

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 4

SUMMER 2025

Your neighbors

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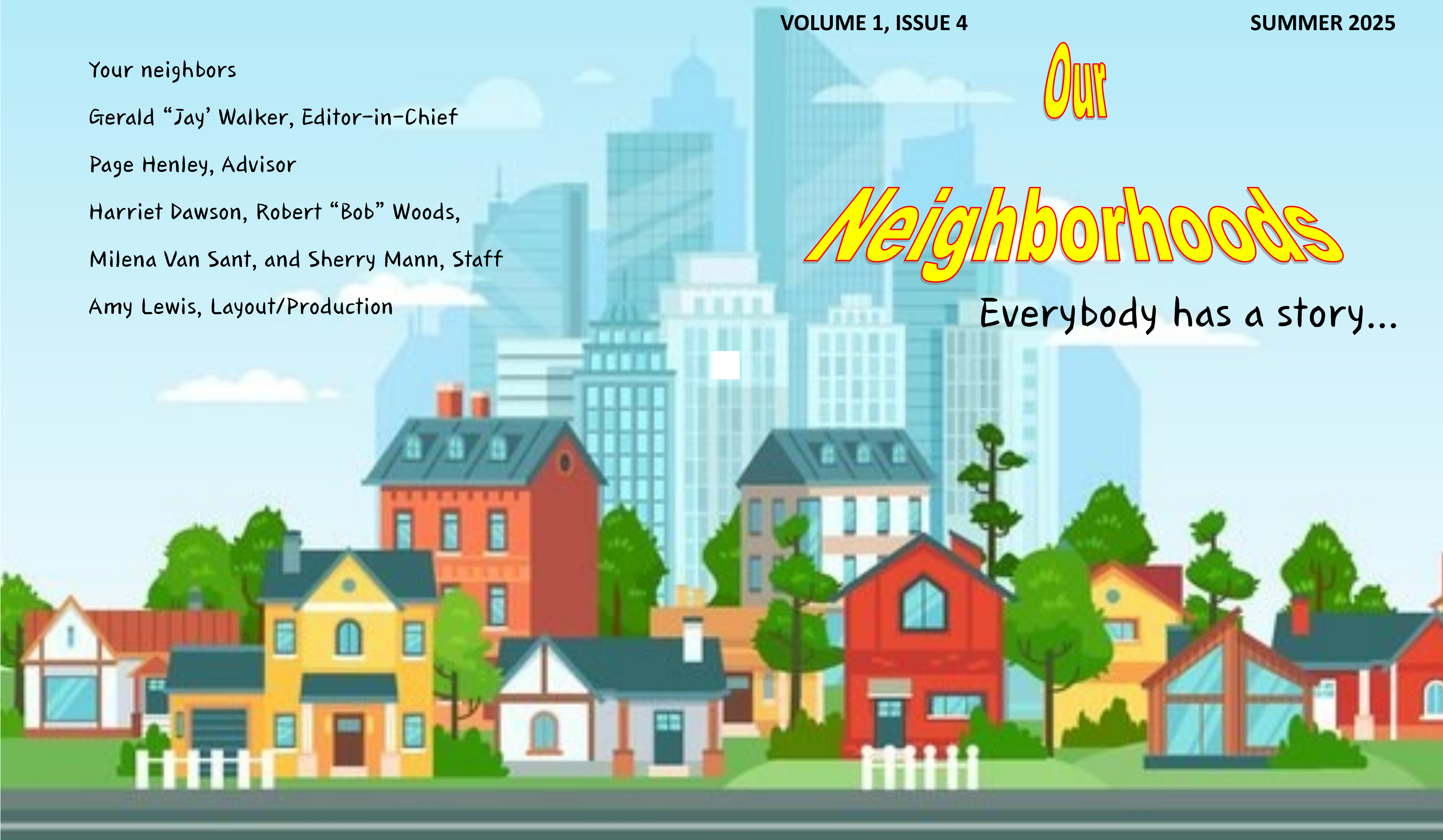
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Our

Neighborhoods

Everybody has a story...



Editor's Notes

Inside Our Neighborhoods

Welcome to the Summer issue, which marks the first year of Our Neighborhoods. Hearing the supportive comments along the way has, well, made it a fun ride. So let's ride into the Summer stories.

What's new? Many of us residents have likely spent time in the past living with roommates. And, looking back, they have stories to tell. Result -- A new Series -- Roommates! To get it under way, we (that's an editorial "we".) have a story of Roommates who got hung up on touch football. Sounds silly, and yes, it was. Got a roommate story? Let me know.

Ladies and Gentlemen, WKWI brings you "The Voice of the Northern Neck"! Of course that is the story of Dean Loudy who built and managed the first radio station in Kilmarnock. It is the story of the time Dean dreamed of going into the new medium of radio until his dreams came true. Along the way, there were many people, but the most important was Mildred. Radio broadcasters were a kind of fraternity, and still are today as they face television. It is common to hear a radio person say "Radio technology is so advanced that it does not need pictures."

Susan Read years ago received a magazine article about aging written by her mother. Today Susan has a different take on her mom's reflections. Read the article and you will get the point about aging and her mom.

Drunk and Horse Thief looks like a strange way to introduce a story about your DNA. But Bob Woods figured it was a good way to get readers interested in his genealogy and at the same time discuss how to get into your own DNA. So in a way, it's a How To article that is also entertaining.

Harriet Dawson became an investigating reporter to get to the bottom of a pressing question: Why is there such a fuss over Chicken Fried Steak (CFS)? After an intense round of interviews over a CFS dinner, a first for RWC, we have the results in quotes and pics, as well as a poem (really). Now we wonder why our investigating reporter went for a salad.

Jay Walker
Editor in Chief

Bob Street probably has sacrificed the most because of his love of Chicken Fried Steak. While in Kilmer, Texas in 1990, Bob and his wife, Pat, following a family reunion with Pat's family that could not have been any more of a disaster, saw a family diner that featured Chicken Fried Steak. They ordered the featured meal and loved it! Their meal lasted longer than their stay at the reunion which ended after thirty minutes. Feeling much better and being much happier, they got back in their car to go to Shreveport to catch their flight home. Even though they were delayed by a passing train that seemed to have no end, and missed their flight home, Pat came home and started making Chicken Fried Steak...and Bob (and Moses) still love it! So, was it the CFS or the train that caused them to miss their flight?

The winning quote of this research goes to Gerald Hoskins. Gerald appeared at the Chicken Fried Steak gathering and shared his understanding of the importance of this delicious creation. It was his understanding that it was in all marriage contracts that a wife had to make Chicken Fried Steak for her husband. He shared with pride that his wife has made it for him for sixty-six years...and they have been married for sixty-six years!!

WHAT IS THIS STUFF??? Is it magic? Is it hypnotic? Why does it cause people who normally, carefully evaluate the contents of the food they eat, to approach Chicken Fried Steak with a cult-like observance and relish every bite?

It was evident at this gathering on May 5 in the Corrotoman Room at RWC, no one knew what CFS really was. Gerald and Bob believed it to be "Minute Steak." Philip said it was "Cubed Steak." Mary, believing it was chewy, announced it was "Shoe Leather." Linda was much kinder saying it was "Beef." Dennis and Jim thought it was

"Chopped Steak" and Walt shared it was probably "Hamburger." Nancy believed it to be some type of "Cheap Steak" while Anke suggested it was dark chicken meat chopped up."

Mary, of CSGFOOD, went and got the Chicken Fried Steak box from the kitchen to settle the debate. She shared the meat, which was breaded and deep fried prior to being served on May 5, was "Sirloin."

So there you have it. A complete investigative report on Chicken Fried Steak at RWC. This reporter can't deny the passion those who love it have for the dish even though they know so little about it. The color, or the lack thereof, bothers no one...they just want more gravy!

Amy Lewis, Director of Life Enrichment at RWC and organizer of the dinner event, was pleased with what she considered the RWC first Chicken Fried Steak Support Group Meeting. "You know the first step is admitting you have a problem."

This reporter is going out for a salad. Enjoy the following "ode" while you have dinner:

WHAT?

An ODE to Chicken Fried Steak By Philip Cross

Mercy me, what can that be?
It's Chicken Fried Steak, can't you see?

What's that on it, looks like dirty snow?
It's saw mill gravy, a recipe from long ago.

Is it chicken or is it steak, I have to inquire?
If you were from the South, you'd only admire.

We fry chicken in the north.
And steak too I bet.
Put it together, it's the best thing yet!

What Is It? By Harriet Dawson

It doesn't look so great. In fact, it looks rather bland. But ask those who circle it on their menus, and "Chicken Fried Steak" is one of their favorite meals! WHY? This reporter just had to find out...and as usual, everyone has a story.

Linda Thomas always had it growing up in Ohio. She loved the way her grandma made it with lots of pepper. She loves the white gravy the most! Jim Mulvany first had it sixty years ago at a road - side restaurant in Texas. He thought it tasted good and loved the gravy and everything that went with it.

"My mom would have made this!" was Dennis Dupre's comment after having Chicken Fried Steak for the first time on May 5, 2025. Although he thought it had too much pepper, he definitely liked it. His wife, Nancy, also had it for the first time on May 5. She liked the ratio of coating to meat and loved the coating the most...it made her think of fried chicken. Mary Stewart, surprisingly, was very descriptive when asked when she first had Chicken Fried Steak. Her first experience

took place on an off shore drilling rig during a trip to Corpus Christi, Texas, with her dad. "It was ENORMOUS!" (One might ask, "What isn't enormous in Texas?") However, Mary is not a fan. She liked it but didn't love it... she thought it was too chewy.



Walt Klein, who wolfed his down in record time, says, "This is NOT Yankee Food!" He had his first taste of Chicken Fried Steak in Alabama while stationed there. "I thought I was going to starve! I've never had so much fried food." As evidenced by

his quick elimination of the dish, Walt has grown to love this "Southern" staple. Anke Longest brought a German flair to her first taste of Chicken Fried Steak believing it tasted and looked a great deal like German "Schnitzel." However, when it came to

taste, she believed Schnitzel tasted the best!

Philip Cross may have been fed Chicken Fried Steak at birth...his sister was unavailable for comment. He can't remember not having CFS and always had it on all holidays. He loves the crispy taste of the edges and the gravy is HEAVEN. Just talking about Chicken Fried Steak inspired him to write his original ODE dedicated to his love of CFS. You'll find it at the end of this article.



CFS Attendees were (l to r) Linda Thomas, Dennis Dupre, Nancy Dupre, Anke Longest, Gerald Hoskins, Jim Mulvany, Philip Cross, Walt Klein, Mary Stewart, Bob Street. Not pictured: Harriet Dawson.

INTRODUCING A NEW FEATURE SERIES: ROOM MATES

By Jay Walker

Many of us have had roommates in the past at school or as a cost-sharing arrangement. Some were agreeable, or not. Room Mates could be funny. Or they could be hell on earth. Mainly, they could be memorable – in short, a good read.

We want to include your experience with room mates. You can send your story at the following:

jay722ksr@gmail.com. Or call me with an idea to expand into a story. (Phone 4269.)

So here is my story.

My roommates were Earnie, my former college roommate, and Don, my best friend in high school. We came together in an apartment on West 72nd street in NYC and a short walk from Central Park (important, see later.) We were "getting started" as they say, although Don was working at a McGraw Hill publication.

We got along easily. Well, there was politics. Earnie and I did not agree when the 1960 election came around. At one point, during dinner, Don suggested that I should put down the carving knife during a "discussion" with Earnie.

I do not remember who brought up touch football in the park. But in less than a week we were team-mates in what became an endless season – really. Fall became winter and winter turned to spring and we never stopped until Memorial Day. The Saturday after Labor Day to the Saturday before Memorial Day became The Season. Maybe the worst part was that none of us stopped talking about the games – just ask any bored date. One time in September, Earnie remarked to a player while in the huddle, "I understand you got married during the off-season. Best wishes."



As roommates we had a number of reasons that kept us together. The first was humor. We laughed off differences. The next was books like the long discussion of Hellers *Catch 22* plus the theatre and movies and yes, television (monochrome).

But most of all there was music – jazz and classical.

DEAN LOUDY: “The Voice of the Northern Neck”

By Harriet Dawson

When Bill Stern, a radio sportscaster from Chicago came over the airways in the 1940's, a young boy was listening to his every word and dreamed of being him. “I thought he was great. I remembered his ‘sports talk’ and I liked it.” Dean Loudy lived about a hundred miles from Chicago during a time when radio was all the “media” folks had except for

getting into radio, was to borrow money to attend the Radio Television Institute and to get his FCC Broadcast License. Once licensed, Dean turned to Broadcast Magazine for help in locating a job in radio. He found his first radio job listed in this magazine. Knowing he had some family in the Bristol, Virginia area, the job that caught his eye was located in South Boston, Virginia. He applied for and was offered the job, took it, and left the black soil of Illinois for the red clay of South Boston. “I did everything! My only objective was to ‘keep the thing on the air.’”

A young lady was also working in the South Boston area and already enjoyed the sound of his voice. On a whim, she called the South Boston station to request a “dedication song.” Funny how that request turned into a 75 year marriage! Dean enlisted in the Navy to become an electronics engineer. During his time in the Navy and while on leave, he married the young girl who loved his voice before anyone else.

The Navy promised him “they would use his capabilities” and they did. He increased his knowledge and skill set and once out of the Navy, consulted his friend, the Broadcast Magazine, for help in finding his next job. This time, the job that caught his attention was in Warsaw, Virginia. Mildred, his new wife, had a mother near South Boston, Virginia and the decision to go to Warsaw and back to Virginia, made perfect sense. Dean has always been grateful to Grayson Headley for giving him his first job in the Northern Neck.

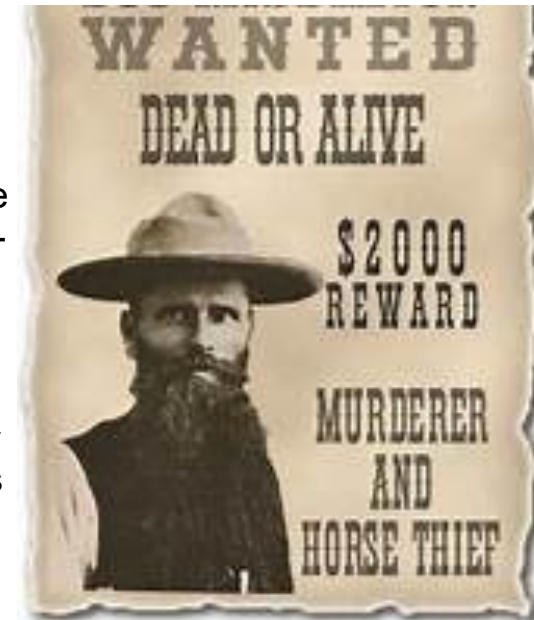


magazines and newspapers. There were no TVs. Dean was a small child, too small to play sports. Both of his parents had passed away when he was very young and he was basically an orphan. Listening to Bill Stern and living sports through him, planted the seeds Dean would later cultivate to become “The Voice of the Northern Neck.” But, it would be a long journey. His first step to achieving his dream of

Progress to date includes a database that has over 11000 people and a lot has been learned about our family. It includes one President, Thomas Jefferson, two governors, William Randolph of Virginia and Issac Shelby of Kentucky and a lot of other people who lived ordinary lives. Many were farmers or adventurers who wanted to try something different.

There is a messaging feature on Ancestry.com that allows you to contact the person whose DNA is a match. A few years back I got a message from a person who was estimated to be a second or third cousin. After some messaging back and forth I learned she lived in Roanoke Virginia and was a retired commercial real estate agent. When the smoke cleared, I found out she is the great grandchild of none other than the axe murderer I mentioned before. Her husband is a prominent lawyer in Roanoke, and she had been doing research for some time as well. We have made contact and spent time together with her twin sister. She was not what I expected from an axe murderer's granddaughter.

One of my most rewarding efforts involved a trip to Canterbury to research Joseph Royall's background. I went to Canterbury Cathedral and I was issued a picture ID to allow me to enter each day without paying an entrance fee. I learned that the name Royall with two l's was the French spelling of the name and implied that the family probably worked for royalty but were not royalty themselves. The

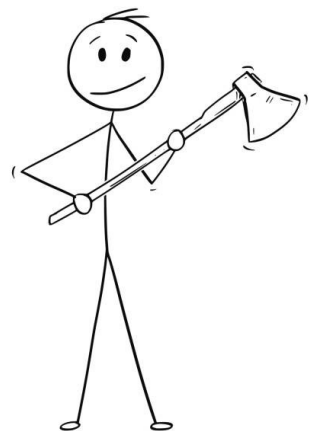


Royall's were an old Norman family who likely participated in the Norman Invasion.

A couple of days before the end of our trip we decided to get a late lunch at a local pub, The Thomas Becket Pub. I went to the bar to order, and I decided on the best lunch from the menu. An elderly gentleman at the bar assured me that the steak and ale pie was the best. He inquired as to

why we were visiting. He was celebrating his 87th birthday with a pint and had time to talk. I told him that 397 years ago my 7th great grandfather sailed from Canterbury to Virginia. “Three hundred and ninety-seven years ago?” he asked. “Yes”, I answered. “We wondered where you had gone” he replied with a smirk.

I bought him another pint. To summarize the lessons learned so far in my research? First, don't assume the worst or the best. Let the data guide you and be skeptical of it. Multiple sources almost always improve the quality of the data itself. Don't take what you find too seriously and keep your curiosity. Learn to take the good news and the bad. Everyone has an axe murderer or the equivalent somewhere.



Drunks and Horse Thieves

By Bob Woods

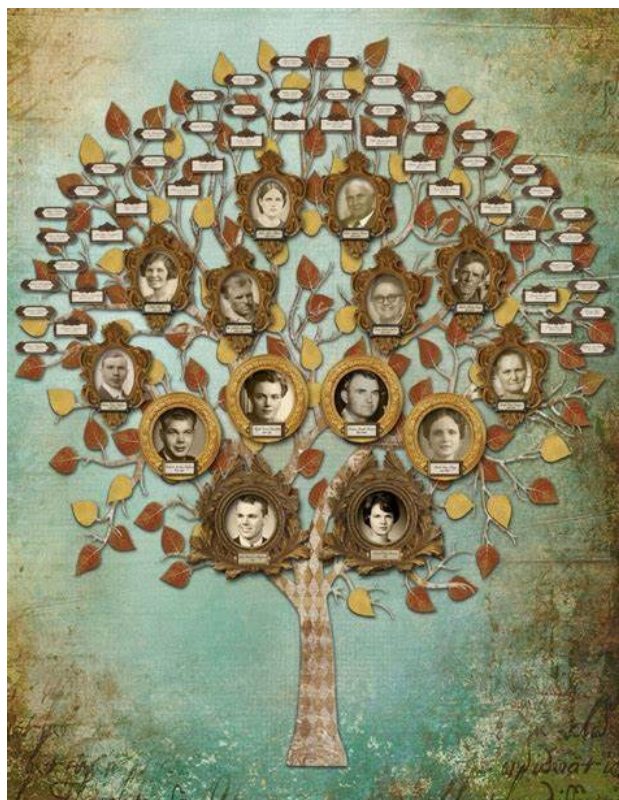
Around 2005 I started my family research on Ancestry.com. The show “Roots” has popularized the process and has given us some insight into what you may find in your search. In my case I knew very little about my family beyond the great grand-parent level.

The other source of data comes from the DNA testing and matching process. Ancestry’s DNA process not only locates other Ancestry members who share your DNA, but it pinpoints what part of the world you’re likely to come from. Connections through Ancestry will predict whether a person is likely to be in your family but what relationship they represent such as cousin, aunt, uncle, great grand-parent etc.

So, what did I learn after years of research about the Woods’ family? First of all, the Woodses originally went by Wood and the name was changed to Woods in the late 1800s. Another bit of information revealed they were Quakers from England that passed through Philadelphia in the 1700s and migrated down the Wilderness Trail to North Carolina. The earliest of the group was Joseph Wood. The information comes mostly from Meeting House records.

On the other side of the Woods family, the Royall’s came to Jamestown, Virginia in 1622 right after the Jamestown Massacre. The first immigrant was Joseph Royall. He settled upriver in Charles City County and patented 1200 acres on the James River. He lost the first 2 wives to

“the fever” and eventually brought over a 3rd from England. He had been trained as a Sea Captain and was the First Mate on the ship named Charitie. Since he patented 1200 acres and you received 50 acres for each immigrant, it looks like he had sponsored 24 people, including the 3 wives.



On my maternal side the original immigrants came in 1731 from the Rhine Valley in Germany. Their German name was Hertzog and they anglicized to Hartsock. They settled in New Jersey after landing in New York.

Within a generation they had moved West into Western Maryland. After a failed attempt to move further west into Pennsylvania and Indian Territory

they headed down the Wilderness Trail to Southwest Virginia and beyond. They were farmers.

In the bigger picture how many drunks and horse thieves did I find? First, I found zero horse thieves. Apparently, it takes a lot of effort to steal a horse. Drunks are in question but nothing more than normal for the times at hand. I did find one axe murderer, but he was an in law who killed his wife in 1889 and was hanged 6 years later in Carroll County Virginia. He was among the last persons hanged in Virginia before the electric chair was adopted for capital punishment.

The couple moved to Warsaw in 1954 and Dean progressed from morning man to general manager at WNNT where he stayed until 1975. During his years in Warsaw at WNNT, Dean did everything needed to help this station prosper but he was also growing himself in his knowledge

to create Kilmarnock’s first and only radio station, WKWI in 1975. As Dean loved to say, “She put up the money, and I did the work!”

With financial backing secured, the next step was to acquire FCC licensure to operate a radio station. Once obtained, the real work began. He had to BUILD a radio station!

Dean Loudy designed the building, then hired an Essex County contractor to assist in the building of this first radio station in Kilmarnock. Also during this time, Dean was uprooting his family, his wife and two children, and moving them to their new home in Irvington, Virginia.

Once again, Dean did everything to make his dream a reality... He did sock hops, emceed beauty contests, baby contests and talent shows, had live broadcasts for businesses and grand openings. Whatever was happening, Dean was there with his microphone sharing everything with WKWI’s listeners.



Do you remember?

This 1957 photo was taken at the official opening of the Robert O. Norris Jr. Memorial Bridge. From left are Dean Loudy, Patricia Headley and Grayson Headley of WNNT Radio, reported Kilmarnock Museum president Carroll Lee Ashburn. “Do you remember?” is a public service

of the Northern Neck and its needs. Dean credits the selling of ads and working with area businesses with this better understanding of the Northern Neck and where its future was heading. With the building of the Norris Bridge in White Stone, Dean saw the growth potential in the lower end of the Northern Neck and a new dream developed. (see picture of [l to r] Dean Loudy, Pat Headley, and Grayson Headley broadcasting at the Norris Bridge Opening in White Stone for WNNT in 1957.)

With the financial backing of his WNNT partner, Pat Dewey, Dean made his move

teners. One of Dean’s most famous activities was the climbing of the 300 foot radio tower each time one of the two “red alert” bulbs burned out. People still remember seeing Dean Loudy climbing up that tower day or night to replace those bulbs! And perhaps his smartest decision during this time was to hire his wife, Mildred, to manage the office. She later became famous in her own right for some of the most creative advertisements to ever “air” in the area. She first arrived at the NEW radio station riding on a construction bulldozer because the area was too muddy for a car to maneuver!

When asked about some of his more vivid memories of those early days, he quickly recalled an event in Northumberland County. "A Navy plane crashed in Northumberland County and because I was in the area selling ads for WKWI, I immediately went to the crash site. I was the first to call the accident into the United Press office in Richmond and into our own WKWI for notification. It was so exciting to be part of news 'happening.'" His most difficult time was when there was a fire at the radio station that destroyed the radio transmitter, and there was no choice but to close the station. Dean immediately contacted the destroyed transmitter's manufacturer in California to order a replacement transmitter. The needed model was "on line" and was able to be completed to WKWI specifications and shipped to Maryland. Dean, along with Joe Silakis, then drove to Maryland to get the transmitter, and the station was up and running again in three days. It was nothing short of amazing! Dean has always been grateful for the many people who have "seen him through tough times."

No article would be complete without asking Dean how he got the name of "The Voice of the Northern Neck." Dean believes it is because of all of the radio announcing he did at various sports events including the "Midget League" in Warsaw, and calling games at Lancaster High School with Carol Lee Ashburn. Dean's daughter, Beth, recognized the growing popularity of Dean and his voice when she came home in the third

grade and announced to her mother, "Now I know how movie stars' children feel." He was famous! Those of us who have known Dean for a long time, recognize that indeed he is famous, but the path to fame was not an easy one. "I worked hard all the time, day or night; if something needed to be done, I did it... you just had to. I put everything I had into building that station...and I enjoyed what I did. It felt good." Dean contributed much to the success of others by providing first time jobs to many. Ray Tregembo, fifty-



BILL STERN—RADIO HALL OF FAME

three years after receiving his first job from Dean, wrote this recent "thank you" to Dean:

"I was the skinny kid from Philadelphia with one hand. You took a chance on me and gave me instruction, guidance, support, and once in a while, a stern talking to. How different my life would be now at 73 had you not given me that first opportunity 53 years ago. Thank you for taking that chance on me. It lasted a life time."

Bill Stern may be famous in Chicago, but no more so than our Dean Loudy... who is so much more than just "The Voice of the Northern Neck." He represents its very lifeblood.

Dean Loudy retired from WKWI in 1992 but his legacy continues. His radio station, WKWI 101.7, celebrates its 50th year this year! Congratulations Dean! What a gift you gave the Northern Neck!

My Mom's take on Aging

By Susan Read

In 1991, when I received a copy of this article written by my mom for an English-language publication in Mexico, I was in my mid-50's and aging was not on my front burner. That was then.

My mother lived in Mexico and was a regular contributor to the publication in San Miguel de Allende. Like most women of the time she did not attend college, but worked to get her two

brothers through school. Nevertheless, she took advantage of travel and especially loved life in Mexico. She passed at age 96 in Kilmarnock.

This is now. Approaching the big NINE OH, I have a far different view of the article and the woman who wrote it. Mom could easily fit into RWC and recognize our life here today. I'm glad I saved her take on aging.

Sept. 13, 1991

Marjorie J. Smith
200 Burnham Road,
Lake Oswego, Or.

JUST ABOUT THINGS

And this is about growing old. To this point I have shied around the word, OLD. I have chosen to say, "as we grow older." That seemed more acceptable. After all, every one is growing older, even those glamorous, g-stringed (strung?) twenty year old lovelies we see on magazine covers, or sprinkled carelessly over our beaches.

But now I must face facts. I am old! Everyone, over seventy, well, let's make it seventy-five, is old. And you know something? It isn't all that bad. Fortunately, Very fortunately, I am in excellent health. I can still walk two miles a day, and do, although not quite as fast as I did when climbing the hills of San Miguel.

Now I am walking a path along the river, and I stop to pick a bouquet of wild sweetpeas, or to listen to the music of a small waterfall, taking a short cut down the ferny hillside. I'm not in a hurry, and I find the sweetpeas and the waterfall as therapeutic as the brisk strides I used to take.

I donate some time to a thrift shop (Bodega experience) for "a cause". I see old friends and make some new ones, not many, but a few. The responsibility of one's own life, keeping it interesting, is heavier than when just keeping abreast of it was an accomplishment, but assuming that responsibility is a source of satisfaction.

I travel, which I love, sometimes to places with strange sounding names and sometimes to familiar places, to see family, or dear old friends. I enjoy the reunions, the catching-up talk, rolling off our tongues at incredible speed. I enjoy the different ambience, the change.

And then, it's good to be home. I've picked up some ideas. I'll have a chair recovered, or buy a new lamp, perhaps plant begonias on my terrace. Most of these pleasures I didn't have when I was young. I was busy then raising children, taking care of a husband, a house, a family's life. Happy in a very different kind of way.

I think that what I am trying to say is that being a widow, living alone, and yes, being old, doesn't have to mean, "a lonely old widow." Not at all!

Of course, if I could have my companero back I'd choose that in a minute, but in the meantime, life can be good, even for an "older woman."