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(SNP077) Josie Knight interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Peggy C. Bradley

Josie Knight

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ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

NARRATOR: Mrs. Josie Knight
INTERVIEWER: Mrs. Dorothy Smith
PLACE: Kite Hollow, Page County
DATE: December 4, 1981

TRANSCRIBED BY:
Peggy C. Bradley
COMPLETED DATE:
February 24, 1984
D.S.: We are interviewing Mrs. Josie Knight who used to live up in Pine Grove, is that correct?

J.K.: Yes.

D.S.: Where did you live in Pine Grove?

J.K.: Right up around the Pine Grove holler.

D.S.: Right in the upper end?

J.K.: Uhhuh, but off the main road over in the woods like, over in the field.

D.S.: Oh, good. How far away from the church was that?

J.K.: Oh, maybe a mile and a half.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: Maybe not that far.

D.S.: Yea. Uh... did your father own the property that you lived on?


D.S.: How big a place was it?

J.K.: Big place, I couldn't tell you the number of acres, but a whole lot.

D.S.: A whole lot of acres. Was most of it woods or....


D.S.: What was your house like?

J.K.: What was my house like?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: It was a right good ole timey house.

D.S.: Was it a log house?

J.K.: Yea, it was a log house... with a fireplace.

D.S.: Oh, those fireplaces was great, weren't they?

J.K.: Yes indeed.
D.S.: And your mother cooked on a wood stove?
J.K.: Yea.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: And she could cook so good. I think that's where I learned to be a good cook.
D.S.: Ohhhh! She really cooked good?
J.K.: Uhhuh! Everybody tells me I am a good cook too, and which I believe I am because I like my own cooking.
D.S.: (Laughing)
J.K.: And, I say I give Mom credit fer it because I learned all I ever knew from her.
D.S.: Uhhuh....Right.
J.K.: And, my Daddy he was such a good singer. He....when he quit going to church, when he died, no one ever would go to church. I quit going almost because it broke my heart not hearing his voice in the chôre.
(Mrs. Knight was saying this partly crying)
D.S.: Ooooh! What was his favorite hymns?
J.K.: I wish..... Must I tell you?
D.S.: No, you don't have too. I was just curious.
J.K.: Yes, I want to
D.S.: Alright.
J.K.: His favorite hymn was: Face To Face, and Amazing Grace, which is mine too.
D.S.: Right.
J.K.: And, I can hear him yet singing, Kneel At The Cross.
D.S.: Mmmmmmm!
J.K.: And, Lights Away To Heaven and Put My Little Shoes Away, he use to hold me on his lap and sing that so much. Put My Little Shoes Away. (Very sad)
D.S.: Ooooh! Was your father a farmer?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: What did you have on your farm?
J.K.: You mean....
D.S.: Pigs?
J.K.: Hogs and cows.
D.S.: You had cows?
J.K.: Cows and a horse.
D.S.: You did?
D.S.: What did he use the horse for?
J.K.: To plow.
D.S.: To plow?
J.K.: Plowed the ground when he farmed, to plant corn and beans, and plow in the garden.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Right. Was it rocky..., was it very rocky?
J.K.: Right smart rocky, yea. Uhhuh.
D.S.: He had to move those rocks out, didn't he?
J.K.: Well, he moved some, of course, but here was always plenty. But you could always get around them.
D.S.: Yea. Did he open up new ground ever now and again?
D.S.: Then did he have to cut down some of the trees you had....
D.S.: ...to do that?
J.K.: Yes indeed.
D.S.: How would he get rid of the stumps, pull them out?
J.K.: No, he didn't get rid of them. They stayed there.
D.S.: Oh!
J.K.: Hardley ever got rid of them big stumps. I expect some are still thar, I reckon.
D.S.: I be darn! How many was in your family?
J.K.: Well,..... three girls....... three boys.
D.S.: How nice.
J.K.: Uhhuh. I got..... I had two sisters to grow up and one a'livin' now, and I had a little one that died when it was thirteen months old, that would have made four.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: That would have made four girls and three boys.
D.S.: Great.
J.K.: And, two boys.....two of my brothers are a'livin', and one dead.
D.S.: Well, I think that is marveleous. That was a good size family, wasn't it?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: No wonder your mother was a good cook.
J.K.: Yea, she had to be.
D.S.: Yea. Right. Did you,.....now for instance, you raised your vegetables? You raised your corn........?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: .....did you raise extra corn so you could have it ground for corn meal?
J.K.: That's what we would do. Set around the fireplace at night and shell a big white sack full of corn and bring it down here to Edward's Mill the next day, have it ground in good ole white corn meal.
D.S.: Uhhuh. How would you bring it down?
J.K.: On a horse. My Daddy would ride the horse and put the meal up behind him.
D.S.: I have heard the hair of the horse would get into the meal, did it?
J.K.: No, I didn't pay no attention to that. I never hear nothing about it, but he always put a blanket under the saddle.
D.S.: Oh, that stopped it.
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Yea, that took care of that.
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Did the miller take part of the meal as his payment?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: So, you got it for free?
J.K.: That's right.
D.S.: Which was great.
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Did you buy extra things before winter came? Like... Uh... what would you have to buy? Kerosene?
J.K.: Yea.
D.S.: Sugar?
J.K.: Coffee... Yea, different little things.
D.S.: Yea. Would you stock up on it because it was hard to get to the store?
J.K.: No, we always got to the store fine, get on our ole horse and go to the store snow or shine.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: And bring back what we need.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: Take a basket of eggs to the store.
D.S.: Oh, sure! Did you ever take any hams to the store?
J.K.: Huh-un. (no)
D.S.: No, you kept the hams for yourself?
J.K.: Kept them.
D.S.: How would your father cure them?
J.K.: With salt and pepper. Rub them with salt and pepper.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: And, leave them lay about five weeks and then hang them up.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: They were the best meat. I've never tasted meat since that tasted like my Daddy cured.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: He knewed how to do it.
D.S.: Right. He would do it around about this time of year, didn't he; in November?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: End of November, early December, or when?
J.K.: No, in November.
D.S.: November, around Thanksgiving?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: We always butchered around Thanksgiving.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: And, well..., sometimes he would butcher a hog early.
The first time there would be a frost, Mom would say, "I'm meat hungry."

D.S.: (Laughing).

J.K.: My Daddy always worked it so that he would have an early hog to kill before he killed the main lot, you know?

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: And, he killed one early because Mom was done wanting meat, you know, as soon as the frost fell. And, then later on he killed four, three or four big ones after that.

D.S.: Uhhuh ... And, that would see you through the winter?

J.K.: Yes, indeed.

D.S.: Huh!

J.K.: And, they would give a lot of it away. Whenever anybody in the neighborhood died or anybody got bad off, sick in any way. The first thing my Daddy done was come in and say to Mom, he would say, "Fix up a basket of something and let's go to this house and take them something." So he would take baskets of meats and get pounds of coffee from the store just like he'd bring it home. Always giving something to somebody, and that's who I'm takin' after right now. I'm full of that stuff.

D.S.: That's beautiful.

J.K.: I'm just full of that stuff. I enjoy it so, more than anything. I'd give the last thing I got away.

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

J.K.: Jenkins.
D. S.: Jenkins.


D. S.: There were a lot of Jenkins up there, weren't there?


D. S.: Still are. Yea.

J. K.: Yes indeedie.

D. S.: What did you have as your particular chores to do?

J. K.: To do?

D. S.: When you was little?

J. K.: Ooooh. I..... well, I helped at home. Different people would say to me, "You're going to make a good housekeeper because you do so good here with your mother".

D. S.: Uhhuh.

J. K.: And, then I had..... I quit school when, I reckon, in about the fourth grade to take care of Grandpap. I cooked for Grandpap and kept house for Grandpap just like I am doing here right now for seven years. Then I left.

D. S.: Where did your grandpap live?

J. K.: He lived pretty close to Mom in Pine Grove, right in the upper end of Pine Grove.

D. S.: Was that your mother's father or.....?

J. K.: Uhhuh.

D. S.: What was his name?

J. K.: Cave

D. S.: Uhhuh.

J. K.: Cave.

D. S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: And, when I got married he cried and I did too. I didn't want to leave him, you know.

D.S.: (Laughed) No!

J.K.: But, I did.

D.S.: You married young then, didn't you?

J.K.: Eighteen. I was eighteen and a half when I got married.

D.S.: (Whistled) How did you meet your husband?

J.K.: I met him at .... living with my Aunt ... Artie Amiss.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: And, he lived pretty close and I got talkin' to him when I lived with Aunt Artie.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: Over here in Mink Holler, right above Elzea Cave. Uh... so.....

D.S.: I be darn! Then your family sort of scattered around, didn't they?

J.K.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Did your father do any peeling of the bark, or...?


D.S.: O.K.

J.K.: Peel bark.

D.S.: Would he take it to the tanner himself....., on a horse?

J.K.: Huh-un..... No....., I don't know how he done that. I don't know if he ever..... No, he didn't take it on no horse. If he ever sold any somebody came and got it on a wagon. We didn't have a wagon, I don't think.

D.S.: Elzea Cave said they use to charge to pick it up.
D.S.: Oh, yea I know.

J.K.: Yea. And, they would come here to Luray, to the tannery in Luray?

J.K.: Uh huh.

D.S.: Did your father make any railroad ties and things of that kind?

J.K.: No.

D.S.: No?

J.K.: No, I don't remember my Daddy makin' any ties, but I know Elzea Cave did.

D.S.: Yea. He sure did and so did his wife Eula.

J.K.: Uh huh, she had it awful hard.

D.S.: Sooooo, that poor girl. All those girls!

J.K.: Uh huh.

D.S.: O.K., back we go. Now, your mother made bread.... Did she use flour when she made bread?

J.K.: Yes, indeed!

D.S.: So, you had to buy the flour.....

J.K.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: ...or did you raise wheat?

J.K.: Nope, bought it.

D.S.: You bought it.

J.K.: Twenty-five,.....twenty-four pound bag at a time.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How would you keep mice from getting into it?

J.K.: Well, had it in the barrel. They never got into it to my remembrance, I can't remember mice bothering the flour.

D.S.: (Laughing) Yea.

J.K.: No.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Did your father or brothers do any hunting?
J.K.: Any what?
D.S.: Hunting?
J.K.: Oh, yes indeed. Both of them.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: My brothers, after they got big enough, and my Daddy.
D.S.: So, you had squirrel meat to eat.....
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: ...and rabbit? Did you ever eat coon?
J.K.: Yes indeeedie!
D.S.: Was it good?
J.K.: Fine! Fine!
D.S.: Really?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Then you must have had dogs. Did you have coon dogs?
J.K.: No, they wasn't no coon dogs, we just had dogs.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: But, I don't reckon they was called coon dogs. Noooo, I know they wasn't, just plain ole dogs.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: But, I've eat coon, opossums, and I don't know what all.
D.S.: How would you fix those? Did you keep them in salt water overnight or something like that?
J.K.: Well, yes, in salt water overnight.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: Then boil them until tender, you could stick a fork in them, the next day. And, stick them out and bake them in the stove.
D.S.: Mmmum!
J.K.: They were good.
D.S.: Yea. They were good.
J.K.: My Daddy use to go fishin' on rainy days and come back with a string of trout, he called them.
D.S.: Ooooh!
J.K.: OH! They was good! They was good!
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: Mmmum!
D.S.: Where did he fish, what stream?
D.S.: What's it called?
J.K.: I don't know. I just call it the creek, I don't know if it's got a name or not.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: It runs all through Pine Grove.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Right. Now, were you there when Deconess Hutton came?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: What was your reaction to Deconess Hutton?
J.K.: Oh, I just loved her, that is all I can tell you.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: ... and she would come sometimes. And, she would always make such a good talk, and I looked forward to
Deaconess a'comin over here making that talk. She had the sweetest voice I ever heard in my life.

D.S.: She still does.
J.K.: Yes, she does.
D.S.: She is a BEAUTIFUL woman!
J.K.: She certainly is.
D.S.: I love her so dearly. Did you ever see her and Pauline going around on Christmas?
J.K.: Yes, indeed. Pauline Weakley Grey... yes indeed.
D.S.: Could you describe it because she is very RELUCTANT to tell anything about what she did?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: So, could you describe it for us?
J.K.: What they done?
D.S.: Yes.
J.K.: Well, they just went to churches together, to everything that was goin on and she always had a part.
D.S.: No, I mean on Christmas. I understand she use to ride around, all through out the hollow... giving Christmas presents.
J.K.: Oh, I don't know about that. I really don't.
D.S.: Oh?
J.K.: No, I don't remember her going around givin Christmas presents. No, I don't.
D.S.: Mmmmm!
J.K.: But, I know she always taken an active part in everything went on in the churches.
D.S.: Uh... I heard that Pauline use to set on the radiator of the car dressed as Santa Clause.
J.K.: Aaaaah!

D.S.: And, they would stop at every house and they had two present for everybody in the house.

J.K.: They did?

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: Well, I didn't know that.

D.S.: But, of course, she doesn't talk about these things.

J.K.: She doesn't?

D.S.: No. She is so sweet.

J.K.: I know she is.

D.S.: Uh... You weren't there during that first service, with the Bishop? You probably, was you living over here already?

J.K.: Just when was that?

D.S.: Sssssh!

J.K.: I don't know. I know she was there before I left. I don't know.

D.S.: Well, she was there when you was there?

D.S.: Uhuh. Uh.... was there much.... Now, this is not like being against the people, this question....


D.S.: ....Was there much moonshine making? Did the people make much moonshine up there?

J.K.: Well, I never did have nothing to do with it, but I heard a lot of it.

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: I heard that it was.

D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: Now, I don't know who made it or nothing. Aaaah, but there was moonshine around. Yes, I know it was.

D.S.: Yea. It was a way of making money.

J.K.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: And, it was depression time.

J.K.: But, it wasn't in our home at all.


J.K.: If anything ever made my Daddy mad it was somebody come around drinking.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: I could see his bristle raise then.

D.S.: (Laughing) Yea.

J.K.: He wouldn't have anything to do with a drunk.

D.S.: No.

J.K.: I had pneumonia one time... when I was grown... I was talkin to Vernie then, I was a'courtin' but I wasn't married yet. I had pneumonia, and... There was a George Pettit and a Amos Gray come to my Daddy's house one night to see me. And, they set up with me night after night. And, George Pettit said, "Mr. Jenkins, I got a little whiskey, would you mind if I would bring it over here and make Josie a hot toddy out of it?" He said, "I feel sure it would help her". And, my Daddy said, "Well, if you think it would do her any good bring it". And, he let him bring it and made me up some hot toddy and I believe it did help me.

D.S.: It did help.
J.K.: I believe it did, honest I do.
D.S.: Yes, that... that does help.
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Yea. Right. Yea. What were the main names of the families that were up there?
J.K.: In Pine Grove?
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: Mostly Greys...
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: ... and Pettits, there were Pettits.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: They were wonderful people.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: I had two sisters that married brother Pettits.
D.S.: Really?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: A lot of people are still up there and they all are good stone masons.
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Were they doing that work then?
J.K.: Uhhuh. They been doing it ever since I've been big enough to know anything.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: I just run about... I just run into... Ivin Pettit's picture here the other day when it came out in the paper. Years ago... a'bein such a good stone mason, three of them. I got it cut out and put it underneath the tablecloth... Ivan and Kenneth, and Dole Weakley and Ernest Weakley.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: Ivan is cutting out a rock, poor feller. And now he is like myself, a'livin by himself. (Sadly)
D.S.: Oh! But, you got your grandchildren and they live close. .... I think that is marvelous. Uh....
J.K.: One of my grandsons works at the Post Office in Stanley.
D.S.: Who?
J.K.: Robert...., and the other one is in North Carolina, and he'll be home at Christmas if the Lord is willing.
D.S.: Great!
J.K.: And, he calls every Saturday morning to know how me and his mother is.
D.S.: Oh.
J.K.: His mother lives right up there.
D.S.: Oh, really? That's nice. That is nice. Now....., in the morning, roughly, what time did you get up?
J.K.: In the morning at home? I had to get up pretty early when I was a'doin for Grandpap.
D.S.: And, how about when you was home with your family?
J.K.: Well, early when Mom and Dad did.
D.S.: How early is early?
J.K.: Ahhh, I'd say around six or seven o'clock.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: And, we didn't lay in bed like they do now, and get up and watch TV and do nothing. We got up and worked.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: We helped do all the little chores at home.
D.S.: Right. You had a big breakfast?
J.K.: Yes indeed.
D.S.: What you have?
J.K.: Fried meat, fried ham, shoulder ... and make good gravy, and sometime fry apples. That was eatin too.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: Lean meat and fried apples, I think is wonderful.
D.S.: Yea. It is great.
J.K.: And, make gravy. Mom made warm bread on top of the stove on a griddle.
D.S.: Ooooh!
J.K.: Fry it on top of the stove. Have you ever heard of hoe cake bread?
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: That's what we had mostly for breakfast.
D.S.: Now, she would make regular bread ....
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: .... and, cut some off or break some off ... ?
J.K.: Break it. She would have an ole griddle on top of the stove and when that got hot, she greased it good with lard, and then she pat a piece of bread out as big as the griddle was. And, the first thing you know she flopped it over and get it brown on both side, and that's what we called hoe cake bread.
D.S.: Mmmmmum! Boy, what would you put on that?
J.K.: Well, we'd put ...
D.S.: Gravy?
J.K.: ... butter and gravy. Gravy, and apple butter, and
preserves of any kind, and jelly.

D.S.: Mmmmmum!

J.K.: Good. Oh, we didn't lack for something to eat, honey.

D.S.: OH, I know you didn't.

J.K.: Aaaah, NO! We lived good! We lived good! We didn't mind work and we'd know right from wrong. And, when we'd go to Church, when Ester and me, that's my sister. When we'd go to church at nights, even when we had a boy friend to come home with us, we still had a lantern. We had to take that old lantern and drag it along.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: Uhhuh. We sort of had a little jangle to one other, me and her, to see who carry that lantern.

D.S.: (Laughing)

J.K.: To see who carried it. My Daddy said, "It didn't make no different who carried it, but you're takin that lantern".

D.S.: Yea. Right. (Laughing) Uh... You had a lot of fruit trees on your place?


D.S.: Ooooh!

J.K.: My Daddy had green gauges on his place.

D.S.: Oh!

J.K.: And, was they good. When they got ripe they were right yellow and deed they were the best things.

D.S.: Mmmmmum.
J.K.: And, I don't think there is a tree on the place now. Plenty of cherries and apple trees, but gauges trees and I think the sugar plum trees are all gone. But, he got prune trees. That young nephew of mine, that owns the place now, Guy's son. He's got all kinds of prune trees everywhere. He had loads of them.

D.S.: Mmmmum!

J.K.: And, boy when there is a good season and they don't get froze, he really has plenty of them.

D.S.: Yea. Great. That marvelous. Then you was always more busy making jams and jellies in the summer. Mmmmum.

J.K.: And, I got a brother that lives right up on the hill from the old home place and he's got trees beyond trees........

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: ...all kinds of fruit trees.

D.S.: Great.

J.K.: And Lord, he has good trees. He gives away, and sells a lot too, and then his wife fills everything on the place full of preserves and stuff.

D.S.: How about huckleberries? Was there many huckleberries in that area?

J.K.: Uh...., there was huckleberries somewhere, but not over there. They would have to go over on another mountain to get them.


J.K.: They would go to a place they called Basin Holler, I think.
D.S.: Oh, yea.
J.K.: ...to find huckleberries. Or on a mountain between here and there. But, nowhere close to home over thar.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: No huckleberries.
D.S.: Did you ever hear of anybody starting fires deliberately then.....
J.K.: Yes!
D.S.: ...to make sure they would have huckleberries?
J.K.: Yes, indeed!
D.S.: Uhhuh. Was a good way (Laughing) of doing it.
J.K.: It was, wasn't it. I was an ugly way, wasn't it?
D.S.: It was,.... (Laughing) that's a perfect word, an ugly way.
J.K.: Yea, that's right.
D.S.: It was. A lot of time it got out of control and burnt down a lot.
J.K.: Uhhuh. .... Looks like these times people don't mind getting into trouble. It's so much goes on.
D.S.: Let's go back to happy times.
J.K.: Yes.
D.S.: Uh...., those were good days?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: They really were. It was a lot of hard work, but I think having lots of work to do kept people out of mischief.
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: How about it. If your mother or father said for you to do this, would you ever think of saying, "Later!" ?
J.K.: No Ma'am... No ma'am! I done it right then.

D.S.: They.... did they ever switch you?

J.K.: Never in their life....never got a lick.... Well, one time when I was done engaged to get married and Mom smacked my jaws.

D.S.: Why?

J.K.: Well, it's do civil, I hate to tell you. We was washing dishes and we was just a'talkin a friendly talk and Mom said I said so and so. I said, "I know you did, but I just wanted the last word". I said it last, I said it last, you know, I wanted the last word. She smacked my jaw with her wet hand and said, "I'll give you the last word".

D.S.: (Laughing)

J.K.: I'll never forget that. Never!

D.S.: (Laughing).

J.K.: And, I wasn't a bit mad at that time, but I got fretted after she done that. I fretted after she talked to me. I was so tickled about what we was talkin about. She said, "I said so and so", I said,"I know you did, but I just wanted to have the last word." Then she said, "I'll give you the last word."

D.S.: (Laughing) But you know, you say they never switched you.....?

J.K.: No.

D.S.: Uh..... what made children obedient?

J.K.: I don't know.

D.S.: I have a theory. You all worked together...., you knew what you was asked to do was important...
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: ...otherwise they wouldn't ask you to do it....
J.K.: That's right.
D.S.: ...and so, since you all worked together there need no use to scold you. There was love and ...., don't you think that worked better?
J.K.: Uhhuh. And you know...., when grown-up women, married women would come to my house, our house, and I was just a girl. I didn't know much, you know, don't yet. But, when Mom and these older women wanted to talk anything about anybody being pregant, you know? I had to go out.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: Mom said, "Go on out and play, Josie, go on out and play".
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: I knew why I had to go out. To let them women wanted to talk.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: Especially Aunt Violet. My Aunt Violet would come over thereand she would be... wanted to talk, and Mom would say,"Josie, go out and play".
D.S.: Uhhuh. And, when you went out to play, what would you play?
D.S.: Made a playhouse out of rocks and covered them with moss, and played I ahd the prettiest playhouse in the world. And, sometime my cousin, Stella would come over and we would play in that playhouse near half a day, until Mom would call us to come to eat dinner.
D.S.: Aaah! ... (Laughed) Did you have any dolls?

J.K.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: You did? You were a spoiled little girl.

J.K.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: What kind of dolls were they?

J.K.: Well, ... lay them back and they would shut their eyes.

D.S.: Oh, real dolls?

J.K.: Yes, real dolls. Why, ... some of Mom's relatives in Pennsylvania use to send us dolls and things. They would send boxes, send boxes of things to us. ... This one particular aunt sent me such a pretty doll. It was the ... it had blonde hair and blue eyes, and when you layed it back it would shut it's eyes and when you raised it up it opened it's eyes. It was so pretty, and I kept that doll until I was grown and didn't care nothin' about a doll and then I gave it away. And, I often wished I kept it. Now I could have given it to some of my own.

D.S.: Right. ... Yea, that's too bad. Nice dolls.

J.K.: We had dolls. And, my Dad would buy us a little black headed clay doll at Christmas sometimes.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: Then I would make my dresses for my doll myself.

D.S.: Sure.

J.K.: I would dress that up to suit myself.

D.S.: Uhhuh. In other words, your mother sewed?

J.K.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Did she make most of your clothes?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: What were they like?
J.K.: Well, it would be, ... they'd buy the goods at some store, by the yard. Mom had a pattern, she cut them out and make them.
D.S.: Did she buy pretty colors or dark colors?
J.K.: Well, ... she always got red for me because she knew I liked red.
D.S.: Mmmmm! One girl was telling me that she wanted pretty colors and her mother would always say to the father to get something dark. (Laughing)
J.K.: Who said that?
D.S.: One of the people I interviewed.....
J.K.: Oh!
D.S.: ... said that.
J.K.: Get something dark.
D.S.: (Laughing) She said, "I always had to wear something dark and all the rest of the girls had such pretty clothes."
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: No, I always had mostly red.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: A bright color. They always picked me something pretty.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: So, you learned how to sew from your Mother, or did you ...?
J.K.: What little I do, I don't do much sewing, except make quilts. I used to make some many quilts and sell them. Uh ... I'm makin' baby quilts now, I just sold one last week and I've got another one to sell. And, a cousin of mine, that died not long ago over in Arlington, she always bought me so many pieces.

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: Her daughter taken in sewing and she always saved me great big bags of pieces. But, Elizabeth is gone, so I don't get those pieces no more. I don't reckon I'll make any more baby quilts.

D.S.: Back to the mountains. (Laughed) Now, Uh ... your sisters were younger than you?

J.K.: Hun-un, older.

D.S.: Older?

J.K.: Uhhuh. My oldest sister just died, I don't think she has been dead a year, and lived in Illinois, sister Maude. And, Ester is in a wheel chair, bless her heart, she is in Pine Grove right now.

D.S.: Aaaah!

J.K.: She's in Pine Grove a'stayin' with her daughter.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: And, she stays with that daughter in Pine Grove one month and when that month runs out she goes up in Dovel Holler and stays with the other one for a month, and when that month runs out she comes back to Pine Grove and stays with Dorothy. Dorothy...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: Dorothy Martin.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you feel that the coming of Deconess Hutton to Pine Grove ....

J.K.: Was a help!

D.S.: In what way?

J.K.: Oh, in so many ways. I wouldn't know how to word it, in so many ways.

D.S.: I have a feeling that she brought light with her.

J.K.: Uhhuh. She did.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: You could see her light a'shinin'.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: She was such a sweet person.

D.S.: No way ... to describe the beauty of that woman!

J.K.: I know.

D.S.: Uh ... Did the people all love her as you do?

J.K.: Well, I couldn't answer that. I know some of them did ... I know some of them did.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: I had a cousin, that died not long ago, and she .... Aaah ..., she just worshiped Deconess and would help her out in so many ways and take her good things to eat. And, I know a good frined of mine right now, lives right next to Deconess, Lillian Grey. And, she takes her dinner to her every Sunday of the world, I think. Unless she has changed lately. Last time I talked to Lillian she said, "I take Deconess her dinner every Sunday."

D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: And, I mean that is a dinner too, because Lillian is a good cook.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Speaking of cooking... You was telling what you had for breakfast.....

J.K.: Yea. What I got on the stove?

D.S.: Well, anyway... What would you have then for dinner? You had dinner at noon, didn't you?

J.K.: What you mean? Now or....

D.S.: Then, back when you was a girl?

J.K.: Aaah, had all kind of good things. Had ole sweet beans cooked with a ham bone, and maybe fried snit pies, and oh lord, the best kind of things on the table. She made a tatercake I liked. I don't know how she made them, but I remember them tater cakes. She put on a great big meat platter and oh, they was so good!

D.S.: Mmmum!

J.K.: She would cook a big pot of taters and mash them up with a tater masher, and break eggs in thar and make some kind of batter and drop it in hot grease. And, they was what I call GOOD!

D.S.: Mmmum!

J.K.: I'll try to fix me some one day if I know how.

D.S.: Well, just do it the way you said how.

J.K.: I would... I'll do it that very way. I think that's all she done.

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: Then we had dinner then we had supper.
J.K.: Oh, great big meals three times a day.
D.S.: Yep.
J.K.: We eat and enjoyed it.
D.S.: Right, and stayed skinny.
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Because you worked so hard.
J.K.: No, ... we all was fat.
D.S.: (Laughed) Didn't you have to work in the garden at all?
J.K.: Yea, I would work some. I would help Mom, she would always say to me, "Come here Josie." She always made sweet tater ridges, you know, and then had two onion beds. She would set her onions with a board, lay a board down and set the onions by that board and move that board and make the rows streight, you know?
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: And, then had a little path out the side of that row then. Make a little shovel out path out. And, between the onion rows then Mom would say to me, she would say, "Comer her Josie, now and stick a radish seed between each row of onion, you got the biggest leg, and you stick the radish so the radishes will be big."
D.S.: Mmmmmum! Well!
J.K.: And, I done that.
D.S.: Yea. How about weeding the garden .... did you have to ....
J.K.: Oh, we had to do that .... That was awful!
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: I didn't like that, but had to do it.
D.S.: Yea. Did you have many potato bugs?

J.K.: (Laughed) Plenty of them. Yes indeed.

D.S.: How would you keep your potatoes and turnips over the winter?

J.K.: My Daddy would dig a hole in the ground and bury the turnips, but he kept the potaters in the cellar.

D.S.: Oh!

J.K.: Had a good cellar. *REAL *DRY, good as gold

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: And, he always put the potaters in the cellar, in a garner, and he would bury turnips and cabbage. Bury turnips and cabbage.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. Made sauerkraut?

J.K.: Uhhuh. ... In a barrel ...

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: In a barrel.

D.S.: Yea. That's work.

J.K.: I stood and trample that kraut many a' day.

D.S.: (Laughed) That's a lot of work.

J.K.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Where would you get the barrels from, do you recall?

J.K.: No, I couldn't tell you where my Daddy got the barrels. Oh, ... he had a .... I believe he got an old vinegar barrel from Hub Koontz's store one time.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: And kept it for a kraut tub. ... I think he did!

D.S.: They were the best .... You can't make kraut without a wooden barrel. Make good kraut.
J.K.: No, I made it since that in a twenty gallon jar.

D.S.: Yea. ... Pottery type.

J.K.: Uhhuh, that's right. Uhhuh. And, I made some in a five gallon jar. But, now when I make kraut I just take quart cans. ...


J.K.: I don't make a whole lot.

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: Put it in quart jars.

D.S.: How about beans. ... How would you dry the beans?

J.K.: Oh, put them upstairs on the floor. Upstairs on the floor on papers and on tablecloths, and leave the windows all up and they would dry in notime. And, was they ..... I've got some of them cooked right now, you got to eat some ..... 

D.S.: (Laughing) O.K..

J.K.: You just got to eat some.

D.S.: Now, these would be, ... You shell the beans and put them out like that or ......?

J.K.: No. We strung them....

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: ...broke them.

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: That's what we called snap beans.

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: Some people call them fodder beans, but I'm going to stick to the old way, snap beans.

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: And, then we would have a whole lot that would be dry,
And, we would shell them out and make soup beans out of them.

D.S.: Right.

J.K.: Oh lord, was they good!

D.S.: Those are good.

J.K.: We had tubs of them.

D.S.: Those are good... good beans.

J.K.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: That kind, I think.....

J.K.: They are good, ... really are.

D.S.: Well, now we are going to come to some fun things you did. How about apple butter boilings?

J.K.: Oh, that was fun.

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: That was fun.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Tell about it.

J.K.: Well, we would have about eight barrels of snits.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: And, we would cook one batch and take it off around supper time, and put another one right on and keep it on until day light. All night long. And, had plenty of help just setting around, women and men, just plenty of them to help stir all night long. Some would curl up and take a nap and go into it again, stirring and stirring.

D.S.: (Laughed) Lots of good talk, right?

J.K.: I enjoyed ever bit of it.

D.S.: Sure. Did anybody play music.....

J.K.: Yes, indeed.
D.S.: ...while you ....?
J.K.: Yes, indeed.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: And sing, ... sing, ... sing.
D.S.: Right.
J.K.: There was an ole man that use would come over there
everytime when we boiled all night long, ... Will
Weakley.
D.S.: Oh?
J.K.: Maybe you heard about him?
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: Well, he would sing. He was a great one to sing.
You could hear about midnight out there at the apple-
butter kettle singing all kind of pretty hymns.
Somebody would help him, of course.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: Those songs what I know. We all would sing.
D.S.: Did you ever have the custom of a fellow and a girl
on each end of the paddle .... and, if the paddle
touched the side of the kettle they got a kiss?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Did you ever get kissed?
J.K.: I don't know if I did or not, but some of them I
wouldn't have kissed.
D.S.: (Laughing)
J.K.: I don't remember getting a kiss stirring applebutter,
but I know it was some of them that I wouldn't have
kissed.
D.S.: (LAUGHING!)
J.K.: Oh, yea I heard that ole sayin all my life.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: If you bumped the ear of the kettle you get a kiss.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Right. (Laughing) How did your husband court you?
J.K.: How did he? Well, I don't hardly know. He just come and set and talk and until midnight. And, I was getting uneasy, afraid that my Daddy was going to say go, but he always went anytime. My Daddy never had to tell him to go.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Was you chaperoned?
J.K.: Huh?
D.S.: Was you chaperoned? Did your family or somebody stay with you when he was there?
J.K.: Oh, no. ... not all the time. Huh-un. We had a room we sat in. But, sometime they would set in there with us, my Daddy would.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: Uhhuh. In the summertime we all set on the porch together.
J.K.: It was nothing too private.
D.S.: No. And, you got married in a church up there?
J.K.: No. Huh-un, ... got married in Luray. Old Mr. Ben Strickler, I believe, married us in the hall. In a hall, in some ole hall in his place in Luray.
D.S.: Oh!
J.K.: Ben Strickler, I'm sure ..... Wasn't he a preacher?
D.S.: I don't recall.
J.K.: You don't?
D.S.: No.
J.K.: Yea, Ben Strickler.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Why didn't you get married in Pine Grove?
J.K.: I don't know why. Vernon didn't say 'Let's' and I didn't say nothing either, I don't reckon.
D.S.: Oh! Mrs. Knight, ... you ...
J.K.: I missed that, didn't I?
D.S.: You sure did! Yea. Was it a simple wedding?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Did you go on any honeymoon?
J.K.: No, indeed. I say honeymoon! Come right back here and stayed, and his mother and daddy was a'livin' here. And, I didn't like her for nothing!
D.S.: Boy, that was bad!
J.K.: Well, in the windin up I got to liken her awful good, but right at first I didn't, I didn't.
D.S.: Yea.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: He was different from her.
D.S.: Yea. That is never good to move in with your in-laws.
J.K.: No indeed.
D.S.: No, but you stayed here with them?
J.K.: Uhhuh. We stayed here.
D.S.: Am I correct, in one of them ran the store ... that is here in Kite Hollow?
J.K.: Who ran the store?
D.S.: That someone in your family ran the store?
J.K.: Oh, yes. Uh, ... The store belonged to my husband's brother, Brown Knight. Brown Knight, I know you heard of Brown Knight?
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: Or Edward Knight, his name is Edward. And, then in winding up ... Vernon ran it a long time for Brown. And, then Ralph bought it, my daughter's husband. Bought the store and they taken it over and she is running it right now.
D.S.: Oh?
J.K.: My daughter. And then her ... Vernon, before he died, his last work in the store was out at Stanley. He worked in a store out at Stanley for his nephew, Harold Knight.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: And he, ... Harold died, and then the store went into some Painter's hands. Some Painter bought it, and Vernon come back here and retired from all the store doing that he ever done, and died with a heart attack.
D.S.: Oh!
J.K.: Did you ever notice people that when they retire they die quick.
D.S.: Uhhuh. That's why I'm keeping busy.
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Uh, ... Christmas. At Christmas time ... I know there wasn't much money in any of the families, but you did celebrate Christmas?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: UHUUH!
D.S.: How?
J.K.: Maybe had a little great party they called it, some where ... us girls.
D.S.: What's that?
J.K.: Sort of a little friendly dance.
D.S.: Oh!
J.K.: And, me and my cousin, Mayland ... we was always, we made the music with the mouth harp.
D.S.: Oh, juice harp?
J.K.: Yes indeed! No, ... not a juice harp, a...
D.S.: A harmonica?
J.K.: Uhhuh. And, Mayland and me always had to be partner and we played the music. And, my mouth would get so sore, we played so much. In the corners of my mouth would get so sore.
D.S.: Sure.
J.K.: And, Mom would say, "If you don't quit playing that harp, I ain't going to let you go to another one." "To another great party," she said, "I want you to quite paying it." The next time, it would heal up a little bit, and we would go play for another one.
D.S.: (Laughing) Where would you have the dances?
J.K.: At Grandpap's place mostly, and at our house we would have them. And, in Jerdon at Uncle Jim's. We would have little friendly parties at Uncle Jim's.
D.S.: What would you do, move the furniture aside ...
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: ... and have the dance?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Great.
J.K.: Yes, indeed. Up Grandpap's big ole empty house, boy that was a good place to have them.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: And, my Mother and Daddy use to go too, and set there by the fireplace and when twelve o'clock came we went home. Daddy would say, "It's time to go home."
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: Everything closed up and everyone went home, peaceable. And, we went to bed happy as a lark.
D.S.: Yea. Sure. Oh, that was fun. Did you do square dancing?
D.S.: Who was the caller?
J.K.: Uh... Clev Weakley, or Neilon Weakley, or Mayland Jenkins, .... either one.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: It was plenty that could do that.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: But Clev Weakley mostly.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: Oh, he was good.
J.K.: Yea, he was good at that.
D.S.: That is a talent to be able to do that. Square dancing is more fun than anything.
J.K.: Yea, I know. I just love it.
D.S.: Yea. Sure. Great! Did you exchange presents with your parents?
D.S.: Did they give you anything for Christmas?
J.K.: Well, my Daddy would go to the store and get us a little doll a'piece ....
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: ... and, some candy. And, one time I remember well, he got me some pretty pink ribbon for my hair.
D.S.: Ooooh! Oh.
J.K.: Oooh, I liked that so well.
D.S.: Yea. Mmmnum. How about it, did the boys shoot off fire crackers?
J.K.: We didn't. My brothers didn't. But, there was a lot of boys down in the holler, older yet.... They might have shot some, but we didn't. We didn't have any, we wasn't allowed to have them. Might set something a'fire.
D.S.: (Laughing) Deconess Hutton said when she first got there and heard fire crackers going off at Christmas, she was stunned. She was almost frightened, she didn't know what was going on.
J.K.: Who said that?
D.S.: Deconess Hutton. (Laughing)
J.K.: Did she? Yes, I bet she did hear them down in the holler sure enough. But, we was sort of off from the main part of the holler.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: And, it wasn't much going on at our house, you know?
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: It was no excitement. It was calm and peaceful.
D.S.: Did you make any sorghum?
J.K.: Huh-un. Sorghum? No, no indeed. Do you know anybody that does make homemade molasses? You don't know? I would love to have some. I use to buy it from Mr. Will Miller, but he's gone. I don't know anybody else makes it.
D.S.: I don't either.
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: You got to have just the right equipment to do it....
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: ... good.
J.K.: Yes, indeed.
D.S.: And, that you buy in the store is not.
J.K.: No.
D.S.: Right. Huh! So, the apple butter boiling was really your big fun time?
D.S.: Uh, did you have any other special days that was fun time? Did you do a lot of visiting?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: Went someplace nearly every night and stayed until bedtime.......
D.S.: (Laughed)
J.K.: ... or somebody would come. It was always somebody comin. Well they be here.... I would have the most company you ever seen in your life.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: Oooh!
D.S.: That's great!
J.K.: I loved it. Don't know where they come from sometime.
D.S.: Isn't that beautiful. So many people say they don't visit like they use to. Well, they visit you. Right?
J.K.: Uhhuh. And, if you don't believe it, ask some that knows. I got a cousin, lives out here on Judy Lane, and she said I'm going to put on your gate, if you don't mind, JOSIE'S HOTEL.
D.S.: (Laughing)
J.K.: "No," I said, "don't do that, might make somebody mad."
D.S.: "Josie's Hotel"
(Smile)
Now, I was wondering, did your mother know any of the herbs to use when you got sick? Like, for instance, you were saying, when you got pneumonia....
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: ...you had that hot toddy.
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: Did she make poultices.....
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: ...to put on your chest?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: What kind?
J.K.: Mmmmm, onions and mustard.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: If I'm ain't mistaken, she would beat up mustard seeds, Put them in a little rag and beat them up
and put something with that, of course, I don't know what. Make like a paste and put it between two cloths and lay it on our chest.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: On our shoulders. And, then in the fall, I remember well going with her around the mountain, around between our house and Jerdon holler. We would go around that path and gather a bunch of ditney, did you ever hear tell of that?

D.S.: Ditney?

J.K.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: D-i-t-n-e-y? (Spelled it)

J.K.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: No.

J.K.: It was a little plant that growed up on the ground that looked like pennyroyal.

D.S.: Oh, yea.

J.K.: And, it made the best tea. She would make a dipper of that and make us drink it right hot before we went to bed, and that would break up a cold. Ditney tea. I called my brother not long ago, that lived right there close to where we use to go around the path and gathered this ditney, Mom and me. I called Harry and told him if he got around that way anytime to see if he could find me a hand full of ditney.

D.S.: Right.

J.K.: Like Mom and me use to gather. Ditney, and pennyroyal, and something she called, horsemint.

D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: Horsemint, that was another one. The leaves you broke off and hung it up and let it dry. And, you take so much of it and put in a dipper of water and boiled it, and it made awful good tea for something.

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: And, bane.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: It was named bane.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

J.K.: Peppermint. I got peppermint but none of the others. Aaah, yes indeed, she made us tea and I reckon she did save that kind of stuff!

D.S.: Yea. Uh ... Do you know what anybody did that got bitten by a snake?

J.K.: Up home Deconess would cut the place and suck the blood.

D.S.: She did?

J.K.: Yea, she did. Deconess would slit that place and suck the blood. Now this sister, this cousin of mine, that ain't been dead long, Edith Gray. Now, Edith Gray lived right close to Deconess and she liked Deconess just like I do and like you do. And, I think in my soul that a snake bit Ede one time. We called her Ede. I believe a snake bit Ede, and she told me Deconess cut it and sucked the blood. I'm pretty sure she did.

D.S.: Mmmum. Did you ever hear of ripping up a live chicken and putting over it?

J.K.: Yes indeed, I have.
D.S.: Did it work?
J.K.: I don't know. I couldn't tell you.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Uh... Did you ever hear of snake weed poultices?
J.K.: No. Don't know nothing about that.
D.S.: No. But, the onion poultice your mother would make?
J.K.: Oh, that worked!
D.S.: Yes.
J.K.: They worked.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. So many of these herbs and things that they are discovering now are really good, and they do work. And yet, you know, people are forgetting what they were.
J.K.: You know people now wouldn't even give their children castor oil.
D.S.: Why?
J.K.: Why, I don't know why. They just have to go to a doctor and get this new fangle medicine. All the medicine we ever had in our life was castor oil, turpentine, and worm oil. That is all we had on the mantel. Not another thing, not even a aspirin.
D.S.: Worm oil?
J.K.: Worm oil.
D.S.: When did you take that?
J.K.: When our bellies hurt awful bad and Mom thought we had worms, and it worked too, don't you think it didn't.
D.S.: I be darn!
J.K.: Yes indeed.
D.S.: (Laughing) What did it taste like?
J.K.: NASTY! It was the worst than anything we ever taken, it was the worst tasting. That was the worst dose, was worm oil.

D.S.: OH! (Laughing) I'd never tell my mother my tummy hurt.

J.K.: That's the truth!

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: But, we did.

D.S.: Oh, boy.

J.K.: Uhhuh!

D.S.: (Laughing)

J.K.: But, that brought the worms.


J.K.: It really did.

D.S.: You know you lived in a beautiful, beautiful area. I'm wondering, did you take the time to look around and say, "This is beautiful."?

J.K.: I don't know whether I said it or not, but I thought it was.


J.K.: I don't remember.

D.S.: Did you mind it when you moved away?


D.S.: No? You said you lived for awhile with your aunt, over near Dark Hollow?

J.K.: Huh-un!

D.S.: Oh!


D.S.: Wait a minute, I got confused. You was taking care of your grandfather......?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: And, then you said you was staying with your aunt?
J.K.: No, she stayed with me.
D.S.: Oh! You aunt stayed with you? Oh! Oh! So, you was never over at Dark Hollow?
D.S.: No?
J.K.: Huh-un. No! I'm far away from Dark Holler.
D.S.: You sure are. Did you ever visit over any where like that?
J.K.: One time. Morgan Cave's widow stays with me at night and she lived in Dark Holler.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: When the Park taken over everything up thar, they moved right around here. She lives right down here below me now.
D.S.: Ella Dale, ... Ebba Dale, I interviewed her.
J.K.: Ebba Dale, and she talks every night about when she lived in Dark Holler.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: She said I wished she was right back there now. She said, the cracks in the floor was so big that when you started sweeping over there and by the time you got to the door all the dirt had all gone down through the cracks, you didn't have a thing to sweep out.
D.S.: (Laughing)
J.K.: And, we went up thar one time and eat dinner at her mother's.
D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: And, I told her the other night, I said, "Ebba Dale," I said, "I'll never forget that time we went to your mother's and eat dinner." I said, "I fell." There was ice on the ground and I fell right up on top of the mountain up there.

D.S.: Shooo!

J.K.: She said, "It was one little spot of ice and you had to get on that and fall."

D.S.: (Laughed)

J.K.: Yes, I did.

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: It had melted everywhere but there. I said, "I'll never forget what your mother had and it tasted so good, and I wish I had some of it right now." And, it was warm blackberry pie and strawberry jelly to eat on it and she had warm bread for dinner.

D.S.: Oh.

J.K.: Yes. She made the pie after we got there, blackberry pie, and had strawberry jelly to eat over that warm pie. You never heard of that?

D.S.: I never heard of that, but that sounds like a beautiful...

J.K.: That was the best eatin I ever eat, but I was so hungry. I said I was nearly starved.

D.S.: That was a long walk.

J.K.: I know it was and we walked.

D.S.: Yea.

J.K.: Ebba Dale, and me, and my daughter, Vivian. And, we ate dinner at Ebba Dale's mother's.

D.S.: Uhhuh.
J.K.: Down in Dark Holler.
J.K.: Lived at a dark place, it was sure enough.
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: I mean the ole house was dark...
D.S.: Yea.
J.K.: But was good. ... Mmmmum!
D.S.: Great. Great. But, that was really rare to travel that far?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: You mean you stayed right in your own area?
J.K.: Uhhuh.
D.S.: With your visiting? Can you think of anything I haven't asked you?
J.K.: Nothing.
D.S.: You are happy?
D.S.: I think ....
J.K.: What I ... It ain't but one thing worries me most of all ... I worry over children. You know that man just killed those children in Luray? That nearly killed me, that has done something to me. (Sadly) That has done something to me, I can't sleep for crying about it.
D.S.: I know. I'm going to say Thank-You very, very much for a very informative interview.
J.K.: You are welcome.
D.S.: I have enjoyed this more than I have anything in a very long, long time. You are a beautiful person, Mrs. Knight.
J.K.: Thank you. Thank you.