

THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS

Memoirs of

John Winston Martin

*for
Maitland
JGM*

June 1969

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This book is dedicated

to future generations

in appreciation to

John and Alice Martin

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Richard Martin was my grandfather, although I never saw him. He married his first wife (her name was Elizabeth Ayres) in Rockingham County, North Carolina. To this union of marriage one son was born; his name was Hunter Martin - Hunter Pleasant Martin. And I have a piece of writing here I'd like to insert at this particular point.

"Samuel Pleasant Hunter Martin. This breast pin is given to you as a memorial of an afflicted father and a departed mother. When this you see, then bear in mind your afflicted father you've left behind, and that your mother's body in the grave doth rest, but it's hoped her spirit is in eternal bliss. Then let us serve the Lord while here below so we may rest with her to depart no more. By your affectionate father, Richard Martin. March 27, 1835."

You will notice the date of this reading was written a long time ago - 134 years in the past. Richard Martin's first wife died at this point and he married his second wife, Elizabeth Morgan, in Bedford, Virginia. This union had two children: Aunt America and Uncle Calohil.

Then this wife of his died pretty soon afterward and Richard Martin then married the third wife, Elizabeth Kellam Smith. By her first marriage she had George, Walker, Mary, Thomas, Charles, Annie, and Edna Smith. I never knew any of these except Uncle Thomas Smith. I was acquainted with him. He had a son who ran the Klegg Hotel just across the street from the old passenger depot in Greensboro, North Carolina. I have stopped with him a good many times in traveling, since I was a commercial traveler for approximately thirty-five years, as a salesman.

Grandfather Martin married Elizabeth Kellam Smith after her first husband had died. To this union was born Elizabeth Matilda, William Richard, John Winston Churchill, and Spencer A. Martin. You'll notice that his first three wives, Grandfather's first three wives, were named Elizabeth. Each one of them. Elizabeth Ayres, Elizabeth Morgan, and Elizabeth Kellam Smith. My grandmother, Elizabeth Kellam Smith Martin, died and was

buried in Mt. Airy someplace. Some time after that Grandfather Martin married his fourth wife, Mary Hampton. A few years after that she died and Grandfather Martin married his fifth wife, Rosie Hampton Roby.

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Grandfather Richard Martin grew up in Rockingham County, North Carolina. He moved from that country on the Mayo River, not far from Madison, to Dobson, North Carolina. I never knew his first son, Pleasant Martin. He did not come to Surry County and Dobson. He settled in Rockingham County and raised his family. His two children by his second wife, Elizabeth Morgan, never came to Surry County and Dobson. Aunt America, his daughter, married a man by the name of Joyce in Rockingham County and settled there, and Calohil, her brother, came to Dobson. As a young man - he was just fixing to go to West Point - he was taken with pneumonia and died and is buried in the cemetery at Dobson, North Carolina. Aunt America (I never knew her, as I said) settled in Rockingham County, and she had by her husband, Mr. Joyce, two daughters and a son: Alice, Molly, and Dick Joyce. Dick Joyce settled in Mayodan, North Carolina, and raised his family on a farm. He had several sons, I don't know just how many.

In traveling, as I said at the outset being a commercial traveler by trade, I went to see Dick and spent the night with him. His sons were there at that particular time; later, as the years passed, he left that country - he sold out and moved to Winston Salem. His sons entered into the wholesale grocery business in the city of Winston Salem and I used to call on them quite often, since I worked out of North Wilkesboro and was associated with S. V. Tomlinson in the wholesale grocery business. We were canned goods manufacturers as well as wholesale grocery and it was my opportunity each year for thirty years to call on the jobbing trade in North and South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky. So naturally I called on Joyce Brothers and got acquainted with them in the wholesale grocery business there

in Winston Salem. Their father lived there, too, and he lived to be 99 1/2 years and died, an extremely old man.

Their sister, Alice, married Perce Masten, and he was associated with the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. In 1912 he was the Vice-President of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company Southern Division. They had three children. Perce Masten, Jr. came to Mt. Airy and married Steve Hale's daughter. Some few years later from that date he died. His sister, Juanita Masten, lives in Winston Salem now. This date is 1969 and she has never married. Her second brother was Dr. Guy Masten, who practiced dentistry in the Nissen Building there.

Aunt Elizabeth Freeman married in Dobson to Alec Freeman. They had two sons and three daughters: Professor Will Freeman and Attorney Robert A. Freeman; Edna, who married Brady Norman; Rebecca, who married Mr. Laymont, a western gentleman; and Calohil, who married Dr. Hassell. His home was in Mississippi, I think. Callie is yet living; she's approximately 90 years old and pretty spry for her age. Their oldest son, Will, when he was a young man, and Rufus Mosely, J. T. Fender, and E. F. Waggoner of Sparta went to Nashville, Tennessee, and attended Peabody College. After graduation he came home and just a few months afterward something happened.

There was a man who lived in the Midwest somewhere, a multi-millionaire, who decided that he wanted to give a million dollars to some worthy institution. He hadn't decided which one he would give it to, so he went to three colleges and spoke to the president of each of them and said to them, "You select one of your former students to represent you in a debate. They will go before the United States Supreme Court and debate the issue as to which one of the three colleges shall have the million dollars. So the speaker who makes the most points for his college that he represents, that college will get the money."

Peabody selected Rufus Mosely. He was in my school district here in Surry County. These other two representative colleges each selected one that suited them, one of their former students. They came and went before the Supreme Court at the appointed hour and argued the case of which college should get

the million dollars for an endowment. Rufus Mosely was the last speaker. He addressed the court about thirty minutes and closed. William Howard Taft said to Mosely, "That was an excellent address." And they decided in favor of Mosely's address as the most favorable, so Peabody got the million-dollar endowment.

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In speaking of my people, I think I will say here at this point that I wish to mention my mother. My mother was Aradella Hamlin. She was one of the daughters of Thomas Hamlin. He grew up in Rockford, North Carolina; he was a gunsmith. He was also clerk of the court of Surry County for a good many years. When the courthouse was moved when the county was divided and the courthouse was moved from Rockford to Dobson, my grandfather, Thomas Hamlin, moved also to Dobson and built a home. During the Civil War Stoneman's Army marched from Salisbury toward the north at the surrender of the South and the close of the Civil War. My mother was about eight or nine years old. She said that the road was full of infantry, cavalrymen, and soldiers - the road was completely full from Elkin to Dobson. It took twelve hours to make the trip. My mother said that as they entered Dobson they split out in several directions, and some of the soldiers came by her home and demanded something to eat. Her mother fixed them something to eat. These soldiers would ride their horses until they were virtually given out on the road, and whenever they would see a horse they would take it and leave theirs. People, hearing in advance that they were coming in that direction, carried their meat and climbed big tall trees in and around Mt. Airy in the surrounding country and hung their middlings of meat, ham and shoulder meat, in tops of trees to keep the soldiers from Stoneman's Army from getting it. Most all the horses were taken out of the country and carried north by this army as it went along.

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Speaking of the Civil War, Uncle William Martin, my daddy, John Martin, and Uncle Spencer Martin were all drafted in the Army. They fought all the way through the Civil War and didn't get wounded. They came home at the close of the war. My Uncle William Martin was promoted to colonel during the Civil War. After they arrived home, the youngest one of the three brothers decided he would go westward, so he left Dobson immediately and went West. He worked himself west, and he settled in Arkansas in a town called Earle, Arkansas, just across the river in the county near Memphis, Tennessee. Uncle Spencer Martin settled in Arkansas, as I said, just across the river from Memphis. That was before the levees were built on the Mississippi, and water ran way back in swamps for miles and miles.

Uncle Spencer first began to survey out lands in that country after the Civil War for the Federal Government and State Government. During that period land was extremely cheap and he got hold of a good many hundred acres of that land. Men oftentimes would buy and settle on it, then get discouraged and give up, and he would buy it. In the meantime he studied law, and later he was admitted to the Bar in the state of Arkansas and was elected to the Superior Court as a Superior Judge and served in that capacity for twelve years.

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In 1909 I, as a young fellow, decided I wanted to go West, so I caught a train in Greensboro one morning, went down to Atlanta, Mobile, and Montgomery, Alabama; New Orleans; over to Houston, Texas; and then into Dallas. I had an uncle by the name of Pete Hamlin who had gone there many years before and settled there in Dallas County, so I caught a train the same night and went over to Garland, Texas, got in about ten o'clock and went to the Garland Inn, registered, and went to bed.

The next morning I got up, looked out, and the land was just as level as it could be in every direction that I could look, and I'd forgot about taking a trip. I stood there at the window upstairs and looked for two or three minutes and finally decided where I

was, then it came to me automatically that I had made a trip and that I was in Garland, Texas. So I went down and got breakfast and I asked the proprietor, "Do you know a fellow by the name of Pete Hamlin anywhere in this vicinity?" And he said, "Yes, I know that fellow. He comes over here and plays croquet here in the yard right here that borders on the Garland Inn. He'll be over here at ten o'clock - he comes every day."

Well, I decided I'd go over to his place (I'd found out where it was, and it was about four miles). So I put my foot to the road and had walked about three miles and I saw a man coming, driving a nice horse and a rubber-tired buggy. I never had seen Uncle Pete Hamlin but I'd heard of him and I was acquainted with his brothers, my uncles, and as he approached on this occasion I recognized him. By the time he got pretty close to me, I flagged him. He stopped. I asked him, "Is your name Hamlin?" He said, "Yes, sir, my name's Pete Hamlin." I said, "John Martin's my name. I started over to see you." "Well," he said, "get in my buggy and we'll go over and have a game of croquet and get dinner at the Garland Inn and come home about four o'clock." I said, "Okay." So that's what I did. I watched him play croquet around there until four o'clock and then drove with him to his home.

Well, I had a first cousin in that country named Bill Hamlin; he was Uncle Dick Hamlin's son. Uncle Dick lived in that country, too. He wasn't in that country right at that particular time, he was visiting elsewhere. I didn't get to see him that time. I stayed there several weeks. Bill Hamlin was an old bachelor. He lived with his cousin, Uncle Pete Hamlin's oldest daughter, Sally Manes, Mark Manes' wife. They lived there on a beautiful farm right at the edge of Garland, Texas. Bill said to me, "I don't have anything much to do right now; I'll take you anywhere you want to go. Get in my buggy." That was before the automobile's day and he had a nice horse and a rubber-tired buggy, so we drove all around and all over that country for several weeks just showing me the country of Texas - big, broad country.

During that period of going around I remember visiting three or four obsolete long ranged roller mills, built as perfectly as you generally see, but the moss was growing over the steps and

it hadn't been used for years. We went to it and looked about and on the inside and around and moss was growing all about on everything. I asked, "What does this mean, Bill?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "These mills used to be productive; they were in demand. People grew a lot of wheat in this country once and they ground lots of wheat in this country. But some kind of disease struck the wheat several years ago in this land and people quit growing it, the result of which is that these mills are standing absolutely idle and have been for years." The machinery intact and just as it was the day they quit.

So he traveled around with me and we traveled together and I remember going over one day to Garland race track where they were having a horse race, and they bet money on those horses. I remember it was a beautiful race track about a mile around it, level as a plank floor, and lots of people there that day had a lot of money up on different horses. Well, there was a young fellow by the name of Cawley, I remember the name yet, a young fellow about 35 years old. He was lucky; he won the sweepstakes there that day. So at the close of all of it, he turned to a good many of his friends all around and he said, "Let's go up to the saloon and get a drink. It's all on me." Well, a score or two of them went with him, so he turned and said to Bill and myself, "You two come along, too, you're in it; come right along, it's all on me." So we went with him and went up to the saloon and we all had a drink. Everybody drank something; I don't remember exactly what I drank. Some kind of a drink. I believe I drank a beer. Some of them drank whiskey, some champagne.

In those days they didn't ask the barkeeper how much they owed him at the end of getting waited on. After it was all finished, Cawley took out a fifty-dollar bill and threw it down and said, "Keep the change." That's the way they paid their bills in those days in Dallas, Texas, and Garland, Texas, and Austin, especially the cowboys. The cowboys would ride up to the saloons in Dallas city, Texas, and get off - dismount - drop the reins down to the curb; the horses were trained to stand there just exactly in that position until the riders came back. They never moved from there. They would go in, five or six of these cowboys, to these saloons, or wherever they wished, and drink what they wanted

One of them would pull out a twenty-dollar bill when there was five or six of them, drop it on the counter, and say, "Keep the change." That's the way they paid the bills in those days.

So I stayed around out there several weeks and decided I'd come back to North Carolina. One day about ten o'clock I went down to the Garland National Bank (I'd gotten acquainted with the cashier a few weeks before through Uncle Pete Hamlin) and I told him I'd like to have a check cashed. He said, "How much you want?" And I said, "Thirty dollars." "Well," he said, "write it out."

So I wrote a check for thirty dollars and presented it and he gave me thirty dollars in cash. I thanked him and walked over to the depot and bought a ticket to Asheville, North Carolina.

Presently the Santa Fe and Frisco train ran up. I boarded it. At twelve o'clock that day we ran into Paris, Texas. We stopped twenty minutes for dinner. During that twenty-minute period they selected all the linens off the backs of every seat in all the day coaches and pullmans which read FRISCO up to that point. They replaced every one with clean linen worked in red letters on the back of every one of them SANTA FE from there on in to St. Louis. I rode that train until five o'clock and stopped off at Wister, Oklahoma. I spent one hour there and ate supper. It's a small place, a railroad crossing. A good many Indian girls, Indian squaws, were walking around there. I remember them yet. Their hair swung down to their waistlines, black as jet, most of them. Very pretty girls, Indian squaws. After supper about six o'clock I caught another passenger train, the Chicago Rock Island Pacific Road, so I rode that train and at midnight we ran into Little Rock, Arkansas. We stopped there for a few minutes and I rode the remainder of the night.

As I said, Uncle Spencer (Judge) Martin had settled in Arkansas before the levees were built on the Mississippi River. That morning just at day, although the levees had been built years before, yet in this particular case they had broken. The river had swollen high and at least twenty miles before we got to the Mississippi River going east toward Memphis we began to strike currents of water running through the cypress swamps. There

would be 100 or 200 yards of stiff currents of water running pretty lively, then there'd be stagnant, standstill areas for 200 or 300 yards about twenty miles all the way through as we approached the Mississippi River on the west bank. I don't recall the name of the little town, it's there yet, I guess. There was a courthouse there, as I recall, and a few dwelling houses, and you could just see about seven or eight inches of the tops of the windowpanes on the first floor of all these buildings. I saw nobody alive around there at all, and boats, just ordinary boats, were run up to the sides of these buildings and hooked. That's what I saw.

The next instant we crossed the Mississippi River on the bridge on the Chicago Rock Island Pacific Railroad. We ran into Memphis, Tennessee, and stopped twenty minutes for breakfast, and I changed trains - I boarded another train. We traveled all the way, and at noon ran into Corinth, Mississippi, in the northern part of Mississippi and stopped twenty minutes for dinner. Then we rolled out again. That night about seven o'clock we ran into Stevenson, Alabama, in the northern part of the state of Alabama and stopped there twenty minutes for supper and left again. We rolled all night through the different cities in Tennessee, different ones.

The next morning about seven o'clock we ran into Asheville, North Carolina, and I stopped there. Judge Spencer A. Martin had sold out three or four years prior to that date over in Arkansas (his wife had died and his family, his sons and daughters, were not living any longer with him), and moved to Asheville, North Carolina, and bought a home there. So I stopped there and went up and spent a week with him. Rebecca Laymont, a cousin of mine, was living there with him, and I spent a week with them. Later, the Judge sold out in Asheville and moved up to Spruce Pine, North Carolina, and built a home and went into the mica mining business. A few years later he died and was buried in Spruce Pine.

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I am John W. Martin, Jr., the son, the youngest son, of John Winston Martin. His father was Richard Martin, which I

have mentioned. My mother was Aradella Hamlin Martin. She was Thomas Hamlin's daughter.

Well, I might say a little something about my travels since I mentioned that I am a retired commercial traveler, having spent 35 years on the road as a salesman. In 1909 I went to work traveling for Augustus Wright Shoe Company in Petersburg, Virginia. I had about ten or fifteen counties, part in my territory and part in another fellow's territory that worked for them also. I traveled for him for approximately three or three and a half years. They traveled 25 men. I had quite a bit of territory, railway territory; also I drove a hack and team and had a man to drive me and look after the horses. I did well enough to stay on the road that long. It was pretty hard picking.

I remember I left home one Monday morning early, and I was selling shoes on commission - 6%. I traveled in a hack that week and had worked the entire week hard and every day until Friday afternoon. I went down to Stuart, Virginia, and headed south. About two o'clock that afternoon I came upon a store south several miles of Stuart. The merchant's name was Ayres. I had the good luck of scratching my order pad for the first time that week. My spirits were exceedingly low up to that moment of time because my expenses were running high and I hadn't sold a dime's worth of stuff that entire week until I saw Mr. Ayres. He bought about \$150 worth of shoes from me and that picked my spirits up some.

So I went my way and bid him goodbye, and that afternoon pretty late I arrived in Stokesdale, North Carolina. I looked around and I found to my surprise that a gentleman who represented the Farmers Union at that particular time and age was just opening up a nice new store. I got acquainted with him and asked him if I could bring my line of shoes in and put them up on his counter and said I'd like to sell him his opening bill if he liked them. He said, "Well, I haven't yet bought, so bring them in and I'll look them over. If I like your line and your prices, I'll give you an order."

So I had my man place my trunks in the store lobby and put about 500 samples of shoes on his counter. I went through and

gave him all the prices I had for an hour or two, then suppertime came along. He said, "Well, let's go to supper. We'll come back after supper and lock the door. I believe I like your shoes and I think I'll be able to give you an order." I thanked him and we went our way to supper.

After supper we returned, went in and closed the door, and commenced going through the shoe line again. About eleven o'clock that night we'd passed through the entire line of approximately 500 samples and I'd sold him about a thousand dollars worth of shoes. That picked my spirits up considerably, since that was the second order I'd had that week. I finished the order and he signed the order and I gave him the duplicate, sent it in (gave them references on the bank and so on), and they shipped it right out. He was good; a nice fellow - made me a good customer afterward. Sold a lot of shoes.

I went along like that until 1911. Just before July 4th I did my last work in Kernersville, North Carolina. I picked up and drove home just before the Fourth of July, 1911. I spent the Fourth of July at home and a few days thereafter. The seventh of July I hadn't yet gone out on the road to work, and I went down to a neighbor's house in the country in which I lived, Salem Fork. This place is four miles west of Dobson in Surry County.

While I was down there they happened to be threshing wheat in this particular place, and I had helped to run a machine some years before. I had been reared on a farm and liked to work on a farm, so I got up and fed this threshing machine wheat for about thirty minutes for one of my neighbors. I liked the sport of it. I got off the machine and I was hot - perspiring - and feeling tough.

All the way across, my forehead at that particular moment of time that evening looked like a pickled beet. It was red. I walked home about one and a half miles feeling extremely bad. I got home and went to bed. My mother sent for Dr. Stone down in Dobson and he came to see me that evening and took my temperature. It was 104. I was extremely hot and sick. He said, "You've got typhoid fever."

So Dr. Stone came to see me every day or every other day from July 7th to September 11th. He finally pulled me through,

he and my mother and my brothers. I spent about a week or ten days inside the house after I'd gotten out of bed just a little bit at a time. Finally I did feel able to walk out for the first time in the open. I walked up to the store and got on the scales and weighed. I weighed 96 pounds. I felt like Job when he said in the Old Bible, "I missed death by the skin of my teeth." And they could hold his personage between a person's eyes and the sun and see the whole bone structure in his being. That's about how I felt at that moment of time. But I gradually grew stronger each day and finally gained my strength pretty well back.

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Mr. Charley Dockery, a traveling salesman who lived at Union Cross, about three miles from that present place, had taken over my line of shoes while I was sick. After I had gotten better and perhaps well enough to go back on the road, I said to him, "I won't bother you. I'll let you run this shoe business right on. Just go right ahead." So I messed around at something else until 1912. In 1912 I hired to R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company to sell tobacco for them. They sent me to Lexington, Kentucky. I remember what the Vice-President of R. J. Reynolds said to me just before I left out. They gave me the expense money to travel on from the city of Winston Salem to Lexington. He said, "Go down and buy you a ticket to the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. You can buy it three dollars cheaper to the city of Cincinnati than you can to Lexington, Kentucky, and Lexington is 90 miles this side of Cincinnati." So I did just that and bought my ticket to Cincinnati, and when I arrived on Sunday morning at Lexington, Kentucky, I stopped off. They asked me to go to the Reid Hotel and make my headquarters.

They sent me, and they sent C. H. Dooling from Charleston, West Virginia, down there as the divisional manager. Other men also went along as the days came along from North Carolina to sell tobacco, too. I got acquainted with the gentlemen and Mr. Dooling at the Reid Hotel and they asked me to make my headquarters at the Reid Hotel every weekend. So I did. It was a very nice place; it was an old place and a very fine place to stop.

at. They treated you royally.

Mr. Dooling asked me to come down to his office Monday morning. It was down the street about a block above the L & N passenger depot. I went down there and he gave me instructions to travel the week away from town, away from the city of Lexington. "Well," he said, "buy your ticket and go down to Mt. Sterling, Kentucky; that's a pretty good town about 15,000 population. That's kindly in the edge of the coal mining district and they have lots of trade there with the coal miners." So he gave me expense money to travel the week on and he said, "Now, you work the town of Mt. Sterling; you go to the jobber the first thing when you get there, and buy yourself about two gross of Prince Albert tobacco. We have a great many brands of tobacco, you know. We're concentrating on a particular brand of tobacco in the state of Kentucky. We want you to sell Prince Albert. We want you to introduce Prince Albert in the state of Kentucky. Don't mention any of our brands of tobacco to any merchant at all and don't offer to sell what we have unless he mentions it to you. However, if the merchant asks you for different brands of our tobacco and wants to buy it, sell it to him. Sell him our brands if he wants them, but otherwise don't mention any brand to him other than Prince Albert. Don't sell any man more than two dozen. Sell every man one dozen if you can. We want distribution. That's what we're sending you here for." I said, "Thank you."

So I got down to Mt. Sterling and I worked out the city, spent about a couple of days working the city trade and had pretty good luck selling Prince Albert. The state of Kentucky in those days was wet. They had saloons everywhere just all about in the cities. There was one particular saloon in that town that I had called on two or three different times and had missed the proprietor every time. He sold tobaccos, so every afternoon Mr. Dooling had me billed up to come back into Mt. Sterling to spend the night every night.

They kept me lost all the time. He told me to go to the livery - there wasn't any automobiles in those days - and hire a team. "Now," he said, "this is a losing proposition out here in a way, so we can't furnish you a driver. You'll have to do your own driving in this territory. Go down there and get yourself a

team at the livery and go ahead. Be certain to go to the jobber and get two gross of Prince Albert and pack it in your buggy. Sell every man one dozen or two dozen if you can, but no more."

So I went my way and traveled all through down through that rugged country, among the commissaries in the coal mining country in the district where I couldn't hardly understand a lot of them. They spoke different languages and all kinds of tongues and what have you. All down in that country and in that section and all along those creeks where I'd come to a country store every three or four miles, there'd be two 60-gallon barrels of whiskey parked in the floor in the man's store lobby with a prop under each side and a third barrel laying on top of the two. Each one of the three 60 gallons of whiskey or brandy, as the case may be. Many a day I've seen while driving down through that country especially on wet days, men who worked on a farm and places like that would come and park themselves on these barrels of whiskey, polishing up their .44 Smith & Wesson guns and whetting their knives and so forth like that. I went my way. I worked my trade.

On Saturday after spending every night that week in Mt. Sterling, I got through all but this last saloon that I had called on several times and missed the proprietor. So I goes down and calls on him, and he happened to be at home that Saturday afternoon. I got acquainted with him, shook hands with him, and he had about twenty men, all kinds of nationalities, that Saturday afternoon in his saloon lobby, speaking all kinds of languages. You couldn't understand many of them and not much of what they said. I got hold of the proprietor, though, and I managed to sell him a dozen Prince Albert tobacco, and he signed the order and I gave him the duplicate and he paid me the money. Just as I was rolling from the counter and was sticking it in my pocket, one of those fellows who was standing in the lobby called another fellow somewhere in there (I didn't know where at the time) a bad name. And it raised fury with the fellow who happened to be standing right next to me. He jerked a great long knife, something like the size of a butcher knife, out of a leather scabbard, and as it came out I could feel the wind of it, it was so close to

my leg. At that moment, though, I had just raked the money off the counter the fellow had paid me for the Prince Albert and was about to put it in my pocket, so I took out the door. The fellow started through the crowd with that knife and it parted right and left; I saw that much. They fell right and left out of his way to the fellow who had called him a bad name, so I got out. And I went back to Lexington.

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It was one thing after another like that and I was lost all the time while I was in the country driving. One Sunday afternoon Mr. Dooling called me down to the Reynolds office and he said to me, "Well, Mr. Martin, I'm going to give you a week's routing now and send you up to Paris, Kentucky. I want you to go up to Paris and sell all those fellows you can a dozen or two dozen Prince Albert tobacco. Sell all the fellows in Paris first, take as much time as you need there, then after you get the city worked out, go down and get you a livery turnout. I'm giving you a route sheet; come back into Paris every night to spend the night."

So I did just that. I went up there to Paris. You know, occasionally while driving on those roads in those days, I'd look ahead and see as many as 100 or 150 cattle coming down the highway - beefers. Big, heavy beefers. A man in the front with a big shepherd dog and a man in the rear with a big shepherd dog and the road fenced, macadam road fenced on each side. You couldn't get out only so far, and these cattle were coming all in a press right toward you, 100 or 150 head. I'd been told by the gentlemen who lived in Kentucky that the best thing to do under those conditions was just to pull out just as far as I could get next to the fence because if I kept pressing my way in motion, if those cattle happened to stampede, they'd run right over my buggy, team, and myself and everything else - just tear me all to pieces. I did that on several occasions. I'm just saying this to you to let you know what the conditions were out there. I didn't have any trouble with the cattle out there.

I went on to Paris and spent the night there. Monday morning I got out and worked around the city of Paris and sold every-

body I could - sold most of the folks, too, a dozen of Prince Albert. Made a pretty good circulation of it. That's what they wanted, so I worked hard and after I'd gotten the trade all worked out in the city of Paris, I went down to one jobber and bought a couple gross of Prince Albert and put it in my buggy. Didn't have any way to lock it up, as a matter of fact. And, you know, we happened to be responsible, too, for any theft that might take place. So he'd given me a traveling list and I went my way. The first town, village, I stopped at happened to be two stores, two nice brick stores - several brick homes out there. I couldn't find a place to tie my team so I could see them out the window or door, so I had to pull around to one side and tie my team. I put a couple dozen of Prince Albert tobacco under my arm and went in and got acquainted with the merchant and sold him a couple dozen. When I came back out to get in my buggy, lo and behold, some thief had stolen every dozen of Prince Albert tobacco I had out of my buggy. I drove out from this particular place and had to go back to town.

I went back to Paris, bought a couple gross of Prince Albert, put it in my buggy again and I took off. I worked all day and came out that night just about dusk and crossed a bridge in a little valley and went up to a store and got acquainted with the merchant and sold him a dozen Prince Albert tobacco. I came back out and crossed this bridge and noticed another little joint right in the bank of the road. So I sold him a dozen Prince Albert tobacco. I said to him, "Well, I'm billed up to spend the night in Paris, Kentucky, tonight. Can you give me any idea how to get out of here, which is the best way to go?" He said, "Yes, I can tell you. You take this right hand trail right here instead of going back. If you go around this left way it's a better way, but it's a good deal further. Now, you can pull this right way and the road is extremely rough in places, but it's about three miles and it'll bring you out to a macadam highway if you go to the right here." I said, "Thank you."

By that time it was getting dark. I drove my way on out and pretty soon it got dark. I was driving two pretty good spirited horses. The road was so rough I found myself having to get out of the buggy two different times during that three miles to hold

down the buggy to keep it from turning over. Presently I pulled out into this macadam highway that he'd mentioned, and to save me I didn't know which end to take, left or right. I was dark, and right across on the opposite side was a great big lawn with beautiful trees and a nice, wonderful, spacious home, full two stories - beautiful, mansion-like place lighted up and somebody playing the piano. So I pulled out into the macadam highway and I stopped the horses and hollered, "Hello!" around there just as hard as I could, but I couldn't raise a soul.

So I took a chance and took the right hand end of the macadam highway. I pulled over about a quarter of a mile and noticed I was pulling into a small village. I noticed the first house I was approaching; its porch run out just almost to the edge of the road, parallel to the road, and it was lighted up. So I pulled my horses right alongside this porch parallel with it and I said, "Whoa!"

The horses stopped dead because they were tired. I said, "Hello!" A lady came to the door and she was standing right close, and I said, "Lady, I'm kind of lost. I want to go to Paris, Kentucky, and I don't know which way to go or whether I'm traveling the right direction or not. Are my horses' heads headed in the right direction to go to Paris?" She said, "Yes, you're going right, but when you get up here just about a quarter of a mile from here, you'll come to another intersection where another macadam road crosses this one. If you want to go to Paris, when you strike the next macadam highway up there, you turn directly right straight back to the left and you follow that macadam road and it'll carry you right into Paris." I said, "How many miles is it?" She said, "It's eighteen miles."

And I'd already driven three miles over a rough road in the night up to that moment of time. I thought, "Hello, I've got to drive eighteen miles yet before I get into headquarters." I said, "What's the name of this town?" She said, "Buzzard Roost." I won't forget that soon. So I said thanks and left.

I went my way and I found that she had told me just exactly right. I cut to the left down there about a quarter of a mile from there and pulled right straight and drove them horses as hard as I could without killing them, and just at midnight I pulled into the livery stable in Paris, Kentucky. Everybody in Paris had gone

to bed and to sleep but the boy at the livery place. He roused up and came out and took care of my horses. I went my way over to Central Hotel. Everybody was asleep over there and the clerk was sitting there asleep behind the counter, the desk. I talked to him and woke him up and he assigned me a room and I went my way and didn't get any supper. So it was one thing after another thing like that all along, different as the weeks came and went.

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I kept on selling Prince Albert for Reynolds and going different places in the state. They sent me up to Maysville, Kentucky, and they billed me up to stay up there two weeks; it was a pretty nice city, up the river apiece from Cincinnati. I worked up there two weeks and stayed at Central Hotel about forty yards from the wharf of the Ohio River. They had me billed up to go over into Aberdeen, Ohio, one afternoon when I finished up in the city and see two or three merchants over there. So I did, and when I got through it was dark and I was over on the Ohio side. Well, several gentlemen were standing around the wharf, and I said, "What time does the steamboat run again?" They said, "In the morning at six o'clock." I said, "How in the world am I going to cross the river?" One of them said, "Why, if you want to cross, ring that bell there, there's the rope, and somebody will come after you."

Presently I rang the bell and the first thing I knew I heard a boat coming through the water - it was dark. He went around; it was a little skiff about six feet in length. He said, "Somebody here want to cross the river?" I said, "Yes, I do." He said, "Get in."

I stepped down and looked and there was just one little seat behind him - one little seat behind him in a little skiff six feet in length. I rolled in and put my Reynolds Tobacco Company valise in one end and we lit out. He made an "A" across that river and I wouldn't have given ten cents for myself, waves in that river big as a door and forty or fifty feet deep all the way across there, and it looked to me like the water was standing six inches above the side of the little skiff all the way across. But it didn't sink,

I don't know why. That's a condition I had out there selling tobacco; it was just one thing after another, staying lost all the time while I was out driving.

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I happened to be in the city of Knoxville, Tennessee, on election day in November of that year, the day that Woodrow Wilson was elected President of the United States. I remember that very well. Later I got kinda sick along toward Christmas, so I bought a ticket to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland. And I spent a solid week there - examinations. They fixed me up nicely, so I came out okay with high spirits.

So I came back home; and then in January, 1913, Charley Dockery, who had taken over the shoe line that I had associated with before I had typhoid fever, came to me and he said, "I have a team and a hack and I'll furnish a man to look after your stock, and I want you to drive all over the territory just like you used to. Just take it in hand and work it just like you want to. I'm turning it over to you and we'll just go fifty-fifty. I'll furnish the team and I'll furnish the hack and I'll furnish the man and I'll pay the man, and you can pay all the expenses out of what we make. You take half and I'll take half."

I said, "Okay." So I went to selling shoes again. I drove all around through this mountain country and all about through some of the more level counties and I had pretty good luck.

I happened to be in Smithtown and spent the night in Smithtown in Yadkin County, and I sold Bob Fletcher a nice bill of shoes (he was a merchant there). The next morning it was raining right down. There was a merchant by the name of W. A. Martin who lived in East Bend, North Carolina, just four miles east of there, and I didn't want to drive all the way down there in the rain unless I felt sure I could sell him some shoes.

So I called him up over the telephone and I said, "Mr. Martin, I'm with Augustus Wright Shoe Company. Martin's my name, too. I'm up here at Bob Fletcher's store here at Smithtown and I've sold him and spent the night with him, and I'm fixing to get out of here. Wouldn't you buy a bill of shoes from me today if I was to drive

down there?" "Why," he said, "yes, I believe I would. You come ahead down here. I've been thinking about buying some shoes from Augustus Wright Shoe Company again. Just come on down."

So I drove down there and unloaded my shoe trunks in his store, and I met his daughter. He had a daughter whose name was Miss Alice Martin, as I recall meeting her. She was a very pretty girl. I liked her at first sight. I pulled out my shoes, about 500 samples, all along those big long counters - a big store. I carried them through the shoes. His daughter, Miss Alice, as I recall the name, helped to buy the shoes. I stayed there two or three hours and I sold her and Mr. Martin a very nice bill of shoes.

I liked this girl. I just sorta hung around just a little bit close to her while the other fellow loaded the trunks and got ready to leave, and I said to her, "Well, it's nice knowing you. If you let me, I might drop you a line or call on you again." Well, she said she'd give me a nod.

So I went my way. I sold shoes on that spring and sold like that for awhile. Three or four weeks after that I decided I'd write this lady a letter, so I did. I wrote Miss Alice Martin a letter and told her how much I liked her. I told her I really liked her well and that if she didn't mind I believed I'd call on her again, if she'd let me have a date.

So she wrote me a letter, the first letter I'd got from her, and she said, "Well, when you understand the situation as it really is, you might not want to come down to see me again. I'm a widow. I'm Mrs. Alice Cox. I've been married and I've had a son who died when he was eighteen months old. Mr. Cox died in 1909 and I've been a widow and staying here and helping my father in the store ever since."

That was news to me. I'd been calling on him all along and I'd missed her. Never had met her until that time, and that's just how I met her. So I sat down and wrote her the second letter and I said, "Well, that doesn't make any difference, you being a widow, I'm coming back to see you just the same." So she wrote me again and said, "If you want to come down, I'll give you a

date when school is out. You come down at the school closing perhaps the latter part of May." So I went down and called on her, went down and spent the night at Drummer's Home at East Bend and called on Miss Alice.

I still liked her well. We corresponded all along occasionally, and I quit selling shoes along late in the summer and went over to Moore's Mineral Spring and spent the summer to drink that water and hope that I'd get lasting results from it. Had a good time over there, made a lot of friends, about seventy-five guests spending the summer at Moore's Hotel. We went back and forth from Piedmont Hotel three miles east of there back three miles west of there to Vade Meekam Hotel and Springs. There were three health resorts and our crowd would go back and forth, and I spent about ninety days down there drinking that water and having a good time.

In the meantime, I wrote my girl over at East Bend occasionally and she wrote me. So when I left there I went back to East Bend and saw her. She still looked better than ever.

In December, 1913, the same year, I decided if she'd marry me, I'd marry her. So I asked her and she said yes! I got a man to drive me down from Salem Fork to Crutchfield and I hired Sam Garner, who ran the livery stable at Crutchfield, to send Haywood Barker along with me with a team. We forded the river at Crutchfield. We drove through Boonville - it was a very muddy time - the buggy part of the time was axle deep in mud. We drove through Boonville and then we drove to Yadkinville and I bought my license (just cost three dollars in them days) and we pulled toward East Bend on that muddy pike and got there after dark.

So, on the thirteenth, which was Sunday (the next day), we got married.

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EPILOGUE

John and Aradella Hamlin Martin made their home in Dobson, North Carolina. To their union were born Newton, Richard ("Coot"), Tom, Elizabeth ("Bett"), and John Winston.

The family made their home in the hotel that they owned and operated on the square that fronts on the Surry County Courthouse. The host, John, and his wife were the focus of much county meeting and greeting.

The family removed from Dobson to a new home beside Hamlin Ford on Fisher River, south of Dobson. They were saddened by the loss of the head of the household prior to the birth of the last child. A lonely grave overlooks Fisher River, but the name was carried on by the baby, John.

Newt, the oldest boy, told his mother that he "would be the man" for his family. It will be remembered that he kept the promise. By sheer hard labor and thrift a purchase of land in the "Big Woods," which is about four miles west of Dobson, was made in 1905. John was sent to operate a new family business - a general store. For three months John boarded in the community and acted as factor for brothers while they wound up affairs on the river farm.

On January 1, 1907, the family came to live in their new place. The business listed in Dun & Bradstreet as Martin Brothers grew from the original unit. Tom married Bessie Venable who came to keep house for the family. When Newt married Kizzie Bray a new house was built. The homes were across the road, but both were in sight of the store. Traditionally, all members of the family were used to wait on the community behind the counter.

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Newt, Tom, Coot, Bessie, Kizzie - all are resting in the cemetery at Salem Fork Christian Church. The bones of the old store are bleaching beside the road. The "Big Woods" is wooded only in the memories of senior citizens. Time, the Great Leveler, has laid his hand on all. Some were gently touched. Not all were so fortunate.

We, the "future generations," pause for a nostalgic survey of these predecessors. May they rest well. We are coming.