Bay HERITAGE

PEOPLE, PLACES AND TRADITIONS
OF THE LOWER NORTHERN NECK
AND MIDDLE PENINSULA • 2023

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In 1910, the two sons – Melvin and Sam bought a sawmill and gave birth to M.B. Lamberth & Bros. (M.B. Lamberth was the father of Dr. M.B. Lamberth, Jr. of Kilmarnock). It was not until the end of the World War I that brothers Sam, George, and Woodland opened S.C. Lamberth & Bros. offering more than cut timber to a growing community in 1917.

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For the next 40 years S.C. Lamberth & Bros. had one of the finest custom cabinet shops in the area. By the late 1960s George was the only brother still active in the business. With no sons to carry on the family name, he approached his two son-in-laws, Jewel Edwards and Milton Hogge, offering them the option of buying company shares owned by other members of his family. George then gradually turned over his shares to two of his daughters, Ginny (Jewel Edwards' wife) and Aggie (Milton's wife.)

By 1973 a third generation came into the business. Grandsons Bruce Edwards and Edwin Hogge had been added to the staff. By the mid-1970s the name of the company changed to Lamberth Building Materials, Inc. In 1978, the company expanded to White Stone where Albert Pollard provided a brand-new structure on Route 3 from which the company is still operating today.

Six years later the Gloucester and White Stone stores were separated, Jewel and Ginny Edwards acquiring the business in White Stone, and Milton and Aggie Hogge retaining the original business in Gloucester. Within eight years, Jewel Edwards had retired, but in those years the company expanded their lines of building materials and products and added a fleet of radio-dispatched delivery trucks.

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Bay HERITAGE

History is defined as a series of past events connected with someone, something or a place. And the study of those events tells us what has shaped a person or place into what it is today.

The history of the Northern Neck and Middle Peninsula counties of Lancaster, Northumberland and Middlesex created this special place we call home.

In this, our fifth edition of Bay Heritage, we continue to reflect on the traditions and people that have shaped our community. We've highlighted a little peninsula in Lancaster County called Windmill Point and stopped along its winding road to reflect on the generations that have called that area home for nearly a century. Our history also includes once thriving railways—quickly becoming a thing of the past—and numerous African American schools—which are still standing and actively being preserved.

Our area is also home to two of the state's three ferries. Although a draw for visitors, they are a constant reminder to residents of a bygone era. Life slows down when you ride the ferry and the worries of a busy day are replaced by a moment to relax and enjoy the view. We also recall a simpler way of life as told by a nonagenarian author who wrote of growing up in Deltaville during the Great Depression.

We hope you enjoy reading about our rich history and it evokes many memories.

BH | What's in a name?

Mollusk, Lancaster County: After the first name, Woodbine, was rejected by the postal service as too common, it was named and misspelled Molusk, after the shell fish in 1889. It was corrected to Mollusk in 1924. *Source: Place Names of the Northern Neck*

Before Deltaville became Deltaville in 1907, there was a Unionville High School in what was then named Sandy Bottom. At the time of this photo, it was called Sandy Bottom High School after losing its Unionville name (but before getting its Deltaville name).

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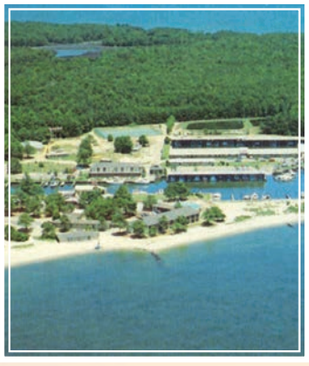
Bay HERITAGE

FEATURES 2023



ON THE COVER

Sunset on the Corrotoman as viewed from the Merry Point Ferry.

Photo by David Croy

Throughout the publication historical photos from Middlesex, Lancaster and Northumberland counties appear. This photo displays a gas and service station that once operated where a vacant lot is now on Main Street in Kilmarnock. The lot is often used now for parking and a farm stand. *Photo courtesy of Kilmarnock Museum*

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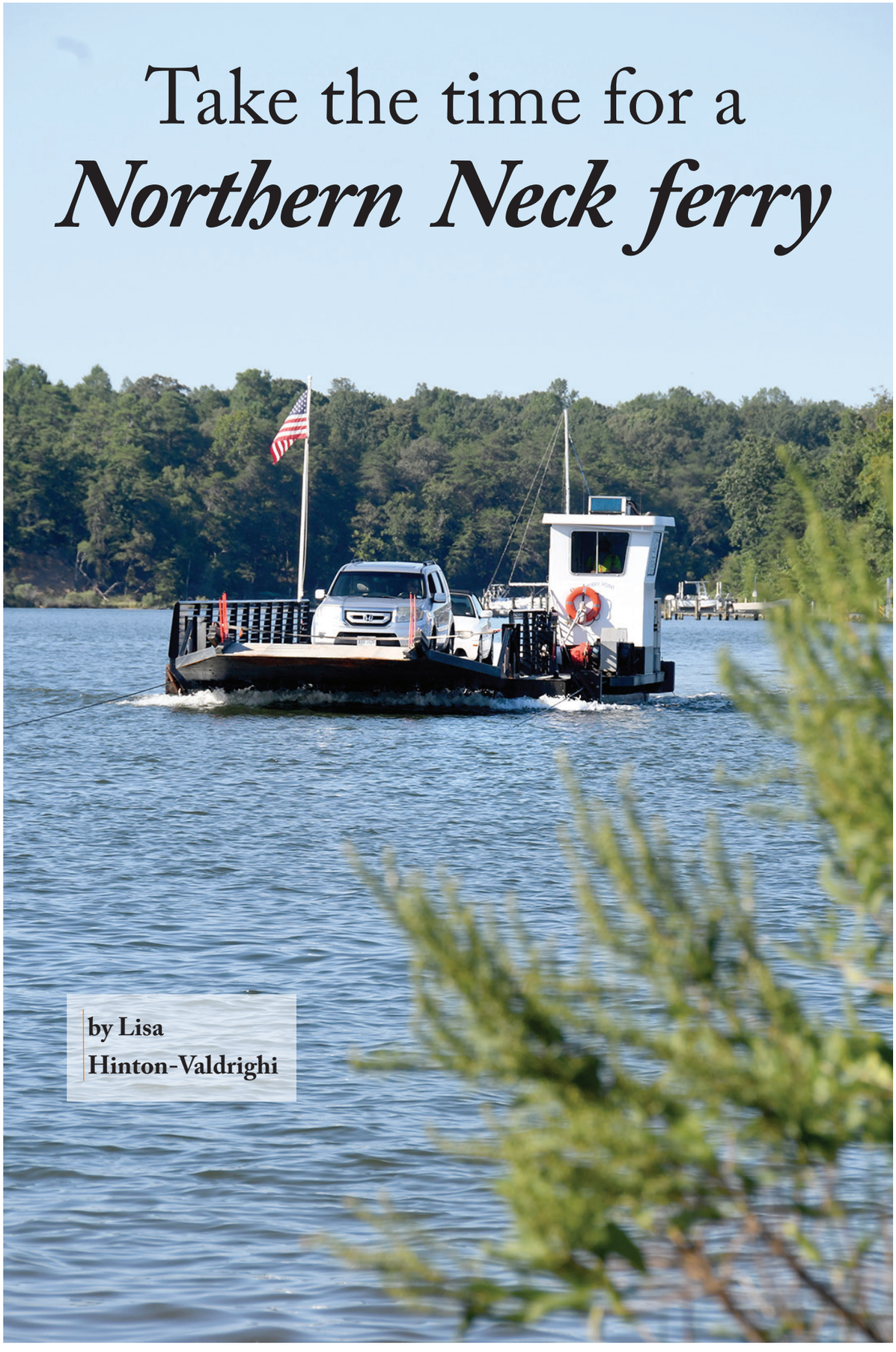


by Lisa Hinton-Valdrighi

It's been said life is a little slower paced in the Northern Neck. A traffic jam often consists of farm equipment, moving at snail's speed, with four or five cars weaving behind. Motorists are sometimes out for a scenic drive, admiring the miles of green and camel-colored crops, golden sunflowers and bright yellow canola blooms that line the roads in our rural counties.

So it's only fitting that two of the Commonwealth's three ferries can be found on the state's eastern fingertip of land, where travelers can enjoy a leisurely and scenic ride.

A winding, unlined road in upper Lancaster County—shadowed and cooled by lush trees and shrubs on either side—paves the way to one of the Northern Neck's two ferries. The road—Merry Point Road and appropriately a Virginia Scenic Byway—opens up to the Western Branch of the Corrotoman River, where the Merry Point ferry awaits. In Northumberland County, its identical twin, the Sunnybank, can be found crossing the Little Wicomico River in Ophelia.

Both ferries are operated by the Virginia Department of Transportation.

Ferries originated to get travelers from one point of land to another before bridges spanned the waterways. However, today they are a rarity—there are three public VDOT operated ones remaining in Virginia including the Jamestown, Merry Point and Sunnybank—and they are a special treat for riders.

"It saves miles and gas and it's fun," said Elijah Lewis, who lives in Ottoman. Plus, he added with emphasis, "who doesn't like the ferry?!"

William Sawdy flashed a big smile as he greeted passengers on a sunny, clear-skied and hot day in late August. The Merry Point ferry operator was busy, with cars waiting

The Merry Point Ferry crosses the Western Branch of the Corrotoman River. Photo by Lisa Hinton-Valdrighi

The early ferries consisted of a wooden workboat and a raft-like ferry with fenced sides. Courtesy of the Kilmarnock Museum

two and three deep to be picked up at each entrance. The day before, when a full moon and a storm off the coast, had created higher than normal tides, he had to shut down operation.

Indeed, both of the ferries—Merry Point and Sunnybank—and their multiple operators are at the mercy of Mother Nature. Wind, heavy rains, high tides, low tides and other extreme weather conditions often stop ferry service. Riders need to check the flashing lights at the 'ferry roads' to make sure it's in operation. The Merry Point ferry crosses from 7 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. with a half hour lunch break Tuesdays through Fridays and from 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. on Saturdays. It's closed Sundays and Mondays. Hours in Sunnybank are slightly different with the ferry operating Mondays through Fridays from 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. and on Saturdays from 8 a.m. to noon. It's also closed on Sundays.

"Lots of people don't understand why we have to shut down," Sawdy said as he walked through mid-calf high water at the on-ramp. My initial ride was postponed because of the unexpected high tide. "I was running, then this came in and we had to shut down."

Sawdy went to work as one of the ferry operators almost immediately after graduating high school in 2020. He was a frequent rider and the former operator, who'd been on the job for about 12 years, asked him one day if he'd like the job. Sawdy trained for a week, got his boater's license and his Transportation Worker Identification Credential (TWIC) and "I was kicked into the river with swimmies on," he said. "But I love it."

The ferry has operated in some form on the Corrotoman connecting Merry

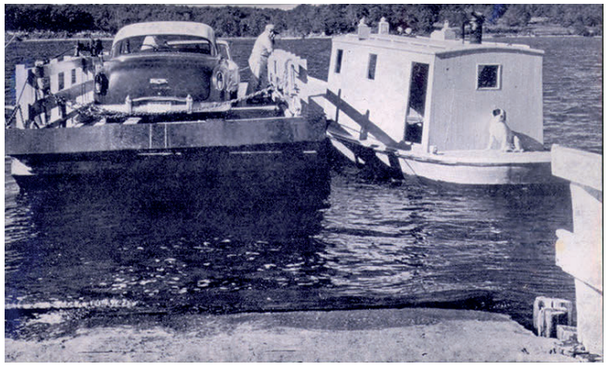
William Sawdy is one of the operators of the Merry Point Ferry. Photo by Lisa Hinton-Valdrighi

Both the Merry Point and Sunnybank ferries have a maximum load capacity of 16 tons and 6 passengers per ride.

The Sunnybank Ferry connects Route 644 from Ophelia to Sunnybank in Northumberland County; the Merry Point Ferry connects Merry Point Road, Route 604, to Ottoman Ferry Road in Lancaster County.

Sunset on the Corrotoman River. Photo by David Croy

A late afternoon ride in the fall and winter is highlighted by a beautiful sunset. Photo by David Croy



The Merry Point Ferry has crossed the Corrotoman River for 176 years. Photo courtesy of Reedville Fishermen's Museum

According to museum archives, the first ferry operated across the Corrotoman River as early as 1847. Photo courtesty of Kilmarnock Museum

Riders on the Merry Point Ferry enjoy the scenery while saving a little gas and a few miles. Photo by Lisa Hinton-Valdrighi

Point to Ottoman since 1847, with Sunnybank's dating back to 1911. Both were originally private ventures with VDOT taking over operation in the 1930s.

According to archived articles at the Kilmarnock Museum, the original Merry Point ferry was a barge pulled by hand along its cable and a ride cost motorists a nickel.

The vessels themselves have changed quite a bit over the years, becoming a cable-guided, workboat-pulled ferry to a motor-boat pushed ferry. The first steel ferries were built in Deltaville in 1985 and replaced the "Hazel"—so named after the 1950s hurricane—in Northumberland and the "Arminta" in Lancaster. Most recently, upgrades, again built in Deltaville, were put into service in 2010.

Both ferries are still cable-guided but can now carry up to four midsize cars with a maximum weight limit of 16 tons. Both have a passenger limit of six, which means if one car has six passengers, that's all the ferry can accommodate, said Sawdy.

The state has tried to close the ferry numerous times, citing low ridership and high operating costs, but public sentiment plus a 1932 state statute only overturned by a circuit court keep the ferries chugging along.

Merry Point Ferry

The 40-foot steel vessel gently glides across the water as it transports vehicles across a 2,200-foot wide section of the western branch of the river.

Barely creating waves, it travels 6.5 knots per hour and the ride is over almost before it's begun. It lasts long enough, however, for riders to enjoy the beauty of the landscape and a flash back to a simpler time.

In the depths of the river is a cable, which rises as the ferry approaches, to guide it on its path. The drive cable on the cabin side is "where the magic is done," said Sawdy. "That pulls us along." The right side keeps the ferry on a straight path.

There are two or three operators who split time on the Merry Point Ferry, which has a high ridership, especially during the summer months.

According to Kelly Hannon, VDOT communications manager for the Fredericksburg District, in 2022, the Merry Point Ferry had some 24,163 passengers.

"Riding either one of the ferries

The most recent upgrades to the steel ferries were made in 2010. Photo by Lisa Hinton-Valdrighi

Sam Kothman operates the Sunnybank Ferry. Photo by Lisa Hinton-Valdrighi

> ***"It saves miles and gas and it's fun! Who doesn't like the ferry?"***
> ***— Merry Point Ferry rider, Elijah Lewis***

saves travelers an estimated 20 minutes when compared with the land route," said Hannon.

But is that really what riding the ferry is all about?

"It doesn't really save time," said Katie Reynolds, who lives in the Ottoman area and occasionally takes the ferry. "It's just a nice ride. Relaxing and so pretty."

Marie Gerczak is a regular on the Merry Point Ferry since her home is at the top of the hill on the Ottoman side. She was riding one afternoon when the sky was a cobalt blue and not a cloud in sight. "On a day like today, it's an awesome commute," she said.

Sawdy says during the summer months, he'll average 40-70 vehicles per day but in 2022 he 'pushed' a record-breaking 582 vehicles across the river in two days.

"Merry Point is a different animal," said operator David Croy. "About 50% of the people that ride it are locals. There are quite a few people that take that ferry everyday."

The Sunnybank Ferry heads back to Ophelia. The cables, which guide the ferry across the river, are out of the water. Photo by Lisa Hinton-Valdrighi

When the tide is too high at the entrance to the ferry, service is often suspended. Photo by Lisa Hinton-Valdrighi

> *"It's hard to be in a bad mood when you're riding on a ferry."*
>
> *— Ferry operator David Croy*

Sunnybank Ferry

In Ophelia, where Croy splits operating time with three others, the normal traveler is a visitor to the Northern Neck.

According to Hannon, the Northumberland board of supervisors discussed the establishment of a ferry across the Little Wicomico River as early as 1906, and the location of the Sunnybank Ferry was established in 1907. The board accepted bids for a ferry boat and operation of the ferry in 1910, and authorized a first payment to the ferry operator in 1911.

In 2022, the ferry transported some 7,788 vehicles, said Hannon.

It takes the ferry about five minutes to cross the 2,000-foot span across the Little Wicomico, dropping motorists close to Smith Point and about a five-minute drive to the heart of Reedville. Again the vessel is pulled along by a tethered cable.

"Generally speaking, we do about half to a third of the business they do in Merry Point," said operator Sam Kothman, who's been guiding the ferry for just over a year.

"In terms of trips, I average about three an hour but that fluctuates by the season," he said. "We have a good mix of residents that use it as a short cut to Smith Point or Reedville and folks visiting."

They encourage passengers to get out of their cars and enjoy the view, added Kothman.

"When we first moved here I was on the verge of retiring and I saw the ferry right around the corner from my house," said Croy. "And I told my wife, 'that's my retirement job right there.' I was joking of course because I figured there was no way a come-here was going to get that job. I figured they had a long line of people just waiting to operate the ferry."

To his surprise, he got the job and has been at it for a year-and-a-half.

"I really enjoy it," said Croy. "I get to talk to some of my neighbors and meet a lot of people. Besides, it's hard to be in a bad mood when you're riding on a ferry."

The Sunnybank Ferry offers a scenic view of waterfront homes in Northumberland County. Photo by Lisa Hinton-Valdrighi

Riders exit the ferry in Ottoman. Photo by Lisa Hinton-Valdrighi

A sawmill, operated by Frank Davis, is pictured here in 1910. The operation was the forerunner for Kilmarnock Planing Mill. Courtesy of Kilmarnock Museum

BH | What's in a name?

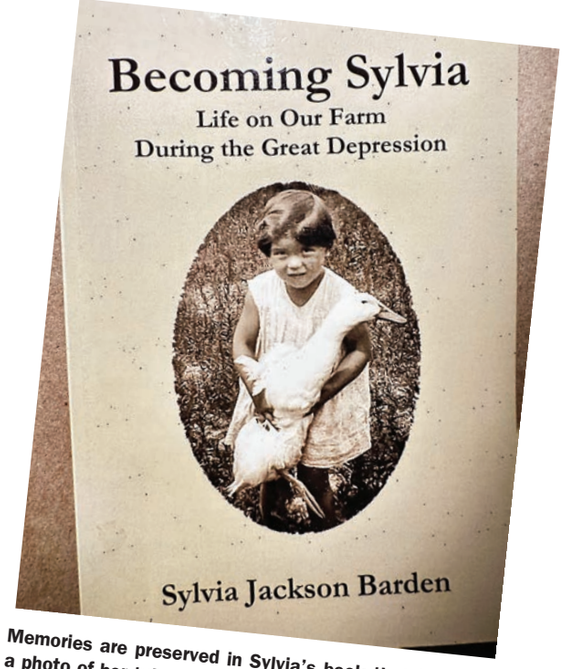
Remo, Northumberland County: A store owned by Captains Andrew Anderson and John Anderson petitioned for a post office and the name was chosen for its brevity and ease of pronunciation from a list supplied by the Post Office Department in 1913. The post office closed in 1964.

Sylvia Jackson Barden saved the rudder from her father's boat, and had a likeness of the boat painted on it. Photo by Tom Chillemi

A lasting legacy

Deltaville nonagenarian's book shares fond memories as youth on Rappahannock River in 1930s

"Becoming Sylvia, Life on Our Farm During the Great Depression," is a book written by Deltaville resident Sylvia Jackson Barden, in which she reflects on the kind of life her parents and grandparents lived. As she wrote it she "acquired a renewed appreciation for those who have gone before me. They lacked the conveniences and luxuries that I take for granted. Yet they endured without complaint and pressed on to make the best possible life for their families. For them, the important things in life were not material possessions but faith, family and community. Oh, how I wish that I had appreciated them then, as much as I do now."



Memories are preserved in Sylvia's book that features a photo of her taken many years ago.

Sylvia's father had a boat built in the 1940s that he used for crabbing and fishing.

"Life was about more than the endless pursuit of the next new thing."

–Sylvia Jackson Barden

by Tom Chillemi

Remember times when electricity was knocked out and how we miss our modern conveniences? No lights, no water, no microwave, no coffee!

Sylvia Jackson Barden, 92, grew up without today's conveniences. Sylvia assembled detailed memories of her early life in a book she wrote and published in 2012 — "Becoming Sylvia, Life on Our Farm During the Great Depression."

It's a lasting legacy of her extended family, something for her descendants to cherish.

In some ways the Great Depression seems so long ago — dirt roads, ice boxes, drawing water from a well, no electricity. Sylvia was in high school when her family's home on the Rappahannock River just west of Hunting Creek in Amburg finally got electricity in 1947.

Sylvia and her family had what they needed. Today, our "needs" revolve around devices and information that has little real value. Going places and traveling consumes many searching for someplace or something better, be it across town or on the other side of the globe.

Sylvia's generation didn't have have that option. They didn't need to. They had only to look to their community. Friends and family meant something and they were nearby.

On Saturday nights people would gather at Gemmil's Store, in Amburg near what is now the intersection of General Puller Highway (Route 33) and North End Road. It was a night on the town. The store stayed open until 11 p.m. "That was where you caught up on the news," said Sylvia.

Values

In Sylvia's early days, just about every task was done to attain the basics — food, shelter and clothing. Luxuries were few. "With no running water, bathing was a sponge bath in the kitchen, and sometimes in laundry tubs," Sylvia wrote in her book. "We had an outdoor shower that we used in the summer. It consisted of an enclosure with two barrels mounted on top and the water was warmed by the sun. What a luxury."

If those times seem primitive, think back to what is missed most during power

The Jackson's home place on the Rappahannock River had a summer shower (at left). Water in the tanks was heated by the sun. "What a luxury," said author Sylvia.

A likeness of her father's boat is painted on the actual rudder from the boat built in the 1940s.

outages — that's what you need. "By today's standards you would perhaps conclude that we were poor, but we were not," wrote Sylvia. "That was a simpler time when people were not upwardly mobile. Life was about more than the endless pursuit of the next new thing. People were defined by their hard work and thrift. Those who lived through those hard times of the Great Depression in the 1930s acquired a perspective on life, possessions, and saving that has been lost to this present generation."

Calm

After reading a few passages, it's easy to imagine the quiet of that era. Leaves rustling as wind blows through the trees; crows calling; dust rising from a dirt road signaling a visitor's arrival; crickets chirping on a summer night.

No constant hum of air conditioners or heat pumps, no buzz of cars running over rumble strips on the edge of highways.

Sylvia was born at home in 1931, the only daughter of Samuel "Leo" and Mary Kemp Jackson, who already had three boys, Robert Kemp, Sears Rosser, and William Leo.

Home was the center of everything. When Sylvia's grandmother Mrs. S.R. "Miss Bertie" Jackson became very ill she was cared for at home. When she died on Nov. 6, 1940, she was laid in repose in the parlor of her home for the wake. She's buried at Clarksbury United Methodist Church cemetery.

Entertainment

Toys were simple. "A new bag of marbles was a treasure," Sylvia wrote. "All you needed was a circle in the dirt and you could play with friends for hours. At school the boys played marbles during recess. I did not like to play with the boys because they wanted to play for keeps. Girls usually jumped rope, played hopscotch or Mother May I and games like that."

They flew kites that they made from light weight sticks and wrapping paper.

"At home I had to be creative in finding fun things to do," she wrote. "What child today would delight in tying a string to the leg of a Japanese beetle and watch it fly around?"

No supermarkets

Her father went fishing often in the summer for fun and for food and Sylvia went with him. "He never owned a rod and reel and would not have used one of them if it had been given to him. Everybody used a hand line wound around a wooden line holder or perhaps just a stick."

Mr. Jackson had a boat built locally in the early 1940s that he used for crabbing and fishing. He was able to bring it into Hunting Creek because he and his sons had dug a channel by hand in the mid 1930s to open the freshwater pond to the river.

The rudder from her father's boat, with a likeness of the boat painted on it, adorns the wall of Sylvia's home.

When the weather turned cold it was hog-killing time. It had to be cold so the meat would not spoil before it was cured. Neighbors would help each other. Sylvia's father never did the killing, she said. "He just did not have the heart for it."

Meat preserved by salting or smoking would provide enough pork for a year. "Hams, shoulders and bacon or other cuts were hung from the rafters of the smokehouse to keep them away from rodents," she wrote.

The fat was cooked on the stove and made into lard for cooking. Sometimes the fat was used to make soap. The Jacksons also caught and preserved fish and crabs.

Chickens grew quickly and were a staple of Sunday dinners in the summer. It was Sylvia's job to catch and "process" them. Her mother would sell eggs at the local store. In the winter, the hens which had quit laying eggs were shipped to a broker in Baltimore to be sold as baking hens.

Farming

Before he got married, the man who would someday be her father left his father's farm in Hardyville and went to Baltimore. While working as a street car operator, he met his future wife. They married and came to Middlesex County, where he went back to farming.

His cash crops were tomatoes, potatoes and watermelons, and later cantaloupes. Corn and hay were grown for chickens and livestock.

When the tomatoes were ripe, pickers from the community were hired. They were loaded on the wagon pulled by mules to the tomato cannery two miles away. Watermelons were loaded onto a double horse wagon and taken to a buy boat on Jackson Creek four miles away for shipment to Baltimore. In the early 1930s freight was still being transported primarily by water. If the market was not good in Baltimore, Mr. Jackson and the boat crew would go to Philadelphia. "If he did well he would bring back a stalk of bananas, which was really a treat for me."

Some corn was taken to a grist mill in the county and ground into meal for cooking. "The mill was on a pond and utilized a waterwheel to power the grinder," wrote Sylvia.

Communication

When telephones came to the area, they operated on a "party line." That's a good name because several people shared the same line and at that time it was like a Facebook chat is today. There was no privacy. So, people could listen to another's call or have a "conference call" and everybody could chat. Some things change, but sort of stay the same.

To call someone, a sort of Morse Code was used with everyone's phone ringing at the same time. But you had to listen for your "ring," said Sylvia. For example: your ring might be "Two long rings and a short." You made the phones ring by turning a crank and this generated an electric current.

By the river

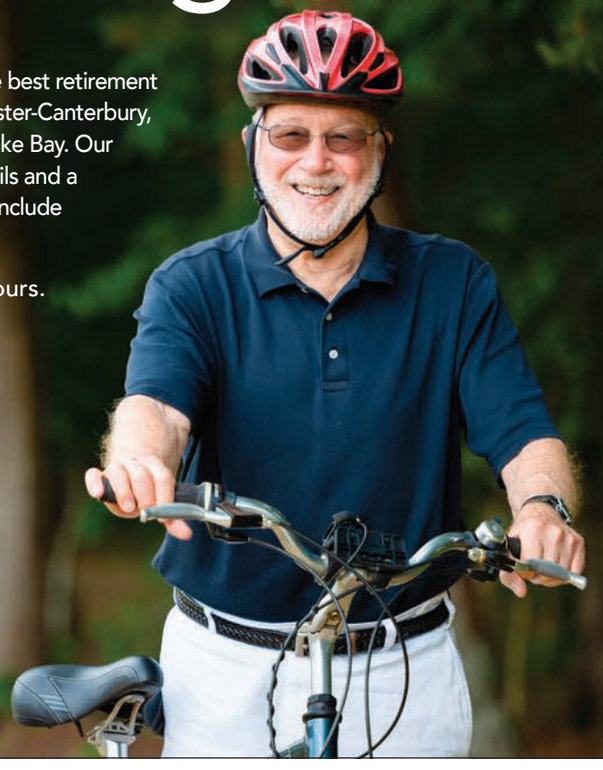
In at least one way, summer life along the Rappahannock River has remained a destination. On the Jacksons' farm property was a tenant house. Her father moved it to the riverbank using mules to roll it over logs. This tenant house became a cottage that was rented to city people who wanted to "get away from it all."

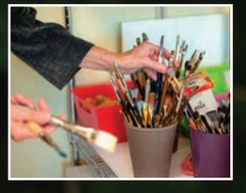
People are still drawn to the allure of the river. By the thousands people are realizing the value of country life. That's something Sylvia Jackson Barden knew all along. And, her book is testament to days remembered fondly.

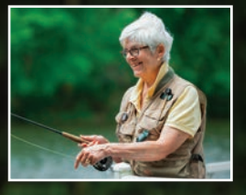
"Becoming Sylvia, Life on Our Farm During the Great Depression" is available in Deltaville at Nauti Nells store and the Deltaville Maritime Museum.

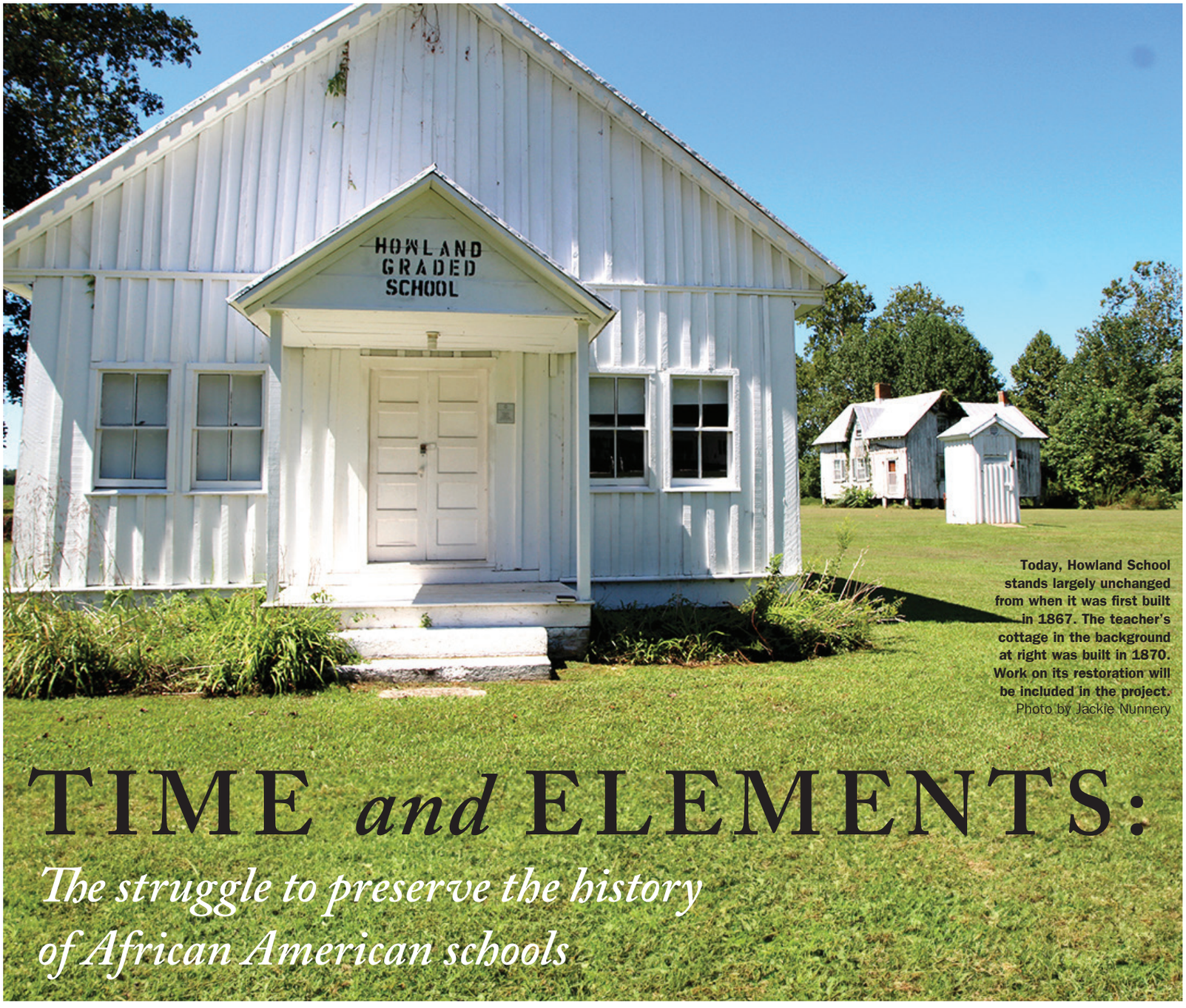
Willis Wilson (above) caught this dolphin haul seining in Chesapeake Bay in the 1940s. Courtesy of Willis Wilson

According to notes on the photograph, a dapper gentleman named Sam is parked in front of Reed & Rice Co. Store in Reedville, 1916. Photo courtesy Northern Neck of Virginia Historical Society









Today, Howland School stands largely unchanged from when it was first built in 1867. The teacher's cottage in the background at right was built in 1870. Work on its restoration will be included in the project.
Photo by Jackie Nunnery

TIME *and* ELEMENTS:

The struggle to preserve the history of African American schools

by Jackie Nunnery

After the Civil War, a system of public education was developed in Virginia with a change in the Constitution in 1869. It had no standards, set curriculum, or attendance requirements, and nearly all were segregated.

For African Americans, education became an especially important part of Reconstruction, with a number of community schools built through the generosity and dedication of the African American community or aided by philanthropic ventures.

Although many community schools are lost to time, there are a few still standing that former students are working just as hard to save. It is not just the building itself they are striving to hold onto, but the stories and their significance.

St. Clare Walker High School, Saluda

Motorists traveling along General Puller Highway have passed the former St. Clare Walker High School campus, quite possibly not ever knowing.

The school was named after John Henry St. Clare Walker, principal of Middlesex Training School for more than 20 years. After a couple of moves, one due to a fire, the school opened at the Cook's Corner location in 1939.

While students no longer fill the halls since its closure in 1969, the buildings still serve the community, housing Middlesex County Public Schools and Department of Social Services.

A third—"the white building"—once a cafeteria, vocational and agricultural training building, is not

currently in use though it is hoped to be restored and used in the future, according to Bessida Cauthorne White of the Heritage Committee.

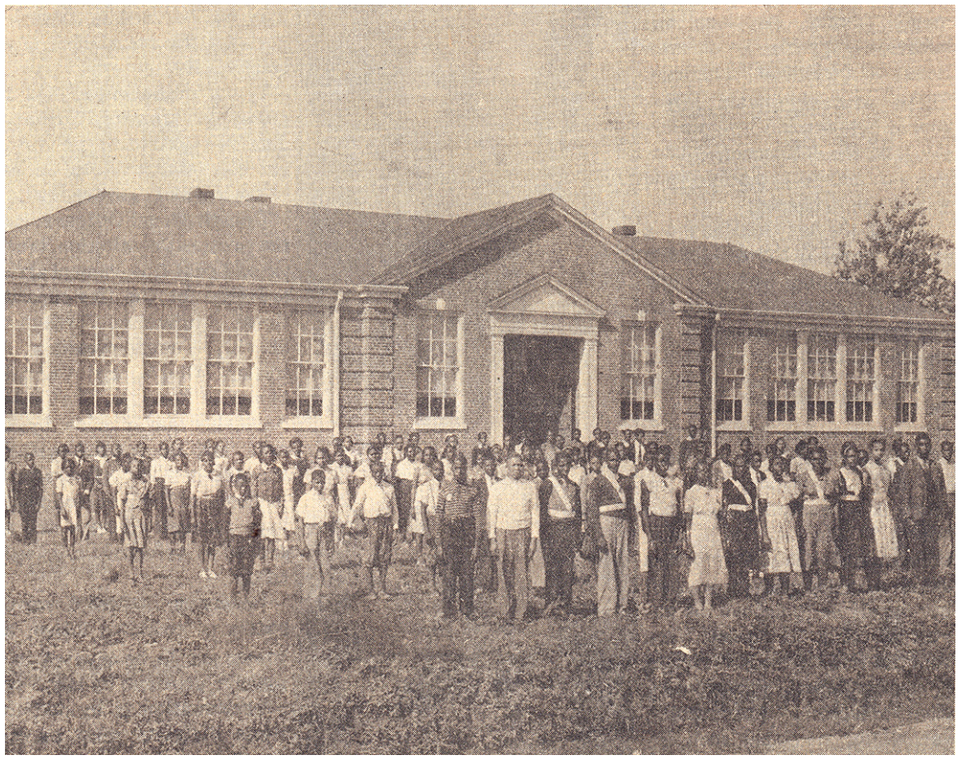
The high school was recognized with a highway marker in 2018, largely due to the work of Cauthorne White and the Heritage Committee. In addition to the marker, the committee has developed a half-mile long Heritage Trail behind the campus with plans to install educational kiosks highlighting the history of African Americans in the Cook's Corner area. They are also working on registration with the National Trust for Historic Preservation and the African American Cultural Heritage Action Fund to further the restoration with grant money.

In telling the story of African American schools where funding differed greatly from White schools, where students had to buy their own books or provide their own transportation, Cauthorn White sees it as "a triumph over adversity. Black folk did what they needed to do to educate their children and out of that environment people became teachers, went into the military, went off to college."

Howland Graded School, Heathsville

The small, one-room schoolhouse, sometimes recorded as the Howland Chapel School, sits across from First Baptist Church in Heathsville, emblematic of the close ties between the school and the church, that now owns the property. The board and batten construction is largely unchanged from when it was built in 1867. Inside, sliding doors can still close off the large space into two separate spaces, one of which was where meals were cooked and served. A large potbelly wood stove still stands in the center, the sole source of heat during colder months.

The school was funded by, and eventually named for, educator Emily Howland, who moved from New York to teach in Northumberland County. However, prior to the school's completion, Howland was called back home to care for her dying mother and eventually her father. Over the years, Howland would visit Northumberland to check on the school and also



The student body assembled in front of St. Clare Walker High School in 1969 for a photo that appeared in the Southside Sentinel.

I want the future generations to know that education has not always been easy for us. I want this place to be an educational tool so that they understand the significance of school."

—Algeria Tate, former Howland Graded School student

Original desks from Howland School were restored in 2008 courtesy of Col. Joseph Nickens Sr. Photo by Jackie Nunnery

The bones of the original school are still evident in the building currently used by Middlesex County Public Schools. Photo courtesy of Heritage Committee

Other than the addition of a ramp for accessibility, the exterior, complete with shingle details and bulls-eye windows, Holley Graded School remains largely unchanged. Photo by Jackie Nunnery

provide financial support for young women in the area to attend college, with some returning to teach at Howland School.

"It was open to anyone who wanted an education," said former student Algeria Tate. After the children finished their school day, Tate said "adult classes were taught in the evening."

It also was used as a place of worship, with the congregation of First Baptist Church meeting there until the church was built in 1892. It was then that the building began to be referred to as Howland Chapel. Tate said the building stands as an important piece to the community "as a foundation of education and religious facility."

Although the school is in incredible shape at 156-years-old, Tate said they are applying for grants to continue restoration work of the school property, which includes an 1870 teacher's cottage. It is important and personal work for Tate because it is also "my family history. I want the future generations to know that education has not always been easy for us. I want this place to be an educational tool so that they understand the significance of school."

Howland became a public school in 1921 and closed in 1959 when the county consolidated the African American elementary schools. The property eventually returned to the church which began restoration work in 1986.

Distinctive tin panels, original to the Holley Graded School's construction, still cover the walls and ceiling in their original colors. Photo by Jackie Nunnery

Students in front of St. Clare Walker High School. Date unknown. Photo courtesy of Heritage Committee

Holley Graded School, Lottsburg

A few miles away sits a similar white schoolhouse with similar beginnings. The school had a church connection, with its first teacher, Caroline Putnam, coming to Lottsburg at the request of members from the nearby Zion Baptist Church. The school was eventually established in 1869 when Sallie Holley purchased the property and Putnam named the school in her honor.

Like Howland, the Holley school is largely unchanged since it was completed in 1933. Architectural details inside and out reflect the pride the community took in the building and the education of its children. The most striking feature is the tin panels which cover both walls and ceiling still in their original color scheme of green and white. And while the building was electrified sometime in the 1930s or 40s, heat was still supplied with wood stoves, one of which still stands in one of the classrooms.

According to the National Register of Historic Places, the first school was "located near the road by a large oak tree" and "was a one-story structure of three classrooms in a row." The property also included "a teacher's cottage as early as the 1870s but was demolished around 1935."

A cornerstone on the existing building reads 1869 to 1933 with the 1869 referring to a previous building on the property and 1933 referring to when the school as it stands today was completed. Construction of the existing building began sometime around 1914 and because construction was thought to be funded and supplied by the community, it was built in stages over the next two decades, one classroom at a time. Accounts talk of local farmers felling trees and taking them to the sawmill for lumber, local carpenters volunteering time on weekends, and men hauling cement to make the bricks for the foundation.

The school remains an important landmark to the community. Garfield Parker, who was attending Holley when it closed in 1959, said the community support for the school was a reflection of how much "they wanted their children to learn." Parker also noted that alumni are returning to the area and "they've achieved" because of the support and eduction they received at Holley.

While work continues on upkeep and renovations, the space operates as a museum, art gallery and commu-

Despite its age, the interior of Rosenwald High School is in amazing shape. This is the view from the stage of the first floor auditorium. Photo courtesy of the Virginia Department of Historic Resources

Windows were replaced as part of the 100th anniversary of Rosenwald High School in 2017. Today, further improvements, including the restoration of the bell tower, are planned. Photo by Jackie Nunnery

Julius Rosenwald High School in Reedville with its bell tower, date unknown. Photo courtesy Julius Rosenwald School Foundation of Northumberland County

nity meeting place. Parker, one of the school trustees, said that in addition to painting inside the school, the outside will get vinyl siding. "We're getting too old for the upkeep," he said.

Julius Rosenwald High School, Reedville

A large two-story structure off of Northumberland Highway in Reedville is one of 366 Rosenwald schools that were built in rural Virginia between 1917 and 1932; and one of just 126 that are still standing. With two-thirds of the buildings already demolished, it is one of the reasons Preservation Virginia placed the schools on its Most Endangered Historic Places list.

Julius Rosenwald made his riches as part-owner and president of Sears, Roebuck & Company, enabling him to establish the Rosenwald Fund to promote "the well-being of mankind." Over $70 million in matching funds were donated before the fund was depleted in 1948. Among its accomplishments were the design and construction of 5,000 schools, mostly in the rural South, and mostly for African Americans.

Originally named Northumberland County Training School, the high school was designed by architects at the Tuskegee Institute with construction beginning in 1916 using funds collected from the African American community. It was finished the following year with money from the Rosenwald Fund. The school features six classrooms on two floors and includes an auditorium and library. According to the National Register of Historic Places, the original building included a bell tower, which was removed at an unknown date.

When in use around 1927, the campus had no electricity or running water but included a small elementary school (still there but unsalvageable), and three other buildings devoted to science, home economics and agriculture. Those buildings no longer exist.

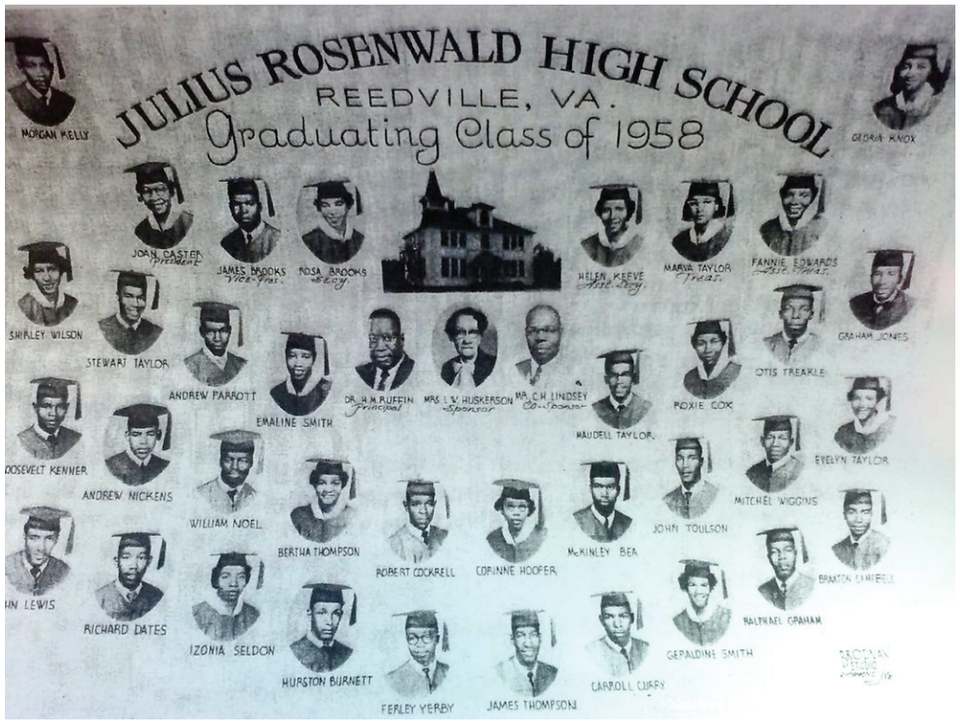
According to records of the time, the total cost to build was $11,143, with the majority, $8,943, coming directly from the African American community; $700 was raised through bake sales and dinners; and another $1,500 from the Rosenwald Fund. When construction was complete, 180 students from the now closed Cockrell's Neck, Bridge Neck and Jamestown community schools attended.

Following the death of Julius Rosenwald in 1932, the school changed its name to Julius Rosenwald High School in recognition.

Former student and president of the Julius Rosenwald School Foundation, Mary Jackson, said the school will be restored to make it a community center for meetings and gatherings and a portion would be a museum. The school received a fresh coat of paint to the exterior and the roof is next. They will complete the window restoration, begun on the school's 100th anniversary in 2017, and then begin work on the inside.

All of that work comes with a hefty price tag of roughly $1 million. Jackson said the foundation is in the process of applying to the National Trust for Historic Preservation for grants to make that happen, but they are in real need of a grant writer or other volunteers to help.

"I'm excited about this, it's been a lot of time and effort to get it to the point where it's accessible by the community," said Jackson.



After 41 years, the school was closed, with the last graduating class of Julius Rosenwald High School in 1958. Photo courtesy of Northern Neck of Virginia Historical Society

Students and community gather on the north side of Howland Graded School in 1911. The window was removed and boarded up at a later date. It is thought that Emily Howland is standing in the back row. Photo courtesy Tyler Radabuagh

Willing's Store was owned and operated by Bernard Willing and built prior to 1917. The store, located on Steamboat Road in Irvington, featured a popular soda fountain in addition to general merchandise and a post office. Today the building is the offices of Dehnert, Clarke & Co., P.C. Photo courtesy Northern Neck of Virginia Historical Society

BH What's in a name?

Village, Northumberland County: Formally called Union Village because of its location at the countyline between Northumberland and Richmond. A post office with the name Union Village was opened in 1836 before being discontinued in 1869. It reopened as Village in 1884.

A busy Lodge Landing on the Yeocomico River, date unknown. Photo courtesy Northern Neck of Virginia Historical Society

The electric power plant in Irvington. Courtesy of Kilmarnock Museum

This was Dr. William Gwathmey's office in Ruark, near Stove Point in Deltaville.

Off the rails

The skipjack Claud W. Somers is up on the rails at Cockrell's Marine Railway in Heathsville. Photo by Larry Chowning

Boat railways disappearing, but they have advantages

by Larry Chowning

The front page news of the week in a 1905 Southside Sentinel was the arrival of a gasoline boat named the Cresent at Chowning's Railway in Urbanna. George S. Chowning ran a railway on the water behind what was then the old Southside Sentinel building on Cross Street that now houses The Gilded Crown.

Editor and owner of the Sentinel, Walter Ryland, probably just looked out the window and wrote, "The gasoline boat Crescent owned by Messrs. Clarkson, Garrett and Hunt, of Bowlers, (Essex County) is on Chowning's Railway having her bottom coppered. Young Mr. Garrett is overseeing the job."

In 1905, gasoline engines in boats were unusual, but up and coming. When a large motor-powered boat came to town and was up on the hard at the railway it was front page news.

If railways keep closing as fast as they are, in not too many years from now, it will be front page news to write about an existing, traditional railway as commercial boat lifts are taking over the market of hauling boats.

Advantages of boat lifts

The advantage to a boatyard using a boat lift versus railway is that more boats can be hauled and maintained in a timely manner. When on a railway, maintenance has to be done while the boat is on the rails. Only one or two boats can be serviced on a railway at a time. An extensive job on a railway can tie up the yard for months, leaving other vessels waiting.

Yards using boat lifts can haul a boat out of the water, set the boat at a stationary spot on the yard where it can be worked on. Then the motorized boat lift can be driven back to the water's edge to haul the next boat. As many vessels as the lift can haul and the amount of space there is for boats on the yard's grounds, determines the number of boats that can

be hauled and maintained.

Railways

Some railways can only accommodate one boat, while larger ones can get two on the rails. Deltaville Maritime Museum Boat Shop manager John England said a railway that can handle two boats at once can be "problematic." Several years ago, the log-hull F.D. Crockett was on the rails with the Godspeed, a replica of one of the three ships that brought the first English colonists to Virginia.

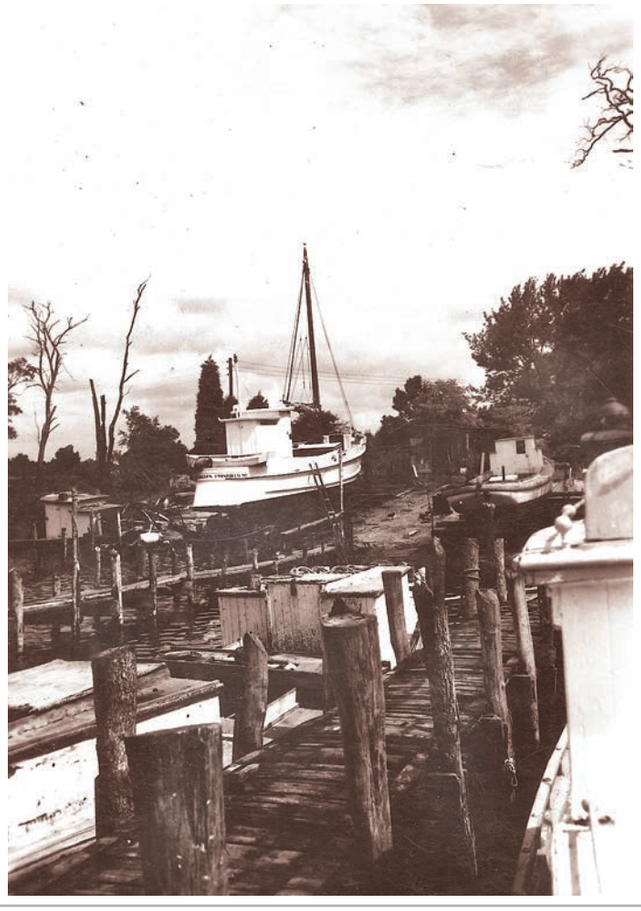
"We were in front of the Godspeed and had finished work and ready to go back in the water when we were told it would be three to four weeks before Godspeed would come off the rails," said England. "We had to pump water into the Crockett for so many hours a day to keep her from drying out.

"A log-hull boat does not dry out as fast as a frame/planked built boat. If the Crockett had been a frame boat with a cross-planked bottom, we would have had a much more serious problem," said England.

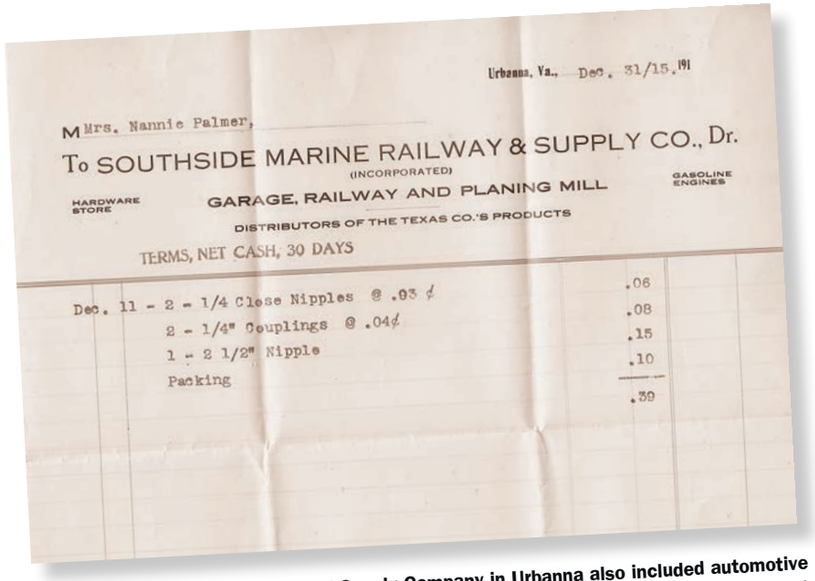
Early history

The challenge of maintaining wooden boats led to the development of shoreline railways used to haul boats out of the water. The name railway is associated with the two steel rails that extend out in the water from shore, and the wooden carriage on wheels that rolls along the rails.

Just a few years ago, Chesapeake Marine Railway (the old Deagle and Son Marine Railway) in Deltaville was hauling large scallop boats. The yard has closed down. Photo by Larry Chowning



Winegar Marine Railway in Ocran was founded in 1911 and was one of the oldest railways in the region. The railway portion of the business closed several years ago. Courtesy of Cathy Winegar Davenport



Urbanna, Va., Dec. 31/15. 191

M Mrs. Nannie Palmer,

To SOUTHSIDE MARINE RAILWAY & SUPPLY CO., Dr.

(INCORPORATED)

HARDWARE STORE — GARAGE, RAILWAY AND PLANING MILL — GASOLINE ENGINES

DISTRIBUTORS OF THE TEXAS CO.'S PRODUCTS

TERMS, NET CASH, 30 DAYS

Dec. 11	2 - 1/4 Close Nipples @ .03 ¢	.06
	2 - 1/4" Couplings @ .04¢	.08
	1 - 2 1/2" Nipple	.15
	Packing	.10
		.39

Southside Marine Railway and Supply Company in Urbanna also included automotive garage work, a planing mill and a hardware store. Mrs. Nannie Palmer in 1915 spent 39 cents for plumbing supplies. Courtesy of Chowning family collection

Urbanna's Southside Marine Railway and Supply Company was located where Urbanna Boatyard and Marina (Urbby's) and Portside Grill are located today. Photo by Carroll C. Chowning Jr.

A.C. Fisher Jr. Marine Railway in Mila in Northumberland County is still in operation. Photo by Larry Chowning

At the end of the 19th and during the early 20th century, small neighborhood railways were often situated on narrow strips of land leading down to the water and bordered almost every creek up and down the Chesapeake Bay.

Before railways, tide and wind were utilized by wooden boat owners to haul their boats. If the boat was small enough it could be sailed or rowed as far up in a cove as possible at high tide and then the boat owner would wait for the water to recede at low tide. With water gone, the boat was dragged further up on high ground, flipped over and the bottom of the boat was worked on. Usually, they had to wait for a high tide to get the boat back in the water.

Larger boats that could not be flipped over were sailed or poled up into a cove as far as possible and when the tide receded the boat would lean so one side could be pitched or painted. Often the boat owner would have to wait for the next low tide to tilt the boat to get the work done on the other side of the bottom. A railway that hauled the entire boat up on the hard where it could be left for a few days to dry out and do maintenance was a far cry better than that.

At the end of the 19th and during the early 20th century, small neighborhood railways were often situated on narrow strips of land leading down to the water and bordered almost every creek up and down the Chesapeake Bay.

One of the early railways on the Northern Neck was Winegar's Marine Railway in Ocran. John Chrysler Winegar started the railway in 1911 using a windlass to haul boats powered first by his own arms and later by mule and horse to haul boats up on shore.

Winegar operated the yard until his death in 1939. He progressed from a hand/horse powered windless, to a one-cylinder make-and-break Lathrop and hooked it up to a belt system to haul the boats. He later purchased a Model A Ford engine to haul boats. As late as 1995, the Model A Ford engine was still hauling boats. The railway portion of the business, like so many other railways, is closed today.

Future of railways

There are some railways left on the Northern Neck and Middle Peninsula but their future is not bright. Ampro Shipyard and Diesel Inc., the former Humphreys Railway, was once one of the largest railways in the area. At the turn of the 20th century, Humphreys hauled and maintained some of the largest sail powered schooners, motorized freight boats and menhaden steamers on the bay.

Several years ago, the old railway was in need of repair. Instead of investing in repairs and upgrading the railway, Ampro diversified by enlarging its marine diesel engine installation and repair division and went more towards in-water topwork repairs of steel commercial fishing vessels and tugboats.

Also, owners of Sunset Point Marina on Burrell's Marina Road near Urbanna asked longtime marina owner George Butler of Reedville in July to evaluate the future of what was Alex Burrell's Railway on the property. Burrell's Railway on Robinson Creek was the railway in that neighborhood used mostly by African Americans. Today, it is part of Sunset Point Marina.

Butler, who for years owned Reedville Marine Railway, cautioned owners of Sunset Point about rebuilding the old railway because of unknown costs involved and because of the economic advantages of boat lifts over railways for small marinas.

Some hope

There is, however, a glimmer of hope that some old-time railways might stay around. "I would not count railways out completely," said England. "There are a few good reasons for using a railway — particularly with wooden boats. We would not have hauled the F.D. Crockett on a lift except for the fact that the boat had been totally rebuilt, making her strong enough to be hauled on a lift.

"If you have an old wooden boat that has not been out of the water for some time, like we had originally with the Crockett, a railway does not expose the hull to the degree of possible failure that a boat lift does," he said.

"A railway supports the keel from stem to stern, while straps (on boat lifts) leave areas exposed," he said. "There is much less chance of a catastrophic failure on a railway than on a boat lift. A catastrophic failure of a wooden boat inside of a boat lift would be a hell of a mess!"

Perhaps, there is some hope for those old-time railways!

Mortons Clark's railway on Locklies Creek in Regent was in operation into the 1990s. It has since closed. Photo by Larry Chowning

There have been several railways on Urbanna Creek. There are none now. This one was located in the 1980s across from Oakes Landing in Saluda. The Didlake family had its own railway to maintain its boats and to assist other watermen in the neighborhood. Photo by Larry Chowning

"I would not count railways out completely. There are a few good reasons for using a railway — particularly with wooden boats. A railway supports the keel from stem to stern, while straps (on boat lifts) leave areas exposed. There is much less chance of a catastrophic failure on a railway than on a boat lift. — John England

The steamboat Middlesex was a regular visitor to the wharfs during the era of steamboats. Courtesy of Judy Richwine

What's in a name?

Lively, Lancaster County: Named after the farm of Thomas Norris, Lively Oak, who purchased the property in 1817. When the post office opened in 1833 it was called Lively Oak and later Belwood Mills. It changed to Lively in 1896.

Teachers in front of Wicomico School, ca. 1910-1911. Photo courtesy Northumberland County Historical Society

Peoples Drug Sundry in Callao was owned and operated by Hyatt and Virginia Gladly from 1940 to 1975. The store had a popular soda fountain which served fresh squeezed limeade and was known as "the friendliest place in town." Today it is the location of Callao Jubilee Galleria. Photo courtesy Northern Neck of Virginia Historical Society

Another place, another time:
Windmill Point

by AnnGardner Eubank

In the southernmost portion of the Northern Neck, a seven mile winding road leads to a dead end beachfront view of the Rappahannock River. The end of Windmill Point Road offers postcard worthy sunsets, a marina that hosts working watermen, speedboat aficionados, global transients, and a tiki bar that can wash away worries. The scene is the depiction of a Jimmy Buffet song.

With thousands of people visiting the Point by land and sea, the distance leading down to the water's edge holds a deep history, fascinating tales and a community of generational watermen and their families that have lived to see the growth and changes of the area over the decades.

A hub today for oysters, bait, seafood, boating and marine services, Windmill Point Road remains a true working waterfront like its longstand-

Connected to the Town of White Stone, the seven mile stretch surrounded by the Rappahannock River is home to a number of folks that have called the area home for generations, including Capt. Meredith Robbins.

Robbins, the owner of Robbins Boatyard just a couple of miles from the road's beginning, will have called Windmill Point Road home for 95 years this coming May.

A lifelong waterman, fisherman and tug boat operator, Robbins said he's been fortunate to have lived "down Windmill" for so many years.

Robbins, raised on Windmill Point Road, also was born there. On May 28, 1929, he was born in his father's store just a few miles north of his current boatyard.

"I reckon there was about five stores at the time. Oh, it was a busy little area," said Robbins, recounting the Windmill Point Road he once knew.

Robbins said along with area watermen making their keep off the shores and surrounding waters off Windmill Point Road, the area garnered traffic

Sailboats and other vessels have been making their way to Windmill Point for decades, both for leisure as well as work. Photo courtesy of Kilmarnock Museum

and travelers through steamboat operations years and years ago.

"This was the first area stop for the steamboats when they would leave from Baltimore," Robbins said.

In addition to operating a county store up the road, Robbins' father, John Cleveland, also worked on a steamboat, he said.

His uncle, Harry Robbins, also operated a store further south closer to the Point, Robbins said. However, in August of 1933, the historic Storm of '33 came through and demolished the existing steamboat pier, which ultimately sank the business, too.

Eventually, the area that is now the Windmill Point Marina was dug out to ultimately create what it is today and what it has been for several decades now.

"It was once all just marsh," Robbins said.

Robbins is the complete embodiment of a working waterman of Windmill Point. After helping in his father's store a bit through school, Robbins decided to begin working on the water. Making the decision to leave high school, Robbins joined his older brother who had been working on a tug boat.

Robbins climbed through the ranks of the tug boat operation as he worked towards earning his captain's license.

He even helped in the building of the Robert O. Norris Bridge, he said.

While working on the tug boat, Robbins was drafted to serve in the military for a year in Korea.

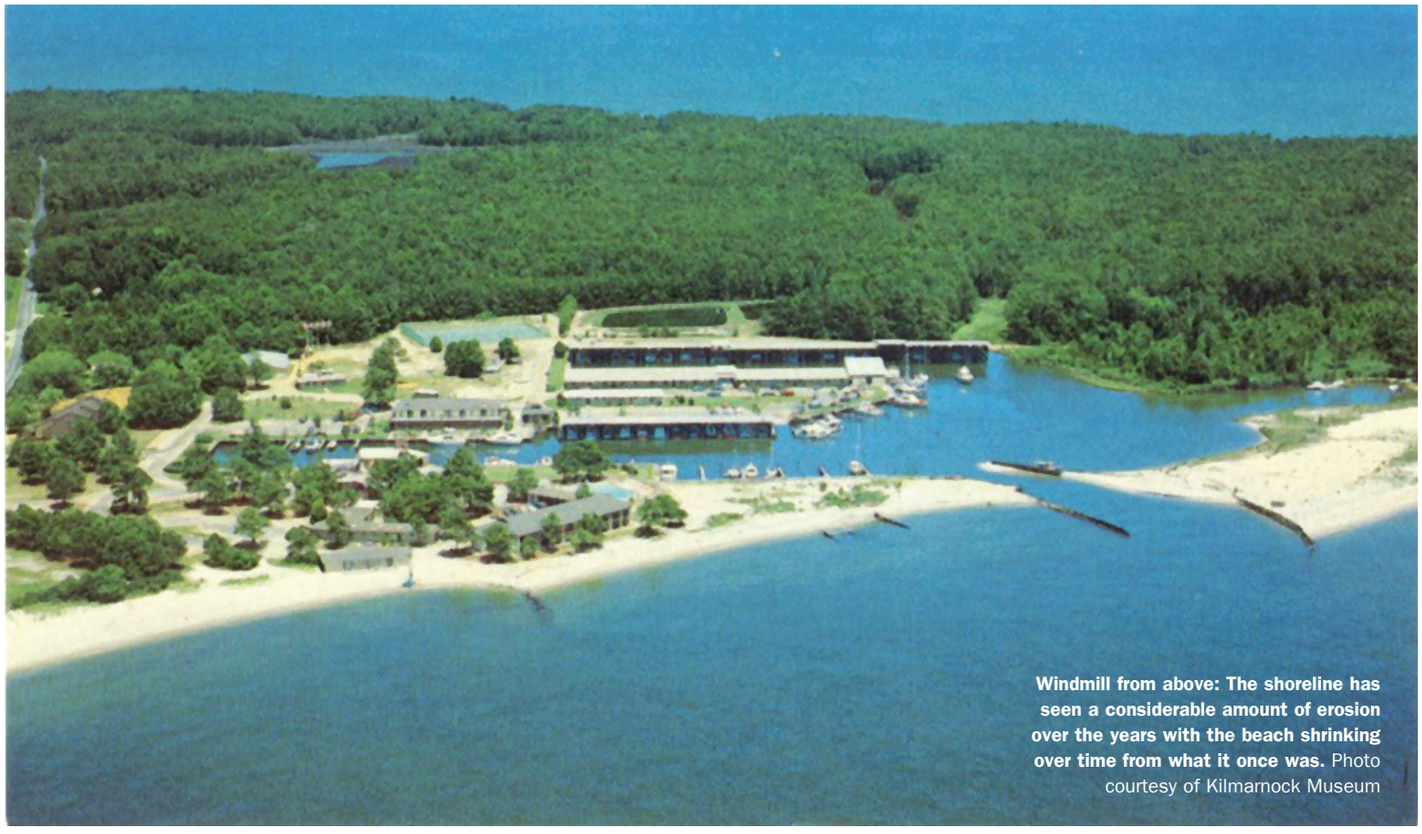
Upon his arrival back home in Windmill, Robbins continued to work towards earning his captain's license.

With the opportunity made available to him, Robbins said he left the tug boat to captain a fish boat.

Captain Meredith Robbins was born and raised on Windmill Point Road and was a working waterman his entire life. He is the owner of Robbins Boatyard on Windmill Point Road. Photo by AnnGardner Eubank

Along with area watermen making their keep off the shores and surrounding waters off Windmill Point Road, the area garnered traffic and travelers through steamboat operations years and years ago. "This was the first area stop for the steamboats when they would leave from Baltimore. "

—Meredith Robbins



Windmill from above: The shoreline has seen a considerable amount of erosion over the years with the beach shrinking over time from what it once was. Photo courtesy of Kilmarnock Museum

In its heyday, Windmill Point Marina was a major employer for the area. From restaurant staff, motel workers, and dock handlers, the Point was a busy place. Photo courtesy of Kilmarnock Museum

Jeanne and Lacy Rose met, fell in love, and raised their family on Windmill Point Road while continuing the family tradition of working on the water. Photo by AnnGardner Eubank

> ***"Everybody knew everybody. You lived together, worked together, and worshiped together. It's how it was." —Lisa Rose***

"I fished for over 50 years I'd say," Robbins said.

Fishing down in the Gulf, in the waters of the Carolinas, and of course, the Rappahannock River and Chesapeake Bay just off of White Stone, Robbins eventually retired from captaining the fish boat and settled back in Windmill and purchased the land where his boatyard sits today.

Hailing from a large family of four brothers and two sisters, and eventually raising a family of his own, Robbins has watched Windmill Point grow and change for generations. In addition to the several stores along the road, Robbins said there used to be three post offices serving as markers for various different villages on the seven mile stretch. Several of the areas are still recognized today through roadside signs.

In addition to the primary three localities along Windmill Point Road, Robbins said there's two other lesser-known areas with distinct names, too.

When heading towards Windmill Point from White Stone, as Chesapeake Drive bleeds into Windmill Point at the crossroads between Mosquito Point, Little Bay Road, Chesapeake Drive and Windmill Point Road, that small area was once known as "Pig-tail Island," Robbins said.

"To this day I have not a clue why it was ever called that," he said.

Continuing southward, just two miles or so down the road on the right hand side, a sign that simply says "Chile" can still be found.

Robbins said that's where his father's store was. The area got its name as a play on World War II conflict between Chile and Peru.

According to Robbins, his father had horse shoes and pool set up at his shop and on the weekends some folks that lived in the area would gamble and party in the store. When they "got to gambling, they got to fighting," Robbins said.

Robbins said his dad would kick them out of the store while they were still fighting, and more and more people would get in the mix.

Someone approached Robbins' dad and said, "This is worse than Chile!" referring to the fighting and aggression in Chile at the time. From then on, that area became known as Chile, Robbins said.

The major three areas still recognized colloquially as well as through signage today include Palmer, Foxwells and Westland.

Palmer is several miles down Windmill Point Road where water can be seen from both sides of the road. That area got its name from a man named John Palmer from Northumberland who was very big in the canning business, said Robbins. He moved down to Windmill Point and set up a canning operation in that area, which ultimately took his name.

A bit further down the road, Palmer bleeds into what is known as Foxwells, just two miles north of the Point. Today, Foxwells is home of the Island Church.

"It's funny how Foxwells got its name," Robbins said.

Robbins said the story he had always known was that Foxwells at one point was called Fishermans. However, much before his time, a very popular and beautiful woman lived there by the name of Foxwells.

Her beauty and popularity was enough to encourage a name-change, or so the story goes, Robbins said.

Down at the Point, what was known as West-

land, gets is name simply from a directional standpoint.

Historically known as Fleets Island, no doubt in reference to late 1600s property owner Henry Fleet; for a bit of time, it also was known as "Goat Island." According to *Place Names of the Northern Neck of Virginia*, the name Windmill Point appeared on a 1737 map, apparently for the earlier presence of windmills.

Another lifelong waterman and White Stone resident, Lacy Rose, grew up just on the other side of "Goat Island."

According to Rose, the many acres of land that is now "Brightwaters" in Westland was once owned by Gumby Treakle. Treakle owned many goats that he kept on his land, however, the goats would often wander out from his property and explore the rest of the island. Over time, Westland became Goat Island.

Rose said as kids, Treakle would get him and his buddies to wrangle up the goats to earn a little bit of cash.

"To this day he still owes me five dollars," Rose said.

Beyond wrangling goats, Rose also spent his days working, causing trouble and even falling in love down Windmill.

Rose and his wife of 50 years Jeanne first met at Windmill Point in the early 60s.

The two worked at the marina as well, with Lacy bussing tables at the shoreside restaurant and Jeanne working as a lifeguard.

The marina and lodge first opened on June 24, 1961, under the leadership and ownership of scientist Dr. Wallace W. Atwood.

"He built the marina up. That was his baby," J. Rose said.

In its early years, the marina consisted of a boat house with 12 slips and 30 open slips in the dredged marina basin.

The resort also hosted a lodge building, a snack bar, the port-hole lounge, a small restaurant and a large pier.

It's where they had their first date, and where L. Rose proposed.

While she eventually became a manager of the resort's motel in the early 1980s, he would eventually follow his family's legacy of working the waters.

"It was a fishing village back then, really," said L. Rose.

They continued to grow their legacy, raising a family with daughter, Lisa, and son, Shawn.

"Cedars (island) was right behind us growing up. All of us kids were always running around together and getting in some trouble," said Lisa Rose.

In 1979, the Rose family opened up an oyster house in Palmer.

The working waterfront saw difficult times in the following years, Lacy said. In the early 80s a bacteria known as MSX, which has similar effects as a red-tide, came in and "killed everything," he said.

"A lot of watermen lost it all during those times," Lisa added.

Fueled by hard work, community and faith, the Roses and the rest of the community prevailed through the tough times.

"We didn't lose it all, we just had to reconstruct," J. Rose said.

According to Lacy, generational families and legacies were strong in their neck of the woods. There were really just a handful of last names like George, Crandall, Robbins, Abbott and Rose, he said.

"Everybody knew everybody. You lived together, worked together, and worshiped together. It's how it was," said Lisa.

Lisa, a fifth generation waterman herself, said she and her waterman brother, Shawn, often speak about wanting to keep the generational legacy of Windmill going.

Owner and operator of Miss Mary Seafood in White Stone, Lisa said she's watched a resurgence of the seafood industry come back with the increasing amount of oyster farming in the area.

"To this day Windmill and White Stone still have the most seafood operations in the area," she said.

Though times have changed over the decades due to weather, changing work forces, changes of hands of ownership of the marina, and old families moving out and new families moving in, Windmill Point is still a premier destination for the working waterfront, the seafood industry and tourism.

In fact, Windmill Point is set to see a re-vamp in the near future. While the Tiki Bar has been in operation for well over a decade and the marina continues to be a draw for sailors and boaters alike, expansion of the marina is set to improve the beach and shore.

Lancaster County has plans to clean up the existing beach, expand it and construct a pier.

Windmill Point Road holds generations of watermen and community. While dynamics, conditions, names and faces may change over time, the spirit of the working waterfront, the rich history of the land, and the stunning sunrises and sunsets are all pieces of Windmill that don't seem to be changing.

"It's the coordinates that have everything to do with it," J. Rose said.

Windmill Point has always been a hot-spot for residents and tourists alike to soak up some rays on the Rappahannock River. Photo courtesy of Kilmarnock Museum

When Dr. Atwood developed Windmill Point Marina back in the early 1960s, the resort featured a house boat, a number of slips, a restaurant, snack bar, pool and motel. Photo courtesy of Kilmarnock Museum

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