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(SNP015) John Bradley interviewed by Smith, Dorothy Noble, transcribed by D. P. Hammond

John Bradley

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ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

NARRATOR: Rev. John Bradley
           Mrs. Bradley
INTERVIEWER: Mrs. Dorothy Smith
DATE: June 12, 1978
PLACE: Beahm Post Office Area

TRANSCRIBED BY: D.P. Hammond
COMPLETED DATE: October 12, 1981
Interviewing Reverend and Mrs. John Bradley. Mrs. Bradley had lived in Rocky Branch, and Reverend Bradley, you had lived in Jewel Hollow. Am I correct, or where?

J.B.: Near Beahm Post Office.

D.S.: Near Beahm's Post Office?

J.B.: On the highway that crosses to Sperryville.

D.S.: Oh, yes. How did you two meet?

Mrs. B.: I don't remember, (laughing). Oh, through his niece - was my - Isabel.

J.B.: Yeah.

D.S.: Oh, uh-huh. Was this while you were still up there, or had you moved down here?

J.B.: We were here in town.

D.S.: You were here in town.

J.B.: I was. She was near Rocky Branch Church.

MRS. B.: I was in Rocky Branch -- I mean I was up near Rocky Branch Church.

D.S.: Yeah, uh-huh.

J.B.: The church we now pastor.

D.S.: I see. Oh, you are pastor of that church? Wonderful!

J.B.: To go back -- Not often that a minister goes back to where he got his wife from.

D.S.: That's right, yeah. You're very lucky.

MRS. B.: 'Bout hollering distance, right? To the church.

D.S.: Yes, uh-huh. Well, you say you left the mountains when you were seventeen? Why?

J.B.: Why? Well, number one, I wasn't a farmer. My dad was a farmer. And my dad realized, and I guess knew that I wasn't cut out for it, so to speak. So I came to Luray and found - and got employment in a grocery store.
D.S.: Oh, that was unusual, for some one to leave the mountains.

J.B.: Right, that's right. And I worked in the grocery store, oh, probably a year and a half. Then I went from the grocery store to a Texaco service station, here on -- East Luray, right where McDonald's is.

D.S.: Yeah, uh-huh.

J.B.: And I worked there for eighteen years. Then I went from there with the same people, down to the Ford place, Luray Motor Company. The same man owned both places. And there I stayed there till 1972, when I retired.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: Altogether that made about -- I've been with 'em, I still work part time there -- which, just past fifty years I've been with these same people after coming out of the mountains to the little town.

D.S.: All right. While you were growing up in the mountains, was the family large - was your family large?

J.B.: Yes, we had eight children.

D.S.: Eight children?

J.B.: That's right, six boys and two girls.

D.S.: Wow! That is a large family. How big a place did your father have?

J.B.: Altogether, including my mother - what came from on my mother's side - in acres you mean?

D.S.: Umm - roughly.

J.B.: Roughly, about six hundred acres.

D.S.: Six hundred acres. Now, those acres went this way, toward the north, or--?

J.B.: Both sides of the highway.

D.S.: Both sides?

J.B.: And then to the top of the -- almost to the top of the mountain up at the Pinnacles was our mountain land. That was our mountain land.
D.S.: Okay. All right. Now what was the soil like? Good?

J.B.: We thought so.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: I guess some one on a river bottom wouldn't a thought so. It was rough, and it was bushy. We had to fight the bushes and the briars and haul the rocks off the fields some times.

D.S.: Did you plow?

J.B.: Oh, yes, sure.

D.S.: You did plow?

J.B.: We plowed with two horses and a big plow - turn-plow, they called it.

D.S.: Do you know, a lot of the mountain people didn't. They would plant - and this sounds smart - a kernel of corn in between two stones, and they said you could just see it grow right up.

J.B.: That's right.

D.S.: -- the heat of the sun.

J.B.: But we plowed, got the land in order. Spring of the year, we planted corn, potatoes, garden, and so forth. Fall of the year, we sowed wheat, rye, barley or whatever.

D.S.: Uh-huh. How did you keep your vegetables over the winter?

J.B.: Well, a lot of 'em were canned, and then we had a good cellar.

D.S.: Oh, you used a root cellar?

J.B.: Sure.

D.S.: Oh, don't be so confident -- most of them didn't. (laughter)

J.B.: And our old home, the spring, our spring water was in the house. That's somethin' else you didn't know, isn't it?

D.S.: How did you do that?

J.B.: Well, I guess granddaddy, when he built it, he built it over the spring.
The spring was back there, in the back, and all the rest of the house was out here.

Mrs. B.: You went in from the kitchen.

J. B.: You went from the kitchen into ---

Mrs. B.: ---from the kitchen into the other room, where the spring was.

D. S.: Wow, that was very smart!

J. B.: Oh, it was a lot of tourists would go through - when tourists started, you know.

D. S.: Yeah.

J. B.: Their cars, in those days, would get up about our place and they'd have to replenish the water supply.

D. S.: Yeah.

J. B.: Well, that was handy. Us boys, we'd carry 'em water, and then they'd want drinkin' water. 'Course we had a spring outside for the big trough and there's where we'd get water for the cars.

D. S.: Uh-huh.

J. B.: But then they'd say, "Well, we'd like to have a drink of water." Okay, we'd go in the house, you know. They'd say, "Spring in the house?" "Yeah." Tourists would follow us and we'd show 'em our spring. It was quite an attraction. We shoulda kep it.

D. S.: Yeah. Was the -

J. B.: Would if the Park would have let us.

D. S.: Was the spring like in the floor, or where was it?

J. B.: No, no, no. The spring was - the house was built over the spring. It was a cellar here.

D. S.: Yeah.

J. B.: And the spring was right back like that, in ---
D.S.: In the wall?
J.B.: Sure. It came through the foundation of the house, right into what we called the cellar.
D.S.: Oh!
J.B.: Through the foundation, right down to the cellar. I wish we had a ---
MRS. B: The kitchen and dining room was in the basement of the house, wasn't it?
Back in this basement over the spring.
J.B.: No, the kitchen.
MRS. B: The kitchen. Well, it was great big. They ate in it.
D.S.: That's right. They always had such nice, big kitchens. Oh, I think that we've all lost a lot in not having those big kitchens, haven't we?
J.B.: Oh, I'm sure.
D.S.: Yeah. Well, you had to have a large kitchen with eight children and the mother and father. Did your mother make your clothes?
J.B.: I can remember, yes, Mother made some of our clothes. That's right.
D.S.: Now, when you needed supplies, would you use a store? Would you go to a store to buy them, that was down at the foot of the mountains, or where would you go?
J.B.: Strange, the store was above us, up on the mountain further. The Beahm Post Office was a store, too. That was about a mile above our home. We lived right on the highway.
D.S.: Yeah.
J.B.: And this Beahm's Post Office and store was just a mile, and then about two miles in was Judd's store, over this way.
D.S.: Yeah. Right down the road from me.
J.B.: Why, yes, sure, the building's still standing there. Been converted into a dwelling house.
D.S.: That's right.
J.B.: So, we had -- and then we'd bring our flour. Daddy would bring our wheat into the mill to Luray or to Brown's mill. Did you know it was a Brown's mill out here and the the water that we get the town water from now, the Hite's spring, run that mill, furnished water to run that mill?
D.S.: No, I didn't. Where was that?
J.B.: You know where the town supply is, out here -- Hite's Spring?
D.S.: Yeah.
J.B.: Just, oh, a few thousand feet from this spring, on down the run. Well, in fact, the run, the mill race is still there, part of it.
D.S.: Okay. Now how would your father get the grain and so on to the mill? Wagon?
J.B.: With a wagon, sure.
D.S.: Wagon. So you did have a wagon and a good enough road so you could use the wagon.
J.B.: That's right. Well, it was Route 211 from Luray to Sperryville. Old New Market to Sperryville Turnpike, it was called then.
D.S.: That's right.
J.B.: And, well it was kept in pretty good repair, for those days.
D.S.: Were there toll gates?
J.B.: There was a toll gate at Beahm's Post Office. There was another one, then, out here, just as you --
D.S.: Start down.
J.B.: Pardon me?
D.S.: Just as you start down the mountain, then. Wasn't there?
J.B.: I don't think there was one there. I don't call to mind. It might have been, even before my time. But the one that I remember was out here then along by
the rail -- just at the highway enters the railroad.

D.S.: Ah. Now, how much did they charge on those toll gates? Do you know?
J.B.: I think it was five cents.
D.S.: Five Cents.
J.B.: Five cents. Isn't that somethin'?
D.S.: Right. When your father took things to the mill, did he pay the miller or did he give them ---

J.B.: They would toll it -- what they called "toll" it. They would grind a barrel of flour, for instance. He usually got a barrel, would bring enough wheat for a barrel of flour, and they would toll so much.
D.S.: That was pretty generally the way it was done.
J.B.: Sure. That's the way.
D.S.: How about the stores? Did you get credit at the stores or did you get cash when you took things in to the stores?
J.B.: Well, they would, uh -- Now, that's unique. They would give you what they called a due bill. Say you'd take eggs to the store, and you had, well, so much over and above the groceries you wanted. They would give you a due bill.
J.B.: A little aluminum token - like. Five cents, ten cents, twenty-five, fifty, a dollar - even a dollar.
D.S.: Uh-huh, right.
J.B.: And usually, the merchant's name was on the back of it.
D.S.: Uh-huh. I've seen one of W. Lee Judd's.
J.B.: W. L. Judd was one of 'em.
D.S.: Yeah.
J.B.: That's right.

D.S.: Yeah. So Beahm did this with the little coins, too. Right?

J.B.: No, I don't believe Beahm did. I don't call to mind Beahm's having the little coins, but W. L. Judd—

D.S.: What would you take to sell them? Like, hams?

J.B.: Ah, usually eggs, chickens. We boys in the winter-time would trap rabbits and sell 'em to W. L. Judd.

D.S.: How much would you get for a rabbit?

J.B.: Thirty-five cents.

D.S.: Wonder what he did with the rabbits?

J.B.: He shipped 'em away. Fellow—someone came by and bought 'em from him.

D.S.: For the fur?

J.B.: Well, they had the fur and the meat, too, see.

D.S.: Oh, you didn't eat the meat yourselves?

J.B.: No. See, we would catch them in a box. We trapped 'em, that's what we did.

D.S.: Live rabbits?

J.B.: Live rabbits. Go around every mornin' before school time in the cold, and it was frosty. We didn't mind it.

D.S.: No.

J.B.: And, well, we did very well. And then we would take 'em to the store. If we couldn't get 'em there before school, we'd take 'em durin' dinner hour.

D.S.: That was quite a long trip to get over there to--

J.B.: To W. L. Judd's? Well, now, when we were at school, we were about one-third of the way. When we went to school.

D.S.: What school did you go to?

J.B.: Shank's School.
D.S.: Oh, you went to Shank's --

J.B.: You know where --

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: You should.

D.S.: Yeah. All right. So now, that school was for seven months, wasn't it, a year?

J.B.: Think that's right. Finally got to eight, maybe, later, but I didn't attend eight. Seven was about all I ever attended.

D.S.: And what grade did it go through?

J.B.: About the sixth grade. But however, we had one teacher up there that, my last years in school, she let me take some eighth grade subjects, which the superintendent didn't know too much about it, but it doesn't make any difference now.

D.S.: Yeah?

J.B.: He isn't here. And the last year I was in school, she let me - permitted me - to pass two grades in one year.

D.S.: Oh.

J.B.: Now, I'm not puttin' any roses on my shoulder. They prob'ly weren't as difficult as they are now. But, nevertheless, I had some eighth grade subjects. We had seventh grade, and then she - well, I finished that.

D.S.: What did they teach?

J.B.: In those days they wouldn't hold you back with the others, you know.

D.S.: No.

J.B.: Those that were able to --

D.S.: Moved along.
That's right. One room school.

How far away was that from your home?

The first one, it was unique enough, was only - oh, I'd say - a quarter of a mile, and that was on the highway, the first school, Shank's School.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: In fact, the first Shank's School was at our home. That's quite an old -- the old building was there when I came along. It was there when the Park
took over. They tore it down, of course, along with the rest of the build-
ings. But about a quarter of a mile, maybe not that far, from our home, they built a building for a public school right on the highway, and I mean it was right on the highway, because we played ball in the highway, believe it or not. We sure did. That was our ball diamond, right in the highway. Not much traffic in those days, you know.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: Oh, if we'd see or hear somebody coming, we'd just wait till they passed and resume the ball game. And then, after that -- I forget what year -- the new school, we called it new Shank's School, went down in the flat up there then, and built that one, and that was the last one.

D.S.: Yeah. Oh---

J.B.: That was quite a territory up there. We had a store - we had two stores - we had a post office, and -- Why, we were pretty well fixed.

D.S.: You sure were.

J.B.: And besides that we had the good mountain air.

D.S.: Yeah. Did you have orchards?

J.B.: Orchards? Whew, I wish you coulda seen those orchards! Believe it or not, there were trees, I'd say, thirty-five feet tall. Apple trees, and then, of course, others. Whenever - I don't call to mind a time I was there and afterwards that we ever missed a crop of apples.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: We had one, two, three, four - about four different varieties.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Did you have any of those old Milam apples?

J.B.: That was one of the orchards we had.
D.S.: Yeah, I have a Milam apple on my property.

J.B.: You have a Milam apple tree? You have apples this year? I'm gone get one of those, so you close your eyes when you see me comin'.

Mrs. B.: John, he gave us some old Milams last year.

J.B.: We had Milams, we had one we called King Tom — that was the tall tree. We'd have to knock 'em out of the top of it. Usually, we didn't have a ladder to reach up there. But — and then we had a Pippin. You remember those?

D.S.: Yeah, yep, those were good apples.

J.B.: And great big fellows, too. Oh, my goodness! Then another ——

D.S.: What — did your mother dry them?

J.B.: Oh, yes, sure. Yes, indeed.

D.S.: How about apple butter boiling?

J.B.: Oh, that was part of the crop.

D.S.: Now, when you did your apple butter boiling, did people come, neighbors come, get together?


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

J.B.: Well, yes and no. You could call it a party. Yes.

D.S.: Did you dance?

J.B.: Not at our home, we didn't.

D.S.: Did they have things to eat?

J.B.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: Uh-huh, yeah. No dancing? No music?

J.B.: No, I don't — They might have had before my time, but I don't call to mind of 'em havin' a party.
D.S.: Do you know of any ---?

J.B.: Now, they could have had after I left, too.

D.S.: When they were stirring the apples, did they have the butter, apple butter? Did they have that custom that if you touched the paddle---?

J.B.: "Once around the ring and three times through the middle---" and so forth?

D.S.: Yeah, and if you touched the paddle to the side you got a kiss?

J.B.: Well, yes, yes, I remember about that.

D.S.: Ah-ha.

J.B.: It was an old tradition.

D.S.: That's right.

J.B.: I think everybody did that.

D.S.: Yeah. Do you know of any people that made moonshine up there?

J.B.: Yes, ma'am, but I'm not a-goin' to tell you their names. I'm not a-goin' to reflect on them. They're dead and gone now. I wouldn't tell. I didn't tell on 'em then, and I'm not a-gonna tell on 'em now.

D.S.: Judge Corbin was mighty proud that he was.

J.B.: Yes, I know some folks. And I know some folks that made moonshine and sold it. They supported their families. Now, not that I'm tolerating it or puttin' my okay on it, that it was a good thing, or anything like that. But evidently they must have made good whiskey - this particular man that I know of - and he would not sell it to youngsters.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: He just would not.

D.S.: Well, you know it makes a lot of sense for people to have made it, because it's a lot easier to carry a jug and sell that than carry several barrels on horseback - of apples.
J.B.: I can tell you this, too. My granddaddy, my grandfather, was a licensed distiller right there at our old home. The still house was there when we came along and it was out - of course, it was out of order. And there was his - where he ground his apples, and the spring and so forth. He was a licensed distiller. And then, of course, when they voyed it out, that did away with that.

D.S.: Sure. Yeah. Well, then what did they do with the excess apples? Sell them?

J.B.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: Where would you sell them?

J.B.: These Milams you were talkin' about - my dad would bring 'em to town and all they would have to do was be on the street and the word would get around that Milam apples - John Bradley, that was my dad's name, too, John Bradley's in town with a load of Milam apples (clap, clap, clap) - just like that, sold 'em.

D.S.: Yeah. Do you recall how much he got for them?

J.B.: Well, when we boys - he brought a - he would - uh - give us, say, "Boys, this is your load." He'd bring'em in and sell 'em and give us the money.

D.S.: Ah-h-h.

J.B.: Pretty good, wasn't he? We thought so.

D.S.: You had a wonder father.

J.B.: Thirty-five - I think, thirty-five or forty cents a bushel was about what he got for 'em.

D.S.: Those were the days! Wonderful! There's one thing that I have wondered about. Do you recall any of the herbs that your mother used? You know, nowadays they're discovering that all those old herbs are really good, and the doctors are saying, you know, there's a lot of value to them. Do you recall any at all that your mother used? Like if you had a cold, what would she do for you?
J.B.: I was just tellin' the folks the other day - just yesterday, over at our son's place - peppermint; grew in abundance, up there on the old home place. See, they had an old homestead. They had peppermint - now, these are the ones I can call - and I know there were others. Peppermint was one, and another one we called sweetheart leaves. That was for poison oak. And -

D.S.: I wonder what sweetheart leaves could have been.

J.B.: That's what we boys called it, we folks called it. I reckon that's what it was. It musta had a medical term, though, a medical name.

D.S.: And you used that for poison oak.

J.B.: That was poison oak. You get poison - It was a lot of poison oak up in the mountains, too. Get that and just - That leaf was thick. It wudden a real thin leaf, it was thick.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: It just growed in a little clump, like. You could take that sweetheart leaf, just mash it, it was soft; just rub it on that poison oak. That was the remedy. You got rid of the poison oak.

D.S.: Oh, dear! I get it so badly, I wish I had -

J.B.: Well, it prob'ly still grows up there.

D.S.: That's right. Yeah.

J.B.: I would assume it would.

D.S.: What was the peppermint used for?

J.B.: Oh, we used that for tea, right along.

D.S.: Oh, just to enjoy?

J.B.: Well, and the doctor would come, you know, somebody sick with a tummy ailment, you know. "Well, get you some peppermint tea." And very often we'd get peppermint tea and not call the doctor.

D.S.: Yeah.
J.B.: For tummy ache.

D.S.: Yeah. Uh, now, then you - did you ever use any ginseng?

J.B.: No, I never knew much about ginseng.

D.S.: Ah -

J.B.: There were folks up there - the Jewels - knew about ginseng. Mr. Jim Jewel. They gathered ginseng right along. W. L. Judd bought it.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: You know about that, of course.

D.S.: When you had a cold, did your mother make a poultice of corn meal and onions? No?

J.B.: Prob'ly did, but not when I came along. I don't call it.

D.S.: Okay. So what would she do for you with a cold, give you horehound or something of that--?

J.B.: Uh-huh.


J.B.: In fact, we didn't get colds so much.

D.S.: No.

J.B.: Believe it or not. We weren't bothered with colds.

D.S.: Yeah, right. By the way, your house, was that clapboard? Or log?

J.B.: Logs.

D.S.: Logs.

J.B.: Part of it was logs. The main part, the first part that was build, was logs. And then, when they added to it, why they used, uh, just frame and then lath plastered, and then weatherboard on the outside.

D.S.: Was there any story handed down in your family, and (to Mrs. Bradford) I'm going to ask the same thing of you--

J.B.: Any what?
D.S.: Any story handed down in your family as to where your family came from?

J.B.: No. I don't call it to mind.

Mrs.B. If we had the, uh - Katie's - 'cause she's workin' on a -- But we don't know anything about that. I mean, you'd know more, but ---

D.S.: Isn't it a shame! Now, wouldn't you think that of a evening, when everybody was through their chores and were sittin' around, somebody would say, "Now listen, son, I want you to know..."

J.B.: Yeah, I agree with you.

D.S.: And nobody did. Nobody did.

J.B.: Not that I remember. They prob'ly did, the older than we prob'ly did, no doubt.

D.S.: Then why didn't they hand it on?

J.B.: But we youngsters, I guess, well, we just didn't maybe take to such things. But in later years, I was very much interested in - I still like history.

D.S.: Do you know if your family were there a long while?

J.B.: Evidently they were. My granddaddy on my mother's side was born in 1827. And just that was quite an old homestead. I don't know when it was built. If I ever get to Shenandoah County again, I'm goin' to the courthouse, though, and find out about it.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: And - a - I don't just know.

D.S.: Mmm - yeah.

Mrs.B. I was thinking, is he the one that was the captain?

J.B.: Well, they called him Captain.

Mrs.B. Well, when the --

J.B.: So --
Mrs. B: Didn't they fight up there in those hills?

J.B.: Well you know, a lot of those things that you heard was just a story. I don't believe in talkin' about things that you can't -

Mrs. B: Well, uh -

J.B.: Can't, you know, back up with facts.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yes,

J.B.: A lot of things happenin' up there was just legend, maybe, handed down or something.

D.S.: Well, now, these legends you know, are pretty much based on fact.

J.B.: Correct. But I don't know that.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: The legend maybe is all we know about. Daniel Boone was a legend, wasn't he?.............???

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah. Well, we do know that there was a lot of fighting up there with the Civil War and -

Mrs. B: That's what I meant.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: Oh, yeah, Sure, we found the spent bullets, you know, minie balls. We found those on the place up there. Sure.

D.S.: Yeah, sure, 'cause there was fighting going on all around there. Yeah.

J.B.: Well, evidently it was, or they went through here.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: Yes.

D.S.: Uh-huh. When you were a little boy, what games did you play? Marbles?

J.B.: We sure did! I say we did! And we got pretty good at it. We ought to. That's one game we ought to reactivate, so to speak, or something.
D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: And we had softball. Some of the boys from over school would play some of the boys. Durin' the evenin'. Any time, for that matter. Just gather up a team, meet 'em, challenge 'em.

D.S.: Uh-huh, yeah.

J.B.: But marbles was a very ---

D.S.: Yeah. Oh, everybody enjoyed that.

J.B.: That's right.

D.S.: How about visiting? Was there much visiting done?

J.B.: Yes, Ma'am. Right much then.

D.S.: Would you visit like over the southern, central section, on down like below Pinnacles and around there, or -

J.B.: Well, we didn't go east of the ridge very much, what we spoke of as east of the ridge. We didn't visit over there much. It was just on this side. Because a horse and buggy, you know, didn't venture too far away.

D.S.: And you didn't hike around?

J.B.: Oh, not too much. No, Not too much.

D.S.: Uh-huh, yeah. You say you caught rabbits. How did you keep the rabbits out of your gardens?

J.B.: We didn't try to keep 'em out. They could get in if they wanted to so apparently they were welcome.

D.S.: After all the work you put into it?

J.B.: Sure, but we were never bothered; there was plenty to eat other places. Outside of the garden, you know, for rabbits.

D.S.: Did you have dogs?

J.B.: Oh, yeah, sure.

D.S.: Maybe they kept them away, too.
J.B.: Well, that was one of the reasons, cats, too.
D.S.: Yeah, uh-huh.

J.B.: And that was one of the reasons they weren't any bother.
D.S.: Were there any other wild life there? Raccoons and 'possums ---?
J.B.: Yes, in the mountain, in the mountain proper it was.
D.S.: Uh-huh. Did you ever hunt those?

J.B.: Never became a hunter. That's strange, isn't it? Liked to trap but never became a hunter.
D.S.: Yeah. Because a lot of people eat those and say they were very, very good. Raccoons and 'possum.

J.B.: Oh, sure. Unique enough, I don't remember, though, in our home of eating those things. Now, they may have, you know, in years past, but I don't call to mind of ever eating 'possum or raccoon in our home.
D.S.: Uh huh.

J.B.: Now that may seem kinda --
D.S.: No.

J.B.: Strange.
D.S.: No, no, it just depends on people's taste, I guess.
J.B.: I guess that's right.
D.S.: What would be your typical breakfast?
J.B.: Oh, ham, sausage, along with what we called gravy. Buckwheat cakes in the winter time, and, of course, they always baked bread, of course, homemade bread.
And milk, cottage cheese --
Mrs. B: I assume eggs for anybody that wanted 'em.
J.B.: Sure.
D.S.: That's a breakfast, isn't it? Then what about lunch?
J. B.: Well, lunch was more or less a cooked meal, then. This was, breakfast was more or less a fried meal, but lunch was a cooked meal, Beans, cabbage--

D.S.: Uh-huh. You wouldn't go home for lunch from school, would you?

J.B.: No, we always took our lunch, and it wasn't so far, either, from our home. But we didn't have time to go home. We had to play ball, do the fox chase.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: Durin' dinner hour, you know, we had - ah - maybe who could jump the highest, or play ball, or -

D.S.: Sure.

J.B.: Get in what we called fox chase. We didn't have time to go home.

D.S.: Yeah, and dinner then was almost like the same as your lunch, probably.

J.B.: For school?

D.S.: No, no. At dinner time at night.

J.B.: Oh, well, that was supper for us. That's something else that's changed.

D.S.: All right. Okay, what'd you have for supper?

J.B.: Well, I guess we had about - in the summer time we had roastin' ears, and the winter time, I guess, was well, you might say, I guess, was practically the same as you had for lunch.

D.S.: Uh-huh. And pies?

J.B.: Oh, yes, apple pie, sure, ha-ha.

D.S.: Ah-h., those dried apples make the best pies.

J.B.: Right.

D.S.: Did your mother dry cherries?

J.B.: I don't call to mind of any cherries. And, too, my mother passed away when I was about ten years old.

D.S.: Oh. Then, who did the cooking?

J.B.: Well, my sister, my oldest sister. And then we had domestic help, girls, would come in, and stayed with us right much. And then my sister did it.
D.S.: Uh-huh. What'd your mother die of?
J.B.: I don't know.
D.S.: Did you use Dr. Ross?
J.B.: Dr. ___ Ross?
D.S.: Yeah.
J.B.: Ross. No.
D.S.: No. Dr. Ross went all over, from Dark Hollow, all through Nicholson Hollow, Corbin Hollow, all up and down in that central section.
J.B.: Dr. Ross. That's strange I didn't remember him.
D.S.: But he was from Criglersville, so I think that would be a little far away for you. Yeah. Where did your doctor come from?
J.B.: Luray.
D.S.: Luray. How would you get in touch with him?
J.B.: Telephone. Had a telephone right up the highway.
D.S.: Ah-h.
J.B.: Sure. And those people over in Jewel Hollow would come over. That was, they'd come over to our place or go out to Judd's store, too. It wudn a telephone line up there. But the telephone line wasn't all the way, I guess, went to Sperryville. Over to the highway.
D.S.: Uh-huh, yeah. Did you know many of the people in Jewel Hollow?
J.B.: Every one of 'em.
D.S.: Who all lived there?
J.B.: Mr. Jim Jewel, Mr. Tom Jewel, Mr. John ___? "Cementer". John Sours, believe it or not. He was an old feller. I can remember that old beard he had, and he would - what we call mason now. He inherited the name "Cementer". Because he laid rock, and so forth. Many times he'd fix the foundation under the old
school, up on the highway. Many times, a rock would fall out and he'd repair it. Oh-h, that's Sours, Jewel, and Smeltzer's about all that lived over there. I think I knew 'em all, at that time, I mean.

D.S.: Yeah. Did you ever see any of the people doing - making staves for barrels?
J.B.: No.
D.S.: No. Did people do any logging in your area?
J.B.: Uh-huh,
D.S.: Where would they take the logs? Into Luray or Browntown?
J.B.: Yes, we sold some logs at Luray, but my dad would always get someone to move a saw mill in and we'd sell the lumber, and then have the slabs, sell the slabs for firewood and keep some. But the logs, unique enough, now, when I came to Luray to go to school, we cut down one poplar tree and brought it in and sold it here to Luray, and my dad gave it to me to buy my school books for Luray High School. And one tree did it, with money left over. The log, just one, several logs; I don't remember now how many logs.
D.S.: Do you recall who was the sawmill operator? Was it German Sours, by any change?
J.B.: Well, no, not then. German was just, he wasn't any older than me then - not as old as me then.
D.S.: Really?
J.B.: But his dad was a saw miller.
D.S.: His father.
J.B.: Mr. James Sours.
D.S.: Uh-huh.
J.B.: And Luther Jewel was a saw miller - had a saw mill. That's two that I remember. The first one I remember was old Mr. Wesley Woodard that lived out
here somewhere, and he moved a sawmill up in the mountains there and sawed.

D.S.: Oh.

J.B.: That was when I was just a little feller.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Did anybody do any dancing? Did you have any dances?

J.B.: Oh, they had dances. Yes, dances, right along. In your section, where you live now, that was a dancing (to Mrs. Bradford) not so much in your section, was it?

Mrs. B.: No.

J.B.: But your section was a dancing section. I guess they've already told you that, no doubt.

D.S.: Yeah, they used to have dances on Saturday night there at W. Lee Judd's.

J.B.: At a home, at homes.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: Move the furniture back, roll the carpet back and have a dance.

D.S.: Yep. Do you recall any of the tunes that were played?

J.B.: No. Well, "Turkey in the Straw" was one. I think that was the most familiar. I don't call to mind any other.

D.S.: Uh-huh. They used banjos?

J.B.: Banjos.

D.S.: And fiddles.

J.B.: That's right.

D.S.: Right. You never heard of a dulcimer, did you?

J.B.: Not then, no.

D.S.: That's another fiction I've laid to rest.

J.B.: Dulcimer?

D.S.: Uh-huh.
J.B.: Only place a dulcimer is mentioned is in the Bible. That I know of.

D.S.: Well, they played them down in North Carolina in the mountains.

J.B.: I don't - I didn't know they had any in this --

D.S.: Yeah. That they weren't, in this area.

J.B.: No.

D.S.: No dulcimers, no. Now, let's talk about churches. Where did you go to church when you were growing up?

J.B.: The first Sunday School I guess I went to was the brick church out here at the foot of the mountain. Lutheran church.

D.S.: This side of the mountain?

J.B.: Oh, yes, right out here at the --

Mrs. B Bethlehem.

J.B.: Yeah, Bethlehem, right here at - off the highway goin' across the mountain.

D.S.: And this is regular? People went regularly to church?

J.B.: That's right. And then we attended Morning Star, at a church up close to there. I went to Sunday School there, too.

D.S.: Wow, did you really?

J.B.: Sure, yes.

D.S.: That was a long distance to go.

J.B.: We didn't mind it.

D.S.: Got you out of work. Did you visit a funeral on Sundays?

J.B.: Well, yes and no. Not too much.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah. About funerals - did they do any embalming?

J.B.: I don't know when they started embalming in this area. I can't answer that.
D.S.: Yeah, I don't think that they did until the people moved out.

J.B.: I don't think it's been - that embalming has been in vogue around here, not too many years, really.

D.S.: Uh-huh. When the man in the family died, do you recall any crying and wailing that would be done by the women and children?

J.B.: No, ma'am. No, they would have wakes. The neighbors would go and sit up, and so forth. Sit up all night, some of the neighbors. What they called it, a wake.

D.S.: Yeah. And then when they buried the body, did they use inscribed monuments?

J.B.: Yes. Yes, sure.

D.S.: They did?

J.B.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: Uh-huh. And did everybody stay at the gravesite until it was completely filled?

J.B.: Usually. That's the first I can remember about that, yeah.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: They would stay there and then some of the pallbearers would fill the grave. Or the pallbearers.

D.S.: Yeah, uh-huh. They showed a lot of respect.

J.B.: That's right, and back in those days, that I can remember, why people went to church, they attended church. They just didn't attend it to see and be seen, they attended for the spiritual part, the help they could get out of it.

D.S.: Right.

J.B.: And the preachers that we had, why they just preached. And which, well, I guess it's now we have so many other things in connection with the churches.
D.S.: Yeah, right.

J.B.: Where it was all, then, in those days, it pertained to the church. When you went to church it was church.

D.S.: Right.

J.B.: I do remember that very well.

D.S.: What was your wedding like? If I'm not being too nosy.

Mrs. B: Oh, no. We ran off. We went to Hagerstown.

D.S.: You ran off!

J.B.: Eloped.

Mrs. B: Eloped, yeah.

D.S.: Why? Were your family against it?

Mrs. B: No, indeed, but that was just the thing. That was the custom then, wasn't it?

J.B.: Apparently it was, for young folks.

Mrs. B: Uh-huh.

J.B.: See, she wasn't of age, and we'd a had to got her parents' consent, and I guess you might say there was a little pride, you know. You just don't have to ask consent. We'll just go to Hagerstown; that'll take care of it.

Mrs. B: It wasn't that my folks objected, because they really expected it, but it/just that my mother and dad, they run off and was married in Hagerstown, and we decided to do the same thing too.

J.B.: A lot of folks in this section did.

D.S.: Well, then what happened when you came home?

Mrs. B: Oh, they met you with a -- what did they? Usually you would go on a train, you see. Hagerstown. And it would, a lot of times, be a crowd around, and just a good time.
J.B.: I guess they did that to show all was forgiven.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: I guess that's what it was.

D.S.: Sure. But look at all the wedding presents you gypped yourself out of!

Mrs. B: But it really was. It wasn't many people - it wasn't that they didn't have church weddings, big weddings then like they do now.

D.S.: No, I know they didn't, no. Was he, did he court you every week, or how?

Mrs. B: Ah, yeah. Well, I guess, ever' Wednesday night, and Sunday and sometimes Saturday night. But he worked at the store, and you know the store didn't close until late on Saturday night.

D.S.: Uh-huh, yeah.

J.B.: They kept the stores open till ten o'clock, then, at night.

Mrs. B: Then, maybe a certain somethin' he would come up, more than just Wednesday night, but usually Wednesday nights and Sundays, that was his time, then.

D.S.: Yeah. Uh-huh. If a person got ill - I meant to ask you this before - did all the neighbors sorta pitch in and help?

J.B.: How's that?

D.S.: Did the neighbors pitch in and help when somebody got ill?

J.B.: Well, yes, sure. They did that.

D.S.: Yeah,. They did, there, I know in your area.

J.B.: And on the farm, maybe you've never heard this since you've been here.

&Course it happened in other parts of the country. But we had rock haulings - a frolic of rock haulin', a frolic of plowing. The neighbors would get together, the farmers. We get back to farmin' now. Why, maybe it would be a winter that would be - ah - kindly, a late spring and the farmers wouldn't be up with their work, and four or five or whatever it was around, and, say,
one farmer would announce, "Well, we'll have a frolic of haulin' rock offa this piece of land." Well, the farmers'd bring their teams, the neighbors would bring their teams, and the help and haul the rock off.

D.S.: And they called it a frolic?

J.B.: A frolic. You'd never heard that, had you?

D.S.: No.

J.B.: All right, and then when they got the rock hauled offa this particular field, two fields, whatever, they'd say, "Well now we'll have a frolic of plowing." So the farmers would bring their plows and their two horses, they usually plowed with two horses - and they would plow this field. Well, the farmer could get his ground, whatever he planted, he could get it in the ground right quick.

Mrs. B: Well, didn't they have - you had a bigger farm and raised more things, but a corn shuckin' - frolic - in the fall of the year?

J.B.: That was fall o' the year.

Mrs. B: Well, I say, though -

J.B.: Yeah, sure.

D.S.: And they called a corn-husking a frolic, also?

Mrs. B: Sure while they shucked corn.

J.B.: Talk about living, in those days people lived - they didn't live for themselves, they lived for each other.

D.S.: Yes, yes.

J.B.: We'd - however, I do remember that, of course, that, just a kid we had work to do with the chores on the farm, you know.

D.S.: Uh-huh.
J.B.: We cut corn, we helped haul corn, and we'd get a - go through in the fall of the year and cut it and shock it. You know about that?

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: All right, then we would haul it in, haul it in the barn. Then, when th' snow was blowin', why we would have, as she mentioned, we would have corn sucking or husking, whichever you choose to call it. And the neighbors would come and we'd shuck corn at night and, well, and some of them would have some - take a little refreshment - and some would get - take a little too much. But we boys weren't permitted, we weren't allowed, and the youngsters. Now that's one thing about home life then - well it is still in a lot of homes, yet, to this day - but they were limited as to what the children— The dad always was the boss of givin' of the refreshments to the children. What he gave you, that was it.

D.S.: Uh-huh, yeah.

J.B.: They would give us what they thought we ought to have.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: And not enough to affect us. Maybe that's what kept colds away.

D.S.: Could easy be.

J.B.: Well, actually, that was part of the crop when they had the old kind of distilleries. People from miles around would bring my granddaddy - gettin' back to that - bring apples and they would - . It was like, he would make it up, and they would bring a extra bushel for that bushel, maybe, and toll it to him.

D.S.: Oh, I see.

J.G.: Then he would make it out o'that and sell it. The government men would come
put their stamp on the barrel. In fact, we still have the old stamp. I don't have it, my brother has it. That's to stamp the barrels. The government men would stamp the barrels and you'd pay tax on it. Then when they took it away, why -- 'course, the moonshiners started and - I don't know - I guess it was about as fair then as it is now. Only those that were in the moonshinin' business were directly in it and now, since we legalized it, everybody's in it.

(End of Side one)

D.S.: Do you think there were hard feelings when they had to move out?

J.B.: I'm glad you came to that. I'm hoping that, some time or other, someone that wants to write a book can come through, and I could work with'em and we could make a - make research - and really get down to the truth of this thing as to what the mountain people were like, how they resented being moved out, how they resented a-having the land condemned. I still - I'm very fair and free-spoken. I still resent very much of 'em taking our homes, because we were taught in school that free America and when you bought anything and paid for it, it was yours. When you had a piece of property, and you paid tax on it, it was yours.

D.S.: Right.

J.B.: And, I'm sorry. I forgive 'em, but I don't forget 'em, I guess.

D.S.: Did they give - didn't they give your family money for that?

J.B.: Yes, but it was the wrong price. Did you know, it was condemned?

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: They acquired it through condemnation proceedings. Well, in a free America, to me, a condemnation proceeding to take homes, scopes of homes, doesn't stack up.
D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: Now, in connection with that, if you condemn a piece of land to widen a road, or to build a road or to build a railroad that benefits everybody, yes, I can understand that. But your home, for instance, our home, among a lot of others up in the park, had been in the family for years and years and taxes had been paid, and so forth.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: And then for 'em to come along and say, "Well, we're going to condemn it, we're going to take it." Now, if you want to go into that, I'll tell you about that, what I know about it.

D.S.: Well, sure. I know the Condemnation Act and I've gone through the whole story of it and why, but I think that it's a shame that people were, did have to be moved out. They felt - now, you were mentioning a road being built for the good of people - they felt that this would be for the good of the whole United States, rather than just a few people using a road. And it has been a benefit to the entire United States. It's been a benefit to Luray, and to Page County, to the whole Shenandoah Valley.

J.B.: I grant you; I grant you.

D.S.: If the people had been allowed to stay there, they wouldn't have been allowed to do the things that they had been doing, because, you know, you cannot kill any animal there, you can't cut down a tree --

J.B.: That's right.

D.S.: You can't do any of the things that they were used to doing, so they wouldn't have been able to make a living. You know, there's that side of the coin.

J.B.: That's true.

D.S.: And if they had continued living there and doing those things, we would have had no park.
J.B.: That's correct. I grant you that, but the fact still remains, though, that they condemned people's property.

D.S.: Right. How much, roughly, did they give - Was your father still alive?

J.B.: My father? Was he? Yes, he was, but I'm persuaded to believe that shortened his life because it hurt him very much; it worried him; and I know of others that... I can go into that if you want to.

D.S.: Please do.

J.B.: It's the truth -

D.S.: Please do.

J.B.: And I have even a picture showing you where the men came and set the man's furniture out, and -

D.S.: Oh, you're talking about -

J.B.: Mr. Clyser

D.S.: Clyser, I've interviewed Mrs. Clyser. -

J.B.: Did you ever see that picture?

D.S.: Yes, and I've interviewed Mrs. Clyser.

J.B.: You've interviewed - Well, no need for me to go into that.

D.S.: Yeah. And her sister.

J.B.: But, now, here's the point: There was some - I guess you could say they deceived. Now, this is true. You can write it if you want to, or you don't have to write it. Granted - let me say this first. The park has benefitted Luray, it has benefitted all of the United States, especially in the east, here. It has benefitted. But the fact still remains that it inconvenienced a lot of people that that was their home and they were settled there and it was theirs.

D.S.: Right.

J.B.: And, ah -

D.S.: Where did your father go?
J.B.: Had they left us -- For instance, had they left it alone, they took, it took, at that time, how many thousand acres? out of taxation from our county, which was detrimental to our county.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: Now, I understand that the government's going to reimburse us some. Well, they've been waitin' a long time to think about it.

D.S.: They sure have.

J.B.: As bad as we needed the tax money.

D.S.: Right.

J.B.: My father, when they took the place up there -- if I don't forget it, I'll tell you the proceedings -- but he came then and went up on Mill Creek and found a place up there that was for sale, another farm, and he bought it.

D.S.: Oh, good.

J.B.: They lived there. Now I never did live up there, I lived here in Luray.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: My brother and my dad, and my brother's family, lived up there. He lived up there until he passed away, and then we disposed of that after he died.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: Passed away.

D.S.: Oh.

J.B.: But this thing, now I'm goin' to say this: I am persuaded to believe not only in my own mind, but through a legal mind of a lawyer that's dead now. When they were talkin', the landowners hired lawyers to defend 'em, which was - turned out to be a losing battle. And a friend of mine was a lawyer, and we became pretty good friends. And I would read and study history to
see how about the United States of America, you know, and so forth. Well, now this'll shock you. This probably isn't generally known, and I say this with no malice toward anyone that's living now, with no malice toward people that have concessionaires up there, and they have to have those to take care of the tourists. That part's all right, beside the point. But when we were in court with this thing, trying to save the home, I said to this lawyer, I said to 'im, I said, "Why don't you bring the Constitutional point" - now this is gettin' pretty deep - "in court? Because, what I understand about the Constitution, this thing's unconstitutional." He said, "John", he said, "I'm going to," and this is the words he told me, nobody but he and me present. I don't have another witness to say that that's right, but it is the truth, because it wouldn't do any good to tell a story about things now, would it?

D.S.: No, no.

J.B.: To fabricate one wouldn't accomplish a thing.

D.S.: No.

J.B.: And he says, "They have asked us lawyers to help acquire this land." That shock you? It did me.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: Now, I say that with no malice toward anyone that's up there now, or anyone that works for the park, because since it's here, we have it, and it's a big help. But he told me that, that lawyer told me that. Now, then we got rid o' that lawyer --

D.S.: Yeah, I would have, too.
J.B.: My dad got rid of that lawyer, and hired another one with another place, then, that he owned, 18 acres - 17 - 18 acres, right where the park shop sets.

D.S.: Panorama?

J.B.: No, the park shop.

D.S.: Oh, the park shop.

J.B.: Up here at the headquarters, their maintenance place, and right where that building sets was the meadow and it was 18 acres and it ran up against Piney Mountain and went over to that other road that goes up --

Mrs.B Shank Hollow?

J.B.: Shank Hollow.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: In between the roads. And so when the time came for that, why, my dad - My dad and me were - all of us children, we were pretty close - but somehow my dad and me - I don't know, I was - I just wasn't ready to give up the place. He wasn't either. None of the rest. But we got pretty close in that respect. He'd come out here - 'course I lived here — he'd come out here, and then go up and consult his lawyer, and sometimes I'd be present and so forth. So my dad said to this last lawyer that he hired - he's dead too, by the way - he said, "Why can't we get a jury on this piece o' land?" This lawyer said, "Mr. Bradley", said, "Since you mentioned it, I'll have to do that. Since you mentioned it, I'll have to do it." Wasn't mentioned before. Now, why the lawyers didn't do that, I don't know. Well, that's beside the point. This is shocking you, isn't it?
J.B.: You can see, now, you see I just -- that American blood, you know, stirs up a little bit.

D.S.: I'm sorry. You're upset all over again.

J.B.: Yeah, it does, it does, well it does.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: And, so like I tell you, he said, "Since you mention it, I'll have to." Due process. And without a jury, trial by jury. I'm not a lawyer, but you know, as you talk to lawyers and as you --

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: What, to find an answer to a problem - Fact, I was threatenin' to write the Supreme Court judge, Hughes. That right?

D.S.: Yeah, Hughes.

J.B.: Yeah. And appeal to him. But I never did get around to it. I guess I just decided, "Well, I'm a youngster and he'll pay no mind, anybody" So we got a jury, got commissioners; my dad got commissioners on it. They doubled the price, the commissioners, for that 18 acres out where the park is. Because he thought after they took that, that he would come down there. But then they took that. Now, why? Well, I'll tell you that if you want to know.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: I mean, what they told us. So he got a jury and commissioners and then they decided they would give him twice what the park people had offered him through condemnation proceedings. Well, when the jury got through and the commissioners got through, he accepted it, of course, which was right much more per acre than what he got for a acre up there. Now, it comes to this;
If the lawyers, if the landowners, when the landowners went to the lawyers, and the lawyers would 'a' went to the root of the thing and 'a' brought up the constitutionality of it, there would 'a' been a little difference. They could have still got it. All they'd 'a' had to done was paid the price. They'd 'a' still had a park. [Unintelligible sound here]

D.S.: The men from Luray came up to my dad to talk.

J.B.: Ferdinand Zirkle?

D.S.: Ferdinand Zirkle.

J.B.: Ferdinand Zirkle. And stood there at his - right there, at our yard gate - and wanted him to make a pledge to buy, as they did a lot of times, to buy an acre. A lot of people bought acres. Virginians bought acres.

D.S.: They did.

J.B.: And my dad said to him, he said, "Well, Mr. Zirkle, six dollars an acre."

he said, "I don't want to take six dollars an acre for my land, and I would assume that-" words to this effect, "I would assume that my neighbor wouldn't want to sell any of his for six dollars, so I'm not buyin' any." That's what my dad told 'em. And he said, "You fellows will eventually-" Well, this was his mountain land. Now, this isn't generally known either; I know it isn't. "Mr. Bradley, they'll never bother you down here. They only want so many feet this side so they'll make the Skyline Drive." Which everybody was a hundred per cent for. It would have been wonderful. [This line not clear - possible word or word combination]

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: That's what they did.
D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: Now, whether these fellers were authorized to do that, I don't know. They're dead now. We can't ask them. But, you know, these kinds of things - it just - I was just a youngster, but I don't forget so easily.

D.S.: Oh, boy, yeah.

J.B.: So they left it at that. He didn't pledge anything, and finally, then they did come on down and took the rest of it. That was th' mountain land, which maybe six dollars an acre at that time was all it was worth, but I guarantee you it would be worth a lot more than that now. But it was left at that, and then they got in the proceedings and got in court and they finally took that and condemned it, and (not clear). Now, can anyone blame me for being just - I love my country; I'm an American. I guess that's why my blood boils a little bit, you know. Then, more than that. A fellow came through here - I was working at the station - and, just to show you and get the opinion of other people, feller came through here and stopped at the station and got his needs fixed for his car, and so forth. And we were at the park proceedings were going on there - about finished. I believe they was about finished, and ever'body - correct, they were. So, he said to me, he said "What's become of all the open land homes," this was a few years after, "that were in that up on the mountain?" I proceeded to tell him. I didn't tell 'im my interest, now, understand. And I found out he was a Congressman. Well, that was my chance to tell one Congressman, and so I proceeded to tell 'im then, and he stopped me. He said, "Pardon me, brother," he says, "I'm not a United States Congressman, I'm a Congressman from Massachusetts."
D.S.: Ah-h-h.

J.B.: Well, he was. And I told him what they did there then. Well, I always say he jumped about that high off the floor.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: He said, "My, my, my, my, my!" He didn't like it. Now that was a Congressman.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: 'Course he agreed with me. I don't know whether he agreed with me 'cause he didn't like it or because he was just agreein' with me for the sake of agreement. But he had been through years before and seen the cattle, seen the sheep, and seen the grazin', and seen the open land.

D.S.: Yeah. Oh, by the way. Did your family have sheep, too?

J.B.: Sure, I've herded sheep.

D.S.: [Scribbles something unclear.]

J.B.: I've gone with my dad out to hunt dogs that killed 'em.

D.S.: Um. Yeah.

J.B.: Yes, indeed.

D.S.: You had cows? Beef?

J.B.: Sheep, chickens, right. Plenty of hogs, pigs -

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: I'm sorry that I got --

D.S.: Oh, no., no. Look, there's one further follow-up on that that I wanted to ask you. Your neighbors, how did they re-act?

J.B.: To the [unreadable] mission? I don't know of a neighbor up there that was in favor of it.

D.S.: Hm. Have they been better off since they came out, do you think?
J.B.: Well, now, that's a big question. You know, satisfaction's a whole lot. Number one, satisfaction, wherever you are.

D.S.: Right.

J.B.: If you are satisfied, regardless of your surroundings, some people may be satisfied, perfectly satisfied. We look at 'em and say, "Why, you're satisfied." We wouldn't be satisfied. Now that, that's kinly a hard question.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: I know we weren't. I know my dad wasn't. I know of neighbors that were not satisfied.

D.S.: Yeah.

J.B.: Here was the point: Had they a-paid what - the worth, you might say -

D.S.: Oh sure.

J.B.: Why, people would 'a' been satisfied. There would have been no resentment, prob'ly. But just saying, "You got to get out! This is ours; we want it!" you know.

D.S.: Um, yeah.

J.B.: And then, shortly after that, 1939, we sent soldiers to Germany because Hitler was running the Jews out of Germany, you know. We send the Army over to fight them. This happened under the shadow of the nation's capitol, through so-called legal procedure!

D.S.: You never thought of joining the CCC's?

J.B.: Never thought of joining?

D.S.: The CCC's.

J.B.: Oh, I remember them very well.

D.S.: Yeah. You didn't want to join them?
J.B.: No, I had a job. The good Lord's been good to me all my life. Let me tell you something, Miz Dorothy, and I'm so thankful for it. My wife is too. Ever since I started to work reg'lar - old enough to start to work reg'lar I've never missed a payday.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

J.B.: Never. Now, then, I don't like America? Sure, I love America. But then I look out and see how much more it could have been, you know, without these things a-coming upon us.

D.S.: Right.

J.B.: Now, gettin' back to that, when they said five hundred feet on - five hundred, about so - on each side of the Drive, that would 'a' been fine. Nothing wrong. That mountain's up there, and the people of the rest of the United States ought to be able to see the beauty of it. Ought to. They go down to the Parkway, they only take a highway down there.

D.S.: Blue Ridge Parkway. Right.

J.B.: Right. They go up here to Elkton, from the top of Swift Run Gap down to Elkton, they didn't dip clear down to Elkton and take land. Why did they do this section that way? That's something else. If it's good for those people to leave that, it would've certainly been wonderful for us. Wouldn't it?

D.S.: Um-hm.

J.B.: Now, you know now, the distinction that they made, you might say, all that adds to it.

D.S.: Yeah.

Mrs. B: *Deed, you have to wonder why they ( ) way down there.
J.B.: Up here, they came all the way down that line, originally, the Kelsey Line.
    I remember the Kelsey Line!
D.S.: Right.
J.B.: Sure. That was down at the brick church that we were just speaking of.
D.S.: Yeah.
J.B.: Then they moved it back, up, and dipped way up there.
    then
D.S.: That’s right, because they kept going back. There wasn’t enough money and
    they had to keep retreating and retreating.
J.B.: That’s right.
(The recording ends abruptly here).
D.S.: I have some maps here with me. Will you identify where your home was?