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(SNP080) Nettie Breeden Lang interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Sharon G. Marston

Nettie S. Lang

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D.S.: This is Dorothy Smith interviewing Mrs. Nettie Breeden Lang.


D.S.: And you used to live in Dark Hollow, is that right?

N.L.: Yes. That's right.

D.S.: Uh...now, I'm going to ask you some questions that you and I both know the answers to but the tape doesn't know the answers. Okey?

N.L.: Yea.

D.S.: How many were in your family?

N.L.: There was nine of us.

D.S.: Nine children?


D.S.: Okey. Uh...what...how...what sort of a house did you have?

N.L.: A log house.

D.S.: Dipped in mud?

N.L.: Yea

D.S.: How many rooms were in the house?

N.L.: Five.

D.S.: Five rooms. That was a big house...

N.L.: porch. We had a big porch.

D.S.: That was a big house wasn't it?

N.L.: Yea. Pretty big. But some of the rooms weren't too big. See he built a kitchen and I reckon a room, after we grewed up. He had to build another room.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Oh, now that's fasinating. How many acres did your father have. Well we had a whole lot of land. See, we

N.L.: Well we had a whole lot of land. See, we all the copper mine...my daddy owned that..
D.S.: Your daddy owned a copper mine?

N.L.? He owned the land out from it. He owned all that land...it belonged to his mother and father and grandmother and then after they passed away, it all went back to him. Up yonder is where we pastured all our horses. And then up there where we lived, I reckon he had about a hundred acres under fence and you know what we got for that. About a hundred dollars. About a dollar a acre all the park paid us.

D.S.: A dollar an acre...

N.L.: Oh yes. All that good pasture land. It was good pasture.

N.L.: Yea.

D.S.: Weren't many trees there then?

N.L.: What...trees you mean.

D.S.: Yea. There weren't many trees there when you...

N.L.: No. We had mostly grass. But there was some bushes you know and we kept them trimmed down. We had apple trees and all like that in it. Orchards you know where we pastured our horses and cherry trees and all like that.

D.S.: Oh great. Did your father know how to graft...apple trees.

N.L.: No huhuh. This was...we had up in the mountains...these here red long ones...boy they was the best and we had a big white apple down there next to the Breeden field we called it...and all kind of good sweet apples...you make the best perserves you ever seen. All kind of red stripped apples...I never did know the names of them. But we really had good apples, up there.
D.S.: Oh great.
N.L.: And cherries. And...I never seen so many cherries in my life as used tobe in the mountains. Blackberries.
D.S.: Did these cherries grow wild?
N.L.: Yea, they was wild trees but they was the best cherries you seen. Whole lot better than these cherries.
D.S.: Well, that's what I've been hearing.
N.L.: Oh, lord, these the best kind of cherries. I've never eaten no cherries since that was any good as that.
D.S.: Yea. Did you ever dry cherries?
N.L.: No, I never did dry any. My mother...my sis...older sister used to can cherries. They was older than I was and they done most of the canning.
D.S.: Yea. Your mother died didn't she?
N.L.: Yes. She wasn't but 36 when she died.
D.S.: Do you know why she died?
N.L.: She had kidney trouble they said. Yea, if they had doctors like they got today, probably you know, could have cured her.
D.S.: Right.
N.L.: They wanted to take out one of her kidneys...I've heard my older sister said my daddy wouldn't agree to it and she didn't either...so it killed her.
D.S.: Yea. Bad kidney's are disasterous.
N.L.: Yes indeed it is.
D.S.: So how old were you when your mother died?
N.L.: I was about six years old. Five or six.
D.S.: Ah, then you don't remember her very well do you?
N.L.: No, I can't...I remember one time when a snake bit me...I was little
and a snake bit me when I was small. I reckon around about four years old, when a snake bit me. I come up on a rock pile and one of my sisters, the one that married Elsie. She was standing there and we was playing on the straw or something that someone had for my daddy, and we was playing on that and there was a rock pile around that garden fence and I got up on that fence and rock wall, I said wait...I'll get us some cherries and snake bit me and I run to the house. I can remember it good...first thing I remembered I can remember today. I grabbed the dish rag and wrapped it around my ankle and my mother then, I can remember my mother a little bit that she carried me over in the field where my uncle...Uncle Tom Cave was a hoeing corn and asked him what it was that bit me or stung me. He said it was a hornet. He said it was a hornet. It swelled great big. They said it...I didn't walk for three or four weeks. So I can't remember anything more about after that. I can't remember a more thing about it.

D.S.: But it was a snake wasn't it?

N.L.: Yea. It was a moccasin. The preacher and my daddy tore the rock wall down and found it. Said it was a moccasin. It must not have been no copperhead. It was three of us bit, in my family. My older sister...she was bit up here close to Piney Mountain...she was visiting some neighbors that lived up there close to her and uh copperhead bit her. And then Stella...one of the twins...a snake bit her down there close to the coppermine. Boy it about to kill her.

D.S.: What did you all do for a snake bite?
N.L.: Uh, deed I couldn't tell you. I know on my own that my sister... my twin sister...they put some kind of weed...

D.S.: Snake Weed Poltice?

N.L.: Yea. And they rubbed it with linoment...I think they said... or somebody come there and they rubbed some linoment on her leg and maybe gave her a little taste of it to drink or something. But boy she was swelled up clear up in to her body.

D.S.: Oh my goodness.

N.L.: And that forest she had to walk up in up her house...wasn't in summertime. When daddy was at the coppermine. Ran ten miles or more.

D.S.: Uh Uh. You mentioned the other day that your father used to work in the coppermines.

N.L.: Yea, that was before I was born. I reckon...it was Evie...the one that died she could remember a little of it you know but...

D.S.: Have you any idea what your father did there?

N.L.: Well as well as I can remember I think he helped to put blast out... clean the building in the coppermine...

D.S.: Do you know how much he got?

N.L.: No. I never did hear him say. I don't think it was much. No, it couldn't have been much.

D.S.: No. And then the coppermines sort of petered out didn't they? then...

N.L.: Yea. Then after I was born, it had done gone...wasn't nothing... coppermine no more. Shut the holes up.

D.S.: Uh. Did you have vegetable gardens?

N.L.: Yes. We had a real good garden.

D.S.: How big was it?

N.L.: About an acre. Every bit of an acre.
D.S.: Gee... that's a big garden.

N.L.: Yea. A big bunch of us. We had to have a whole lot.

D.S.: What all did you raise?

N.L.: We raised cabbage. The biggest you ever seed potatoes, sweet corn, squash, cucumbers, red beets... and I don't know beans, plenty of beans, and then we put beans in our corn fields. We'd pick these great big sacks full you know called a dormer sack... we'd pick them full of beans... we'd string them with a knife... a whole bunch of us would get together and have a bean stringing and they'd come and help us. We'd string them up on strings. I don't know if you ever saw anybody do that or not.

D.S.: No, but I've heard about it.

N.L.: Yep, we'd spread them and leave them... a big needle with thread or twine and we'd string them up and let them dry in one of the rooms we wasn't using.

D.S.: Do you know how long it took those beans to dry that were hanging in the room?

N.L.: With the window... let the air come in... within a week or two they were dried nice. Yea. In about a month they was real dry.

D.S.: Then you would put them where?

N.L.: In the sacks.

D.S.: In the sacks. Did you put anything in with those... no salt no...

N.L.: No. Huhuh. No we didn't put nothing. And they kept real good.

D.S.: uhuh. Great. Then in the winter you had those for all winter long. Did you call those haybeans or shuck beans?

N.L.: Most of the people in the mountain called them... we raised so much you know.
N.L.: Yea. That's what the most of the old people called them. Botterbeans. That was funny wasn't it?

D.S.: Oh, Gosh. No, it makes a lot of sense. You mentioned you had horses. Did you have cows too?

N.L.; Yea. We had a cow and three horses.

D.S.: Three horses. Why did you need three horses?

N.L.: Well, see Vima, the colt, and we had two workhorses. We'd work those horses...hauling bark, and ties...railroad ties and posts... all to Stanley.

D.S.: Now this was all from your own property...that he was able to do this.

N.L.: Yep. Then you could go anywhere in the mountains for...and cut anything you want and nothing said...nor nothing done about it.

D.S.: Were there any...what they call public land up there?

N.L.: No, only what you call...some of the cattle men... had them cattle farms... they had private land...don't think they wanted nobody going over cutting on them, but all the other land...what they called Piney Moun...Piney Cliff up in there...you go up in there and cut off of...uh posts...we'd go in down there at Pine Hollow they called it. Miles we cut posts... and wood.

D.S.: Ah...did you do any of this?

N.L.: I'd saw off posts and carry them out...but, the railroad ties, I never got into that...I was too small.

D.S.: Right.

N.L.: Bark, now. I've carried out a whole lot of bark. I liked that.

D.S.: You did?
N.L.: Yea, I didn't mind it a bit. I was...you know we'd take our time, and we'd see a lots when we'd go through the woods, like that, and hear the birds sing. We enjoyed all that.

D.S.: Tell about the birds.

N.L.: Well, when we had corn..had great big corn fields..raised an acre..two acres or more in corn or three. Looked like my dad would put corn fields out the biggest kind of Kinda make us all mad, because we didn't like working in them big fields. Then we'd all work you know. We'd work our rows out from the end but all out rows..there'd be about seven of us hoeing corn, and one would always stay at the house hoed corn. and cook dinner, while the rest. Then when we would get out to the end of the row of corn..next to the woods and bushes pretty birds a singing and nightingales..they'd really sing pretty. And I've never heard birds sing like that since. Yea. We'd sit there and listen at them. They'd sing the prettiest you ever seen.

D.S.: Did they sing an evening?

N.L.: Yea. Late in the evening and early ever morning. That's when they'd sing.

D.S.: Whipperwills.

N.L.: Yea. Whipperwills would fly right up therein the yard..on the wood-pile. Cut wood you know. They sit there at night and hollow all that.

D.S.: Did you have quail?

N.L.: Yea, that was pheasant wasn't it. Called it pheasant?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

N.L.: Yea, there was plenty of them in the mountain too. And called it bobwhites. We'd be carrying that bark .. we'd find some
of the nexts. Some of them would have little babies, and some of them wouldn't be hatched yet. And we'd look at their eggs.

But talking about a slick little thing to get away from was a little young pheasant. We'd know we'd try to keep up with him to see him. And he'd dodge under the leaves and you couldn't lay eyes on him on none of them. We'd try our best to get up close to them. We thought they was so pretty, we'd catch us one. But boy they'd hide so quick from us and we'd never know where they went. And then had an old mother pheasant, she'd fly away you know and go quack, quack, quack sorta like a hen and we'd go out see if we could see him but none of them kid all be under leaves.

D.S.: They are smart.

N.L.: I reckon they are.

D.S.: Oh gosh. Your vegetables. I do want to ask this. How did you take care of your vegetables during the winter, aside from drying the beans.

N.L.: Well, see, we'd dry apples. We'd dry some apples and we'd put them in sacks too, to have for the winter. But then we canned the red beets, all tomatoes and all like that we'd can that up. Sometimes we'd bury turnips, cabbage in the ground. We had a little cellar dug under the ground. Something like we got here now, built out of rocks. We'd keep our potatoes and apples and we buried the turnips and a whole lot of cabbage we buried them too. And great big barrels of sauerkraut he'd make. I reckon you've seen these great big wooden barrels. Hold about a hundred gallons. We'd make one of them about full of sauerkraut.

D.S.: Did it ever freeze in the winter?

N.L.: Yep. We'd have it sitting on the porch covered up with a cloth
some on it...it'd freeze, but that didn't hurt it abit. Huhuh, the best you ever seen.

D.S.: There is nothing like it made in a wooden barrel.

N.L.: I know it.

D.S.: I don't know what it is.

N.L.: Me and Vernon tried to find us little barrels since we been in here, but we can't find none like we had up there. Them great big barrels they'd scald hogs in them.

Well, they scald the hogs you know. They build a kill...I don't know if you ever seen one made out of dry wood and put rocks...a layer of rocks and a layer of dry wood, and they would have this big barrel and scald 'em in...fill it full of water and heat on these rocks till they get red and then drop the rocks over in there and it would heat the water and that's the way they would scald them hogs. We raised a whole lot of hogs and pigs, but you couldn't get nothing for them. Back them days...all my daddy would get for them big pigs would be two and three dollars a piece and I reckon they weighed almost fifty pounds some of them. That's all you could get for them.

D.S.: Did you let them run loose or did you have them fenced in?

N.L.: No we let them run loose, and go up in the mountains and eat acorns and they'd get so fat we couldn't hardly get them down the ladder.

D.S.: Did you notch their ears or anything so...

N.L.: No huhuh. No one in the mountain ever done that.

D.S.: Well, then how did you know which was yours?

N.L.: Ah, well we knowed the color of them, and we'd raise them all up, and we'd know the color of them, and they would come back sometimes...uh...come home in the evenings...but sometimes you had to go up in the
chestnut woods for them and guide them back home. Yea, we raised
a whole lot of them hogs, and feed to sell. You couldn't get
nothing for nothing then.

D.S.: How about cows. Did you have cows...

N.L.: We had one milk cow.


N.L.: Yea, and then my uncle brought us one. And my daddy
salted his cattle you know through the summer. He'd bring us one
to milk too. Sometimes he'd bring us two. We had plenty of milk.
Make our own butter and cheese and all like that.

D.S.: You had a spring house?

N.L.: Yea. Good cold water. I never seen water like that no more that
was in the mountains.

D.S.: Will you please tell about the spring.

N.L.: Well our spring. It was about a hundred yards or
more we had to carry water up the hill. The house was up on a hill.
And this big sugar tree was over our spring and that was some good
water. We had to carry the water up the hill to wash and all like
that and it was a fer ways too, but we didn't mind that. And that
big sugar tree that went over our spring that's still standing. The
last time I was up there last fall, that was still standing right
over the spring yet. But the water is gone. I don't know what
happened to the water. It wasn't nowhere. On up there in that
hollow was branches where it come down and then there is another
did hole. Looks like an old well down in the rocks. Sometime in
that drought. I think 1930 or 31 that spring went just about dry.
But just about down in that little rock we'd have to go down
in there...down in them rocks we'd sit and get it out with a dipper.

D.S.: Oh gosh.

N.L.: But, that never did go dry. And the last time I was up there...I looked to show Vernon to see if I could find that little hole then, but it wasn't there either. It was filled up with rocks. I don't know what in the world happened to all them springs up there.

D.S.: Yea. You mentioned the other day you were planting corn. Would you tell about that? How you planted the corn.

N.L.: Well we'd all go up in there and we'd drop the corn you know and beans altogether and pumpkins...we'd drop pumpkin seeds you know. We'd raise all kinds of big pumpkins too. And we'd hoe rocky hills, rocky places...great big rocks, and we'd have to get a big handful of dirt and put around that corn stalk. Had some of the biggest corn you ever had was growing in them big rocks. Yea that was real good corn we'd raise up there. We all had the corn house just full of corn, every winter. Had enough you know to feed the horses and the hogs all the winter. We really raised a lot of corn. And oats we...He'd put out a patch of oats sometimes and we'd just take some kind of...I guess you know what that was. Well we'd cut it and eek oats with that and bind it up in a little bail like, and chop it up. And then after it dried out good we'd haul it to the barn. But we had enough feed to keep our horses and cow all the winter.

D.S.: Yea. Uh, did you ever make applebutter?

N.L.: Yea. We made applebutter, too. Ever fall we'd make applebutter.

D.S.: Did everybody get together to make applebutter. All the neighbors.

N.L.: Yea, all the neighbors would come help us and we'd help them when
ever they boil'd we'd always go and help them.

D.S.: Did you make sort of a party of it. Or was it just another job?
N.L.: It was a job and all our neighbors would come and help us. We didn't have any party.

D.S.: Ah, you didn't have any music when you were doing it?
N.L.: Huhuh. No we didn't have any.

D.S.: You didn't have the custom of touching the paddle and getting kissed?
N.L.: Sometimes they'd say that. My daddy, he played the banjo.

D.S.: He did?
N.L.: Yea. He played the banjo. He had a banjo. He kept that as long as he lived, I reckon. After he died, we still had a banjo. And three or four of my sisters learnt to play, but I never could play it. I could learn a little bit seemed like I couple seemed like make a little tune or something. I never did try too much. But my oldest sisters and the one married she could play the banjo.

D.S.: She can?
N.L.: She can, yes sir, she used to and Mamie, she lives over in the hollow. She lived over there, now she could really play too. But none of the rest of us ever could play much of nothing. Yea my daddy would get that banjo sometimes at night and sit there really sing songs and play...

D.S.: Do you remember any of the songs what they were.
N.L.: Yea. They'd play 'Cindy' and 'Little Log Cabin' something about the great bottom on the door or something like that the way it went And 'Old Dan Tucker', and I don't know what all. A whole lot...
of different songs.

D.S.: Oh my goodness. They were good tunes.

N.L.: Yea.

D.S.: "Sally will you marry me"

N.L.: Yea, they played that too. And I heared him say when he was a growing up, he usta go around to you know different places and play for dances.

D.S.: Oh boy. Did you all have any dances?

N.L.: No, I never went to a dance in my life. Sounds funny, doesn't it?

No, we never did go to dances. And I never did know what a theater was, til I got married. I went to that twice, since I been married.

And I been married thirty six years.

D.S.: I can see you ment yourself sick at any time...were there any childhood illness that you had.

N.L.: No, I tell you...in the mountains uh really seemed like a good place. Seems like none of us hardly was ever sick. Only diptheria est sister, Beulah.

All of us got that. I think my young. She got it first, then I got it. And the doctor from Criglersville. Dr. Ross.

D.S.: Dr. Ross?

N.L.: Dr. Ross. Was our doctor. He'd ride a horse back in them days from up in Criglersville to our house and he vaccinated all of us.

And it happened that all of us got over it, but they say after it went over three days they couldn't do something for you then, it killed you. Goes down in your breast. It killed Vernon Cave's children, the preacher. All dead at one time. Both of them lay dead at one time in the house. They died with it.

D.S.: You never got a cold.
N.L.: Sometimes we got a little cold. But the way it snowed. rain, ice, nothing else. Didn't hurt us a bit.

Shuck corn. See we wouldn't get all our corn in the fall sometimes it was in the winter and we'd go up there and shuck that corn. cold, real cold days. snow, and carry potter and didn't hurt us a bit.

D.S.: Oh, my gosh.

N.L.: No. That healthiest place ever was. Good water and all, I believe that was what made you healthy.

D.S.: That's right.

N.L.: All that good water.

D.S.: And working and living out of doors. About your clothes. Where did you get your clothes. Your mother wasn't around to make them.

N.L.: Well, George Cave's wife. Maude. Maude Cave, she sewed and made. She made the most of our dresses. We'd buy the goods at Kiblinger's store. Dave Kiblinger. That was the closest. that wasn't too close out. let's see twenty. about a mile from where we lived to the top of the ridge. You know, and it was every bit of six or seven miles down to the store. We'd walk down to the store and carry up the mountain. There was a near cut called the Big Field Hollow. That was a grass field and that was full of cattle. that's where we'd come up that near cut, from the store and we'd buy our dress goods there, and all our groceries. Carry them up on our backs when the horses would be in the field, and we'd rather walk than to go by horse. Anytime. And my dad, he would sometimes he'd ride the horses and take chestnuts or sometimes dried apples you know, he'd take them down. But we'd rather walk a bunch of us.
things
D.S.: Would you take like eggs and chickens to trade?
N.L.: Yea. They bought eggs then and chickens, you could sell a chicken anywhere. We raised a whole lot of chickens. Up in the mountains a good place. And we'd sell a whole lot. Take them out and carry them in a sack.
D.S.: And they didn't break?
N.L.: No, the chickens what we carried in a sack you know. We'd cut holes in the sack and poke their heads out, and then we'd carry them like that. Boy I dreaded that too............. and we carried them chickens.
D.S.: I wish I could have seen it.
N.L.: Boy I dreaded that. Going to the store me and my older sisters would go the most of the time. We'd dry apples sometimes they'd carry them down to the store. And then we'd pick huckleberries and we carry them down off the mountain. All we'd get is about 10 or 15¢ a gallon then for them. That wasn't nothing was it?
D.S.: Nope. But it helped.
N.L.: Yea, it helped. Everything was so cheap then. All the groceries and sugar and all like that $5 would have gotten you more than $25 would now.
D.S.: Sure.
N.L.: Yes, indeedy.
D.S.: So, you would buy sugar and salt...
N.L.: Salt wasn't but about 2¢ a pound then.
D.S.: Ah, and kerosene and coffee and material.
N.L.: Yea..yea..yea..
D.S.: Shoes. What about shoes.
N.L.: No, we'd buy our shoes down at Claude Kiblingers. And sometimes
and sometimes we'd walk clear to Stanley to Jude's store. Willie Jude had a store, we'd walk clear from Stanley from Dark Hollow to Stanley to get us a pair of shoes.

D.S.: Wow!!

N.L.: Boy, sometimes my feet were so sore when I got home, I couldn't hardly walk on them.

D.S.: You'd do it barefoot?

N.L.: No, I'd have to pull off barefooted. Sometimes my feet were so hot along the road, I'd pull them off and go barefooted. Me and Mamie, that was my next oldest sister. See, was the oldest of us, and uh, Mamie was next one...she lives over in Dark Hollow. Me and her would mostly go to the store, more than any of the rest. We'd walk clear to Stanley to get us a pair of shoes, because they were cheaper out there than they were anywhere else.

D.S.: Sure, right. How about school. Was there a school anywhere near you.

N.L.: Yea, the old church...they'd teach school in the old church and preached in it.

D.S.: Gerd Cave did the preaching?

N.L.: Yea, and different preachers. George Buracker...he lived over close to the Hoover School. I reckon you been back there too...the old school house. Well he lived over there, and he'd come over Dark Hollow and preach some nights on Sunday, and then there was a preacher that lived in Richard Hollow and he'd come from Westover. His name was Mr. Craddock. And he was an old man coming to Dark Hollow. He'd ride the horse up there and him and the boys would come up there, and preach every third Sunday. He'd preach up there in Dark Hollow. And then they'd run a revival was up there about two
weeks at the time. Preachers that come from Culpeper. Dan Smith was one of them and Mr. Craddock, he'd come and have a revival meeting.

D.S.: So, you'd have church every Sunday then?

N.L.: Yea. And every night when they run that revival.

D.S.: Oh, yes the revival.

N.L.: Some made a bush arbor, and preached on top of the ridge on a bush arbor.

D.S.: What's that?

N.L.: A bush arbor made like a house. I reckon you've heard of it...way back them days...and yea on top of the ridge it was. It was called the red gate arbor they put it up on the grass. Put up a bush arbor. They'd put up poles...made a great big place, big as a house like. Like a big house. Put up poles and then lay the bushes all over the top of it. Yea, and make benches out of boards and have them to sit on.

D.S.: Ah, How nice.

N.L.: Yea, I remember it all. I was young but I'd go up there a whole lot to preaching. Me and all my sisters, and my daddy.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Oh how lovely. That really sounds a nice way to have religion. Isn't it?

N.L.: Yea, it was.

D.S.: And so then the school...was the school during the winter, or summer or when?

N.L.: Well, now the first school I ever went to, was my Uncle Hall. He come here with the copper mine they said and married my Aunt...my mother's sister, Stella. And he was our school teacher. He was a
D.S.: Really?

N.L.: Yea, deed he was. I 'member..me and my cousin would get outdoors.. we'd tell him we was going to get a drink of water at the spring.. he'd let us go..we'd get on outside, and we'd start playing. Here he'd come to the door and hollar.."This ain't no recess".."get in this chair, I mean this school". The children was scared to death of him. He was a rough old man, I'll tell you a teaching..even if he was my Uncle.

D.S.: But you learned.

N.L.: Yea, you really learned. And then the last school I went to a Rosey Love from Brightwood. She come up there and teached school the summer months..let's see from about April or May she'd come up there..along about May I think she'd come up there and then she'd teach through the summer.

D.S.: And that got you out of working in the corn field.

N.L.: Sometimes, I'd lay off and go out in the corn you know. I'd tell her..she'd tell me I missed you out of school today..I'd tell her well, I had corn to make.

D.S.: Yea. So, how far did you go through school?

N.L.: To the sixth, all I went.

D.S.: Very good.

N.L.: Yea, I went to the sixth grade. And you know I can read as good as some of them they said that passed through high school.

D.S.: Sure.

N.L.: Cause they passed you through the books now and don't half learn you, do they?

D.S.: They don't. They really don't no.
N.L.: I reckon not. And back in them days, they really learnt you.
D.S.: Uhhum. Yea. Uh, I forgot to ask you. What was your mother's maiden name? Do you know?
N.L.: Cave. Debbie Cave.
D.S.: It was Cave?
N.L.: Yea.
D.S.: So she was from that same area? Right.
N.L.: Yea. My mother was raised right there close to the cemetery. There was where my grandaddy lived, and my mother. Yea.
D.S.: Oh, yea.
N.L.: And that house...s-a-fire, and burnt down before we ever left the mountains.
D.S.: Speaking of fires. Were there many in Dark Hollow?
N.L.: Yes, there were big fires would break out.
D.S.: Do you think they were set to make sure of huckleberries?
N.L.: I believe they did. Some of them set them.
D.S.: Yea. Did you ever take time to go see the falls. Dark Hollow Falls.
N.L.: Yea. I been up there a many a time. I'd go up there with my cousin, Doug Cave. And me and my sisters would go up there sometimes fishing. He could really catch fish and trouts and we'd go up there and sit at the falls and watch the water roll down over there.
D.S.: Ah, beautiful, yea.
N.L.: Yea. I'd go with my daddy fishing too. And my youngest sister. You could really catch them good little trouts and that was the
best little fish I ever eat.

D.S.: Did your daddy do much hunting?

N.L.: Yea, he was a great hunter. That was mostly his hobby. Going in the mountain and hunting ginseng and squirrel and things like that. Sometimes we'd get uneasy about him. He leave...be about dark before he ever come in...and see if anything ever happened to him, we didn't know where he'd gone. He go over them Haywood mountains and everywhere hunting ginseng...by himself.

D.S.: Umm...anything could have happened.

N.L.: Yes he would. I know. But I don't think there was no bears around then but,

D.S.: Oh, no, but he still could have tripped and fallen and broken a leg.

N.L.: He said he figured one was there back in them days.

He was in there hunting ginseng and he heard something in the woods a carrying on...a tearing up logs, and he thought it was old man Charlie Smith and he walked out that way to see if he was back of him and he saw where a big bear had been and tore that big log up a hunting bugs.

D.S.: Oh. Yea, there were a few bear then. Sure.

N.L.: Yea. And then them other...them panther you know...he said there were some of them back them days. He told me...he wasn't married then...he lived down in the hollow next to the coppermine with his grandmother...I think his grandmother and his mother had gone to the mill and had some corn ground for cornmill. Said he heard something hollar from up on the Haywood Mountain said Uncle him got out
and said I'm going to answer that, and said he begged him not to hollar...not to answer because hard to tell what it was. Said no I'm going to answer...that may be someone on the mountain.lost and said boy that thing out after he got out there and hollared! answered it and you heared it coming down that mountain in your life with it a hollaring and said they all had to get in the house and prop the door. Said it went right up by the por...the house you know and up in the mountain..what they call the Bell Flat. Heading towards Big Meadows.Up that a way.

D.S.: Gee. Umm!

N.L.: Well, I'd been scared to death to answer a thing like that.

D.S.: Yea.

N.L.: And my grandmother and my Uncle Click and that was over towards Franklin Cliffs, said one got after them one time. And said he had picking a big apron full of beans...beans in her apron...and said boy they really had to run. Said that thing was right behind them.

D.S.: Oh boy. Well thank goodness there weren't many of them though.

N.L.: A wildcat tackled my Aunt Net. She lived down on...not far from under the hill from us but that house is tore up...tore down and they moved on down further...you know after I was born and raised up, but I've heard her tell it a many a time. Said she went down to the spring. The spring was close to the woods, she went down there one time...one morning to get some water and said a big wildcat tackled her and 'bout to tear her clothes up and said the only way she got free from it she got a stick...got her a stick and run down his throat. Yes sir, she finally got a stick and run that stick down his throat and that's the only way she got rid of him from tearing her up.
N.L.: My daddy killed one of the biggest ones...no, he caught him in the trap...I ever seed in my life one time. I bet that thing was as long as that little road right through there or longer. Caught him in the trap and one of the Albert brothers that built this part of the Skyline Drive...he bought him off of him and he wanted to have him mounted. Said he wanted to sit him beside his fireplace.

D.S.: Yea.

N.L.: Lord, he was a dangerous looking thing.

D.S.: Sure. What did your father do with the ginseng that he found?

N.L.: He'd sell it. Take it down to the Knight Store or Kiblingor Store and sell it.

D.S.: Do you know how much he would get for it? It wasn't much. Nothing like it is now.

D.S.: No, Oh no. Huhhum.

N.L.: No, I reckon about 50...40 or 50 cents a pound something like that...them days. Maybe not that.

D.S.: You know you are an adventurous one. Did you ever go down to Camp Hoover?

N.L.: No, I never was down to the Hoover Camp. We'd go up through that field after we moved down to the Meadows Hollow...see after the Park took it over...me and my daddy and my youngest sister was the last ones to move out of the Park. So we moved down what they called Millers Hollow...where my next older sister lived. We moved down there in with them til we got us a little house built and we'd go up through what they called Ben's Field...close to the Hoover school...we go up through there...walk up there and go in Tanners Ridge...they had a Missionary
that sold second hand clothes and we'd walk out there and all of us buy...get us some clothes out there...cheap.

D.S.: Yea. Right. Well I'm surprised you didn't go down there to Camp Hoover. Did you to Skyland?

N.L.: Yea, I went to Skyland a whole lot of times. Not hardly...

D.S.: While you were in the mountains?

N.L.: No, huhuh.

D.S.: Oh, because so many used Skyland for recreation, I was wondering if you did.

N.L.: No, we didn't travel much. The most we went to school and church and on top of the ridge ever Sunday when Ralph Cave and a bunch of them would get up there and play music. We'd go up there. See our Daddy was sort of strict on us. We didn't get to go too much.

D.S.: Oh. Uhhum. Yea, he felt responsible for so many girls. I don't blame him, I would too.

N.L.: I used to go with a boy from Hoover Camp. Me and my younger sister.

D.S.: You did. What happened?

N.L.: He was a nice looking boy. Well let's see. I believe my dad didn't want me to go with him. He didn't want us to go with no strangers. So he quit coming after I didn't want to go with him, you know. Out nowheres. So that was it.

D.S.: Yea. How did fellows court girls?

N.L.: I really know much about it. We didn't go nowhere with them...only to church with them. We'd walk to church with them and they'd come to our house you know and sit a while with us. And we'd go to our Uncle's up there Aunt Lil's...they was good people...used to
go around them a whole lot. We'd visit them with our boy friends.

D.S.: You were sort of chaperoned?

N.L.: Yea. We all had to listen to him...I reckon he was..he didn't want us to get out much.

D.S.: Yea. Did you ever say to your father..I don't feel like doing that.

N.L.: No, I never did..if I didn't feel too good...I'd go on and work. Didn't say nothing about it.

D.S.: Yea. Yea. I wonder how they taught discipline...because apparently there wasn't much spanking...

N.L.: No. We'd get the switches when we was little. I remember that. I think we would all get on his nerves and then we'd all gang up together. Sometimes one would get to crying or something...and I'd wonder what happened..he'd whip the last one of us..he got the right one.

D.S.: You all weren't about to say that it wasn't you huh?

N.L.: Ever last one of us got the switch until he got the right one of us.

D.S.: You apparently were almost all related weren't you?


D.S.: Your neighbors and all...Uhhuh. How far away was your nearest neighbor?

N.L.: Live from us? Wasn't too far. On down the road a little Cave lived and I reckon that was about as far as from here down to the road. Then my Uncle wasn't far, up the road where he lived.
D.S.: Now this road you are talking about, is this the Gordonsville Turnpike?
N.L.: No, this is a road you go...you out by Skyland or either you could go up by Knight's Store...that's the way...old road we always travelled to the store.
D.S.: Is this the Red Gate Road?
N.L.: Yea.
D.S.: Red Gate Road. Uhhum.
N.L.: Yea. And you turn down into Dark Hollow...where we lived. You ain't never been down in there?
N.L.: You have. Right in there where we was born and raised...raised and born. Born and raised.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Now...let's see. You've told how you get your supplies. And I was just wondering...did...your daddy was good at playing music...
N.L.: Yea, banjo.
D.S.: And did any of you all when you were sitting around...like did any of your cousins or uncles or aunts come off an evening in the winter and you'd all be sitting around and did he or did anybody tell ghost stories?
N.L.: Oh yea. They'd come around...a whole lot of them you know and when I'd go sometimes to their house at night and they'd start telling ghost stories and I'd be about afraid to start back home. Me and my sisters.
D.S.: And do you remember any of them?
N.L.: No, I don't believe I do, remember any of them. But it's still
awful scary. I'd be about afraid to start back home. I believe sometimes they'd do it for meanness..didn't want us to leave yet.

D.S.: Did you ever play any practical jokes? On anyone?

N.L.: Not as I know of. I don't think I did. Maybe I did and forgot them.

D.S.: Well, it wasn't all work. You had some fun.

N.L.: Yea. We had a whole lot of fun..when we..when colored peopled were working. And sometimes a whole bunch of us would go up into Richard Hollow or Tanners Ridge a preaching ever night.

D.S.: Yea, uhhuh.

N.L.: And that was fun. Walking along in them big fields. George Cave's wife...she'd always come up and want us to go with her. Preaching and all..go with her. She was a nice woman. Then she moved out..wasn't too long before she got hit by a car, and got killed. Yea over in Page County. The Knight Store there..The Kiblinger Store I think that's where the car hit her. Yea, she was real nice too.

D.S.: Was there many..much making moonshine in your area?

N.L.: No. I don't know of none but old Mr. Jim Broyles..I think he made moonshine all the time.

D.S.: He sure did.

N.L.: Fred Sours..I think he'd make some once in a while too.

D.S.: Uhhhuh. Well you know it was a good cash way of making money.

N.L.: Yea.

D.S.: The depression and everything..it was a help.

N.L.: I think my daddy..I heared my older sisters say my Daddy and Will Cave..you know Will Cave, that's Elton's brother..he's crippled..he's a crippled man on crutches..but boy he could get around there
and do work. I'd hear them say that him and my daddy had set up one time and run one of that hollow. I'll never forget that. They said that Will got so drunk that his brother had to go down and carry him out on his back. And I think my daddy got the same way. I remember that Will would come to our house and he'd always help us butcher. And my daddy. I remember. My daddy had made some wild grape wine, I believe it was. he was going to have it for him and Will to butcher with and all us girls would drink some too, and we pretty near drank it all up. He went to hunt the jugs to give Will that morning when we butchered and he said "What happened to all my wine. what happened to my wine." We told him we didn't know what went with it. But boy, we'd sneak that wine just to get us a little taste at the time you know so he wouldn't know it. just a sip at a time.

D.S.: I bet it was good wasn't it?

N.L.: Yea boy it was good. The way they would make it you know. they yeast. Some kind little cake of yeast. looked like cornmeal or something. They'd put that in there so it would work off fast. And sugar. Boy that was good too. Then they'd set up something called "Old Hen." I never did drink none of that. But I know my dad and Will. Will occasionally sip some of that up.

D.S.: What?

N.L.: Called "Old Hen."

D.S.: Old Hen?

N.L.: Yes. Did you ever hear of that?

D.S.: No.

N.L.: Cornmeal and I think cornmeal, sugar and yeast. What they set it
up with. Yea, and he said it was real good. I hear Vernon say it is. Some of his people used to set it up. They called it Old Hen and make you drunk as a bat. I don't think I was ever in none of that.

D.S.: Just the name alone would make you not want to drink it. Yea they said take that cornmeal with sugar and yeast. Called it Old Hen.

N.L.: I've laughed over that. I think it was an Atkins man he said "why I got drunk off Old Hen". And I told him.. I said what in the world is Old Hen.

D.S.: Oh, I think that is beautiful. Oh goodness. Um, Christmas, Christmas what did you do at Christmas?

N.L.: Let's see. Well sometimes you know they'd have a Christmas tree. People would come from Madison County.. well I think the doctor's wife and all of them and him and some of the preachers from Madison. They'd come up there and have us all a Christmas tree. Dark Hollow People, and all kind of cake.. some of the best cake you ever eat. They'd have all that for the mountain people. And they'd put up a great big tree, clear to the top of the church. Make full of stockings, and candy and oranges. Bring them clothes and all that good stuff to the mountain.

D.S.: Wow.

N.L.: And our teacher, Rosey Lore, she'd have a Christmas Tree up there for us too, at Christmas.

D.S.: Great. Did you shoot off firecrackers?

N.L.: Yea. There was a lot of them then. I was afraid of them. But some of the older.. my oldest sisters and all would put them off. A whole lot of boys around in Dark Hollow would be a shooting them
off all the time.

D.S.: It wasn't...Was there much visiting?

N.L.: In the mountain?

D.S.: Uh, on Christmas...at Christmas.

N.L.: Well, right much. People would come around and visit us...everybody. We'd go to their house, and they'd come to ours and we'd have a whole lot of company every Sunday...for dinner and all like that when we lived in the mountain.

D.S.: You did?

N.L.: Yea. The girls...the preacher's girls...they liked to come to our house and my uncle. We all grewed up and played together and we all visited each other like that.

D.S.: Yea. Um...was there much drinking at Christmas?

N.L.: No, huhuh.

D.S.: No. Did you do the Kris Kringlers? Do you know what that is?

N.L.: Yea. I used to go out a little bit with a bunch of them when I was real young.

D.S.: Yea. Was that fun?

N.L.: Yea. That was real fun. You'd dress up you know...look scarry looking. Bunch of them would come to our house too.

D.S.: Sure.

N.L.: But you don't never see none of it no more.

D.S.: No, it's a darn shame isn't it?

N.L.: Deed it is. Yea, it'd be old gangs that come to our house...I was kindly small...I wouldn't know none of them. I was scared. They scared me.

D.S.: Until you got old enough to go around too. Did adults go around
too, or just was it the children?

N.L.: Well the old people would go too. I heared them say...real old people back in them days would *kindly* go. You know old man Jenkins, he lived over back of the Hollow...I wasn't too old but, I remember him. He was a little short man. He'd go...they said out Kris Kringle. Him and his wife. A whole gang of them. Go around everywhere.

that's the way

D.S.: Do you know Elsie Williams met Effie?

N.L.: It was. That was a deal wasn't it?

D.S.: Yes, she tells about one time he came, and she of course didn't know who he was. The next year when he came, she knew who he was.

N.L.: Yea. That's wishing ain't it.

D.S.: Yea. I think it's rather a sweet story. Um, this isn't a very happy subject but you did mention the cemetery. Um, there was not embalming...uh...so when people died was the body kept in the house.

N.L.: Yea. In a...you know put them in another room...take the bed down or something like that, and put them in another room and put a sheet over them or something like that.

D.S.: Um...did they use markers...stone markers or rocks?

N.L.: Rocks.


N.L.: Yea. That's the reason I don't know where my mother is buried. I did when we moved out, but after it growed up...now I don't know where she's at. That's...it was snow on the ground when we buried my father up there. See December coming...he'll be dead seventeen years. And that's the only place he wanted to be put back up on.
D.S.: Sure.

N.L.: Yea, he wanted to be took back up there.

And I think Bob Cave was a living then. He'd dead now. Ain't been too long died, couple years ago... he told them where they figured she was buried at, but she wasn't. That was the outside of the cemetery. That was the old wire fence... that ran up there. But you know, pretty close together he's there close to all of them, but she's over in there farther... where my aunts and my grandmother is buried.

D.S.: That's... really too bad, isn't it? That there is no way of knowing.

N.L.: Yea.

D.S.: Were there many Breeden's in that area?

N.L.: Let's see. No. I don't know of none but the family my daddy and then on Tanners Ridge now there was Breeden's.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Are they kin to you?

N.L.: Yea, they are kin... little relation to me someway or another. The Offenbackers, they kin to me. See my grandmother was an Offenbacker. That's the reason then I was kin to the Offenbacker's and I guess we was some kin to the Thomas's too, on Tanners Ridge.

D.S.: Oh, really. Um... Valley Cave.

N.L.: Yea, she married my uncle. Fred Cave. Now he's the only uncle out of my mother's family that is living. All the rest of them has passed away.


N.L.: I ain't seen nothing of Fred now for a couple years. Said he's got right old... I imagine he's getting close to 80 or maybe he is 80. And he was always... looked like the punniest one of all of them. And
he outlived all of them.

D.S.: Really. Who is this again?

N.L.: Fred Cave...my uncle Fred.

D.S.: Where does he live?

N.L.: I think he stays close to Elkton with his son, Melvin.

D.S.: Fred...

N.L.: Fred Cave

D.S.: Fred Cave and he lives with Melvin?

N.L.: Yea...called him Melvin.

D.S.: In Elkton.

N.L.: Yea.

D.S.: Hum. I wonder if Melvin has a telephone.

N.L.: Deed I don't know. I imagine he has.

D.S.: That's alright.

N.L.: If you go, I'll go with you.

D.S.: Alright, do that.

N.L.: I will, you find out when you are going and...

D.S.: Sure, right.

N.L.: He's my uncle. I'd like to see him.

D.S.: Okey. We'll make a party out of it.

N.L.: Yea, we'll make a party out of it.

D.S.: You know I have heard that when you took corn down to the store...

to have it...to the mill to have it ground and you put it on the
back of the horse...the meal...the hairs of the horse got in it. Is
that true.

N.L.: I never did hear of it, I don't think. It had to be a thin sack.

You know, some kind of meal sacks was real thick. I don't think
no hair could get through them. Everybody had little sifters that sift their cornmeal and flour and all like that and grind their coffee. Get the coffee you know in the grains. Wasn't no ground coffee then you know. Grind it yourself in a little coffee grinder. Boy that was a hard little job too. And churning. That was another hard one.


N.L.; We used to up and down the tree you know. Me and my sister. I stayed with her a whole lot after she got married. She lived down below the Charles Gander place back of the Red Gate over in those pines. That was a beautiful place. I stayed with her a whole lot after she got married and she had about two or three cows. Jersey cows... and me and her would churn a whole lot of butter and take turns...... sometimes I'd say you going to have to come here and churn a while cause I'm a getting tired. That was a hard job too.

D.S.: Sure. Yea. Um. Did you sell any of your butter?

N.L.: Yes. She sold a whole lot of it you know to people in the mountain and give it to them. You know she'd give them butter and milk. Then she'd... George Cave's wife would pay her a little something once in a while.

D.S.: Um, when you heard the park was coming through, and you knew you would have to move out, was it hard to adjust? some of them.

N.L.: Well, yea. The younger ones of us didn't mind it as bad as the old people. Some of them really hated it. And I believe that's what pretty near killed some of them. Cause Doug Cave, after he
moved out, he didn't live no time, hardly. He grieved to death he moved to Jordon Hollow...that was my uncle...and he never was satisfied no more. I don't think Click was either...Uncle Click. I never did hear my daddy say to much about it but we moved down to Neathers Hollow then to another Hollow..he could hunt and all like he always did, down in there. He married my sister

and he could hunt anywhere he wanted to, and he didn't seem like he minded it too bad. But most...whole lot of them people like really hurt them.... took all their land away from them give them nothing you might as well say.

D.S.: Yea. And it was hard to find jobs.
N.L.: Yea.
D.S.: Did your father do any work with the CCC's?
N.L.: No, huhuuh.
D.S.: Did he do any work on the drive at all?
N.L.: Yea, he worked on the drive you know when they was cutting the right away. He worked there til they got it finished. Cutting the right away out. All of them did in Dark Hollow.
D.S.: Yea. Yea. Well, at least it was some way of making money wasn't it? Right. Have you any idea where the Breeden's came from? Did ever the story get passed down...like from your grandparents or great-grandparents.
N.L.: No, I can't remember now where my great-grandmother and them come from. But they did live down close to the coppermine.
D.S.: And they were there a long while weren't they?
N.L.: Yea.
D.S.: Would you say that it was more than your great-grandmother and
father?

N.L.: Yea. I guess there was a whole lot more. I had some Uncles and ...

D.S.: No, no, I mean back further than great-grandfather. Would it be great-great-grandfather?

N.L.: Probably was, but I can't remember.

D.S.: You wouldn't know them. I wouldn't expect that. No. Really.

N.L.: No, I can't remember back. Now I could have asked her about it. Maybe she could have remembered something about it. She was my oldest sister. But I can't remember nothing. See my great-grandmother Breeden she died before I was born. Well I might have been a baby, and my grandmother Breeden, my daddy's mother. I remember her, she was used to stay with us some after she moved to Elkton after thing moved out of that hollow. Moved out on their own. Moved out before the park ever took it. They went to Elkton. Lucie, the daughter. My Aunt Lucie she married a Kemp. She lived at Elkton. My Aunt Sadie Breeden, she married Merica. They all lived at Elkton. And my dad had one brother, Willie Breeden, but he's dead now too. He lived at Elkton too, I believe it was...

But we still got a whole lot of relations that lives in Elkton or somewhere but I ain't seen none of them for years to come.

D.S.: Most of the families were large families weren't they?

N.L.: Yea.

D.S.: Well can you think of anything I haven't asked you?

N.L.: No, I...
D.S.: You were happy there weren't you?
N.L.: Yes we was. And I felt better than I ever didin the park.
D.S.: Sure.
N.L.: Yea. That was a healty place. Now the people that come from away from here you know .. would be up there on those cliffs .. we'd all go up there on the cliffs of a Sunday and the children would just be selling flowers around then, some of Ralph's children and George Cave's children they'd all be a selling flowers on the drive and people would come up there and ask us about it. boy we'd say this is really God's country up here. They'd tell us don't believe you all ever get sick do you. I'd tell them hardly ever.
N.L.: And there was so many chestnuts up there. Didn't tell you that did I.
D.S.: Yea.
N.L.: All the way back..I reckon where they called the here..I reckon you know where they called the here that growed back of Big Meadows. All that whole woods wasn't nothing but big chestnut trees. And we'd all get..go out..see our daddy and everyone of us kids..bout one of us kids would stay home..bout seven of us got up real early bout five o'clock in themorning and go through those fields and chestnuts all day and pick them up and towards Wednesday or Thursday and we'd have one of these great big sacks full of chestnuts to take down to the store. But I don't think..back then we didn't get but about 5 maybe 5 or 6c a pound for it. Some of the biggest ones..we'd sneak some of the
biggest ones......away from our daddy. String them upon a thread...let them dry. through the winter. Dried chestnuts.

D.S.: Yea. Sure. Did you ever roast them?
N.L.: Yea, we'd roast some too.

D.S.: Mmmm.

N.L.: But boy they was good dried. We'd know the hull would turn right brown on it. we'd string them up too...on a string. And we'd take us...and say 'I believe you took some.'

D.S.: He had a job taking care of all of you girls.

N.L.: I'll say he did. They were the biggest chestnuts.

We'd string them on strings and hang them on nails and let them dry. Boy they was really good.

D.S.: You were a busy bunch. You know I'm surprised your father didn't remarry.

N.L.: He never did. He did like Cave's sister. I hear'd that one time. More than one time. Said he would have married her at one time. I believe he said she like him too. I believe Cave's mother and daddy didn't want her to you know to marry my daddy on account of all of us kids. That was the reason.

D.S.: Yea, uhhuh.

N.L.: And I have heared my older sister say my mother told him before she died to keep us all together and not to get married nomore. So he must have stuck to it.

D.S.: He did. He was a nice man. What did he look like?

N.L.: He was short and they said when he was young he had real red hair. That's the reason all of us had red hair. Yea. But his hair had
turned dark the older he got then his hair was dark. He had blue eyes and light complected. He worked hard. I tell you he worked harder any man in Dark Hollow. Him and George did. Working them big old railroad ties and sawing them and trying to pull them out of the mountain, and all like that. My older sister, they caused

D.S.: *Every now and then* you lucked out didn't you.
N.L.: Yea.
D.S.: Not much, but you did some.
N.L.: I was in the cornfields and bark...I carried a lot of bark and all like that.
D.S.: Yea, uh hum.
N.L.: But I didn't mind it.
D.S.: Did you get up early in the morning?
N.L.: Yea. He'd get us all up about 5 o'clock. And we'd start to the chestnut woods about that early. Wow, I was about starved when I'd get home.
D.S.: I should think so.
N.L.: All them big fields be full of cattle. You know. Some mornings it'd be so cold...my feet be nearly froze and when those cattle would stand jump out of those hot places, we'd go and warm our feet. We thought that was the warmest place we ever felt.
D.S.: Right. Oh gosh. This has been simply...simply wonderful. I'm not going to unhook this...I'm going to leave it on because you may think of something more. Oh but meanwhile...I thank you.
Now what was it you were saying.
N.L.: Well my daddy and my uncle Click...you know Uncle Click loved sweet
stuff. All kind of honey and preserves and stuff like that. And him and my daddy they was great at hunting bees too. And they'd make a little stand and get...have a piece of comb you know and put sugar on it and catch honey bees and put them on that comb and let them suck the sugar water and then they would watch them which way they went.

D.S.: Oh is that how they made the bee bait?

N.L.: Yea, with sugar water.

D.S.: Sugar Water.

N.L.: Made with sugar and stir it up with a little water and pour it down that honey comb. Boy them bees would really come and go for that. They'd keep moving their little stand through the woods til they find the bee tree. And the way down..find it way down what they call Pine Hollow..that's kinda like you going to Richard Hollow and then them great pig poplar trees they'd find the bee tree. Them poplar had the best honey in them. Get more out of them. Sometimes when you'd cut one..you'd have lard cans full of honey some of the prettiest pure honey.

D.S.: Ah. Would they chop down the tree then?

N.L.: Yea. And Uncle Click he'd rob the bees..my daddy he was scared of them. He'd make a smoke hole..on rags you know..on rags and set the fire and let the smoke go up and he'd hold that there til Uncle Click would rob the bees. He never did get stung. He'd tie his britches legs down. Us kids would laugh because it looked so funny. And make a little piece of screen..like this screen wire..and put that down over his head, and he hardly ever got stung. And
boy talking about good honey...that was.

D.S.: Oh boy, yes.

N.L.: And of course bees find a whole lot of trees. We had plenty of honey in the mountains too for the winter.

D.S.: You didn't tell me about that sugar maple.

N.L.: You want me to tell you that?

D.S.: Yea.

N.L.: Well in the hollow up there where we lived wasn't nothing but them sugar maples up there and all us kids would get us a cup.. about a quart cup..we'd take our ax and whack into that tree and the sugar water would just roll out. And we'd put that cup under that tree and there weren't no time before we'd have it full..full of sugar water and some of us would want to make molasses out of that. No sir, we were going to drink it. We'd drink it ever bit up. I think they made a little one time. They said brother Rufus..... he's down with a sore throat..he's the one the same age as I am about three weeks difference between us they said. And he's the one said the made the sugar water into molasses. Molasses out of the sugar water and he told them..we'd laugh at him..he said you know how much sugar water it took to make that gallon of mollases We'd say no. Forty gallons. To make one gallon. My father said I'm not going to fool with that..I'm gonna drink mine. I thought that was real good. Those maple you know.. good and sweet.

D.S.: You know I've never heard of anyone just drinking it now

N.L.: Yea. We did. Us kids thought that was something real.
D.S.: Oh, I think that's great. Oh boy.