



Edinburg Heritage Foundation, Inc.

P.O. Box 336
Edinburg, Virginia 22824

June 2015 - Newsletter

The latest word from the EHF Foundation and The Shenandoah Valley Cultural Heritage Museum at The Edinburg Mill

What's new at the Shenandoah Valley Cultural Heritage Museum?

The Museum recently received a wonderful informational panel from the folks at *Wilderness Road*, an organization begun around 10 years ago to celebrate and promote this principal route used by settlers for more than 50 years to reach Kentucky from the East.

In 1775, Daniel Boone established a trail from Fort Chiswell in Virginia through the Cumberland Gap into central Kentucky. It was later lengthened along Native American trails to reach the Falls of the Ohio at Louisville.

Our panel identifies the importance of the Valley Pike, Route 11, and has pictures of the 1795 Shenandoah County Historic Court House, Strasburg Museum, Woodstock Museum, Edinburg Mill and the Bushong House, along with a map pointing out that "You Are Here" at Edinburg.

The panel will soon be an important addition to the Road exhibit on the second floor of the Mill Museum.

Another recent addition consists of two incredible bank ledgers that can best be described as looking like they belong in a "Harry Potter" movie. They are almost 2 feet by 2 feet and 5 inches thick leather bound volumes from two Woodstock banks. The oldest dates back to the late 1800s and is from the "Merchants & Farmers Bank of Woodstock"; the other one is from the early 1900s from the "Valley Savings Bank of Woodstock".

The Museum also received a 1920 book of unused Certificates of Deposits from the *National Bank of Woodstock*. These books, along with what we already have from our Edinburg banks, will be used to create a new exhibit on Banking in the Shenandoah Valley.

If anybody knows of additional items associated with area banks of the past, please consider donating them to the Museum so they can be put on display and shared with our many visitors from near and far.

EHF Board of Directors

FROM A PAST NEWSLETTER - APRIL 1993

Life In Edinburg in 1913

Edinburg had a charter, bylaws and ordinances booklet printed in 1913; as far as we know, this is the first published booklet for the town on such matters. The cover of the booklet states "passed finally March 19, 1913". The first chapter deals with an act of the General Assembly amending the town's charter from that of May 24, 1852 to one approved February 6, 1877. The amendment dealt with extending the town's borders over the land of Joseph P. and George Grandstaff Sr., D.D. Evans, J. C. McDonald and John A. Saum and from another extension to lands of John Saum, Joseph Comer, D.D. Evans and Charles Hutchinson. The rest of the charter dealt with powers of the governing body.

One interesting ordinance states that no person shall drive any horse, mare, gelding, mule, ass or ox or any cart, dray, wagon or pleasure wagon onto the sidewalk. It was also unlawful to throw slop into the street. The fine for such offences was one dollar to three dollars. One could not set off any crackers, squib rockets, or fire-works, nor fly a

kite, roll any hoop or bullets, play at ball, bandy, or shinney which would injure someone except if necessary, or in discharge of a public duty or at a military parade. One could not operate any automobile, locomobile, or any motive power except animals at a rate of speed more than 12 miles an hour. "No person shall strike, molest, insult or ill treat any female or use any lewd language or make any immodest gesture in any street, lane, alley or public grounds". Blacksmith shops were to have tight chimneys to prevent fire. There was a danger of hydrophobia among dogs and there were ordinances relating to that. Any person permitting his hog pen or pig-stye or privy to become foul from April to November was fined and a hog could not run at large nor could horses, cows, oxen or goats. Any person having a stand for studs or jackasses in a place not suitable, or allow any children under age 18 to be near was fined. Chewing tobacco, smoking or eating peanuts were prohibited in the town hall. If you were under 18, you could "not enter and loaf, lounge or play at pool or billiards or ten-pins

(Continued on page 3)

Recollections of Edinburg and Stony Creek

[This is an excerpt from the above book by the late William J. Didawick, available at the Edinburg Mill]

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Stony Creek

This was the stream where my Dad first took me to teach me to swim (at Fadeley's Mill). It is also where he first took me fishing. Stony Creek, in the early days, also lent its name to the settlement that had grown along its banks, as Edinburg was first known as "Stony Creek." At one time its water played an important part in the industrial life blood of the community. There were many dams along its course that furnished power for flour mills and factories.

As all things change, so too has the creek. It seems to me that when I was younger and first started going to the creek that it flowed much stronger and cleaner than it does now. Perhaps it is because all the old dams are gone and then, too, the water table is lower now. In a large part it is not the picturesque little stream that I like to remember. The old mill dams have either washed out or been bulldozed away. Gone are many of the little meadows and shade trees along the banks. Gone too are the swimming holes and favorite fishing and boating places. In some places, the course of the creek has actually been moved to make way for a road. I'll try to describe Stony Creek as I remember it from the 1930's up, beginning at the mouth of the creek where it empties into the Shenandoah River.

Just a short distance upstream from the river can be found traces of an old dam. The water level marks are still somewhat evident. This dam turned a water wheel that at one time powered the Hollingsworth Millwork Factory, which specialized in window sash and frames and other specialty wood products for building. Later this would be known as the paint factory where "Shenandoah Brand" paints were made with clay pigment mined from the hillside across the river, just off the present Fort road. Traces of the mines may still be identified. All this was before my time but I remember when the old building was still standing. I don't recall when it was torn down.

A little less than a mile upstream from the old paint factory is a concrete bridge. Up until the flood of 1942, when the old iron river bridge washed away, this was the only road from Edinburg across the mountain and the bridge carried all the traffic to and from the Fort Valley. This same bridge has been there as long as I can remember. Just a little way from this was another private concrete bridge that crossed the creek to the Grove (now Irvin) farm. Because of the deteriorated condition of the bridge and the approaches, it has recently been chained off and is no longer used. All along here the road is close to the creek at the base of a high bluff.

About 100 yards up from the Irvin bridge and nearly across from the present sewer plant once stood Comers Tan Yard. Again, this was long before my time but evidence of the tanning vats may still be seen between the road and the creek. These are in the form of rectangular depressions in the ground.

Approximately 50 yards up stream from the tannery site are several full flowing springs that run into the creek. These are on the property of Mrs. Mary Sigmond and the ruins of the old stone spring house still stand in the corner of her lot. My mother used to tell me about walking to these springs from the old school house on the hill, along with some of her classmates, to eat lunch by the creek.

[This interesting recollection continues in the book by Mr. Didawick, along with an extensive recalling of life in Edinburg.] [Reprinted here with permission.]

From the new

Walking Tour of Edinburg, #3



Cedarwood Cemetery

The Virginia Department of Historical Resources describes Cedarwood as "fairly high" in its artistic value. The most prominent of its noteworthy sculptures is the Statue of Hope located near the entrance. Although the statue itself was erected in 1878, the plaque at its base honors the "memory of these men from the Madison District who died in the service of our country in World War II." The earliest burial in the cemetery dates to 1870. US Senator H.H. Riddleberger (site #12), an Edinburg native, is buried here. Senator Riddleberger spoke at the initial statue dedication and, on a broader issue, championed legislation that revitalized State budgets strained by Reconstruction and war debt.

Edinburg Life (from Page 1)

at the pool room, billiard room or bowling alley". Jennie Lind or bagatelle saloons had to be closed by 10:30 every night. You could not carry concealed, a pistol, dirk, bowie knife, razor, slung-shot (not sling-shot) or brass-knuckles. No shop work could be done on Sunday except acts of mercy or necessity. Compare your water rates today with those in 1913. The twice a year fees were: \$3 if you had one spigot and \$1 for each additional one. A bathtub had the fee of \$3. The fee for a private stable was \$1 per horse; and, for a picture gallery, the rate was \$5. These were twice a year fees.

**A Poem by
Mary Ann Williamson**

[Poem written for 35th reunion of Edinburg High School Class of 1946]

Well, here we are, sadder and wiser
We've learned with life to be a miser.
To hug the happy times and forget the rest
To live with grace and do our best
To hang in there with hopes and prayers
And do our darnedest to stay out of rocking chairs!

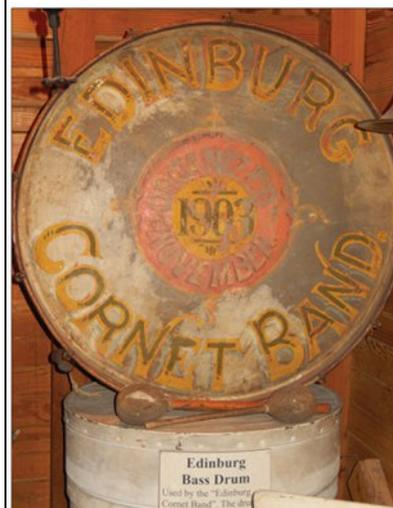
We're at the age to be laid back and cool
And stay out of the deep end of the swimming pool.
To drive with care and party less,
To get our rest and look our best.
But despite the years gone swiftly by,
You're all bushy-tailed and bright of eye.
So let's have fun and enjoy our party

[Origin unknown]

OUR PRESIDENTS

First stands the lofty WASHINGTON
That noble, great, immortal one
The elder ADAMS next we see,
And JEFFERSON comes number three,
Then MADISON is fourth you know
The fifth one on the list, MONROE;
The sixth, then ADAMS comes again
And JACKSON, seventh in the train
VAN BUREN, eighth upon the line,
And HARRISON counts number nine
The tenth is TYLER in his turn,
And POLK, the eleventh, as we learn,
The twelfth is TAYLOR in rotation,
The thirteenth, FILLMORE, in succession;
The fourteenth, PIERCE has been selected,
BUCHANAN, fifteenth is elected;
Sixteenth LINCOLN rules the nation
JOHNSON, seventeenth, fills the station
As the eighteenth, GRANT two terms serves
Nineteenth, HAYES our honor preserves:
Twentieth, GARFIELD becomes our head;
Twenty-first, ARTHUR, succeeds the dead
Then CLEVELAND next was selected
Twenty-third, HARRISON's elected
Twenty-fourth, CLEVELAND is recalled;
Twenty-fifth, MCKINLEY twice installed;
Twenty-sixth, ROOSEVELT, strenuous, firm
TAFT, twenty-seventh, serves his term;
Twenty-eighth, WILSON held the place:
HARDING yields to death's embrace
COOLIDGE follows in his stead,
HOOVER's next the nation's head
ROOSEVELT called in time of need,
A second term--defends our creed.
Shattering all precedent preceding--
"ROOSEVELT" for third-term country leading,
Fourth term "ROOSEVELT Immortal" not dead.
TRUMAN succeeds as our Country's head.
Country hopes to stop inflation.
TRUMAN elected by the nation.
U.S.A. world's greatest power,
Inaugurates EISENHOWER.
General, President and man of worth,
EISENHOWER again comes forth.
The almanack goes to press
Ere the election takes place.
Who--Kennedy or Nixon
Wins presidential race?

On display at the Mill.....



The Edinburg Cornet Bass Drum pictured above is on display in the Shenandoah Valley Cultural Heritage Museum at the Edinburg Mill. The notation on the drum says that the Edinburg Cornet Band was organized in November 1903. Between 1880 & 1920 these local bands achieved the popularity of today's rock stars.

During this period Shenandoah County had a great number of community bands. The records show that the small village of Lantz Mill had at least three bands along with bands from Edinburg, Hamburg, Woodstock, Mount Olive, Fort Valley and Toms Brook to name a few.

The Edinburg Drum was made by the *Filmore Music House* in Cincinnati, Ohio. It is on loan to the museum by Terry Gochenour. Additional instruments and photos of the many bands are also on display at the Mill.



Memories of the 50's - **A POEM THAT WAS US** - author unknown

A little house with three bedrooms,
One bathroom and one car on the street
A mower that you had to push
To make the grass look neat.

In the kitchen on the wall
We only had one phone,
And no need for recording things,
Someone was always home.

We only had a living room
Where we would congregate,
Unless it was at mealtime
In the kitchen where we ate.

We had no need for family rooms
Or extra rooms to dine.
When meeting as a family
Those two rooms would work out fine.

We only had one TV set
And channels maybe two,
But always there was one of them
With something worth the view

For snacks we had potato chips
That tasted like a chip.
And if you wanted flavor
There was Lipton's onion dip.

Store-bought snacks were rare Because
my mother liked to cook
And nothing can compare to snacks
In Betty Crocker's book

Weekends were for family trips
Or staying home to play
We all did things together –
Even go to church to pray.

When we did our weekend trips
Depending on the weather,
No one stayed at home because
We liked to be together

Sometimes we would separate
To do things on our own,
But we knew where the others were
Without our own cell phone

Then there were the movies
With your favorite movie star,
And nothing can compare
To watching movies in your car

Then there were the picnics
at the peak of summer season,
Pack a lunch and find some trees
And never need a reason.

Get a baseball game together
With all the friends you know,
Have real action playing ball –
And no game video.

Remember when the doctor
Used to be the family friend,
And didn't need insurance
Or a lawyer to defend

The way that he took care of you
Or what he had to do,
Because he took an oath and strived
To do the best for you

Remember going to the store
And shopping casually,
And when you went to pay for it
You used your own money?

Nothing that you had to swipe
Or punch in some amount,
And remember when the cashier person
Had to really count?

The milkman used to go
From door to door,
And it was just a few cents more
Than going to the store.

There was a time when mailed letters
Came right to your door,
Without a lot of junk mail ads
Sent out by every store .

The mailman knew each house by name
And knew where it was sent;
There were not loads of mail addressed
To "present occupant"

There was a time when just one glance
Was all that it would take,
And you would know the kind of car,
The model and the make

They didn't look like turtles
Trying to squeeze out every mile;
They were streamlined, white walls, fins
And really had some style

One time the music that you played
Whenever you would jive,
Was from a vinyl, big-holed record
Called a forty-five

The record player had a post
To keep them all in line
And then the records would drop down
And play one at a time.

Oh sure, we had our problems then,
Just like we do today
And always we were striving,
Trying for a better way.

Oh, the simple life we lived
Still seems like so much fun,
How can you explain a game,
Just kick the can and run?

And why would boys put baseball cards
Between bicycle spokes
And for a nickel, red machines
Had little bottled Cokes?

This life seemed so much easier
Slower in some ways
I love the new technology
But I sure do miss those days.

So time moves on and so do we
And nothing stays the same,
But I sure love to reminisce
And walk down memory lane.

With all today's technology
We grant that it's a plus!
But it's fun to look way back and say,
HEY LOOK, GUYS, THAT WAS US!

Recipes from Robin.....

One of the most frustrating elements for the amateur cooks to master is the elusive recipe measurement of “enough.” To measure “enough” successfully, the cook in question would have to rely on instinct and experience—or at least an admirable measure of confidence, patience, and luck to proceed with nothing more precise.

So many of the recipes in the old church and community cookbooks speak to the definition of ENOUGH: defined as a “sufficient amount,” ENOUGH in a broader, social context represents more than just a measurement—it’s a generational mindset that provided you with a full, productive, and surprisingly tasty life with only what you really, truly need.

In his book, *Depression and the New Deal in Virginia*, Ronald Heinemann notes the Commonwealth experienced less of the Great Depression than other States due to the Virginia’s traditionally conservative tendencies. The Valley, however, suffered more with Mother Nature than with Wall Street—a severe drought in 1930 left the area looking as if “Sheridan had just finished.” Thrift wasn’t a trendy blog topic; it was a necessity.

My great-grandparents, like so many families still represented in the Valley today, survived this natural and man-made devastation. One of my most vivid childhood memories of their home is a tribute to endurance, to “enough” without excess: when presented one Sunday morning with a misrepresented but decidedly thrifty plate of homemade donuts, I ate joyfully and with abandon-- they were donuts, after all—until someone made the regrettable error of mentioning the mashed potatoes left over from last night’s supper....

You see, in accordance with the school lunch tray, children compartmentalize their starches. Some of us grow out of it and eventually let the corn touch the peas, but, at the impressionable age of 8, mashed potatoes belonged (mentally) ONLY on a dinner plate swimming with gravy.

Nevertheless, in the event that you are in a resourceful state of mind and blessed with the necessary excess—in this case, mashed potatoes—you, too, now can make that little extra into something extravagant. There are no exotic ingredients.... no flashing HOT NOW neon signs... no BAM! to make all those carbs sound a little better---but with enough of what you need and a good old cookbook, even an amateur cook can make a little history.

And potato candy?? Just don’t tell your kids.

DOUGHNUTS

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| 2 c. mashed potatoes | 1 tsp. soda |
| 2 c. sugar | 1 tsp. baking powder |
| 3 eggs | 1/2 tsp. salt |
| 1 Tbsp. melted butter | 1 tea cup sour milk |
| enough flour to make a soft dough | |

Mix all ingredients to a soft dough. Roll about 1/2 inch thick. Cut with doughnut cutter. Fry in hot fat until brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Shake doughnuts in a paper bag with a little confectioners sugar.

Mrs. Maude (Galen E.)
Wakeman

The above recipe comes from the 1973 edition of the *Wakeman’s Grove Church of the Brethren Women’s Fellowship Cookbook*.

Vintage Postcards on display at Mill Museum and in Newsletter

The Post Office held a monopoly on printing postcards until 1898 when Congress passed the Private Mailing Card Act which allowed private printers to produce postcards. Initially, private companies were prohibited from calling them “postcards”, so they were known as “Souvenir Cards” until December 24, 1901. The cards were not allowed to have a divided back and correspondents could only write on the front of the postcard. On March 1, 1907 the Post Office allowed private citizens to write on the address side of a postcard and the postcards began to have a “divided back”. In 1908, more than 677 million postcards were mailed.

The “white border” era of postcards lasted from about 1916 to 1930. The “linen card” era lasted from 1931 to the early 1950’s, with cards primarily printed on papers with a textured surface similar to linen cloth. About 1939, the “chrome” era began with images based on photographs. By 1950, these began to dominate postcard design and are readily identified by the glossy appearance given by the paper’s coating.

The Museum at the Mill has an extensive collection of vintage postcards. Two are featured on the back page of this newsletter and we will be featuring additional ones from time to time. The Post cards on display in the Museum change frequently.

Welcome New Members



Emery & Joan Reistetter

This past October, Emery & Joan Reistetter took possession of the 1903 yellow house previously owned by Jean Allen Davis, co-author of the *History of Edinburg, VA*. They say they had no idea what a wonderful community they had stumbled upon when they were searching for a different lifestyle, one close to the Northern Virginia area where they had both lived for so many years.

Emery is originally from the upstate New York area, from a Slovakian cultural heritage. Having attended the Naval Academy in Annapolis, he went on to become a nuclear submarine commander with his Navy career ending up at the Pentagon, working later as a subcontractor until his retirement. When not working in the gardens, or doing a myriad of repair projects, he can be found on a golf course.

Joan, a native Washingtonian with an Irish-Scottish heritage completed her college studies at George Mason U. and later became an adult probation officer in Fairfax County before opening and managing her own private investigative company for over 30 years. Now she is working with law firms and individuals assisting them with their estates, antiques and collectibles. Her neighbor pointed her to the Mill where she now has many artifacts on display and she recently participated in the Symphony of Stitches Symposium. She has joined a local knitting group and is learning the art of spinning yarn.

Both are enjoying the neighborhood, gardens and walking. Welcome to Edinburg, Joan and Emery!



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MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

Annual Dues: \$15 (single) \$25 (family)
Mill Member: \$50 (single) \$75 (family)
Life: \$300 (single) \$350 (family)
Life Patron: \$700 (single) \$750 (family)
Payable to EHF, sent to address above.

Date beside name on mailing label is date renewal fees are due. Newsletter can be sent by e-mail with many items in color. Send request to: EHFMill@gmail.com to sign up.



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