelaide Dana married Isaac Noyes Smith. There was a cabin and two hundred acres over there. Tuscawilla farmed that place, looked after the cabin, wintered part of the horses there, cut hay, planted the garden, helped care for a tree nursery. They

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were here only in the summer. Tuscawilla parties were big for these folks. Lots of times there would be Smiths, Carys, Danas, Knights, Currys. They always had cocktail parties once a week. All the children played at the barn, loads of kiddies.

By this time, in the thirties, the flower garden had been changed. Mrs. Bell was here again for ten days, and the sundial and flag stone walk in the center of the garden had been taken out, so it was all grass in the center. All the beds had new dirt and the flowers were reset and new flowers planted. The orchard was going strong.

Aunt Ebbie was in Europe studying painting. Ethel was in school, young Eddie, E. D. Knight Jr., was in school in Charleston. Mr. Ed was doing a lot of hunting and had been to Kansas to a reunion for his Calvary outfit from the First World War. I think Mr. and Mrs. Ed and Elizabeth went to South America in the late thirties.

It was nothing for Dad to go to the barn at six in the morning to find three or four fellows who hadn't been to bed and had had a snoot full, like Pat Koontz, Arthur Hill, Sid Davis. They went to milk or fed the bulls, you talk about happy-go-lucky fellows, they were!

Mr. E. W. Knight had Jersey bulls, just one at the time. He named them after his friends, so when folks came to visit or stay, they all had to go see the bulls. Mrs. Knight put the ladies up over the kitchen and the men folks in bedrooms.

It was in the late thirties when Aunt Ebbie got a couple of horses to show. She showed in a couple small shows. She had a big horse, a sorrel call Highball. He was a colt out of a fancy mare here bred to a fine horse in Warm Springs. This colt all but whipped everyone on this hill to break. They tried all winter. He pitched everyone off, someone would come every week to see if they could manage. That spring when they plowed the corn ground, they put a saddle on him, tied three hundred

pounds of oats on the saddle, put a horse and rider on each side and took Highball to the corn ground and worked him up and back for an hour every day. When the corn ground was about to plant the colt could be ridden. He was one devil high.

A young lad from Charleston by the name of Marshall Bond – he was one good-looking man – rode Highball for four or five seasons in horse shows, mostly in the summer. They went to small shows in West Virginia, Virginia, and Ohio, and did well if the devil horse wanted to. Aunt Ebbie showed a dark chestnut brownish-black horse call Barronwood. Before that Marshall showed the brother of Barnwood, who belonged to my dad.

The first house man I can remember was a darkie, man by the name of Harry Curry. He lived where Herb Montgomery built his house on the Teaberry Road. Harry helped to milk when the rest of the men were doing crop work. Harry lived to nip. His wife, Laura, did the washing and ironing for the brick house. Laura was a true lady. The gardener was Dave Deaver. He was Rachel's brother; he lived in Teaberry. Teaberry is a bluff overlooking the Greenbrier River, a lovely place. He walked twelve months a year to work.

The first chauffeur was Joe. I can't recall his last name, but it started with a B. Then came Marion Cooley. He was their full-time chauffeur; he was from Lewisburg. Marion was the first man to live in the garage apartment part-time. He would stay up town with his family the rest of the time, which was not to Mr. Knight's liking. Marion was bad to nip, so Mr. Knight wanted him here. At that time, he had the Packard, a Ford coupe, and the house station wagon to care for.

Oh! Back to Dave: he cut the grass with a gang mower pulled by a horse, then and a couple of men would cut it by hand with push mowers.

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Another thing that was done early Sunday morning, every Sunday, was the house man had to turn off a gallon of homemade ice cream Rachel had made earlier, crank by hand, then set aside to season.

By this time, we're talking forties now, there was a huge grape arbor planted just below the flower garden, and as best I can recall there was twelve different kinds of grapes. You could smell them a mile away when they would ripen. There was always three beds of strawberries, one to be plowed under that year, one eating out of, and one new one. Blackberries, red raspberries, gooseberries, and currants too. Mr. Bud Legg and Lynn Green took care of these.

The vegetable garden was big in those days. Bud Legg and Lynn Green were the gardeners. It was two and a half acres. Lynn had three big hot beds behind the garage apartment, also there was a large tree nursery. The garden was started real early each year. They always had everything: big onion bed half an acre, rows of leeks, one hundred fifty staked tomatoes, rows of pole beans. They had a big row of celery. For years, every spring they would pick up a load of rocks and haul them away. The celery was buried in the row; this is how you bleached it.

One year Ethel wrecked Aunt Ebbie's new Ford Roadster. She was learning to drive and left the big yard, plowed into the hedge, tore it up but good. By this time Mrs. Lucille Paxton Knight had her mother living with them. She had a full-time nurse with her here and in Charleston, Lena Arbaugh. Lena's dad was living in Tenderhouse, the cabin which had been re-done with rooms added. Grandy Paxton was one real frail lady, so cute. We did a lot of playing on the hill with Eddie, Edward Dana Knight Jr. There were so many rules especially about when we could play.

By this time the railroad, which ran up the front of the farm to Lewisburg from Ronceverte, had gone broke so the right of way came back to the farm. It was a big job, took all summer. They used horses and pond scoops to put the ground back to crop land, built fences, and

lo and behold next year Mr. Knight decided to plant the hedge up the front! Yes sir, all the front we had was planted all winter. He found a nursery with the hedge and ordered one thousand. They took a horse plow and plowed a trench, hauled manure, put in the trench, set out the hedge, hauled water all summer on a sled in barrels. It grew everywhere. In a short time, a few years later, they moved Route 219 over to widen it. Down came the fence, up came the hedges. Thank goodness.

Dad was down there one day on his horse. He had been in the orchard and rode on down to see about the crew planting the right of way. He tied his horse in the shade across the road. Some old lady walking to Ronceverte stopped, untied it, got on the horse, and rode off! An hour later some man stopped and said, "Mr. Cary, your horse is going down Ronceverte Hill!" Dad knew about who the old gal was, so he sent one of the men back to the barn for the car and down the hill after his horse, found the horse tied at Mrs. Vaughn's gate. He put Henry Austin on the horse. He rode the horse to his house, kept him all night, and rode him to work the next morning. Pop took a lot of ribbing over that horse.

It was a horse and mule powered farm up until 1940, when Mr. Ed Knight modernized the farm by purchasing the first John Deere tractor and a Caterpillar crawler. The forties rolled around faster than you ever knew. By this time, after the death of Mrs. Knight, then Granny Paxton, then Mr. E. W., things had changed a lot. Ethel was making her name in Charleston. After her father died, she never came back to Tuscawilla to stay. I only knew her to drive through twice. The orchard was at its best, the hog herd was big all over the country, and Shorthorn cattle in a big number had taken over. Pure bred sheep were here, the rest still going. The gardener had retired, so a few new faces were around here. We were into showing cattle and hogs, and that was what we kept with mainly through the years Ed, and then Julian ran the farm. We still

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have hogs in the pen just outside my bedroom window, but nothing like what I remember as a kid.

Carys of Tuscowilla

This would have to take you back eighty or more years. The first caretaker I can remember hearing about was Eli Blake, then Nip Cartmill. My father, Frank J. Cary, worked for Mr. Cartmill on the farm as a young man. His job was caring for horses and driving Col. and Mrs. Eugene Dana.

Mr. Cartmill was here seven years thereabouts. Mr. and Mrs. Cartmill had five girls at the time. The farm only had two houses, the brick house and a three-room log cabin on the back side in the hollow. Back in those years the farm manager lived in the brick house nine months out of the year, and when the Knights came for the summer the manager's family would move to the log house in the hollow. Over the past years I have been told by many folks about all the parties and square dances the Cartmills had in the wintertime in the brick house. They always said Nip Cartmill was looking for husbands for his daughters; not a one of them married in Greenbrier County.

Our father did some of the driving to the Greenbrier, Sweet Springs, to Salt Sulphur Springs and other places. When Mr. Cartmill

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left because he wanted better things for his girls, they moved to Point Pleasant. They were there a short time, a couple of years; from there they moved to Missouri, where he managed a bigger farm. From there they moved to Burford, South Carolina, where they ran a hunting lodge. She fed the hunters, and he was the guide. They hunted mostly deer and waterfowl. Both lived to be in their eighties. How I know this is our families were good friends; my dad went to their lodge to hunt three or four times with a group of men.

When the Carys moved up to the manager's job, it was the same as for the Cartmills; they stayed in the brick house nine months out of the year, then stayed in the three-room log house on the back side of the farm. Mother and Father were married March 28, 1915. Dad's mother, Grandmother Cary, lived with them; she stayed in the log cabin the year around. She was a widow; Grandfather had died in 1909.

In the late fall E. W. Knight would do a lot of hunting here on the farm. He would bring friends with him, he was a great bird hunter, loved his bird dogs. Mother would do the cooking for the hunting party. The Carys were like the Cartmills: they had square dance parties and such, and skating on the pond.

The first Cary was born in the brick house was my sister Margaret, in 1917, then a boy, Joseph Franklin. He lived only a short time. By then our house, the house we have lived in for so many years was planned and started. Ed, then me and then Julian were all born in this house. All four of us kids lived our entire lives here on this farm, working for and with the Knights, and many, many other fine folks.

King Apple

There have been many, many, many apple trees on this farm over the years. They grew five thousand in all. Apple was king here for many years. The first orchard was planted on the back of a very steep ridge looking east. In all, the orchard covered 50 acres and only a building stood in the way of a complete row of trees. The old orchard was planted in around 1890; it was a small family orchard. The new orchard was planted in 1923, and for a great number of years thereafter all missing trees were replaced. The back, looking east, was a very steep ridge. The front side looking northwest towards the main route to Route 219 was rolling to flat land.

The first thing the new orchard changed on the farm was that a new water system had to be found. No longer could the three-farm cistern and one well furnish the water that was needed for the orchard. First thing was to locate the best place for a deep well. I was always told that a Mr. Legg used a peach branch to find the water. The first well was on the back side of the orchard at the foot of the steepest hill. Ott and Eagle put the first deep well piston pump with a gasoline motor in

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somewhere along the line. I remember hearing that he had to drill thirty-six feet for a good flow of water. Behind the first pump house was a good sized overflow pond. It was a great place to play. Some of the men put goldfish in the pond to help keep it clean, lots of goldfish over the years, and the biggest bullfrogs you ever saw or heard. I always rode the old gray mare to the pump.

After the pump was put in, then a large wooden tank was built on the highest point on the stretch overlooking the orchard, the rest of the farm and surrounding lands. Water lines were laid from the pump to the tanks, from tank to barns and houses and the spray house. Edgar Ford built the first tank, and I think Mr. E. Blake was the first pump man; he lived right nearby. Speed Arbaugh was later, then Joe Cary, later on Charley Hughes, and then there was my dad, Frank Cary and my brothers Ed and Julian. I remember several fine fellows who, over the many years, repaired the bully thing: Mr. Plunkett from Lewisburg, Mr. Cable from Ronceverte, Mr. Arbogast from Ronceverte, Mr. Huffman from Lewisburg, Mr. Patton from Lewisburg, and Bill Ramsey from Fairlea.

I can remember more than once of being in the way, setting up half of the night at a fire behind the pump house while the man pulled the rod to clean the mud out of the well. Once or twice, we had the well digger back to dig a little deeper. In 1945 a new well was dug eighty yards below the old well. A new pump house was built as well, a new electric pump put in and a new water tank. The tank came by train and a P.O.W. helped the day and a half it took to install it. For many years, every spring it was drained and cleaned. A ladder was put inside, and it was hand scrubbed, rinsed and four or five gallons of bleach was dumped in. This was Lynn Green's job. When the new barn was finished in 1921 there was a big new apple room called the grader room. This was a long narrow room on the top side with lots of windows on the back side and

one window on the side. It had three double sliding doors at the front facing the orchard right beside the hay mow and had a pair of steps on the ground underneath.

The orchard was the biggest part of the farm for many years. Planting, pruning, spraying, replanting them once in a while every few years, thinning and the picking. The orchard came into its own around 1932. My dad was a pretty fair orchard man. His brother Jim, and John A. Hamrick, Dave Deaver, Pete Lynch, Louis Winall, and B. E. Legg did most of the pruning for years. Lynn Green, and Mutt Morris later were the pruners. Jim Early, Harry Curry, Joe Arbaugh, Charley Sullivan were the cleanup crew. They hauled to sink holes and cut the biggest logs for stove wood. Joe Arbaugh was the teamster for this crew, and J. A. Hamrick was the true orchardman of this crew. He did all the grafting for the orchard; he was a fine orchard man. He was from New York state, part German, and made his home in the old part of Fairlea. Anytime the crew could stand to work outdoors in the winter, they pruned the lane hedge. They also killed field mice by digging and with a dog, later with poison. They did a lot of rabbit hunting and this they did to keep the rabbit counts down. Mice and rabbits are great destroyers of young apple trees. Other winter work was repairing all apple boxes, ladders, wagon, and beds, repairing sprayers and graders.

In most cases, all supplies came in the winter for the next season. Most all came by rail to Ronceverte, first on the line train at the end of lane, a couple of cars of baskets, fancy paper, linens, caps, and cardboard boxes. Most everyone helped to unload: the railroad gave you only a short time. It wasn't an easy chore, but one most all liked. We had to store most of the supplies in the carriage room.

Before the day was over not all but most of the crew would put all their change together and someone would hike up a street or two to a