

# The K

Vol 11

## THE MAUNEY TOURING

Continued From Last Week.

(By Miss Bonnie Mauney)

Finally all was ready and it was not long till we were on the way to Roanoke—but the clock said 11:30 A. M. The road from Winston Salem to Roanoke is country road. In some places it is very good, in others it is very poor. We had some trouble in finding our way but people were always willing to direct us. We went through Kernersville, Stokesdale, and on to Madison. Here we enquired concerning the road and one gentleman very graciously directed us to keep the straight road ahead until we reached a certain garage sign, at which point we were to "turn abruptly to the right." Obedient to his directions we followed the road till we came to such a sign and sure enough here was a road. Into this road both cars turned but soon we stopped. The road ended at a colored cabin a few hundred yards from the public road. At the sight of such a delegation the colored women hastily quit their wash-tubs and came around to welcome us, but at the same time we were beginning our retreat and before long we were safe in to our old road. Our directions to "turn abruptly to the right" gave us more trouble. Being misled once we thought we'd not look for such a sign again and as a result we went a mile beyond our "turn abruptly to the right."

After going over some rough road and crossing the railroad until we grew weary of it, we reached the town of Martinsville Va. This is a prosperous place, it seems, judging from the comfortable homes and convenient and imposing store houses. All of us were beginning to feel the need of food so we went to a restaurant kept by a rather unusual type of woman who was to give us plenty of ham and eggs and coffee. Here we had quite a lively time with this comical old soul. She apologized for not having something better and assured us if she had only known we were coming she would have had a good dinner. "Where are all you folks agoin'?" she asked. We told her to Maryland and Penn. Then she asked, "What's doin up in 'Marrylan' anyway. So many people are goin' up there these days." Papa told her nothing was doing now. It was all done fifty years ago. After bidding good-bye to our "lady friend" we set out for Roanoke. It was about 4 P. M. when we left Martinsville and we had a long distance to go. The road was not an ideal one either. We crossed a rather treacherous little creek called Little Chestnut Creek and soon it began to grow dark. We reached Rocky Mount and thought of waiting all morning to cross the mountain into Roanoke, but we didn't want to fall behind our plans so we kept going. At last we began to go up grade and before long we realized we were climbing the mountain. It was a hard pull for both cars but we made it. When we reached the top we found that we had come six miles up and now had to go six miles down. The night has never seemed so dark and the miles so long—but finally as we came out of a clump of trees we saw the lights of Roanoke and

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