

West End Market

269 Floyd Hwy S
(540) 745-2076



Sandwiches
Beverages
Barbeque



Ex- "City Girl" from L.A. Tells Her Own Floyd Story

Anne Maxson Pendrak-Current resident of Alum Ridge, Floyd, VA

On the evening news (Coalinga, California '83): A plane crashed five blocks down from my house under the Burbank approach; another toxic waste dump leaking into a playground; another abduction and murder from a person's driveway while neighbors passively looked on; and another earthquake. Although not unusual news compared to other nights, the headlines made stronger my desire to return east to my husband-to-be.

Since he proposed, he had been trying to convince me that returning to his farm in Floyd, Virginia instead of pursuing careers in the big city was the only prudent approach to starting our family.

But, I had worked hard to graduate with a Master's degree from Virginia Tech and settle into my dream job as a Geophysicist for Texaco Exploration in Los Angeles. My prestigious office address on Wilshire Boulevard, my residence in Hollywood, southern California weekend excursions, and all available thrills were sure to satisfy my "city girl" expectations!

But, this last L.A. Evening News was the final foreboding of doom which catapulted me from my recliner to the phone, and I announced, "I'm coming east!"

We were married by Justice of the Peace Lineberry and I set up housekeeping in a quaint little old farm house in a secluded valley on Alum Ridge. **There was no peace like what I found here in the Blue Ridge.** So I set to the task of converting a bachelor pad into a home. There were weeds to pull, gardens to liberate and so much barn and shed space to reclaim from the mice and spiders. Days were long and full that summer but I felt so safe far from the streets of L.A.

One day, when I was not quite ready to trust the silence and solitude while my husband was away at work, two strange men boldly emerged from my woods carrying guns and approaching my house. All the scenarios I'd rehearsed in my head in the city how I was to defend myself- stand and fight, run and hide, call the neighbors, go down screaming- were for naught as I stood fearstruck watching them approach. They had guns and there was no escape.

One of the men yelled to me, "You seen a steer?" ... A steer? ...Guns? They weren't evil villains? Who were these mountain men?

Seconds later they were close enough that I could see their smiles and friendly faces. So my first encounter with the neighbors Mavon Thompson and his father-in-law Alpha Dulaney, out looking for a runaway steer. The end of their patience with it was obvious by their guns. We visited for quite a "spell". It didn't take long to relax and enjoy their tales of adventures on the ridge. A new twist to "shooting the bull." Welcome to Floyd. I still laugh remembering that day as I thought I'd left L.A. only to be murdered in this pastoral setting.

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