

Finale

And so we leave our little town, in the flush of pride and glow of patriotism unashamed.

If we could turn back time—a century and a half of time—there would be little we could recognize, only the names of a few old streets, only a few familiar names upon the streets.

Soon after this, almost as if to close a chapter by obliteration, a fire ravaged two-thirds of the town.

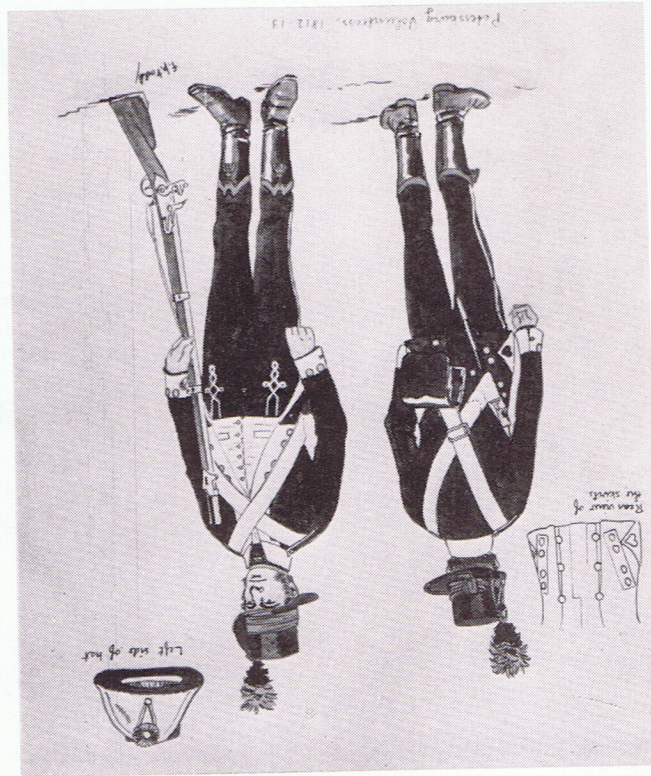
As befits the occasion, we have revisited our beginnings, briefly, symbolically, with an eye for the highlights of the story.

But past is prologue.

There will be other years—years of peace and years of war, years of triumph and years of sorrow. There will be one year when all the world waits for news from Petersburg, a year when names immortal star our midst. There will be times of growth and times of near despair, times of great deeds and times of quiet courage to endure.

Here we leave a long and varied story, with most of it untold. Through it runs the memory of a great and shining past, renewing and inspiring as it goes.

—EDWARD A. WYATT, IV



Uniform worn by Petersburg Volunteers of 1812-13.