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(SNP100) LeRoy Nicholson interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Peggy C. Bradley

LeRoy Nicholson

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D.S.: We are here interviewing Leroy Nicholson who had lived in Weakley Hollow.

L.N.: Right.

D.S.: You were saying, Uh..., that you lived on some land of your uncle's?

L.N.: No, the land we lived on belonged to my Father, Did D. Nicholson.

D.S.: Edd D...?

L.N.: Did, D-i-d.

D.S.: Did?

L.N.: Right.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And-a...

L.N.: We owned the property, the house, but the land that joined then my Uncle Paul Nicholson owned the land which was orchard land, timber land.

D.S.: It was orchard land?

L.N.: Right.

D.S.: What kind of ......?

L.N.: Apple, apple orchard.

D.S.: Do you know what kind of apples?

L.N.: Yes, mostly Yorks and Winesaps.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: That was the two. Then there was some Star Delicious.

D.S.: Yes. What did he do?

L.N.: A lot of Bowman apples too, the old apples.

D.S.: How about Milams?

L.N.: Well, yes, we had Milam trees on our land.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Around the house and all, but he didn't have any in the orchards.
D.S.: Now, why an apple orchard? What did he do with the apples?
L.N.: Well, he sold them, packed them.
D.S.: And sold them where?
L.N.: Well, then they would go to Richmond and different places. But mostly Richmond was the place they were shipped to at that time.
D.S.: How did he get them to Richmond?
L.N.: Well, they had horses and wagons.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: They were hauled out of the mountains by wagon.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: With a four horse team and down to Nethers Mill.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: Then they would load them on a truck.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: ... at Nethers Mill. He owned this truck, too.
D.S.: O.K.
L.N.: Then they would transport them from there mostly to Richmond.
D.S.: So, there was a road up to your home?
L.N.: Oh, yea... yea, it was a mountain road, but you could get over it. At that time with wagons.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: ... that was the only thing that traveled the roads, no cars went through there then.
D.S.: No, No.
L.N.: But it was wagons, and buggies and ....
D.S.: Did he ever sell any of the apples, like there at Nethers or to other mountain people?
L.N.: No, these apples. It was plenty apples in that mountain.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Most everybody had apples.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: But not for selling purposes, for their own use.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Such as Milams and the Yorks and stuff like that. They would have a tree or so around the house.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: But most of them and lots of them was hauled to Culpeper and put on a freight and hauled out like that. Yea.

D.S.: It was good, it was good ground for orchards?

L.N.: Oh, yea. That was real, that and timber, was the only two things they used the ground. And if we had gardens. We had good gardens on this property we owned, my Father, and..... If you tended corn, had a corn field, a patch of corn you went back up on the mountain, you cleaned it up yourself and dug it up with a hoe and chopped that away.

D.S.: Yea. How about rocks, was there a lot of rocks?

L.N.: Oh! Lots of rocks.

D.S.: (Laughing)

L.N.: Lots of rocks, but.....

D.S.: Did you ever plant your corn, like next to a rock, and so that.....

L.N.: Yes, indeed!

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Many times, you'd have to.

D.S.: Uhhuh. I heard they use to grow pretty good that way.
L.N.: Wonderful. Real, just real good. We would....., you take a small patch of corn there then, well, we would raise the corn. We had chickens, raised hogs, we had cows, we.....

D.S.: How many cows?

L.N.: We usually keep two cows.

D.S.: Two cows?

L.N.: Two cows and would run anywhere from two to three nice hogs.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And my Mother would keep anywhere from thirty to fifty hens. You raised your own chickens. Hatch them little chickens out. Never buy, you didn't know what it was to buy stuff like that.

D.S.: No.

L.N.: No. And where a deal, work the eggs.... where you could buy them. We used the eggs to buy the sugar. Use to take the corn to the mill which was the Nether Mill. Which was somewhere in the neighborhood of two miles from where we lived, which they called the Old Rag.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: That was our location. In fact we had a Post Office which was the Old Rag Post Office. The mail come from Syria, Virginia.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: By horse and buggy......

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: ...... everyday.

D.S.: Now, you took eggs down to Nethers?

L.N.: No, Old Rag.
D.S.: To Old Rag?
L.N.: To the store, we had two stores at Old Rag.
D.S.: Yes. Uh huh.
L.N.: And a Post Office.
D.S.: You know who ran those stores?
L.N.: Yes. Willie Morrison Brown ran them, and John Butler....
D.S.: O.K.
L.N.: ... ran the two stores.
D.S.: When you took eggs and butter and things of that kind in, did they give you cash for them or credit?
L.N.: Cash.
D.S.: CASH?
L.N.: Cash. Or, unless you delt them, you know, you say you want five pounds of sugar and a bag of flour, and whatever you wanted to do. You just delt the eggs out in merchandise and ...
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: ".... that away, or if you'd taken them there to sell them, it was the same thing. Butter, we didn't sell any butter.
D.S.: You didn't?
L.N.: We used, just for the two cows, we used the milk and butter at home.
D.S.: O.K. How big of family did you have?
L.N.: It was eight children, Mother and Father, it was ten of us.
D.S.: Yea. How big a house did you have?
L.N.: Well, we had a ..... Well, the big living room, this house, ah, it was tremendous room, it was real large. In fact it was used for a living room and bedroom too, at that time. Then we had a large kitchen and two
rooms upstairs. Which was actually a four room house.

D.S.: Was this a log house?

L.N.: Log house, and ...

D.S.: Fireplace?

L.N.: Fireplace.

D.S.: Woodstove or ...?

L.N.: Woodstove.

D.S.: Yea, right. Was the furniture bought furniture or had your father made it?

L.N.: No... No, it's our furniture was bought furniture. We didn't have any homemade, you know, made out furniture, which it was real old stuff.

D.S.: Uhhuh. O.K. Now, you was mentioning you took the corn down to be ground?

L.N.: Right.

D.S.: Would you carry that down?

L.N.: Carry it, that's right.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Heavy, wasn't it?


D.S.: Yea. (Laughed)

L.N.: That's right.

D.S.: Uh.... the miller.... did you pay the miller or did he take part of it out?

L.N.: He'd take a toll.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: So much toll for his work, for grinding it. Most of the time they would just weigh the corn and give you the meal that they already had ground. In the place of the corn and deduct so much for the grinding it.

D.S.: Right. I see.
L.N.: Then we... we use to get our flour with the corn because we would trade the corn, maybe for a barrel, what they called it then, they didn't have bags. Well, they would bag it for you.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: But the flour then was by the barrel.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And-a..., we would maybe trade the corn for a barrel of flour. That was for winter.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Well, then my Father would usually buy a hundred pounds of soup beans, we called them then. And, all that was done like the Fall of the year.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: For winter. We didn't run to the store and buy groceries like you do now.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And he would always have.... Mother would have the canned fruit and stuff piled back and all that. You didn't need anything at all more than sugar and maybe a little coffee, or something like that for your winter rations.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

L.N.: And, we lived real good.

D.S.: Yes, you did.

L.N.: Yes, we really lived good, that's true.

D.S.: Uh..., the hogs that you had..., would you raise your own piglets?

L.N.: No, we would buy the pigs. We didn't raise hogs.

D.S.: O.K. Uhhuh.

L.N.: We would buy the pigs and then my Father would raise the hogs from that.
D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: ..... from that.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did they run loose or were they confined?

L.N.: They was confined, but they had a lot of....... we would fence off a place in the woods, you know, for them.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: But they wasn't penned up in just a little pen.

D.S.: No.

L.N.: Until fatten' time. My Father would take them and put them in a small pen and feed them corn to fatten them.

D.S.: Sure. Yea. How about your clothes? Did your mother make a lot of your clothes?

L.N.: Made the most of your clothes.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Made made of the clothes. We didn't buy.

D.S.: Did you buy those down at the same store at Old Rag...., the material?

L.N.: The material, no. No, they didn't have material and stuff like that at that store. At nethers was a bigger store, which Monroe Jenkins and Wesley Jenkins ran that store at Nethers.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Which was a large....., a large store. And, it was nothing to go to that store and see fifteen or twenty people just sittin' around that store just a'talkin', you know?

D.S.: It was a fun time, wasn't it, to go to the store?

L.N.: That's right.

D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: People would go down there and just set all day down there. Many a'time I have... I went with my Father.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: And stayed... practically all day. Got hungry, you'd eat a can of pork-n-beans, and crackers, or sardines, or....
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: ....... something like that. A drink then would cost you five cents, box of sardines maybe ten cents, stuff like that..... It didn't take anything much to live on really.
D.S.: Yea. Right. And, that was a good way of finding the news, wasn't it?
L.N.: That's right. That's how you got it.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: You didn't have no paper?
D.S.: No. They didn't deliver papers there at Nethers?
L.N.: No, indeed. They didn't have newspapers. I never seen a newspaper ........
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: ....until I come to Culpeper and that was in twenty-nine.
L.N.: We moved to Culpeper in January of twenty-nine.
D.S.: The orchards that.... uh..., that your father took care of, how much was he paid to do that?
L.N.: Anywhere from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a day.
D.S.: That was a good pay!
L.N.: Yea, that was just as good as anybody was a gettin' back in them days.
D.S.: Sure. So, with that money that they made, so it was possible to buy shoes and different things?
L.N.: Yes. Oh, yes, that's right.

D.S.: Did you wear shoes all year round?

L.N.: I did.

D.S.: You did?

L.N.: I really did. I never went barefooted, I'll say, as much as a year in my life.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: In straight run. We use to go. We would have a certain time of year, which was Easter, we called it, then, that you take your shoes off. I would run around some, but very little bit that I ever went barefooted, to tell the truth.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Of course, I worked. I worked in the mountains with my father when I was nine years old, pulling a cross cut saw and cuttin' timber too.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And we done, we had all those things to do. And you.....

D.S.: Did you peel bark?

L.N.: Yea. We use to cut Populars and then you peel the bark from the log, from the log. In other words, you would skin it. You had to a certain time for the sap, that that bark would come off that log pretty well.

D.S.: Uhhuh. You know what time that was?

L.N.: Well, it was in the Spring of the year about the time the sap and stuff started to rise, to the best you know.

D.S.: Then you would cut the tree down and take the bark off?

L.N.: Bark from the tree. Skin it all off to as far as you could get a log, and then it is a little different in
timber than it is now. You didn't cut. You didn't cut some timber they cut today.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: The log... the tree had to be large enough. You got a certain size log before they allowed you to put it on the mill.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Then those logs were hauled by wagon. The same way the horse would drag them out of the mountains to the place that the wagon could get to them. Because those days back in the mountains wagons couldn't get up in, up in it.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: You didn't have no roads cut.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: You only cut certain paths so wide for the horse and log to run in, and a lot of those logs that was... the bark was skinned from them, would run themselves.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Down the path, once you got up to that, then you start them off they go down that mountain flyin'.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Yea. We have skidded them right in the yard, right where the wagon would pick them up at.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And, then you sell.....

L.N.: Yea.

D.S.: ..... those logs for what? For railroad ties or what?

L.N.: Well... no. Well, the log. We didn't have any timber up ther that actually would have been then, railroad ties, because railroad ties would have to have been harder than Popular.
L.N.: And Oak was very scarce... in those mountains mostly Popular.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: And that was used back in those days..., for weatherboarding. For which, a house was made, wasn't built then.....
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: built back then other than weatherboarding.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: You didn't see a house, a brick home, or....
D.S.: Right.
L.N.: A long time before anybody had a brick home up that.
D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: Anywhere near close was Nethers.
L.N.: But now there are some nice homes in there.
D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: And..., that timber would be carried to Nethers Mill. Then it was a sawmill set up there at...., Hudson used to run a sawmill there. And..., they would cut sawlogs and they would pay you so much for a thousand foot of timber.
D.S.: Can you recall how much?
L.N.: I don't really recall the price of it, but it was very little.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: Very little.
D.S.: But, there was very little money anywhere.
L.N.: Anywhere, that's right. That's right.
D.S.: Uh..., what you got was good money.
L.N.: That's right.
D.S.: In your garden, what did you raise?
L.N.: We raised.... Well, just about what they raise now, what I plant in my garden. They did back in those days which was; potatoes, beans, string beans, and onions, and carrots, and stuff like that. Just on the average it was about the same as gardening.
D.S.: Did you grow any rhubarb or things like .......?
L.N.: No. No.
D.S.: No. Uhhuh.
L.N.: No, we didn't....., we never seen any of that stuff back there then. It was mostly just corn and stuff. Corn, that was always grown in there and then you had what you call the corn field beans. That you planted with the corn.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: That would run up the corn. And that was some of the best beans you could raise.
D.S.: Yea. Did you dry the beans?
L.N.: Oh, yes. Dry them.
D.S.: How would you dry the beans, there's so many different ways of doing it?
L.N.: Well, my Mother would just dry the beans. We would break..., we would string the bean and then. All string beans had strings on them, that was their name.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: The string, when you break it that string would run all the way down the bean..., on both side.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: And, then she would break those beans and then you would have rocks that was equal to a building now, and she would take and put those beans out on a cloth.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: ... and let them lay in the sun, hot sun. They would get just as dry as... well, they would rattle.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: They would be that dry. Well, she had another bean, they... she, what they called. She would scald that bean, put it in real hot water and split it, split the bean. And-a, she would put those out, you know, not as hot, in the sun, not as hot as you would the snap bean.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And-a..., they would get to where they would rattle... the same way. Then she would bag them. Put them in a pillow case like.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: She would make the bag, then put them in there and put them away, tie them up good. And, she would put them away and in the winter you would take and cook those with meat..., pork, you know, and they were delicious.

D.S.: Nourishing and GOOD!

L.N.: That's right.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: That's right.

D.S.: That was a good meal.

L.N.: That's what we lived on. I tell you, back in them days it was nothing to take and have ham and maybe applebutter and milk. Had cornbread many-a, many-a night for supper. We had it then and it was good, back then, I like it yet.
D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: (Laughing)
D.S.: How about ash cakes, did you ever have ash cakes?
L.N.: Yes, indeed. Yes.
D.S.: Cakes?
L.N.: In the fireplace, working to do with them?
D.S.: Yes.
L.N.: Then she use to broil meat, had a long ah, a pole like, you know. We didn't have any metal like they have now to clamp it with. You take a keen piece of wood and stick that right in the end of that meat and hold it over that fire where, you know, it broiled the meat.
D.S.: Was this beef you used?
L.N.: It was delicious. No pork.
D.S.: Pork?
L.N.: No beef.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: Back in them days you didn't know what beef was then.
D.S.: No.
L.N.: People did that lived out of the mountain. And, my Uncle and them killed a beef a time and we got beef from them.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: He always give us some of it.
D.S.: Oh, great.
L.N.: Yea.
D.S.: Well, it really wasn't anyway to keep the beef.
L.N.: No. No freezer, no icebox. The way we kept our milk and butter then you had what they call a Springhouse. You had a clear stream of water, it was just like this water is today, ice water we call it.
D.S.: Yes.

L.N.: Then you would dig out you a box place, and then put maybe a board down in the bottom of the water and maybe lay a rock on each end of it to set your jar. Which you had those big stone jars then, and then you would take your milk to the springhouse after your milked and strained it. Run it through a strainer, and put it in that. My Mother would take a plate, like a dinner plate now, like we eat out of, and put it right over that milk. And, that's the way we kept that milk and butter and stuff like that always.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Some of the best ......

D.S.: Clabber.


D.S.: Mmmmmum.

L.N.: My goodness!

D.S.: Yea, great.

L.N.: YES!

D.S.: Keeping vegetables over the winter, how did you do that? Did you dig a trench?

L.N.: For cabbages, yea. Which my Father would take and... dig out a place and he would only put the head of the cabbage under the ground. The root, you would pull it up by the root. In other words, you didn't cut the head off.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: You would pull the whole cabbage up and he put, well, put the head down in the ground and the root would stay up out.
D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Then he would cover it up, to the point it didn't freeze.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: You could go there during the winter and pull out a cabbage head that would be just as nice as when it was... Potatoes the same way, you dug a hole..., in the ground, and take some of this, we used to call it chicken grass then.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And put that in the bottom of your hole where the potatoes will be dumped in, and just fill that hole up with potatoes and go there anytime you wanted to and scratch a place off the top. And, he put a board over the top so the dirt wouldn't make it to the potatoes.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And lift back a board and get out a bushel of potatoes, and they was the nicest kind.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: That was a seed potatoes. He would always take out his seed potatoes and put them separate.

D.S.: Did you switch seed potatoes with other people?

L.N.: Yes. Yes, we used to do that... there, we had a man, a neighbor that lived close, that was a Smith, Major Smith. And my Father and him use to trade potatoes anytime.

D.S.: How about corn seed... kernels...?

L.N.: On, no.

D.S.: ...did you trade those too?

L.N.: No, we never did bother about the corn.

D.S.: O.K..
L.N.: We didn't switch any corn, but we raised every bit of it and keep it to plant for another year. We didn't buy any.

D.S.: No?

L.N.: No.

D.S.: No.

L.N.: We even had our own onions, onion sets. Then they raised those big yellow onions.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: You had plenty of sets come from those.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: You didn't know what it was to go to the store to buy, like an onion set.

D.S.: No. (Laughed)

L.N.: And beans, always..., my Mother would take and let beans get dry and put them down on a blanket or something that she could thrash them out, beat with a broom.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Thrash them and get her seeds that away.

D.S.: Yea. You was talking about your neighbor, how close was your nearest neighbor?

L.N.: Well, he was in ..., actually in hollering distance of us. Which I would be ..... from......., well, from here down to the main highway. I would say it was.....uh......

D.S.: Uh...., quarter of a mile.

L.N.: No, it wasn't a quarter of a mile. Well,...... I would say.......,if you walk it, and the way we went in, I would say it was probably close to a quarter of a mile.


L.N.: The, like I say then, across the hill where I stood at
his house, you could holler at each other. From the house.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Sure, right. Did you ever use whistles to call neighbors?

L.N.: No. No, we never did that.

D.S.: Yes. How about.....

L.N.: It wasn't many days, in my life at that time up until I was thirteen years old, that he didn't visit us or some of us didn't visit them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: They were much older than we were.

D.S.: Yea. Then he didn't have any children your age, did he?

L.N.: Yes, he had a girl..... and a boy was very close to our age.

D.S.: Good. Then you had some friends?

L.N.: Right. Yea, I went to school with the girl. I didn't go with the boy, which his boy's name was Irvin Smith, and the girl's was Adella.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And I went to school some with her up at Old Rag.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Where we went to the school at.

D.S.: I was going to come to the school. Uh....., it was a one room school?

L.N.: A one room school.

D.S.: When did it start? In September or when?

L.N.: Well-a, yes. Well, the school run something on the average the way they run now. We had a school time......, which I am not real positive on the month, but it something in the neighborhood, September and .......
D.S.: Really?
L.N.: I don't think it was any later than that when we start.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: But they didn't run as long as the school runs now. It was, school was over before June.
D.S.: Oh, my goodness. And how many grades did it go through?
L.N.: Well-a..., that only had the one teacher, that which the man is still livin', Mr. Rufus Meyers. Don't know weather you ever heard of him or not, but he is real old now, feeble. He was a Preacher, awful nice man. And a..., I believe... that, as far as I can remember....., it wasn't any special grade in that school, it just run from... what we use to call it, the primer..., the primer.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: That was the first grade.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: And I know children was going there up in the fifth grade.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: At the time I was there.
D.S.: How far away was this school?
L.N.: Well, the school was....., I would say close to a mile from where we lived.
D.S.: How about when the snow was deep?
L.N.: It didn't get too deep, not then, to go to school. That was the way it was, you walked anyway.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: And, a lot of times my Father or some of the other children's father would make a track in front of you. Would open the way, and that's the way you would go.
D.S.: Uhhuh. On your shoes, did you have metal things around the heel?

L.N.: No. No, I never did wear any shoes with that metal on them. I know a lot of them did. Now, grown people wore them more than children.

D.S.: Oh?

L.N.: Yea.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: But, my goodness, a pair of shoes lasted then for a year. You didn't know what it was to buy a pair of shoes for Sundays and then a pair to work in and all... You worked and wore that same shoe.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: Yea.

D.S.: Was your father a cobbler or anybody around so that when shoes needed repairing...

L.N.: Yes. Oh, yes. That's how this man I am talking about, Mr. Smith, Major Smith, he use to do a lot of that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Repair shoes. Had an iron last, they called it. Put the shoes on it and put your own half soles on it, and...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Had the...this,...I forget what you call that thing now, but it was a special tool that put a hole in the shoe to sew it up with. You had this wax thread back then.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: That you sewed it with. That's why you didn't have to buy a pair of shoes every time a little place came in the shoe.
D.S.: No. Right. Yea. You was saying you helped your father when you was nine years old?

L.N.: Nine years old, that's right. I worked right in the mountains with him and pulled a cross-cut saw and we cut down trees. We didn't do that for a month at a time, or for any weeks from weeks after weeks, we only had certain times. And, maybe... would... uh... my uncle that owned this land, the orchard land, so forth, maybe he would... somebody would want a thousand foot of lumber for something, you know.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Well, we would cut it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Well, maybe you would go a long time and not cut anymore timber at all. But, most of the work, I carried water in the orchard, the apple orchards, to the hands, the men that was workin' pickin' apples and packin', right on through when I was nine on up until I left there. And, then after we moved to Culpeper that is what he still was involved in farming and big apple orchards. And, then he owned many orchards at Sperryville, and back-up... uh..., we call it the Old Holler Church, at Sperryville, you go up the mountain where he had two big orchards up there he rented.

D.S.: Mummrmrmrmrm.

L.N.: And, I carried water many-a, many-a day for a quarter a day.

D.S.: OH! That was a lot of work too. (Laughed)

L.N.: That's right.

D.S.: Oh, you! Why they keep so thirsty? (Both laughing)

L.N.: Well, they packed apples then in a barrel, you see.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: Most all together barrels.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: I use to put those heading in the barrels. Which you would have headings that went in and you had to seal them with a little... a stake like, they call it, that went in the barrel. And, you nailed that in each corner to keep that head from pushing out of the barrel.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Which the barrel then would hold three bushels of apples.
L.N.: And, that was the way they done all their packing. They had a table they would run the apples on and you done it all by hand.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: No machinery what so ever.
D.S.: Did you ever think of saying to you mother or father, "No, I wouldn't do that"?
L.N.: No, not. I don't ever recall ever telling them that in my life. Well, back, well, in my life... when I got down to Culpeper and started growing up some. I thought I was big and all...., I have said, "No, I don't think I am going to do it now", or something like that.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: No, it was a long time before I ever told either one of them I wasn't going to do something, if they told you to do so and so.
D.S.: Right.
L.N.: And, all of them the same way, the children.
D.S.: Right. Did you have any special jobs that was yours to do, when you was growing up?

L.N.: Oh, my yes. It wasn't a day of my life, hardly, up to especially in the mountains, that us kids didn't have the responsibility of getting in the wood.

D.S.: Oh, yes.

L.N.: For night and day and still that... before I went to school I was to make sure I had that wood on the porch for that day. I come that evening it better have it in. Get it in and get it on the porch for night too. We only got it by the day.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And many-many-a morning we got up the snow would be three feet deep then. It was nothing to have a snow three feet, and we had to go to the mountain and cut wood. Back in them days they had a lot of rail fences and old chestnut rails.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And, people finally just burnt up ever fence there for wood.

D.S.: Oh?

L.N.: On the.....

D.S.: What time would you get up in the morning?

L.N.: Oh, we would have to get up early. My Mother would get us up way before day.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Any, practically every morning, my Father would get up, he would be the first person up in the house, he built the fire. Once he got that fire a-goin' and the house was warm we'd be up.
L.N.: I've got up many-a mornin' in the winter and your foot would walk through the snow upstairs, where it come under the eve of the house or under a window.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: ...and you could see your foot print in the snow. (Laughed)

D.S.: (Laughing) Sure.

L.N.: That's right. They were some of the best days of our lives, I think, was back in those mountains.

D.S.: Sure. Did you ever hear about log... putting long logs down from the chimney, from the top of the chimney down in the fireplace?

L.N.: No. No, I never did, really.

D.S.: You never heard of anyone doing that?

L.N.: No, I never, but..... Because we had to that... to our house a great big rock chimney. Oh, it was a large chimney.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And-a....., we never did anything like that. No.

D.S.: We have so many pictures of these homes and they have a ladder up against........

L.N.: The chimney.

D.S.: .....the chimney....

L.N.: Yes. I've seen ladders set against the chimneys.

D.S.: Was that because they were worrying about fires?

L.N.: Well....., in some cases I'm sure it was, and then again you had to clean them chimneys once in awhile. Take a pole with a rag or something on it to go down in that.

D.S.: Mmmmmmm.
L.N.: To get this soot and stuff out, because it would catch a'fire and then it would be danger burning the house up.

D.S.: Sure. Right. So, houses did burn up?

L.N.: Yea. ..... of course they burn up now from bad chimneys, flues.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: But then you had to be awful careful about that.

D.S.: Speaking of fires, uh....., did you know of any people who started fires so that they would be sure of having huckleberries?

L.N.: No.

D.S.: Did you ever pick huckleberries?

L.N.: Yes, sir!

D.S.: Did you sell them?

L.N.: Yes. We use to take them to....., well, back in those days we called it Stoney Man.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Which was Skyline. Now it's a big summer resort and.....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Back then it was only a camp up there that people out of the city came and camped during the summer.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: They had a big dinning room. My Mother and myself many-a time have walked from Old Rag, from which that was in the neighborhood of five miles, and carry a load of stuff there and sell it to those city people, we called it then.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: And which could be blackberries, and we have made wine out of blackberries and use to sell that up there.
D.S.: Oh, yes.
L.N.: YEA, people went crazy about it.
D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: That's right. It wasn't a thing in the world against it. You could just walk there and deliver it to them and that's all it was just plain, pure, homemade, blackberry wine.
D.S.: Right.
L.N.: And, was there a lot of blackberries in those mountains.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: That was one of the big crops of wild stuff, you call it. Blackberries. And, they would be in those fields, which wasn't too many fields, but on the edge of the mountains and along fences and on in like that it would plenty.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: plenty of those. Cherries, blackhart and redhart cherries, we would call them, and things like that. It was plenty of those too.
D.S.: Did you ever dry any cherries?
L.N.: No. No, I never did. We never did.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: People did. I know people use to seed them and get the seeds out of them and dry them. I've seen them dry, but—a, we never did.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Never fooled with them. My Mother would can a lot of them.
D.S.: Yea. She dried apples?
L.N.: Oh, yes. Yes indeed.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: She dried apples, put them out. You could sell dry apples, too.
L.N.: Then we used to use the apples, back in them days you called it s snit. A apple with half the peeling on it.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Put those out on those rocks and they would dry in the same way.
D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: And to sell them, we used to peel them and slice them and put them out and dry them. You would get...., I forget, their worth, a very little bit a pound for them.
D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: But it all counted up.
D.S.: Yea. How about apple butter, you made apple butter?
L.N.: Made apple butter every year.
D.S.: Yea. Was that a fun time?
L.N.: Yea, that was a special time everybody looked forward to that. You would have an apple peeling.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: So many people come in and we would peel.....oh, had those same barrels that they would pack apples in, to dump your apples in after you peeled it. And-a...., we made many-a time fifty gallons of apple butter.....
D.S.: Mmmmmmm.
L.N.: .....at one time. Father used to get up, I know he got up many-a mornin' at one o'clock in the morning to start it off, you know, to have everything set. Have his wood
there, most of the time we tried to have that under a
shed in case it was bad weather.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And we use to have two people stir it, one could stir
it, but back in them days they had a saying if you
bumped the kettle while stirring, with two people stirring
a woman and a man, a boy and girl, you know the girl and
boy had to kiss each other. (Laughing)

D.S.: Yea. (Laughing)

L.N.: (Laughed) Had a nice time then.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: Had a lot of fun. I was small then.

D.S.: Did anybody play any music while they were doing that?

L.N.: Yes. Ahhh yes, it was lots of music. Guitar, that was
about....., and violin, fiddles, all was playing.


L.N.: But, they would have music, yea.

D.S.: Did they do any drinking while they were doing this?

L.N.: Oh, yes. Ahh yes, it was always....

D.S.: It was a party?

L.N.: That was around too.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: My Father use to make whiskey up there.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Back in those mountains.... When I was small I would carry
his lunch to him many-a days at the still, never came to
the house for maybe three or four days.

D.S.: Oh?

L.N.: That's right. Then that was another thing that was used
to sell which was very little, it brought a very little bit of money but..... It was a lot of apple brandy made too.

D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: The apples.....
D.S.: And that was beautiful.
L.N.: It was, it was.
D.S.: Oh, that was good!
L.N.: We use to haul that out of the mountains to Nethers Mill, that was the place where the people from Culpeper would come pick it up. They would come to meet you there to get it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: The revenue officers back in them days....., and I've know a'many time one or two of them stayed with him the whole time he was making the whiskey. (Laughing)
D.S.: (Laughed) Probably hoping to get a bottle themselves. Did you sell any of that at Skylake?
L.N.: No, not whiskey. We never did carry any whiskey up there.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: It was against the law to carry it on those grounds. You carried it, you had to hide it.........
D.S.: Oh, yea.
L.N.: ....before you got there. But, we never fooled with trying to sell anything like that. Now, the wine that was just more or less a drink they used for the meals....
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: .... and stuff, and no one said anything about that.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Blackberry wine, that use to be the go.
D.S.: Did you ever go to any of the parties that they had there at Skylane?
L.N.: No Ma'am, I never did.
D.S.: You just walked up there and sold your stuff and walked back?
L.N.: Sold our stuff and walked back, that's right.
D.S.: And that's a rugged walk.
L.N.: Many-a time that we went to the dinning room there and..., they would give you a sandwich or something like that, but they never sell a person nothing other than the people lived or have a cabin there on the grounds.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: People from Old Rag, a lot of them was doing the cooking there, working there.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Yea.
D.S.: That was nice.
L.N.: And they had horses.....
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: Which the people would ride there on the grounds, you know. But then that was a big thing.
D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: That was a lot of money for the poor people, about everybody that lived up in there would go there and sell stuff.
L.N.: We've left home many-a morning about day and Mother and myself, and walk that mountain with all we could carry.
D.S.: Oh!
L.N.: And-a....., I mean up the mountain, too. There was no level ground to it, every bit of it mountain too.
D.S.: Right.

L.N.: That's right. Start from Old Rag Post Office and from there it was a continuously hill. Curves and hills, no, I don't reckon you was on the level a dozen steps the whole trip.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Would you stop occasionally to rest?

L.N.: Oh, yes! Oh, yes, we would...., and it would be springs along the route, you know, by the road. Water comin' out of the spring, and we stop and get some water.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Mother always packed something to eat and take with us.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And we would eat, stop and eat, you know. Most of the time that would be after we would get up there.

D.S.: Yea. Church. How about Church?

L.N.: Well...., they only had church up there then ever so often, which that.... I don't think was over once a month.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And, that same man that I was tellin' you he was the school teacher, Mr. Meyers, he use to preach......

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: ....up there. And-a, I had a sister, I've still got her. And-a, people would come to your house from the Church then for dinner. In other words, you may have ten people go to one house.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: They would visit one another after Church, and they use to come to our house. And, I never will forget, my cousin
threwed a cigarette out on the ground, during the time he was there on the porch, and my sister was just a little bitty girl, a child. She picked up the cigarette and not knowing or not thinking anything, you know, and seeing the smoke from it, so, she caught a'fire. She's got a big scare around her neck from it yet today from it.

D.S.: Oooh!

L.N.: The preacher, Mr. Meyers, was at the house at the time and you know he prayed for that child and we never had the doctor.

D.S.: Ooh!

L.N.: And, this place on her neck was so deep, ahh, it was just awful! She's got the scar yet today.

D.S.: Ummm!

L.N.: Carries the scar. But, it healed up just wonderful.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Mother had save there then..., you could order it..., which was like chlorine, and-a like this Watkins, and stuff like that you actually used for burns and things of that type.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Doctors, why you just didn't... Dr. Ross was the doctor which was at Craigersville.......

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: ..., back in them days.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: I don't think he was ever at our house but once in my thirteen years. I was up there, and that was the time for
my oldest sister, which is dead now, and myself, and we had diphtheria at that time.

D.S.: Oh, yea.

L.N.: And, I never heard of a drug store until we moved to Culpeper.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: That's the truth.

D.S.: Dr. Ross was an amazing man.

L.N.: No medical, no pharmacy, no.......

D.S.: Your mother must have had a lot of knowledge of herbs, didn't she?

L.N.: Well, she did and her...., one of her main medicines was camphor........

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: ...and Vicks.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And, you buy that at the store, you see.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Yea, they had all that stuff back in them days. But, camphor was made from...., how it comes still in a rock, you know, like-a....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And-a..., she used whiskey to put in that.

D.S.: I see. If you had a cold?

L.N.: That's right. Cold..., camphor and then the vicks she would rub your chest and put a...., then they called it flannel.....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: ...which at wintertime, the type of underclothes....

D.S.: Yea.
L. N.: ....that you used.
D. S.: Uhhuh.
L. N.: You didn't use all that fancy stuff like you have today.
D. S.: Yea.
L. N.: And-a, it was mighty little bit of sickness, really.
D. S.: Did she ever give you turpentine and sugar?
L. N.: YEA! Yea.
D. S.: What was that used for?
L. N.: Well, that was cold like campbell. That's what she would give you that for.
D. S.: O.K.: Sassafras tea?
L. N.: Oh yes, many-a time on that. Lots of that.
D. S.: Was that used to thin the blood or for pleasure?
L. N.: Well...., it was more or less for a drink.
D. S.: Uhhuh.
L. N.: It wasn't used for anything in particular. We didn't know anything about the blood thinning or.......
D. S.: Yea.
L. N.: ....weather you had hight blood pressure or.......
D. S.: (Laughing)
L. N.: (Laughing). problems like that.
D. S.: Yea.
L. N.: Nobody examined you to find out. You had to get real ill to go to the doctor.
D. S.: Yea.
L. N.: My Mother had asthma so bad, that was her biggest problem, up there, when we lived in the mountains. Of course, she had it after she moved out of the mountain. And-a......., she had......., it was some type of stuff Dr. Ross gave her, kept it on hand. Then she use to have a light, a lamp
that she burnt with her medication in that when she had those attacks. And, I seen her have an attack that I would think for sure it would be her last breath. That would ease it and it would finally wear off. That was the type of doctor you got back then.

D.S.: Yea. What was your mother's maiden name?
L.N.: Sisk.
D.S.: Oh, she was of the Sisk?
L.N.: Yea.
D.S.: Do you know how your father met her?
L.N.: Not really. Three of the boys married sisters, I know that.
D.S.: Oh!
L.N.: Pete, Paul, and Did, all three married sisters.
D.S.: Oh. Uhhuh.
L.N.: I don't really know, I never heard them discussed it. I know they married real young.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: My mother was sixteen when she married.
D.S.: Yea. Is this any kin to Charlie Sisk?
L.N.: Yea. Yea, it is a little kin, but it is a different Charlie Sisk is a..., let me see where he is connected at. I don't know if Charlie is actually any kin to my Mother's people at all or not.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: I don't really think so.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: No. But, we knew him real well. His son married my Mother's sister....
D.S.: Oh?
L.N.: Attha Sisk.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: They live at Alexandria now.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: And-a, but that...
D.S.: He was a good stone mason.
L.N.: Oh, yes. Well, his son, at Alexandria, was just like him in that. That was his work too, but now, of course, he is getting of age and his eye sight is getting bad and he don't do but a little bit of that work.
D.S.: Yea. There was quite a number of good stone masons up there.
L.N.: That's right. That's right.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: These people you are talking about at Brightwood, most of them are stone masons.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Nelson, those people.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. Ahhh, Christmas. How was Christmas celebrated?
L.N.: Well, it was celebrated real well, for those time. We always looked real forward to Christmas. Would, my Mother, would fix us a stocking, we called it then, which was a type of hose. She made it special for that purpose. And, we had a mantle piece over the fireplace and it would never be a time we didn't hang that up during for Christmas. And, we the next mornin', on Christmas mornin', we was up, time just like they are today.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: We would have maybe an orange, a piece of candy, or a little something. Wasn't no toys. It wasn't no toys.
If you had any toys you made them.

D.S.: Yea. Uh huh. What would you make?

L.N.: Well, you could make little wagons out of ..., the ..., like cut down a small sapling ..., put the wheels on it, maybe two inches diameters.

D.S.: Uh huh.

L.N.: And, drill a little hole. Out of a brace and bit and drill a little hole in that and put a little axial in it out of the wood, timber too. Frame, put a little body on it out of the strips of a long small twig, you know, like a branch.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And, it would take the place of a ....

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: ... of things like today that cost a lot of money.

D.S.: Right.

L.N.: That's right.

D.S.: Did you play marables?

L.N.: Yes. Yes, a lot of people did. They used to have places that they played.

D.S.: Uh huh.

L.N.: And horse shoes, that was one of the biggest ....

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: .... thing back up there.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: But, that the marables and horse shoes. But, wasn't near as much marables playing as it was horse shoe playing.

D.S.: Huh! Did you shoot off fire crackers at Christmas?

L.N.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: Yes.
L.N.: Oh, yes, they would have fire crackers.
D.S.: How about visiting? Was it a lot of visiting done?
L.N.: A lot of it.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: A lot of it. It wasn't a day go by hardly that you didn't either visit somebody or somebody visited you.
D.S.: If you visited somebody and they were busy, what happened?
L.N.: Well, they... you just... well, they never was that busy.
D.S.: Oh?
L.N.: If they were working in the garden or something like that, nine time out of ten you got in there and helped them. Then got that over with, and they would come to the house and maybe fix a nice dinner and something to eat, and set around then and talk the rest of the evening, or....
D.S.: Yes.
L.N.: .....until it was time to go. And, that's the way they worked.
D.S.: Sure. Uh...., we were talking before about music. Did anybody...., did you have dances? Were there any dances that you recall. You were young, but....
L.N.: No, I don't recall any dances right up there in the holler. Now, they use to have dances out down at Nethers Mill.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: People out that holler would go down there.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Yea, it was dances, then what they called square dancing, wasn't anything then but just old time dances.
D.S.: That's right. Those were the best dances.
L.N.: Good. My uncle, Uncle Pete use to play a fiddle, a violin.
D.S.: Oh?
L.N.: And-a, they use to have a dance at his house anytime.
D.S.: Huh! How far away was Uncle Pete's?
L.N.: Well, they were at Nethers Mill, from us it was right at two miles.
D.S.: Oh, yea. Uhhuh.
L.N.: Now, they always lived at Nethers Mill. Now, they never lived in the mountain.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Him or Paul, either one.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Now, Hey, my Father's brother, he lived in the Park. But, he worked for himself pratically all the time, very little work he done other than own his own land and raising.... He had better..... he was lower down the mountain than we were, about a mile.
D.S.: Ummmm.
L.N.: He had more land and better land, and more land that was cleared.....
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: ....to work with.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: And-a.....
D.S.: Did you ever do any fishing and hunting, or didn't you have time?
L.N.: Done some trapping. (Laughing) I'll never forget the experience with a, what you call then, sitting a snare.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: In other words, you bend a pole over, cut the top out and bend the pole over. You had your twine, your regular snare. Then you make your circle and put your fork in the ground and then you would put your tredle on that fork, and put you a piece of apple on that tredle.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And, then when a rabbit threw that, then the snare caught him around his neck. And you would go to your trap in the mornin' to see what you caught. And, so, I went one mornin', I'll never forget this, I'll tell it anytime. I been goin' to that trap, that snare, for several mornings and I just said, "Look like I ain't going to catch nothin' in this one!". The apple, had a quarter, we would use a quarter of apple up in four pieces.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: I said, "I'll just break this one up". So, I reached down and pulled the apple off the tredle and it threw. (Laughed) And, when it did, it caught my arm.

D.S.: Oooh!

L.N.: And I was very small. And—a, my Mother didn't want me to go by myself, she use to tell me, you know. And that thing caught me by my arm, the pole was strong enough that it held me...., my arm up to where I didn't know how in the world I was going to get loose. So, man, I was hollering and she finally heard me, and she came and got my arm out of the snare.

D.S.: Oh! (Laughing) Good Lord! You were lucky it didn't catch your leg.
L.N.: I know. It happened, you know, I just reached down .......
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: .... if it would have strucked me in the forehead or something it would have probably knocked me out ........
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: .... because those things are strong. If they catch a rabbit or anything it would throw them everywhere..... break their necks, you know?
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: Well, it just shot me, my arm up in the air. I couldn't pull it over.
D.S.: Poor little boy! (Laughing)
L.N.: Had to pull it over to get out, you know? I was close enough to the house to holler for my Mother to come get me out. She said, "I told you that you was goin' to finally get caught in a snare out her foolin' around". I quit then after that, I never fooled with them anymore.
D.S.: You didn't?
L.N.: No...., I really didn't. I use to hunt some.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: I was thirteen, but, most of the way we hunted up there then...., it was..... I would go with Ola Hert, and we would track a rabbit, mostly in the snow. We would track him down and find him where he was sittin' at and just shoot him, with a rifle. We didn't hunt with no shotguns, I didn't have a shotgun. Never shot a shotgun until I moved to Culpeper.
D.S.: Did you eat them?
L.N.: Oh, yes.
D.S.: They were good eating, weren't they?
L.N.: They were. Very good. You didn't hear about all that rabies.
D.S.: No.
L.N.: ....or that diseases that they had back in them days.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: It was a lot of squirrels. Plenty of squirrels up in there.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: My Father use to go squirrel hunting and kill squirrels, and most everybody up there did it.
D.S.: Did you hunt oppossums and....?
L.N.: We never did fool with them. People did do night huntin' and that's what they mostly would be huntin' for up there. It was coons up there and all, but they were awful hard to catch.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: In places timber was so high until you couldn't get them if you treed them.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: So, that's the way, it wasn't that much hunting done. Trapping was the biggest.
D.S.: How did you keep the rabbits out of the gardens?
L.N.: Use to put up scare crows.
D.S.: Oh, that did it?
L.N.: Dress up a person you know, make a statue out there and then put clothes on it and a big hat, and stuff like that. And, you could go until your stuff got big enough, large enough that they didn't bother it anyway.
D.S.: Yes.
L.N.: But young stuff is mostly what rabbits would tear up.
D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: Expecially cabbage.
D.S.: Did you ever have your house rocked, or did you know of anybody that did?
L.N.: No.... No...., I tell you, up in there at that time in them days, it's people, it wasn't people like that up there, that's the truth. Not where I lived at, not the holler we were at.
D.S.: You visited though in other hollows?
L.N.: Oh yes. Yes, I been in every one of them as fer as that goes. Corbin Holler.... Corbin Holler was the...... Well...., I would say...., they had...., they were good people but, they were the poorest class of people that was up in there.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: They were, you know, fixed less, had less stuff to live with than any people that lived in the Park.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: Nicholson Holler, now I wouldn't say because I am a Nicholson, but now they had a lot of people up there..... Now, which it was Nicholson Holler but, they had a lot of different people which were; Woodard, Woodwards, and Nicholson, and had some Corbins, and ...... Use to be a real good preacher lived in Nicholson Holler which was Warren Corbin, he lived up in there on this side of Sperryville, which he owned, he is dead, but his home and everything was.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: And, they was real good people, and they was real good managers. They managed well, and ......

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: ....Sisk lived up that Holler. This Charlie Sisk and his son, Perry Sisk. Now, he was a timber man, he done all the logging pratically was done in those mountains. Yea.

D.S.: Uh....., you was talking about the Corbins....., and I'm wondering. Now, you had said before that..... Uhh....., that there was some people in your family that married second, they were double cousins....., double second cousins.....?

L.N.: That was my Mother and Father married sisters, you see?

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Mother married........ My Mother married,..... Well....., three sisters married three brothers.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: In the family. That was my Mother and her two sisters married three brothers; Paul, Pete, and Did.

D.S.: Yes. And, then some of their children married?

L.N.: Yes, but, they never married any kin.

D.S.: Oh!

L.N.: No, they married distances, wasn't......

D.S.: Oh.

L.N.: Now, Annie Didson, Paul's girl, married Charlie Dodson, which Charlie's Mother was Annie's grandmother's sister.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: That's...., that's the distance of kin that was involved.

D.S.: Yea. Well, you never saw any problems mentally or physically with too close marriages?
L.N.: No. No, not really. Not in any of the families.
D.S.: I was wondering if the Corbins may have had that problem?
L.N.: Well, the Corbins. Now, I don't know exactly the details on their marriages, really in particularly. But, it was a bunch of people that they was all together. It was very seldom that they got out anywhere or if any marriages taken place it was among, you know, in the families and all. I'm sure of that.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Because it was mighty few Corbins, now like I say, not one Corbin that lived up there, which naturally they got out when the Park come. Well, now his children and all never married like that.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Married any people that was any kin to them, you know?
D.S.: Sure. Right.
L.N.: Now, it was another generation of Corbins up there that was awful poor people. I know for a fact... I know, I've been to their house and I've seen the... which they call the Fennel Corbin family and they did not have a bed in their house.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: They slept on the floor, maybe a pile of rags and stuff like that in their house.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Which they were very hard up people.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: And what they could accumulate. They just made it by help from those people that was at Skyline. They got help from those people.
D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And - a....

D.S.: Couldn't they have grown a garden though, if they had some help?

L.N.: Yes. Some of them did grow a garden, but it was mighty poor, very poor. I've seen those people come to the store at Nethers Mill, and with not just one bag on their back, they had the bags tied together on their shoulder, front and behind them. That's the way they carried their stuff.

D.S.: Mummum!

L.N.: That's the way that it was. They managed to buy, some of them worked up on that mountain and so many of them made a lot of liquor.....

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Back in them days that was one big thing back in them mountains.

D.S.: Yes.

L.N.: And, the majority of them, that was whay they was doing.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And, they would bring it down and sell it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And then....., wild game and stuff like that. Now, those people lived on a lot of that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: That's right.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And they got helped, those people. Then Welfare, I don't think was involved.
L.N.: It was no Welfare that was helping them, but they got help from up there at Skyline, on Stoney Man, they called it, from the people.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And, they actually begged.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: That's one way a lot of them got out, come out.


L.N.: Then when they had to leave there and go out of the Park, some of them managed and some of them didn't manage. Uh...., by that then Welfare was...., they got into Madison. And, the majority of them went to Madison.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Then they built a homestead.....

D.S.: Wolftown.

L.N.: No. Right in Madison.

D.S.: Oh, right in Madison?

L.N.: Yea, they built a bunch of houses over...., go out the old Park road.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Back in there. A lot of them went in those homes.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: They built homes for them, and then they made out much better after that. And, then some of them didn't take care of anything or didn't know what it was all about.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: But, it about killed them and did kill some of them to have to leave from up in there.

D.S.: Yea. It was much better for them though.....
L.N.: Oh, yes!
D.S.: ..... in the long run?
L.N.: Much better for them, for those people and a lot of people.
     But, I don't know if it wasn't better for everybody.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Really, I expect it was better.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: But, it was a lot of happy people up in there.
D.S.: I know. Yea.
L.N.: Yea.
D.S.: They ate well.
L.N.: It was very few people up in those hollers and mountains
     that didn't live real well.
D.S.: How about practical jokes? Did you ever play practical
     jokes on anyone?
L.N.: No. No, I never did. I never did and never had any played
     on me either.
D.S.: Oh, really?
L.N.: That's true.
D.S.: Didn't your sisters and you brothers?
L.N.: Oh, we would play, you know, and all likes of that. No...
     with other kids, but not really when it come down to jokes.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: My Mother didn't allow it, to be truthful with you. She
     was very strick.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Just didn't allow it, and we couldn't be too rough, not
     in our family. We had to be very calm in the way we acted
     and played. And..., I use to play in my days, I rode a
     stick more than anything I've done as a child. Cut them
and get on them and pretend they was a horse.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: A majority of children done that.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And, we would take a pole and jump. While, I rode on a grape vine in those mountains and swing from one another....

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: My goodness, down over those mountains the heights would be, I expect twenty feet off the ground. You would only be holding on to a grapevine to be swinging from that one over to another vine to catch it. That's a fact.

D.S.: Shuuuuuu-huh!

L.N.: Many-a time, we would, my uncle's, which was a Sisk, my Mother's brother, children and we use to have just big times like that.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Yea. That was our hobby, to get out in the mountains.

D.S.: And swing on the grape vines.

L.N.: And swing. Cut us a vine, you know, and try it out real well before we made too long-a run with it.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: Pull on it, you know? Make sure it was strong eonough. Oh, a lot of them was large as your arm.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: It was nothin' for a grape vine to grow that large.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And-a, we use to have just big times on them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Climb up on buildings and jump off. See who could jump off the highest. (Laughing)
D.S.: (Laughing)
L.N.: That's the type of sports that we really had.
D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: That was it.
D.S.: Had to have something to use up your energy as though getting up early in the morning wasn't enough.
L.N.: The majority of children then had so much to do, so much work, that you only had time for that certain times.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: It wasn't so you could play all the time like a lot of them do now.
D.S.: Yea. Right.
L.N.: That's right.
D.S.: How about fishing? Did you ever do any fishing?
L.N.: Yea! Yea, we done some, never done a lot of fishing. But, we done some fishing up there in the mountains. It would be places up there in the river that you could catch trout.
D.S.: This was the Hughes River?
L.N.: Well, Hughes River..., see this river we was on, I think it was the Hughes River. This river comes out, I don't know if that river actually had a name or not, to be honest with you. It come out of the mountain we lived in.
D.S.: Did you ever see Camp Hoover?
L.N.: Oh, yes. Yes.
D.S.: Did you go down to it at all?
L.N.: Oh, yes I've been there, but that has been since I have been living in Culpeper. It wasn't that far away from you.
D.S.: Oh! You've should have gone while you was still living in the mountains.
L.N.: No, that was on this side of the mountains toward Madison.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Which would have been a good way from us.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: From Old Rag down to that.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Well, I'd say it was somewhere in the neighbor of three to four miles.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Then to walk from there to the Hoover Camp would have been another couple of miles.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: I actually expect, from where we lived it would have been in the neighbor of six miles.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: You didn't walk that too often. (Laughing)
D.S.: No. Did you know anything about it growing up?
L.N.: No. Really I didn't know that much about it. I've been to it since it...
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: ...you know, it just sitting there. I never had been to it at the time it was really in operation.
D.S.: Uhhuh. In other words, him coming there wasn't a big excitement for the mountain people?
L.N.: No, I don't think so. No, I don't believe so.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: Those people got some work to do there.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: Which was helpful.
D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: But as far as actually being something big... When I was seventeen years old, we moved. We then was living in Culpeper, I went in the CCC Camp when Hoover went out and Roosevelt come in as President.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: He opened up this CC Camp for boys. I went in that and stayed a year.

D.S.: You did? Which camp was you in?

L.N.: I was at Crozet, Whitehall.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Yea.

D.S.: What was your job?

L.N.: Well, that was cutting fire trails.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: That was mostly all we done.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Open up these fire trails and KP on the camp and in the kitchen, and work like that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: But, I was water boy the biggest part of my time.

D.S.: (Laughing) You can't get away from that job. (Laughing)

L.N.: (Laughing) I really was! I really was water boy. One of the big part of that. I stayed there a year and ten days.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And-a....

D.S.: That was good money for those days.

L.N.: They gave us thirty dollars a month, twenty-five of that come home and you got five on the camp.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: And-a, I went to work then from there for the Southern Garnment Pants Factory down here for eight dollars a week...
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: ....when I came out of there. That was up until I got married. And, in thirty-nine, that I was working there and my wife too.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Then I went to work at the Prison Camp in fourty-three and been there every since. This is thirty-six years.
D.S.: Uhhuh. How about your father, now, why did he leave in twenty-nine.
L.N.: Out of the mountains?
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: Well, the Park.... had.....was.....
D.S.: Coming.
L.N.: ....takin' that land.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: And-a,.... My Uncle Paul, that owned the orchard, his main work had stopped.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Because, the property that my Father owned, he owned it at one time, then his brother, Paul, taken that over too.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Then, he, my Father, was to get so much out of it someway, at the end when the Park, you know......
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: ....settled up. And, I don't know just exactally how that ever came out. But anyway, after the Park taken it nobody had any land up there.
D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And, then... we knew that we had to get out because they had already said nobody would be living in the Park.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And—a..., we moved then down to his place here in Culpeper, then which is out at Muddy Run.


L.N.: Then we worked there on the farm for him and a feller Hawkins, Aurbrey Hawkins, up until....ahhh...., I would say.... My Father went down on that farm for....., somewhere in the neighbor of five or six years. Then he went to work for Ward Drew Lumber Company, and.....

D.S.: How did your father adjust to....., or I should say your mother adjust to the fact about coming out of the mountains? Was she happy about it?

L.N.: Yes. Yes, she was.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Yes. My Mother went to work at the same factory back in the..., she didn't right when she moved out, she didn't.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: My Mother had one kid after we moved to Culpeper.

D.S.: Oh!

L.N.: Yes. I might have said that there was eight of us and two up there, but she had one kid born after we left the Park.

D.S.: O.K.

L.N.: Yea.

D.S.: Was there many tourist that came trough before you left the Park? That you saw?
L.N.: Not in our area. But, near Old Rag Post Office used to be a route for the horses and the tourist from Skyland, Stoney Man Park, they called it, that campground. Now, they used to ride down to that, down to the Old Rag.

D.S.: What was your reaction to them?

L.N.: Well, everybody went to see them.

D.S.: (Laughing) These strange creatures.

L.N.: Yes. Right. And, the way they dressed back then, nobody dressed in just in any type of clothes. They all had on riding boots.....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: ....I mean riding pants, and nice boots, a certain type of hats. Oh, it was just a... really nice. The horses was very beautiful and fixed up with ribbons on them, and tail tucked up, you know, and curled and fixed.....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Had beautiful horses. And, it was something new, you know.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Something different altogether.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: People would gather around the store there on Old Rag Post Office. They call and the man in charge of all of that stuff up there at that time was a man named, George Pollock.

D.S.: Yep!

L.N.: George Pollock, and he was a real nice person. And, he would most time be in the tourist, you know, when they ride.

D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: He would come in there. And-a, they would stop and they would get off their horses and would set around and talk and riding and get back up and go back up the mountain....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: ...back to their camp.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: But, in our area, down in our area where we was at, it was a half of mile from Old Rag Post Office, at least. It wasn't much going on other now than there the people that ran these stores, Butler and Brown. They had to get all their merchandise from Nethers Mill.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: That's the store they delt at. To get it, and they would go to the store on a one horse wagon.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: To pick up their groceries, their stuff to sell, you know?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And, they would make a trip, Mr. Butler, he use to. If he didn't go on wagon he would go on horse. Now, he's the one I seen many-a time have...., anywhere..., from four to six bags of stuff on the horse tied together and throwed over the horses' back.

D.S.: Yes.

L.N.: And, he'd carry.... walk ever step of the way.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Ride the horse down..., come back he would walk, lead the horse with that load.

D.S.: Mummmm.

L.N.: And, they had a wagone..., a one horse wagon. If he had too much he would take the wagon.
L.N.: The mail was carried by a one-horse wagon which Mr. Wayman Brown, which is dead now......
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: ... carried that mail for years and years.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: And-a, most of the time he would walk back up that mountain.
D.S.: Nobody thought anything about walking, did they?
L.N.: NO, indeed. No, walking was it.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: That's the way it was. Just wasn't any cars at all.
D.S.: Now, you was saying you had a horse?
L.N.: Yes.
D.S.: Or, two horses, was it?
L.N.: No, we only had the... we never had over one horse, which was a mule. We never had a horse then, a mule.
D.S.: Did you ever ride them?
L.N.: Oh, yes indeed. I use to drive the team spraying, they sprayed. That's the way they sprayed the orchard then, with horses, with mules, in other words. And, drive them, my Father and my.... cousin, Adrew Dodson. The one I am talking about, Annier White's husband, then use to do all the spraying those apple trees.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: You had to spray back in those day too.
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: Caterpillers and ....
D.S.: Oh, yea.
L.N.: Have nice fruit and it was beautiful.
D.S.: Yes.
L.N.: Nice fruit.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: But, I went in that orchard many-a time in the Spring of the year and dig an apple out from under those leaves and it would still be good. All the winter, lay there all the winter.
L.N.: Be fine.
D.S.: Oh, what a wonderful life you just described.
L.N.: Yes.
D.S.: It was really good, wasn't it?
L.N.: It was a good life... out of my life up there. I tell you a fact. I often tell people... that there hadn't been another thirteen years that could come up with it as far as living. And, I mean no worry, as fer as how you were goin' to make it. What was goin' to be the out come, the prices of this or that, it was..., Ahhhh...., it was no worry to it, that's all it was to it. You had your stuff and....
D.S.: And, as long as you was willing to work.
L.N.: That's right. Father made the arrangements for what we was goin' to have during the winter to eat, and it just, nobody had to work during the winter.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Then when the time come to prune the apple orchard, which that would start real early Spring, you know where it got any where near the sap got up. And, he would prune those orchards and that's when his work would start.
D.S.: Sure. Did your father know how to do grafting and things of that kind?

L.N.: No, they never done any of that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Never done any of that. The orchards were old and was well taken care of, and in those mountains you didn't... You set out a tree it would come from somewhere else, from... My uncle would order them. They would set the tree and you didn't never had to worry about it living or nothing.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Very seldom you ever lost a tree, and if a apple tree died you'd cut.... You'd cut the tree on down.

D.S.: Yea...  

L.N.: Make away with it, that's all.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: You could replace it. It didn't seem like it took anytime to start bearing fruit.

D.S.: Well, you know you have given such a complete beautiful story, I can't think of anything that I should be asking you. Is there anything I haven't asked?

L.N.: I don't know of anything. Like I was saying, I remember well back in the days and how nice, you know, when you think about it today.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Even with young people, and that's what makes me think so much a lot of time back in those days. You just didn't know what it was, a young child, a person to have no problems if anything in their life.

D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: I would say the biggest problem back in those days was the education.

D.S.: Yes. Did you ever have any idea of... like when you was around nine years old. Did you ever say, "When I grow up I want to be"?

L.N.: Never did.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Never did.

D.S.: You were just contented with......

L.N.: With just hard work.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Really, that's the truth. And, have been because I didn't, I wasn't actually able to get my education.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Due to the family.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And, when we moved to Culpeper it began to get much harder.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Oh...., it was so much different. And, my Father in no way then could make it on a dollar twenty-five cents a day without help. I worked with him on a farm and Annier White's husband, Charlie Dodson, we done ever bit of the farm, and it was over three hundred acres in it, and you done it all then by a horse.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: It was all it was to it because you didn't have anything but a horse and a mule to do the work with. It wasn't a tractor involed nowhere.
D.S.: No.

L.N.: You plowed the ground, plowed the corn, you raked the hay with a rake, and you... and we worked every day. And, I didn't get to go to school, I am sorry to say it, but through the fifth grade was as high as I ever went to school.

D.S.: I think you was extremely fortunate, quite a number didn't go that far.

L.N.: Well, that true. And, I have been lucky in ever respect in the...

D.S.: By the way. What kind of lock did you have on your door?

L.N.: Didn't have anything. Didn't even have a lock. You put your door together and that was it.

D.S.: Nobody stole anything?

L.N.: Nobody. You didn't know what stealing was up there.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Never heard of it...

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Of nobody bothering anything. Your milk and butter, just plenty of it, set in your spring box, we called it. Springhouse, had a house and water was in it and fix like I told you. You didn't have to worry about nothing.

D.S.: Even your smoke house, you didn't have to worry about anybody stealing?

L.N.: Didn't have to lock it..., you didn't have to worry about it a bit.

D.S.: No.

L.N.: Not a thing.

D.S.: Did you do your butchering at Thanksgiving time?
L.N.: Well-a... most of the time it would be later than Thanksgiving before my Father would butcher. He was always afraid of a warm spell or something right at Thanksgiving, and he would butcher then just a week or so before Christmas. Yea.

D.S.: Mummum.

L.N.: Like when they butchered then, you didn't have like all these slaughter houses now and stuff.

D.S.: Oh, no.

L.N.: He built what you call a rock kiln.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Put your wood and a layer of stone, a layer of wood and a layer of stone, all like that, until you got it so high. The mornin' you was goin' to butcher you built a fire under that wood. Alright, that rock got red hot, and then you had this, what we call then, a hog pit, a big barrel.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: In other words, that's what you used to put down the apples in to make pumpic, they called it, to make apple brandy.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And, he used one of those to scald the hogs in. He would put the front in and pull that out and then turn the hog around and put the back in, unless the hog was small enough that the water would cover him enough to scald it. And, you used the rocks to heat the water.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: That's how they butchered. (Laughing)

D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: That's right. And, the scaulding pan, and these vats, and stuff like they have now, until we come to Culpeper hadn't never seen one until then.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: That's the way they always....

D.S.: It worked just as good.

L.N.: Yea. That rock made that water, you never heard boilin' and crackin' and carryin' on in your life. And, when the water got the temperature, my Father would take his finger and run through that water, and had to wait three times. When he could stand to run it through three times, you know, not blister it, his finger, he said it was ready. You put them in there and they would clean just like.....

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: ... like a.....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: ... wouldn't be no nicer. And, he raised hogs. They didn't raise no small hogs then. Ever hog he raised, back in them days, averaged dressin' three hundred fifty, four hundred pounds. That's a fact.

D.S.: You fatten them up on corn?

L.N.: Corn.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Didn't ever feed them garbage.....

D.S.: Yes.

L.N.: ... after you once put them on corn. Corn and water.

D.S.: Did you feed them milk.

L.N.: Well, you did when they were small.
D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: That's how you got your growth fast, with milk. And, use to take great big buckets of clabber and stuff and and pour in their troughs.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And, there was green, ... a lot of green stuff, like weeds. I've pulled weeds for them many-a-day and threw over in there for them to eat.

D.S.: This has been wonderful. You don't know how we Thank-You!

L.N.: Well, I'm real glad. I'm ..., I like to talk about it..., be honest with you.

D.S.: (laughed)

L.N.: In fact a lot of times you think about it a lot.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: Oh, it comes to my mind times, and times, times just often.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: How well that people could make it back in those days and how hard it is today....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: ....in a lot of respect. That's a fact.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you look.....

L.N.: But, we have much more today, too.

D.S.: Did you look forward to winter when you could relax more?

L.N.: Well, no, not really. Winter was...., was a good time of year just for, you know, to relax and sit back and all. But, it was...., it was right discussin' in a lot of ways other than just visitin'.

D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: That's when you really done your visiting, in the winter-
time.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: We use to go to our neighbors and people sit until what
they call bedtime.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Well, that bedtime could be then twelve o'clock and not
think nothin' about it.
D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: Because nobody had to worry, you didn't have to get up
early, no more than to milk or something like that.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: And feed. We had to feed the cows and whatever, maybe
two cows and a calf or two on the cow.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: Take care of stuff like that, about that was it.
D.S.: Did anybody have a bull that you would.....?
L.N.: Yea. Yea, that would be at....
D.S.: Nether's.
L.N.: Nethers, you would have to take the cow. Put it on
halter and take her and lead her all the way there and
breed her and bring her back.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: But, the cows run loose. In other words, they had the
run of the mountain.
D.S.: Sure.
L.N.: We all used bells.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
L.N.: And, that way you got your cow up....
D.S.: Yea.
L.N.: ...to milk and all. I went back on them mountains many-a time. Oh, .... back as fer as you could go, almost.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: And-a lots time you couldn't hear the bell until you got back in the mountain.

D.S.: (Laughing) You didn't know where to start looking?

L.N.: It was a strange thing. As many bells we had back in them days, you could tell just about if it was your cow bell or weather it was somebody elses.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Just about..., use to it, you got use to it, you go goin' to milk.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: We didn't feed them anything particular to bring them in, because they got just plenty to eat anyway, you see?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And, very seldom one of them ever come up to be milked..., now and then they would come out, you know, in the openin' to where you could see them or go drive them up. And, they knew just as well what you wanted, because once you got there they taken off to the house.

D.S.: (Laughing) Uhhuh.

L.N.: You didn't have to run after them or head them off or anything. They knew what you'd come to get them for....

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: ....take them in to milk.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: And, we always use to keep good cows. My Father, he would always average keepin' two good cows, give lots of milk.
D.S.: Great.

L.N.: And, calves, now when you sell them, lots of time they was not high like they are now, but what money you got out of them you had it.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: It was clear money.

D.S.: Right.

L.N.: You didn't have no expense of any feed in, in particular. We raised the feed fer them. Which you would have these corn patches, you know, and your fodder and stuff like that for them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.N.: Very seldom you ever bought a thing in the world for them.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: Corn for the chickens, that's all they eat.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: And, my Mother use to take and, I seen her a-many a-time take and mix up meal, corn meal, make a dough and feed it to the chickens.

D.S.: Mmmm.

L.N.: Yea. And, lay..., eggs wasn't no problems.

D.S.: Yea.

L.N.: That's right.

D.S.: Did you eat eggs?

L.N.: Lord, yes! We ate many-a eggs.

D.S.: Sure.

L.N.: Yes, many-a eggs.

D.S.: Well, again I Thank-You, sincerely. This has been ABSOLUTELY wonderful.

L.N.: Well, I hope I have something that will be helpful to you.