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(SNP022) Elzie Cave interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith

Elza A. Cave

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Smith: Now, I am interviewing Mr. and Mrs Elzie Cave who live in Kite Hollow, and they had lived in Dark Hollow. Right?

Mr. Cave: That's right. We were born there.

Smith: O.K. Now you said you could tell how the Caves got there.

Mr. Cave: Well you take back before the Civil War, a good bit before, Jimmy Cave was put here what they call ^{Fishers} Fishers Gap, some of them do and some of them call it Milams Gap; he was put there to watch the toll gate, across the Gordonsville Turnpike. He was a single man when he came there. He had a cabin right there where the Skyline Drive goes through now, and where this road crosses. And later on he married, I don't know what date it was, but it was far enough back that he raised a son, his oldest son, that was in the Civil War between the states. So you can figure about how long it was. And then he raised a family of four boys. I don't know how many girls, but four boys. And then they raised families, and that's they way they got into Dark Hollow. And as to the kind of work they did, they farmed patches that they cleaned up land and farmed patches in the summer time.

Smith: How did they plant the corn?

Mr. Cave: Well, some of them had horses, they plowed the ground with a shovel plow and laid it off and planted it. Some of them just dug hills, dug the ground up and planted.

Smith: Did they ever use stones to keep the moisture of the rain in the soil?

Cave: No. There was plenty of stones there.

Smith: That's right. I mean plant the kernels near the stones.

Interview: Elzie Cave, 5-5-78, by Dorothy Smith.

p.2

Cave: Well, no, not particular. They piled up a lot of stones to get room to plant in a lot of places.

Smith: Oh yes, there was a lot. Did they use any particular skill in doing those stone walls.

Cave: Well, nothing particular. Just

Smith: Because they hold up.

Cave: Yes, they knew how to build them. Naturally, it just comes natural.

Smith: All right, now, what did they plant?

Cave: They planted corn, potatoes, beans, cabbage, stuff just like they plant today.

Smith: Was the cabbages good?

Cave: Oh, they was the best flavor... best land I ever saw for cabbage. I've seen them grow way up to 15, 18 pounds. And they grew the cabbage to sell. They would haul the cabbage down here to Luray and Stanley and Madison and all down through there and sell them in the fall of the year.

Smith: How would they take them down?

Cave: They would take them on wagons.

Smith: Oh, they had wagon roads.

Cave: Oh, yeah. This old Gordonsville Turnpike went out both ways. You see, that's the first road, according to what I can find out, that's the first road, they say, a road that ever crossed this here mountain is the Gordonsville Turnpike. It ran from Gordonsville to New Market.

Smith: Oh, so that road then, they were able to take their wagons and all the things

Cave: Yes. We hauled ties many a time. That was part of the work we did. In the winter time they hewed ties and hauled them to Stanley here. Man there bought them. In the summer time they'd peel tanbark, and haul that....

Smith: To the tanneries?

Cave: To the tannery. They used to haul it to Stanley here and it was shipped someplaces, but a lot of times they'd haul it to Luray to the tannery.

Smith: That was a long haul.

Cave: Oh yeah, long.

Smith: Did you have two horses?

Cave: Some of them had two; some didn't have but one.

Smith: Oh, my goodness.

Cave: Didn't everybody have them. Just certain people that had them. Most of the hauling that was done was people here in the valley come in there and haul out.

Smith: Now when you took your things down to the store, did you get cash for them, or credit?

Cave: Well at one day and time the store -- there used to be a store right down here where Barney Jones lives -- they had chits, aluminum chits, and some of them would pay when they got down to five cents or below that there was paper checks they'd use for pennies. Yeah, they did that for a long time that you took stuff out and they'd give you that back. But the ties and bark you got cash for.

Smith. Right. Have you any idea how much you got for the ties?

Cave: Not much. They ran anywhere from fifty cents to a dollar

and a quarter was about the highest.

Smith: For one tie?

Cave: For one tie. And then we paid half of that for hauling, you see, we didn't leave much.

Smith: Now when you took them in yourself you got the full fifty cents or a dollar and a quarter.

Cave: You see they graded them according to size.

Smith: What would you take into the stores to get credit?

Cave: Well, we didn't take anything particular.

Smith: Like beans, dried beans?

Cave: No, we didn't sell any dried beans. We'd take dried apples, and we would take chickens and eggs.

Smith: Hogs?

Cave: No, we didn't take no hogs. We raised hogs, but we just raised them for our own use.

Smith: And with this credit, what would you buy?

Cave: Well, just coffee, sugar, kerosene, molasses, and any kind of stuff like that.

Smith: Oh, you didn't make sorghum?

Cave: No, we didn't make it in the mountain there.

Smith: You didn't?

Cave: No, we didn't make that.

Smith: I don't blame you. It's a lot of work.

Cave: Some people did. I had an uncle that did.

Smith: How about apple orchards. Did you have much apple orchards?

Cave: No, but we had just enough for our own use, and some-

Interview: Elzie Cave, 5-5-78, by Dorothy Smith.

p.5

times there was enough for a lot of people when they . We
picked apples and put them in the cellar, and put potatoes in
there and buried them, and we didn't depend on getting out much in
the winter time. I mean if it got bad, we didn't have to.

Smith: And it did get bad there.

Cave: It did, 'deed it did.

Smith: JDid you dig a trench and put straw in the bottom of
it to hold your turnips and potatoes and things of that kind?

Cave: Well we, if we didn't put straw we'd put leaves, and
we put bark next to them to keep them dry, and then cover them with
dirt.

Smith: Did you put the cabbages in head down?

Cave: That's right. We'd pull them up. We'd pull the ones
we were going to bury and then put them back, back side up.

Smith: They came out fresh as could be, didn't they?

Cave: That's right. Just like you put them in.

Smith: That was a remarkable way to preserve them, wasn't it?

Cave: Yes indeed it was.

Smith: All right, now, you made your own clothes?

Cave: My mother made most all of them. She'd buy the goods
at the store. Yes, my mother made practically all of them. She
made a lot of clothes for youall

Mrs. Cave: Yes, she made plenty of clothes for us.

Smith: Did she hand sew them or did she ...

Mrs. Cave: She had a sewing machine.

Cave: She had a Singer sewing machine toward the last, but
she did it with the hand for years. I can remember seeing her cook-

ing by the fireplace before she ever got a cook stove.

Smith: What meats did people eat?

Cave: Mostly hog meat and wild meat: rabbits, squirrels, and coons.

Smith: Fish?

Cave: Yes, lots of fish.

Smith: Beef:

Cave: Yes, we'd get some beef once in a while.

Smith: Oh, you did. How would you get that?

Cave: Well, most of the times it was somebody in the neighborhood, they'd go together and they'd kill one and they'd divide it out, sell it out to the others. That was the way mostly they got it, and sometimes we'd catch somebody here at Stanley a-peddling it, or somebody; you didn't see no beef in the stores then. But somebody on weekends would kill one and peddle it out. That was the way you got most of it back in

Smith: All right, now, you ate good; that's for sure. You really ate good.

Cave: Well, we didn't suffer that way, but we had to work.

Smith: How about milk cows? Did you have any milk cows?

Cave: Yeah, we had a milk cow ever since I could remember. A lot of people didn't, but we did.

Smith: One, or two?

Cave: Most of the time one. Sometimes we'd raise one.

Smith: And with the milk cows you made your butter?

Cave: That's right.

Smith: And cheese? Cottage cheese?

Cave: That's right.

Smith: And anything else that you did with it? You drank it?

Cave: Yeah, we drank the milk. We had milk to drink all the time.

Smith: How about families? Did people have large families, a lot of children?

Cave: Right large. There was eight in our family.

Mrs. Cave: There was nine in ours.

Cave: And all girls. They was all girls.

Mrs. Cave: We did have to work awful hard, too. {Our mother (?)
.....Mertha
died, she died when she was 35. Then we had to work hard sure enough.

Smith: You had to do all the laundry then.

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed. And I peeled bark all day, too.

Smith: What would you use to peel bark?

Mrs. Cave: I'd peel it with an axe. You see, I'd cut the trees down, and I'd go down and notch it, and I'd peel it thataway. Yes indeed, I'd peel bark all day long.

Cave: Her daddy, they mostly for a living in the summer time all the time, and her and her sister would saw them off and then

Mrs. Cave: We'd saw off 50 before dinner.

Cave: And they had a little spike like a railroad spike only it was a small one. They'd drive that into the ties and they would drag them out like horses.

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed we did.

Cave: It was good pullpulled it.

Mrs. Cave: And I waded snow until my froze just like

Cave: It was rough out there.

Smith: That was hard work.

Mrs. Cave: It were awful hard work. Worked six days every week. We'd come down in Page at store about four or five times of a week, and then we'd have to rush back and saw ties

Smith: Well tell about the laundry. How did you do your laundry?

Mrs. Cave: We had a tub, you know, and a rubber. You've seen them washboards, and wash them like that.

Smith: Did you boil them then?

Mrs. Cave: Sometimes we would and sometimes we didn't.

Smith: The boiling was the hard part, wasn't it?

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed.

Smith: Because you had to drag the water there and get the kettle boiling.

Mrs. Cave: And my oldest sister, when our mother died, theof the little child was about like that, she raised that. Then we had to work hard all the time.

Smith: Then there was no chance to play, was there?

Mrs. Cave: No indeed, I never did get to play a bit.

Smith: Didn't the boys pitch horseshoes, or do anything like that?

Cave: On Sunday.

Mrs. Cave: Indeed I never did have no time to play
And we used to get so many chestnuts, too, in the fall. I've picked up a bushel of chestnuts every day I would go, just about nine gallons of chestnuts.

Smith: Did you ever hunt hickory nuts?

Cave: Yes, we gathered some of them. You couldn't sell them.

Smith: Did you ever set fires to make sure you had huckle-berries.

Cave: No.

Smith: A lot of people did.

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed. I've seen people set them.

Cave: But we had some awful fires in that mountain.

Smith: But it was deliberate so they'd be sure

Cave: A lot of times it was and a lot of time it would be, you see, people would clean up new land; it was all new at one time. They'd clean up new land and then they'd set the brush afire to burn them off into pasture, when it was kind of dry, and I've knowed them to go home to dinner and come back, the fire'd be done gone (?)

Smith: Up, up and away, huh? How far away was your nearest neighbor?

Cave: Well, where we lived, it, where my daddy lived, I'd say three-quarters of a mile, weren't it? About three-quarters of a mile to the closest one to us. Of course when you got up where she lived it wasn't that far, maybe four or five hundred yards to the closest.

Smith: About how far down in the hollow did you live?

Cave: Well, you see, it was what they call Dark Hollow. I lived just about I reckon almost a mile from the main highway, to the left. When you get in Dark Hollow you go down a piece and there're two streams, Dark Hollow and another stream. We lived over on the other stream, no distance from it.

Smith: Did you ever take time to go on a picnic at Dark Hollow Falls?

Cave: No, but I've all over it a hundred times, fished up through there with a hook and line.

Smith: And fishing was done on Sunday too, right?

Cave: Well, there'd come a rainy day, people would fish a rainy day. There was a few fellows that fished anytime. There was a Mr. Weakley up there, he you see he was on the pension, and he didn't have to work much.

Smith: Do you recall any herbs that were used?

Cave: Well, not particular. They made tea out of this spice wood, just to make tea out of it. Some of them would dig sassafras roots and make tea out of that.

Mrs. Cave: And they had a tea named horse mint. They made tea out of that.

Cave: A mint growed that they called it horse mint, I don't know

Mrs. Cave: And it was awfully good tea for a cold. We'd get a bunch

Cave: They would gather it in the summer time and keep it until winter time, and they'd dry it and make tea.

Smith: And so horse mint tea was used for colds.

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed, that was the best kind.

Smith: Well, you know we're finding out that a lot of these herbs, there is true value to them.

Mrs. Cave: Yes, and our Daddy, we all had us all diptheery and he would make some and he'd wash our throat with

white oak bark, you know....., and he cured the last one of us up from the diptheery.

Smith: White oak bark and he made a tea out of that?

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed. He made some kind of a out of some kind of a bud he got offen a tree. What kind of a bud was that off that tree he

Cave: They called them bandied unions (?), they'd make salve out of it, I don't know. Bandied unions (?) what they called it, I don't think when you look in the book you can find it by that name. I don't believe you can.

Smith: And those were buds, right?

Cave: He'd get the buds offen it.

Smith: And make a salve?

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed he would.

Cave: There's plenty of them up there on the mountain. The trees they're tall, awfully tall things, and the bark is kind of thin on them like a sycamore bark.

Smith: Would it be a tulip tree? Did it grow straight?

Cave: You know they grow awful straight and tall, and the bark on them's sort of white. Light color.

Smith: I'm going to have to research that and find out what it was.

Cave: I've had a lot of people ask me about them trees. Some are way down in Rappahannock down there. Married my granddaughter. He's got land down there, and he took me over there and want me to see what kind of trees they were, and there's some of them down there. I knowed that they were soon as I seed them. I spend a lot of time in the woods, in a sawmill for 25 years, the last thing I did.

So there ain't much about trees that I don't know.

Smith: That's right. And you got paid for working in the sawmill, then, didn't you?

Cave: Oh yeah, I finally run a sawmill of my own, for 25 years, about, wasn't it?

Mrs. Cave: Every bit of that.

Smith: What about snakebite? Did you use any poultice for snakebite.

Cave: They used different things, I hearded them say. I never got snake bitten, I had a brother did. And she had a sister or two got snake bitten. But I, all my travelling in the mountains, I never got snake-bit. But I come awful near.

Mrs. Cave: Three of my sisters got bit with a snake.

Smith: So what did you do?

Mrs. Cave: They would kill a chicken, you see, young chicken, and then put that chicken while it was a-living right over the place where the snake bit and draw some of the pizen out. The chicken would turn that green. And they'd get all kind of weeds out of -- snake weed, we called it -- and make a tea of it and bind her leg with it. One of them didn't walk a bit for three months. No indeed. And the youngest of them, of my youngest sister -- I was up a cherry tree getting cherries. He was standing on a rock beside the old rock wall, and all at once he commenced crying and going on, said I'd throwed a rock on her leg. And I didn't. I was up a cherry tree A copperhead had bit her on the leg.

Smith: So what did you do?

Mrs. Cave: They kept on painting; if you treat that, what do you call that -- iodine? Painting her leg with that, and rubbing

Interview: Elzie Cave, 5-5-78, by Dorothy Smith. p. 13

it with coal oil, and that take some of the swelling out. Kept rubbing and that got some of it out. But she didn't walk a bit for I don't know how many months.

Cave: No, but you'd see a lot of snakes up there.

Mrs. Cave: Oh, I've run up on the biggest rattlesnakes aboutmy life.

Cave: We lived close to where the old copper mine was. My Daddy worked there at it, and some of my older brothers worked at it, and we lived close to that -- not so far from it. That was the first thing in the way of any public works that ever come in there that anybody had a chance to work at, outside of cleaning up grazing farms and like that.

Smith: What was the school like? Did you have a school?

Cave: I never went to school a day in my life.

Mrs. Cave:I never had some time to go to school.

Cave: All the school that was in reach of us was if somebody come in there and teach summer school, found a place to teach a little summer school, or something. And then there was the man come in there with the copper mine, Harry Hall they called him. He'd teach school there at Dark Hollow Church, one winter or two -- which was it?

Mrs. Cave: He teach one winter.

Cave: One winter. And then I remember when I was real small kid up there at Big Meadows, what they called the stave mill. Mr. Koons and some of them had a stave mill there. Somebody -- I don't know who -- somebody teach school there one summer. And that was it. See, it was seven miles to the closest school -- seven or eight

miles going that way; it was about the same over this way, because it was right down here where Barney lived, and I don't know, I went one day to a teacher, a man by the name of Copley I believe, or Gillum, teaching in a little house somebody built and weren't nobody living in it, just in the three summer months.

Smith: And in the summer the children couldn't go to school. They had to help.

Mrs. Cave: I never did go in my life.

Cave: They sent me up there and I weren't but about five years old, and he give me a pencil and a paper and told me and another boy to go out there under a grape bush, and he told our parents we weren't old enough. I think he was afraid we'd get snake-bit or something, so I never did go. But I can read some, and I got by.

Smith: How did you two go courting?

Cave: We started out just seeing each other and going to church there in Dark Hollow.

Smith: What was the wedding like?

Cave: Well, we didn't have nobody much at the wedding. They was running a revival meeting there at Dark Hollow Church -- fellow
and
by the name of Cradick ^{and} Banks, I think they was from Lynchburg and we slipped in there where where old man Cradick was, and old man Banks was lying on a cot in there where he had, he was fast asleep. He didn't even know we were there, just old man Cradick, he married us. That's quite a while ago, too.

Smith: Then did you build a house?

Cave: No. There was a house empty, an old house over in there where my Daddy lived, close. We moved in that, stayed one or two years, about a little over a year, didn't we?

Mrs. Cave: A little over a year.

Cave: And then we moved on Luster Ganderd Will's place. That was James Gander's daddy, and you know them. They had a place up here on the mountain was raisin (?) farm and we moved there and stayed there until the Park took it. Then we moved to Madison, Town. County.

Smith: Oh, you did move to Madison County. Wolfetown, or

Cave: No, we moved down there next to and we rented for, I'd say, four, five, six years, didn't we?

Mrs. Cave: Yes, about six years we lived there.

Cave: We rented then. Then I finally bought the place where we lived; it was 50 acres then, and I bought that, and went to hauling pulp wood and one thing another a little later on, and the pulpwood business got kinda bad, and couldn't put but so many loads a week in; I believe we got in two loads a week, and you see we was paying for trucks. So I went to the place for sale up on the mountain, timber and all, and I talked to the old man and he said he would sell it, and I went then to see if I could sell the stuff, and then I went into the timber business. I'd buy sometimes just the timber; sometimes I'd buy timber, land, and all, and cut the timber off and then sell the land.

Smith: Was it a hard adjustment when you had to move out of the mountain?

Cave: Well, it weren't too hard for me. It was hard for a lot of people. But I had been out of the mountains a lot. But a lot of people hadn't, and it was hard for a lot of them. I left home and went to West Virginia and went to work when I was 12 years old, apple picking. Just this small. (?)

Smith: Did you ever go up to Skyland?

Cave: I been there many a-time.

Smith: Did you go to any of the parties there that Pollock gave?

Cave: No..... I went there one time when he had a big day there. I remember I went there with a bunch of people. They were going to have horse jumps and races, and they were going to have a bonfire that night, but I didn't stay to that.

Smith: Why?

Cave: I was just a boy at that time, and I was riding my Daddy's horse, and he'd told me what time to be back, I reckon.

Smith: Were there many people who made moonshine in Dark Hollow?

Cave: Well, there was right many around there that tried it. There weren't nobody in Dark Hollow particular that made a lot of moonshine. Some of them tried it. But going down there what you call Richard Hollow, on down at the foot of the mountain, it was a regular job for them. But up in there, I'd say maybe some of them made five or six doublins (?) and they give it up. Now old man Jim Br..... the fellow that lived over there on the Haywood Mountain, now he made right much. He didn't make a business of it, but, when he weren't farming -- he farmed a lot of land I'd say seven or eight acres. That was a lot of land to farm, it was a But through the fall and winter he made liquor.

Smith: Well I don't blame them. You know it's a lot easier carrying a gallon of whiskey than it is a whole barrel of apples.

You make more money out of it, too.

Mrs. Cave: And he had 13 or 14 children. I've knowed them all my life. I've been to his house a hundred times.

Cave: There wasn't no harm in him.

Smith: Oh, no. There isn't any harm in those people. It was a way of life, and it was a very sensible thing to do.

Cave: I was just talking here the last time I went over there. You take what they call Crescent Rock: through that section back through there there was more tragedy right through that section it seemed like than anywhere else in that country.

Smith: Why?

Cave: I don't know.

Smith: What kind of tragedy?

Cave: People getting killed and one thing or another, more there than any spot I ever knowed of. I'd say three or four, one way or another, got killed in there, shooting or something.

Smith: Do you suppose it's because they made moonshine and they got high, or...

Cave: No, I don't think so. I'd say that had something to do with it. But way back there there was a fellow -- they was looking for a certain fellow -- a Thomas I believe it was, the law was, and the sheriff was Newt Finks (?) I heard my Daddy talk about it, what a tragedy it was. He said that he deputized a fellow to go with him by the name of Ab Dodson. And he was a powerful man; there was no man that could handle him, and there was nobody would (?) like him on that account, I don't reckon. And they went there to see about this fellow Thomas, what was at old man Parks, they heard he was there,

and this sherif they tell me was crippled kind of in the foot or something, and instead of him going in himself he sent this Dodson in to see about it, and they shot him all to pieces. Soon as he entered the door. I heared my Daddy talk about it many times; he knowed the man good. And they was in there, they was waiting for him. And I wouldn't say that alcohol had nothing to do with it. They just didn't like him.

Smith: He was a brave man to go in, wasn't he?

Cave: Oh lord (?) yes.

Smith: Is he any kin to Ray Dodson, the sherif?

Cave: 'Deed I don't know. It was way back there when my Daddy was just a youngster. I don't know whether he was or not.

Smith: 'Cause he's a big man.

Cave: Yes, I know it. Yeah, they said he was a powerful man. They said there weren't no harm in him though, but if people jumped on him he just split him up (?) like that. Right about probably the same house, right the same place, there was a woman got burned up. She used gas, thought she was using kerosene to.....

Mrs. JCave: That was Deelin (?) Taylor's girl, Rachel, that burned up. I remember that good.

Cave: Then right there at Crescent Rock a fellow sold her gas for coal oil through a mistake.

Mrs. Cave: And burned her up.

Cave: Yes. That was when the Drive was being built. There was a woman Dodson woman froze, right there at Crescent Rock and they didn't find her for a week. Said the snow was that deep. She left from way back yonder the other side of Skyland, way

Interview: Elzie Cave, 5-5-78, by Dorothy Smith.

p. 19

on back. They lived there on top of the mountain, and she was walking, aiming to walk through here to Big Meadows or Tanners Ridge somewhere, and night overtook her and she froze. They said they found where she struck a whole pile of matches there, but ...

Mrs. Cave: That was Mary Sue Dodson (?)

Cave: Might have been the weather.

Smith: Sure, that was the weather, of course. She shouldn't have tried a walk like that.

Cave: Not that late in the day.

Smith: Well now you must have had some fun times. How about of an evening? Were you all so tired you went to bed, or did you sit around and talk?

Cave: No indeed. We set up until 'way in the night, and talked.

Smith: Would you tell ghost stories?

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed they would tell, and near about scared me to death, some of them would.

Smith: Did you remember any of them?

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed.

Cave: You take back at that day and time, and the people now, I don't know why. Worst kind of thing happen and you never hear nothing more about it in a week. You see in in the paper or you hear it on television and that's the end of it. Another week and you don't hear nothing more about it. But I remember old man Layton (?) he was my Daddy's uncle; he lived up there on the mountain, and I wasn't a bit over two or three years old, I know I wasn't. And we was eating supper. We lived in one house and eating in another. And Deelon (?) Taylor -- I 'spect you know Deelon (?) Taylor; he moved here to Page County.

Smith: No. Is he still alive?

Cave: No, he's dead. He lived up in there somewhere.

Smith: Oh, his son, David Taylor, works for the Park.

Cave: No; he had two sons, Bernie and Cecil. Bernie's dead and Cecil he lives across the mountain. He might be some kin. I 'spect they're kin. And we was just fixing to eat supper. It was done dark, we eat by lamplight, and he walked up on the porch, and he stood in the door a minute or too, and course I knowed Deelon (?). I knowed Layton (?) too. And he walked up and he said to my Daddy, he said "Ashby, I want you to go up to old man Layton's (?) with me. He killed Sandy Nichols a while ago." And he was a funny sort of old fellow. He was hot tempered. And so he said "All right." And they sent somebody up to tell my Granddaddy. And my mother took me around on the back of the house. People (?) had chopping blocks where he chopped his wood on at that time. Went on around there, and we was sitting there watching the lanterns go up this mountain-- there was a mountain in front and they had to go up to get back on top. We was watching this lantern go up a log road, a slide road where people slided bark down. And I don't know why, she said to me, she said "I don't know. That old man he don't like your Daddy much nohow, and he might kill him when he gets up there." I never did get close to that old man. He got time for it, but he didn't serve too much of it. But after that I was as scared of that man as I was of the snakes.

Smith: Well, you say you can remember the ghost stories. Can you tell me one?

Mrs. Cave: Well, our mother had been dead for about a month or two, and Maude Cave come 'bout our house, he stayed till about

nine o'clock. And said the graveyards weren't far from and said he met her twice. She wore a bonnet all the time. And he said he met her a-coming, and she looked right in his face, and said "Danny's father buried that dip (???)" and he looked again, and said he got up farther and there she come again. He said he met her twice. That was a scary thing. And I heard something after she died, too. Yes indeed, I heard something like she'd be lifting stove lids, like she was a-cooking. Yes indeed, just putting them back there on the stove. Our Daddy went in there to see, but it wasn't a thing. Said he'd seen his mother many a time after she was dead.

Cave: Do you reckon it was imagination?

Smith: I reckon it was, but it sure would make the hackles rise.

Mrs Cave: I've plenty of things in my time. They scare me awful. I heard something here when I first moved here, and we had the beds in here then. And about midnight I heard just like a hundred phones a-ringing. It just kept that up. And I waked ^{you} up. I said "..... listen."

Smith: Did you hear it?

Cave: No, I didn't hear it. I imagine it was a bear.

Mrs. Cave: Indeed, it scared me all Never did have nothing scared me that much. Felt like my hair got to raising up. Yes indeed, scared me that bad.

Cave: My grandmother, she used to tell me all kinds of experiences that she'd had back there. She said when this road was built, she remembered when you couldn't find a rock on it big enough

to throw at a bird. And stages run over it every day. She walked-- what do you think of that--my grandmother walked from over here in Madison County all the way to Illinois. And back. Her two sis

Smith: Why?

Cave: Well, there was her and her three sisters. Two sisters stayed out there. She was married first to a man by the name of John Weakley. And the war come along, and I can tell you about it if you want me. And the war come along, and John Weakley, he was the right age, and they took him. And he skipped. And he skipped there and they ketched him, they ketched him the third time. He skipped every time. He didn't like there. And so he had one kid, he hadn't been married long, and so, after the third time, they sentenced him to be shot the next morning at daybreak. And there was a little fellow, a guard, he guarded some of the time, one of these guards they had him handcuffed together ever since they caught him, him and I believe it was a Nicholson, I wouldn't be sure, they was handcuffed together. And this guard fellow him for some reason. And this fellow he was handcuffed to had a great big wrist and John Weakley had a little small wrist, and he said to John Weakley, he said "I believe if you would try you could get"-- you see it couldn't go no tighter on his hand than it could on the big fellow. Said "I believe you could get your hand out of that if you try. Try and see." And he said "Well, I could." "Well" he said, "when it gets dark I'll guard you all have business out to the woods here, and I'll guard you, and if you can get loose I'll give you a break." So he did. They got out there, and he got his hand out, and Weakley said after they run, they got a couple hundred yards in the mountain, it was down about Fredericksburg or somewhere in that territory.

Well he shot. Course they'd of took him in the place of it, but they come apart, and he didn't have no key, they knowed he didn't have nothing to do with that. So he went back in and told them "Them two men run." He said "They come apart." And he said "They gone." My grandmother said she didn't know a thing about it, if he'd got loose, or if they'd sentenced him to be shot. There was no news or nothing She said the first thing she knew it was pouring raining, didn't have no light on, a little fire light or something. And said the house was surrounded with officers. And he hadn't come. And she told them no, she hadn't seen him. Said they turned the place upside down, it weren't but a little old one-room house. And they couldn't find him, and so they decided to stay there and wait till he come in. And said this same guard was with them he said he'd walk out, he'd guard then all said he was scared to death, afraid somebody else would be out when he come in (?) Sure enough he did come in when this little old fellow was out there. And he took and pushed him and whispered to him and told him to get to the mountains, well, he was in the mountains, and he went on out, and he stayed them out. They didn't come; they didn't get him. So the next day or so, he was trying to get away, and they shot him across, I reckon, the Shenandoah River out here. Some river, they shot him, in the hip, and he fell over in the river, and said the river was up and muddy, but it had washed out under there, and he crawled under there, and they come there and looked, and didn't see nothing, the water was up and muddy. They watched a while and the on, and told them they shot him and he fell in the river, and that was the end of it. They didn't even just look. But he was scared to go to a doctor or any-

thing. He had a whole load of slugs in his hip, and he was afraid to go to the doctor. He lived about six months and he died. And doctors examined him after he was dead, some doctor did here at Stanley, or Madison, one or the other, some doctor examined him, and they said they could have saved him, would have been nothing to it when they got it out and cleaned the place out, but he said that gangrene killed him. Then,

Smith: Which war was this?

Cave: That was the Civil War, 'tween the states. And then, her and her two sisters and several other parties -- one of them was a John Sisk. John Sisk was along, and she said they come out here somewhere, wherever the yankees was camped, they decided to go. They come to where the Yankees was camped and said two of them, two guards, rode out, and they seen them watching them, and they, this Sisk put his handkerchief on a pole and held it up, a white handkerchief, and these two guards rode up there, and they told them what they wanted to do. There weren't no fighting in the west, out west, nothing going on. They wanted to go west. They said "We'll see about it in a few minutes." They rode in to talk to the authorities, and they sent horses out there to pick the women up, and carried them on 'till they got through the lines. They carried her a mile or two on a horse. And they walked all the way to Illinois, and they stayed out there until the war was over. And after the war was over she come back, but her two sisters they married out there. They never did come back. (One sentence unintelligible.) Yes, she's told me about it time and time again. Said they went through Pennsylvania and through the hot (?) part of Ohio, and on. Walked every step of it. I said "Did you get.." Said there weren't nothing to ride half

of the time. Said for miles and miles they weren't even on the road, just a-going.

Smith: Well you know that is one thing I have admired the people of the mountains so about: they all walked. And they thought nothing of walking up the mountain, and down the mountain, and across and back. Good heavens, I went down to Corbin Cabin the other day and I barely made it up.

Cave: I used to walk down here to the store and carry half a barrel of flour up, clear up yonder on top of Big Meadows, where house was. Many a time.

Smith: How about visiting? Did you do a lot of visiting?

Cave: Yes. People would visit one another regular, from house to house.

Smith: And what would you do if you came in and found them shucking corn?

Cave: What do you mean?

Smith: If you were visiting somebody and they were shucking corn.

Cave: Well they did. They had corn shucking.....

Mrs. Cave: They'd have bean stringing, wouldn't they? We'd string beans half the night.

Smith: You know, one thing that I have wondered about, the applebutter boiling. Did you do much of that?

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed. *End CD 1*

Cave: Practically everybody boiled.

Smith: Did you have fun when you did it?

Cave: Yeah, fun to stir it.

Smith: Did you eat a lot? Did you have each person bring some-

thing to eat, or what would you do?

Cave: Well, just one would help the others, whoever they was helping would furnish the eats.

Smith: How about drinking? Did you do any drinking during it?

Cave: I never seen much drinking around the applebutter boiling.

Mrs. Cave: I never was drunk in my life, there none.

Smith: How about dancing? Did they do any dancing?

Mrs. Cave: I never was to a dance in my life. Never was.

Cave:dances. I never was to but four of them (??)

Smith: You missed a lot of fun.

Cave: Well, I went to one one night and there was a racket. That's one up in there down on the other side. Way down. I went to one one night and they got into a racket, a bunch of them, and I just thought if that was the way it was worth going to.

Smith: Well with the applebutter boiling, if your paddle touched the side of the kettle, what happened?

Cave: You was supposed to kiss.

Smith: Do you suppose people did that on purpose? How about when you were shucking corn? If you got a red ear, what happened?

Cave: You were supposed to get a drink. A lot of them went to shuck didn't have nothing to drink.

Smith: Was there any music that was played?

Cave: Oh yeah, people would play the fiddle, and banjoes. That was about all the music there was in that mountain.

Smith: Do you recall any of the tunes?

Cave: There was a lot of different tunes: "Sally will you marry me?" and "Two sick gals", and all kind of old tunes.

Smith: Oh, wait a minute. "Sally will you marry me."

Cave: That was a regular fiddle tune.

Smith: And what was it, "Two sick gals"?

Cave: Yeah, that's right.

Smith: How about "FoxoChase"?

Cave: Yeah, that was a powerful banjo tune. Used to be a Hert (?) lived over there, Wise Hert, old man Adam Hert's boy, the best banjo picker I ever seen, and that was his favorite tune.

Smith: Did you play any instrument?

Cave: No. She used to play the banjo.

Mrs. Cave: I used to play banjie.

Smith: Do you still have a banjo?

Mrs. Cave: I've got a banjie yet but they broke the strings of it.

Cave: Her finger's got arthritis in it so bad she can't do much with it no more. Mine ain't knotted up, but they swell up.

Mrs. Cave: I'll tell you a old piece they used to play so much, "Old Dan Tucker." My Daddy could pick a banjo awful good. He'd pick out, what all kind of pieces would he do. He'd sing with it.

Cave: "Sandy" was his favorite tune.

Smith: How did that tune go?

Cave: It was a kind of a fast tune, "Pretty little girl that everybody knowed", I'd hear that sometimes on ...

Smith: That's what I was thinking.

Mrs. Cave: And had a little piece named "Lizey Jane." Used to pick that.

Cave: "Git along Lizey Jane" was the ...

Smith: Did ever you take time to look around and say "Gosh it's beautiful up here"?

Cave: Yes indeed. I'd go up there anytime. You take this old

place, this is a old place here, old man Jack Cave lived here. He was the first man ever lived here. And old rock fences all through here.

Mrs. Cave: Well I've helped build them fences many a-time, them rock walls. Deed I have.

Smith: You know there's really quite a knack to that, because if you put the wrong one in the whole thing collapses.

Cave: Yeah.

Mrs. Cave: Uh huh. My Daddy would wall up a cellar like that, just like he was fixing a rock wall, and then would cover it over with you know? He'd cover it over with dirt. They'd come up a big storm we'd get in that, it scared me so. Yes indeed, I've helped a-build them many a time (???)

Smith: Were your houses log houses?

Cave: Mostly. Mostly log.

Smith: Were they terribly large houses?

Cave: Well they wasn't too large. We had the living room and a bedroom, and a upstairs we'd use for beds. We didn't have but three rooms. There was eight kids.

Mrs. Cave: There would come a big snow up there, the house where we lived, you know, the snow would blow in, and some times of a morning when we'd get up, snow'd be about that much on the cover. Blow in.

Cave: You take with a shingle roof or a board roof ...

Mrs. Cave: It'll blow in.

Cave: Often if the wind is blowing it's hard to keep it from coming in the room (?)

Mrs. Cave: You'd think there was a breeze (?) in your back.

Smith: You must have had very heavy quilts, didn't you.

Mrs. Cave: Yes, we had some heavy cover, but get up next morning would be about that deep on top of the cover.

Smith: Did you all make quilts?

Mrs. Cave: Yes, I did. I made a whole lot.

Smith: Did you have quilting bees?

Mr. and Mrs. Cave: No.

Mrs. Cave: I've made, I don't know how many quilts I have made, haven't I?

Cave: Yeah.

Mrs. Cave: Yeah, I sold a whole lot.

Smith: How would you make it? With the ties through?

Mrs. Cave: Uh huh.

Smith: Yeah. Those are the best kind.

Mrs. Cave: I've got a quilt of mine here I made. This here isn't tied too good.

Smith: Look at the work that went into that!

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed.

Smith: Oh, it's a beautiful quilt. And you made designs in there, too. You say you do embroidery, right?

Mrs. Cave: Yeah, I will work 'most at anything. Now that's a awfully heavy quilt I made.

Smith: That keeps you warm. You wouldn't mind the snow coming in on you with something like that on.

Cave: You could stand it, couldn't you?

Smith: You sure could.

Mrs. Cave: I don't know how many I have for the beds.

Smith: Did your mother make quilts too?

Cave: Yes indeed.

Smith: That is a knack to be able to make those.

Cave: No it's a-getting so now, a lot of things I would have liked to have found out that I didn't never find out, I was finding out here lately, but there ain't nobody hardly anymore to find out.

Smith: Tell me about the funerals. How would they do, like if a person died, did they do any embalming?

Cave: No, none whatsoever.

Smith: They'd keep the body in the house?

Mrs. Cave: Now this is a piece. You see I put a back on that. That's an heirloom. That really is, that's an heirloom. You can hand that down to your great grandchildren.

Mrs. Cave: Yes,

Cave: No, the old fellow from down here at Fairfax, I believe he is, he might not be a-living now; he used to send me a Christmas card, and he come here trying to find out as much as he could, but they was, by hearing my mother tell about when her mother died, they stayed with her aunt Harriet.

Mrs. Cave: Why don't you (?) show her that old picture there with all those old people on it?

Cave: I will now in a minute. But I was hearing her say she stayed with her aunt Harriet. That was way down in Madison, about Criglersville. But I never did ask her whether it was on her mother's side or her Daddy's side. But if it was on her mother's side, that was nine sisters if that was on her mother's side. There was nine sisters with (?) them; that was some bunch, wasn't it?

Smith: That sure was. Now, when they did the actual burying, did everybody stay at the grave until it was filled?

Cave: That's right; practically everybody.

Smith: And did you make your own caskets, or buy them?

Cave: No, the most time they bought them. Sometimes they made them.

Smith: And did they use monuments, or stones?

Cave: Stones, mostly.

Smith: And would you inscribe on the the stones?

Cave: Sometimes they would. Very seldom they did.

Smith: Have you been back to the old family graveyard?

Mrs. Cave: Yes, we come every spring.

Cave: We clean it off every year.

Smith: Then it's fairly near the top of the mountain?

Cave: Do you know where this road crosses the top? Well it's about a half a mile down that road, there's a chain across it.

Smith: You mean Redgate.

Cave. Yeah. About half a mile down that road you come to a little flat there in the road. Most of the time if you look you can see the trail goes right up to the graveyard. I cut it off late last fall. I cut it off six or eight feet wide^{up} through there, all the weeds and stuff, and cut the graveyard off too. I had a lot of fun the last time I cut it off. I just went on and parked there at the red gate and went down the road. And I had a grass sickle or a, it's got a blade just like any other sythe, only I was going down the road with that thing on my shoulder. A lot of people didn't know they could use that(?) thing I understand about that time. I didn't meet a soul, but somebody seen us when we went down meet (?) with their lot (?) done cut half of it off,

went back to finish it, and that evening when I come up, why there was a ranger up there was waiting for us, and he asked me had I dug a little ginseng. I said no, and she had her old hat a-carrying it was hot, and she was carrying her hat, and he said "Would you mind letting me see in your hat?" And so, everwho it was must have been somebody didn't know much about ginseng. You couldn't have dug ginseng with a sythe, so I was just laughing. He asked me, said "Could I take a picture of that thing (?) pick?" And I said "Just for yourself." But I understand they had a whole posse (?) looking for us, us ginseng diggers.

Smith: Didn't you ever hunt ginseng though when you were young?

Cave: Very little. My daddy's mother sometimes would go. I went once or twice with them, but I never did hunt ginseng none until, oh, the last six or eight years. I found a little around here in different places. But a lot of people did, yeah.

Smith: What was ginseng used for?

Cave: I couldn't tell to save my life. I see it now in a little medicine and stuff. They told me all the time they ship it to China. They use all the ginseng.

Smith: Well a lot of the people used ginseng, they said it fixed up a cold. And another one said it's good for most anything.

Cave: Ain't no poison about it, I've chewed it many a time (???)

Smith: What does it taste like?

Cave: It's got a good taste. It ain't no bad-tasting stuff. It's kind of strong, there's a little strong taste to it. I've found a lot of ginseng in cutting timber and stuff. If I ever dug it I'd just give it to my brother or something. I didn't fool with it. But I've found, up in here looking for mushrooms, we've found

four or five different pounds (?)

Mrs. Cave: I've hunted ginseng for many a day.

Smith: And what would you do with it?

Cave: They took it to the store.

Mrs. Cave: My husband took it to the store himself.

(Several seconds unintelligible; all three talking at once.)

Smith: How much did you get for it? Do you remember?

Mrs. Cave: From two to three dollars a pound.

Smith: Two to three dollars a pound. That's not much.

Mrs. Cave: No indeed, it wasn't much.

Cave: I believe it was about 30 dollars, green, last year.

Smith: How about doctors? Did you have any regular doctors?

Cave: Yes. Dr. Ross was our regular doctor.

Smith: Dr. Ross came here too?

Cave: No, up on the mountain. From Criglersville. Yes, Dr. Ross he was our regular doctor.

Mrs. Cave: Oh, he was a awfully good doctor.

Smith: He was. How did you get ahold of him?

Cave: Sent somebody after him. Had to walk. Sent somebody out of the mountains, that far (?) to get him. Or go down to the store at Syria and you could call him from down there. Sometimes we'd get Dr. Koontz (?) here.

Mrs. Cave: He was (wasn't??) going to come(?)

Cave: He wouldn't come up on the mountain(?)

Mrs. Cave: He wouldn't come.

Smith: But Dr. Ross always came.

Cave: He came. One time my oldest sister, I was just small,

my oldest sister went out to Cumberland, Maryland. She had an uncle lived out there, and he was in, and she kept begging to let her go out there and see what it was like. She was my oldest sister, and she went out and she stayed three weeks, I believe it was. And there was a girl there or somebody, got sick in the next house, and the day before she left, or a few days before she left, she went in there every day to see that girl, and she didn't have no idea of what was the matter. And when she come home, well by the time she got home she was sick, and got bad off. And they thought she had eat something. She said she'd eat tomatoes out of the garden, hot, and she believed that was what done it. And come to find out, she had typhoid fever. And every one of us got it, except my daddy and mother, they never got it. But every one of the children got it. And I got a sister, she laid 21 days and never moved a finger, unconscious. And my brother, who just died here a week or so ago, he laid nine days. And I got a scar on my nose now there where the sore come on (?) out. And Dr. Ross, he come every two or three days. Regular thing, if he didn't come in the day he'd sometimes come at midnight.

Mrs. Cave: He was awful good to come.

Cave: He told me that when the flu was here, that he went eleven days and nights without pulling his shoes off. He'd just come and set down in the chair a little while, take a nap, and wake up and go again. He'd come on a horse, come horseback, and come through before (?) we lived, and on up that mountain by Jim Browse's, and on through yonder by old man Ashby Willard's and come out down yonder at Syria. Sometimes he'd come up that way and go through

down Nichols Hollow. And he went thataway for nearly two months, and then he took the flue himself, and that's the only thing stopped him.

Smith: Because he was so weary, he died. Wonderful, wonderful doctor. We don't have them like that any more.

Cave: Never had another one like that in our time, no sir. When her first child was born, we sent for him, and he come in his car in about a mile of the place, and then he had a horse, we'd send a horse over there for him to ride the rest of the way. He come there just as unconcerned, well, said "I reckon I'll stay all night."

Mrs. Cave: And he stayed all night until about eight oclock the next morning. Yes indeed he did.

Smith: Hey, speaking of staying all night, did the tax collector used to come around?

Cave: Once in a while, yeah.

Smith: Would he stay all night at your place?

Cave: No, he never did stay all night. Most of them, they'd come on horseback, and they would make the trip in a day. Dr. Ross, he did a lot of if he couldn't come in the day he'd come ten oclock of a night. Yeah, he was a good doctor. And they tell me that doctor, when, well I lived down right close to him when he quit doctoring. He had thousands of dollars on the book, thousands and thousands. Edmund Naylor's man told me. I didn't ask him, but he lived right there at him. And said he took them books and marked everything -- it took him about two weeks -- he went through and marked everything "Paid."

Mrs. Cave: We paid him everything we ever owed him.

Smith: But some people just couldn't.

Cave: A lot of them

Smith: Well I was just trying to think if there's anything further. You said you did a lot of visiting.

Cave: Yeah, we visited one another

Smith: Oh, Christmas! How did you celebrate Christmas?

Cave: Well, you had Christmass all right. Everybody hung their stockings up. Hoped for something.

Smith: Shoot fire crackers?

Cave: Oh yes, if we could get them we did. If we didn't have no firecrackers we'd go out and build up fires and get big fire coals out, and spit on the rock and then put them on it and hit it with a hammer. Did you ever hear, they cracked just as loud as firecrackers. Indeed they would, wouldn't they?

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed.

Cave: I know one time a bunch of the boys, you know there was a copper mine down there, and they'd done tore it down and everything gone and the buildings had fell down, but there was a lot of galvanized pipes there, some of them 12 feet and some 16, and 20. And we went over there and got this old wood, there was six by eight, 12 by 12, great big frame you know where they had that building. We'd get a pile of them on Christmas, I remember one time, and piled it up and set it afire, and we'd take and fill these pipes up with water and put a plug in each end. A wonder we didn't get killed.

Smith: You didn't!

Cave: Indeed we did. We'd put in this here pile of fire, and finally you'd hear it get to singing. And them things'd get up, you didn't know which way it was going. But I've seen them things go out of sight in the air, and you'd hear them blow up some-

times a mile from you.they told us we'd get killed at it. But we did

Mrs. Cave: And when you got down near that old place the bees stung you. Down at the copper mine.

Cave: There was a, I had forgot about that, there was a place there, it was a box (?), I don't know...

Mrs. Cave: I've been there, picked up

Cave: It was just like plain lumber, just smooth as satin (?) inside, and I don't know what they used them for, but when they had that copper mine and ground the rocks, they went in there, into this box, and it sifted out in little packages like meal, the copper did, I amagine. But anyhow, I was over there with my older brother one time and he said "I'm going to get over in this dust." The copper mine'd been gone for years. There was dust in there, rock dust was that deep in the bottom of it. He said "I'm going to get over in here and get me some buck shot, great big ones." And it was full of them.

Mrs Cave: I think the

Cave: I don't know what purpose they served, in there, why they'd have to be in there with it, I never did know. But anyhow, he got some. He'd take one and beat it out and flatten it, and cut it up and make fish sinkers out of it. So I was over, one time my mother told me, I was just a small boy I reckon, maybe eight or nine or ten years old, something like that, maybe not that. She told me to go out on top of the hill, what they called the gum (?) spring house, and you could look right down to the copper mine. There was a little grassy flat down there. And she said "If you see the cows, if they're down there, you go get them. If they ain't there,

you come back. If they've gone up and around to the pike (?), don't you follow them. You come back." Well, Well I went up there to this place to see, if they had bells on I could hear them down there. And they were down there on this very little flat. And I went on down, and had a very thin shirt on, just knee breeches, and I happened to think about, they was right there, and I knowed it wouldn't take long to drive them home, and I thought, well, I got a little time; I'm going to get over there and get me some buck shot. And there was a place just like that on the outside, you could step up on. But when you got inside, there weren't a thing. You had to swing down and drop. I rolled over in there and didn't pay a bit of attention to nothing, just got going through that dust, and no time before I found a pocket of buck shot. And I went to raise up and there was a hornet nest they had built in the corner of that thing -- built it right in the corner, and I bet you that thing was as big as a water bucket. And they got all over me, and I got back into the far corner-- it was about eight feet long--I got back in the far corner and laid down, the only way I got them off of me. And every time that I would try to jump, that would jar it and they would sting me again. I made half a dozen tries, I reckon.

Smith: You're still there.

Cave: I was still in there, and they was still a-stinging. I could watch them. I'd lay back there and watch them. They'd come out a dozen around the hole, and just as soon as I'd jar them they'd make for it.

Smith: How did you get out?

Cave: I finally just jumped up there and I, they just kept a-stinging, but I just kept a-trying, and finally I ...

Smith: That could have killed you.

Cave: They come I got out, and started the cows as quick as I could. I reckon a hundred maybe had stung me, I don't know how many. It would feel like a dozen every time, all over the back, they could sting, I had a thin shirt on and they could sting right through it. And so I started. I had four or five hundred yards straight up the hill to go, the way the path went. And I was listening. Sounded like them cows was clear out of hearing, and sometimes I'd run right into them. They weren't nowhere, but that's how far the noise that, I made it home -- had about a half a mile to go -- I made it home. They put stuff on it, linament and all kinds of stuff, try it on some of them. I never did sleep very long at a time. But I went to sleep that evening, and it was nine oclock next morning before I woke up.

Smith: You know that could have killed you.

Mrs. Cave: It could have killed you, yeah.

Cave: I never went in another box unless I looked before I went.

Smith: Oh, that's perfectly awful.

Mrs. Cave: Oh, I've had the bees to sting me too.

Cave: But you never was at the old copper mine, was you?

Smith: No.

Cave: Seems like that there was a copper mine there way back when the road was first built. The run it, the first copper mine that was ever there was the They said they really got a lot of good copper out of there. But these other people, from Chicago, they mined a lot of it. My daddy said the rock was so hard that it cost more than they was getting out of it.

It was such hard rock.

Smith: You know you mentioned earlier that you eventually owned your own sawmill. Was that a moveable sawmill?

Cave: Yeah.

Smith: Did you take it with you when you moved out of the Park?

Cave: No. I didn't have it when I moved out of the Park. I just bought it in '48. 1948 I bought it. That's when I went to sawing for myself. I had had another fellow sawing for me two or three years before that. And then I bought one myself, and I sawed all over Rappahannock, some in Madison, over here on Rocky Branch for a long time. Sawed over there; and I just finally gave it up.

Smith: Oh, one question I wanted to ask you. How did you make your soap?

Mrs. Cave: Homemade soap? I just put the grease in and I put the lye, you know, let the water get boiling, then poured the lye in it and all the grease and eats (?) it up and just keep stirring it. Yes indeed.

Smith: It was good soap, wasn't it?

Mrs. Cave: Oh, it's awful good soap.

Smith: Why don't we still make it?

Mrs. Cave: Why, Mary Ann over here, Roy's wife, makes it.

Smith: Is it a hard job to do?

Mrs. Cave: No indeed. I help (?) her make it a couple of year ago. It ain't no hard.

Smith: Is it even grease, an even equal equal?

Mrs. Cave: (Unintelligible.)

Cave: Yeah, you got to have an equal..

Smith: Equal grease and equal lye.

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed.

Cave: That's right.

Smith: And you heat the water.

Mrs. Cave: Yeah. Heat the water a little bit, put the lye in it, then empty that grease in there, and stir it.

Smith: They said it was good on your hands, and soft.

Mrs. Cave: Why it's the best stuff for poison oak I ever did see. I've had poison oak to take a piece of skin off my leg that big. My stocking would stick to my leg, and take a piece of skin off that big. And I'd use homemade soap not for getting any (???) I pulled up a whole lot the other day, and then come in and washed my hands; never took on me a bit. I got a little piece of it here I'll show you.

Smith: Yeah, because I've heard about that I've often thought well why don't we still make it.

Cave: My mother used to make all of her soap, about.

Smith: When you went to Skyland did you walk there?

Cave: Well I have walked there many a time.

Smith: But sometimes you rode.

Cave: Sometimes I rode a horse. But I love to walk. I don't think nothing yet to walk all over these mountains.

Mrs. Cave: There is some of the homemade soap that I made, and it's the best soap for poison oak that I ever seen in my life.

Smith: It's good for your hands, too.

Mrs. Cave: Yes indeed it is, and to wash out socks and things good. Do you like that homemade soap? Well, you take that, then.

Smith: No, I wouldn't dream of taking any.

Mrs. Cave: No, I got more of it.

Cave: She's got more. Get her a paper to wrap it in.

Smith: Thank you, thank you. Oh, can you think of anything else that I have not covered? Any questions that I haven't asked?

Cave: No. I don't know.

Smith: Do you know how your mother and father did their courting, how your father courted?

Cave: No, I don't know much about that.

Smith: Did your father, you say he played the banjo...

Cave: No, her father. My daddy he could play a fiddle a little bit once in a while; none to amount to nothing.

Smith: Did they used to do any dancing?

Cave: I think he went to dances right much. They said he was one of the best dancers ever was, but I never did care for it. I don't know why.

Smith: Well you have given us a simply beautiful, beautiful story, and you don't know how grateful I am.

Cave: Well you're certainly welcome; I was glad telling you what I know.

Smith: Oh, thank you.

Mrs. Cave: You're welcome. Now you know that bay-leaf (?) poison oak, it's all right there in them rocks, and I been used to being with it taking on me, and I pull it up and come in and wash my hands every day.

Smith: Well, I get poison oak terribly, too.

Mrs. Cave: Deed it won't take on you if you do that.

Smith: I'm going to save it for that. Can you think of anything else that we should be talking about? I feel ^{as} ~~as~~ though we've talked so much and learned so much, I can't think of anything. END.