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(SNP118) Etta Snow and Charles R. Snow
interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed
by Peggy C. Bradley

Etta Snow

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ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

NARRATOR: Mrs. Etta Snow
Mr. Charlie Snow

INTERVIEWER: Mrs. Dorothy Smith

PLACE: Fredericksburg

DATE: May 8th, 1978

*Pocassin
Hollow*

TRANSCRIBED BY:

Peggy C. Bradley

COMPLETED DATE:

March 13, 1984

D.S.: I am interviewing Mrs. Ella Snow who now lives in Fredericksburg, but had lived where? Where had you lived in the Park? In the mountain?

E.S.: In Greene County, Virginia.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Now, was that in the mountain in Greene County?

E.S.: Yes, near Skyline Drive.

D.S.: Near Skyline Drive?

E.S.: Yes.

D.S.: Was there any hollow or anything, any name for the area where you lived?

E.S.: Nothin', but which we called it the mountain.

D.S.: (Laughed) The mountain, uhhuh. It was in Greene County, uh, ... roughly near what? Uh, ... did you use any land mark of any kind?

E.S.: No.

D.S.: Like, was there a river near there?

E.S.: No, ... huh-un.

D.S.: Was Gordons *mill Pike*

E.S.: Fall River wuz the closest thar wuz, but I don't know how many miles that wuz away.

D.S.: How about Gordonsville Pike, was that anywhere?

E.S.: No, I don't know anything about that.

D.S.: Was you South of ... Skyline?

E.S.: I don't know, ... CHARLIE!, wuz we? (Laughing)

C.S.: (Laughing) I don't know.

E.S.: I don't know which way South was when I lived up thar.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Well, ... I'm just trying, you know ~~to~~ get an ideal where the home was. Have you any ideal?

E.S.: You ^{Ma} know we lived up on the mountain at Uncle Charlie's place, when he moved away, for awhile.

C.S.: I don't know the name of none of that stuff up there, Ma.

D.S.: Well, if you wanted to go back, how would you go?

C.S.: Well, you can't get from the bottom up.

D.S.: No.

C.S.: You'd have to go to Skyline or South River, or camp ground and go past that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Go down in there to the right, where the cabins, ... where they rent the cabins?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: You know down in there where they rent that cabins?

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Well, you right by that, go on down to the Rock Church and make a right and go back in there.

D.S.: I see, O.K..

E.S.: Well, we lived near here whar they got the cabin, we lived right below whar they got the cabin.

D.S.: Yea. Now, are you talking about Corbin Cabin?

C.S.: I think so.

D.S.: Then you was in Corbin Hollow?

E.S.: No, ... we weren't in no Corbin Holler.

C.S.: I don't know the name of the cabin, Mom. It ain't no names like that lived up there.

D.S.: Was it near Tanners Ridge?

C.S.: I don't know.

D.S.: Aaaaah!

E.S.: See, it has been so long till ...

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Well, they got names of things up there we didn't have any way.

E.S.: Yea, ... certainly ^{now don't} we didn't know...

C.S.: They have names of things up there that wasn't such things of it, ... you know? Made names up for it.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Right. They tried to keep as much as they could of the names that they could that had been used. Many of the people that I have interviewed say, 'Yes, I lived in Tanners Ridge. Yes, I lived in Dark Hollow, I lived in, you know, various places'.

C.S.: It was a Dark Holler up there, I don't know if it is the same place it suppose to be or not.

D.S.: Yea, it's the same.

D.S.: I don't know!

D.S.: (Laughing)

E.S.: I never did hear of Dark Holler.

C.S.: Dark Holler was down below

D.S.: Well, then you was below there? You was below there, you must been..

C.S.: Huh-un, we was above that.

D.S.: You was above that?

C.S.: We was above Dark Holler, ... Dark Holler was right then ... where there Buds buried up the road on the right down in there. But, they got it up past Big Meadows up there.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

C.S.: Well, that's not the real Dark Holler.

D.S.: Oh, I see.

C.S.: Unless somebody has to walk clean down in there,
I don't know. I never been down in there.

D.S.: Uhhuh. What was your maiden name?

E.S.: Breeden.

D.S.: Breeden. Uh, ... now, there was a lot of Breedens up
there, was you any ... What was the nearest town,
Elkton?

E.S.: Standersville, was the nearest.

D.S.: Standersville?

E.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: O.K., now I got it located.

C.S.: The nearest store and Post Office was McMullon, that
was down bottom of the mountain, down at South River.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: That's where we had to come and do all our trading
and stuff like that.

D.S.: That's right.

C.S.: You know, bring eggs and stuff?

D.S.: Uhhuh. What did you take down to the store?

E.S.: Well, we'd always take eggs ...

D.S.: Chickens?

E.S.: We had some chickens.

D.S.: Hams?

E.S.: No, we never did got rid of no hams. (Laughed)
Had to keep them. (Laughed)

D.S.: (Laughed) How about furs, did you ever take any furs
down?

E.S.: No.

C.S.: No.

D.S.: No? Did you, ... uh, ... when you took things to the store, were you given cash for it or did they give you credit ...

E.S.: No.

D.S.: ... against that you bought things?

E.S.: We dealt it out, in food and stuff.

D.S.: That's what I thought, most of the stores along there did that.

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Yea. Uh, ...

E.S.: The man we dealt with then is still thar, he is ninty-three years old.

D.S.: He still has the store?

C.S.: He is still in thar, he don't have nothin' to sell much, he just comes up thar just to see people.

D.S.: Oh, what is his name?

C.S.: Scott Collier, McMullon Store.

D.S.: Colyer? C-o-l-y-e-r?

E.S.: Collier.

C.S.: Yes.

D.S.: Oh, C-o-l-l-i-e-r?

C.S.: I don't know, I can't tell you.

D.S.: O.K., alright. He had the store and he is ninty-three years old. Mmmum boy! And, he still has everything going. Huh!

C.S.: Well, he has been sick. I wuz up thar last week.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: He has been sick right much.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

C.S.: He still comes out and sits in the store nearly every day.

D.S.: Ooooh!

C.S.: They still got the ole store open, wood stove in the middle of the floor ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: ... just like it was when I was a little kid.

D.S.: Gee! Now, when you ... What did you buy when you went to the store?

E.S.: Well, I'd ... buy meal, or flour, and sugar, and vegetables.

D.S.: You didn't grow your own vegetables?

E.S.: Not all of them. No, ... you see we couldn't farm none, only just the garden.

D.S.: Yea. What did you grow?

E.S.: We growed cabbage and beans.

D.S.: Did you dry the beans?

E.S.: Sometimes, yes.

D.S.: Did you take dried beans down to the store?

E.S.: No.

D.S.: Huh-un?

E.S.: Huh-un.

D.S.: You used them yourself?

E.S.: Yes.

D.S.: Cabbages, were they big?

E.S.: Oh yes, big heads of cabbages. (Laughed)

D.S.: Yea, I've heard they were twenty pounds ... cabbages.

E.S.: Big head of cabbages.

D.S.: Yea. Uh, tomatoes?

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Turnips?

E.S.: And salads, we call it salad, but some people call them greens.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Potatoes?

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: And, corn?

E.S.: Yes.

D.S.: Now, did you take the corn down to be ground?

E.S.: No, ... we eat the roasting ears. (Laughing)

D.S.: Oh, you ate them. (Laughed) You said you'd buy meal, ... you didn't grow anything to be ground, in other words, like ...?

E.S.: No, we ... always ... didn't have enough of corn to take to the mill.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Yes, they took corn sometimes.

E.S.: We didn't. Clarence and them did sometimes.

C.S.: They took it over thar to the mill and have ground, and they'd keep part of it and send the rest back.

D.S.: Yea. They'd keep one-tenth of it pretty generally, yea.

C.S.: Yea, ... for grinding it.

D.S.: Yea, right.

C.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: In other words, you had a very rough, extra rocky place, right?

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: It must had been a very very hard job making a living there then, wasn't it?

- E.S.: Yea, it wuz right hard. Well, me and my husband we worked on a sawmill that wuz near thar.
- D.S.: Oh, good!
- E.S.: But, ~~We~~ didn't make much money, he didn't ... the man didn't pay but a dollar a day.
- D.S.: Ooooooh! A dollar a day!
- C.S.: She worked right along on the saw mill too.
- E.S.: We'd go in the mountain when thar wuz snow on the ground and cut down big trees and pull them ourself, down off the mountain to the saw mill for the man to saw.
- D.S.: Where was the saw mill located?
- C.S.: Rocky Draft, right close to Rocky Draft thar.
- E.S.: Yea.
- D.S.: Uhhuh.
- C.S.: That was close to the house, between ^{her} here mother's house and our house.
- D.S.: Uhhuh.
- C.S.: See, her mother lived in that thar ole broken down cabin that's still thar at Rocky Church, ... that is her ole homeplace.
- D.S.: Uhhuh.
- C.S.: She can't get in thar because she can't walk. I go thar, you know?
- D.S.: Yea. Sure.
- C.S.: I'd like to be able to take her down thar to see it.
- D.S.: Yes, and ... I told your mother that just let us know and we have a letter that you wrote ...
- C.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ...and a ranger would be very happy to arrange to drive you.

C.S.: Take her down thar?

D.S.: Sure.

C.S.: I know she would love to see it. She's been wanting to see it a long time.

D.S.: Yea. You know your letter was vague, you didn't say any particular date or anything like that. So, if you would let us know a date and time we would be very happy.

D.S.: Do what, have to write to you?

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

C.S.: Alright.

D.S.: Now, you worked in the saw mill six days a week, or five?

E.S.: Five days a week.

D.S.: And, then on the weekend you worked in your vegetable garden?

E.S.: Yes, and cleaned house. (Laughed)

C.S.: Killed hogs, too.

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: We raised our own hogs, too.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Now, did you let the hogs run loose?

E.S.: Yea, ...

D.S.: How did, could you ...

E.S.: ... most time.

D.S.: ... keep them seperate from other people's hogs?

E.S.: They'd always know whar to come to get something to eat. (Laughing)

D.S.: (Laughing)

E.S.: But, when ... we'd always, you know, put them up toward the Fall of the year.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: To fatten them.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. What would you fatten them with?

E.S.: Well, with corn and feed that you'd get from the store and places like that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: Well, places is too far apart anyway, the hogs wuzn't goin' too far.

D.S.: Yea. Nearest house is how far? Your nearest neighbor was how far away?

E.S.: How far wuz it from our house over to *the others*

C.S.: I'd say ... four or five.

E.S.: About a mile.

C.S.: No, ... my goodness no, just up over the mountain, Mama.

E.S.: No, you know that lived over from us, that's when we lived in Dick house.

C.S.: Oh, that was a mile and a half, probably.

D.S.: Was that pretty general to have the houses that far apart?

E.S.: Yea, ... that wuz alright.

C.S.: It was.

D.S.: I don't know how you ever adjusted to an apartment?
(Laughing)

E.S.: I been for a long time.

C.S.: We use to have to walk off from the mountain and that

wuz about five miles to the store.

E.S.: It wuz eight miles down to the foot of the mountain and back, because I walked it and worked at the school house down thar at Scott Collier's. It wuz four miles each way.

C.S.: I thought you worked at the school house at the mission house?

E.S.: I did, but this wuz when we ...

D.S.: What did you do at the mission house?

E.S.: Well, when they had the mission house up thar, I'd go and clean up and cook, you know, and do things like that, for the missionaries up thar.

D.S.: What mission was this?

E.S.: It wuz ... up on the mountain.

C.S.: They called it Upper Mission.

E.S.: Yea, called Upper Mission.

D.S.: Upper Mission?

C.S.: It ain't thar no more.

D.S.: No. Episcopal Mission?

C.S.: They moved it down South River.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Took it apart and moved it down to South River.

D.S.: Yea. Who was the minister, do you recall?

E.S.: He wuz Episcopal, ... I don't know what his name wuz.

C.S.: The only one I remember was Miss Gordon.

E.S.: Yea, the lady that stayed at the mission ^{house} wuz Miss Gordon.

C.S.: She preached too.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: But, we had a preacher to come from Standersville

up on ... some Sunday, you know.

D.S.: Uhhuh. You had your own church then?

E.S.: Yes.

D.S.: Oh!

E.S.: Had our own church.

D.S.: Nice. You said you had no schooling, was that because you was so busy or because there was no school?

E.S.: It wuzn't no school up thar.

D.S.: Boy, no school at all?

E.S.: No school. When I was growing up it wuzn't no school. And, it wuzn't no school when my children wuz growing up to mount to anything. They didn't ~~know how~~ to get any money enough. They had to walk way over on another mountain to a church to a school house.

D.S.: To where? Where was it you went, do you recall?

C.S.: Well, I didn't go.

E.S.: No, he ...

C.S.: The olders ones went over there.

E.S.: Lucille and ...

C.S.: I'm the youngest.

E.S.: ... Helen.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. You don't know where it was, that school?

C.S.: No, I don't know where it was.

D.S.: No. What did they teach in that school, do you know?

E.S.: Well, they'd just teach you how to learn to read and write.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Reading, and Writing, and Arithmetic?

E.S.: No, I never know nothin' about that.

D.S.: Yea. Uh, ... did they have large families?

E.S.: Who?

D.S.: The people that lived there?

E.S.: Some of them did.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: Some of them had right large families.

C.S.: Most of them did.

D.S.: What would you call a large family?

E.S.: Well, see Emmey had, what wuz it, fourteen or fifteen?

C.S.: Fifteen.

D.S.: (Whistled)

C.S.: She had five.

E.S.: Huh?

C.S.: You had five.

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: That's not many, according to how most of them
had them.

C.S.: Well, she had six and one of them got killed.

D.S.: Oh.

C.S.: One of my brothers got killed.

D.S.: Uh, ... when you had a baby, did you have a doctor
come in or did you use mid-wives?

E.S.: I had a doctor.

D.S.: Dr. Ross, by any chance?

E.S.: No, ... I don't know his name. I reckon he'd dead
by now.

D.S.: Oh yea, he'd dead.

E.S.: He wuz from Standersville.

D.S.: That's right, yea.

C.S.: You had a doctor everytime, Mom?

E.S.: Dean, I had Dr. Dean with Helen. ... Dr. Dean with Helen, that's my oldest one.

C.S.: He come to the house?

E.S.: Yea, come to the house.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: And, then when I lived in Elkton ... a Dr. Miller, he come to me when I ^{was} born ^{'n} one.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: No, ... it wuz the one born dead.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Well, that's make seven then altogether.

D.S.: (Laughing) You're counting them up. Yea.

E.S.: You know, I born one dead.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: That was seven.

D.S.: Yea. Did they have many apple orchards and peach orchards and things of that kind up there?

E.S.: Well, it wuzn't but two orchards wuz any good, and that wuz down off the mountain a little ways from us.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Then you didn't dry apples?

E.S.: No, I didn't get to dry apples?

C.S.: Yes, you did.

E.S.: No, I didn't!

C.S.: Yes, you did because I use to get up on the shed and eat them and you would whoop me for it. Dry apples up on the shed. You don't remember a lot of that stuff I remember.

E.S.: No, I don't remember a lot of that stuff.

C.S.: She use to put them up on the shed to dry them,
because I use to get up thar and get them and eat them.

D.S.: Was they good just as they were?

C.S.: Oh, yes! To chew them, they were the best thing
in the world to chew, just chew them, you know.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Just chew them, it would take a long time to chew
them.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: I use to love them.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: They wuz awful good to cook and put flavoring in them,
netmeg and sugar in them.

D.S.: Yea, make great pies.

E.S.: Oh, yea.

D.S.: How about cherries, did you dry cherries?

E.S.: No, we didn't have no cherries to mount to nothin'.

D.S.: Huckleberries?

E.S.: Yea, we'd go in the mountain and pick us some
huckleberries.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you dry them ever?

E.S.: No, I always canned them.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you ever set fires to make sure you'd
have huckleberries? A lot of people did.

E.S.: No.

C.S.: Want to know about a fire I set? I set the whole
mountains on fire one time.

D.S.: How did you do that? (Laughing)

C.S.: Playing around.

D.S.: (All laughing) Playing with firecrackers?'

C.S.: No, playing with matches.

D.S.: Oh!

C.S.: Scared me to death!

D.S.: Yea. How about moonshine, did the people make much moonshine?

C.S.: All the time, yea.

D.S.: It was good stuff. Very good.

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Do you recall the names of any of the people that did. (A long pause) Statue of Limitations is over, nobody can do anything to them. (All laughing)

C.S.: Willie Breeden use to make a lot. I imagine he could still make some if he wanted to, couldn't he Mom?

E.S.: If they wanted to.

C.S.: He knows how.

D.S.: Who, Wes Breeden?

C.S.: Willie. Willie.

D.S.: Willie Breeden.

C.S.: Willie Breeden, I see all them all the time. I go up thar all the time. I was thar last week for a few days.

D.S.: Where do they live?

C.S.: Down in the ... Bull Yearlin' Holler, down off the Mountain.

D.S.: Oh, I don't know Bull Uran Hollow. How is that spelled?

C.S.: You got to ask somebody else, I don't know.

D.S.: U. r?

E.S.: It wuz right rough, too.

C.S.: Yearling. Yearling

D.S.: Yearling?

C.S.: ... like a little steer, you know.

D.S.: Uhhuh. O.K..

E.S.: It wuz right rough livin' up in them mountains
sometimes.

D.S.: Oh, ... yea. ... Tell about why it was so rough.

E.S.: Well, you couldn't get no work, to make nothin',
and you couldn't farm enough to nothin' with much,
and ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: ... and you had to do the best you could.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: We lived right in the dead mountain, you know, rocks,
nothin' but rocks, and you couldn't, ... uh, ...

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: It wasn't like down in the valley, in the hollers,
you know, you could carry the rocks off ...

D.S.: Sure.

C.S.: ... and pile them up and make a place to plant.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Up in the mountain where we was at, most of the
time you couldn't farm nothin' because it wasn't
no place big enough to farm.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

C.S.: Great big rocks, ... boulders, and stuff.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Do you know a lot of people did this,
I think it was rather cleaver. With corn, they planted
it in between two stones.

C.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Rather than removing the stones, they left the stones there and put a kernal in there and they said you could just see the corn grow, because the moisture and the sun, the heat from the sun was retained. Did you do that?

E.S.: Well, we never did plant none between the rocks, but we always planted some out that we could hoe, you know.

D.S.: How did you keep rabbits from going into your garden?

E.S.: Well, I couldn't, they'd go in thar. (Laughing)

D.S.: (Laughing) Didn't you have hound dogs or something?

E.S.: Well, we had dogs thar, but they wuz just pets.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. A lot of people said hound dogs keep the garden free of rabbits.

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Did you do much hunting?

C.S.: Not me, I was too small.

D.S.: You were too small!

C.S.: My brothers, my brothers did.

D.S.: How would they hunt, use guns?

C.S.: Twenty-two rifle, shot guns, things like that.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

E.S.: The Welfare always would fix us a basket ever now and again, and we would go get it, when we lived up in thar.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Great! Did the mission ever help in that way?

E.S.: Yea, they ^{helped} ~~helped~~ right good. He had the typhoid fever one time, and he wuz in the Charlottesville hospital for about ... three months, I reckon. And, the

mission lady, up thar, would always take us back and forth to see him, and would get a place for me to stay over thar at nights, sometimes.

D.S.: You were lucky you survived that, so many people died with that.

E.S.: Yea.

C.S.: They said I was dead, I'd already turned blue, but they bought me back.

E.S.: The doctor said it wuzn't nothin' he done bought him back, the good Lord done that.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

E.S.: They kept him in a glass place all the time.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How old was he?

E.S.: Oh, he wuz just about ...

C.S.: Six or seven years old, I remember it all.

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Yea. Was there much typhoid fever there?

E.S.: It wuz right much typhoid fever down in that.

D.S.: How about diptheria? Did people have diptheria?

E.S.: I wouldn't know about that.

D.S.: Do you recall any of the herbs that were used when people got sick? Like, what would you do if someone got a cold?

E.S.: Well, I ... I would have to go to the store and buy something to ... fer them.

D.S.: You didn't make these onions and meal poultrices?

E.S.: Yea. Now, some people did, yea.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

C.S.: She use to give me kerosene and sugar for a sore throat.

D.S.: Kerosene and sugar? What did it taste like?

C.S.: Awful! (Laughed)

D.S.: Did it help the sore throat? (Laughing)

C.S.: Oh, yea.

E.S.: Oh, yea it helped it.

C.S.: Yep!

D.S.: Kerosene and sugar for the sore throat! Ugh!

(All Laughed)

C.S.: I didn't think much of it either.

D.S.: (Laughing) Sounds as if she was trying to kill you.

E.S.: No, them mountains you had a rough time a'livin'
up in thar, you had to use anything you could.

D.S.: Yea, that's right. Sure. Yea. How about a snake
bite, what would you use for a snake bite?

E.S.: I don't know what you'd do! (Laughing)

C.S.: I don't know anybody got bite by one. My cousin
use to catch them. Catch rattlesnakes and everything.

E.S.: Yea, and put them in glass jars.

C.S.: Very few people got bit by a snake in the mountain
that lived thar. The people that don't live thar
that gets bit by them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Cause they are use to it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: I use to run around through the mountains barefooted
and I use to step on them. I would jump ten feet in
the air when the things started to slide under my feet.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: (Laughed)

C.S.: Scared me to death!

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: I wuz so afraid of snakes, I wuz afraid to get out any whar hardly.

D.S.: Yea. They were pretty bad things. Did you ever go up to Skyline at all?

C.S.: To Skyline Drive?

D.S.: To Skyline, ... to see Pollock?

C.S.: No, I didn't, my brother ...

D.S.: He was too far away.

C.S.: Most all of my people, ... uh, ... my brother, and sister's husbands, and all them helped build the Skyline Drive in the CCC Camp.

D.S.: You didn't work in that?

C.S.: I was too young.

D.S.: You keep saying, 'I'm too young,' O.K.. (Laughed)

C.S.: (Laughing)

D.S.: You're too young.

E.S.: He wuz too young to work, but his brother worked.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. That was real good to have that Skyline Drive going.

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Gave a lot of work.

C.S.: The CCC Camp was good too.

E.S.: It wuz good to go through thar, but it wuzn't good for us to move away from up thar.

D.S.: No, it wasn't. Did you ever scrape the bark off of the trees for the tannerys?

C.S.: Papa use to. Papa use to ahul the bark.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

C.S.: Yea, he use to haul it up and down the mountain in a wagon.

D.S.: Yea. Oh, he could, it was a wagon he could get up to the house?

E.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Yea.

E.S.: That wuz the only thing we could get up thar.

C.S.: Yea, that was the only thing. You couldn't drive nothin' up thar, just a wagon.

D.S.: No, I mean the road was wide enough to get a wagon up there?

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Oh, boy.

C.S.: The only thing you could use up thar was a wagon and uh, ... uh, ... a slide. A big ole slide you pulled with a horse.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you have any cows?

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Milk cows?

E.S.: We had a cow, ... and she got out thar in the woods and got hung. Got her head hung between two trees and broke her neck.

D.S.: Shooo! ... So, that was that! No more cheese and butter.

C.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: Yea, we got another cow.

D.S.: Oh!

E.S.: And, I believe we raised that one and we kept her up in the, we called it the Deadenin' Ridge field. The deadenin'.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: We kept her up in thar all the time. And, I'd go backward and forth to milk, night and mornin'.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. That's where the chestnuts were, isn't it?

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: They use to keep the milk and butter down in the spring house and I use to go down thar and take a spoon and dip the cream off of it and they would tear my hide up for it.

D.S.: (Laughed)

C.S.: Some kind of good though.

D.S.: Yea. Oh, sure. Sure was. Yea, those spring houses were simple marveleous, weren't they?

E.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Yea. They still got springs up thar.

D.S.: Sure. The deer knows where they are.

C.S.: Well, up ... where I go all the time they got a spring they use ... they ain't got no bathroom or nothin' like that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Just have a spring ... they use for drinking, and a creek that runs in back of the house used for washing.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: I would love to go up to that house we moved from
and get me a jug of that water.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Where, up on the mountain?

E.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Well, maybe ... the ole spring, ... you probably
couldn't find it now.

E.S.: I don't know. The people that use that cabin up
thar has to have water from thar.

C.S.: No, not from way around there. They have a spring
right there at the cabin now.

E.S.: You're talking about one cabin and I'm talking
about the other.

C.S.: I'm talking about the cabin above where we use to
live at, the one you saw.

E.S.: Well, the last time after they built that cabin up
thar, that spring wuz alright, because I wuz to it.
That's been years, I mean years ago, that spring wuz
still thar.

C.S.: Well, it is still there now.

E.S.: And, it bound to be new people that rent that thar
cabin thar, bound to get water from that spring.
That's the only place to get it from.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: But, that wuz good water.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

C.S.: *We* got good water down there too.

E.S.: I don't know, I never dranked it.

C.S.: The spring up there where Otis use to live was the
best I ever tasted.

D.S.: That is good water, sure is.

E.S.: Yea, the spring is

D.S.: How did you meet Mr. Snow?

E.S.: Well, he ... he got a job from a man that run the sawmill. And, he wuz working for another man, that lived, his name wuz Nat Taylor. He wuz a 'haulin' bark or something for him.

C.S.: That's what it was, bark.

E.S.: And then, that's how I met him. He come up to our place and that's ...

D.S.: How did he do his courting?

E.S.: (Laughing)

C.S.: (Laughing)

D.S.: Do you recall?

E.S.: No. Huh-un.

D.S.: ~~Was~~^{Were} you chaperoned?

E.S.: Oh, yea!

D.S.: Yea. That's the way it should be.

E.S.: My Mama wuz right thar all the time.

D.S.: Sure. Made it mighty hard, didn't it?

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: So then, what was the wedding like?

E.S.: Well, we went to Standersville and a preacher married us in the church.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: We had a right nice wedding.

D.S.: Did your mother and father go along?

E.S.: My Mother, ... I never had a father.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And, did his family come too, or weren't they from here?

E.S.: No, they didn't come.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Mom, you had a father somewhere or mother.

E.S.: Oh, yea I had a father somewhere, I reckon. (All laughed)
I don't know him. (All laughed) Smarty, you!

D.S.: He's great!

E.S.: He certainly is.

D.S.: Uh, ... Well, then did ... did you then build your house or did you move into one already built?

E.S.: We, we moved into a shanty that wuz already built.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: The man that run that saw mill, you know?

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: The people around thar built it.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Was it a log house?

E.S.: No, it wuz lumber.

C.S.: Was this the ole cabin up thar, or is this down ...?

E.S.: No, it wuz whar we lived up thar at the church.

C.S.: Rock Church?

E.S.: Yea.

C.S.: The one I'm talkin' about the one that fell down, yea.

D.S.: Oh, who's that?

C.S.: Her mother.

D.S.: Oh, boy! Now, was her name Breeden?

E.S.: Yes, ma'am.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: That is ...

E.S.: I got a picture of her sitting out on the porch up on the mountain, right below that cabin whar is built up thar. When we lived up thar, I got a picture of her.

C.S.: Well, that is on that porch.

E.S.: No, that is down at Rock Church. This is up on the mountain further whar Uncle Charlie and them use to live, and we moved in their house.

C.S.: Oh, ... this is the one that has fell down now.

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Uh, ... ~~Now~~, ... This is not a very happy subject, but it is one I do have to go into. When someone died, ... uh, ... did you embalm the body or not?

E.S.: No.

D.S.: No?

E.S.: Huh-un.

D.S.: You just kept it near a window?

E.S.: Yea. They would make coffins, you know?

D.S.: Yea. You made them yourself?

E.S.: Well, it wuz a man down off the mountain that made them.

D.S.: Oh, uhhuh.

C.S.: Use to set up. Set up all night with them.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: Yea, ... we always.

C.S.: Somebody use to set with them all the time.

D.S.: Yea. And, then when you buried them, did everybody stay at the grave until it was all filled in?

E.S.: Yea!

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you use regular monuments or rocks to mark it?

C.S.: Rocks, probably.

D.S.: Rocks? Did you write on the rocks?

C.S.: Mmmmmum, some of them.

E.S.: I don't know.

C.S.: I don't think it is many wrote on up thar now.

D.S.: You know where the grave yard is?

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: O. K., great! Have you been back to it?

C.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Good!

C.S.: We just buried my cousin up there about two weeks ago, last week.

D.S.: Let's get to a happy subject! Did you ever do any apple butter boiling?

E.S.: Oh, yes.

C.S.: That was a joy time.

D.S.: That was a joy time! Now, what did you do when ... did you do it at nights?

E.S.: Yea, we always worked on it at nights.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And, ...

E.S.: Had big apple peelings. People would come in and help us peel apples.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And, did you do a lot of eating?

E.S.: Well, not much. (Laughing)

D.S.: Not much. Dancing?

E.S.: No, never did dance none.

D.S.: Really? How about drinking while it was going on?

E.S.: No, nobody dranked while making apple butter.

C.S.: They dranked when they had the mutton eatings.

E.S.: Yea, that's when they had the sheep eatin', that when they would drink.

C.S.: Drink, fight, and everything.

D.S.: When was that you had those? I hadn't heard about the mutton ~~meetings~~. *EATINGS*

C.S.: Well, they would put the sheep in a great big pot, about once a year everybody in the whole mountain would get together.

D.S.: Was this in the summer, or winter, or ...?

C.S.: Summer.

E.S.: Summer.

C.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Boy! How would you cook it?

C.S.: Cook it in a great big pot outside, fire underneath of it.

D.S.: Oh, boy! Boil it?

E.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Boiled mutton?

C.S.: Called it a mutton eatin'. They are going to have one up thar before long.

E.S.: Up whar?

C.S.: Up in the mountains.

E.S.: Who is goin' to have it?

C.S.: I don't know. Elmer told me he would let me know.

D.S.: Mutton eating?

C.S.: They would eat the mutton, drink the moonshine, and get to fightin'. (All laughed) Everybody would fight. That is one time Gordon Breeden stuck a knife in *My* wrist, wasn't it?

E.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Uh, ... whoelse was your kin, there was the Breedens and who else?

E.S.: Well, all the Breedens wuz some kin.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: But, that all.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you ever go down the other side of the mountain, like into Stanley?

E.S.: I don't know what you mean?

C.S.: Stanley?

D.S.: Stanley?

C.S.: I've heard of it, no.

D.S.: Elkton?

C.S.: Elkton, yea. Use to go to Elkton's Field Day ever year.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: I use to try to climb the greasy pole and get the money off the top of it.

D.S.: (Laughing)

C.S.: Never did make it. They use to get to fighting over thar, too.

D.S.: You said there was never any dancing?

E.S.: Not when we made apple butter up thar, huh-un.

D.S.: Oh, but you did have dances?

E.S.: Yes, when they cooked the muttons we did.

D.S.: O.k.. Now, sort of like square dances or ...

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: ... like clogging, that you did?

C.S.: It was a lot of flat footing. (All laughed) ~~Not~~
just a man and a woman get out thar and dance.

D.S.: (Laughed) Yea. What made the music, fiddles and
banjos?

E.S.: Yea. I don't know who played banjos?

C.S.: I don;t know either. I don't remember that, I remember
the mutton eatings, but I don't remember them palying
any music.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: I forgot a lot, too.

C.S.: See, when the fights would start they run us kids in'
in the house.

D.S.: (Laughed) Make you miss all of the fun. Can you
recall any of the tunes that were played?

E.S.: No, I can't. NO.

D.S.: Wonder ~~is~~ these; Sally Will You Marry Me?

E.S.: I never did heard that tune.

D.S.: Two Cent Gal?

C.S.: Oh yea, I heard that.

D.S.: How's that goes, do you have any ideal?

C.S.: I don't know, but I've heard it.

D.S.: Yea. I hadn't heard it.

C.S.: Two cents girls a'comin' out tonight.

D.S.: Ole Dan Tucker?

C.S.: Yea.

E.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Uh, ... Cindy?

C.S.: No.

D.S.: Lizzie Jane, Get Alone Lizzie Jane?

E.S.: Yea, I heard that.

C.S.: I heard that before.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How about, Fox Hunt?

E.S.: Yea, I heard that too.

C.S.: ~~She~~^Q heard it, but I don't know how it goes though.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: Use to play it on the banjos.

D.S.: Yea, that's right. Of the evenings when you were sitting around, uh, ... did anybody ever say where the family came from ... originally?

E.S.: No.

D.S.: Nobody ever bothered to hand down the story of like, your grandfather came here ~~from~~, or anything like that?

E.S.: No.

C.S.: Whar you come from, Mama?

E.S.: I don't know whar Grandpap come from.

C.S.: Whar did you come from, wuz you born thar?

E.S.: I wuz born up thar.

C.S.: You don't know whar he come from?

E.S.: No.

D.S.: So few of them recall. Were they in the Civil War, you recall?

E.S.: Grandpap wuz.

D.S.: He was? Uhhuh. You never hear any mention about the Revolutionary War?

E.S.: No, never hear that.

- D.S.: It seems they came after the Revolution, wouldn't you think?
- C.S.: I think so.
- D.S.: Yea. You know, this has been the thing that has been most ^{peculiar} particular, nobody knows why they were there.
(Laughed)
- C.S.: That's true. (Laughed)
- D.S.: They know they loved it, but they don't know why ... They don't know how they got there. And, wouldn't you think of an evening when they were setting and resting they would tell.
- E.S.: Yea, it looks like it, but....
- C.S.: It don't seem like nobody knows.
- D.S.: No, they don't.
- C.S.: Scott Collier is ninty-six years old, he come thar, but he wuz six years old before he ever come thar.
- D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.
- C.S.: He stayed in that store ever since he wuz fifty, ... fifty I think.
- D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.
- C.S.: He'll die in that store.
- D.S.: Yea.
- C.S.: He is setting up thar right now today.
- D.S.: Uhhuh. I've got to find ... The name of that store is what?
- C.S.: McMullon.
- D.S.: McMullon.
- C.S.: Use to be the Post Office, too.
- D.S.: Yea. And, this is in Standersville?

- C.S.: No, between here and McMullon, Virginia, they call it.
- E.S.: It is down off the mountain.
- C.S.: It is up South River thar. You turn off on 230 and go up South River, go into it.
- D.S.: O.K., alright. ... Now, go back in your memory and just tell me about a normal morning. What time would you get up in the morning?
- E.S.: Oh, it would be 'for day, we had to work.
- D.S.: Uhhuh. Before daylight?
- E.S.: Uhhuh.
- D.S.: So, what would you set down to have for breakfast?
- E.S.: Well, I don't know, anything I had.
- C.S.: Gravy and bread, mostly.
- D.S.: Uhhuh.
- E.S.: Yea.
- D.S.: Homemade gravy?
- E.S.: Yea.
- C.S.: She use to make ^{good} you'd pone.
- D.S.: Ever make ash cakes?
- E.S.: Oh, yes.
- D.S.: Those are good, aren't they?
- E.S.: Uhhuh.
- D.S.: Uh, ... did you drink much coffee?
- E.S.: Yea, ... dranked right much coffee, when I could get it. (Laughed)
- D.S.: Yea. It was expensive, not as expensive as now though.
- E.S.: Oh, no.
- D.S.: How about tea? Did you make your own tea like sassafras tea?

E.S.: Sometimes we would.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. So then, with your vegetables like, your turnips, and potatoes, and cabbages, ... uh, ... how would you keep them over the winter?

E.S.: Bury them. Dig a ...

D.S.: In a trench?

E.S.: Yea, in a big hole.

D.S.: Uhhuh. You would put the cabbages in the head down with the root up?

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: That is the most marveleous way to keep vegetables and I wonder why people don't do it now days? Much better than any root cellar.

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: And, they say the things they come out just as fresh as when they put them in.

E.S.: Yea, they do.

C.S.: Well, I remember some people doing it, but now they wouldn't want you digging in their yard.

D.S.: (Laughed)

E.S.: (Laughed)

D.S.: Yea, but instead of root cellars. Now, these mountain people are the only ones I ever heard of doing that.

C.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: And, yet they all did it.

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: So, they must have learned it from someone. Who?

E.S.: Yea, I know. It had done started up when I know anything about it.

D.S.: Did the tax collector come around every year?

E.S.: Not to us, they didn't.

D.S.: They didn't? You ~~was~~^{sure} lucky. You know what the tax collector use to do, they come and stayed overnight and you had to feed him and feed his horse.

C.S.: He would stay at some places over night, but he wouldn't stay at all of them. (Laughing)

D.S.: And, they use to get so mad because ...

C.S.: Some wouldn't even let him in the house.

D.S.: ... you couldn't say I didn't have this because he was right there and he knew you had it and he knew what to tax.

E.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Yea.

E.S.: Well, I didn't have very much to tax when I lived in the mountain.

D.S.: Uh, ... what were the principal childhood illnesses? Croop?

C.S.: Strap throat.

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Oh! Kerosene and sugar again. (Laughed)

E.S.: I had that strip throat, ... when we lived in the mountain ... and the rangers ...

D.S.: What did you do for it?

E.S.: Layed in the hospital for I don't know how long.

D.S.: Uhhuh. The rangers, ... you started to say?

E.S.: The rangers came and got me and ~~took~~ me off of the mountains, took me to

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: It wuz snow, ... I remember that. The snow wuz just a'pourin'.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: And, they come up on horses, you see, up in the mountain.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: Leave the car at the foot of the mountain, ...

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: ... and they taken me down thar and taken me to Charlottesville.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How was your house built?

E.S.: It wuz just long wide planks put up.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Snow would blowed through ...

E.S.: Just a shed, a chimney.

C.S.: ... snow blowed through the wall.

D.S.: Shooo. Did you make your own clothes?

E.S.: Well, no ... some of them I did, but some of them we got at the mission house.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: The mission lady would always have sales and all.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: And, you could get things thar cheap, they didn't cost too much.

D.S.: Uhhuh. You were lucky to have that mission house there ...

E.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ... a lot of areaSdidn't have one.

D.S.: I know.

D.S.: Yea, how about shoes?

E.S.: Well, we would go bare footed in the mountains.

C.S.: In the summer time all of us go bare footed.

E.S.: Yea.

C.S.: In the winter time you wrapped these grass bags around my feet most all the time.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

C.S.: She would wrap my feet all the way up to here with these grass sacks.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Fodder twine. Hear that before?

D.S.: No. Did you do much visiting back and forth on a Sunday?

E.S.: Oh, yea. All of us people, the neighbors would get together and now like, ~~they~~ I would go to their house one Sunday to eat dinner and they would come to my house on Sunday and eat dinner. We would shift around like that, you know ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: ... to different places.

D.S.: Uhhuh. What did you do at Christmas time?

C.S.: Uh, ... got a shoe box, about that long, a regular shoe box, with some apples, and oranges, and some candy, and that's all.

D.S.: Did you shoot off firecrackers?

C.S.: No, they wouldn't let me fool with no firecrackers. Back in them days most firecrackers wuz that long, they would blow your hand off.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Most of the bigger boys did that.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. Was there a lot of good eating on Christmas?

C.S.: Yea, it wuz good eatin' all the time up in thar, I thought.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

E.S.: We would have picnics over at the church....

D.S.: Oh! ...

E.S.: ... on Sundays.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: They had a contest over thar one time with a picnic, it wuz a bunch of girls that danced and the best dancer got something. She always got something. My daughter won it.

C.S.: Lucille?

E.S.: I forgot what she got.

C.S.: Lucille?

E.S.: Yea. She wuz the best dancer.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: Lucille use to could dance real good.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you ... Was there a lot of good fishing?

E.S.: No, nobody never did fish up thar.

C.S.: No, nobody fished up in them mountains, they'd fish down in the bottom, down in the valley in the hollers.

D.S.: Uhhuh. You never went fishing any?

C.S.: No. Too far, too far to walk.

D.S.: How far was it to walk down?

C.S.: Ah, all the way to the bottom. Mama, you are wrong

about all the way to the bottom to Scott Collier's store, a lot longer than ... four, ... eight miles all the way down and back.

E.S.: That's what they told me. They said it wuz eight miles, four miles each way.

C.S.: Yea, ... it wuz more like, to me...

E.S.: Oh no, that wuzn't down thar, huh-un. That wuz over at thar lower mission that I'd walk.

C.S.: That's what I told you. Yes, ... it is five or six miles all the way to the bottom, one way.

D.S.: And, coming back is the hardest.

E.S.: Oh, yea coming up that mountain.

C.S.: He use to take a saw, heck, it use to take us the best part of a day, wouldn't it?

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Yea. Sure.

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: And, if you had to be carrying things as you came back, that made it really hard.

C.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: Well, most of the time we had to carry our things, you know? ...

D.S.: Sure.

E.S.: ... from the store.

D.S.: You know, it didn't do nobody any harm though, made them pretty strong.

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: The mountain wuz healthy, I think.

D.S.: They were. Uhhuh. Did you ever take time and look around and say, 'Gee, this is beautiful'?

E.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: How about birds, was there many birds?

E.S.: Oh yea, thar wuz lots of birds.

D.S.: The other day I walked down to Corbin Cabin and I heard only one bird the entire time I walked all the way down there and back.

C.S.: Really?

D.S.: It got me wondering, you know, Where's the birds? But, you say there were birds.

E.S.: Oh, yea.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Yea, thar were birds. Yea, thar were birds.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: A lot of birds up thar.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Those red birds, boy, use to be a bunch of those red birds.

D.S.: Oh, yes.

C.S.: Now, you don't see many red birds.

D.S.: Oh yes, I do.

C.S.: Do you?

D.S.: You ought to live in Luray, you would see a lot of them.

C.S.: Is that whar you live?

D.S.: Yes. Uhhuh.

E.S.: It has been so long since ... I have been up in the

mountain, I mean to live in the mountain, that I have forgotten about everything.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Up thar whar my brother lived, in above thar It has all growed over now.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Did anybody else lived thar?

E.S.: Aunt *Saddy*, I think lived thar. I think.

C.S.: Yes, her and Smith. Do you know the name of anybody else?

E.S.: Not as I know of.

C.S.: See, I snuck up thar one time.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: And, got some of my people up thar. Got a jeep and went around the gate and went on up in thar. Drove right on up in thar.

D.S.: Did you use the old wagon road?

C.S.: Yes sir, went on ..., went around the chain and went right on up thar.

D.S.: Did they catch you?

C.S.: Huh-un, they didn't catch me. I didn't much care, I've been goin' up thar so much and I couldn't go up thar and see whar I lived at and everything. I didn't much care, so I went on up thar.

D.S.: Sure.

C.S.: I didn't care if they caught me or not.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: You shouldn't done that though.

C.S.: I didn't care. A man ought to be able to go back whar he wuz born at, whar he lived at, someway or nother.

D.S.: Uhhuh. So, that wagon road is still passable.

C.S.: Oh yea, with a four wheel drive.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: All the way from the bottom of the mountain all the way to the top, clean up to Skyline Drive. Go all the way to the bottom.

D.S.: O.K., well, when you. Just let us know, we'll see to it, you can go there legally. (Laughed)

C.S.: Yea, we'll go from the top down

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: It's closer.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Yea, I'd like to take her down thar to see it.

D.S.: Yea. What was the most frequent reasons people died, do you know? Accidents.

E.S.: Some of them did, ... just get down sick.

D.S.: Uhhuh. ^{much} Not shootings?

E.S.: No. Nobody didn't shoot nobody up in thar.

D.S.: No?

E.S.: If they went out a'huntin', now *Rube* Shifflett's boy went out a'huntin' and he got shot and killed.

D.S.: Yea, that was accidental.

E.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: Him and his brother went a'huntin'.

D.S.: Yea. Did you make sorghum?

E.S.: Make what?

D.S.: Sorghum?

E.S.: No.

C.S.: Yes, you did.

E.S.: We didn't make no sorghum molasses.

C.S.: Yes.

E.S.: How did we make it?

C.S.: ~~That~~ ^{We} use to *get up* early in the morning. Planted it, I remember, grow the cane, run it through that thing, mash it up, _____ I remember. Don't you remember?

E.S.: No, I don't.

C.S.: Well, I do.

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

E.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Sorghum molasses?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: You hardly ever see any of that stuff any more.

D.S.: Ah, well, it isn't the same that you use to make.

E.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: You can buy it.

C.S.: What is the name of that black molasses?

D.S.: *Blackstrap* ~~beer~~, yea.

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Yea. Did you make that too?

C.S.: I don't remember, I ate it before, but don't think we made it.

D.S.: How about ghost stories, did people tell ghost stories?

E.S.: Yea, some of them would

D.S.: Can you remember any of them.

E.S.: No.

- C.S.: use to tell them, scared
- D.S.: Can you remember any of them?
- C.S.: Yea, I remember one or two of them. A guy up thar ^{driv} in the mountain in a wagon at nighttime.
- E.S.: Yea.
- C.S.: Said he could see him as plain as day, drivin' this wagon, and horse, and ^{back} up the mountain. I don't know if that is ghost or not, but he said he seen it.
- D.S.: Yea. That's a ghost story alright. (All laughed) That's as close as you could get to one.
- C.S.: Yea, he saw it. We use to tell them. Ah, he could tell them.
- D.S.: Yea. Uh, ... I ...
- E.S.: Do you believe in ghost?
- D.S.: I don't know weather I do or not, I never seen one. Do you?
- E.S.: I don't believe in them.
- D.S.: Uhhuh. Yet, there are some strange things that people swear has happened.
- E.S.: Yea. But, ...
- C.S.: Imagination mostly.
- D.S.: I believe so, yea.
- E.S.: I don't believe in ghost.
- C.S.: Like me, one time I wuz playin' ... we wuz playin' hide-go-seek, no, we wuzn't playin' hide-go-seek. I wuz comin' home, I wuz going home. The closer I got to this cedar the more it looked like a person

and it started moving.

E.S.: (Laughing)

C.S.: The more I got closer the more it looked like a person and started moving.

D.S.: And?

C.S.: I took off running'.

D.S.: Oh, you never found out it was a person or not?
(Laughing)

C.S.: No, I seen it the next day, what it wuz, it wuz a cedar tree standin' thar. It is your imagination, what it is.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

C.S.: Just like another time at the same place. I was
I wuz walkin' at night time. A clog of grass in the field over thar just, you know, caught my eye, and the thing started to move. This girl I wuz walkin' in the dark with, she grabbed me. I said, 'Let me go!' 'Let me go!' (All laughed) So, I kept watchin' that thing and it kept movin'. So, I made up my mind that I wuz going over thar and find out what it wuz. So, I run over thar right quick and kicked it, and like to broke my foot. A clog of grass in a plowed field. Never moved at all, just looked like it wuz moving.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Just your imigation, what it wuz.

D.S.: Sure, (Laughed) Right.

C.S.: I don't think anybody ever seen any ghost.

D.S.: No. No, I don't think so either, they got a good imagination.

E.S.: I know one thing I heard, something one night up thar.

C.S.: What wuz that?

E.S.: When Smith got shot, I heared the rockin' cheir a'rockin', whar he wuz rockin' ... uh, ... Cathaline in.

C.S.: Whar Catherline wuz rockin' him in?

E.S.: No, he wuz rockin' Catherline in.

C.S.: Smith?

E.S.: She wuz real small.

C.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: He wuz in the bedroom a'rockin' her when I went to milk. When I come back, he wuz dead. And, the powder burnt her face here, but you can't tell it now. And, one night me and my husband wuz in the bed and we come down and the rockin cheir wuz a'rockin', I called him. But, I did hear that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: And, I heared my brother when he died. After he died I heared him. He choaked to death.

D.S.: Huh!

E.S.: I could hear that after he wuz dead and buried.

D.S.: Huh!

E.S.: In the room that he wuz in that he died in. Them wuz the only thing ^{wuz} I heared I couldn't find out what it wuz.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: The only thing is, could be that you heard it before and you wuz expecting it.

E.S.: No, huh-un, I heard that!

C.S.: Yea. I would say you thought you heard it.

D.S.: It could be that this had happened before and you hadn't noticed it ...

C.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ... but, after the person was gone, then it made ... uh, ... the two come together.

C.S.: Yea. Right.

D.S.: That could be it, this had happen before, but it may be that they were there rocking and coughing.

E.S.: Yea. ... I could hear them as plain as it wuz, and I called my husband and he seen the cheir rockin' too.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: And, we never slept no more that night.

D.S.: No.

E.S.: This wuz way in the night.

D.S.: Huh!

E.S.: My Daddy use to make her get up and get a fire before he would get up. (Laughed)

D.S.: Well, he had it made, he knew what he could do. (Laughed)
How did you cook? Did you have a regular stove or did you use a fireplace?

E.S.: No, I had a regular stove, ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

E.S.: ... that I cooked on.

D.S.: Kerosene?

E.S.: No, wood.

D.S.: Wood stove?

E.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: That was the best. Oooh!

E.S.: Yea, oh yea.

D.S.: Oh boy, that heats.

E.S.: See, we didn't have no electric or no oil heat up
in thar, at tall. We just had wood heaters.....

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: ... burnt oil lamps.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Wasn't it a job getting enough wood ^{for} the
winter?

E.S.: Oh yea, it wuz a right smart job.

D.S.: Yea.

E.S.: Yea, but all we had to do ... wuz pack up and get up
on that mountain and cut it down and pull it down
that mountain in the snow.

D.S.: Yea. Did you ever have to do any of that or were
you too small?

C.S.: No, I wuz too small.

D.S.: What games did you play?

E.S.: Out in the mountain, climbing trees.

C.S.: Yea, that's all I did.

D.S.: Pitched horse shoes?

C.S.: Nooooo. I use to climb trees and grapevines out
thar. Fell out of one.

E.S.: He fell out of the tree on time and bout to ...

C.S.: Yea, climb out on a grapevine and fell out and broke
my ribs.

D.S.: You were lucky that's all you broke. Yea. You
didn't play marables?

E.S.: Yea, they played marbles up in thar some, sometimes.

C.S.: We might played a few marbles.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: But, mostly in the mountains wuz runnin' through the mountains and climbing trees and stuff like that.

D.S.: How did you adjust when you was told you had to leave the mountains?

E.S.: Well, that hurt me pretty bad.

D.S.: Yea. Well, were you given any money?

E.S.: No.

D.S.: No? Where did you move to?

E.S.: Well, the first time we moved to Frederksburg, I got a job at the Savanna Plant and I worked thar, I reckon, three or four years, I don't know about how long.

C.S.: We moved to *Marrow* Run first, didn't we?

C.S.: No. Then we moved ... I got so I couldn't work thar at that plant, we moved to *Marrow* Run and worked on a farm up thar for a while.

C.S.: Uhhuh. Share croppers.

D.S.: Uhhuh. *Were* was you happy about the move?

C.S.: NO!

D.S.: You weren't?

C.S.: No. ... I, all I had ...

D.S.: Didn't it mean more opportunities for you?

C.S.: Huh?

C.S.: How old were you?

C.S.: Uh, ... I guess I wuz ten, maybe nine, something like that.

D.S.: So, you then wouldn't have realized it meant more opportunities for you then?

C.S.: Ah, it meant all kinds of embarrassments and stuff for me when I started to school, teased me and makin' fun of me and stuff like that, I didn't like that. I would have rather been back up in the mountain.

D.S.: You had to start at first grade, didn't you?

C.S.: Yea. I wuz big and the rest of them wuz small.

D.S.: That was mean!

C.S.: Yea. And, my sister use to carry biscuits and stuff in a tin bucket when we, you know, first come out, and everybody else use to make fun how we eat.

D.S.: Oh!

C.S.: It wuzn't much fun for me, I didn't like that.

D.S.:. No. How far did you go in school then?

C.S.: Sixth grade.

D.S.: Sixth grade?

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea, ... you had six hard years. Yea.

C.S.: Yea, ... it wuz rough.

E.S.: You didn't got that fer in school, did you?

C.S.: Yea. That's how far they sent me. I didn't learn much, they sent me thar far. (Laughed)

D.S.: (Laughed)

C.S.: No, ... I can't write now. Can read some, but I can't write at all, but they put me through sixth grade though.

D.S.: Uhuh. How about special holidays? Did you have any beside Christmas? Did you celebrate Thanksgiving?

E.S.: No.

D.S.: Fourth of July?

E.S.: No.

D.S.: Birthdays?

E.S.: No, ... just Christmas and we didn't do very much of that.

D.S.: Did you keep track of birthdays, so you'd know how old you were?

E.S.: No, I never.

C.S.: She still doesn't know really how old she is. I think she's got a birth certificate somewhar nother.

E.S.: I got my marriage licenses, it is on thar.

D.S.: Ah, yea, of course it would be on there.

C.S.: ~~We moved in~~ ^{Rueben} seventy-eight.

E.S.: What?

C.S.: ~~We moved in~~ ^{Rueben is} seventy-eight.

D.S.: Who is ~~moving?~~ ^{Rueben}

C.S.: ^{Rueben} Snow, up thar.

D.S.: Who, you^r brother-in-law?

E.S.: Hun-un. No, ... my husband's cousin or nephew or something.

D.S.: No. ... Well, it was quite hard. Well now, is there anything ... You have told me so much, it seems mean to ask if you can think of anything more, but I have been doing all of the asking and you haven't. You just answered the questions, so ... anything at all you can recall? Because what you know we don't know.

E.S.: It wuzn't much I know.

C.S.: Aaaah!

E.S.: Because I don't remember everything.

C.S.: I know one thing, I don't know ... you know, horse-
back trails on that cliff up thar?

E.S.: Yea, I remember that.

C.S.: I like to know whatever happened to that. It is still
up thar, I reckon, it got to be still up thar. I
just wonder why the Skyline, the Park people
hasn't made access to people can go to it?

D.S.: Where is that?

C.S.: It is right, not too far from whar we use to live.
They made a horseback trail, you go up a cliff like that.

D.S.: Who made the horseback trail?

C.S.: The rangers, the Park, the rangers made it.

E.S.: CC Camp.

C.S.: The CC Camp made it. The CC Camp.

D.S.: Well, then I'm sure they kept it up then, haven't they?
You said they haven't?

C.S.: I don't think so. I don't know, I never heard
nothin' about it.

D.S.: D.S.: I know they have horses there at Skyline, but
maybe that's a little too far away.

C.S.: It is, yea.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: This here is more around Big Meadows, you know?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Over, you know, a cliff, over the side of the mountain.
You could ride a horse around that cliff.

D.S.: Around Big Meadows?

E.S.: I don't see why they changed the names of places up thar?

D.S.: For instance, what?

E.S.: Well, they ain't got the ... they got the they ain't got the name of Deadenin'. One of them wuz Deadenin', the other one wuz Bow Wallow, Ridge Field, ... ^{Cuepa} Cupan Spring.

C.S.: Yea, ... they don't seem like they got them.

E.S.: They ain't got the name of them at tall up thar no more.

D.S.: Uhhuh. ... Bowl Wallow?

E.S.: Bow Wallow.

C.S.: Bow Wallow.

D.S.: Oh! ... Uhhuh.

C.S.: I ain't figured that Dark Holler out yet.

D.S.: I wish I had bought my map along.

C.S.: Well, Dark Holler now is right, to us, is .. uh, ... on the right hand down over the mountain, from whar my brother is buried. But, up thar it is off Skyline ^{Drive} you know, now I don't know what, you don't know it, it maybe the same place now, whar you walk in ... it could be.

D.S.: Dark Hollow, sort of winds around, now it starts up at the top near Skyline ...

C.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ... but, it comes out way down by Stanley.

D.S.: Uhhuh. ... It's probably the same place.

D.S.: I think it is the same place, because if you look at a map it sort of winds way around like this. Starting way up there. Of course, where the falls are, the Dark Hollow fall is right ... uh, down below Skyline.

C.S.: What is the name of the falls over thar, Mama, whar you lived?

E.S.: Falls of South River, all I know.

C.S.: Well, it ain't much water in it like it use to be. Use to be a lot of water, ain't much water in it now.

E.S.: Comes right down over a big cliff.

D.S.: South River Fall?

E.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: It is still called that?

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: That is one name that they kept?

C.S.: That's whar Lucille and I went, about to kill ourself gettin' back up thar.

E.S.: Yall went thar?

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: (Laughing)

C.S.: We almost not made it back either.

D.S.: Why?

E.S.: I don't see how Lucille ...

C.S.: Well, not either one of us can walk too good.

E.S.: I don't see how Lucille ever got back.

C.S.: Well, we went down thar, it scared me.

D.S.: Oh, you mean the climb back up was so rough?

- C.S.: Yea. ... I kept tellin them. ... She is my older sister, she is the middle one. I kept tellin them goin down, 'Lucille, we oughtn't do this!' 'Oh, come on just a little way.'
- E.S.: No, she wants to go up thar and go all the way down in thar whar she lived.
- C.S.: And, she ain't able to walk that good, you know. She can walk, but not for nothin like that.
- D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea, ... it really pushes you when you ^{do} go those hikes.
- C.S.: Yea.
- D.S.: Particular, coming back up. It's terrible.
- C.S.: Yea, it's like you say, it's funny about that mountain whar the people come from to start with.
- D.S.: Uhhuh.
- C.S.: Up thar going down to South River Falls, thar are fences rails in the mountains whar people use to live.
- D.S.: Uhhuh.
- C.S.: And, been thar hundreds of years.
- D.S.: Uhhuh. Only one person that I ever interviewed definately said, and that was Ed Nicholson, Sr. He said, 'My family came here in 1715 from England.'
(Laughed)