



From Joey Floyd FB June 30, 2013

#### New Farmers Tobacco Warehouse (Mount Airy)

I never worked in tobacco growing up but I still had first hand knowledge of the process. In 1960 my Dad opened the Blue Ridge Restaurant on Rockford Street next to New Farmers Tobacco Warehouse. I remember every fall the trucks loaded with burlap bales of tobacco would line up and fill the parking lot waiting to get their space on the warehouse floor. It was like a small city of activity all lit up with people spending the night with their loaded trucks. Dad would keep the café open late until well after midnight then reopen by 5 AM the next morning to get everybody fed. I remember the sights, the sounds and especially the smell of the warehouse full of mountains of fresh cured tobacco. By winter it would all be gone except for the worn pieces of torn burlap, scattered piles of cut twine and cracked or broken tobacco sticks lying around. It was a treasure chest of raw material for a young boy to play with. Then, this gathering would start all over again the next fall. It's all gone now, but the fond memories linger