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(SNP091) Hazel Meadows interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Peggy C. Bradley

Hazel Meadows

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D.S.: We are interviewing Alice Long Brien and Mrs. Hazel Colvin, is that C-O-L-V-I-N, Meadows? Now, Mrs. Meadows was born and brought up near Big Meadows, is that correct?
H.M.: That is correct.
D.S.: O.K. Now, am I right in this, that you lived on property that belonged to the Longs?
H.M.: Yes, you are.
D.S.: And, the Longs had their cattle up there at Big Meadows?
D.S.: And that's what your family mainly did, take care of the cattle in the summer?
H.M.: Yes, and we'd keep the land cleaned up. Cut bushes, and pile them up and burn them, and keep the land cleaned up.
D.S.: Right. Now, was yours a large family?
H.M.: No, you know, it was only three of us children. But, on my Mother's side was right large and my Daddy's side.
D.S.: What is right large?
H.M.: Well, it was... My Mother had four sisters and two brothers.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Well now, that is not large in comparison good number of the families up there.
H.M.: No. His Mother and Daddy is the one had the large family. There was fourteen in his family.
D.S.: That is, that was pretty much.
H.M.: Yes.
D.S.: A lot of them had big families, didn't they?
H.M.: Yes, they did.
D.S.: Who was your nearest neighbor?
H.M.: Well, let's see. There was Walter Jenkins, and Ernest Thomas, and Jim Thomas, Vallie's mother and father.
D.S.: Uhhuh. About how far away was your nearest neighbor?
H.M.: Well, I would say a mile and a half.
D.S.: A mile and half in between houses?
H.M.: Some, a mile, some a little over two miles.
D.S.: Your family had a vegetable garden, didn't they?
H.M.: Oh, yes. They had a couple of gardens planted up thar.
D.S.: How big would a garden be?
H.M.: Well, I wouldn't know just how big they wuz, but the smallest garden wouldn't have been a half a acre.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Then the other one wuz a half a acre or more. They had patches out in the field where they would grow beans and corns, cabbage, and potaters.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Everything growed so good. Anything would grow good up thar.
D.S.: Did you plow the gardens?
H.M.: Yes, you didn't need to plow with a horse and a plow.
D.S.: In other words, it wasn't that rocky was it? (Laughing)
H.M.: No, it wasn't that rocky. It wuz some rocks, but the soil was so good and soft, and black, and rich.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Really growed good. Some cabbage heads even weighed fifteen pounds.
D.S.: You never been able to grow cabbages like that since, have you?
H.M.: No, indeed!
D.S.: Yea. Did you raise any wheat?
H.M.: No, we didn't raise no wheat.
D.S.: Did you take your corn down to be ground into corn meal?
H.M.: Yea, when we wanted corn meal.
D.S.: Where would you take that?
D.S.: To Stanley?
D.S.: Did you pay the miller or did he take ten percent of the corn in payment?
H.M.: I just don't remember that now.
D.S.: O.K.
H.M.: I really don't remember.
D.S.: Did you raise chickens?
H.M.: Oh, yes.
D.S.: Ahhhhh!
H.M.: Yes, we raised chickens.
D.S.: Right. And, hogs?
H.M.: Hogs?
D.S.: Right.
H.M.: Raised hogs and had our own meat.
A.B.: Didn't you have turkeys up there at one time, too?
H.M.: They had some turkeys, and at one time my Mother had some guineas.
A.B.: Did you!
D.S.: Guineas?
H.M.: Yes, indeed!
D.S.: And, that was rare to have.
H.M.: Yes, it wuz.
D.S.: Uh...... did you keep them confined, within, like around in' chicken wire or something or......
H.M.: Well, for awhile and then a little later on we could turn them out. There was a fence all the way around the lot of the house where we lived in.
D.S.: What kind of a fence?
D.S.: And the......
D.S.: And chickens would stay inside that?
H.M.: Yes. Sometime they would fly out and they would find water. There wuz cold branches of water and out back of our barn, you know, and down below where we had our hogs. And, they would get down thar, but they would come back.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: They never wandered off.
D.S.: Yea. Turkeys too?
H.M.: Well, the turkeys, no, they didn't let them out like that. The turkeys, they tried to keep them in the lot.
D.S.: Were they white turkeys like you see today.....
H.M.: No.
D.S.: ....or were they bronze?
H.M.: They were bronze.
D.S.: Yea. Right. How about flowers? Did you have any time to grow any flowers?
H.M.: Yes, we had pretty flowers.
D.S.: What did you have?
H.M.: We had Dahlia, Zinnias, Marigolds, and Asters. Most any kind of flowers that thar wuz, w e had it up thar in the yard.
A.B.: They had roses....
H.M.: Yes.
A.B.: ....and Bleeding Hearts.....
A.B.: ...and they were beautiful.
D.S.: Ahhhh!
A.B.: You never seen Sweet Peas like they grew ed up there.
H.M.: I know it.
D.S.: Oh boy!
A.B.: They had Scarlet Sage.
H.M.: Yes, indeed!
D.S.: Ahhh!
A.B.: Any kind of flowers you can think of, they had it.
They had some of the oldest flowers.
A.B.: Not only the newer ones, the olders one too.
D.S.: Oh, how lovely. Did you grow any rhubarb.....
H.M.: Yes.
D.S.: ...or asparagus? You did?
H.M.: We didn't grow any asparagus, there wuz a few bunches of asparagus we'd find here and thar, and we'd always aim to keep that, and we would get a mess or two off of it.
D.S.: That was the wild asparagus, right?
H.M.: Uhhuh. And-a, my Mother had rhubarb....
D.S.: Yea.
H.M.: ...up thar in the garden. I know it ain't been over three year ago, Hallie and Daisy wandered through the trees and all when they went over the drive. Got to where the house and garden and everything wuz and found that rhubarb and bought back a couple messes of it. They left us....
D.S.: Still?
H.M.: ......They left us a mess here of it.
D.S.: Oh! How lovely. (Laughing) Did you have any special job that you was suppose to do?
H.M.: No.
D.S.: Everybody just sort of piched in and did whatever was needed?
H.M.: That's right.
D.S.: I bet..... Did you talk back to your Mother if she told you to do something?
H.M.: No, I can't remember that I did. (Laughing)
D.S.: (Laughing) Was it much of a job.....
H.M.: We might have played out of it sometimes.....
D.S.: (Laughing) Yea.
H.M.: Sputtered off a little bit. (Laughing)
D.S.: Was it very much of a job taking care of the Long's cattle and keeping the brush down?
H.M.: It didn't seem to be. Lots of time he seemed where his fields wuz a'growin' up pretty bad and he knowed one man couldn't do it all, and he would tell my Daddy to hire anybody he could get to help him. Sometimes he had two or three others helping with it.
D.S.: Uhhuh. How many cattle was it that went up there? Do you recall, Miss Long, Mrs. Long....., Mrs. Brien?
A.B.: I would say the neighborhood of three hundred or four hundred heads.
D.S.: (Whistled)
A.B.: Because, he brought the ones from Rileyville, Roots Hill, New Market.....
A.B.: ...... to Page County.
H.M.: Four places.
D.S.: That was a long walk for the cattle, wasn't it?
A.B.: Well, they would start out early in the morning. They would bring all the cattle to Page County, from the surrounding places. And then, they would start out and drive them up the mountains.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: And, usually they would get them there....., start out around about day light in the Spring and they would get them there by dark.
A.B.: But you see, the cattle weren't real fat in the Spring.
D.S.: Yea.
A.B.: And, it wasn't hard on them pulling that mountain.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: And-a,... but, in the Fall when you brought those cattle down, you didn't hurry them. They were F A T.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Right.
A.B.: And, they were just rolling fat and you couldn't hurry them.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: And, I've seen my father start up on the mountain with those cattle, he was on horseback, all he had was one dog to help him. Wasn't that right Hazel?
H.M.: That's right.
D.S.: Alone?
A.B.: And, that dog was so trained that she would go along and keep these cattle in the road. If any would wander off the lane, that dog would go get them and bring them back.
D.S.: Oh, boy!
A.B.: They were part Collie and part English Shepard.
D.S.: Then would the dogs stay up there with the cattle?
A.B.: No,...No, Daddy would bring her home.
D.S.: Whhuh. Your grandfather had the same place, didn't he?
A.B.: Well, yes. My Grandfather was getting up in years and he lived in Harrisonburg and Daddy looked after the cattle.
D.S.: Yes. I mean your grandfather had had it first, right?
A.B.: Yes, but Daddy was always there to do the work.
D.S.: Yea. How many acres was it, do you know? Have you any idea?
A.B.: It was something like about fourteen hundred, wasn't it?
D.S.: I thought that's what you said.
A.B.: I think it was around about fourteen hundred.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: I'd say so.
D.S.: The bluegrass was real lush along there, wasn't it?
A.B.: Oh, yes.
D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Right. How about water? Did you have much good water?
H.M.: Plenty of good water.
D.S.: Tell about it.
H.M.: Coldest spring you ever seen nearly.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: And, we had cows we milked and we churned and made butter.
D.S.: How many cows did you have?
H.M.: Sometimes we had two, sometimes we had three.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Most all the time we had one.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. You made butter, did you make clabber?
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Cottage cheese. (Laughed)
D.S.: And, you kept it all in the springhouse?
H.M.: Uhhuh, in that good cold water.
D.S.: Yea.
H.M.: And, it was just as cold when we would go out to that springhouse to bring up a cake of butter and some cream and some stuff for our dinner. It would be just as you take out of the refrigerator.

D.S.: Yea. Right. And, it was a lot richer too, wasn't it?


D.S.: Yea. You can't buy it that rich.

H.M.: Much better.

D.S.: Mmmmmm! Uh,..... did you eat any beef at anytime?

H.M.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: You did?

H.M.: Yes, indeed.

D.S.: What would you do, buy one of the cattle then from Longs?

H.M.: No. we didn't buy the cattle. Now, we'd buy a mess of beef from the store. And, more than one time, Alice's father brought us a big hunk of beef up there, we'd cook that. He'd be up there with us fer a few days at a time, had a good time, we'd all eat together. (Laughing)

D.S.: Right.


D.S.: Did you preserve any beef over the winter?

H.M.: No.

D.S.: Some people did, I was wondering how you did it? *How did you keep your vegetables over the winter?*

H.M.: Well, we had a cellar. It wasn't under the house, it was out from the house a piece. And, we canned up stuff and taken it to that cellar and put it away, and it kept.

D.S.: You didn't dig a trench to keep, like your cabbages in?
H.M.: Well, some of that cabbages was kept in that cellar. That was down like a trench, down in the ground and then housed up like.

D.S.: Oh.

H.M.: And, everything stayed alright all the winter, nothing froze there.

D.S.: Yea.

H.M.: We had cabbages in there, and potatoes, and canned beans, canned peaches, all sort of things.

D.S.: Sure.


D.S.: Yea.

H.M.: Fruit.

D.S.: You had apple trees too, didn't you?

H.M.: Yes, had apple trees.

D.S.: You dried the apples?

H.M.: We dried some apples and we boiled apple butter in the Fall. (Laughed)

D.S.: Alright..... tell me about your apple butter boilings.

H.M.: We really had good times at our apple butter boilings. (Laughing)

D.S.: Did you do it during the evening?

H.M.: No, we had a couple neighbors that come in and help my Mother peel apples all day one day, and they would peel apples and cut them awhile that night. And, the next morning we would put them on and we would be making apple butter all day the next day.

D.S.: Yea. Did you make a party out of it?

H.M.: Sometimes we would have a party, uhhuh.
D.S.: Yea. Did you ever have any music while you was doing it?

H.M.: Oh, yes. (Laughing)

D.S.: Uhhuh. What would they play, banjos and fiddles?


D.S.: Juss harps?

H.M.: Some of them, some of them had juss harps sometimes up there.

D.S.: Uhhuh.


D.S.: Did you know any banjos made by using a skin of an oppossum?

H.M.: Well, I don't know if it wuz a possum or not, now. He might could tell you, his brother-in-law, Walter Lam, was a great banjo player.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: And, I know some of them made their banjos with things like that.

D.S.: Yea. Uh,.... did you do any drinking during the time of making the apple butter?

H.M.: Some of them would have a little drink, yea.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Sure, after all it was a party.

H.M.: Yes, it wuz a party.

D.S.: Why not, why not enjoy yourself. Right? Uh....... did any of the people around you make any moonshine out of the apples they had, or the peaches?

H.M.: Well, there wuz moonshine made up there, yes indeed.

D.S.: Uhhuh. It make sense because........

D.S.: it was a lot easier to carry a gallon of moonshine than several bushels of apples. (All laughing)

H.M.: Yea, it wuz so. (Laughing)

D.S.: And, more fun too.

H.M.: Yes. Yes, there was different people up thar made moonshine.

D.S.: Yea. Right. How about it? If somebody would ... If one of your neighbors got ill... Uh, did any of you go to help the family, or what did you do?

H.M.: Oh, yes there wuz always somebody that would go help them, the sick people.

D.S.: Yes. Right. Did you do much visiting?

H.M.: Yea, we done a lot more visiting then than we do now. (Laughing)

D.S.: That's what I hear all over.

A.B.: Uhhuh. And, they would walk a mile or a mile and half, or further.


D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.B.: Now they can't drive our cars and visit.

H.M.: Sometimes two or three miles.

D.S.: Yea. Right. Buying supplies. Where did you go to get your supplies?

H.M.: We always went to Stanley and got them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.


D.S.: Yea. Uh, would you take things like eggs, and hams, chickens to the store and get credit for them?

H.M.: We kept our hams and eat them.
D.S.: Ahhhh! O.K.
H.M.: But, we taken eggs, and we have a lot of young chickens sometimes, after they would get up to a right good size. We would take some of them to the store and sell them and we would get other stuff.

D.S.: Would you get cash?
H.M.: We take eggs and.....

D.S.: Would you get cash when you took those things in or would they give you credit at the store?

H.M.: No, we taken stuff from the store and then they would give us cash for the rest of it.

D.S.: Oh, they did?

D.S.: Yes.

H.M.: We didn't have to buy as many groceries then.

D.S.: No, no, that's right.

H.M.: We had it all, nearly.

D.S.: Yea, right.

H.M.: Sugar and coffee and.....

D.S.: Kerosene?


D.S.: Would you buy material to make clothes?

H.M.: Yea, and we bought some already made too.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How about shoes? Where would you get your shoes?

H.M.: Stanley or Luray.

D.S.: Oh. Sometimes there was cobblers up in the mountains, you didn't have any near you?

H.M.: No.

D.S.: No?
H.M.: ....I didn 't.
D.S.: Yea. How about blacksmiths? Did you have any blacksmiths up there?
H.M.: There wuz a blacksmith out at Stanley.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: It was where Bosley's garage is now.
D.S.: Oh, really!
A.B.?" And, it was one out at Marksville.
A.B.: Where at that little road that you go out, like you going to Kite Hollow.....
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: ....And then that road that run's off and goes back toward to Luray. A little short stretch in there, come out at the Hawksbill Service, Restaurant and Service Station.....
D.S.: Yea.
A.B.: ...Well, right there in the corner of that road.
D.S.: Oh!
A.B.: And, it was a Blacksmith.
H.M.: That wuz....
A.B.: His name was Pete Good.
D.S.: Pete Good?
A.B.: He had a blacksmith shop there.
D.S.: Yea.
H.M.: I knowm my Daddy taken the horses down to him lots of time and had him put shoes put on them.
D.S.: Yea. You wouldn't know how much he charged?
H.M.: Deed I don't, no.
D.S.: What toys did you have when you was a little girl?
H.M.: Oh, we had some dolls they would buy us from the store around Christmas time.
D.S.: You was a spoiled child! (All laughing)
H.M.: And, my Mother would make us big rag dolls. (Laughed)
D.S.: Yea. Right. Yea. And, I bet you loved those rag dolls....
H.M.: We did, we did.
D.S.: ....more than any.
H.M.: We really did. We could do anyway with those and not hurt them, you see.
A.B.: Did Mr. Colvin ever made any of the wooden toys for you, the little dancing dolls?
H.M.: Oh, yes! Yes.
A.B.: I don't know what you called them, but,...... And there was one in North Carolina and Tennessee they called them, Gee Haw Whittle A-Diddly Now. It is a stick and you rub take another stick and rub it and this little pinwheel on the end of it twirls around.
A.B.: Did you have one of those?
H.M.: At that time, I don't know if this is what you're thinking about or not? But, he would take a spool... like you get thread on....
H.M.: ....and they would call it a whirly-gig.
A.B.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: He would take the spool and do what with it?
H.M.: He would put a long stick up thar in the spool some way.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: He would trim it off some way.
H.M.: And, that end you would put on the floor, trimmed off right sharp. He would give it a turn like in a twirl.
D.S.: Oh, like a top?
D.S.: Hey, that was very ingenious, wasn't it?
A.B.: Yea, because they made so many of these toys that the art has been lost.
D.S.: Right. Yea.
D.S.: Did the boys play marbles?
H.M.: Yea, they played marbles some.
D.S.: Pitched horse shoes?
H.M.: Pitched horse shoes, yes.
D.S.: Did they ever pitch rocks?
H.M.: I think so, don't you?
A.B.: I think they did.
D.S.: Yes.
H.M.: Not big, large rocks.
D.S.: Did you use to get extra supplies with the, ... Well, when you knew winter was coming on?
H.M.: Oh, yes.
D.S.: Would you stock up real good?
H.M.: The stocked up good.
D.S.: Yea. You couldn't get out to Stanley.
H.M.: That's right. Sometimes big snows come and you couldn't make it to Stanley and back.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

A.B.: I know many time you all were up there from December until the last of March that nobody got out from up there, wasn't you?


A.B.: And, they had to have supplies to last that long.

H.M.: He bought his flour from Mr. Lee Long, and he had sometimes two barrels or three barrels at a time.

A.B.: And, they would bring it up there in a wagon.

H.M.: That's right.

D.S.: A wagon?

A.B.: Go up Tanners Ridge, yea. Uh..., there up. In other words, they would take the flour up to Mr. Colvin and exchange it for a load of cabbage.


A.B.: And they would bring that..., it was a large farm wagon. Uh,...it was loaded with cabbage, and they would bring it down in the Valley and the different people there would get so much of it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.B.: And, then they would bury it for the winter. You see, have cabbage for the winter.

D.S.: Sure.

H.M.: I know my Daddy, out in the garden he would dig a great big trench in the garden and put leaves down in it and cabbage and cover them up real good, and they would be delicious when Spring come.
A.B.: Yes. In the Fall, Mr. Colvin could go up a tree like a squirrel, I never seen anybody climb a tree like he did. He could just take a stick and go right on up. And,...they gathered, you can't imagine the quantity of chestnuts.

D.S.: Huh!

A.B.: That was one thing.....

H.M.: Bushels of them, wasn't it?

A.B.: Uhhuh. They take them down to Stanley....

D.S.: Right.

H.M.: Yes, indeed.

A.B.: ....and that partly how, that is how on that trip they would bring back part of their winter supplies, you see?

D.S.: Sure. Yes.

A.B.: They didn't waste anything or... I mean...., as far, they wouldn't make a trip and come back empty handed.

D.S.: Yea.

A.B.: They always....

H.M.: And, they would sell wagon loads of potaters and cabbages.

A.B.: Oh, yes!

D.S.: Mmmmmmmm!

A.B.: And, such beautiful potatoes.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.B.: Idaho potatoes don't have a thing on those potatoes up there.

D.S.: Yes.
H.M.: They was so good, wasn't they? And, the cabbages, too.
A.B.: And, in the Spring and the Summer, they gathered
    Raspberries, and wild Strawberries, and..... I know
    my Father would go up there and come back with gallons
    of each.....
D.S.: Mmmmmmmmmm!
A.B.: ....for us.
H.M.: Picked cherries. (Laughed)
A.B.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Huckleberries?
A.B.: Yes.
H.M.: Yes.
A.B.: Blackberries.
D.S.: Did you sell any of those anythime?
H.M.: No, we mostly kept all of ours.
D.S.: Did you dry your huckleberries?
H.M.: No, they canned them, and made preserves out some of
    them, had huckleberry jelly.
D.S.: Uhhuh. I know you ______ people didn't, but did you
    know of any who deliberately set fires to make sure
    there would be huckleberries? Did you see any of that
    in your area?
H.M.: I didn't see any of that, but I heard of fire getting
    out and killing the huckleberries and then they
    claimed they would be better the next year.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: But, that was mostly down in the hollows, wasn't it?
H.M.: Uhhuh. Yes. That wasn't just around where we lived.
A.B.: Now, these people lived right on top of the mountains......
H.M.: Yes.
A.B.: .....not in the hollow.
D.S.: In the hollows.
H.M.: They said when they come out agin they would be better.
A.B.: Then they would bear better the next year.
H.M.: Uhhuh. But, that wasn't around where we lived.
A.B.: No.
D.S.: You didn't have fires up there?
H.M.: Huh-un, no we never.
D.S.: No. Did you ever find any Indian relics?
H.M.: I don't remember any.
D.S.: Because there are always stories that the Indians use to use Big Meadows.
H.M.: I knowed my Uncle Dave and my Daddy to be over where they had potaters planted, maybe you heard them name the place the Awful Field?
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: And, he said there was such a great long grave out there. A rock would be at the head and foot, and he imagined it was an Indian's grave.
H.M.: They would run across things like that sometime.
D.S.: Speaking of graves. When anybody died, what was the procedure? Did you keep them in the house?
H.M.: Up thar they did, for years.
D.S.: Yea. Uh,.....then when you buried the person, did they.....everybody stay at the grave site until it was completely covered? That I think shows a lot of respect. How about markers, would they, would they use... Did they buy the mounments or......
H.M.: Some of them did and thar wuz a lot of them that never.
D.S.: Yea, just use big rocks?
D.S.: Yea. And, that's too bad because now we have no......
A.B.: No history.
D.S.: ....no ways of knowing the dates or the nemes. It's too darn bad.
A.B.: But, I think your cementary on Tanners Ridge, I think, I think pratically all those graves are marked, aren't they?
H.M.: Uhhuh. Just about all of them.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: But, do you know there are a lot of people buried up thar you don't have any idea of?
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Than more people than they have in the cementary now, they are all around it.
D.S.: Yea. Did your Mother......
H.M.: My Uncle Dave wuz buried up thar, he had......, they got a stone for him.
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: His name and all is on it, it was a small one, you know?
A.B.: Uhhuh. Well, I think these hugh markers take up a lot of space in the cementary.
A.B.: And, the small one just serves the purpose.
D.S.: It does. Did your mothr know any herbs? Did she use any, like you got a cold, would she give you any herbs?
H.M.: Well they would give us, make horsemint tea and give us. They called it horsemint tea.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: And, that was spice wood tea, they liked that to drink sometimes.

D.S.: That was for pleasure, wasn't it?

H.M.: Yea, that wasn't for no cold or anything.

D.S.: Yea. Did you use Yarrow for anything?

H.M.: Not that I remember.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. sassafras?


D.S.: Sassafras tea?


D.S.: Yes. Uhhuh. Uh,....I am just trying to think of some of the others. Uh,......if you got a cold, would your mother make a poultice?

H.M.: Yes, she would always make a poultice.

D.S.: Of what?

H.M.: She would take vicks, and sometimes she would take just pure hog lard, put a little turpentine in it. Sometimes she would fry an onion, put a onion poultice.

A.B.: Well, they made..... When they had pneumonia they would make an onion jacket and put on them to get the poultice on the back and on the front too, you see?

D.S.: Oh?

A.B.: They made a jacket, did your mother do that?

D.S.: Use material?

A.B.: Used some kind of material, yea.

A.B.: Put it on their back and all around their sides, in other words, around the chest cavity.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.B.: With this onion poultice.

D.S.: Onion and corn meal probably, or onion and lard?

H.M.: No, just plain onion in a lot of lard and have it good and greasy. And, sometimes they would put a few drops of turpentine in thar and sometimes a lot of vicks, vick sauve.

D.S.: Did they ever give you turpentine and sugar?


D.S.: (Laughing) As though they were trying to kill them, I swear.

H.M.: And, castor oil, for...

D.S.: Yea.

H.M.: That wuz a bad dose, sure enough.

D.S.: Yep! Uhhuh.

A.B.: The turpentine and sugar cut mucous.

H.M.: Yes, it did.

D.S.: It did good.

H.M.: A lot of people still use it. They claim the turpentine was so good in this onion poultice too.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Fascinating. How about school? Where did you go to school?

H.M.: Tanners Ridge, what little we went. We didn't get to go much.

D.S.: That was pretty far away.

H.M.: That wuz two miles and a half. Every bit of two miles and a half to walk.
D.S.: Right. When was school?
H.M.: And, it wuz just three months of school.
D.S.: Those three months was when?
H.M.: Well, start in the Fall....... I don't remember what month they started in, do you Alice?
A.B.: The probably started in September.
D.S.: September, October, November.
A.B.: November
H.M.: Yea. I.... When it go\textsuperscript{so}..... late in the Fall.
They....... It got so bad.
D.S.: Yea.
A.B.: Now, who taught there? Wasn't it one of the missionary there at the Mission, that taught?
H.M.: Well, Tom Bailey was the school teacher up thar, when Rosie, and me, and Robert went to school.
A.B.: He lived at the foot of Tanners Ridge, didn't he?
H.M.: Yea. Uhhuh. You know where Tom Bailey lived there?
A.B.: Oh, yes.
H.M.: He walked from thar up. And, he boarded with Bill Thomas a'right smart. He'd go home on the weekends.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Stay home on weekends and on Monday morning, sometimes we'd be at the school house before he would get thar.
For he wuz walking from home that morning.
A.B.: Up that mountain.
D.S.: What did he teach? Reading?
D.S.: Arithmetic?
D.S.: ...and Spelling?
D.S.: History?
H.M.: I don't remember about that. I didn't get that fer.
D.S.: (Laughing) How far did the school go?
H.M.: My Mother taught us more at home than we got.
A.B.: That's what I was going to ask you, if she didn't, if she didn't teach you some.
H.M.: Yea, she really did.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Now, where did she learn it?
H.M.: Ahhh,...I think she went to school down thar when she went. But, I.... I can't say who her school teacher wuz, now that wuz.......
D.S.: But, she did go to that same school?
D.S.: How long..... Do you know how long your family lived there? How many generations?
H.M.: Well,....she wuz three weeks old when she wuz taken to that place.
D.S.: Oh. So, only two generations?
H.M.: Uhhuh. Her mother and father moved thar when she wuz three weeks old.
D.S.: Do you know where they came from?
H.M.: No, I really don't. Can't tell you that.
A.B.: Who was your mother?
A.B.: Jo Breeden, that's right.
D.S.: Yea. O.K.
D.S.: How about church?

H.M.: Thar wuz a church on Tanners Ridge, and thar wuz a little church out at Dark Holler. We went first to one then another.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Did you go every Sunday?

H.M.: No, not every Sunday.

D.S.: No, Uhhuh. That was a long walk and you had a lot of other things to do.

H.M.: Yea, and it wuz a little further out to Dark Holler than it wuz down on Tanners Ridge.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

H.M.: But, we really liked it better out at Dark Holler, than we did on Tanners Ridge.

A.B.: Well..... Who preached at Dark Holler?

H.M.: You know Cave?

A.B.: I was going to ask you if Cave did.

H.M.: Cave and different preachers would come and preach thar.

A.B.: Was Cave, Elsea Cave's father?


D.S.: No wonder Elsea Cave is such a nice man.

H.M.: NO! NO, that is wrong. Cave wasn't Elsea's father, Ashby Cave was Elsea Cave's father.

D.S.: Oh! O.K., alright.

H.M.: Now, you know this Ralph Cave, and Larson...?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: Well, Cave was Ralph's father.

D.S.: I see.

H.M.: Cave and Dorothy had a right smart family.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: But, Larson Cave is a grandson of Cave.
D.S.: Yea. O.K.. Uhh.....
H.M.: Lots of people thinks that Elsea Cave wuz.....
A.B.: I was thinking it was.
H.M.: ...first's son.
D.S.: He was a wonderful man, wasn't he?
H.M.: He is a first cousin of mine.
D.S.: Is he really? Well, give him my love the next time you see him. (Laughing)
H.M.: (Laughing) You might see him before I do. I hadn't seen him....., I seen him last July, first time I've seen him for twenty years.
D.S.: Then you know how they use to peel the bark down in Dark Hollow?
H.M.: Uhhuh. I heard a lot about peeling bark.
D.S.: Yea. Right. Of course, you people didn't do that?
H.M.: No, we didn't peel no bark.
D.S.: What was your house like?
H.M.: House like?
D.S.: What did it look like?
H.M.: Well, it wasn't like people's houses now, by a whole lot. We wuz happy in it anyhow.
D.S.: Was it a wood house?
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: Was that log? That was log, wasn't it Hazel?
H.M.: It wuz.
A.B.: And, covered with weather boarding.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: It wuz wooden logs, covered with weather boarding.
A.B.: I am sure they had the first breezeway in the United States. Because, the kitchen was on the East side and the West side was where they had the living quarters, and between it they had this sort of covered porch, and they ate on the breezeway in the summer, and ahhh, the food was so good.
D.S.: Ahhhhh! (Laughing) You had a breezeway, and the kitchen was separate from the house then?
H.M.: Yes, it wuz.
D.S.: Did you use a fireplace, or did you use a regular stove to do your cooking?
H.M.: For years we had a fireplace.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: And, after Hallie and Mazie went thar, when they wuz just small little girls..... my Daddy closed up that fireplace and put up a big King heater stove.
A.B.: Was that in the kitchen?
H.M.: Huh?
A.B.: Was that in the kitchen?
H.M.: That wuz in the living room.
A.B.: Well, now we are talking about the kitchen. You had a wood stove.
H.M.: We didn't have no kind but a wood one.
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: The stove burnt wood to cook with.
D.S.: Did you ever hear this story that...... We have a lot of pictures at Park Headquarters with ladders up against the roof, and I have been trying to find out why the ladders were there. If it was because the people was afraid of fires, and I have heard it was because
the people use to cut the logs longer than the fire­
place and stuff them down the chimney. Did you ever
see that done?

H.M.: No, I never did.

D.S.: They said in that way it kept the fire going all night,
nobody had to get up and start the fire in the fireplace.

H.M.: (Laughing) What kind of fireplace wuz that?

A.B.: Wonder it didn't smoke terribly.

H.M.: I never did know noone to do it, did you?

A.B.: No.

H.M.: No, I never did.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.B.: Their fireplace....Uh, it was larger. It was...
they could put a half of a trunk of a tree in there.

D.S.: Huh!

A.B.: And, it would burn for a few days, wouldn't it?

H.M.: Yea!

A.B.: It kept the room just as warn and nice.


D.S.: Oh, how beautiful! I can't see why he put a stove in
there instead.

A.B.: Well, on account of the children and heat it up stairs.

H.M.: Uhhuh. Yes, it made....

A.B.: See, these was his grandchildren.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: And, he wuz more particular with them than he wuz on his
own children.

D.S.: Ahhhh! (Laughing)

A.B.: And, it was just for more heat.

H.M.: It kept our little back bedroom warmer and it kept
upstairs warmer.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: He fixed a little something, like that in the ceiling, you know, heat from that stove would go up thar.
A.B.: Go up thar.
D.S.: How was your laundry day, was it a fun day? (Laughing)
H.M.: (Laughing) Well, we had to wash and scrub them on a wash board, a wash board.
D.S.: Did you boil your clothes?
H.M.: Yea, we boiled them.
D.S.: Did you make your own soap?
D.S.: Did you ever....
H.M.: We had the other kind of soap to take our bath with. We mostly washed dishes with homemade soap and we washed our clothes with homemade soap.
D.S.: Did you ever know that homemade soap was good for your poison ivy?
D.S.: Yea?
H.M.: Yes, indeed.
D.S.: I am very proud I have some.
A.B.: Have a receipe to make some more.
D.S.: (Laughing)
H.M.: Do you make soap?
A.B.: Mothr did years ago. She hasn't made none now for some years. What I have is just getting older and older....
H.M.: Yea. and stronger and stronger.
A.B.: ....and stronger and stronger. (All laughing)
H.M.: Get poison on you, just wet that and rub it and it'll kill it.
A.B.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: It does. I couldn't believe it, but it works.


D.S.: How about it if they got a snake bite, what did they do?

H.M.: It wasn't any of us got any snake bites, and I can't tell you much about that one.

A.B.: I don't know why you didn't.

H.M.: We did see snakes, plenty of them and we killed them. But, none of us, none of his family or none of ours ever get bit by a snake, that I know of.

D.S.: Do you suppose it was because cattle was around, kept the snakes away?

A.B.: I don't know.

H.M.: I don't know either.

A.B.: The only rattle snake I ever saw was between the cottage and your house.


A.B.: I was walking up there one morning when I saw one, and that was the only one I ever seen.

D.S.: Huh!

H.M.: Well, after I wuz married to Vern, I went up home and spent the day one day and I wuz walkin' back down the road, thar wuz a great big rattle snake in the road and he wuz singing like everthing.

D.S.: Uhhhhhh!

H.M.: And I picked up two great big rocks, biggest I could find and I banged down on him with one. I justbout fixed him with that, and I finished him up with the other one. He had twelve rattlers.

A.B.: Ahhhhh!

D.S.: Ahhhhh! Shuuuuu.
D.S.: Ahhhhhh! Shuuuuu!
H.M.: No, I killed two or three rattle snakes myself.
D.S.: Good! That's one less. (Laughing)

Did ever any of you tell any ghost stores?
H.M.: I heard people tell them, yes.
D.S.: Can you remember any?
H.M.: No, I can't.
D.S.: How about...
H.M.: I bet if Rosie was alive, she could tell her a lot more than I can.
D.S.: Did any of you play any pratical jokes on each other?
H.M.: Yea, sometimes. (Laughing)
D.S.: Can you recall any of those?
H.M.: I don't even remember any of the jokes anymore. (Laughing)

I know we did.
D.S.: (Laughing) Uhhuh. Yea.
A.B.: How about on April Fools Day?
H.M.: Yes. They always..., would try to get you on April Fools Day.
D.S.: Yea.
H.M.: I think of that now when the first day of April comes.
D.S.: And, you can't think of any of the things were?
H.M.: Can you remember any?
A.B.: No.
D.S.: How did you celebrate Christmas?
H.M.: Well, everybody bought each other a present.
A.B.: Yea.
D.S.: Ahhh, you did?
H.M.: And, you visited about from house to house, a right smart.

H.M.: We had plenty of cakes made at Christmas, and pies, and cooked off a ham. We had lots of good things to eat.

D.S.: Yea. Well, that was unusual having the presents. Did you shoot off fire crackers?

H.M.: Some of them, lots of them did.

D.S.: Did you play Kriss Kringlers?


D.S.: Oh, I love that kind of stuff, I wish they still did it.

H.M.: Yea. But, they don't, do they?

A.B.: Too dangerous now.

D.S.: Yea. It is. But it was delightful, delightful fun.

A.B.: It was fun.

D.S.: Oh, gosh! Well, how about hunting? Did anybody in your family, did your father take anytime to go hunting?

H.M.: Some, yea. He would hunt, he would squirrel hunt. He liked to kill squirrels and rabbits. Lots of them would squirrel hunt, rabbit hunt, ground hog hunt, and.....

D.S.: You didn't eat the ground hog?

H.M.: They have cooked them and eat them, yes.

D.S.: They have?


D.S.: How would you cook those?

H.M.: Well, they would clean them up good and they would put them in a big crock in Strong Salt Water. And, let that set in that strong salt water a day and a night and sometimes two days, and then go over him good. Scrape them with a knife, clean him up a lot better, wash him
through two or three more waters

D.S.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: put him on and cook him. Everybody liked them, they thought it wuz good.

A.B.: Well, that was the young ones.


A.B.: You couldn't eat the old ones, not the old ones, but the young ones, they say are very good.


D.S.: Would you fry those or boil them or what?

H.M.: Well, they would put them on and cook them for awhile and then stick them up after that water they cooked them in, and they would either fry them in the pan or put them in the oven and brown them up like that.

A.B.: They sort of par-boiled them before they

D.S.: Yea.

H.M.: Put them on

A.B.: fried them.

H.M.: par-boiled them until they wuz stickin' tender.

A.B.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: I've seen my Mother take her fork and stick about in it, and be tender enough to stick up in another pan so she could put it in the oven, put a little more salt and pepper on it.

D.S.: Uhhuh. That was about the same way you cooked squirrel too, wasn't it?

H.M.: Well, they par-boiled that squirred until it was tender.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: Brown it up some

D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: It wuz real good too. And, they taken milk and some of that broth that the squirrel cooked in and made the best gravy you ever eat.


H.M.: That squirrel and gravy.

D.S.: You know, the meals were good, weren't they?

H.M.: Yes, they wuz.

D.S.: They were nourishing.

A.B.: And, you enjoyed them, it tasted better.

H.M.: And, when they killed chicken, they would cut up these young chickens. We feed them, penned them up in a coop two or three days, sometimes four days. Feed them corn and water them, give them good clean water and corn some scrapes from the table, and then we killed them chickens. Clean them up and put them in salt water for over night, put them in that cold water up thar in the springhouse....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: Have them the next day. They were really better than the chickens you buy now.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Oh, gosh yes! You can't buy anything but these little tiny fryers now. (Laughing) They have no taste anymore.

H.M.: It ain't like it wuz.


A.B.: I think the feed has the biggest to do with it.


D.S.: What they eat has a whole lot of differnet.

A.B.: I think feeding has a lot to do with it. They used to feed them corn and grain, now they got commercial feed.
A.B.: I think, in fact that they were on the ground.


D.S.: How about the hogs, did you let them run loose?

H.M.: Well, they run loose. He wanted his hogs penned up too, three or four months before he killed them.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How could you tell your hogs from somebody else's?

H.M.: Oh, he ... they raised their hogs right there on the place. He knewed his own hogs.

A.B.: And, they stayed close too.

H.M.: Yes indeed, they stayed close. They knewed where they got their feed at.

A.B.: You see, he probably feed in the morning and the evening.

D.S.: I see.


A.B.: They got in the habit of coming back to eat whatever they ate during the day, but they come back.

H.M.: Other people's hogs didn't get with our hogs.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.B.: You see, they didn't run wild.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

H.M.: No, they wasn't wild hogs.

D.S.: No, I know that. Did you ever ....... Oh, I have two questions I want to ask. (Laughed) Uh, .... how did you keep wild life out of your garden?

H.M.: Well, there wuz fences around the gardens. But, .... rabbits would get in the garden sometime. And the ....
D.S.: Did you have dogs?
H.M.: Well, Yea we had dogs, but the dogs didn't get in. We had fences around and gates wuz made to go in and out of. It wasn't no dogs traveling about in the garden.
D.S.: Oh, I meant the dogs would keep the rabbits out, couldn't they?
H.M.: Well....
A.B.: Keep the wild life away.
H.M.: Well...., I imagine that helped some. We always had a couple of dogs.
A.B.: They were so much of a pet they wouldn't chase anything.
D.S.: (Laughing)
H.M.: But, we didn't have no trouble with anything like that getting in the garden.
A.B.: Well, we didn't.... I don't think they had as much, it wasn't as plentiful.....
D.S.: Yea.
A.B.: ....as it is today.
D.S.: Yea.
H.M.: See, it wuz cleared out, it wasn't woods all around you, and didn't much wild stuff. We didn't see much of that stuff.
A.B.: See, this was all cleared ground up there.
D.S.: Yea.
A.B.: Blue grass fields.

D.S.: Yea.

H.M.: Fields of blue grass, wasn't it?

D.S.: Did you ever have...., make a honey tree, or do anything to get honey?

H.M.: Well, sometimes they would be out in the woods and they would find a tree that would have honey in it. Then they would....., a couple of them would cut that tree down and get the honey.

D.S.: Yea. Mmmmmmm, that was a treat, wasn't it?

H.M.: (Laughing) Yea.

D.S.: Did you ever make sorghum?

H.M.: Sorghum? No, we didn't make none.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: We bought ours. (Laughed)

D.S.: Yea. O.K. Now....

H.M.: I imagine there are,.... wuz people that made sorghum.

A.B.: Yea.

H.M.: But, we didn't.

A.B.: Well, there was so much.....uh....., to making it.


D.S.: Oh, yes.

A.B.: You had to grow it, you had to cut it....

D.S.: Yes.

A.B.: ...you had to have your mill to grind it.....


D.S.: Yea.

A.B.: ....and all of this.

D.S.: That's right.
A.B.: And, that's probably one reason.

D.S.: That's right. Uh....., you were saying you had music. How about dancing, did you ever have dances?

H.M.: At that little place. You know, that little summer house thar right across the walk from where we all lived?

A.B.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: Do you remember sometimes, some of right many of the neighbors around, I know my Mother and Father let them come thar, and move things around in the house and make room for them to have some little dances.

A.B.: Uhhuh.


H.M.: That wuz after we get through boiling apple butter in the Fall, they would do that.

D.S.: Square dancing was it, mainly?

H.M.: Uhhuh. (Laughing)

D.S.: Do you recall any of the tunes?

H.M.: Ahhhh, if I could remember names like I did, I could.

D.S.: Turkey In The Straw?

H.M.: That was some, yes.

D.S.: Old Dan Tucker?


D.S.: Golden Slippers?


D.S.: Did you ever hear the tune, Fox Chase?

H.M.: Yes, Walter Lam, I heard him play that on his banjo and sing it. He was a great person to pick the banjo and sing.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Seldom Lam,he played the fiddle.
D.S.: Yea. Gee!
H.M.: And, his beother Eldon, could pick the banjo and play a fiddle real good.
A.B.: I went to school with Seldon's daughter.
H.M.: Did you?
H.M.: Alice, did you?
A.B.: In Stanley.
H.M.: Well, I do declair! When she stayed with Tom Bailey up thar?
A.B.: Uhhuh. She and Tom's daughter came to school the same. She was such a pretty girl.
H.M.: Yes, she is pretty. She lives down about Silver Springs, I believe.
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Her and Essie both.
A.B.: I didn't know Essie.
H.M.: Uhhuh. She wuz a lot taller and bigger than Alice.
D.S.: What kind of lock did you have on your door?
H.M.: I don't think we even had a lock on the door.
D.S.: Wonder why, you didn't need a lock?
H.M.: They had a big button.... close to the door, right on the door facing, you know?
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: And, they closed it from outside. They turned that button and that wuz all, I think, all anybody up thar had.
D.S.: In other words, people were pretty honest, weren't they?

D.S.: I thought I never get you to say it. (Laughing)
Uh, ... did you know anybody to have what they called "long fingers"?
H.M.: Not really.
D.S.: No?
H.M.: Nopne did bother us no how or taken anything from us.
A.B.: Hazel, tell Mrs. Smith about when Mrs. Hoover came to buy the rugs from your mother.
H.M.: Now, I wasn't thar, Alice. Now, maybe you could tell her that better than I.
A.B.: Mrs. Hoover, from the Hoover Camp over here.
D.S.: Yea.
A.B.: And, President and Mrs. Hoover use to spend right many weekends up there......
D.S.: Right.
A.B.: ... and vacations, they loved it.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: And, Mrs. Hoover and one of the aides would ride horseback, she loved ride horseback.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: She rode all over those mountains. Well, of course, somebody had to go along and guard her because of the President's wife. And, they had heard of Mrs. Colvin's rugs. She made these beautiful rugs. Were they braided rugs or hooked rugs?
H.M.: She plaited them.
A.B.: Braided rugs, yea.
A.B.: And so, this lady and gentleman appeared at the door one day and, uh.... Mrs. Hoover asked her about her rugs. And, she said yes, she had some and so, she invited her in. And, uh, Mrs. Hoover was very impressed with the rugs and she wanted several of them. And, she realized that she didn't have her pocketbook with her and she said she would send the aide back with the money. And, Mrs. Colvin said, "Well, when you... when you, I get the money you'll get the rugs".

D.S.: (LAUGHING!)

A.S.: Isn't that lovely? And so, and so, in due time back came the aide with the money and he got the rugs. (All Laughing!) 

H.M.: Did you know Mrs. Roosevelt wuz thar and got a couple rugs from her too?

A.B.: Yes, I was going to say, Mrs. Roosevelt came also.

D.S.: Oh, really?

A.B.: Mrs. Colvin made perfectly beautiful rugs.

D.S.: Well, I always heard she used those rugs for decoration, you know, there at Camp Hoover.

A.B.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: So, they were your Mother's rugs there at Camp Hoover?


A.B.: And, the way she would combine her colors, you just don't see it very often.

D.S.: Where would she get the material?

A.B.: Just scrapes of what they had left.

H.M.: Uhhuh. A box of goods and made the... see, our clothes and her dresses too.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: She used the scrapes, she didn't throw anything away.
H.M.: No, indeed.
A.B.: Kept every little thread.
H.M.: And, his mother do the same way too. Everybody did nearly, up there. Huh..., she pieced quilts, made awful pretty quilts. I don't know what has become of all the rugs that..., I just really don't know what. Had a lot right over here, but I don't know what went with them.
D.S.: Have you been down to Camp Hoover?
A.B.: Uh..., not..., I was down there..., down there, Mrs. Colvin, Rosie, let see, did you go with us that day when we drove down there?
H.M.: No, I didn't.
A.B.: We drove down there.
H.M.: I wasn't living thar then, you know. And....
A.B.: Oh, I expect that has been fourty or fifty years ago.
D.S.: Because, I was wondering ....uh..., have you been in the President's house?
A.B.: No.
D.S.: Because, there are some hooked rugs there still, and I am wondering if they could be the one Mrs. Hoover bought.
A.B.: It's possible, these things last forever.
A.B.: They don't wear out.
D.S.: I think you know where some of your mother's rugs are.
(Laughed)
H.M.: Yea. (Laughed)
D.S.: How did you all feel when you had to move out of the mountains?
H.M.: Well, it wuz a right sad thing on us.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: It really wuz, because we think it would ever be no place we'd feel at home.
D.S.: Yea.
H.M.: Like we did up thar.
D.S.: Right. Yea. Where did..., did they move you to a certain place or did you pick your own?
H.M.: Well, they didn't..., The park People?
D.S.: Yea.
H.M.: They didn't move us to no place. It wuz her granddaddy and her daddy that moved my Mother and Father up here.
A.B.: And, I drove the car that brought them over the mountain.
H.M.: Yes....And, you know I lived down below them then?
A.B.: Uhhuh. I didn't bring you.
H.M.: No.
A.B.: It was Rosie, Mrs. Colvin....
H.M.: I know.
A.B.: ...and three children.
H.M.: Uhhuh. Yes. The next Saturday we moved.
A.B.: It was a cold, snowy, March day.
D.S.: Oh?
D.S.: Yea. I imagine, or did you use to have time to look around and say, "It looks pretty here"?

H.M.: Where, up thar? Well, we wuz just so content and we, and we just felt like we wuz thar forever, I reckon. We never thought nothing about it.

D.S.: Yea.

H.M.: Until just a few months before time it wuz time that we really had to.

A.B.: Until they said you got to move.


D.S.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: We knowed it wuz pretty. Yes, we thought it wuz pretty everwhere.

A.B.: They let Daddy put up there even after they built the drive.


A.B.: He had to stay up there and watch them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.B.: Keep them off the road.


H.M.: That wuz a problem thar, wasn't it?

A.B.: Yea.


A.B.: I think it was two summers that he kept them up there after they built the drive.

H.M.: Uhhuh, I think it wuz. Uhhuh. Well, it wuz a lot prettier up thar before they.

A.B.: Uhhuh. It is grown up now and you see anything.

D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: It's not the same place. That, I wouldn't say....
H.M.: You can't hardly believe it.
A.B.: I wouldn't say the Park Service had done a good job at all.
H.M.: No, they haven't.
A.B.: If you knew it before the Shenandoah National Park took it over and today, it is no comparison.
D.S.: I have heard that from quite a number of people because it is too grown up.
A.B.: And, if you take the Blue Ridge Parkway from...uh,... the southern end from the end we have here to Bottom,... Uh,...the way they have done that. They left the little homes, the fences.
A.B.: You can drive along, hear the cow bells....
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: ....and, it is perfectly beautiful.....
D.S.: Yea.
A.B.: ....and, so peaceful looking.
D.S.: Yea.
A.B.: But here, it looks like a wilderness.
H.M.: You can't even, you can't hardly spot out where you did live at, can you?
A.B.: You got to know it.
A.B.: I can still find it, but-a....
D.S.: Hey, by the way, speaking of cow bells. Did you use cow bells.....on your cows?
A.B.: Oh, yes.
H.M.: Oh, yes they had bells on them.
A.B.: And, the most beautiful tones.....
A.B.: ...to those bells.
D.S.: Was that to keep snakes away?
H.M.: No, that wuz more to let you know.....
A.B.: Where they were.
H.M.: ...where they were.
D.S.: Where they were, that's what I thought. I heard it the other way. Uh..... (Laughing) I was just wondering.
H.M.: Yea! We'd be sitting thar on that good, big breeze-way toward evening we'd hear the cows a'comin'.
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: We'd hear those bells.
A.B.: Know it was time to pick up the bucket.
D.S.: (Laughing)
H.M.: We'd hear those bells before we'd see those cows.
D.S.: Yea. Right.
H.M.: Over that hill, we'd soon see them a'comin'.
D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Great! Oh, yes. Uh... , it has grown up, and it's really....
H.M.: Yea. When you go up that now bout all you can see is that long streight road ahead of you.
A.B.: And the trees.
H.M.: And, all them trees.
A.B.: And bushes.
H.M.: I'm so glad... when I can see....
A.B.: Thorn bushes, ain't there thorn bushes?
H.M.: ....... just a piece of sod as wide, maybe as that couch is long.... out in the drive. The ground even looks natural to me, if I can see it.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: Well, tell me.........
H.M.: Yes, and out in the old quarter field....
A.B.: Yes, the quarter.....
H.M.: They called it the quarter field, where we had to go with the salt and call up the cattle. Salt, put salt out on rocks.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: Well, that was a good half a mile.
D.S.: Did you use any horns or whistles to call your neighbors, or to contact people?
H.M.: We didn't, but some down around Jolliet Holler did.
H.M.: Yea. I know his daddy use to go about and butcher for people. He butchered for my Mother and Daddy, you know. And, they would be up way before day light that mornin' and gettin' breakfast. And, I'd hear her say to Pappa, "Well, Alex, a'comin', I done heard him blow his whistle".
D.S.: Ahhhh!
H.M.: He'd blow that whistle when he would get a little than half way from their house to our house.
A.B.: Well, did you all....

H.M.: He'd come for breakfast.

A.B.: Well, did you all..... Did you all build a log heap....
to heat the rocks?


A.B.: Pile all this wood and put big rocks in it, and you'd
have your.....scaulding tub to put your hogs in.
And, you'd take those big rocks when they got real
hot.....


A.B.: ....and put over in to heat the water?

H.M.: Yes, indeed.

A.B.: That's the way they heated the water to....


A.B.: ...to scauld the hogs and scrape the hair off.

H.M.: Heat all that pile of rocks.

D.S.: Ohhhh!

A.B.: They called ti building a log heap.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.B.: But, they just put all these logs and big rocks, and
when the logs burnt and got the rocks hot, then they
would put them over in the tub, the scaulding tub, to
heat the water.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

A.B.: And, you put one of those rocks in that cold water,
you never saw such steam.

H.M.: You'd see the steam start a'comin' up then.


A.B.: And, it was interesting to watch these....
H.M.: The last time I wuz ever up to where the house and everything set, I knowed when I wuz getting in the lot up thar by the apple trees.

A.B.: Are they still there?

H.M.: Some of them is, yes.

A.B.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Was they milons?

H.M.: And, that old sour apple tree, close to where we butchered at...I seen part of my Daddy's rock pile thar.

D.S.: Ohhhh!

A.B.: Ahhh!

H.M.: It wuz left from heating and putting in that water to get hot to clean up the hogs in.

D.S.: Well!

H.M.: There wuz part of his rock pile.

D.S.: Do you recall the kind of apples that you had? You said there was a sour apple.

H.M.: Most... we had some sweet apples. They called them Sunday Sweetin' Apples.

D.S.: Yea, I heard about them.

H.M.: Two trees out next to our biggest garden of them. And.....

D.S.: Milons? Milams

H.M.: Had some Milons, yes indeed. Uhhuh. And.....

D.S.: Did your daddy know grafting?

H.M.: Apples? I heard him talk about it, but I don't think he ever had any luck. Mostly them trees just come up, didn't they?

A.B.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: (Laughing) That was because the land wasn't fertile.

(Laughing)

H.M.: Oh! That ground would grow anything.

D.S.: I know. (Laughing)

H.M.: Apple trees or anything.

D.S.: Yea.

H.M.: You know, it wuz a sour apple, that tree stood thar in the yard and hung over the walk....

A.B.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: It wuz all crooked tree, wasn't it? It wuz.

A.B.: Yea.

H.M.: My Mother's sister, Fannie, when she wuz a little bitty girl set that tree thar. It was just a little apple switch.

D.S.: Huh!

H.M.: It weren't more than a little switch, but it did have roots on it, they said. She, and she set it crooked....

D.S.: Ahhh!

H.M.: And, shortly after that she got sick and she wuz sick a long time and she died.

D.S.: Humm!

H.M.: And, that's why they left that tree crooked, just like she had set it.

A.B.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: A limb limped way over that walk that went from our porch over to where Mike and his daddy would stay, you know.

D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: And, a limb almost layed on our porch roof. And, they left it crooked because she had....

A.B.: Set it.


D.S.: Ahhh, that is sweet. Gosh! Did you ever grow.....

H.M.: Excuse me, I didn't mean to interrupt you.


D.S.: I was just wondering, did you ever grow tomatoes?

H.M.: Oh, yes indeed! Biggest sort of tomaters.

D.S.: And, you canned those?

H.M.: Yes. We had tomaters to eat and tomaters to can.

(Laughed)

D.S.: Mmmmm! I know you had to process those when you canned them. Did you process your other vegetables when you canned them?

H.M.: We didn't tomaters. Now we peeled them tomaters, we washed them tomaters off and peeled them and cold packed them, down in the can.

D.S.: Cold packed?

H.M.: Tomaters, yes canned them.

D.S.: I thought you got that horrible thing is you don't process them?

A.B.: Uh....., all you had..... I don't know how long..... Did you cook them in an iron kettle?.........

H.M.: No.

A.B.: ....or did you cook them in the house on the stove?

H.M.: Tomaters?

A.B.: Uhhuh.
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Well, she packed them down....
A.B.: In the can. Uhhuh.
H.M.: ......in the cans. She had a canner.
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: One canner would hold eight quarts and the other...
D.S.: Oh, then you did process them?
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Oh, yes.
D.S.: Oh, sure. Whoooooo!
A.B.: I was wondering whether if you had a canner you used
in the house or did you use one of the big iron
kettles outside?
H.M.: Well, some. When they would have so many beans and
they would put them in that big iron kettle......
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: ....and cook them outdoors in the big kettle.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: Keep the water up to the top of them (Laughed)or a
little bit over.
A.B.: Well, did you use the..... What kind of lids did you
use on your jars? Were they the ones that had the metal
piece that came down over them and you used a jar
ring and a glass top? We called them Easy Seal.
H.M.: We used all three kinds.
A.B.: All three kinds.
H.M.: Yes, sir.
A.B.: Uhhuh. Well, did you ever use that kind that looked
like you put a piece of rope around it and then you took
a knife and sealed them?
H.M.: Uh, ... some people did, but we didn't.
A.B.: Uh, ... I can't remember that, but my sister said she could remember it, but I can't remember it.
H.M.: I remember some of them kind, but we didn't use them kind.
A.B.: Uh huh.
A.B.: Now, I can't remember it, but my sister can.
D.S.: Hun. Boy! Well, it was a lot of hard work, wasn't it?
H.M.: Yea, it wuz a lot of hard work.
D.S.: But, it was a good life.
H.M.: We all felt better then.
D.S.: Yea.
H.M.: People weren't all the time sick and having to take medicine. (Laughed)
D.S.: Well, walking all these miles everyday....... 
H.M.: Walking, and that....
D.S.: ......was good for you.
H.M.: .....good fresh air from up thar.
D.S.: Did you have a doctor that you used?
H.M.: We had a doctor, but it weren't so often that we needed him.
D.S.: Who was it?
H.M.: It was Dr. Frank Koontz at Stanley.
D.S.: Ahhhh!
H.M.: And, then I haved knowed Dr. George Hammers from Luray to be up thar, too.
A.B.: How about Dr. Smith from Stanley?
H.M.: Yea, We had Dr. Smith and Dr. Miller..... at........
A.B.: From Elkton.

H.M.: ...Shenandoah....., Elkton or Shenandoah. Was it Elkton?

A.B.: Uhhuh. His son....

D.S.: You never had Dr. Ross?

H.M.: No,...but the people out around Dark Holler did have Dr. Ross, now.

D.S.: Yes.

A.B.: Doctor who?

D.S.: Ross.

H.M.: Dr. Ross, he was from over....

D.S.: From over Craigersville.

A.B.: Oh! Uhhuh. I know now.

D.S.: His son is still alive.

A.B.: Is he?

D.S.: I interviewed him.

A.B.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Very wonderful man. Dr. Ross, I always said someone should put a monument up to him.

(All laughed)

H.M.: He was a good doctor, they said.

D.S.: Yea. Dr. Koontz, how would you get in touch with him, when you needed him?

H.M.: Mostly somebody had to go all the way after him.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: Finally, a phone got on Tanners Ridge and then we could go to Tanners Ridge and call out thar.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea, Right. He came by horseback?

D.S.: Uhhuh. How else? Is there anything you can think of I haven't asked?

H.M.: Not..... right now, I don't think I can. Maybe in a couple of weeks from now I'll think of something.

D.S.: Can you think of any people you know that I could interview?

H.M.: Deed I don't really know anybody from up thar you.....

A.B.: Have you....., how about Mackie Thomas? Have you talked to him, on Tanners Ridge?

D.S.: I cannot locate him. He is not in the phone book.

A.B.: No, he doesn't have a phone.

H.M.: He ain't got no phone. Ain't he got no phone?

I believe he has.

D.S.: No, he's not in the phone book.

H.M.: Would that phone still be in his sister's name, Bertha's name, you reckon?

A.B.: Could be.

D.S.: Bertha?

H.M.: Bertha....

A.B.: Bertha Thomas.


A.B.: It is Thomas, isn't it?

H.M.: Yea. She was....

A.B.: She didn't marry?

H.M.: I wonder if she went by Bertha Cave? She was married to a Frank Cave, you know?

A.B.: Uhhuh.

H.M.: Her and him has been seperated for so many years.

I know the last few years he lived, he stayed thar with
her and Mackie. If you don't find Bertha Thomas, maybe you can find Bertha Cave.

D.S.: Yea, I'll try. Uhhuh. Because his name......

H.M.: Why don't you call Everett Breeden up on Tanners Ridge. You see, the Park didn't take none of their places away from them.

D.S.: Call Everett Breeden.

H.M.: Uhhuh. His wife might would talk to you. Junie, they call her. June is her name.

D.S.: Alright.

H.M.: But, Mackie they tell me his mind is not good.

A.B.: The last time I talked to him in Stanley he seemed alright.

H.M.: I seen some of them and they say, "Well, Mackie seems alright." Who was it the other day.... oh, it was Clarence Meadows' wife, she lived right out the foot of the mountain Tom Bailey's place, you know?

A.B.: Uhhuh. In the old Al Hutchinson's place, wasn't it?

H.M.: Yes, indeed. And, she told me that Mackie's mind was not good at tall. I said, "Indeed some of them was over here and siad Mackie seemed about like always." She said, "Indeed, he might", she said, "Sometimes he might, but sometimes his mind is agoin'!"

D.S.: Huh!

H.M.: So, I don't know if you'll get anywhere talkin to him or not.

D.S.: It's worth a try because his name has come up quite frequently.

A.B.: Well, Mackie is a fine person, I think.
A.B.: Ernest is dead, isn't he?
H.M.: Yes, indeed Ernest is dead.
D.S.: Ernest Thomas?
H.M.: Uhhuh. Yes. Ernest Thomas is dead. Rudd Thomas......, all of them. Allll.... that.... Jim was the last one, Vallie's daddy, that died.
A.B.: Raspus Lam lived in Jolliett's, didn't he?
H.M.: No,..... he,..... his other brother lived over at Jolliet, but he lived thar as you go from Clarence Sirbaugh over.
A.B.: I know he is living there now.
H.M.: No, Raspus is dead.
A.B.: Oh! That's right, he did die.
H.M.: Was it.....It was in September the died, wasn't it?
A.B.: Uhhuh. Uh....
H.M.: I know they had the Thomas and Lam reunion out thar at South River.....
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: ......picnic ground. And, Raspus, they said, layed down out thar so much that day and sit around.
A.B.: Uhhuh.
H.M.: And, they got back home with him that same Sunday.
Now, that was the third Sunday in August, and they had to send him right over there, Luray hospital. He lived about two weeks.
A.B.: Uhhuh. I remember now he passed away.
D.S.: Well, I want to Thank-You very, very much.
H.M.: I ain't been much help.
D.S.: OH! Yes, you have.