

VOLUME 2, ISSUE 1

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Your neighbors

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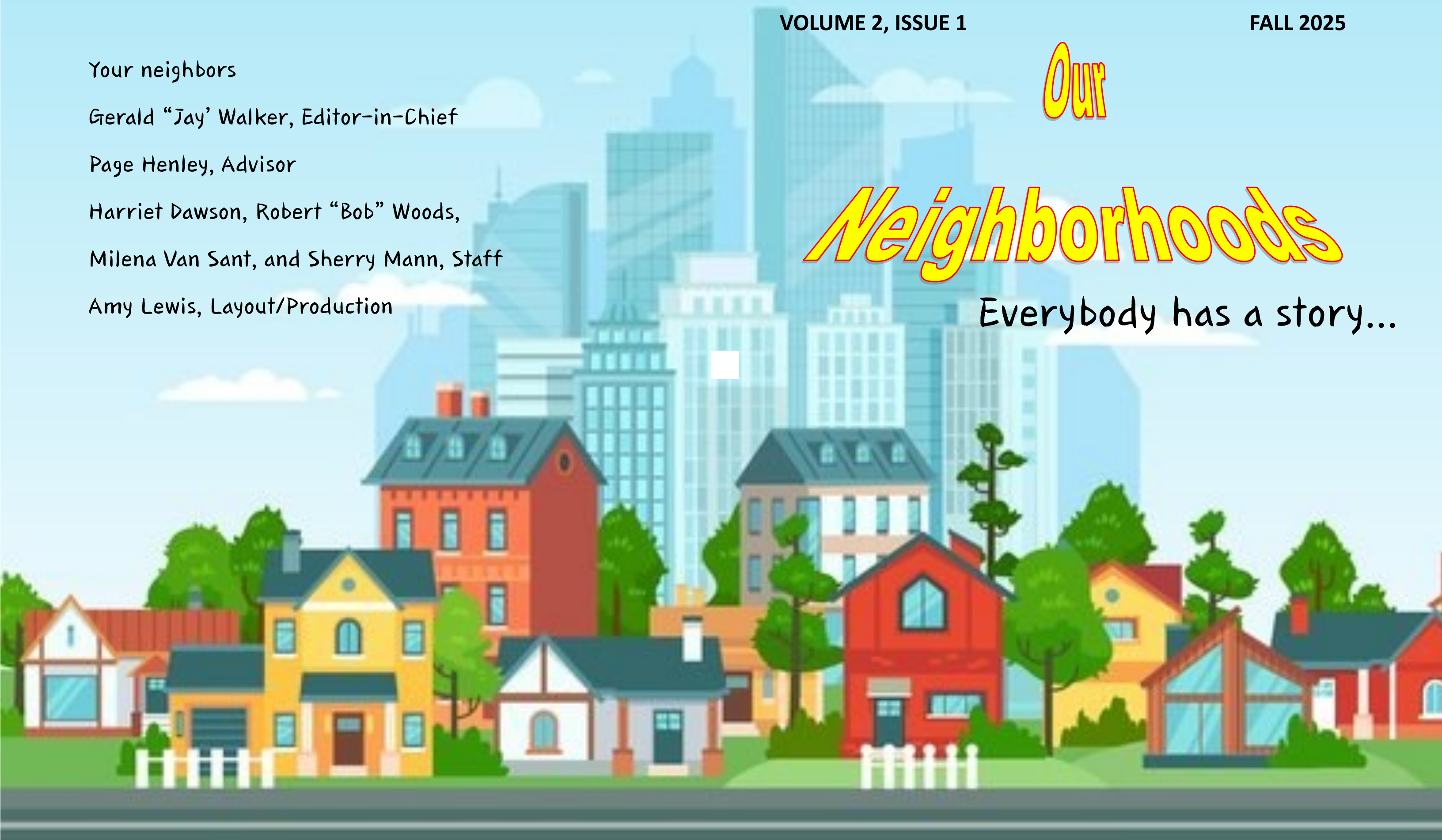
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Our

Neighborhoods

Everybody has a story...



Editor's Notes

Inside Our Neighborhoods

Welcome to Fall 2025, the first issue of our second year. Who said it would not last? And to kick off the next year, we are introducing AU-DIO. Amy Lewis is leading this project aiming to repurpose stories in this issue and delivered by email. Details will follow. Meanwhile, let's look inside.

The first and last stories relate. Remarkable episodes in the lives of two remarkable women, Jane Henley and Renate Muller. Why remarkable? Read on, please.

Jane Henley never thought a visit from her mother would take her deep into a heritage she had never explored. Her mother's simple statement, "There was a graveyard in Ivy." was the first step in recognizing her (Jane's) relationship to Merriweather Lewis and the famous Lewis and Clarke Trail, as well as relations with Native American Tribes, christening naval ships, and preserving an American heritage.

Renate Muller's story begins on a farm in Africa, the Usambara mountains of Tanzania, E. Africa to be exact. In 1946, when her parents decided the children needed an enhanced education, began the journey of her life and eventually a career in medicine. That initial six-week adventure just to reach Switzerland could qualify for a Hollywood treatment. It was no surprise to learn that at seventeen Renate returned to Africa to climb Mount Kilimanjaro as a birthday present!

We have two stories for the Roommates Series, that may be on audio as well.

Bob Woods describes his long-time friend and college roommate as "ever the engineer" with a number of amusing examples including electric sox.

Harriet Dawson admits she did a terrible thing by abandoning her friend and roommate to enjoy an outing with a bunch of boys. She seemed to dwell on the guys in swim suits while her roommate was in the hospital, see pix.

Finally, with "Rosebud" a Hog Story, Kerley LeBoeuf has a coming of age tale. There are actually two Rosebuds. The first was a prize-winning pig. And the second was the result of a big decision. Read it and laugh.

Jay Walker
Editor in Chief

available. That meant a long train ride to Uganda and South Sudan to Juba. We travelled under the guardianship of a Swiss family with similar aged kids; our parents could not make the trip.

The ship we boarded in Juba was a Triple-decker paddle wheeler. It stopped at countless villages along the way where people and their animals would disembark or join us. It was a noisy but joyful crowd, and we often joined them tasting their food and helping with their animals and children.

In Khartoum we waited for two weeks for a further connection to Cairo. From Cairo we managed to catch a military plane to Naples, Italy, and from there by train to Switzerland. All in all, a 6-week journey.

From there on to a boarding school in Hastings, England. The 1947 winter was one of the coldest and the food rationing was crippling. We saw our parents every two years for a few weeks!

My sister stayed and settled in England. At seventeen I managed to persuade my father to let me return to Africa for 6 months. I also managed to persuade him that I needed to climb Mount Kilimanjaro as a Birthday present!

Back in Switzerland and another boarding school this time with bilingual (French and German) students and teachers. I

needed that final exam to go to medical school in Basel, Switzerland.

At that university, my future husband was studying chemistry. We both finished with degrees in 1960. and almost immediately left for the US to continue in our chosen fields as post-doctoral researchers at Harvard and MIT.

Three years later we packed up and drove

across country to LA in our VW Beetle to continue our studies at UCLA.

Back in Switzerland our two children were born, Hans joined a pharmaceutical Company, and I gave up full time medicine to look after two small children. Briefly the rest of the story....

back to the USA, New Jersey, Puerto Rico for 4 years and on to Australia for three. Back stateside Hans retired, we moved to the

Northern Neck for 20 years, sold our house to move to New Mexico for 5 years just to get a taste of the high desert and southwest. We just missed the Northern Neck too much, and returned.

This is truly a lovely final resting place, we are grateful to be here.





AFRICA AND BEYOND By Renate Muller

I was born and spent the first 12 years of my life on a farm high in the Usambara mountains of Tanzania, E. Africa. My parents were immigrants from Europe. My father was a Swiss trained engineer and architect. He met my mother as she was disembarking off a steamer from Genoa. She traveled alone and was ready for an adventure.

Together they bought a large piece of land in the mountains and our farm "Mkuzzi" was born. (See photo on Page 10).

The climate, at 5000 ft., it is like the Mediterranean with two rainy seasons but no cold or hot weather. My mother grew all the plants on the farm from seeds or cuttings, our house was built from bricks produced on the land, electricity came from a water-powered turbine with a battery bank. The water for that was diverted from the river in our valley. Wood was plentiful in the jungle behind our house. Everything we needed and ate came from the farm. We had many animals: cows, chick-

Big decision time???

Big decision made!!!

I sold Rosebud and her little pigs and bought a "Harley Hog."

The logic was simple. Instead of herding 14 pigs back home, I could be taking 16-year-old girls for motorcycle rides.

Of course, I named my maroon Harley Davidson motorcycle "Rosebud."

ens, ducks, sheep, geese, and pigs. Two German Shepard dogs kept the monkeys out of our orchard and coffee plantation. Peacocks were the only useless animals on the farm.

All the helpers we needed on the farm and in the house came from the surrounding villages, they all spoke Swahili and were illiterate, kind, and trustworthy people.

My sister and I grew up speaking German with Mother but English in the boarding school we went to in Aruasha. We also learned Swahili.

Mother ran the farm, and we were free to wander everywhere, climbing trees, swimming in the river, or helping with the animals, we were always under the watchful eyes of the native workers, keeping us safe!

In 1946, after the war, our parents decided we needed a better education than was offered locally. The only way to go to Europe was by traveling down the Nile to Egypt. There were no ships or planes

"There was a graveyard in Ivy"

By Harriet Dawson

She was named after Meriwether Lewis's sister, Jane Lewis, but was never particularly interested in her lineage or family history until the birth of her first child and her mother came to visit. Her mother's simple statement, "There is a graveyard in Ivy," changed her life forever.

But wait...we have to provide some background!



Our Jane, "Jane Lewis Sale Henley," was born in Welch, West Virginia, a coal mining town. Jane's father and mother had three children in Welch (Jane was the third child) and later had three more children after moving the family to Charleston, West Virginia.

Jane met her husband, Page, in Charleston. While Page was in Law School at The University of Virginia in Charlottesville, they had their first child, and named her Elizabeth Lewis. While visiting Jane, her mother, Ann Meriwether Anderson Sale, shared she had once visited the grave of Meriwether Lewis or what was

believed to be his grave. She believed the grave to be in Ivy, Virginia, a village very close to Charlottesville. A plan to visit or rather to find the grave, was developed. Jane's involvement in the Lewis and Clark Trail was beginning!

It is well documented that in 1774, Meriwether Lewis was born to Lucy Meriwether and William Lewis at Locus Hill, Ivy, Albemarle County, Virginia. A daughter, Jane, born in 1770 and another son, Reuben, born in 1777, completed the family. Meriwether Lewis would live at Locust Hill (see picture) until approximately eight years of age, following the death of his father while serving in the American Revolution. Approximately a year after William Lewis' death, Lucy remarried a friend of William's, Captain John Marks. The couple moved to a colony on the Broad River, Georgia and had two more children. Even though Meriwether loved the outdoors at a very early age while living at Locust Hill, it was in Georgia that he became an expert hunter and fisherman. His love of the outdoors and nature contin-



ued to grow while growing up along the Broad River. Jane, Merriweather's older sister, married Edmund Anderson at the age of 15. The couple would become the parents of nine children and made their home back in Virginia. John died in 1810 leaving Jane a widow for thirty-five years until her death in 1845.

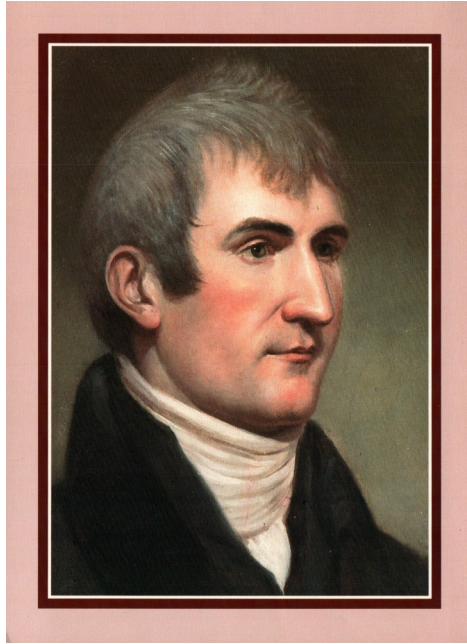
Meriwether would return to Virginia for an education at about age 14 and began learning about his inherited property, Locust Hill, which was comprised of about one thousand acres. The property, until Meriwether became of age at 18, was managed by two of his uncles. Meriwether, at age 18, also became the head of his family following the death of his stepfather, John Marks. Meriwether went back to Georgia and brought his family back to Locust Hill. Reuben, his younger brother was already in Virginia.

You must be asking, "What does this all have to do with Jane Henley and a grave?" I am so glad you asked! Meriwether never married and had no children. Reu-

ben was married but never had children. Our Jane Henley is related to the Lewis family through the sister, Jane.

Jane's mother, Ann Meriwether Anderson Sale, was aware of this relationship and named her daughter after Meriwether's sister. She had continued to think about this Locust Hill Family and where they were buried. Her statement, "There is a graveyard in Ivy," created a spark in the lives of Jane and Page that is still flaming today.

It would take years, but the graves of Lucy, Reuben, Jane Anderson, and her children were found. (Meriwether Lewis is buried on the Natchez Trace in Tennessee.) While in Charlottesville, Jane found the current owners of the remaining Locust Hill property as well as a neighbor owning two acres of the original property (a descendent of Jane Anderson), who allowed Jane and Page to search for the grave sites.



Page describes the original search as being in "the middle of a jungle." The area would be cleared with the help of an individual discovered while Page was working in Philadelphia, Chuck Brown. The stone wall surrounding the graveyard

would be repaired by assistance from a stone mason recommended by Jefferson's Monticello experts. According to Jane, "Every stone found fit perfectly in the wall."

Today the family of Jane Anderson owns the graveyard acreage and maintains the area through the Locust Hill Graveyard Association.

This would appear to be a perfect ending to any quest but the story of Jane Henley and her involvement

with the Lewis and Clark Trail is just beginning. Jane would "volunteer" to host the first ever meeting of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation held in the East. It was a huge success and Jane was named Chairman of the Foundation in May 2002.

Because of her family heritage, Jane would be selected to christen the USNS Lewis and Clark on May 21, 2005 at National Steel and Shipbuilding Company in San Diego, California. Later, in June 2006, the USNS Sacagawea would be christened at this same company in San Diego. Both ships are docked in Norfolk, Virginia at the present time. (Prior to the christening of this ship, Jane's mother, Ann Meriwether Anderson Sale, would christen the first ever Polaris Ballistic Nuclear Submarine named "Lewis and Clark" on December 22, 1965. The sub was decommissioned in June 1992. The scrapping of the sub was finished in 1996

"Rosebud" A Hog Story

By Kerley LeBoeuf

Setting:

Richland, Georgia – population 1,500 – about 20 miles from Plains – twelve of us in the 10th grade. Ideal setting for a "country bumpkin" like me.

At Richland High School, all the boys joined the Future Farmers of America when they got to the 9th grade. Yes, the girls joined the Future Homemakers of America at the same time. That's just the way it was in 1955.

The FFA offered a "pig chain" whereby three of us each could get a pig, raise her, breed her and return a pig to the next recipient a year later.

I got the Duroc Jersey pig not long after she was weaned. She was beautiful with her maroon hair, and I named her "Rosebud." Rosebud and I bonded immediately. She was my first chore every morning and after school. Fortunately, our property had a fenced area adequate for a small pig.



After a few months, we began to prepare for the County Fair pig competition. This

required me to train Rosebud to walk forward and stop on command. This was done by touching her rump with a cane to walk forward and touching her nose with the cane when it was time to stop. At show time, this would be in front of the judges. Not dissimilar to training a dog. Grooming was also part of the competition. Before the show, I rubbed her maroon hair down with linseed oil and brushed it with a straight line from her neck to her tail and down on both sides. This was proper grooming to show the best features of your pig.

Rosebud was wonderful at the fair. Perfect performance. But, alas, she was a bit petite at 280 pounds and did not get the blue ribbon. Her second-place red ribbon was just horrible as it clashed with her maroon hair. Rosebud was not happy. We moved on.

She was bred by a handsome Duroc Jersey boar and, soon thereafter, delivered thirteen little pigs, eleven males and two females. As they grew, the rambunctious pigs managed to break through my fence regularly and go to our neighbor's farm and root and feed on his silage. This required me to go to the farmer, apologize for my pigs, and herd them back to their fenced area.

Why couldn't I fix the fence to keep them contained? I was a "modern" pig farmer at the age of sixteen and had built an electric fence to manage my larger herd. The problem was it only took one pig to walk through the fence with a minor shock, and all the other pigs strolled through with no concern for me or their rules.

About this time in my life, I got my driver's license.

Genie was an amazing athlete, credited with starting the NC State Women's Basketball program. She scored the first field goal in Reynolds Coliseum for the new team in December 1974. We loved every sport even though very little, other than basketball, was offered to us during our high school years. But there was water skiing, snow skiing, neighborhood softball, horseback riding, bicycling, and hiking to fill up our days. We'd never been white water rafting but I was sure a little old stomach bug would not keep "Magic Genie" down!

As time approached to leave for our new adventure, we were so torn and so upset but we had planned this trip for weeks. Should we cancel the trip? Should we continue to hope Genie would come back from the hospital? It's such a perfect day for white water rafting! Should one of us stay with her?

Genie didn't get back from the hospital in time. She didn't have a stomach bug, she had food poisoning and had to be connected to multiple IV's for the entire day just to feel better. We wanted to be with her. But it was such a beautiful day and those guys really did look great in those swimsuits. I knew she would want us to go after our friends had traveled so far. We decided, "She'll understand. Our landlady is with her...she was happy to stay with her. It is a beautiful day...I think the guys are already getting tans. I'm sure we'll all do it again another day after she is well. I hope she'll under-

stand."

She didn't. It was a long rest of the summer. And it was a terrible thing to do but we had so much fun! Just can't fight the water, guys with tans in swimsuits, and a beautiful day...and the sweet days of youth. Plus, who knew those little frozen eggroll things could make you that sick?



PS: Genie and I continue to do plenty of other crazy things and remain best friends to this very day.

but the sail, sail planes, and rudder were saved and are now part of the Cold War Memorial at Patriots Point in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina.)

Jane's willingness to learn more about her famous relative and her involvement with the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, provided Jane with multiple opportunities to develop relationships with numerous Native American Tribes. Because of these relationships, the Native American Tribes trusted Jane as they agreed to be involved with the planning of the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial, 2003 - 2006. She encouraged them to see this involvement as a chance "to tell your story, your way." The leaders of the involved tribes credited Jane's sensitivity as the reason they agreed to participate. And what about her trips out west? Her meetings with tribal leaders? Her involvement with the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation? What happened to Locust Hill? Does Jane visit the graves in Ivy today? Does she ever see her Lewis relatives? So many questions. So many stories to tell. Interested in learning more? Let us know. The fire is still burning.

Roommates Series

Ever the Engineer—My College Roommate

By Bob Woods

Bruce and I have known each other since we were in Ms. Duff's 5th grade class. We were 10 years old. We were in Ms. Adams' 6th grade class and Ms. Self's 7th. We progressed through 8th grade and high school together. We rode the same school bus and were in the Scouts together. Both of us came from large families and our fathers were coal miners. For all our similarities and common experiences we had our differences. I was the oldest of 9 children and he was number 6 of 7. He was thoughtful and introverted and kept his powder dry until he chose to participate. I was outgoing, extremely extroverted and too often what came to my mind came to my lips.

Bruce was built to be an engineer. I would have to adapt and learn how to inject personality into the equation. In the first year at Virginia Tech we faced many of the same problems and the

school assigned your freshman roommate. Both of us ended up with roommates from Richmond, Va who thought we were from some unknown high school in Appalachia and they could not believe we could read and write. Little did those roommates under-

stand that at the end of first year we were still studying engineering and they had moved on to other things. We became roommates in our sophomore year. Bruce loved to shop by catalog, obviously a man ahead of his time. He was made for Amazon. He liked to get packages and I was jealous of him having them at the campus post offices. Oddly his favorite place to shop was out of Field and Stream magazine. He liked the idea of the outdoorsman but he didn't like

living in a tent either. His experience with ordering electric socks comes to mind. Blacksburg winters were brutal in our



days. We got over 30 inches of snow in one week and the school closed for only day since the late 19th century. Bruce decided this was a way to beat the crossing of the drill field in the snow and wind. Trouble came when he was sitting in Physics class and he smelled something burning. It was he. End of story on electric socks.

In retrospect it was truly a different time and place. We were 150 miles from home. Most of our time in school we didn't have a car. We hitch hiked everywhere. We could often get rides home with other students. Tech had a ridesharing board where you could connect. The driver was allowed to charge a penny a mile for passengers. That seems crazy now. Since our homes were only a mile apart we dropped off and picked up things for each other and relayed

any news of the other one to their families. We were not rich but we were resourceful.

We lived in on campus dormitories through our junior year. We poked fun at each other's engineering specialty. Bruce referred to me being an industrial engineer, an IE, as an imaginary engineer. I referred to his being a Civil Engineer as being a dirt engineer. CE's like to move dirt around. They call it soils but I knew it was really dirt. Bruce was a dyed in the wool CE. His oldest brother, Max, was a graduate CE and worked in Washington, DC for the Federal Highway Administration.

For our senior year we moved off campus in Blacksburg. For the first time Bruce became distracted. He was having relationship troubles with his girl-

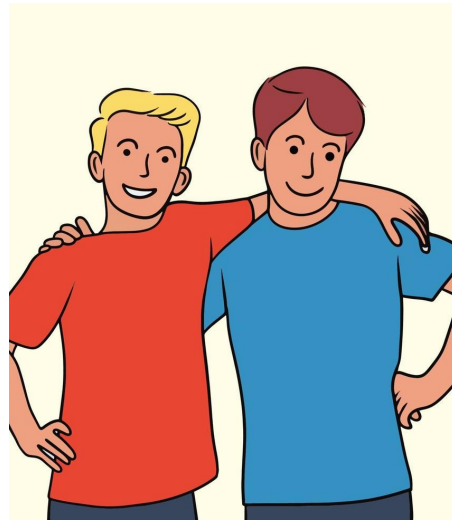
friend and the commute to class was more complicated than living on campus. As a result, he ended up on academic suspension. He left school temporarily and got a job at Radford Army Arsenal. Within 60 days he was drafted into the Army. Within the next 60 days he was sent to Vietnam. Meantime I graduated and went to work for the Naval Facilities Engineering Command in Norfolk. We corresponded regularly by mail. He was serving as a payroll clerk in Da Nang. Thirteen months later he returned to school.

Bruce returned from Vietnam a changed man. The distractions were gone, he was now a dean's list student and he got both his undergraduate and Masters degrees. He was the engineer he was always meant to be. The bulk of his career he rose through the ranks of a commercial con-

struction firm in Columbia SC. He eventually retired as a Senior Vice President and now lives there split with time at a second home in Charleston SC.

Through the years we have kept up with each other through Tech football games, reunions and unfortunately funerals.

Bruce's van with multiple TVs, Direct TV satellite service and a generator is legendary. It always draws a crowd of mostly guys to watch game of the week, past Tech games and whatever pleases the crowd. He never has to buy a drink. His nerdy ways and engineering approach are always on display. We have known each other now for 68 years. Three years as college roommates. Friends for life.



Roommates Series

Who Knew?

By Harriet Dawson

It was a terrible thing to do, especially to your best friend.

Genie and I were employed to do summer work in Asheville, North Carolina that would fulfill internships for our col-

lege degrees. It was fun being roommates! It was a great life.

It was so great, we invited eight of our closest friends from our hometown (about three hours away) to come spend the weekend with us and go white water rafting on the French Broad River. Sure! We had plenty of room... lots of floor space for sleeping bags or blankets. No problem!

The night before our white water rafting trip, Genie was ill. I mean ILL!!! You know, the kind of ILL you do not want to be with an apartment full of people... and one was her boyfriend! She was so ill the next morning, she had to be taken to the hospital. One of our landlords took her while the rest of us stayed at the apartment getting ready for our trip. We just knew she would make it back in time...she was GENIE!



lege degrees. It was the summer of 1974, the summer before our final year of college, and Genie was employed by the Asheville Parks and Recreation Department and her work fit the requirements of the NC State internship program for her degree. I worked for the Internal Revenue Service which did the same for my degree at UNC Greensboro. We rented a cute little apartment at the home of friends of Genie's family...it was perfect! One bedroom, one bath, one tiny little kitchen, and a living area big enough to do nightly exercises. We worked during the

