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(SNP002) Ada Addie Anderson interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Peggy C. Bradley

Ada "Addie" Anderson

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A.A.: I married an Anderson and he was older than I was.
D.S.: Uh-huh.
A.A.: And he never did have good health.
D.S.: Oh.
A.A.: But, he was good to me and he done everthing he could. And I just had to marry him.
? Excuse me. I've got to get up here.
A.A.: What you gonna do?
D.S.: How did you meet Mr. Anderson?
A.A.: Well, he was a neighbor to me all the time.
D.S.: I see.
A.A.: I never did know him until after I got - I was old enough to marry when I knowed him.
D.S.: Then you have lived in this area all your life?
A.A.: Yeah.
D.S.: Uh-huh.
A.A.: But I ain't lived in this house all my life.
D.S.: Uh-huh. The reason I was asking, you're a cousin of Vallie Cave and of Beulah and so I was wondering how come you got to be cousins when you lived so far apart.
A.A.: Well, you know, my mother lived on that side like you all live on. But she married and come on this side.
D.S.: I see.
A.A.: He was a - she was a Jenkins and he was a Smith - my daddy.
D.S.: Uh-huh.
A.A.: And that's where they come in.
D.S.: Yeah.
A.A.: And who did you marry?

D.S.: Well, I married a Smith.

One thing that I would like to hear you tell about, if you wouldn't mind, is tell me about when you were a little girl.

A.A.: Well -

D.S.: You say there were nine in the family.

A.A.: Yeah. I was the last of 'em.

D.S.: You were the last.

A.A.: And was done eighty-seven.

D.S.: Did you all have certain jobs that you had to do?

A.A.: Everthing worked its own ever day.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.A.: Worked in the fields with the men. Done house work and things like that, you know.


Did you use the store in Meadders to buy things or where did you buy -

A.A.: I used to buy there at Surry, but I ain't been to that store for ten years. I can't get nowhere.

D.S.: No. No. But when you were a little girl that was the store you used?

A.A.: I went to school.

D.S.: Yeah. Oh, you went to school there?

A.A.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: That was a long walk for you, wasn't it?

A.A.: Well, it wasn't too long.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.A.: The schoolhouse was down here on the road.

A.A.: You all come on in.

D.S.: ... as a little girl.

? Oh.

D.S.: And I was wondering, did you have any toys to play with?

A.A.: Yes indeed I had toys. My daddy got me anything I wanted.

D.S.: Oh. What kind of toys -

A.A.: When I was a kid.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.A.: Yes sir.

D.S.: What kind of toys did you have?

A.A.: Huh?

D.S.: What kind of toys did you have?

A.A.: Well, different things. I had dolls and different things, you know.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Did the boys play marbles?


So you all had a job. What was -

A.A.: Have you all had dinner?

? Don't worry about dinner, now.

A.A.: Huh?

I could cook anything I wanted and do anything I wanted. I could wash, iron, cook. Do anything. Waited on my husband when he was down bedfast and never put a thing in his mouth for seven years. I kept him a going and never had a bed sore with it.

Where do you live at?
D.S.: I am wondering - you had gardens - vegetable gardens, you were saying. Right?
A.A.: Yeah.
D.S.: Were there many rocks?
A.A.: No. No rocks.
D.S.: No rocks? No rocks?
A.A.: The most rocks - there's rock everywhere I ever lived.
D.S.: Yeah. I know it. How did you get around the rocks? Did you all have to dig 'em out or did you -
A.A.: No indeed. We always just worked around with our hoes.
D.S.: Yeah. Right. Yeah. Did you plant the kernels of corn right next to a rock?
A.A.: Well, if it come to had what to do, we did.
D.S.: Uh-huh.
A.A.: We'd plant it on the rock.
D.S.: No, not on, but right beside it. Yeah.
A.A.: What business have you got to be a doin' that now, about for the Park?
D.S.: What business?
A.A.: Yeah.
D.S.: You say you went to school.
A.A.: When I was a kid.
D.S.: Yeah. Right.
Was this nine months out of the year that you went to school?
A.A.: I don't remember.
D.S.: Uh-huh. Because some of the schools that were always like in the summer -
A.A.: I never learnt nothin'.
D.S.: You didn't?
A.A.: Nothing like - never did go to - never was a graded school I went to.
D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.A.: No graded school. Just all one house.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.A.:

D.S.: Yeah. Right. Uh-huh. Yeah, that was the best kind of school. The teachers were very good. They really knew how to teach, didn't they?

A.A.: Oh, yes and we had good teachers, to what they are now.

D.S.: Right.

A.A.: You were allowed to draw pictures in school when I went.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.A.: That's the first thing they want you to do. Draw pictures.


A.A.: They wouldn't allow me.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Discipline was very strong, wasn't it?

A.A.: Huh?

D.S.: Discipline -

A.A.: Dis what? I can't hear.

D.S.: You were made to be good. You had -

A.A.: Absolutely.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.A.: I never done a thing wrong. I joined the church when I wasn't but fourteen years old.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.A.: And I've lived with my God ever since. And I never have done a thing wrong in my life.

D.S.: Right.
A.A.: Not to - you know -
D.S.: And you obeyed your parents, didn't you?
A.A.: I did. And I had good parents.
D.S.: Right.
A.A.: Yes sir.
D.S.: Yeah. I wish that they -
A.A.: Nary one of them whupped me.
D.S.: Uh-huh.
A.A.: Nary one of my parents.
D.S.: Yeah. No. I think that that's wonderful.
A.A.: Well, do you reckon that Park will ever amount to anything now?
D.S.: I think it's coming. Yes. Don't you?
A.A.: I don't know.
D.S.: Uh-huh.
A.A.: 
D.S.: Uh-huh.
A.A.: Did Jenny tell you I was that old.
D.S.: Yeah. Uh-huh. Yeah. How did you find this house?
A.A.: Just come on down to it.
D.S.: It's such a nice cozy house.
A.A.: Oh, it's so dark and black in here. I don't like a house like this. I'd rather have a plain house. To keep the floor clean and all the walls and everwheres. Nearly everthing . I like to see everthing clean, wouldn't you?
D.S.: Sure. Well, I think you do keep it clean.
A.A.: Nellie do it.
A.A.: I used to.
D.S.: Yeah.
A.A.: But Lord how mercy, when you get eighty-seven, you don't like to do it, do you?
D.S.: No. You do.
A.A.: I don't. Here one day - I don't remember. But I was talkin' to Nellie - couldn't talk to her to save my life. And I believe I had another light stroke. And I don't remember. Can't remember - my head - I can't stand up. My head. I was outside when I was fourteen years old. And I went to church. And obeyed my parents. And we was - good to my brothers and sisters. We was good to all of 'em. I ain't got a one a livin' or none of 'em now.
D.S.: Huh.
A.A.: Ever one dead.
D.S.: How did you meet your husband?
A.A.: I met him at the church.
D.S.: Oh, nice. Nice. Were you chaparoned when he came courting you?
A.A.: Do what?
D.S.: Did your mother or one of your sisters stay with you when he would come courting you?
A.A.: I don't remember.
A.A.: We always went to church.
D.S.: Yeah. Right. How did you celebrate Christmas?
A.A.: Well, we just had - had a prayer. Had a big dinner - prayed.
D.S.: Uh-huh.
A.A.: Had a nice grace at the table. Everybody had a little somethin' more to eat.
D.S.: Yeah.
A.A.: That's all.
D.S.: Did you shoot off firecrackers?

A.A.: No.

D.S.: No. Uh-huh. You used to do the Kris Kringlers, didn't you?

A.A.: Huh?

D.S.: I was was asking them. You did the -

? Oh, yeah.

D.S.: Tell about the Kris Kringlers, would you? Because I didn't ask that when I interviewed you.

? We had soap and all kinds of old dumb looking things to do to your face. And go to peoples' houses. They'd invite you in, but they didn't know who they was unless they'd tear that old thing off of your face.

D.S.: What would you put on your hair?

? Anything. Cut eyes where you could see through it and your nose and your mouth.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

? Dumb lookin' stuff.

D.S.: Did you do it, Beulah?

? A time or two.

D.S.: It was fun, wasn't it?

? Yeah. But, see, back then women didn't dress in men's clothes very often.

D.S.: Yeah.

? So, we would dress up in men's clothes.

D.S.: Oh.

? And maybe men would dress in women's clothes to try to - nobody wouldn't know. It was hard to identify you, if they could guess who you were.

But, now they've got so they won't let you do that because people's gotten so mean.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.A.: Well, now you'd be in danger, wouldn't you?

D.S.: Yeah. Right. But, that was a fun time, wasn't it?

? It really was.

? Yes, it was.

D.S.: And that was all during - like - it was like from Christmas Eve until Twelfth Night, wasn't it? That you did it.

? Well, 'til New Years.

A.A.: Til New year.

D.S.: To New Years. Not to Twelfth Night.

? No.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

? If we'd stay out to twelve of a night, they'd arrest you.

D.S.: Uh-huh. You didn't celebrate New Year's Eve, did you?

? No.

D.S.: No. You didn't?

? Well, we didn't. But a lot of people -

D.S.: They did.

? But we never did.

D.S.: Yeah. They didn't celebrate Thanksgiving, did you?

? Nothing but jest a big dinner.


A.A.: Make you a turkey, wouldn't you?

? Yeah. Turkey and a -
D.S.: Wild turkey would this be?
A.A.: I don't know whether it was a wild one. I never did know a turkey unless it's dead.

? Did you ever have a Christmas tree when you was a -
A.A.: No.

? No Christmas tree?
A.A.: Did you all?

? Yeah. Yeah, they had a Christmas tree. And they would play out Mary and Joseph - all our friends.
D.S.: Oh, the pageant?

? Uh-huh.
D.S.: Yeah. Now, was that because - did you live near Pine Grove?

? Well, it was up on the mountain. Right up on the mountain from Pine Grove.
D.S.: Uh-huh.

? Do you know where that church is on Tanner's Ridge?

? Well, it used to be an old schoolhouse close to that. Now, there's where we would go to -
D.S.: Uh-huh.

? The Episcopalians would have, you know, church service in this old schoolhouse.
D.S.: Right.

? And then they would have us a pageant, you know, for Christmas.
D.S.: Uh-huh.

? Oh that seemed like Christmas.
D.S.: Oh, yes. That was the true spirit of Christmas.

? And they would give us a little present. And that was something, you know,
unusual for us.


? And I remember one time I was up there and they give me this little box - oh, it was a pretty little long box with a strand of beads in it. And, oh, I was so pleased.

D.S.: Oh.

Can I help you?

A.A.: But you can go to anybody you wanna find out - there's clerks, the storekeepers and everywhere we ever went to and find out about my reputation. I've been a lady since I was born. And my mother and father and ever one of 'em has.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.A.: And I've lived all my life for God and what more can you do?

D.S.: That's right. You know, you were mentioning the stores just now. And when you took your things - would you take things like eggs and chickens and hams to the store?

A.A.: We didn't have no chickens or hams or eggs.

D.S.: You didn't?

A.A.: Buy 'em.

D.S.: You'd buy 'em. Then your daddy had a regular job?

A.A.: He never had nothin' but jest worked. He'd work with the year, when he was a young man, you know. When he got old, he never done nothing. He couldn't do nothin'.

D.S.: No. But he must have had a regular job then, didn't he?

A.A.: He never had no regular job.

D.S.: Well, then, how did he have the money to buy things?
A.A.: No, indeed.
D.S.: How did he get money to buy things?
A.A.: You know, they'd all have dried apples and things like that, you know.
A.A.: And go a ginseng huntin' sometime when it come a rainy time.
A.A.: But that's been years. He's been dead thirty-five years.
A.A.: Wait a minute, I wantta hear. I don't think she knows what she's going to ask no way.
D.S.: O.k., you play. And I'd love to - what is it?
? It's me a playin' the guitar.
D.S.: Oh, I'd love it. That we've been trying to get.
? when they died.
A.A.: Well, they was way up in ninety.
? Oh.
A.A.: My older sister was one of the last sisters to die was ninety three.
? You say you was a sister to Uncle Banks' wife?
A.A.: No indeed I wasn't. Not Banks' wife.
? Well, who was Granny?
? What kin are you to them?
A.A.: I reckon I'm some kin, ain't I?
? Yeah.
A.A.: But I don't remember what kin. I've never seen 'em though. Now, that's how long it's been. I've never seen one.
? Your mother and my granddaddy, I thought, was brothers and sisters.
A.A.: What was your granddaddy's name?

? Banks Jenkins.

A.A.: I reckon they was. I can't tell you.

? I've heered Momma tell it.

A.A.: Well, she knows. She had 'em, didn't she?

? Yeah.

A.A.: I don't know one thing - never seen one. Never did know.

? You remember Momma, though, don't you? When she come there and Granny come to your house that time?

A.A.: Yes. I remember her.

? Uh-huh.

A.A.: It was Clarinda Thomas.

? Yeah. And she married Banks Jenkins.

A.A.: Yeah. I do remember that.

D.S.: How did they come over here? On a horse?

? I imagine they walked, didn't they? How did they come? I don't know.

? I don't know how they come.

? They musta walked.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

? They didn't have any way to ride.

D.S.: No. That was a good, hefty walk.

? It was.

D.S.: Yeah.

? They didn't have no way to go but on horses, did they? Or walk where they wanted to go.

A.A.: It wasn't no cars then.
D.S.: No. Now we're gonna hear some real good guitar playing.

A.A.: Don't listen to me. I've told you all I know. Don't put nothin' down that I said. Because, listen, I ain't capable of tellin' nothin'.

D.S.: Right. Don't you worry.

A.A.: Don't hand 'em my name.

D.S.: No.

A.A.: That's enough, now.

D.S.: I won't. I won't. We're now gonna hear some good old - good guitar playing.

? I don't know.

A.A.: You play at the church?

? Once in awhile.

A.A.: You don't take your guitar to church?

? Yes, sometimes.

A.A.: Do you?

? Uh-huh.

A.A.:

? Yeah.

Guitar playing.

? This is an old song

A.A.: I never could sing any. Never had no -

Guitar playing

? What did you tape it fer? Can't you just sing without tapin'?

D.S.: She didn't bring the guitar.

Guitar playing

? Have you ever heard that song?

A.A.: I mighta had. I don't remember nothin' no more.
Can't remember, hon?

A.A.: No sir. I don't know a thing at times.

Guitar playing

D.S.: Used to be sicknesses around, were there?

? It sure didn't.

D.S.: No. The people that were living in the mountains were all so strong.

? You know I believe it was because people all raised their stuff and they didn't have money to spend on a lot of this here sweets and fancy stuff.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

? They just eat what they raised - corn, beans and potatoes and all those -

A.A.: Do what?

? No, I thought you wanted to talk.

A.A.: I ain't gonna talk. I just got over here -

Guitar playing

D.S.: You know one thing I'll bet you disliked was the laundry day, didn't you?

A.A.: Do what?

D.S.: Did you like laundry day?

A.A.: What did she say?

? Did you like laundry days when you did your washing? Did you like 'em?

A.A.: Didn't like it, but I had to do it.

D.S.: Right. How did you do it?

A.A.: Like everbody else. Wash with a washboard.

D.S.: Yeah. Did you make your own soap?

A.A.: No. You did, didn't you, Vallie?

? Uh-huh.
D.S.: Yeah.

? You used to make soap, didn't you?

A.A.: I never made a soap bar in my life.

? You didn't?

D.S.: That lye soap is real good. It's nice and soft on your hands. I like it.

? Vallie, you ever make any more?

You ain't very warm, are you?

A.A.: that's all. I don't know whether I'm gonna make it tonight or not.

? How long did your -

A.A.: that's all. I don't know whether I'm gonna make it tonight or not.

? Weren't you?

? A right long time, though, weren't you?

A.A.: Yeah.

D.S.: He was a good man, wasn't he?

A.A.: I know he was in the bed about seven years. And I had to put everthing in his mouth for seven long years.

? the old man that you stopped and talked to the other day? On up - straight on back up the mountainside from there. It weren't too far up there, was it?

? I was thinkin' like she -

A.A.: how many years.

? Twenty some years, ain't it?

A.A.: that's all. I don't know whether I'm gonna make it tonight or not.

? You had a pretty old man, didn't you?

A.A.: Well, he done very well. He was a good man.
? Her daddy lived here?
? Her daddy did, yeah.
A.A.:
? Do you know who built this house?
A.A.: No, I don't.
D.S.: It's a well built house.
A.A.: It's snug and all, but it's a nasty house.
? Didn't somebody by the name of Crow live here at one time?
A.A.: That's what I heered. I don't know.
? Was it Lim Crow?
? Deed I've heered people over at Mom's speak of people by that name, ain't you?
? Uh-huh.
? But, I don't -
? Did you ever use that fireplace there at all?
A.A.: I used it last winter.
? You did? Boy, it would be good to see a big fire in there now, wouldn't it?
A.A.: I'm scared to death of fire. I ain't feelin' well.
D.S.: I know.
? But I don't know what we're kin to. Might be kin to all kinds of breeds.
? She wanted to know -
A.A.: I never had none of my kin to
? Well, grandma was a Thomas. Dad was kin to you, too. I've heered Momma many a
  time say that her grandpap called
? What was his name? Her grandpap? Robert - they called him Bob, didn't they?
? Uh-huh.
I never did see him, though, did you?

No.

But I've heered her say - I thought Mom in some ways reminded me of Indians with them high cheekbones, didn't you?

Well, Granny's is, too.

Huh?

Granny ain't a thing but an Indian. Ain't you got a picture of her?

Yeah, I got Grandma's picture.

Well, look at it and see if she don't look like an Indian. Exactly like an Indian.

You like exactly like a Indian?

I said the picture I have of Granny does.

I thought you said you did.

Well, maybe I did, too.

D.S.: There were Indians, of course, in the mountains. And it would be just perfectly natural that they would marry.

I used to hear Mom tell Dad that he was a Irishman. He eat more taters then anybody she'd ever seen in her life. He was a Irishman.

A.A.:

Irishman. She said he's an Irishman. I don't know. She never did care for potatoes.

A.A.: I don't neither.

Their granddaddy - he used to live up on the mountain on past Tanner's Ridge here -

D.S.: Uh-huh.

.... on over there. And they said that he would walk from there to New Market
and go to church school. And he would work over there and then carry him a
half of barrel of flour or a side of meat back home to Grandpap Jenkins.

? From New Market.

? Great day in the morning.

? I've heard Poppa tell that.

A.M.: You all can't come over with a car that a way can you?

D.S.: How long would it take him to walk to New Market?

? I'd have no idea. It must not a took too long.

? You know they called it the old turnpike they walked then to here. And that
went from Gordonsville to New Market. I have heered Grandma

? But the turnpike come up there -

? It weren't but a dirt road, was it?

? That's right. It's still that now.

? It is.

? Well, you see -

? But, wouldn't he a come from New Market, though, like -

? Well, the old turnpike, though, went through Luray, didn't it? Down through
Kiblenger's and out through -

A.M.: I never was at Luray.

? You weren't?

You know, I've heered 'em tell that Grandma - or was it Grandma went there to
see Grandpap when he got wounded in the war - or was it his mother? Grandpap's
mother, weren't it?

? Yes. But who was she?

? Well, don't know. You're older then I am.

? I don't know who he was.
A.A.: Deed, you all called names that I never did tell of. I never seen 'em and I never heered tell of 'em.

? Deed, I know you've heered of Grandpap Jenkins — Jenkins. He was your uncle.

A.A.: I heered that, but I never knew who he was.

D.S.: He wouldn't just go for a day to work at New Market?

? Yeah. He'd go over there —

D.S.: Every day?

? ..... he'd go work and then when he - he'd stay the week. Then when he come back, he'd bring that flour and a piece of meat and carry it all the way home.

? Yeah, he was the one - he was in -

? Was that his mother sure enough?

? I don't know. I reckon I did but like her, I forgot. I don't remember.

? Deed I don't.

? Well, you know he was in the - he was in service. He fought in Gettysburg and then —

? Well, I've heered Dad say —

? And he was over here at New Market at that battlefield they have out there now.

D.S.: He was?

? Yeah. There's where he got wounded.

D.S.: Was he under Jackson?

? Don't ask me. I reckon.


? That's where he got wounded.

? I guess he were at New Market. That's right.

? Because I've heered Dad say that his grandmother - but I don't know who she was, come up there to New Market with a baby in her arms to see him when he got
wounded.

D.S.: Oh my gosh.

? And said some of the army people - rebels or somethin', I don't know, anyhow

D.S.: Uh-huh.

? She had told him - his daddy - had told his dad this, he weren't born, but that was the ways of a walk, weren't it?

D.S.: That was. That was a real walk. And then come carrying -

? A barrel of flour and a side of meat.

? Well, I've carried until I'd think I'd never was gonna git home - we carried from over there on what they call Chestnut Flat home. Straight sacks of beans when I weren't no bigger then a sack of beans was.

D.S.: Oh boy. That takes strength.

? You know, I sometimes believe that's why we've all got back trouble where we was carryin' so heavy.

D.S.: Yeah.

? Picked beans all day long -

? And string ever night then.

?

? And string half the night.

A.A.: Now, what would you do with 'em?

? Have a bean stringin' and people'd come in and help.

D.S.: Yeah.

? We'd dry 'em.

A.A.: Couldn't get shut of 'em, could you?

? It wouldn't work that way no more, I don't think.

A.A.: Why no indeedy.
D.S.: Yes, that's right.

Well, the dried beans were much better. They're so good, too.

How would they string the beans? Hang 'em up on strings? Was that it?

? To dry 'em?

D.S.: Yeah.

? No, put 'em down. Put 'em on the -

? Well, they did string 'em up.

? Some people did, but we never did, though.

? Lord, we did.

? We never did that.

? I strang so many beans on twine 'til my fingers was ripped open.

? Take a big old long darning needle, they called 'em, and put a string through it and put them on there.

? String up the strings. It was right funny like you was decoratin' a

? That was more comical then stringin' 'em.

? You havin' to put the -

D.S.: How did you do yours?

? Put 'em on the floor. Put papers down and put 'em on the floor and put 'em up in the attic.

D.S.: Oh, that's right. You told us that. Yeah.

? Put 'em in the attic.


? We used to set and string, string, and have 'em hangin' from everwhere. Nail after nail be strings of beans hangin'.

D.S.: Where would you hang those? In the loft?

? Hang 'em against the wall.

D.S.: Uh-huh.
On the porch. All over - under the roof. Have 'em a hangin' and inside against the walls. And in that back room - nail after nail - a bring strand of beans hangin' on 'em.

D.S.: How long would they stay hanging?

*Till you took 'em down.

D.S.: You're a big help. Well, how long did it take for them to dry?

A couple weeks. A couple weeks.

It didn't take too long. But you'd have to put that twine through where one of the kernels was. You had to just break each end off and let that stay on the twine when you went to cook 'em. You couldn't get 'em off of it.

A.A.: No.

Deed we've done that.

We never did. But wouldn't that be something to set down to two or three bushels of beans and have to string 'em -

Indeed it don't take long, though, Beulah.

It don't?

No indeed. It don't take long. Jim's poor old mom and Gernie, she was blind, they both dead, used to strand up - have two or three bushels broke up. And I've set already and helped 'em strand 'em. Didn't take long.

All you do is slip it on the twine, you know, and just keep a going. Just put the need through and - it don't take long.

Well, thread wouldn't hold in a needle, would it?

No sir, it wouldn't. And the little old tender bean sometime break in two. And then you'd have to put little short pieces on it.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

Yeah. I've done that. I ain't - ain't much I ain't done in my time, in the line of work. I'm lucky to be a hangin' together.
D.S.: I bet you dried apples, too, didn't you?
? Plenty of 'em.
D.S.: Yeah. Uh-huh. Did you dry cherries?
? No, I never did do that, now.
D.S.: Uh-huh.
? I've heered my grandmother and them say they did. Did you ever dry cherries?
? No.
D.S.: I've heard that dried huckleberries were the best thing in this world.
? I never did dry huckleberries.
D.S.: It doesn't make sense. Why dry 'em?
?
? Well, they didn't can nothin' that way. Nobody did.
? No indeed. I remember Poppa used to take the horse and sled and go to the field and we'd pick beans and he'd have a sled load of beans - in big - you know - big sacks full. And bring 'em home and dump 'em out on the porch. But we never did can nothing.
D.S.: Uh-huh. You dried 'em all.
? We would dry 'em or slice some for snaps and then we'd put 'em in bags and take a stick and beat 'em.
? That was -
? Then when it'd come a windy time, just pour 'em from one tub to another that a way to get the -
? Blow the trash away.
? And then that was our soup bean. But wonder why people didn't can then. We didn't even have cans. I don't know whether they didn't have glass jars -
? Didn't can sauer kraut either.
? No.
? Leave it set in the tub all the winter.
? Yes indeed. That was the best kraut that ever was.
D.S.: Oh, yes.
? Yes.
D.S.: How did they make the sauer kraut? Do you know?
? Yes indeed.
D.S.: How?
? Cut up your cabbage and put it in this tub. And Poppa had a big maul - it was about that big at the bottom and then it would run small. And beat it and beat it until that juice all - put salt in it and just keep beatin' and that juice would come on top -
A.A.: You done learnt all you want to know.
? You put a handful of salt to a dish pan full of cabbage.
? Yeah. And beat - and just keep beatin' the cabbage -
? Just keep one busy a beatin' it if a couple was a cuttin' it, didn't it?
? Yeah.
? And then we had to put plenty of leaves on top and put you a big board that fit and lay a rock to make the broth come on top.
? You never did do that?
? And then in the wintertime you'd go to get it and it'd be froze and -
? But that'd keep good, though. That was the best.
? It was the best kraut anybody'd ever eat.
D.S.: So it was really just the cabbage and salt?
? Salt. And then that salt would draw that juice out of the cabbage.
D.S.: Uh-huh.
? Then when you'd cap the thing down on it and put a rock on it, that would bring
the broth up over the cabbage. It kept it just as fresh. But it would kindly mold on top – and you’d have to clean that off and get down in the good cabbage.

D.S.: Yeah.

? Yeah that was good. But now we done, you know, put the cabbage in cans and put water in it and all.

? You could make kraut, if you like kraut, in cans.

D.S.: I’ve got crocks. Would that work in crocks?

? Yes.

? It’ll grow mold and turn dark so bad in just these stone jars. I tried that. I tried that in a ten gallon one. And it weren’t work like it did in them wooden barrels.

? Well, now, the way Ora; you know, that lives over here, she usually makes it. She had a great big – maybe a ten gallon crock. She would make it in that until it would get sour –

? And then can it.

? .... and then can it and cook it.

? I do that.

? And it stays that way then.

? That’s the way I make mine all the time when I make it any more.

? That’s good, too. That’s more like the old timey kraut.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

? But I tried to once. I thought I could keep it then, maybe. Just to leave it set there in tubs. But it won’t keep. It’s – it gets dark or something and too sour. It don’t work like them old wooden tubs did.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

? I don’t never make it like that – like we used to do. I put mine in jars now.
Leave it raw.

Put a little bit of salt in it and fill it up with cold water and shut it up and set it away. That's all you do to it.

D.S.: Do you use fat back or anything or pork?

Yeah. Fried bacon or something like that -

D.S.: Yeah.

That grease is good to put in it when you cook it.

D.S.: Yeah.

Yeah.

D.S.: We're making ourselves hungry, aren't we? Isn't this terrible?

.... that it grows on the mountain at this time of year.

Who did tell me that they was on the mountain a couple years back? I saw a purple patch when I was -

Bill Jenkins.

I didn't stop there but he give somebody a cabbage and they said it was the best cabbage that they ever eat.

They are. They're a lot sweeter. They got a better taste.

D.S.: Yeah.

I wonder why that would be.

I don't know.

You reckon it's in the dirt?

D.S.: It must be the soil.

It has to be.

D.S.: And everybody says that they've never been able to grow the same kind of cabbage that they did when they were on the mountain. And bigger, too.

Uh-huh.

D.S.: Bigger.
Oh, Lord, yes.

D.S.: Yeah.

Do you remember, Vallie, or where was you at that time? I don't know if you was around up there - I reckon you was at home though, when Dad and Earnest had such a terrible patch of them big late. They was this big, and Gus come and got a solid big truckload and hauled 'em to Baltimore.

Uh-huh.

I never lugged so many cabbage heads in my life a helpin' to get them out of the patch to haul, so he could have 'em off of the truck to take 'em on.

Yeah, I remember that.

D.S.: I bet you didn't get much for them, either, did you?

I didn't get nothin'.

A tired aching back.

Deed, they was big heads. Honestly they was as big as a dishpan.

I know. They were awful.

I can't think how many they had. I remember though yet where the cabbage patch was. And when they first set, it was for late use. It was a groundhog or a rabbit kept gettin' 'em. And dad killed ever which it was. But I remember them cabbage heads. One of 'em would have made an ordinary family three or four messes.

Uh-huh.

How come you can't grow them no more? I never do see 'em no more.

Don't see no cabbage like that any more.

'Cause we're not growing things in the mountain anymore. That's why.

Oh, you can still - I've seen late cabbage seed for late juice. Nobody don't raise 'em do they?

Bill still raises 'em.
Oh, does he?

Yeah.

No, I didn't know.

He's supposed to give me a head if I go up there. But I didn't get up there. He said he'd save me one.

D.S.: Oh. Good.

What does he do with all them cabbage? Sell 'em?

Sells 'em. Fifty cent a head. That ain't bad, is it?

Why no. If you go to the store - I noticed at the A & P last week or some time another, they was forty five cent a pound.

How much?

Forty five cent a pound. I said before I get you, you'll lay there.

Forty five cent a pound. That don't sound -

just pile 'em up in a pile. And then when they'd cut the corn, they'd stack the corn all around 'em. And that would keep 'em from freezing and then they got 'em in the winter. Then they'd go out there and get 'em a -

don't know what store it was -

D.S.: Well, that's an entirely different way. Most of the people dug a trench.

Yeah. Poppa did that. Dig a big hole sorta. Then you'd put potatoes and cabbage and turnips and all that stuff in there.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

They'd just pile 'em up. I recall 'em stackin' 'em up and then stack the corn and fodder all around 'em.

D.S.: Of course that would keep 'em.

Momma said they would dig back in there when they was children, you know.

D.S.: Oh.
That was good.

Put a little pepper in it. Red pepper.

Yes.

Yeah.

And the pickle. When you get out a pickle slice.

Yeah. I love boiled cabbage with a little of that red pepper in it.

Beulah, did you ever help bury cabbage?

Yeah.

Lord, I used to do that, too. And when Dad wouldn't be home, Momma would tell one of us to go get her a cabbage. I've clawed already and pulled and the ground would be froze up and I couldn't get it to save my life.

Break the whole stalk of it tryin' to pull it.

Well, you know, one summer I was a . I remember that. I was awful. I was scared to death. I don't know why I was always afraid of him. And anyway, I says - somebody said that ain't the way to get it. I looked up at him and I took off a runnin' as hard as - and didn't try to get it. I was always afraid of him. I don't know why.

Who was that?

Offenbacker. I was always scared to death of him. Hid behind the cookstove once in the summer. Hot enough to smother you and Mom had a pot of beans and stuff a cookin' and about that fer from the wall. And I hid behind it and liked to burnt myself plum up because was there. Wonder why I was afraid of him?

I don't know.

He was harmless as he could be.

Was it his looks, you reckon? That would have made me afraid. I can remember
how I was afraid of him.

? I don't know.

? I was scared of nearly everybody that would come. I can remember when I was scared of people, but George Buracker. I thought it was nothin' in the world like him. I'd run to meet him. He'd pick me up and carry me back to the house and set down and sing to me. I was big enough to remember, but I couldn't a been so big.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

? And I seen this man a comin', I thought it was George Buracker and boy I went jest as hard as I could run to meet him. Run and I looked up, didn't know who on earth it was, I laid right down on the ground. And he asked where's Mr. Jenkins at and I wouldn't say a word. And it was somebody called Shirley Southern or some such a name.


? I didn't, but I thought I was a meetin' George Buracker. Until I looked up and didn't know who I'd run to.

D.S.: Oh.

?

D.S.: Where were you located?

? She can tell you more about that then I can.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

? All I can tell you it was about a mile from Tanner's Ridge to the right. Have you ever been up by the cemetery up there?

D.S.: Yeah.

? Well, it was about middle ways between the Tanner's Ridge Mission and the cemetery. You come to the right and went around the road back across there. Bunker's Hill it was called.
D.S.: Yeah.

? Bunkers Hill.

D.S.: Then how did you get over here?

? We just got scattered out like packages. No, after they set Dad out, we stayed at Earnest's a month. And we all didn't really stay there, but Mom and Dad did. I don't think they stayed a night nowheres else. I stayed two weeks at June Weakley's. And I don't think I stayed - I might a stayed a night or two with Ora. I believe I did. But June Weakley's the only place I stayed. Some of 'em stayed at Aunt Mil's a night or two. But none of 'em didn't like it there. We stayed there and Dad found a place over at Knollton.

D.S.: Didn't the rehabilitation people help you find a home?

? No.

? I remember that morning -

? See, his folks signed a paper and she wouldn't. And that's why they set 'em out. She wouldn't sign.

? She wouldn't let him either.

? That's right.

? She wouldn't let him and she wouldn't either. But I remember that morning. That was a cold and blustery morning. And we had a big iron pot of snap beans on the stove. They'd put on to cook.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

? And we saw these comin'. And I don't know which it was. You know, brother Curtis was just a little tot about three years old. And anyway, one of 'em went and told 'em that they seen the sheriffs a comin' and there was two rangers along.

And they just come in and asked - the ranger first asked was he willin' to sign that paper. And he would 'ave, but she wouldn't let him.
Yeah. He would 'ave, but she wouldn't -

She wouldn't let him. And told 'em they wasn't signin' nothin'. So jest got her and dad and taken - and Curtis - he was a little bitty thing - took him. And loaded 'em in a car and took 'em down to the - they called it the Poor House - somewhere close to Stanley. Took 'em down there and put 'em out. The old sheriff did that - Will Ruffner. And he come back, Roller and him had a terrible fight.

D.S.: Bad.

Yes. She scratched him in the face and she run and got the butcher knife. But somebody caught her. I didn't do nothin'. I was a watchin'. And they had put the fire out in the cookstove for it to cool down so they could get it out. Soon as they'd turn their back, she'd smack it full of dry wood and kerosene and build it back up bigger then ever. She just kept doin' that. Deed she did. I remember that.

So we stayed on there until - I don't know how late it was. And me and Rilla went out on Dark Hollow where Uncle Walt lived. And when we was going, we met Doug Cave and Uncle Walt. And we met Simon a comin' with Mom and Dad. He'd went and got 'em. And he was a takin' them. And he stopped and we told 'em we was going up Uncle Walt's. So we went out there that night. And we met Doug - somebody come told them. Met a whole bunch of 'em, thought they'd go out there and start a racket with some of them law people but they'd all gone. Weren't nobody there.

D.S.: What was your maiden name?

Jenkins.

D.S.: Jenkins. Yeah. 'Cause I recall hearing the story of the problem they had.

Yeah. I remember that just as good as anything.

D.S.: I can imagine a little girl watching all this going on.
The deputy sheriff — now, what was his name? From Luray?

Hill. Doc Hill.

He was from Shenandoah. Old Hill was. He dropped dead not long after that.

What was his name? I believe he was mixed because he looked like he was half black.

Mighta been him. Anyway, Mom had a whole bunch of jars of sweet milk in that back room settin' on the table. And they —

No, she threwed an awful fit that day. Vallie, I don't know if you ever heered of that or not. Deed she did,

I was right there.

At our house?

Why yes indeed.

I can't remember you a bein' there.

I was right there. I know how she done.

Well, was your mother pregnant at the time?

Yeah. That was in March and Rena was born in August. And after they had moved to Knollton, Calvin Green carried 'em to Culpeper. And somebody down there — he was a attorney said if they a knowed how to a went about it, they could a had them law people ruined for puttin' their hands on her and her in that condition.

Well, I know.

But, there weren't nothin' done. There weren't a thing done.

Then, they got no money whatsoever for their property?

They didn't get nothing.

Nothing at all. But, I don't know how he got over in there at Knollton and found that old place.
Lloyd Offenbacker took him.

Lloyd?

Uh-huh.

I can't remember about it.

I went with 'em.

Anyway, I do remember that after he moved there, they didn't like it. Not one bit they didn't like it. Never did like it there at that place. And didn't stay there long. Come back up this side of Knollton at the Gaines place. And Dad liked it fairly good there, but it was so bad to get in and out in. Then they went down to Unionsville below. And he might would've stayed there but Bill Gravett was so dishonest. The man that owned the place. You couldn't trust him so he went over Timberville and that's where he stayed the rest of his life.

D.S.: Oh my heavens. What a saga that was.

How many were there in your family.

Eight of us. Course the oldest one had done married and gone.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

All the rest was still at home.

D.S.: Yeah. How big a house did you have?

Well, there weren't none of the mountain homes so very big. It had one big long room and a bedroom as to that. And then you went through into a kitchen that was added on to it. And then a long room. But, I remember when that was built, 'cause Bill Meadows helped Dad to build a big long room to the back.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

It was just all one thing upstairs. Had a couple beds in it. Weren't so big, was it?

Huh-uh.
D.S.: No, but they were very compact and very warm homes, weren't they?

? Well, you might think they was, but more then one time I went to peep out to see if daylight had come and have to cover up right quick to keep the snow outta my face. I have. Deed I ain't ashamed to tell you. It's the truth.

? Did it blow in the house?

? Well sure. And there'd be our tracks on the floor. Snow would be blowed in and be that deep through the cracks. You ever do that?

? Well, indeed, I've heard Poppa say that the snow would blow in on them - that they'd have enough cover to keep warm.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

? Because -

? No, it wouldn't be cold in the bed. But it would be snow all over the top of the cover.

? All over the top of the covers.

? You coulda tracked something in.

D.S.: No wonder you were all so healthy. You were living out of doors.

? Well, deed it was as cold as outside, weren't it?

? Well, it was worse if you'd -

? Well, they had feather ticks to sleep on and under.

D.S.: Yes.

? And the trouble with them, though, if you put 'em over you, you'd wake up and ever feather'd be to each side and not a thing but the tick over you. I hated one. I tried to sleep under one once, that was the sorriest stuff I ever did have.

? Did you ever do that? I never did like to sleep on a feather tick either. It felt like it was too slick under me.

? Oh, I liked to sleep on 'em.
Boy, I didn't.

I'd rather sleep on 'em then under 'em.

I never did want a feather tick under me nor over me.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

You know I can't think what it was that once a old feather tick on our bed.

Me and Rella was a fussin' all night long. We'd get it and shake it and think even we had the feathers/all through it and they'd all slide to each side.

D.S.: At least you didn't have to open the windows, did you?

No.

D.S.: When you went to bed at night.

No, we got plenty of fresh air.

D.S.: You say you had a big long room. Is that where you had a big table where you'd all sit down to eat at the same time?

No. That was a big table in the room. But, no she'd keep - at Christmas have it settin' full of cakes and pies, you know, she baked. That's where she set the milk in the winter. It stayed good and cold in there.

I remember all about them days. Best days that ever was, too.

D.S.: That's right.

She had a big bed in one end of it and a half bed that the old man that Dad kept long as he lived - old man by the name of Will Bailey.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

He slept in the small bed.

D.S.: That was another thing. People were so neighborly. They took care of one another, didn't they?

My daddy took care of him and his own people wouldn't do it, would they?

D.S.: Uh-huh.
So they said. Deed I was little. I didn't remember his people. None but Charlie. Did you?

Well, there was George.

I didn't remember him.

He married my aunt.

You don't remember Charlie -

Well, do you remember when he was a livin'?

Did he marry -

He married Chrissy, but -

Who you talking about? George Bailey?

Hunter Bailey.

He married Mattie.

A.A.: Did you all ever see Charlie Bailey?

Well, Lord, you know they've seen him a many a time.

Yeah. Uh-huh.

Well, Beulah, you don't remember George Bailey and Hunter Bailey, do you?

I don't remember Uncle Hunter but I do Uncle George.

Well, I didn't remember him. Who did he marry?

He married some of grandpap's people. They was my aunt.

Well, he weren't a brother to Will, though, was he?

Yeah. Half.

Oh, he married an Offenbacker. Offenbacker is who he married.

I don't know who she was.

Well, Rella, how come I never did see him?

Who?

George Bailey. Nor Hunter. I don't remember them.

I went to Hunter's funeral.
I didn't go. Was I born?
I doubt it.
I doubt it.
Deed I don't remember them. I remember Will Bailey.
Was he Will's full brother?
No, Will and Hunter was full brothers, weren't they?
Charlie and Hunter was.
Well, Will didn't have no full brother?
No. Yeah. But, what did he call him? George?
The one she's talkin' about?
That was his brother.
I never did see that one. But I don't even remember - he was stayin' there as far as I could remember - Will was. But I've heered Dad say that none of his people didn't want to keep him. And Dad took him in and kept him.
D.S.: Uh-huh.
He stayed with Dad long as he lived. He was living down at Unionsville below Orange when he died.
D.S.: Oh.
I never did know what was the reason. Well, who was his people? Well, he had people on his mother and daddy's side. He had to have kin people, didn't he?
A.A.: I reckon he did.
I don't know who they was.
Do you know Charlie Bailey?
A.A.: Yes indeed. I was stayin' at home when he come up there with my daddy. And my daddy was a goin' to Winchester.
Told you he loved you, didn't he?
A.A.: No. The way it was -
He said he told you somebody loved you awful much.

A.A.: Anyway, they come outside of Winchester to pick apples and it come up a rain and they stayed two days and two nights. My daddy was a kiddin' my mother. Anyway, he wasn't no kin but my mother thought the world and all of her sister. And he says well, says, he was gonna stay all night, and see if it's pretty in the morning. Well, my mother - we fixed dinner and I helped to get dinner. And he says, Ada, he says, somebody surely does love you. I said who in the world that could be. Me. He said do you love me? I said I'd just as soon have a frog.

You said dad laughed at him didn't he?

A.A.: Huh?

You said my daddy laughed at him, didn't he?

A.A.: Yes, Lord. He loved him. And they stayed two days and two nights - pourin' down rain.

No. What I was a meanin' though. Who was Will's momma? Did you ever hear? Who was she?

Aunt Syb they called her.

Was that Will's momma? I thought was the woman's name they said that was his momma.

No. Jim Bailey married Aunt. He'd been married twice. Now, don't ask me what his first wife was because I don't know. But he married Aunt And Charlie was her child weren't he?

Yeah. Charlie and Hunter they were full brothers. But these others were half brothers.

But Will Bailey is the other man's first wife's - who was Will's momma? Do you know?

Will? No, I don't know who Jim Bailey's first wife was. I don't know.
Did you ever hear anybody say?

But he married Aunt. Who was she?

She was a Cave, weren't she?

A Cave.

She was a Cave. She was a sister to Mary Cave.

And he had Charlie and Hunter by her. See then there was half brothers, but I don't know who his first wife was.

That's what I was wonderin' too, who she was. If I ever heered anybody say, I don't know. But the one you're talkin' about where they called Aunt she was a sister to my great-grandmother Cave, weren't she?

Uh-huh.

I've heered Mom talk about that. But I don't know who Will's mom was before old man Bailey married. Did you ever hear your mother or daddy say?

I don't believe I did. If I did, I forgot.

If my mother were a livin' she could tell you.

I bet she could.

She was born and raised -

I bet dad or mom would 'ave knowed, too, about 'em, but I didn't inquire about who he was. But you know that he had kin on both sides. But they didn't want to keep him.

A.A.: He didn't have no kin, did he.

Huh?

A.A.: Maybe nobody wanted him as a baby.

He'd have to come from somewhere. Weren't he easy to make mad, though?

He was so easy to git mad at

Do you remember that?
I don't know whether I do or not. He done so many silly things.

I heard somebody say that he left the house ever morning with five dollars. That was his. And he got up the road apiece and found out that he lost it. And here he come a crawlin' back to the house. Grieved over his five dollars.

D.S.: Well, that was a lot of money.

It was. It really was.

Back then it was, weren't it?

D.S.: It sure was. You worked a darn hard long time for five dollars.

Speaking of that, did ever any of you hear the expression "long fingers"? For people that stold.

Well, they called rogues that.

Uh-huh.

Got such long fingers they'd say about people that they'd knowed that would steal somethin'.

D.S.: Yeah. I had never heard that until I talked with Cletus McCoy. And he was talking about long fingers and I thought that's so descriptive.

Yes indeed. I've heered people say that.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah. But there were very few with long fingers, weren't there?

I'll be dogged if I know much about that, you know.

Yeah. Back then -

Now, they arrested all those people at Shenandoah that was pickin' huckleberries, didn't they? Stole their big kettle, dinner and all. You heered of that, didn't you?

And Earnest said he liked to walked hisself to death til he found out where the kettle was. I can see poor Earnest tellin' that yet.

We was up at the Gander place pickin' huckleberries that day, too. And a bunch
of people had a great big steel kettle or somethin'. And they was going out to eat their dinner for the berries then. Hung it up in a tree up there at spring. No, the Lewis Spring. Not spring, the Lewis Spring. And when they come with their buckets at dinner time to get their dinner and eat it, their big kettle and everything was gone. They didn't have a mouthful to eat.

Some of them Grays and them from down in Pine Grove. So they done without any dinner. And they met Ernest out there somewheres, they was going back down. And told him what happened. I don't know if they give him anything to find out where it went to or not. But, I never will forgit poor old Earnest. He went from house to house, from house to house and he'd say that I got to have a drink of water to get in the kitchen - he said he done that - to get in their kitchen to see if he could see that big kettle. And you know where he found it at? At poor old Clicks. Right on the stove with something in it.

And said Lil you got some kind of a good lookin' kettle there. Said where in the world did you get a big kettle like that? Said Doug found it, she said. Doug and Ralph stole it. They was together and got it.

? Well, I never did hear that.

? Lord, indeed I did. I know Val you heered of it.

? Yeah.

? And Earnest said upon my word and honor, said I liked to walked myself to death. And I was in everbody's kitchen askin' for water 'til he found where that kettle was at. I imagine he told 'em. Don't you reckon he did?

A.A. : Did you all ever get any huckleberries this year?

? Yeah, there was plenty of huckleberries this year.

A.A. : Was it? Did you get any?
No, I didn't get any. I had a few from last year. They was sellin' 'em for how much? Four Dollars? Four and five dollars a gallon.

Four dollars.

Great day in the morning. Some of 'em got five dollars a gallon.

A.A.: They're good, though, ain't they?

She loves huckleberries so good.

Well, if I come over here, I'll bring her -

I wished I'd a knowed it. I'd a brought her some.

A.A.: Would you sell me a can.

I'd give you one. No, I won't sell it to you.

I'll give you some.

A.A.: No sir, I'll buy 'em.

No indeed you won't neither. I'll give it to you. Be glad to.

A.A.: You know somethin'. I'd give anything in this world for a can of huckleberries.

Well.

Well, if I jest woulda knowed it, I'd a brought you a can this morning.

A.A.: Well, either one of you bring it. If you bring two, I'll buy two.

I don't have any canned. I got mine froze.

A.A.:

I didn't freeze any. I canned all of mine.

Did you pick some or buy 'em?

No, I bought 'em.

Well, Reller said that Tommy - what is he? Is he a Alger? No. What is that little feller's last name? Buracker, ain't it?

Buracker.

Buracker. Where ever his people live, she said him and Chris one day got a
couple gallons. Picked 'em somewheres. You all know them people, I don't.

? Dovel Hollow.

? Dovel Hollow.

? Yeah, them people all up in there they really -

A.A.: Did you pick 'em yourself?

? No. No. The boys bought 'em. I wouldn't give you five cent for me to eat all the huckleberries that ever did grow -

A.A.: I'd give anything in this world if I had a can of huckleberries.

? Well, I wish to goodness I'd a knowed it.

A.A.: To make me some jelly. She found me a can one time, didn't she.

? Deed I'd a brought you a can, but, Lord, I never thought about it.

? Yeah, 'cause -

A.A.: Anyway, I made dumplins. And I thought they was the best things I ever eat in my life.

? I got out with huckleberries that time Ernest told about them preserves - not preserves - it was molasses. But I never could eat a huckleberry preserve after that. Evertime I seen one, I thought of it.

A.A.: I tasted your jelly awhile ago.

? Good ain't it? I got you a pack of cookies and laid 'em in there.

A.A.: Thank you so much.

? No. Ernest and John Cave and a whole bunch of 'em was out in Charles Town a pickin' apples. That's the year he mailed me a bushel of apples from out there. And said the old people where they was a boardin' with, said they didn't want nobody after bedtime to be out a comin' in. They all was supposed to be in at nine o'clock. And Earnest said him and John had sneaked out in Martinsburg -

? I brought you a can of damson preserves.
A.A.: Well, now, I ain't gonna take your damsons.

? How come?

D.S.: .... huckleberries. I understand - and this makes sense - they used to set fires up there in the mountains to make the huckleberries grow.

? I've heered people say that.

D.S.: How did they know the right time to set those fires? You know, that, to me, is remarkable that they knew when was the right time to do it.

? No. I don't know how they knew that, but they said that'd make the vines grow to burn so big to burn over a place or somethin'.

D.S.: And it did. It did. Yeah.

? Wonder why it does? Richen the ground or somethin'?

D.S.: Well, one thing, it kept the trees from coming. And the trees would have killed the huckleberries.

? Beulah, didn't there use to be a side of them out there on Brubaker's mountain back of Will's.

? Everbody went up there.

? That's where me and Rilla and Will Bailey went one time a pickin'. And we picked 'til way in the evening. Took somethin' with us to eat, you know. And she eat ever one she picked. Upon my word and honor she did. I know she remembers that yet. And Will had his big bucket full and I had my bucket full. And we started home, she'd sneak up behind him and get a mouthful of his and eat 'em. And he got mad and he got mighty near home and happened to see she'd a been a doin' that and turned around and went back and it was almost pitch dark when he come with that bucket. Wouldn't go home until he got his bucket full to take home.

D.S.: Oh.
"That was mean of her. Wasn't that mean of her?"

D.S.: Yeah.

"She used to be mean. Great day in the mornin' she used to be mean."

D.S.: But they say that the huckleberry crop was such a big one that it was bigger than the wheat crop in all of Page County.

"And still they sold that high."

"Yeah. Yeah."

"They awful tedious to pick, though, ain't they?"

D.S.: Oh, terrible. And the gnats. Were there many gnats in the mountain?

"Well, right many, but I never did notice them up there as bad as I did down here this summer."

D.S.: Yeah.

"I don't know. It seems like they was worse this summer."

D.S.: It seems as though there were less bugs in the mountains than there are now.

"You know, Rilla told me, Val, that she went back on the mountain - we was up on Father's Day - said she went back on Tuesday there in what they call the old Porter field?"

"Yeah."

"Said they got two or three gallons of strawberries and the field was red with 'em almost. Deed she did."

"Why sure."

"I taken fours. Two by yourself."

A.A.: "I couldn't even go to church or anywhere that I didn't have shoes to wear. Now that's the truth. And when Mr. Fread, the Pentacostal preacher, first come around - you remember him, don't you?"

"Yeah."
His daughter - I told Momma - she went to church one Sunday. And I said ask Dorothy Fread if she's got any shoes that would fit me. And she sent me a big pair of white flat shoes. And I was as proud of them as a pair that I'd paid twenty-five dollars for.

Matt Nauman - that's old man Rube married, wasn't it?

Bud Nauman's girl was a school teacher, wasn't she?

Yeah.

She sent us a box of things up there one time before Christmas. And a pair of little shoes was in it fit me and I was so tickled to get 'em. And I wore 'em a few times and the soles split. Come right off clear back to the heel. And tickled Ril, I can see her now. Ha, ha, ha, you ain't got no shoes either, have you? And she didn't have none and she didn't want me to have none either.

When Uncle Dick's mother was bad off, I went up to Uncle Dick's one day and he asked me if I would go with his daughter down in Pine Grove, where his mother lived to see her. He wanted to hear from her. I said well, deed I don't have any shoes to wear. I went barefooted up there. And he said well here, you can wear a pair of mine. And I did. I wore a pair of Uncle Dick's slippers down into Pine Grove to see how his mother was. And when they stopped down there at Carl Cave's - you remember Carl Cave?

Yes, indeed.

I stopped there and asked them if they had any old shoes or anything that they didn't wear that I could.

Glaøys told me she'd take me to see her if I'd come over.

She was up at Ruth's yesterday.

Was she?

No. I told some of 'em, Mamie I don't believe likes to tell about rough it was, but I don't care.

Well, I don't either.
I enjoyed them days better than any in my life. I don't care if it was rough.

D.S.: I just thought of this. Would you mind repeating that story about running after the cows?

? What? About steppin' on that thorn?

What? About runnin' the cow up and standin' on one of my feet?

D.S.: Would you mind repeating it?

? Tell it again.

? I might not be able to think of it all the way.

? Yeah. I remember it. I don't forget them days. I went — it barely was day and I was a runnin' — I'd go a little piece and my feet was a feelin'. I'd run the cattle up and stand there and get my feet warm. And then I'd go run 'em — and I run up on that one that big thorn. And I didn't run up no more. I got into the house. You know that was somethin', though, back then.

? Did you have to milk 'em then after you'd get 'em to the house?

? Yeah. I always helped milk, but I don't think I milked that morning, 'cause she had a time with my foot.

And I was a layin' once, too — I had stumped the bottom of my foot a runnin' after a cow and knocked a piece of skin — like just a regular size chunk.

And mom wrapped a rag around it to stop the bleeding and then a day or two later that piece was — it was dryin' up, you know, a hangin' there. And I went to doing something on that kitchen porch — I can't think what it was I was doin' and that foot was a hurtin' and I had it layin' up on an old chair or somethin' on the porch. And, a little bitty old rascal, come by and grabbed that piece of skin and give it a rip and ripped the skin off smack across the bottom of my foot. Mom whipped him for that. I remember that. Boy, it was a time before I could use that foot then.
D.S.: I bet you gave a yell that time, too.

? Epsom salts is what she would make me put my foot in. And the first thing she done when he done that, though, was - it seems to me like it was turpentine, or camphor, I done forgot which she poured on it.

D.S.: That hurt.

? It hurt, but that was what they used, weren't it?

? Yeah. You know, you was a talkin' up there about going - we called it Kris Kinglin'.

D.S.: Yeah.

? At Christmas time. Well, I was out at Aunt Rose's. And I'd have to leave home and I was out at Aunt Rose's and we went Kris Kinglin' and I dressed up in somebody's old britches that was too big for me. And I had a pillow down in the inside. And I was a runnin' and it was a boy wanted me to go with - and I was a runnin' from 'em. And I fell and I busted my knee right in the hard road. And the awfulest gash in my knee. And I come to the house and my first cousin poured turpentine on it. And I never slept a wink all night. That thing throbbed and hurt all night long. That liked to killed me.

? Well, did you ever have the wind lift you off the ground. It did me one time. Carried me and set me down on the road fer as from here to that line of clothes.

? The wind?

? The wind. I weren't but just -

? No indeed. Deed, it's the truth. God knows it's the truth. Ever word of it. Me and Dad would have us to get out
early in the spring and go and make a big racket around the cornfield fences
to keep the ground squirrels from takin' up the corn. Now, Val, you remember
when people had to do that.

? Yeah. That's right.

? And that morning, he thumped against the loft with the broom handle. We
knowed it meant get up, you know. He wouldn't holler, he just smacked against
the loft. We come on down and he told us to — we'd have to go, he said, and
he was comin' — goin' somewhere — where he was workin'. Leavin' before day-
light. And that was before daylight. For us to go just soon as we eat and
get over there to that cornfield and keep the ground squirrels from takin' up
the corn. And it was so chilly and cold. And we both went — little bitty old
things. And I had his big old overcoat on. And big wind clouds — it was right
blustery. And we would have to stay until I think about nine or ten o'clock,
'til them things would quit takin' up corn. And we was tryin' to get back to
the house, and he had — I don't know what kind of coat he had on — little
bitty old white-headed rascal a runnin' on in front of me. And I had that
big old long black overcoat of dad's on and tryin' to run. The wind got under
it and jest took — and just took me way down there in the road.

D.S.: We shouldn't laugh.

? I never will forgit that. Deed, it just picked me right up in that big old
coat someway or another. Beulah, them was rough goings, weren't they?

? Yeah boy.

D.S.: But just think. You all learned how to sew, didn't you?

? Uh-huh.

D.S.: Yeah.

? Yeah. Mom would have us a helpin' to make quilts when I didn't barely know how
to thread a needle.
Did you?

I never will forget one time, we kept beggin' you to stay all night. You had come from somewhere or up at Earnest's and goin' home. And kept tellin' you not to go home 'til the next day. For goodness sakes, you said, you all hush up that. I got to go home and sew up a hole on the place. You remember that? You did all the patchin' I reckon.

Yeah. I did all the sewin', but I don't remember -

You said you had to go home and sew up ever hole on the place.

A.A.: Are you all gettin' in some wood?

Yeah, put a little wood on -

Don't bring sticks in here.

Wait a minute.

D.S.: I do think we'd better go home.

Yeah.

I'm ready.

D.S.: O.K.