



## *A Visit with Lloyd*

*by Beth Sutton*

Lloyd Boston has lived in Keswick nearly all his life. He was born and raised just off Route 616 and went to school at the neighborhood black school located not far from his home, north of the old Albemarle County Poor House. This one room school held first through seventh grades, attended by those who were willing or able to stay that long. Lloyd was anxious to leave class each day to go work at Keswick Farm, located across Route 22 from the Post Office. This was the home of Mr. R.O. Hall. It was with this family that Lloyd's career working with horses began in 1927 when he was twelve.

"I was light then," Lloyd remembers with a laugh. "They put me up on the young horses. We had a lot of fun breakin' them horses. Mr. Hall would lead me on a three year old, then soon as we know he wasn't goin' to do nothin', then we'd put him on a longe line. We'd jump him over little jumps — one or two feet. Then we'd set up

bigger jumps in a chute. The poles fit in slots in the fence so the horse couldn't knock 'em down. We could set a pole out at the bottom if he needed to stand back a little. That way he'd learn to jump on his own. We'd set the fence up to four feet and higher if we wanted.

"We used to hack the horses out on the road (Route 22). There wasn't many cars in those days. I'd ride a young horse behind Mr. Hall or one of his boys, Chet and Richard, on an older, broke horse. We'd go through fields, up the mountain, all over. After that they wasn't afraid of nothing. That's the way we broke those horses."

Mr. Hall had a private pack of foxhounds that he hunted throughout the Keswick area. He bred his fieldhunters by a race stallion of his good friend William "Billy" Garth (Ingleside Farm). His favorite broodmare was a workhorse used on his own dairy farm.

With the help of Lloyd and the boys, Chet and Richard, these half-breed horses were trained to hunt both "drag" and live fox, and to show successfully over courses of fences that measured no less than four feet. (These days, local amateur hunter classes test horses over courses that start at two feet six inches or three feet.)

Hunting in Albemarle in the late 1920's and early 1930's was fondly recalled by Bill Garth's daughter Berta Jones in the Farmington Hunt Club's *Reminiscences*.

"The hunting was wonderful in those days. There was no wire. And the jumps were big — nothing under three-eight. Many were four feet and more. All good stiff jumps and yet there was rarely a fall.

"Even before we had a hunt at Farmington, a group of us would go over to Keswick and hunt. Julian Morris was Master then. We'd take the train at the C&O Station and ride over to Keswick for an eleven



*A class at the Keswick Hunt Club Showground in the 30's, which was always referred to as "the Colored Show". Courtesy of Ruby Nightingale.*



*A legendary hunt team, including Betty Perry of Beau Val. This trio competed nationally and internationally. Courtesy of Cary Jackson.*

## **Boston:** *Recollections of a Former Horse Show Groom in Albemarle County*

o'clock hunt. The horses would walk on the dirt road from here to Keswick, leaving at 7 a.m.. The exercise boys would take them to Cloverfields and they'd be fed there for fifty cents a head. After the hunt the boys would walk them home. Each boy got twenty-five cents for Coca-Cola and they'd carry their own sandwiches."

Transporting the horses to the hunt meet for the Halls was one of Lloyd's tasks. "I'd set out in the morning at seven o'clock, ridin' one horse and leadin' two <sup>1</sup>— one on each side. I went down the mountain to Shadwell, then across the bridge at Milton. I cut through Auburn Hill to the bottom of Monticello Mountain. Mr. Hall and one of his boys, Richard or Chet, would be there with the truck and the hounds, and then the three of us would hunt all morning. Monticello was nothin' but somebody's place in those days. It was a lot of briars and broomstraw, and slide pole jumps.

"When we'd be done huntin', Mr. Hall took the hounds home and I'd ride the horses back to the farm. We'd clean 'em up, feed 'em, and I'd ride 'em down the road (Route 250 West) to Farmington. They'd drag hunt in the afternoon 'round two, and after that I'd take 'em on home.

"In those days we really rode horses. They were big, tough, strong horses. We took care of 'em, but they wasn't coddled. They could jump four feet all day long and didn't never break down."

Lloyd described his early, fun experience in the horse show world. "Sometimes we carried the horses down to Suffolk for a drag hunt. They'd have a hunt and a show the same day sometimes." Lloyd went into his living room and came back to the kitchen carrying two enormous sterling silver trophies. Each one was heavily engraved, bearing the names of "Keswick" and "China Moon", two especially fine

hunters that he had helped train for Mr. Hall. Each was champion in the Virginia State Foxhunter's Association Field Hunter Division in 1935.

Those trophies were given to Lloyd by the Halls, but he wasn't riding when the horses won them. Blacks could not show at white shows, but instead competed amongst themselves on the same horses in "colored shows" that took place in Orange, Keswick, Culpeper and Fredericksburg.

"We had a great time. We'd take the vans and the horses, and we'd go all over. We had our own judges. They were black. I was a judge at one time. Rock James rode some of Mrs. Jackson's horses. Miss Jamie Terrell let us use her horse. Percy Branch rode and Mr. Rives let him use his horse, and I rode "Keswick" or one of Mr. Hall's other horses. Rock, Percy and me, we rode in the hunt team class. In those days every farm around

*Visit with Lloyd, continued on page 58*

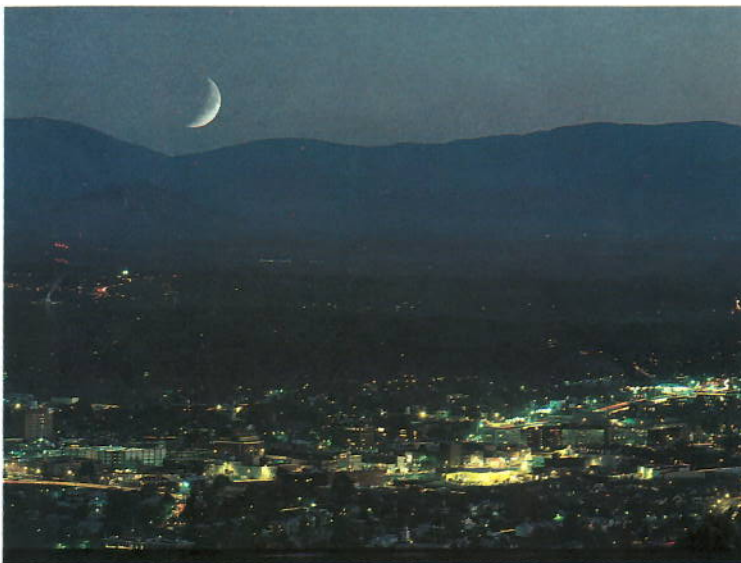


*Buying a shade without your lamp . . .  
is like buying a hat without your head.*



**Chimney Corner, inc.**

Gifts • Lamps • Shades • Decorative Accessories  
Barracks Road Shopping Center • 295-1044



## EXHILARATING SIGHTS FROM AN EXHILARATING SITE

*Life at the top in Charlottesville, Virginia*

Spectacular penthouse featuring bright, spacious and elegant rooms, expanses of marble, lofty ceilings, exceptional detailing and unparalleled vistas. For additional information, Please call Frank J. Quayle, (804) 979-9200 or eves, (804) 971-5962 or Alice Fitch, (804) 296-4170 or eves, (804) 971-3653.

**Roy Wheeler Realty Co.**

One Boar's Head Lane • Charlottesville, Virginia 22901 • (804) 979-9200 • Telex/TWX5105875408

had a team. Van Clief's had three chestnuts with white legs. They matched up perfect. Mrs. Jackson showed them and they won all over. Mrs. Augustus had a team too."

The black shows were outstanding social events for local spectators. Lloyd's friend, Aretha Hughes, was proud to have her Uncle Charlie involved in the shows. "People came from everywhere to watch the Keswick Show. My cousin used to come from Philadelphia. There was all kinds of good food, and the night after the show there was always a dance down at Kenny's Hall in Hacktown (a black residential area near the Keswick Country Club). A band from Charlottesville came out and played all night. They were called 'Sampson's Happy Pals'. We had a great time. I was never a very wild person, but that's about as wild as I ever got!"

Lloyd recalls the fun the whites and blacks had together at the horse shows where they competed all over the state. "In those days all the farms around had horses. They'd show them all summer, and everyone was there. You knew everybody." Manly Carter, the legendary hunter and trainer who lived in Orange, would bring his young hunters to the Keswick show. "He'd sit by the fence when Jack Payne was comin' round and throw a rock at the horse if he thought it was going to refuse [a jump]."

In those days, famous horsemen like Ennis Jenkins (Rodney's father) and Garfield Harding were young riders in apprenticeship in the big stables around Keswick. I asked Lloyd what made the Keswick horses so great.

"The foxhunting and the work up and down the mountain made a horse. Our horses were really fit. You'd go down to Richmond and Suffolk, and you could outlast any of those horses. Mrs. Jackson worked all her show horses up that mountain. Sometimes when we'd be out with Mr. Hall's hounds, her exercise boys would meet up with us and go huntin'.

"Mrs. Jackson had a big-time stable. At one time she had so many that there was ten men workin' there — five to muck out and five to groom. Then she had white show riders. That's where Kenny Wheeler got his

start. All kinds of people came there to buy horses from her: Mrs. Poe, Mrs. Augustus, Mrs. Baxter, the Van Cliefs. She went to shows everywhere."

"How did she come here?" I asked.

"Somehow she came down here, and then Cary Jackson married her. Cary Jackson was the owner of the Keswick General Store. I never forget when she came, she had all her things in a box car. Her furniture was in one end and there was one or two horses in the other! She was a great rider when she was young. Lots of people got their start [in the horse business] with her."

"What ever happened to her?" I asked.

"Well, that family had lots of tragedy," said Lloyd. "Big Cary, well he died."

"They say he hung himself in the upstairs of that house," I said.

"That's what they say," Lloyd said, "But I can't say that. And then Mrs. Jackson, she married again to Mr. Barbin. He was killed in a car accident. I don't know about her. I think she died up in Middleburg. I don't know. It was sad."

I then asked Lloyd about what he was paid when he worked as a show groom. "We got \$1 a day at the show. That was for lunch. 'Course you could buy a hot dog and a coke for 15 cents. But you had to braid two horses and stay with them all day and bandage their legs that night. And that was what you got paid."

"The best job you could get on the farms 'round here was a show groom. To get the job you had to know how to braid, and bandage, and do it right. The top groom price was \$35 a month: \$17.50 the first and the fifteenth. That's what they paid on up to the '40's. But they ain't never been payin' nothing 'round here no how, long as I been here!"

"Why did you do it? How did you live?" I asked.

"There wasn't no choice. If you was workin' with horses that was the best job. If you didn't take it, there was people behind you waiting."

"How did you make it?"

"Well, we didn't die. People had their own homes, they grew a lot of their own food, and you could make it on very little



Gazebos • Statuary • Garden Pools  
Fountains • Night Lighting  
Landscape Design and Maintenance

175 Seminole Court  
Charlottesville, Virginia 22901  
(804) 978-7756

**CIBACHROME**<sup>®</sup>  
DISPLAY PRINT MATERIALS AND FILMS.  
**THE BRILLIANT CHOICE**<sup>SM</sup>  
beautifully rich prints from color slides and transparencies

---

**STUBBLEFIELD**  
CUSTOM COLOR

charlottesville's full-service custom photography lab  
film processing • custom printing

804-971-7981  
Harris Street  
Charlottesville

money in those days. My mother was a cook and my father was a farmer. There was four of us at home. I stayed in school until the fifth grade, and then my mother let me quit. I wanted to work, so I bothered her 'til she let me. It was the Depression, too.

"Workin' for Mr. Hall, that was as good as any school. He taught me everything that I did with working the rest of my life! He would say, 'if you never do but one thing, do

it right, no matter how long it takes.' He told us (me and Chet and Richard) 'take your time'. He didn't never tell you to do nothing you didn't know how to do. He'd teach you how if you didn't know. He was kind, he praised you when you did well. He treated me like I was his own son."

Lloyd worked for Mr. Hall for twelve years. Afterwards he travelled to Staunton to work for Mr. Forest Taylor, who had the

riding school contract for Mary Baldwin College. "I took the girls on trail rides. It was somethin' to see them come out to the stable in these big black limousines.

Sometimes I would ride right up the main street of town, past the crazy house, you know that place, and be leading two horses home, one on either side, almost in the dark."

During the war years, Lloyd was back in Keswick working for the McIntires at Bridlespur. There was another successful show stable, owned by people who were able to continue their activities despite the inconveniences of gas rationing. "Money people always got to buy what they wanted. If they wanted to have a show at Keswick they did, but it just wasn't as many days as they have now. You could buy a real good show horse for \$2,500 or \$5,000 back then."

After World War II, life began to change. "The War, that's what broke us up." The shows began to change with the influx of more outfielders coming into the neighborhood from the East and the Midwest, attracted in part by the successful stables such as Mrs. Jackson's. "I never forget the words that old man Hall said after Mrs. Barbin (Mrs. Jackson) moved here and got established. He said, 'we haven't got no chance.' She started showin' thoroughbred horses against half-breds so that's where we lost out again. He said, 'it ain't no need of me keeping my horses and showing them against some thoroughbreds 'cause they ain't gonna win.' The big stables, that's what got pinned."

By the mid-1950's Lloyd was employed as a show groom in young Peggy Augustus' stable. She was seriously interested in riding show hunters and did so very successfully. Lloyd said she worked very hard at home preparing for the season that would take them on the road for six months or more. Lloyd would care for two horses that were shipped by commercial van from Keswick, heading north via Upperville, Devon, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, New York and eventually to Toronto.

Working on his own at horse shows on the road, Lloyd had to do everything necessary for the care and grooming of the horses. His job was to have the horse ready

# Grand Interiors

## Charlottesville's New Furniture Center



**Thomasville  
Gallery**

When you enter Grand Interiors, you enter a whole new dimension in shopping for home furnishings. Browse among our elegant room settings, visit our exclusive Thomasville Gallery and Kincaid Galleries, explore the unlimited choices of styles, wood finishes and fabrics, and take advantage of the attractive prices on quality name brand furniture from America's finest manufacturers.

*Grand Interiors...Charlottesville's premier furniture center*

# Grand Interiors

Rt. 29 North — Charlottesville, VA Phone: 974-6480  
Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-9 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

A division of Grand Piano and Furniture Company — Est. 1911

for Peggy to take into the show ring. He would attend to every detail, checking the contents of her flask and sandwich case for the Corinthian Class, and making sure that braids and tack were in order.

After being on the road with Peggy and the two horses for nearly five years, a new groom was hired to join the team. Lloyd had known him in Keswick for years and he was well-qualified, having worked for other prominent show stables in the area, including Mrs. Mary Jackson's.

At first Lloyd was glad to have some good help. However, he soon grew to resent the fact that the white groom could go home to a motel at night while Lloyd bedded down in the stable tack room. When 9 a.m. rolled around, the stalls were done and the horses manes nearly braided by the time the new help arrived.

Then one day the new groom told Lloyd he was sick of being away from home for so long and he was ready to give it up to go home to his wife. Lloyd decided right then that the moment had come for him, too. He lost no time in telling Peggy. "I've decided I don't want to work with horses no more." He told her that he would find her someone else before he left, which he said he did. That was the last work Lloyd ever did with show horses.

Lloyd received \$65 a week, while the white groom got paid \$125. "Now, I ain't sayin' nothin' 'bout nobody. It ain't nobody's fault. I always figure you can't blame problems on the other people, you can always leave if you don't like it. I been knowin' Kenny all my life. He is a good man, a good horseman. I like him. I always have."

Lloyd's former co-worker in that situation was Kenny Wheeler, a life long Keswick native, whose second wife was Sallie Bush Motch. Together they developed the prominent Cismont Manor Stable, competing successfully nationwide from their home bases in Keswick and Arizona. Kenny has trained numerous National Grand Hunter champions and has been named Horseman of the Year by both the American Horse Shows Association and the Virginia Horse Shows Association.

Lloyd did not give up horses altogether. He went to work on the western side of town

for a lady from New York, Mrs. Baxter, whose husband had bought The Barracks for her as a Christmas gift. She owned many good horses. Once again Lloyd was doing something he truly loved.

"We would go out every morning exercising the horses. One day we was on that road behind the Meriwether Lewis School. Mrs. Baxter told me, 'Long Road won't cross a bridge.' Well, we was too far

from home to go back, and we had to go 'cross. So I just turned Long Road around and backed him the whole way. He'd look down and snort, but we made it over. It ain't never been no trouble with that horse ever since. After that he'd go across ditches, water, anything." Lloyd smiled. "He'd been a show horse for nine years."

Long Road was the Champion hunter of Virginia Field Trials at Middleburg in 1955.

## MOVE INTO THE PASSING LANE



COMPAQ desktop personal computers represent the best in each class. And with your help, they can get you where you're going faster, easier, and more efficiently. Whether you're a beginner or a power user. Whether you work with spreadsheets or networks. Every desktop personal computer COMPAQ makes is built to be more powerful, versatile, faster and compatible.

**COMPAQ**



OPEN MONDAY THRU FRIDAY 9AM-6PM  
2405 IVY ROAD • CHARLOTTESVILLE • (804) 979-9700

**ComputerLand®**

BUSINESS TO BUSINESS. PERSON TO PERSON

COMPAQ® is a registered trademark of Compaq Computer Corp.

Mrs. Baxter was Master of the Farmington Hunt from 1956 to 1958. She owned many fine horses and she loved to fox hunt. Due to some unusual circumstances, Lloyd was to take on the job of hunting her horses for her when she was forced to leave the Hunt Club.

"She took up with that Mr. Barnett. He was buildin' a barn over there and then she got pregnant. Mrs. Jones, she practically owned that Hunt Club in those days. She got rid of Mrs. Baxter after she went with Mr. Barnett. I thought it was right ornery of them, 'cause she done built all kinds of trials and jumps with her own money, and they just was mean."

It was during this time when William Faulkner was hunting regularly with the Farmington Hunt, and Grover Vandevender was huntsman. Lloyd laughed and shook his head when I asked about Grover.

"He was something else, that Grover. I been knowin' him all my life. He knew everything there was about huntin'."

I asked if he remembered Mr. Faulkner.

"I knew who he was. I seed him a lot. But I was always ridin' in the back, so I never talked to him or nothin'."

Sometimes the local race stables were very successful. William "Billy" Garth had a Kentucky Derby Winner at Ingleside, Paul Jones who won in 1920. Mrs. Berta, Garth's daughter, hunted this fine horse when she was Master.

Other times were not so good. "One day I was out cuttin' grass for Mr. Hall around the house. Mr. Billy came by, and I heard them talkin' about Mr. Garth's horses bein' repossessed up at Charlestown. He couldn't pay his bills or somethin', and he needed Mr. Hall to advance him a loan to get his horses back. They was very good friends. Mr. Hall helped him, I think."

Lloyd left horses for good, sixteen years ago. He started his own business and retired to live with his wife, Lillian, on his family place on the Black Cat Road. Frogorna is a tidy farm where Lloyd's beagles can be found romping on the lawn in the spring. During the fall and winter months when he isn't running his trash collection route in

Keswick, Lloyd is out hunting almost daily.

"I lost my lead dog this year. Somebody stole her. I bred her to Kenny Wheeler's new dog he got down in Louisiana for \$1,500. She was the leader, and the others, they had to learn to go without her. It's hard, It's like . . .," he paused, searching for an explanation.

"It's like a basketball team without Ralph Sampson," I suggested.

"That's exactly it," Lloyd laughed.

The second week in May, when the Keswick Horse Show is in in full swing, you might see Lloyd on a Friday night, watching down at the end of the ring where the thoroughbreds come around the turn. He'll probably be by himself, because his friend, Rock James, is no longer alive, and few of his former co-workers are around anymore. Nevertheless, descendents of horses bred in Keswick by the Jacksons, the Perrys, the Augustuses and the Wheelers are still out there showing. And I'll bet you that Lloyd can tell who will win the class before he jumps the first fence! ā



## ***ALBEMARLE OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY***

*Daniel J. Noonan, MD and Nancy R. Joseph, OGNP*

*announce the association of*

***Virginia Barber, MD***

*in the practice of Obstetrics, Gynecology and Infertility at Martha Jefferson Hospital*

*and relocation to spacious new offices at*

*908 East Jefferson Street.*

*Hours by Appointment*

*295-3052*