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# (SNP073) Gladys Beahm Judd interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Peggy C. Bradley

Gladys Judd

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ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM  
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

NARRATOR:	Mrs. Arthur Judd (Kathryn Clendenon)
INTERVIEWER:	Mrs. Dorothy Smith
PLACE:	Page County
DATE:	April 26, 1977

TRANSCRIBED BY:

Peggy C. Bradley

COMPLETED DATE:

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D.S.: This would have completely floored your Aunt Katy, wouldn't it? (Laughing)

A.J.: She has children and they are always taping her voice, she has a nice voice when ...

D.S.: I know she does.

A.J.: Uhhuh. On record. Because, we were talking and her daughter got behind the couch and recorded our voices. Oh, my, I sounded terrible and ... I was talking low and it sounded like .. (panting).

D.S.: (Laughing) Well! Now, we don't even know where to start with our questions with you.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Suppose we go into as much as you can remember about the Beahm family.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Well, I have some pictures here, which ... She said they'll laugh about. But, this is the best thing I have to show you. This is the road to the toll gate.

D.S.: Aaaah!

A.J.: This is Aunt Katy and that is about, let's see now, seventy~~7~~.. that is about seventy years ago.

D.S.: Ooooh!

A.J.: So, it was a toll gate then. I tried to get her to say when. If I slipped up on her, but I tried to get her to say when.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: "...that ... they discontinued ....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, she said the road <sup>I guess</sup> ~~by this~~ was owned by a company and ... Nichols ... and Bailly, she thought.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: That's all she would say, she wouldn't say what year, but in 1916 we are sure it was there. In 1922 my Grandmother died and-a, .. the road was all torn to pieces then, so it was all taken over.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.:

D.S.: Is this approximately where the Panorama is now, or was it in a different place?

A.J.: It's a different place. It was ... uh, ... about a mile down the mountain.

D.S.: Oh, a mile down the mountain?

A.J.: Uhhuh. This side. ... This side.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: This side.

D.S.: And, this is the house which they lived in?

. .: Aaaah!

A.J.: This is the house they lived in.

D.S.: Oh, that was a nice house.

A.J.: We thought, oh, it was such a sin to take it down, it was a beautiful thing. Now, that is a winter scene and in the summer time it was just beautiful.

D.S.: Now this house,... is this part of this?

A.J.: This is ... this is the highway, right here.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Of course, it was covered with stone and it was muddy, and ... *dusty*

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: .... *dusty* ~~dirty~~, and whatever. See the stone on the step.

D.S.: Sure.



A.J.: Where the horses would kick it up on, I guess the wheels and all.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: But, every morning you swept those stones off *it*.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: This was two gates. ... You went up here, here is the ... uh, ... the platform. You went up two more steps ... here is the Boxwoods on each side.....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ... you went on through that.

D.S.: And, the house was then ...?

A.J.: Way back here.

D.S.: Oh, like about there?

A.J.: Uhhuh. I have more pictures somewhere, I can't think ... I thought I would get her to look them up, but she wan't in the mood to do it today. She has *more*, but not too good.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: Now, this is ... this is her when she was, .... I don't know how long ago that was. Fifty years ago, I guess.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: Yea. They just took it. But, this shows more of the house, you know?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, I have *another* a picture someplace that has more of the house, but nothing in the summer time when it was so pretty. See, this was ... uh ... a vine that come up ....

D.S.: Sure..

A.J.: ... *it* and went all the way across there.

D.S.: Looks like a white .

. .: Now, are any of those ruins, ... could you still find ruins back there of that house?

A.J.: They say you can, uhuh.

. .: They say you can?

A.J.: That you can tell where the steps were.

. .: Now, you are saying it was how far from ...

D.S.: About a mile.

A.J.: A mile down, uhuh.

. .: About a mile to the West, here?

D.S.: Yea, from Panorama

A.J.: Uhuh.

. .: From Panorama, is it on ... Do you know if your're going up to <sup>work</sup> Panorama, is it on the left or right side of the road?

A.J.: It is on the left side.

. .: On the left side?

A.J.: And, ...

D.S.: On the left side.

A.J.: And, on across this road, ... right across here, was uh, ... the General Store.

D.S.: Ooooh!

A.J.: And, ... they had a General Store, and that was ... See, the house is <sup>up</sup> on a bank. See, the rocks here?

D.S.: Uhuh.

A.J.: Let me see. ... Maybe I can see better with the light. This is a terrible room for the afternoon ...

D.S.: Uhuh.

A.J.: ... the light shines in your face. Uh, ... this is the highway. See, the ... the ... the yard ~~is~~ way up here?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: See? By, you know, by going up <sup>here</sup> ~~there~~ ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ... up the steps ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ... is the year.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, here is the porch.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Up this way.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, then right here was the ... basement. You went down to the basement, and you had a huge stone ... flat stone at the top. Then you went down steps, ~~there~~ the doorway was about six feet ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ... and, if you were taller than that, you bumped the top of your head.

D.S.: Sure. (All laughed)

A.J.: And-a, .. and had big logs. Oh, they were that big, ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ... in the basement. They were always white washed as white as snow. And, a long table, and everyone that came across the mountain, of course, those who had horses and everything, and would stop, go in and have a cup of coffee and get warm and all that sort of stuff.

D.S.: Mmmmmmmum. Yes.

A.J.: This was . See, how far the railing come up.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Well, from here to here was where you went down in the basement.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, this was one great big Living Room, then it was two rooms upstairs. It was a wide hall here, and it was a Parlor on this side, and you stepped down in <sup>the</sup> Parlor. And, my Father said the Parlor WAS NOT LOG! These were logs all the way across here, but the Parlor part was built on later.

D.S.: Oh!

A.J.: And, this must have been built on later.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Now, <sup>this</sup> was a breezeway through here. And, in my recollections, see it was a big door in the back that you closed because it would have been most too breezy. And, ... they had ... my Father, my Grandmother, and Grandfather ... uh ... had cooked and ate in there, my Father tells me. And, ... then their Father and mother lived in this part of the house, you know.

D.S.: Oh!

A.J.: That was LONG, Long time ago.

D.S.: Of course it was.

A.J.: That was ninty years ago.

D.S.: Well now, if we promise you faithfully that you will get these back, could we borrow them and have reproductions made of them?

A.J.: Well, you are quite welcome to these. I'm, I am ~~exact~~ <sup>almost</sup> afraid of this one. (Laughed) I don't know. Uh, ... you think you can get this one back ... you could make a picture?

D.S.: They can, because I got a worst one ...

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ... last week ...

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ... and they were able to take a picture of it.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Well, my son-in-law does pictures. He did those, they are reproductions.....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ...from little snap shots. And, ... but, he hadn't done this one. I was so afraid for him to take it. He works at the Caverns. And so, my Daughter kept it and she said one day he got a notion to do it why she would ....

D.S.: Well, if you would rather not .... we won't. Because, I don't.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Well, I would love for you to have it. I ... You are reasonably sure you can get it back? (Laughed)

D.S.: I give you my word.

A.J.: Is her word good? (Jokely ... Laughing)

. .: Oh, yes! (All laughed)

A.J.: Well, to keep a thing doesn't make much sense, ... but ...

D.S.: Yes, it does! It is important.

A.J.: This is the best picture, I have another one someplace, but this is the best picture, I have.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Nut, I don't have any summer pictures at all, because it was so shady and nice in here. Of course I had .. It is some people here, of course, we don't know who the people are. We figured, the other day, uh ... the girl that was here was the great granddaughter. I think, *of this family* <sup>Spindle,</sup> Aunt Katy is her great-aunt.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Great-great-great aunt, parents. She said, "Well, it is somebody there, wonder how we could find out who it is?"

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Yea. But, it was a beautiful, wonderful place.

D.S.: It certainly was. Which room did you stay in when you stayed there?

A.J.: Right here!

D.S.: You stayed there.

A.J.: Right there. And, ...

D.S.: The view must had been beautiful, wasn't it?

A.J.: It's just beautiful.

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: Just beautiful.

D.S.: You say horses, of course, went by here ...

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ... and I think ~~that~~<sup>it</sup> is one of the fascinating thing about that toll road. Uh, ... it mainly was dirt and rock, right?

A.J.: Oh yes, ... and ruts like that ...

D.S.: Ooooh!

A.J.: ... when it was muddy. (Laughed)

D.S.: So, it was wagons that were being pulled?

A.J.: Oh, wagons, yea. Wagons.

D.S.: What would the wagons carry? Can you recall?

A.J.: Mmmmmmmum, .... let's see. Well, I should. Apples of course.

D.S.: Oh, yes.

A.J.: And, ... Huh! Can't think. Well, I guess mostly when I was there it would be apples.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: I guess everything had to go across the countains had to be hauled up there.

D.S.: Sure, it was.

A.J.: And-a ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

. .: Did everybody get ... get ...

A.J.: They had to pay too.

. .: ... had to pay toll? Everybody that went over?

A.J.: Yes. And, that was ....

. .: No matter what kind of *weather*

A.J.: That was, I thought, If I had gotten that in and asked Aunt Katy what the charges were.

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: Of course, I knew at one time but I can't remember ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: It wasn't too much.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: But, sometimes these teams would come over the mountains, the roads were so bad they were furious, ... so they would come by and they would pull the things up and go on through~~y~~ anyway. Well, if they waited till, if they got up real early and came across, they didn't ... They put the toll gate up at night ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

. .: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ...so, they would get across. But, sometimes they could hear them a'coming. They would put the toll gate up. (Laughed)

D.S.: (Laughing)

. .: Oh, I see, catch them. (Laughed)

D.S.: Well, this was the Beahm family?

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Right?

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Did they do ... That was not their sole income, was it?

A.J.: Oh, my goodness no! Uh, ... they had a farm. A very large farm.

D.S.: Great! What did they do on the farm?

A.J.: They raised ... everything.

D.S.: Cattle?

A.J.: Well, to a certain *extent* that wasn't ...

D.S.: Dairy cows?

A.J.: Not there. ... Not there. They had corn, ... I guess they did more just living off the land.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: They had their chickens, their turkeys, their hogs ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ... their cows and ...

D.S.: Uhhuh. Uhhuh.

A.J.: ... of course, their milk and butter.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: was talking about how we lived, and I said, I don't know how he lived in his days, but they had the best of everything when I came along.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: And, it was very modern, outside they didn't have water in the house. They had their pump out here.



D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Everything was modern in the house, according to that day, you know?

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: They had all kinds of musical instruments. They had a piano, an organ, and a graphophone. I remember when I was a little, bitty, tiny thing that was the first thing ...

D.S.: Oh, yes.

A.J.: ... I ever saw like that.

D.S.: Did they play violins?

A.J.: Yes. Violins, mandolins, guitars, everything. They had everything.

D.S.: Dulcimers? Did they have a Dulcimer?

A.J.: I imagine they did, ... but, I was trying to think when we were talking about it. I imagine so.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Because, you know we haven't found anyone around here who had a ~~D~~ulcimer.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Well, I can't say so, ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ... but I was wondering if they didn't have. But, I know they had a violin, and guitar, and a .... and a ... a banjo. All of them played except my Father. ... I don't think my Father had any musical ability to play. He ... he could sing, he had a good voice, but he didn't play.

D.S.: What did they play?

A.J.: (Laughed) Now, that I don't know. (Laughed)

D.S.: Can't you recall any of the songs?

A.J.: No, I can't recall any of the songs.

D.S.: They were so pretty.

A.J.: Uhhuh. I was just very small when all of that was going on.

D.S.: Right. Yea. Uhhuh.

A.J.: So, I don't remember. I can remember they played the graphophone and I would dance until I could just drop, you know. I was just three or four years old.

D.S.: Yes.

. .: Did they teach each other to play ... or?

A.J.: I don't think so. I guess ... some ...

. .: You mean they just picked it themselves?

A.J.: As the girls grew up, some of them took music, I think. I can't recall which ones. I guess, Janet's mother-in-law was probably ~~one~~ *did* had.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Cause she went to college, you know. Aunt ~~K~~aty, went to high school. But, they had very little schooling up there because they only had five months of *year*

D.S.: Sure.

A.J.: ....a year, then sometimes the weather was so bad they couldn't go.

D.S.: How far away was the school?

A.J.: I guess about, ... Oh, ... I'd say, a mile.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: I don't think ~~he~~ *she* could tell you where that was exactly.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: But, it was right against the road, and I think it was called ... Shenk's School. I believe.

D.S.: Ooooh, yes .... Did go to Shenk School. Right.

A.J.: I believe so.

D.S.: Yea. This toll gate, ... now, this must have been there  
a long while because when you read back in the history ...

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ...of our Valley, that toll gate was there.

A.J.: Yes.

D.S.: Was it always run by the same family?

A.J.: Yes, it was.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Uh, ... now you see, she is about eighty ...

D.S.: She told me eight-five. (Laughed)

A.J.: Yes, that is about right. She'll be eighty-six this  
year, but she is eighty-five, is what she is .

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: That's right.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Eighty-five, and you can <sup>guess</sup> ~~see~~ by that how old the little  
girl in this is.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: About five.

D.S.: I would say so. Wouldn't you say she is about five?

. .: That is going to be hard to say ...

A.J.: See ... See her little back there?

. .: Yea. Yea.

A.J.: She's not anymore than five.

D.S.: No, I don't think so either.

A.J.: Huh-un. Huh-un.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: So ...

D.S.: So, how much property, ... have you any rough ideal?  
How much property they had up there?

A.J.: An awful lot.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: So much mountain land, plus my Father had

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: Ain't that awful, I feel like I have to go ask him, how  
much land they owned.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: He's been dead so long.

D.S.: Well, you know, that is so rocky.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: You wonder how they <sup>were able</sup> ~~could~~ plant things?

A.J.: And, up against the mountain we had a potato patch one  
time. Oh, the riches dirt, it was just like that, and  
you could hardly walk up there. But, we had the nicest  
potatoes. And, we never planted them until way late in  
the year.

. .: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Well, that was pretty high up ...

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ... in the mountain.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.:

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Yea. Uh, ... I don't ... You know, it seems amazing to  
me that they were able to grow anything, when you look  
at that ROCKY SOIL.

A.J.: Yes, indeed.

D.S.: Did they use plows?

A.J.: Oh, yes. And, from right out here they had what they called the cabbage patch.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Cabbage garden. And, they had all cabbage. They had the garden right here, but the cabbages went clear up to the Keyser's place. You heard of the Keyser's place?

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: That is right above there.

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: One of these pictures should show. ... Well, right here. I have a picture that shows the Keyser's ... They Keyser place is right in here someplace.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, you can see that well now, in the opening.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: It shows there now, when you go by there now.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Now, this is where they kept the .... they had the Blacksmith's Shop, and where they kept the plows and so forth and so on in there.

D.S.: They did their own blacksmithing?

A.J.: Oh, yes! And then, ... this away he was at home.

D.S.: Then I suppose he would do for the ... He would do it for the people that came through that needed help?

A.J.: I don't know about that. If he did it for anybody else or not. Not that I know of.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: So, more or less they just lived off of the land.

They had a Post Office, did we mention that?

D.S.: No.

A.J.: They had the Post Office, at first, where's the little picture? There's the little picture. They had the Post Office in here for awhile, and then they had it in the General Store. All the time that I knew, they had it in the store.

D.S.: Do you know the name of the general store?

A.J.: I guess it was, B. F. Beahm's. Well, let's see, I got a few things. This was my brother, ... and it doesn't have a date on it. This was my brother's invention of the meat chopper-upper, (Laughing) whatever you call it.

D.S.: Oooh! (All laughing)

A.J.: Yea, he invented that, and he has passed away. That was his wife was here. I'll go in here, I have a record of their deaths. Now, this is what it says. ... I would like to have my Grandmother's, this is just my Grandfather's, copy.

D.S.: Alright, this says: F. H. Beahm, for a many ...

A.J.: No, it is B. F.

D.S.: B. F. Beahm .....

A.H.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ... for many years, toll gate keeper on Thornton Gap, died six p.m. last Thursday of complication of diseases, age sixty-one years. His health had been declining rapidly <sup>for</sup> ~~from~~ the last year. Mr. Beahm was the son of Jacob Beahm, deceased of this county and was the last living member of the family of four children. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Joyce Butler, sister of John W. ~~Butler~~, is that?

A.J.: Butler, I think it would be.

D.S.: Butler, now of Richmond. His children, all of whom were present at the funeral, are: Mrs. I. E. Stom... Stomback...

A.J.: Stomback, that's Janet's ...

D.S.: Yea. ... Uh, ... Mrs. Mamie Brown, Mrs. George Atkins, Miss Katy Beahm, Charles Beahm, and Robert Beahm of Page County. John. F. Beahm of Philadelphia, and Jacob Beahm of New York. They got around.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: The funeral which took place yesterday evening was conducted by Rev. J. A. Hubbard, assisted by Rev. F. L. Snap. The remains being interred in the old family graveyard in the present of many relatives and neighbors. The desceased was a ~~valued~~ <sup>valiant</sup> confederate soldier, who was much ... to ...

A.J.: I can't see it.

D.S.: I can't see it either.

A.J.: Mmmmmmmum.

D.S.: Much revered!

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: And liked by all for his worthy and generous traits of character. He was a member of the Luthern Church for many years. For a long time he conducted a store at Thornton Gap where his son, Robert Beahm, for some time been connected with the business. He was popular with his neighbors, and his death is deeply regreated. What a wonderful story!

A.J.: Now, if I just could find the one with my Grandmother's, probably would tell us a little bit more.

D.S.: Now, B. F. Beahm is your grandfather?

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: And, his father had run the ... uh, ... uh, ...

A.J.: Farm. Uhhuh.

D.S.: ...the toll gate and store too?

A.J.: I guess so. ... How does it read? Does it read that way or what? I don't ... I can't remember . Well, I know that.... that his father must have built the place, because my Father would say, Grandfather said he would ... he wanted to be where he could look near his rock all his life.

. .: Oh!

A.J.: And, my Father never got out of sight of Mary's rock until he lived at our house, and we had to go about a quarter of a mile before you could see Mary's rock. (Laughed)

. .: Oh!

D.S.: Well, you can see Mary's rock from here.

A.J.: Yes.

D.S.: I'm looking at Mary's rock.

A.J.: Yea. Yes.

D.S.: You know there are many stories about why Mary's rock is called Mary's rock?

A.J.: Yes.

D.S.: Did he ever mention why?

A.J.: I don't think he did. I can't remember that he did.

D.S.: Is the story ... What story do you believe?

A.J.: (Laughed) I really don't know .... uh, ... enough about that <sup>to</sup> even ~~to~~ comment on it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: But, I think that, what they say, the woman ... the girl's name was Mary Thornton, ... which the man named it after. His daughter after the mountain, ... his daughter.

D.S.: Oh, that one. Yes. The one I heard was, that a man by the name of M-A-R-Y-E ....



A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ... which you know, there are some here?

A.J.: Yes.

D.S.: Took his bride up to the top of that. Well, I can just picture a woman with a lot of full skirts ... doing that. And, showed her around and siad, "This is as much land as I own." (Laughing)

A.J.: Uhhuh. If you had gone up there at that time you would have ... fallen (Laughing)

D.S.: I <sup>doubt</sup> ~~dought~~ (Laughing) if that was a true story.

A.J.: Well, I don't think that was a true story. About the skirt.

D.S.: Huh-un.

A.J.: I didn't go up there until there was a plat.... a real good way to go. But, a lot of my friends did, but I do know they said, Well, it was a rough trip. You just almost ~~crawled~~ <sup>crawled</sup> up and tear your clothes ...

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: ... and all that kind of stuff. It was a

D.S.: Uhhuh. But, actually you were within about two and one half miles of Mary's rock, weren't you?

A.J.: I don't know. You could see people up there.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: From there.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: I guess as a crow flies, it wouldn't been that far. It was probably that far the way they had to go.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: Yea. And, the air was still and clrar, you could hear people talk up there. And, call ....

. .:

A.J.: ... and they could call on, if somebody was over on the mountain, they would call, you know, and you hear them.

. .: Uhhuh.

A.J.: It would echo and

D.S.: Oh!

A.J.: Honestly, it was a storm up there, it was wonderful, you know?

D.S.: Yessss!

A.J.: The wind would come down and just scream (Laughed) over the mountain.

D.S.: Mmmmmum. What did they have in the General Store?

A.J.: Everything!

D.S.: Tell us!

A.J.: We were just talking about ~~it~~<sup>it</sup>. My Grandmother would go down ... and when everything come in. ... Well, everything was fresher then than it is now.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: The things that they got. They got the most georgeous cookies, and they were just liked they were just baked. And, she would go as soon as things came in because it was a rough place, you know?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Everybody came in.

. .: Well, where did they come from?

A.J.: All around the mountain.

. .: Oh, uhhuh.

A.J.: And-a, ... mostly men, some women, . She would go down and get the cookies when they first come in. And, they had yard goods, I had dresses, you know, made from.

She would get those dresses, you know? And, lace, and whatever they had new, well, she would get some of it. She had drawers with these things in it, so when the grandchildren would come she would give them a gift.

D.S.: Oh! (Laughed)

A.J.: She most always gave me, you know, something. Well, once in awhile she would give me money. ...

D.S.: Where did you live at that time?

A.J.: I lived, you know where Arcada lives, Arcada, you know where the Rust's lives?

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Well, that big brick house across from them. Arcada, is where my Mother grew up.

D.S.: I see.

A.J.: And, our home was the corner of that farm.

D.S.: Oh.

A.J.: It's gone now.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: The Thurstons lived there last.

D.S.: How long did it take you to get up there then to visit?

A.J.: Now, that's a good question. About an hour and a half, I believe.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: We drove up.

D.S.: Sure.

A.J.: And, just had one little horse and several children, ... we would like, We just enjoyed the trip up so. My Father would get out, you know, the roads were never very good.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: But, he would get out and walk, and of course, my Mother and the baby would ride and the girls, ... three girls, we would get out, or if it was the two girs, we got out and walked.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: One time the ruts<sup>were</sup> real deep, you know, and they would break ... when they lock their wagon, ... come down there, they made it real slick. So, we were running our fingers along the ruts, you know, like kids do, and there was a little snake. (Laughed)

D.S.: Ooooooh! (Laughed)

A.J.: We ran up on a snake. (Laughing) So, we didn't do that no more, it scared us nearly to death. Yea, to see that little snake coming down the road ... The rut, we just stick our finger. Oh, ...

. .: Oh.

A.J.: You wanted to know how much was in the store?

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: Everything. Yea, we got all sort of thread. Because, I got the silk spool case here. But, the cotton one is gone. The cotton one was bigger and prettier than ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: .... the silk one. Of course, that has been around, in the celler and the basement, so finally my son said, "Mom, do you want this?" I said, "Yes indeed, I want it."

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: So, I had him. ... I wanted to fix a room up for a sewing room out here and I got a table for it, but right now it is on the floor.

D.S.: (Laughed) Yea.

A.J.:

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: So, this General Store, they had everything. And, the smell of the cellar, we called it, I guess, under the store had kerosene, molasses, ... (Laughed)

D.S.: Ooooooh, that homemade molasses was good.

A.J.: (Laughed) Yea. ... Molasses in a barrel and kerosene in a barrel. ... I ... my nose, I could smell that yet. ... It made me a little sick, but I wanted to go in there anyway.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: I guess, ... I don't know what else they had, but I can remember the kerosene and the molasses .... I guess they kept, ... I don't know if they kept potatoes, they wouldn't have sold potatoes because everybody had their potatoes anyway.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: I don't know if they kept potatoes down there or not.

D.S.: Well, could they maybe have things there for people going over the mountains, that would take them on ... you see ..

A.J.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: ... to their farms on the other side of the mountains, the Piedmont.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: They might have done that too, or for sale in Washington.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: I don't know how... For mostly, I ~~heard~~ <sup>would</sup> them say, they were for local people, as well as I know.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: But, I just after, that was way back because ...  
what year did my Grandfather die?

D.S.: It didn't say.

A.J.: Well, I had it dated, I think. You know, it is foolish  
to have something and not date it. So, ... many things you  
have with no date on it.

D.S.: Is it any date on here?

A.J.: I don't think on the outside it is dated. It is dated  
here, March the sixteenth, 1914.

D.S.: Oh, March sixteenth, 1914.

A.J.: Uhhuh. So ...

D.S.: Be sure *to write that* on the back. So, that was the death of your  
grandfather?

A.J.: Uhhuh. Yea. ... Then that was when my uncle took over  
and after he quite then another uncle took over, who they  
called Willie Beahm. Of course, he has passed on and  
Eugene. ... Do you know Eugene Beahm?

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: He was mail carrier in Stanley, I believe somewhere in  
there. We are, of course, first cousin, but we haven't  
been very close.

D.S.: Yea. Uh, ... the Beahm's Chapel, that is on Route 211  
going up ...?

A.J.: Uhhuh. That wan't our Beahms.

D.S.: That was not your Beahms?

A.J.: No. It is in the family. I mean, I guess we are related  
but not closly.

D.S.: Do you know where the graveyard was, the family graveyard?

A.J.: Yes. ... You will have to get someone, ... that is really something to see, if you can get to it. If I had legs, why I would go right with you and show you where it is. But, you can ...

D.S.: Was it near where the house was?

A.J.: Not very near, no. It was, of course, the house was up high and it went streight up by the barn and on down in the field. But, the nearest way to it, if my husband was well enough, he could tell you exactly how to get to it. You go from the highway, right up to where it was a fence row, ... you could find it. How long do you have to work on this?

D.S.: Oh, I can work ... yea, forever.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Well, my brother comes down, he was down here Easter, so he'll come in a few months, I think, again. And, he could take you right to the graveyard, because he has been there

. . . : Oh, that would be ~~nice~~. *marvelous*

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Oh ...

A.J.: If it hasn't grown up too bad.

D.S.: Well, he could ... We could drive him to where ...

A.J.: He could tell you where, yes, indeed.

D.S.: Then we could get out and hike it ourself.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Yea.

D.S.: Oh, ... please don't forget me when he comes.

A.J.: I'll keep in touch.

D.S.: (Laughed) Yes, because all of ... these things. Do you realize <sup>that</sup> once if these are not recorded and saved ...

A.J.: We were talking here, what ashame it was to tear down that house, it would have made a lovely place for antizues and everything. I mean it was all of it was old, a huge ...

D.S.: But, that's Park property now, you see?

A.J.: Yes. A huge fireplace and the cookstove, of course, she had a cookstove, and she set it back in the fireplace.

. .: Oh!

A.J?: That's how big the fireplace was.

D.S.: Yes. ... Well, you said they use to do the cooking in this little building?

A.J.: This ... No, that's when it was two families. See, this was ... the great grandfather and the great grandmother lived here.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Then after my Father's father and mother was married, Frankie and Josephine. They must have built this part on to it.

D.S.: I see.

A.J.: This was a huge place, this was at least ...

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: *Then*. They had this kitchen and dining room built out here, the way I understood it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Then one time . But, then after the grandfather and grandmother died. Well, after the grandfather died, they all lived together. Because, my Mother went up there and lived before I was born, bor maybe a year after she married my Father. And, there was nine children and the grandmother and my Mother. How many was that? Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, wasn't it?



. .: Yes.

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: Thirteen, I guess they all sat down to the table at one time.

A.J.: They sat there all of them, and my Father so, but he always had the blessing. So, one day my Mother tells that he was a little cross with my Grandmother, so she said, "God bless the one at the head of the table, too." (All laughed) So, the kids smiled. You didn't giggle at the table, you just sit there and ate. (Laughing) Everything was just *right*.

D.S.: And ate all the good things that came right from your own land.

A.J.: Yes, from your own land.

D.S.: Did they make their own butter?

A.J.: Oh, my yes. They made their own butter and cheese, of course. Their own preserves, their own bread.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How about applebutter?

A.J.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: Did they ever make pumpkin butter?

A.J.: Not that I know of.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Of , they did all sort of weaving, had a Weave House. I don't remember where the Weave House was, I don't remember that. But, I think it was across the road, or maybe I just imagined that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: But, all the things that Grandmother would make, she slipped off and weaved, you know, because *she didn't talk about it*, then she came up with this thing. We had ... Aaaah, I had a

magazine here yesterday was looking at, had a countypen just like my Grandmother had.

D.S.: Aaaah!

A.J.: My Great grandmother *made one* which we had it for years.

D.S.: Well, where would she get the yarn to make this?

A.J.: I don't know.

. .: Did she have a flax from ...

D.S.: Sheep?

A.J.: Oh, I don't know. I don't know. *I may* find out things. I was thinking about something, ... someway or toher. But, it's hard to find out. My Father just knew so much and we didn't take it down and then my sister, Irene, that you taked with. Her Father-in-law, he was just a whole book, he was just wonderful.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: He was ninty some years old when he died, but he could remember everybody's name and things. He could just talk all day long.

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: Well, his children just didn't care for anything. (Laughed)

D.S.: Huh!

A.J.: They wasn't like that at all.

D.S.: Well, do you realize how much you have already told us?

A.J.: (Laughed) I hope I haven't told you anything I shouldn't.

D.S.: No.

A.J.: No. Well, I have told certain things that are amusing.

But, I would like to see my Grandmother's ... I had that, I put it in this, because the children wanted to take it to school. So, that's the reason it is in the cellophane wrap.

D.S.: That's a good idea.

A.J.: because this is all I have. Of course,  
this came from Aunt Katy. (Laughed)

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: She contributed to it. (All laughed)

D.S.: (Laughing) Well, she looks like a very jolly person.

A.J.: She is. Oh, she is dear. I don't know why she is like  
that. A lot of people bother her about things in order  
to remember things. But, they had so much, ... they had  
saved so much stuff. And, she said her father had a big  
trunk full of letters. Oh, she said, the most beautiful  
letters and she don't know what became of them.

D.S.: Ooooh!

A.J.: They got away. And of all the Beahm's Post Office and all  
the letters I got through the Beahm's Post Office, I don't  
have a post mark.

. .: Ooooh!

A.J.: And, I'll try to get you a post mark. I know *a woman*,  
maybe she might have, she saves a lot of things. She  
might have a Beahm's post mark. I want a Beahm's post  
mark so bad.

. .: Yea.

D.S.: Of course you do.

A.J.: Aunt Katy, ... imagine Aunt Katy has some too.

Oh, she collects stamps, she just does everything. She  
had a whole book of new stamps in her purse. (Laughed)

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: I like stamps too, if I have time for it. Why mercy,  
that is time consuming.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: it is interesting, you learn so much from them.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Right.

A.J.: I started with my Granddaughter. I said, "Why, I didn't know it was so much fun." I thought it was stupid.

(Laughed) So, we worked until I got the backache.

. .: Can you remember like, games you use to play when you was little? Did you have games and toys and all this kind of things?

A.J.: Uh, ... I had brothers and sisters.

. .: Those were your games. (All laughing) Those were your toys.

A.J.: Yes. When I got through baby-sitting, I just went out through the field and just ran and ran all around the field.

D.S.: (Laughed) Yea.

A.J.: That was my *joy*

D.S.: You know, I was thinking of all this music that you said everyone played.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Did they get together of the evening, like have a singing?

A.J.: Oh, I would think so. See, this was a later date, as I grew up.

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: There were no one home then ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ... when I went to visit Grandma.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: Aunt Katy was there part of the time. ... She had friends ... and a *neighbor*, I can't remember.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: See, they had grew up. ...

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: ... when I was just fourteen or fifteen.

D.S.: Sure.

A.J.: Sixteen. This was ... I didn't spend anytime until my Grandfather died up there . I was about fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen, something like that.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: I had such a good time up there. Gee, my Grandmother was very exact, and-a ... You just didn't feel like you wanted to do something she didn't want you to do, you know. I was telling the girls about here, we took a walk and it snowed ... it was in April, but it had snowed on the ground. We walked up the road, of course, it was just a walk. And, we got in the road to somebody's, I had never been over to that house. I never been on top of the mountain. So, we went on top of the mountain. So, we had to have an excuse.

D.S.: (Laughing)

A.J.: So, we went in the girl's house and we wanted to get butter, so asked her ~~mother~~ <sup>for butter</sup>, praying she wouldn't have butter.

D.S.: Uhhuh. (All laughing)

A.J.: Three girls, you can imagine. And, we almost died. And, when we got back ... my grandmother says, "Where have you girls been?" Well, we looked , she knew where we had been and we laughed and we began telling her the story. And, she laughed too and she said, "Now, girls lets don't do that anymore." (All laughed) Once was enough. But,

it was just a great life, and I was telling the girls about it. We was so afraid that woman would have butter.

(All laughed) You had to have an excuse to go some way, you know?

D.S.: Surely. Right. (Laughed)

A.J.: Then, the one girl who was just real serious, you know, the one that did the talking. And, she said, "Well, Gladys has come to spend a couple of days with us and wanted some nice fresh butter." And, then the woman was so sorry she didn't have it.

D.S.: (Laughing)

A.J.: I said, "How in the world did you keep from laughing?" I know I would just right out. (All Laughing)

D.S.: You know, this store, you said most of the things came in from the mountain people, right?

A.J.: Came in FOR the mountain people.

D.S.: FOR them?

A.J.: Uhhuh. Now, where it came from, I guess .... uh ... it was shipped in someway. I guess it came, what they call ... the stage, ... on a stage, I guess it was.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: Stage, ... Uhhuh. It had two horses pulling a couple of wagons.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, of course, it wasn't nothing to see when we were there.

D.S.: Oh, no.

A.J.: It was just a covered wagon and they brought the mail from wherever, ... and this was the place people, where they dropped the mail off and people came and got it. And, they

took the mail out.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, well, they got out a certain what they call a stamp out.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: You

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

. .: Do you recall any of these men? Like, were they a certain kind of breed of men, these people that hauled these things back and forth. Like, were they considered rough ~~necks~~ or ...

A.J.: No.

. .: ... just average?...

A.J.: No.

. .: .... sort of fellows?

A.J.: Uhhuh. Just the average people and usually younger people , the drivers.

. .: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Sometimes they would and they, some of them would change horses and take them to Sperryville and then they would come back. Well, they took care of passengers too.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

. .: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Uhhuh. And, then they would change horses in Sperryville some of them. Some of them *made* that was a long trip.

D.S.: That was a very hard trip for a horse.

A.J.: Up on the mountain on both side.

D.S.: Sure.

A.J.: They would come up and they would come

D.S.: That was a long haul for a horse.

A.J.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: You know, I am surprised they didn't keep spare horses there ...

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ... for them.

A.J.: But, they never did, I don't think.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: I remember some *men had* such pretty horses. My Grandmother had a swing, you know, with a seat on each side, out in front. So, in the summer we would sit out there and watch the horses and go by. One man got out and in , He siad, "This amazes me." "This amazes me," he said. *Ad*, my life ... he was an old man, I guess. ... I thought he was an old man then. (Laughed)

D.S.: Sure, anybody over twenty was ancient.

A.J.: So, he siad, "This amazes me that everytime I go ... all the time I go by here. ... Everytime I've gone by here it is always a beautiful young girl in the back yard, I can't see how . Grandma must have been the first one. (All laughed) Yea, I could see that little glint in her eye and I thought to myself; Well, I guess Grandma was the first one. (All laughed) The first one, then of course, how many daughters, four or five daughters?

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

A.J.: Right. I thought to myself, Aunt Katy was such a devil, I ... you thought she was pretty, if she wasn't. She was a



D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Yes, indeed.

D.S.: Well, then the people would pay the toll and then go in and have a cup of coffe or something like that?

A.J.: Well, not everybody.

D.S.: No.

A.J.: But, a lot of frineds ....

D.S.: Yea. Sure.

A.J.: ...when they would go across the mountain. Even at our house down the mountain, some of them would stop in. If it was very cold, they would stop in to get warm, you know?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, Grandma's the same way.

D.S.: Sure.

A.J.:

D.S.: Would she charge them?

A.J.: Oh, no!

D.S.: There goes the money for the toll gate then. (Laughed)

A.J.: Yea. No, I said Well, now the road was owned by people, I guess, by companies. Let's see, who was the last people.? I asked her about papers, ... she told me she

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: I knew who had those and I , she said no. That when they gave it up, they took over they took all the records. So, where would you go to look for the records?

D.S.: That's right.

A.J.: She said she thought it was <sup>Nichols</sup> ~~Ripples~~, I believe she said,

...and Bailey. Bailey, I don't know what Bailey.

. .: Let me ask you .... I don't really understand totally about ...now toll, when you had this toll.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

. .: Your family would collect it?

A.J.: Uhhuh.

. .: Did you have to turn part of that over to anybody?

A.J.: Oh, yes. Uhhuh.

. .: Did you have to turn it all over?

A.J.: I don't know if they got a percentage or if they were paid streight. I don't know how that was.

. .: Oh, I see.

A.J.: Yes, that was turned over.

. .: Well, who did you turn it over to?

A.J.: That was to whoever owned the road.

. .: Whoever owned the road?

A.J.: Uhhuh.

. .: And, like you was saying, the road was owned by different people?

A.J.: Yes. Uhhuh.

. .: Oh, I see.

A.J.: And, the road was terrible and everybody hated to pay toll then ...

. .: Yea.

A.J.: ... because it was so bad.

. .: Did you ever see those people who owned the road?

A.J.: Oh, yes.

. .: Like, did they come by and looked at ~~it~~? Did they repair it?

A.J.: Oh, yes! They would do the best they could, I guess, with what we had to do with.

. .: Yes.

A.J.: They would put rocks in the ... uh, ... ruts and put a little dirt over it and along would come a rain (Laughed) and away it would go.

. .: And, wash it away?

A.J.: You can imagine what would happen?

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: Yes, it was terrible, when my Grandmother died, ... which was in 1922, they had started building that road and it just was so bad. ... It had snowed and it got warm and the snow moved right down in the ground and so did everything else.

D.S.: Ooooooh!

. .: Oooooh!

A.J.: It was terrible.

D.S.: Aaah.

A.J.: They got , ... She lived in Flint Hill then. They got stuck over on the other side of the mountain and they had to take a wagon *to church*.

Let's see, you go up the road, when you are going up the mountain and that was to the right. If you would be coming down the mountain, you would notice it, this mountain, this road goes right, ... the mail goes that way, ~~or~~ used to. You go over the bridge and it is lots of springs and it is a creek down in there. Well, how far have you gone up Shenk Holler?

Side II  
of Tapes

D.S.: Well, that's what I was wondering, is this Shenk Hollow?

A.J.: Yes, comes up the Shenk Hollow.

D.S.: Uhhuh. That's what I though.

A.J.: What do you know up Shenk Hollow, what you know about it?

D.S.: I know quite a bit about Shenk Hollow.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Well, you know where it comes out on the highway?

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: Well, I ~~think~~ that's where they call that *Stanford* road.

D.S.: I see.

A.J.: And, see, it's been a long time since I've talked about anything like this. I am sure what they

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, I'm not too sure *about it* but, we came down that way. We had a horse and buggy and they .... The horse went down until we thought it would break it's leg. But, the highway was worse, they had it all tore up.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: We thought that was the best way, but that wasn't. That was in 1922, so that was already taken over, because they were building the road.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: I can 't think, ... I was married in 1920, I'm *not sure* *who owned the road then*, I can't think what, I just wish I could think and know when they stopped ... with the toll gate.

D.S.: I would say it was, would be somewhere around there, wouldn't you?

A.J.: Oh yes, I would.

D.S.: I think so.

A.J.: In twenty-two, they were working on the road.

D.S.: Then I am positive.

A.J.: Uhhuh. I know it wasn't any toll gate then.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, I don't know if, ... if ... uh, ... Let's see, when did Grandma *Leave*? Grandma had already gone to Flint Hill when she died, she was still living on the mountain in 1918. 1922, she was still living in the mountain, because my little *girl* ~~brother~~ was born then and she came down. But, in 1924 was when she died then. Uhhuh.

D.S.: So, it was probably right after that they started building the road.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: You say there were neighbors on this side, were there any other neighbors?

A.J.: Uh, ... her daughter lived above. Well, ... then the *Chasen* ~~Keyser~~s, ... could be, because Mrs. *Chasen* ~~Keyser~~ was blind, .. but might have a good neighbor, ... and the daughter was Mrs. Fox. Have you ever talked with her?

D.S.: No.

A.J.: Well, she is a talker. She is a Fox.

D.S.: Well, there are a lot of Foxes.

A.J.: Yea.

D.S.: Which Fox is this?

A.J.: Uh, ... Merle Fox, she use to work up at the drug store.

D.S.: Oh, uhhuh.

A.J.: I don't know, her name was in the

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: In the phone book.

D.S.: Lots of luck. (Laughing) Foxes.

A.J.: Yea. Well, I could soon find out. find out.

D.S.: There were the <sup>Chisler</sup> ~~Keyser~~s, were they any further up the mountain?

A.J.: The next one was my ... Uh, .. was George Atkins, and that was my Grandmother's daughter, lived up there.

. .: Who is this?

D.S.: Atkins. A-T-K-I-N-S.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

. .: Atkins? What relation is this to George Atkins who works up here in the Park? Do you know?

A.J.: I can't think.

. .: He works up here in the Park and lives in ..., Oh, gosh!

A.J.: Well, its not the same Atkins, I'm sure. It's only ....  
Do you know Gailon Atkins ... works at Leggetts?

. .: No.

D.S.: Oh, yes.

A.J.: You know him?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Well, that is one of her children.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Late children.

D.S.: Then were there any other further up?

A.J.: I'm trying to think. It was somebody that lived back in there. I believe it was Rameys. Oh, when I remember, it was Williams.

D.S.: Oh, Williams?

A.H.: Williams.

. .: Oh.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Now, they were from, I think, Texas or someplace like  
that. ... I forget what his name is.

. ." Lewis?

A.J.: Lewis?

. .: Lewis Willis, does that sound familiar? There use to be  
a Lewis Willis who use to live up here. ... Lived out  
his whole life in the Park, pratically.

A.J.: He was a real old man?

. .: Yea.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Yea, that's who it was.

. .: They use to go up and take care of him.....

A.J.: Uhhuh.

. .: ... sometimes.

A.J.: Yea. .. That's him.

. .: The Park Rangers did.

A.J.: Yea, they lived above that.

. .: Yea.

A.J.: Then I guess that was all. There may be, right at the top  
was another Atkins. But, that was ... on ...

But, when I remember. I can't remember anybody being  
way, way before I can remember, but someone lived  
up there I know.

. .: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: I keep wondering why they call this Thornton Gap?

A.J.: Uhhuh. Well, you ought to find that out someway, somewhere.

D.S.: Because there's a Beahm Gap.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: But, that's not, you know, where the Beahm family is.

A.J.: No. Huh-un. I guess, ... uh, ..of course there was ...  
Beahm ... Beahm Gap ... I guess it were Beahms there, ...  
I mean there were ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ... the Batmans and the Beahms.

D.S.: Yea. The Batmans, yes.

A.J.: And, the Batman's wife was a Beahm.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

. .: Aaaah! And, of course, that is right down from there.

A.J.: Uhhuh. I guess they go across ... they could cross there  
at us. ... Aunt Katy was telling me, ... I don't know who  
she turned the money over to, ... she'd say, now when she  
was a little girl ... they went across the fields to  
Batman's. That's what she told me not long ago. To, ...  
I think she said to turn the money over to them.

. .: Ooooh!

A.J.: And, I said, "Was it far?" Of course it seems like it's a  
awfaul far. She said, "Well, it was right far, ... we went  
across the fields.: Of course, in those days there were  
paths and sometimes there were stiles, you know?

. .: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: You know what a stile is?

. .: No.

D.S.: Oh! You don't know what a stile is?

. .: Huh-un!

A.J.: Yea. I wanted Arthur to build me a stile. I said, "Build  
me a stile." And, a year or two ago, he built me a stile.  
(Laughed)



D.S.: (Laughing)

A.J.: We didn't get to use it much. I've already got where I can't get up a stile.

D.S.: A stile is almost like a fence ...

A.J.: Yea.

D.S.: ... only ... you can sit on it ... and, .. or at least ..

A.J.: Steps.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: Whenever ... Well, it has to be a board fence, I guess.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: And, you put the boards across so, .. a wire fence you could do it, you know, had streight wire.

. .: Oh, I know what you are talking about, and you go ...

A.J.: Steps up ..

. .: Yea. ... So you can go up ...

A.J.: Step over the top.

. .: ... and over the top of the fence.

A.J.: Yes.

. .: Yea. O.K..

A.J.: Well, this picture here was a stile.

. .: Uhhuh.

A.J.: What they call a stile, that they called a stile. They call that a stile.

. .: Oh, I see. Uhhuh.

A.J.: Uhhuh. But, see, usually a stile was where you went over the fence at.

. .: Fence.

A.J.: A long time ago in the country people went across people's fields, ... they didn't want them to get on the fence, so they built a stile.

. .: Oh, yea I see. Uhhuh. I've seen them before, I just never knew that's what you called them.

A.J.: Yea. Uhhuh. Well, I look and look, ... once in awhile I see one. I say, "Oh, if I just had my camera." And, then I forget where it was I saw it. (All laughed) I tell Arthur, "Oh, there's a stile!"

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ~~my camera.~~

~~D.S.: Uhhuh.~~

A.J.: So, ...

D.S.: This has been, I think, -a very refreshing, interesting story that you have given us.

A.J.: Well, of course, that's not half of it. (Laughed)

D.S.: But, what you have recalled is ... yet is so much more than we have.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Well, you can keep working on it.

D.S.: That's right, we will.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Find anything out. ...

D.S.: And, if you find out anything you do have my number now.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: You can call me.

A.J.: I'm going to have her down here and I'm going to get her talking about things.

. .: Yea, that would be good.

D.S.: That would be marveleous.

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: I want to take a picture of you.

According to the newspaper on Friday, March 28, 1924, regarding the death of Mrs. Josephine Beahm: And it was telling that:

Owing to road conditions, ... the casket containing the body of Mrs. Josephine Beahm had to be transferred from the auto hearse to a wagon on the way up the Rappahannock, ... at the ridge. In the old Beahm .. uh, ... at the ridge of the old Beahm home on top of Thorntons Gap last Thursday. Two automobiles made their way from Rappahannock County to the place of burial. L. Joe ... Elder Joe Rears' car stuck hopelessly on the way from Page and had to be pulled out. Scores of others abandoned the hope of attending the funeral in their cars on account of the detour around the work on the Lee Highway. High streams due to the ... making of ... due to melting of mountain snow, kept others away. Those from Rappahannock County at the funeral reported Mrs. Beahm's death as sudden and entirely unexpected. She was still confined to her bed, but was believed to be rapidly convalescing. She had just been playing with the children when she fell back in bed telling her son-in-law, Mr. Clendenon, who was in the room, that she was dying. She expired almost immediately from heart failure. Rev. Jones, of Rappahannock County, assisted by Pastor C. L. Morgon in conducting the funeral. That does describe the road beautiful, doesn't it? Your grandfather was a school teacher, what grandfather was this?

A.J.: This was B.F. Beahm.

D.S.: B. F. Beahm was?

D.S.: He taught at that school that you ...?

A.J.: I guess. I don't know where the school was, but we moved away from here and I never heard anything about it. This must have been before he was married, maybe.

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: As a young man. And, this old lady was telling me what a handsome man my Grandfather was and she went to school to him. And, that was one part I had never know about, you know?

D.S.: Yea.

A.J.: I said to my Father, ... Well, they told me ... I wonder how they all had such real good education.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: They didn't attend school much. But, ... so that accounts for it then.

D.S.: Yes, he did the teaching of his own children.

A.J.: Yea.

D.S.: Well, that's beautiful.

A.J.: And, my Father would say, "Oh, he did not, ... he didn't do us any good." I would say, "Oh, for goodness sake, of course it did you some good." (Laughed)

D.S.: (Laughed) As though education didn't do good. Now this is a further part of the same clipping: Mrs. Beahm was born and raised at Woodville, Rappahannock County. Her surviving brothers and sisters being: John W. Butler of Gladstone, Virginia, Mrs. Katy Pull....

A.J.: Pullman...

D.S.: Pullman, Mrs. Joseph Miles and Mrs. Abe Racer of Luray, and Lummy Butler of Tennessee. In early life she married B. F. Beahm, ... the one who Mrs. Judd was just mentioning had been a school teacher, ... who conducted a store and Post Office on top of Thorntons Gap for many years. The Post Office being known as Beahm's. After the death of her husband, which occured about ten years ago, Mrs. Beahm

resided with her son-in-law, E. O. Clendenon, who conducted the store and Post Office until his removal to Flint Hill a few years ago.

A.J.: Uhhuh. Well, that tell it almost exactly the date that they discontinued ...

D.S.: That's right.

A.J.: ... that, but I don't ... But, that still doesn't tell about the toll gate exactly.

D.S.: Well, it says that they were

A.J.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: I imagine all concluded at the same time, don't you think so?

A.J.: Well, I think up until they begin to build the road, ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.J.: ...and, of course, in that time they were building the road.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

A.J.: