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(SNP047) Fisher F. Finks interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Peggy C. Bradley

Fisher F. Finks

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ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

NARRATORS: Mr. Fisher Finks
 Mrs. Fisher Finks

INTERVIEWER: Mrs. Dorothy Smith

PLACE: Madison County

DATE: October 6, 1978

TRANSCRIBED BY:
 Peggy C. Bradley

COMPLETED DATE:
 July 12, 1983

D.S.: We are interviewing Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Finks. Uh, Mr. Finks' family have lived in Big Meadows and Mrs. Finks's, was a Hert, that lived just East of Big Meadows, when they were growing up. Now, Mr. Finks has a most important document he is going to be reading.

F.F.: The Finks family. The first record we have of the Finks family is when Mark Finks signed a deed for Adam Yager, November 24, 1736. In 1741 he proved his immortation, so he could have certain rights as a citizen. Perhaps he had been in this country for some years. He had two tablets in his family in 17 and 39. Mark Finks, Sir, died in 1763, he left the following will:

In the name of God, Amen, I Mark Finks of Culpepper County, in the colony of Virginia, being, Thanks to God, in perfect sound sense, in memory, but calling to mind the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, do therefore make and ordain this to be my Last Will and Testimony, in manner and for the following:

I give and bequest to my loving wife, Elizabeth Finks, my bay mare and my horse, Buck, that I have bought at David Fodder's sale, to depose of as she thinks proper.

(Laughing) T-e-m....., team?

I give and bequest to my son, Mark Finks, my yeller bay horse named, Prince, to him and his heirs forever.

I give and bequest to my son, John Finks, my black horse, branded FW, to him and his heirs forever.

Teams? I give and bequest to my son, Andrew Finks, my small black horse named, Jack, to him and his heirs forever.

I give and bequest to my daughter, Mary Finks, one cow and one calf to her and her heirs forever.

I give and bequest to my daughter, Hanna Finks, one cow and one calf to her and her heirs forever.

I give and bequest to my loving wife, Elizabeth Finks, all the rest of my estate, both real and personal, during her natural life and after her life to be equally divided among all of my children, that is to: Catherine Crister, Catherine Christine Blankerburker, and Elizabeth Weaver, Mark Finks, ^{JOHN FINKS} Mary Finks, Andrew Finks, and Hannah Finks, and James Finks.

And provide also, that ^{ib} my wife, Elizabeth Finks, raises a colt from my bay mare, to her bequest it. Said that she give the said colt to my son, James Finks, as a legal as equal to the ^{LEASE} legal above given to my son Mark, John, and Andrew. If not, that my son, James Finks, has six pounds in order to buy him a beast with.

And further, that my son, Mark, have my silver seal after my wife's death.

I fusely and appoint my loving wife, Elizabeth Finks, and James Archer, executor and of this my Last Will and Testimony. In witness, therefore, I have here into have set my hand and seal this in the seventeenth day of December, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three.

D.S.: Mr. Finks, you were saying that the faimly, during the Civil War, moved up to Big Meadows.

F.F.: Now, I'll tell you how it goes. Now you get Andrew in here, I mean Andrew's branch.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Andrew's branch, and then it comes on down. He had a son named, ^{allist} Etta. Now, the names in this family you got to watch them, they keep on handing them down. John and ^{allist} Etta, and ^{allist} Etta, come on down. Then he comes on down here, ^{allist} Etta, let me get a look at it.

D.S.: I think it is marvelous you have all this recorded. It is so rare that any family has anything.

F.F.: Now, ^{Elmer} ~~Etta~~ Finks married Fanny Berry, that was Mark's son. Then he had a son named William E.. That William E. was my Great-grandmother's husband that got killed in the civil war.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: When they moved out from up there, I don't know who lived in the houses..., first. When they moved up there, they moved from F T Valley. Because on a F T ^{Church} ~~trip~~ they showed me where a little home use to be over there, couple years ago. All I seen was growed up.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: When they moved up there, a man by the name of Brown owned that land. He was related to my Grandmother. Then Tom Finks, mother, and Uncle ^{Elmer} ~~Etta~~, and Aunt Fannie. I don't know exactly, Uncle Elmer left and went to the West, but anyhow, now, they moved there, I think about 1863. Close as I remember and stayed there and ^{moved} ~~left~~ off the mountain in 1882, right down to eart here.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Now, old man Frank Weakley moved then, he was in the war. I can tell you where he was buried, I helped to bury him. Me and the undertaker feller buried him and that was back in the nineteen-twenties.

D.S.: Then your family has not been in the mountains for how long?

F.F.: To live?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: In 1882 they come down from up there to this place up here.

D.S.: Wasn't it something about a stove, uh.....

F.F.: Yes, sir!

D.S.: Uh, that the park took over?

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: So, that was in your family?

F.F.: That was my grandmother's stove that she bought, and I tell you, as near as I remember, on this stove. I was the one that called the park to get this stove.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: My aunt set it aside, she was getting old. I seen where that the Superintendent had a piece in the paper. I told Edda about it one day, she said write him a letter, he can have it. Anyway, I guess he felt sorry for her, he gave her twenty-five dollars, suppose to donate it, but he gave her twenty-five dollars for that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: And the stove, I think I am correct, was made.., I mean, the first, the name of it was the Baltimore Stove, 1862. They bought that stove when they lived on the mountain, and they moved from there down to the old home place up here, and then it was took from the old home place on back. The Park is suppose to have it somewhere.

D.S.: They have it. They have it. They have it.

F.F.: They suppose to have it.

D.S.: They have it, and they are going to be putting it up at Big Meadows. Now, what I was wondering, uh..., that home then was still there when the park took over, right?

F.F.: You mean the Weakley home, now we always called it. You mean on top of the mountain?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Yes sir, that was right down, right East, down. You know where the head waters rolls right over the river?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Right in there. Did you see them springs?

D.S.: Wasn't your family in there, any of your family?

F.F.: No. Only visit back and forth. They had all moved out.

D.S.: They all moved out?

F.F.: Moved out. My granddaddy come down in 1882, but I visited back up there, my father and all, I couldn't tell you. It was the awfulest place to grow cabbages in there. Right many more houses built in there. Old man Weakley's son and they would go up there and get cabbages, it was the best cabbages growed in the state of Virginia, grow up there.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Mrs, Finks, uh..., you lived up there in the mountains, Right? Did you have a large family.

M.F.: It was seven of us.

D.S.: There was seven? I imagine the same thing is true with the both of your families, you had pretty ^{stuck} ~~strict~~ discipline from your family, didn't you?

F.F.: Oh, yes indeed! Yes sir, yes sir.

M.F.: Yes.

D.S.: Were you ever allowed to back talk and say I am not going to do this?

F.F.: No.

M.F.: You sure wasn't, no... no... no.

D.S.: (Laughing) I bet everybody had a job? First, what was your particular job?

M.F.: Cooking and washing dishes.

D.S.: Cooking and washing dishes, you had all that to do? Were you the oldest?

M.F.: No. My older sister was sick and I had to do it.

D.S.: What was the matter with your sister?

M.F.: She had some kind of epileptic fits.

D.S.: Shhhh, Oh! Yes, so she couldn't cook. How old ^{were} ~~was~~ you when you started cooking?

M.F.: Nine years old.

D.S.: Oh, good night! And you cooked for a whole family?

M.F.: Yea, well, my Mommy helped me. I could do most of it if she tell me what to do.

D.S.: What was your particular job, Mr. Finks?

F.F.: Well, when I growed up I helped to farm.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: All the things is that needed to be cleaned up. I *had to* go down to Grandmother's house. You go down the road, I was born and raised, five years there on up until I married. You cross this bridge down here, the first house you come to right close to the road, with a little blue gate. I was raised up five years on up.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How did you two meet?

F.F.: Well, her father moved out of the mountain and moved right up on Graves, right up on the hill, close together. That was very easy.

D.S.: Oh, yea. You didn't have to travel far to meet her.

F.F.: Uhhuh, uhhuh.

D.S.: (Laughing) Was this after the park had come over, come along? That you moved out?

F.F.: No, they moved out before the park.

D.S.: Moved out before the park?

F.F.: When did you move out, about 19..?

M.F.: 26, 1926.

D.S.: Just before the Park was ever thought about. Uh, how about farming up there in the mountain, did you use a horse and plow?

M.F.: Yea.

D.S.: You did? Everybody had a horse, didn't they?

F.F.: Oh, yes.

M.F.: Yes.

D.S.: Yea. How about cows, would they have one or two?

M.F.: Two.

D.S.: Two. You had two cows. Uh, cows don't just automatically keep having milk. So, how would they get to a bull?

F.F.: Well, we had one to be fresh one time, and another one another year, and pretty well kept the milk coming down.

D.S.: Would one of the farmers or one of the family up there have a bull?

F.F.: Oh, yes. Yea, it would be someone to have a bull to let you have.

D.S.: I oftended wondered about that. Yea.

F.F.: It was real grazing.

D.S.: What?

F.F.: It was real grazing for cows.

D.S.: Ahh, yea it was.

F.F.: Oh, the finest.

D.S.: There were hogs too. Most of the families had hogs, didn't they?

F.F.: Well, there these chestnut trees, before the chestnuts got killed. They mostly, what you call run, I call it running on the mass, the chestnuts. They put them in the pen about, uh.., about two or three weeks, say along about the middle of November. They never butchered until in December

They put the corn to them. They would generally have the corn ground in the mill, because their teeth would be sore, and they fatten better if you take the corn to the mill and ground it, and take that and run that to them. ^{get fine hogs} Uh, they had the finest kind of meat.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: They would fatten right up on them chestnuts. You know, you had to feed them some grain, pen them up?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: If you didn't, their meat would have a little ^{different} ~~bit of a~~ taste, now that's the fat.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: If you had them running on apples it would do the same, too. If you don't they would taste like cider.

D.S.: (Laughing)

F.F.: Because that I use to raise a lot of hogs here. In the fall we had the found, then you know. Be all out and there. But-a, I had the hogs ^{run} up in a ~~pen in~~ the mountains, ^{feed} out on acrons. Be the prettiest hogs you ever looked at. I would bring them home and put them in the pen about three weeks and then eat all the apples, all they wanted. I guess we had about five hundred apple trees.

D.S.: Yea, uhhuh.

F.F.: And-a, put them up for about three weeks, and it got cold enough in December, wouldn't butcher until after the first of December. We never butchered in November, too early. They would run on that mass, you know what I mean, that cider, Here one time, they were pretty nice hogs. I wanted some neat. It got cold around the first of November, you know.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: I was going to have a excuse to have *some meat*.
Myrtle said its too soon. Yes, sir.

D.S.: (Laughing)

F.F.: Yea, you can't convince some people in that.

D.S.: Ahhh, I bet it was rather good though, wasn't it?

F.F.: It was good, tasted like cider. Myrtle was right.

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: Said, didn't keep that hog penned up long enough. We just butchered that one young one. I tell you, we kept just about half of it. The man run the store down here wanted the other half, you see. Sold that right on off, everything went fine. The meat was good, you could taste the cider.

D.S.: (Laughed) How about chickens, did people keep chickens?

F.F.: Ahh, we use to keep a lot of chickens.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.F.: We use to have fried chicken about every Sunday.

F.F.: I tell you, our problems was fox trouble.

D.S.: Oh, yes.

F.F.: One thing in the park I do hate is a hawk and a fox.

D.S.: Oh, yea. Uhhuh.

F.F.: A fox might be pretty, but I tell you, if he gets around any chickens that had a bunch of young ones, gets in an old groundhog den close to your house and he will pick your chickens up. And, he will sit out there, he is a smart one, and

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: He knows when you leave home, he will come right in and get your chickens.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I set and watched for him with a shotgun and finally one morning, we were picking beans right along the house. Ofcourse we don't keep many chickens, we use to a lot of them. I heard something clucking and carrying on, I ~~said~~ ^{stopped what I was doing} to, I grabbed up the old shotgun, I stepped around the building and let him have it. He jumped right out of the pen, and I told my wife and mother-in-law, he ain't coming back here no more because he will die. So, when Fall come and the leaves died, there was a rock pile out there covered over with a grape vine. He run under that. I let him alone, ^{there he lay dead,} I told them he ain't going fer.

D.S.: No.

F.F.: You know, the fox is a bad thing. Now, you take up at Big Meadows they have a lot of pheasants. You know where the most pheasants up there I ever seen? I want you, in the spring, you do go up there don't you?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: You know where the Hoover school was?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: You know you leave the Hoover school and come on around and turn in the road out there, right on around that road out there. Turn in that road out there going toward Big Meadows was the most pheasants I seen in my life.

D.S.: Huh!

F.F.: I seen on time, in the Spring, it look to me like,
put you in mind of people having chickens out in there.

D.S.: Mmmmmmmmm.

F.F.: Old man, Tom Finks, ^{my granddad} they all called him Tom. He told me,
they call that Stone Hill up there, They use to hunt in
there years ago. People would say, go to Stone Hill if
you want pheasants, you would get them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: That's a funny thing.

D.S.: Yea. Apparently just the right conditions there for them,
the right food and everything.

F.F.: It's kind of a sunny site. You go right around the road
you look right down in the Rapidan.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Close look. Right down in there where they were at.

D.S.: Yea. Speaking of food and everything. How, how did
you, your family, uh, get sugar, and coffee, and kerosene,
and things they needed? Did they take things like chickens,
and eggs, and hams down here to Neathers, or where
would they take it?

M.F.: To Syria.

F.F.: To Syria there.

D.S.: To Syria? To Syria, and would they get cash or credit
from the store?

M.F.: Well, they get sugar, coffee, and stuff they needed.
They would get groceries.

F.F.: If it take chickens they deal it out and if any was left
they would give the money for the difference.

D.S.: Oh, they would give them the money back?

F.F.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: Now, most of the stores didn't, they would let you build up credit, so....

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.:so you could go get.

F.F.: For awhile they had what you call a due bill, you know?

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Did you take your wheat and corn to a miller?

F.F.: Well, they didn't grow no wheat, but they grow corn, of course down in here you could grow plenty of corn. It was colder up there.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: But, they growed a awful potato crop up there.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Oh, fine potatoes up there. I take, Big Meadows up there Now, you can't do that now. Take cabbage plants, ah, you ever see.

D.S.: Ahh, BIG and sweet, weren't they?

F.F.: You like turnips? The best you've ever eat.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: I tell you what they did grow up there, oats. My grand-daddy said they growed the biggest oats up ^{in Big Meadows} there he'd ever seen.

D.S.: Oats?

F.F.: Uhhuh, oats.

D.S.: And what would they do with the oats?

F.F.: Feed for the horses, cut it for hay. Bundles it up and put in the barn and feed the old horses.

D.S.: Hadn't heard that about the oats being that good.

F.F.: Well, that was high climate.

F.F.: See, North, what is it? North Dakota, suppose to be about the best state, that cold climate.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: See, up on the mountain you had cold climate.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Warm days and cold nights is what made potatoes and cabbages.

D.S.: Yes. How would they keep the vegetables over the winter? Would they dig a trench, put them in.

F.F.: Yes, fill the whole thing up. Leave the roots stick up, tuck the leaves under.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Dig out a trench and put the dirt over them.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: Keep all winter.

D.S.: Yea. Didn't the ground freeze?

F.F.: It did.

D.S.: Then how would you get them out?

F.F.: Well, you'd have to wait until sometimes then it warmed up a little, the ground would thaw out and take some out and take them in the basement, you see.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: We had a little root

M.F.: Cellar, root cellar.

D.S.: Yes, uhhuh.

F.F.: They had to have that for the potatoes.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: A lot of them didn't have too much they buried potatoes. That worked good, no problem keeping a potato buried, now.

D.S.: Yea. You put some straw or hay down to help keep them from freezing.

F.F.: Then you take some old boards, you know then they had plenty good timber. You know what they call, frozen, rise the boards out. Cover it over with timber.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Then if they didn't have enough, they had a small place in the house. A lot of them had just a hole down in, drop door in there and had it underneath the house.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I mean, go down through this hole. Of course, now, my Granddaddy basement, his house, up there had a good basement, he didn't have no problems.

D.S.: Yea, right.

F.F.: That thing was probably built in about 1760 or 1770.

D.S.: Yes. What was your house built of?

M.F.: Logs.

D.S.: Logs. Those were good sturdy houses, weren't they?

M.F.: Real nice.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you use feather..., feather beds? You did. Did you have a problem with the feathers seperating in them?

(All Laughing)

F.F.: That right! That's right!

D.S.: I heard that.

F.F.: That's right, you just had a hole.

D.S.: Yea. Fluff them all up to go to sleep and there you were with feathers on each side. (All laughing)

M.F.: That's right.

D.S.: (Laughing) I don't know. There ought to have been a better way.

F.F.: But now, speaking of another thing, I don't know weather you want it or not. Now, a man by the name of Koontz, became the owner of the land at Big Meadows.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: They didn't say how much of it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: He had a ^{stave mill} ~~stay~~ in there, many years ago.

D.S.: Oh, yes.

F.F.: A ^{stave} ~~stay~~ for ^{barns} ~~bears~~.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: That give a lot of people work down here. They run that thing big. They would take it, haul them on a wagon down here to Stanley, you know, put them on a boxcar and ship them.

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: And that was when they had all that chestnut timber. They cut all the ^{staves} ~~stays~~ in there, years and years.

D.S.: You wouldn't know how much those people were paid, would you?

F.F.: Well, I dought they were paid over fifty cents a day then.

D.S.: That was a lot of money.

F.F.: Maybe they got fifty cents.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: For my Daddy, uh.., I still have a uncle living down here, he is eighty-five, live right down here, you know where the firehouse is on this side of the road? Last house, you come right close ot it. They use to go to West Virginia, I think they give him two dollars a day to cut

timber, because now that was heavy timber, years and years ago. Which I have been back there, they don't have no timber up there to cut no more.

D.S.: No. Uhhuh.

F.F.: That would be in Randolph County and Tucker County, most of it. My Uncle, now I think he worked over in Tucker County.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: But now, Randolph County, what I heard, was at one time, had the most heavest timber in West Virginia. I mean, all had it in there, but that was the most perfect.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: So much *was good*, the most prettiest stuff I ever seen.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Don't have that today.

D.S.: No. No, that's true.

F.F.: I've been out through there traveling.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Uh..., how about huckleberries, were there a lot of huckleberries?

M.F.: Not close to where we lived.

F.F.: Well, I tell you where I picked huckleberries up there, you know what they call the Black Rock?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: In that section. Yes, it use to be a lot of them out there.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: In other places you would find some. You can find some up on top of the Tom Mountain, it is some on this side and some on the Park's side. The Park comes right on top of the mountain up there.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: You don't see no Park on this mountain, in sight at tall over here.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: You can see it come to, right to the top up there, to the backbone is all.

D.S.: Uhhuh. I understand a lot of these mountain families use to deliberately set fires so there would be huckleberries.

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: And this makes sense, of course.

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: They had to assure themselves of a good crop.

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: I was wondering how they knew when was the right time to set those fires?

F.F.: Well, I tell you, the most fires generally had in the mountains....., was the Spring, I don't know, probably than the Fall. But, in the Spring use to be the most fires. This mountain here, I seen this Tom Mountain, here on fire hard to tell how many times. I think people set fire for meanest.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Up there.

D.S.: Yes, I heard one of those was a Noah Nichleson, you ever heard of him?

F.F.: Uhhuh, still living?

D.S.: No.

M.F.: I know of a Noah Nichleson living.

- F.F.: I know a Noah Nichleson still living, but he is a younger man.
- D.S.: Uhhuh. (All Laughed) He is.
- F.F.: I tell you what they use to do, they use to get affrighted at one another.
- D.S.: They would get what?
- F.F.: Affrighted at one another. Have a fuss over something, then the other one would do spite work. Worse thing on God's earth you could do is to set fire somewhere to burn up his fence and all that.
- D.S.: Shhhh.
- F.F.: That's what they use to do back in there. Now, over here at Neathers one time, that was.
- M.S.: I imagine Noah lived over there.
- F.F.: That's where they come from.
- D.S.: Yea.
- M.S.: That's what I thought. This Noah is *mean*.
- D.S.: Yea. There was naturally some bad blood because they all were living rather close together. Not everybody gets along with everybody else.
- F.F.: I tell you the worse, I believe ever hit this state was when the state went dry in 1918, and then started in making moonshine.
- D.S.: Yea.
- F.F.: If that had never happened, I think we would have been much better.
- D.S.: Yea.
- F.F.: Back over here, around the mountain was a lot of killing over there.
- D.S.: Uhhuh, Yea.

F.F.: I tell you another county, a man from Highland County.
You know where Highland County is?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: He said that was awful back in ther one time during that
dry time, making moonshine.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Well, you know making moonshine makes sense,
because it was the cheaper way of carrying a lot of apples,
and to carry it in jugs instead of barrels of apples,
and makes sense. And, they needed the money.

F.F.: Yea.

D.S.: So.....

F.F.: If they just handled it a little bit better.

D.S.: Yea, that's right.

F.F.: The next thing they should have done was be particular
who they let have that stuff, too.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

F.F.: Because, now, you take right up here at this granddaddy's
place. He went, he stilled up there, I can't remember
that, it was before my time. It was probably done some
when I was a baby, I was born 1907. He stilled up there,
he..... There was a Brandy Meadows, was to be the best in
Madison County, he made..., he was paying his fees, you
know, to the state. He would take a fifty gallon barrel
and take the horse, put one or two on a wagon and take it
to Orange to what you call a ~~de~~livery stable, he had a
man to get to take care of it there, on the railroad there
and take it down..., to down to Federicksburg and come back
the next day and loadup and come back the next day. That
would take two or three days. Take Brandy's to Federicksburg.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: They use to drive ~~trucks~~^{trucks} to Fredericksburg, of that out I was told, a couple of years ago to drive them. That sounds impossible.

D.S.: Huh! Yea.

F.F.: But, that's the facts.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Use to raise a lot of tobacco, and take that to Fredericksburg. Ship it, going down the Rapp., I mean down the Rappahonach River.

D.S.: Where would they raise the tobacco.

F.F.: Well, they raise it all, why they tell me, Tom Shirley, That was way back there. All them, Oh,... all the Lewis'

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: You can grow cotton here if you want to, because I set it for fun just to see it grow. It grows just as pretty as you . Big balls of cotton you ever seen.

D.S.: Yea. My!

F.F.: I don't say it grows as good as it does on down East, state now. You can take and get you some cotton seed, at home, You ought to put you out some, it is pretty stuff.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Oh, one thing I was wondering about. Now, there are always,..... I always hear about the snakes that was up there in the mountains.

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: What would you do if you get snake ^{bite} bit?

F.F.: Well, wasn't too many done it... I never did get snake bite, but, I been...., Oh, I been so close it made me sick. A man lived right over here, Ward Heiston, one bit him on

the arm, he told me he didn't know it at the time. It made him so sick, first it felt like you drove a spike or something in it, copperhead.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: But he said if he knowed it, he would have split it, because he said it wouldn't hurt a bit to split it. He'd took his own knife and done it.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Quicker you do that and squeeze and get that blood out.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: But-a, now, right where we are at is a awful copperhead place.

D.S.: How about a snake-weed poultice. Did you ever hear of a snake-weed poultice?

F.F.: I've heard of it, but I don't know what it is.

M.F.: I don't either.

D.S.: Uhhuh. There was, I heard of people taking snake-weed and making a poultice out of it.

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: They said it really worked. Sometimes they would take a rabbit and slit it or^xchicken....

F.F.: I've heard that.

D.S.: and put it right on the thing, they said it just drew out the poison right away. Did you know any of the herbs your mother used in case anyone got sick? What did she do if anyone got a cold.

M.F.: She just used sugar and lard.

D.S.: And put that on your chest? How about turpentine with sugar?

M.F.: She didn't use turpentine.

F.F.: They claimed that was alright, but some people that turpentine don't work on them. I'm one of them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Because they use to put a little in paint. If you put any in the house, I have to get out of it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: They have quite that. They now using that

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Turpentine is a very bad thing ~~to get in front of me.~~ ^{the odor from that}
It ain't good for you, I can tell you that.

D.S.: I now it sounds perfectly horrible, but yet so many people did it.

F.F.: Uhhuh. My Mother did.

D.S.: Turpentine and sugar in...

F.F.: First thing the old paint called for, turpentine. Now they have a different kind, a thinner you can't tell it.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

F.F.: Then you have this..... I can't thing of it..... This latex paint, that's all together different.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: That ain't hard on you.

D.S.: No..., no. So, when you had a cold you just had to get over it. (Laughed) Uh, that the way you do anyway.

M.F.: That's right.

F.F.: Well, if you had a cough, a little honey and vinegar, ^{good for a cough}
~~sometimes.~~ A mighty good old time remendy.

D.S.: Sure.

M.F.: That's what mostly Mommy did and grease you.

D.S.: Did they make their own vinegar?

F.F.: Not too, some did then. Yes, it was some around press out fifty gallon barrel. But that barrel had to set about until this fall until next spring or on in the summer, it took that long before it would be any good.

D.S.: Yea. Uh, why we are talking about medicine. Dr. Ross was a wonderful doctor, wasn't he? Did he take care of both of your families?

F.F.: Yes, that's right.

M.F.: Yes.

D.S.: I heard that, that man would sometimes go for twenty-four hours all around the clock.

F.F.: Yes. In the flu, in 1918, he would start out going through here, probably at the foot of the mountain and go all the way across this mountain and probably come out over there... He would stay with a family, they would feed him and make
. The flu it killed my granddaddy's brother, Uncle Elliot Finks, and, Uh, over here at Nethers, they had as many as..... I know that, I heard people say they had as many as five to bury in one day over there. Uh, that kill them like flies over there.

D.S.: Huh!

M.F.:

F.F.: No sir, that was diphtheria.

M.F.: It was?

D.S.: Oh, yes, diphtheria was very bad too.

F.F.: Diphtheria?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: Back at one time, I tell you another thing was appendixes, appendicitis, if you got that. When I was a boy I was operated on, but they was getting me ready to put me in

a box , *it was that close* . , mighty near I know of one time died. Now it is a different story and it is mighty good.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Nobody then talk about it, diphtheria back then. My *uncle* *Wint* Granddaddy's brother had one daughter named, Carrie, had diphtheria, that was the end of her. She was fifteen years old.

D.S.: Oh! That's terrible. Uh, was there any locks on the houses?

F.F.: Yes, some had locks.

D.S.: Really? Did you need them?

F.F.: Do how?

D.S.: Did you need them?

F.F.: Uh...., well, it wasn't too serious then. A body didn't want to bother nothing. Not too serious, but today you do.

D.S.: Yes, I know you do today. Uh, I heard... do you know Cletus McCoy?

F.F.: Cletus McCoy?

D.S.: He lived in Basin Hollow.

F.F.: No, I wouldn't know him.

D.S.: He was talking to me the other day and he was talking about long fingers. I had never heard that expression before, but I think it is very appropriate.

F.F.: Anyone that wanted to steal?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: *Yes, I've heard that.*

M.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Yea. He said people with long fingers, uh, didn't last very long. (Laughing)

F.F.: Well, I tell you, speaking about that. We had some then, now like today. We had people to move in here from Pennsylvania, who have ^{two} fine families. They go up to Big Meadows a lot, walk it and love it, mighty nice people. Was telling me about that, when you leave your house, I said you better lock your house, because we have people coming as far as Fairfax, coming in here stripping cars. Now, I tell you, if they get your car, get the stuff and get away, they got you. Don't know, sometime they catch them, but very seldom.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea. Well it, I think the moral code of the people in the mountain was very high.

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: The majority of them.

F.F.: Right.

D.S.: Naturally, there was some that weren't perfect. Uh..., they had their own rules and they abided by them. Am I right?

M.F.: Most everybody did.

F.F.: Right in this section from Syria, right up through here, never was too much about long fingers..., people bothering things, very seldom.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: If they wanted something, they'd come, if you didn't have soemthing a family always loaned it to you. Sometimes they wanted a couple extra hands to work out a corn field or something. Loan him a hoe to chop out a lot of bushes and weeds, you know what I mean, at that time.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: No, they worked pretty good together about that.

D.S.: Yea. How about visiting. Did you visit a lot?

F.F.: Yes. Plenty of that.

M.F.: Yes.

F.F.: We had big times, too.

M.F.: Yes.

D.S.: Now, what would be a big time?

F.F.: Well, they have....., now speaking about back in the mountains. Before we moved out the park, there wasn't hardly a house without a musician in it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Uh, there was loads of music.

D.S.: Did you play any?

F.F.: No, I can't.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: We got one son that lives on route seven, a youngster.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: He plays the banjo, guitar and fiddles pretty good. But the banjo and guitar he liable to do it.

M.F.: *and the piano*

D.S.: Uh, so, people would get together and they would sing and play music?

F.F.: Uhhuh.

M.F.: My Daddy could pick the banjo and my Mother could too, and she could pick the guitar.

F.F.: Your Daddy could fiddle too.

M.F.: Yea, Daddy could fiddle.

F.F.: The Weakleys up there.. Old man Frank Weakley, I never saw, every son he had was fiddlers.

D.S.: Really?

F.F.: Yes Sir!

D.S.: Oh, there's nothing like that good fiddle music.

F.F.: Uh, I mean they could play.... All three; banjo, guitar,
and fiddle was their music.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I mean play too. I heard them play, not all of them, but
I've hear them

D.S.: I've..... I...

F.F.: The Caves.

D.S.: I've heard some of the banjos,.... The Caves?

F.F.: Ahhh, there's musicians in them families too.

D.S.: Elzie Cave's family?

F.F.: Yes, Elzie's, yea, but you have to go... I don't know
weather Elzie played or not. You mean Elzie on the other
side of the mountain? I sure do know him.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: But go back. There was Frank Cave, Everett Cave,....

M.F.: Fred.

F.F.: Fred, I heard them play. They were musicians too.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: And-a, I wouldn't say everyone could play, but I would
say more could play. You could find more in the family
that played than that wasn't.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: You'd be surprised about that.

D.S.: Yes. Did you ever hear guitars being made from oppossum
skins?

F.F.: Yea, they used

D.S.: And banjos.

F.F.: Yea, they used that skin and they used cat ^{hides} ~~skins~~ on them heads on them banjos.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Uhhuh, yea.

F.F.: That's true fact.

D.S.: Yea. Sure. Uh..., what was some of the tunes they played? Do you recall?

F.F.: Ahhh. I knew one called

D.S.: Turkey In The Straw?

F.F.: Turkey In The Straw. Sally....

D.S.: Sally, Will You Marry Me?

F.F.: Yea. Little Brown Jug.

D.S.:

F.F.:

M.F.: Hickory.

D.S.: Hipocrit?

M.F.: Going Up The ^{Hipocrit} Hickory.

F.F.: Going Up The Hickory.

D.S.: Going Up The Hipocrit?

M.F.: Going up the ^{Hipocrit} Hickory, going up the ^{hipocrit} hickory, goin' to ^{hipocrit} ~~hipocrit~~ ^{to} have some fun.

D.S.: Oh! (Laughing)

M.F.: Yea, that was a song.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.F.:

D.S.: Did yall dance much?

F.F.: Had dances all the time , from one house to another. Don't have that no more. None of that now.

D.S.: No. Did they do it in the barns or in the houses?

F.F.: No, they did it in the house. Tell them about Jesse's cat that time. (Laughing)

M.F.: You tell her.

F.F.: No, you tell them. ^{Jesse hurt} ~~They~~ ^{his} banjo's head busted. He had two cats, so they decided to take this cat out, hang him. He didn't want to see him die; so he could skin him. They didn't tie nothing to the cat, thought they would chock him to death. The cat pulled back up the tree, got loose. The cat got back to the house before Jesse did.

(All Laughing)

F.F.: Ahhh, Law. Yes, Jesse said how he lost his banjo's head because he said, I couldn't take him back.

(All Laughing)

D.S.: That is cute. I hadn't heard about cats up there. Were there many cats?

F.F.: House cats, of course you got these old Bob cats around the mountains.

D.S.: Uh..., yes, I know that. But very few families had cats didn't they?

M.F.: We didn't have any.

F.F.: Not too many, no. Some families did have them.

D.S.: And dogs, everybody had them?

F.F.: Ahhh, yes.

D.S.: That's what kept the gardens free of animals, didn't they?

F.F.: Well, yea. But ground hog problems. These little beagles here, we have awful ground hog problem here.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

F.F.: These beagles will smell them. The big old ground hogs will back them, him up and keep biting until you get something to knock him over. If a ground hog gets in your

garden he can really do you damage.

D.S.: Sure, he can.

F.F.: Tear you up, I tell you. When, if any comes in, he generally have four or five young ones, you know, slip them in there. It's the same as a bunch of little hogs.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I tell you that. Tear you up.

D.S.: Uhhuh, sure, yea.

F.F.: Eat all the things up..., the cabbages, and things as soon as they come down, cut the bud out, the head it's gone.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Then you don't have anything.

D.S.: That's right. Back to the fun you use to have. Did you use to get together apple butter boilings?

M.F.: Yes.

F.F.: Yes, some of that was in here too.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Now, when you did it, would you do it...uh..., during the evenings?

F.F.: Well, they would start early in the mornings.....

M.F.: Start early in the morning and work all day long.

F.F.: work all day, and about that evening, boil that apple butter. Of course, that was real apple butter.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: It would be ten or eleven o'clock before they get done with that kettle. There would be some of the neighbors come in to help. Oh yea.

D.S.: Well now, when the neighbors come in to help, did you have food.....

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: and music? You made sort of a party of it, didn't you?

F.F.: Sure.

M.F.: Yes.

D.S.: Sure, why not, everybody was together having a good time. When you was doing the apple butter boiling would a feller and a girl be on each side?

F.F.: Yes. They would have a stir stick with a cross piece on it.

D.S.: OK, yes. What happened if the paddle touched the side of it?

F.F.: (Laughing) The boy..., the girl was suppose to kiss the boy, wasn't he?

M.F.: *I don't remember - the boy kissed, I'm sure.*

F.F.: Yea, I heard that too. (All Laughed)

D.S.: Did you do..., did you get together, like for a corn husking?

F.F.: Yes, they use to have corn shuckings too.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Yea, *you been to them,* ~~I believe~~ they did have a big pile of corn, and some of them sometime would put a jug of brandy in thar. When you shucked the corn, at last you would run into the jug. Then they all got that. That's the way you got your corn shucked.

(All Laughing)

D.S.: Did you ever have anything about with a red ear of corn?

F.F.: Mmmmm, I done forgot. It use to be some red ears in it, yes.

D.S.: What happened if you got a red ear?

F.F.: Deed, I done forgot now. I believe some of them that got that some places you would get a drink too.

D.S.: Yea. (Laughed) Sure.

F.F.: That's right.

D.S.: Yea. Everybody had to have fun doing something, and it made work not work, because you all were together.

F.F.: I tell you, they had good times.

D.S.: Sure, they did.

M.F.: Had real good times.

F.F.: That was the prettiest corn you ever seen. We don't have corn like that today to make good meal out of. The best meal we could get now is from over here at Elkton's mill.

D.S.: Really?

F.F.: Yes sir. You can tell it, flour too. The coop at Madison County has it. You get a hold of some of this meal, it just ain't no count, and she is a good cook. Can't do nothing with it

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. Uh..., corn meal was used in so many fine ways. What was some of the ways it was used in your families? You'd make corn bread and pone.

M.F.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I always like what you called, egg bread. Put some eggs in it, you know what I mean?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: And some of them use to make it flat on top of the stove.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: But-a, on egg bread, you'd put one or two eggs in it.

Put it on the side *to eat*, that's the best you can make from it.

D.S.: Just eggs and the corn meal?

M.F.: Yes.

F.F.: Self-rising, that makes awful good.

M.F.: You ain't never heard of it?

D.S.: No. So, what would you put on it, apple butter or
gravy, or.....

F.F.: I tell you, good cow butter. Now of course, I call it
cow butter, now she eats this margarine, she can't, you
know what I mean. But I tell you the truth, you take
good egg bread, ^{and good butter} of course some people can't, ^{eat butter but} that's a
good meal right there.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. What would be a typical breakfast?

F.F.: Well, we generally have... bacon, you mean here?

D.S.: Well, when you were growing up?

F.F.: Bacon and eggs.

D.S.: Uhhuh. What time did you get up in the morning?

F.F.: Well, it depended on mostly what we were doing. If we.....,
in other words....., you'd get up in the mornings and get
out generally around day light. Around, well, a lot of
them get up about five o'clock in the summer, days were
long. Why around now, they would get up around six or
six-thirty.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And you'd work all day, and then you would still
have energy to dance at nights?

F.F.: Well....., no...., sometimes it worked out ^{that way.} for you. Oh
yes, some of them when they were young then they had
two feet, they could keep up.

D.S.: (Laughed) Sure.

F.F.: I tell you something to beat that.

D.S.: What?

F.F.: Are you interested? You know this road you turned off right down here? That was the old Gordonsville turnpike, on through Fisher's Gap.

D.S.: That's right.

F.F.: You know where it goes over?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I expect I drove two thousand cows across ^{there} ~~that~~ years ago.

D.S.: (Whistled)

F.F.: A man by the name of John Painter, use to come from Stanley, buy them and would come and have them trucked in here to my Daddy, and have them put in a lot down here. The next morning we would, maybe get one more man. One would generally get in front, you know. We would always try to get a couple of milk cows in front, we would have sometimes, I expect anywhere from thirty to fifty cows.

D.S.: Up over the

F.F.: From there on up over and drive them right down. You know what they call Kiblinger's store?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Right there, sometimes, You know where they call Knight's Store at the foot of the mountain?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Just before you cross the road. We would drive them that far, then Painter would come in there with boys would take them on down. I believe some people by the name of Judy owned a farm down there near Marksville. You know what they call Marksville?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: They had a field he would put them in and he would re-sale them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I ^{doubt} thought it would stop at two thousand, I expect *my daddy*, I bet me and my Daddy always....., we got a Anderson boy over here to help us. And I walked all the way over there ^{drive them there} turn around and all the way back. Now, I lived a mile from , and then go down there and sit until ten o'clock, close the store and come back home. I couldn't do that now.

(All laughed)

I was up there last..., this past Wednesday, a week ago. First trip I been up in the Park for a right good while. I sent my wife, I got a pass, you know what I mean?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: I said, I don't like to go up on weekends, because I rather go during the week because you can get around, it is lots of people up there, can't see what you want to.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: We stop there awhile, Big Meadows, is my spot. It ain't but about six miles ^{that strip} up there.

D.S.: I know.

F.F.: And..., I was standing on Franklin's cliff looking down, looking at that old road wind on down, you know, and I was thinking about riding into town. You know we always had pretty good luck. I don't know, we very seldom had any trouble ^{with just went right on.}

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Sometimes one would slip around....., where the road lead off, you know, going around ~~these slit-slats~~ ^{them switch-back}, what I call them. One would cut in here...., and wind into that way, and next might take another road. They had them old roads coming in time like that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Had a scattering job there.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

F.F.: Not too bad.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: You get up there in the mountains a lot of times there was caves all along, they would ~~scatter out~~ ^{pass them} on some of them old paths and pass on through. I tell you, if you ever got to Dark Hollow ^{Bridge} there splash right through that water, let them have it out awhile and you drink it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: So, Spring go up the mountain, cool, you know.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

F.F.: Reckon it's just a habit.

D.S.: Yes. You know, nobody thought anything walking those miles, did they?

M.F.: Well, no indeed.

F.F.: Well, no.

D.S.: No wonder everybody was so healthy.

F.F.: Yes, I tell you

M.F.: Not, that's what helped them.

F.F.: I left here one..... use to leave here, a lot of us, and go on over to Stanley. That's where the passenger train,

you know, that was before all that happened now. We use to leave here, uh, say about three o'clock in the morning, before day, get over there before the train would come about seven o'clock. Get on that train, go on to Shenandoah Junction and get on the B & O and go on to Martinsburg, on to pick apples. Not, we didn't work that same day, we would be on a Sunday to rest to be ready on Monday morning.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: And come back **sometime** on a train come in thar....., I think that was **s-i-x, five** or six o'clock in the evening coming up, and ~~walk~~ back over in the night. But it was warm weather. The only thing I was shy of was dog-gone snakes.

D.S.: That's **right**. I was thinking of them too. (Laughed)

M.F.: Yea.

F.f.: For a **bear**, in fact we never had too many on this side.

D.S.: No, there weren't bears at that time. No. How about schools. Where was your schools? Was it near you?

M.F.: No, I had to come to Brown's school over in.....

D.S.: Where?

M.F.: In Richard Hollow, Brown's school.

D.S.: Brown's School?

F.F.: Well, it was called a farm school, the Methodists had a farm school back in Ferrum, Virginia.....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: and they come in here and built one years ago, and she walked a lot farther. But, I walked from home, well, we first had a school house, when I was a child started

out, just over here right up the road a half mile from where you turned off. That eventually burned down and then I walked from home down to Criglersville.

M.F.: I walked from up there where I lived down to

D.S.: How far was that?

F.F.: That was about

M.F.: Five miles.

F.F.: I...don't....., I expect the way y'all come out it, come on out from down there, I reckon it was pretty close to five one way.

D.S.: Yea.

M.F.: Five miles.

D.S.: Would you go during the winter, or

M.F.: Yes, go on.

D.S.: How about the snow?

M.F.: Wade through it.

D.S.: Oh gosh! (Laughed) You must had good shoes.

M.F.: Oh, we had pretty good clothes to wear.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.

M.F.: It was a whole crew of us, so we didn't mind either.

D.S.: Yea. Sure all.....

M.F.: All of us got together you see....., we all went together.

F.F.: One would get a couple started in front, see when the others started, you see, the snow would soon packed down.

D.S.: Sure.

M.F.: See it was four from my family.

Cindy, me, and Jesse, and Carrie, Vernie, Annie, Madeline, Rosie, and Lloyd, see we all would be together, we play in the snow and everything else.

D.S.: Sure. How far did this school go? Through what grade?

M.F.: The seventh grade.

D.S.: Was it nine months?

M.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: It was nine months? You were lucky, some of the schools weren't ~~back then~~ ^{that long}. Yea. They taught reading, writ~~ing~~, and arithmetic, how about geography?

M.F.: Uhhuh, and English.

D.S.: And English? And your school was the same way, nine months?

F.F.: Yes. It was a one room school and then I went on to Criglersville, you know, where the new school, I mean the brick building down at the creek there.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: I mean they had a wood building that burnt down. No, they had a good school at that time. I would went on, you could finish high school down there.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: At Criglersville.

D.S.: Right. You know speaking of Criglersville, every time I go through there I wonder where Dr. Ross' house was, do you know?

F.F.: I sure do.

D.S.: Where?

F.F.: Well, you going to head down that way today?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Alright, you seen the school house?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: You keep going until you see a church sitting up there.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: School house in back, church up there
you see a stone wall, a pretty stone wall, a house
sitting right there.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: There is where he lived. Now his son lives there, he
is a history man too.

D.S.: His son lives there?

F.F.: *Know him like a book*
~~Both use to be....~~, use to be... a....., uh..., a county
clerk, stayed there as long as he wanted. In 1932 and
stayed there until - *could he there yet.*
moved there behind him. A fine man to talk to, too.

D.S.: You say he is a historian?

F.F.: Do how?

D.S.: You say he is a historian?

F.F.: You know what I mean...., he was elected....., uh,.....
voted in as a clerk.

D.S.: Oh, oh. Uhhuh.

F.F.: About, I think I remember, in 1932, I think, I forget.
He stayed in there as long as he wanted to. Never had
no trouble with him. He was mighty good about keeping
things, some tried to get him out, but couldn't.

M.F.: He has a bad *foot* now, had to take him to the hospital.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Go to see him. Call him on the phone.

D.S.: Well, it's nice to know that he is there and where the
house is because I keep looking to see.

F.F.: It will be on the left side agoing down below the school
house, there be the church, then to the right will be a
stone wall, a nice home sits there.

A Ford pick-up and he has a

M.F.: Don't he have another car that sets there?

F.F.: That's a Thunderbird.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: An old stone wall, it is a pretty wall. Dr. Ross had that made years ago. Dr. Ross was a fine man.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: He had two sons; Charles and *Hughes a lawyer*. Charles, he is a lawyer, he done *retired too*.

D.S.: You know, speaking of children. I was wondering, now, the families that you both knew that lived in the mountains when the park took over and they moved out, how was their adjustment? Were they happy where they were moved to?

F.F.: Some were and some wasn't.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Some was getting older, I think and was glad to get out to get closer to the grocery stores. They had a problem coming to the grocery stores. You see, they had to come over the mountain down to, we called it Kimball, over to Knight's store.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I don't think it's a store either place now, is it?

D.S.: Huh-un.

F.F.: Either that or go down the Rapidan to Graves' Mill, and that was a long haul down that river, or come Syria. Most of them come to Syria, all would get together and ride out.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: The next problem was if the water was up high. What we don't have....., we have high waters yet, but they

would always find out. Get out at this place down here where this bridge is at now. We use to have a bridge above that, but then *finally* ~~come~~ along and sued, Charles got enough money together and down town and flop that good one in...., nice big bridge. But any how, you use to have to forge the river down thar, and the water be up it was pretty dangerous.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: It was right many people years ago^t drown in that river down here.

D.S.: Another thing was that everybody had to particularly stock up in the fall to take care of all winter long.

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: So, that meant extra hauling, didn't it?

F.F.: I tell you what they did, like the Weakleys^{up} there. They would go out ~~and~~ *with* in the wagon on election day, they would always come to Criglersville, that would be November, you know what day that fell on? They would have a load of cabbages on.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: They would get about ten cents a piece or something like that. They always liked, it was no trouble to sell. Some people would wait until they come there to buy them cabbages to make that winter kraut, too.

D.S.: Sure, sure.

F.F.: You couldn't beat that ~~cabbage~~ from off that Blue Ridge.

D.S.: No.

F.F.: They are good here, but the further down the hill you get, they grow them down there, but....., they are good here, you get on up from here, the further you get, up on

where Meadows lives, still better yet. You got up to Big Meadows, not to praise, but they were better yet.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Sweet.

D.S.: Yea, that's right. And they were so big. Uh..., the families....., did their children profit by them moving out? Do you think they were able to advance further?

F.F.: Oh, yes!

D.S.: If they had stayed in the mountains?

F.F.: Yes. Yes, that is correct.

D.S.: Uhhuh. That's what I thought.

F.F.: Just one I like,... Speaking of Jesse, about badgerhead, he married, he lived up....., naturally was up there, that wasn't in the park. He wound up in Virginia Wildlife.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.F.: But you see they moved him out.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: It was a little dispute; Graves claimed the land, but come to find out it was owned through a lumber company. And when, they had been moved a long time ago, they claimed that and . I can walk right here now, walk right into that road that goes into Rapidan and not put my foot in the Park.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

F.F.: But Jesse moved out. He was a good worker.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: He bought, got him a nice home out here now. He lived down in that settlement, I helped build that, you remember that one, don't you? I helped build that.

D.S.: Did you?

F.F.: Part of it, but since it is like a town now. You know they had pretty good size acreage of ground in there, and good earth.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Then they sold it off, and Jesse, now he owned two homes. I think he sold one of them.

M.F.: He still does. Uhhuh, he still does.

F.F.: So, he still owns two?

M.F.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: He done good. Then he had his daughters, they growed up. One of them, I don't know, she works for the phone company in Culpepper. I know she's.....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: And she ranks pretty high in there.

D.S.: What was Jesse's last name?

F.F.: Hert.

D.S.: Oh, Hert. Then he is kin to you?

M.F.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: And, Jesse had a brother, one brother. He married then, he is still living, ain't he in Berryville?

M.F.: Yes.

F.F.: I understand he done good. They all done good, but they worked.

D.S.: Yes, right.

M.F.: One worked at the

F.F.: Jesse's father moved out and he moved over to Wolfetown. They had a home settlement down there.

D.S.: That's right.

F.F.: And, no..., they all done good.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: But, I tell you, in the long run, I mean I don't like to talk, they liked their homes. I expect was the part, I tell you, it was too fer, you couldn't get out and go back and forth in a day, work like it is today. We got people living right above here *in the old home place*, ~~a whole family~~. The daddy is a Circuit Judge at Culpepper, uh.., I know him like a book. Uh....

M.F.: Burke.

F.F.: Burke. And he had two sons. I told _____, the house fall down in there. And he had one son, married, that married a Shackelford, and she was from a wealthy family too. Then they, he went on away out in Washington, they stayed up there a pretty good while
of course, it was know
through the marriage. Mary and her husband they went too...., what is that name of that colony? Pupkeltown, Washington?

D.S.: ~~Pugetown.~~ *Puget Sound*

F.F.: Pugetown?

D.S.: Uhhuh

F.F.: Went on to ~~Pugetown.~~ *Puget Sound*

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Then the two brothers and one of them was going from here to Charlottesville to work, it is forty miles. From right here where you turned in to Charlottesville.

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: That is one thing in Madison County, we have a Blue Bell. The Blue Bell, that has been awful good, it has been a benefit to the people. And lots of women works there.

You would be surprise at so many people goes out.

(
Now, my son owned a home right down here, he sold that home for sixty-six thousand dollars.

D.S.: Gee! Where did he move to?

F.F.: He moved down in Orange County, down in the lower part of it. But he hasn't bought yet.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: He aims to buy. He aim to buy, I think he bought the land though, ain't he?

M.F.: Yea.

F.F.: He aims to build his own home. He can do anything he wants to. But, he is a plumber.

D.S.: Oh, he is a plumber?

F.F.: I tell you what works at.

M.F.: ~~Neyrey~~. *Wire*

F.F.: Yes, ~~Neyrey~~, *wire*, yes.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Ahhh..., they are putting up a plastic factory.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Do you know anything about Gordonsville?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Right out on 231, go out to Gordonsville. He is the main plumber on that Core...ior , or something. I think a German outfit.

D.S.: Yea. Kohler.

F.F.: Yea, you're right...Kohler, Uhhuh.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Then I have one son, he is a steam fitter in the union. He lives inMurserburg.

M.F.: Murserburg, Pennsylvania.

F.F.: Murserburg, Pennsylvania, I think that is the town.

D.S.: You got your family scattered all over.

F.F.: No, he wanted a farm and so he bought a one hundred seventy-six acre up there. He first lived in Maryland, you know where Myersville is?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: You know how you go up 40 to go to ...uh, Hagerstown?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: Then get up there, make a break there on level. Let see, Fredericksburg is right along there..... Washington town is right along there. He owned, I don't know ^{whether} weather anybody built in above him, that last house right in the corner, that road just before you got into Washington town.

D.S.: How many children do you have?

M.F.: Six.

D.S.: Six?

M.F.: Two boys and four girls.

D.S.: Oh, my goodness.

F.F.: One lives in Albany, Maryland.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Her husband is a C and P man, works in a office. And one lives in Alexandria, and one lives at Herndon, Virginia, her husband he, well, she worked for the Government a right good while, she had to quit~~e~~, she had a bad operation.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.F.: And the other one lives in Silver Springs, Maryland.

D.S.: Now, just think, if the Park hadn't come along maybe they wouldn't be doing all these things.

(All Laughed)

F.F.: Of course now, we were down out of the Park.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: I tell you, the people up in the Park, I expect it was pretty hard for them to give it up. I seen, old man, I call him old man June, that was Frank Weakley's son, after he got paid, he said, Well I love it up there, but, I go up there yet some times. But, I tell you I am getting old and I going up, riding up and down the mountain, it ain't going to be long before I can't take that. He was telling the truth then.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh, right. It was a strenuous life....uh...., you didn't have the ~~meanties~~ ^{amenities} we have now.

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: But,... uh...., it was really for only the fit and strong, wasn't it?

F.F.: That's right. You're correct. If you was a weak person you just couldn't take that now.

D.S.: That's right.

F.F.: No, you couldn't take it.

D.S.: And yet those that was vere weak were taken care of by the strong, weren't they?

F.F.: Yes, they take care of them, of one another.

D.S.: Yea. What about if a person....uh, you know a lot of time we all go this way.. When we get older our minds disappears.

F.F.: That's right.

D.S.: What would you do with a person like that, if you lived in the mountains? Just take.....

M.F.: Just take care of them.

D.S.: That's right.

F.F.: Just have to watch them and take care of them.

D.S.: That's right.

M.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: That's what I say is the beauty of these people. They all worked together....

F.F.: All worked together, yes.

D.S.: and loved each other.

F.F.: Yes.

F.F.: I've got one thing I've got to do, of course I am getting an age..., If I live to the twenth of January, I will be seventy-two. One thing I am going to take on myself, I am going to get . Now, if I got different kind of tools and different things I need, I am pretty particular where I put them. Many people keep them in one spot and go back and get the same thing and use again. I got one tool box I keep all my carpenter tools in and I want..., First thing, I don't hang them up I go right streight to that box.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I don't find it. I got myself in trouble a couple of times and can't blame nobody but myself.

D.S.: That's right.

F.F.: But now....

D.S.: But now, look, that isn't your age, we all do that. (Laughed)

F.F.: Yes.

D.S.: Put things down and forget where they are.

F.F.: I heard that handed down years ago, the old one was to tell me that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: You get old, you know, I didn't pay much attention to it. I wish I would have done would took a pen and paper and wrote down a lot of things the old people told me, and some of it I think I can get it right. Some I do, and some of it I forgot it.

D.S.: What can you remember now?

F.F.: Well, it's a lot of things my Granddaddy use to tell me. It was people come in here and tell me about Tom Shirley owned this property....., uh, he owned, I think about twenty-nine thousand acres....., or better.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Some of his people, Charles Ross brought them up here one day. I tell you like I say, I think I can tell it right. I think I can. Shirley had full *things*, he had, probably had a blacksmith shop~~here~~, and they had slaves too.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Had one down here, had the Mill, it had a distillery house. He had on back, had a whiskey distillery back under . The old people told me, always told me distilled in the summer time, to keep the mash cool....., if he had it on the sunny side it would sour.

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: And...., Tom Shirley, nver was married. He had a brother, was Zachariah Shirley, he had boys. They would ride the horses and go around and see how everything was getting along. Shirley come here, and one of the Shirleys lived on East Connecticut, and a sister, she worked in Texas for the Government for years, she was in the Secret Service down there. Another worked in Washington and

I think, a sister lived in Washington with them, both of them up there together. Shirley....., anyhow, Shirley had these big old distiller houses, man..., I can't think of the man's name, I heard it..... Old man Bill Smith and my Granddaddy, Tom Finks talked about him so many times, I forget his name. He always went and broke in the distillery houses and stayed drunk all the time. The boys thought they was going to break him up from it, and took these irons from the blacksmith shop and aim to torture him with these irons. And they tortured him too much and he died.

D.S.: OH, boy!

F.F.: They had it, they always heard it was a outsider, just to kill Mr. Shirley. Ahhh, I think the way I understand it, the Sheriff, he died from that *and they took it serious in those days.*

Bout that time they slip into Kentucky. They all wound up, I mean Zachariah. Now, Tom Shirley, he is buried down here as you go down the road, you will see a white sand pile down here, where you cross this river and where other *forks*, it's a little high spot under a shade tree. Tom Shirley was buried right there.

D.S.: Is he really?

F.F.: Uhhuh. That's the Shirley grave yard there.

D.S.: You mentioned the slaves before. How did the mountain people feel about the colored?

F.F.: Well, that would be a little hard for me to answer.

D.S.: I understood they ran them off.

F.F.: Well, some probably did, but right down in this section, I....., I know we had some colored families down here

in Syria, that was when I was a boy. And, the Mother, she was a great apple butter maker. So, she would go from house to house and they would give her, I think, a dollar a day and a half gallon of apple butter. She had some boys, but them boys mixed right with the white, working with them all the time. There was no problems.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Well now, I tell you where...., what I've been told. Over here at ~~Nex~~thers, no negros were allowed over in there. They were rough.

D.S.: Yea. Why was they so particular rough? Do you know?

F.F.: Not, *really, a lot of really rough people* a long time ago, every since I can remember... good the Park. The Park, I tell you when the Park come along, I wouldn't say nothing wrong... , but run them all out of Nichelson Hollow, up in there. That was pretty good thing to do. They would kill one another, there would be a fight every....., about every Court day. But, very often it would be a couple tried for murder every year out there.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.

F.F.: I tell you another bad spot too was over in Bacon Hollow in Greene County. Mmmmmm!

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: But, I tell you about that over there. The way I figured that out, a old man by the name of Morris. I worked for Potomac Edison Power Company over there. Uh...., helped put a new line in what they called Mutton Hollow.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: And I noticed in there so many mixed *with Indians*, in there. *Shaved it strong.*
And you know they can't stand drinking.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: You know what I mean?

D.S.: Yea, Uhhuh.

F.F.: Old man Morris told me, he said, that some of his family, he told us.... He was a mighty nice old fellow, a religious man. He said, remind me of every murdered, every stabbing, in here, it all has been liquor the cause of it.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: That's right, and I'll tell you another thing, when I worked up through there, which we worked right long. I seen the most grave yards I ever seen in a small community in the Blue Ridge, East and South. That's the truth.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: The biggest grave yards I ever seen. It's a house along here and a house there, you know?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: It's a place over there that, I say would covered a acre and a half.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: And right down, on the other side of a hill there is another grave yard. Old man, Morris stopped by his place, he would tell us if there was every anything to unload, leave it on him. And, he would be there a lot of time during the day.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Yes, he would say, I could tell you how many in that grave yard that had been shot too.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Quite a few of them. Said it was a hollow up in there, I noticed the line went along to a certain point and it

made a break and jumped again. Cliff in there...., right over this cliff was a grave yard, the biggest place you ever saw. Had them dug in there....., just to think how many was in there, I told her the other day, more than I ever seen.

D.S.: Were those grave stones marked? Did they say who was in there?

F.F.: Some..... Some just had stones, you know, just regular old stones.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

F.F.: But, I can tell you where the Conways was buried in some of them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Are you interested?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: You know when you go down here to go out to Madison, and you get on Route 230 to go to Standersville?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: You know when you come to Middle River?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Just as you cross the river into Greene, =the first right hand road, you go out that road and you pass a house on the left and go right around a curve, and you come to a low-surface road, right. Cut flat, that road goes out to this home, it's an old Finks place.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: They called it after the Conways, they come up here, you know they were first cousins to James Madison.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Then the Shiffletts, sailboat, you know, come up to haul stuff.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea, sure.

F.F.: And they are buried there. I seen seventeen and eighteen, I been to it. Was Finks, Fitchues in it too, a couple.

D.S.: Oh yes.

F.F.: And you see a long, a long, kind of a skinny box, we got here, if you ever was interested in that. That's how you find the Conway grave yard.

D.S.: OK.

F.F.: But the Conway grave yards..., I mean houses, are on the other side of the river.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Grave yards are over in Greene County.

D.S.: Yea. Hey, speaking of trees. Did any of the people you know use to peel bark from the trees?

F.F.: Oh, goodness sakes, yes. Tan bark, yes.

D.S.: Yea, tan bark.

F.F.: Yes, indeed. I cross amany. I use to drive ^{piles} ~~cows~~ and be small, get the small chestnut oak off and have it in piles and take the wagon down. I think I hauled most of it down to Luray to the tannery, you know. Uhhuh.

D.S.: That's what I was going to ask, if you took it to the Luray tannery.

F.F.: Mmmmm, oh, bark went out of here by the tons.

D.S.: Yea, uhhuh.

F.F.: Because my Granddaddy use to go over there, in the Spring. He owned a lot of land back here, Tom Finks.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Thomas was his name, used by the name Tom. And tell about how much land you owned, they maybe loan you two hundred dollars or something to pay your hands to get that bark and then you haul the bark in, then you would get the difference in the bark you hauled in.

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: Then most of the time they would haul it to Stanley and store it in a box car and take it right on down.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: And, I've hauled tan bark over here at Luray to the tannery years ago.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: In 1927.

D.S.: How would you take it?

F.F.: I had a ~~T~~ruck then.

D.S.: Oh, you would drive?

F.F.: I would go from here to Sperryville.

D.S.: Oh?

F.F.: Right up over the mountain.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Yes, I hauled bark.

D.S.: It was a dern shame when the chestnut blite came through, wasn't it?

F.F.: That was the biggest lost to the Blue Ridge. This Tom mountain here had it from, you know, up from this big around to that big around, and it was tall, and the chestnuts.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I've seen out here in the mountain, it would be so many you take and break off a whole bunch. If you put the leaves

back they start picking them like that.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: That's a fact. And the people in the fall in the Blue Ridge, up there at Big Meadows and all down through there, they get them up and sell them and buy their winter clothes ~~then~~ *with them.*

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: That's correct! And, they would sell potatoes. Oh, you can plant a hundred pounds of potatoes up there, no ~~doubt~~ *doubt* if you got a good season, you'd liable dig out twenty-five or thirty bushels from there. Now, I am not stretching it, that's a fact. Can't do that down here.

D.S.: The rocks, didn't they bother?

F.F.: They did, but they worked around. I don't know, now you take up and go up here. You go out to the ~~home~~ *house* place sometime?

D.S.: Oh, yes.

F.F.: You know where this trail through here comes out and come in

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Well, right down the trail, down the trail a little bit, right down in there was smooth, smooth as glass. That was the awfulest place for potatoes you ever seen. Graves, down here..... Mr. Graves died up there. Cabbages. People up there worked for them, they had to give them money to help them out.

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: Graves, they had a ~~cabin~~ *cattle* up there too. And they would sell a lot of potatoes, you see in the fall. Then keep

end of CD 1

all they wanted for their own use.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Then the next thing I tell you what they would do, was that worked. They would probably take a bushel^d potatoes, there in the Spring, probably a couple of bushels, go on up to where Weakleys lived, and exchanged seeds.

D.S.: That's what I was wondering if they didn't do.

F.F.: Most of the time I generally buy mine, and they mostly come from Maine.

F.F.: You can plant these Kennebecs, the second time and will do pretty good.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: But, I eventually buy mine every year. I put in about fifty pounds and we dug out about eleven bushels, they were nice.

D.S.: Boy! We⁶ You know that exchanging of the seed has always been done and I was wondering why? Is it because it refreshes your stock to do it?

F.F.: Right.

D.S.: How about seeds for cabbages, and so on, did you save the seeds from year to year or did you have to buy those from the store?

F.F.: They mostly bought them.

D.S.: Why? Turnips the same way?

F.F.: Yes.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Yes, they generally, because they wouldn't take the slips and sometime fail on their own seeds and they generally put their own cabbage beds. There was plenty cabbage beds around. Well, you burn that piece of ground, put brush

on it and burn it, burn it good, and if you do that to keep the weeds out of them plants.

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: I have not burnt in time and you can't see the plants for the weeds to come up too.

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: No, you've got to watch out for that.

D.S.: Yea. There wasn't the bugs then that there are now, were there?

M.F.: No.

F.F.: No way!

D.S.: Isn't that amazing that they are.

F.F.: I tell you what we had, see, I put my peas in the garden, you know the garden peas, first. Put a little row and put a little wire up about this high, then I planted some of them telephone peas on high wire and we had all the peas we could handle and when they died down. I had a ~~new kind~~ ^{climbing} of beans, that come out of West Virginia, Freemont..... From

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: And I put them in there, I had the biggest stand of beans you ever seen, hanging in there. I seen the grasshoppers started to work and work. You see, seven will not kill them, a grasshopper, it took care of the bugs. That will take care of a lot in the bug family.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: And, I wasn't..... I got another spray here, I spray apples with and stuff and peaches, but I wasn't going to put the poison stuff on them because I didn't want the beans, I liable to kill myself.

D.S.: That's right.

F.F.: No, we got all the beans, we had oodles of beans.

D.S.: Oh, by the way, didn't you use to dry beans?

M.F.: Still do.

D.S.: You still do?

F.F.: Yes, yes, she dries them.

D.S.: How do you dry them? Do you string them?

F.F.: String them....

M.F.: Just put them in a paste-board box and set them out and let them dry.

D.S.: Yes. They are the best beans. You can't buy beans like that, can you?

M.F.: No.

F.F.: She cans a lot. She is a great canner. If you don't believe her, let her take you down and she will show you.

D.S.: (Laughed) I believe it.

M.F.: You want to see?

D.S.: Not right this second, I would like to though.

F.F.: When you get ready she'll show you. She's a canner.

D.S.: Yes. Did you dry apples?

M.F.: I do, but I haven't this year.

D.S.: No, I mean when you was in the mountain.

F.F.: Yes, people use to dry apples and sell them at the stores too.

M.F.: Yes- indeed.

F.F.: Use to dry cherries years ago. I never did, we never did, but older people use to dry them.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: You know what they made the dryers out of didn't you?

D.S.: Yea.

- F.F.: Hard on popular trees. Go to a popular tree, about that big around and cut all away around it, cut and skin the bark open and flatten them out and nail a piece of timber on it so it couldn't curl back up, you then made your dryer.
- D.S.: Yea, ah-ha!
- F.F.: Seen it done a many a time.
- D.S.: Dried apples, did you sell them?
- M.F.: Yea.
- F.F.: Most of them dried apples would sweep these big rocks off.
- M.F.: Dried them on these big rocks. Rocks...
- F.F.: Dry them on these big rocks.
- M.F.: Dry them on rocks.
- F.F.: Now a metal roof ain't good to dry apples on, now you can dry them, but a painted roof don't put them on it.
- M.F.: Because the paint comes off on the apples.
- F.F.: Sure.
- D.S.: Oh, sure, yea.
- F.F.: The acid in the apples turns the paint, don't want to do that.
- D.S.: Yea, right. Now you peel the apples?
- F.F.: Oh, yes.
- D.S.: What kind of apples were they mainly?
- F.F.: Well, it would be Yorks, Staymans.
- D.S.: Miloms?
- M.F.: Yes.
- F.F.: Well yes, they use to dry a lot of Milons. Use to use more Milons than anything.

D.S.: I have two on my property.

F.F.: Do you?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: I'm glad you do.

M.F.: I'm glad somebody got them.

D.S.: Did the people know grafting? Know how to graft?

F.F.: Yes, my Grandfather was a great grafter.

D.S.: That's what I thought.

F.F.: They claimed the Milon apple first started.... A Milon apple first started..... I'm going to tell you what I always heard, there is a Milon Gap too.

D.S.: Was there a man by the name of Milon?

F.F.: I can't answer that. Probably was, I wouldn't say it was right or wrong.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Didn't hear no talk about it. My Granddaddy was up here, when he come down and run the distillery house up here for years, it was alread full of orchards then, and he said when he come in there it was even more. Some of them was in there, eventually the bushes growed and took everything over.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: Around here and part of that place up there was as smooth as in this valley here.

D.S.: Yes. Uhhuh.

F.F.: And growed in⁵⁰ bushes.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: And it is good land too.

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: Rich.

D.S.: I was wondering about; it seemed everybody had orchards.

F.F.: Oh, yes they did.

D.S.: And I thought they didn't go to any nursery.

OK. Now, what haven't we covered? Let's see.....

How did people, when somebody died, did they do embalming?

F.F.: Not back years ago,.. no.

D.S.: No? Kept the family....., kept them in the homes?

F.F.: Kept them in the homes. The undertaker would bring the coffin in.

D.S.: Yea. Uh.., did everybody stay right by the grave until it was completely covered?

F.F.: Yes.

D.S.: I think that is so right, the way it should be.

M.F.: They stayed at the homes, they didn't take them to an undertaker's.

D.S.: Yea. They showed proper respect.....

F.F.: Right.

D.S.: ...more than they do now a days. When a feller was a courting a girl, were they chaperoned?

F.F.: Do how, now?

D.S.: Was they chaperoned, did some member of the girl's family stay with them all the time?

F.F.: Just about! Pretty close, not like it is today.

D.S.: That's right. Uhhuh. Well, they knew you, they knew you would be up to hanky-panky. (Laughing)

F.F.: They figured it right.

D.S.: Yea. Oh, I would like to.....

F.F.: They were very particular about a stranger coming along too. You know what I mean?

D.S.: Oh, yea. Well, were there many strangers?

F.F.: Well, no. But I mean, but there would be somebody else
come in and they wouldn't know them too good. They were *and wanted to talk*
to girls.
very particular about that.

D.S.: Oh, sure. Yes, uhhuh.

F.F.: Most sure they would find out his name.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: All about him.

D.S.: Sure. Did the fellows, when they were courting, did they,
uh.., like do it on a regular day?

F.F.: They generally had a time to meet one anothr, yes.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. They didn't care if they had to walk many
miles to do it, did they?

F.F.: Well, I expect some of them walked fifteen miles.

(All Laughed) Every bit of it.

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: I know of a Thomas, Matthew Thomas, probably you heard of
that name?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: He lived over there on Tanners Ridge, he is still living
I think.

M.F.: I think so.

D.S.: Yes, he is.

F.F.: He use to come from over there clean over here to Richard
Hollow, over here to see a girl. He never did marry
her.

D.S.: OH, my goodness!

F.F.: Take back then, them youngings could walk.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

F.F.: Speaking about walking. I can tell you of a man living yet today. Want to hear about it?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: Walter Meadows, living right above me, about eighty-five years old, about the same age as Walter is now....., Ernest Gordon. Use to have a train leave Stanley about eleven o'clock, going North. He use to work in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. And, be nine o'clock, he would allow hisself two hours, from right up here. A little bit about a mile out of Stanley, he would always have to sit down and wait a right good little while before the train got there. That's the truth. He was the fastest walking man I ever knowed of. That's a fact. See, he didn't go all way round the cuts in the roads, that went round like this and that. He would take off right up through here, you see.

D.S.: Oh, he would go the hard way. (Laughed)

F.F.: (Laughed) Yea. Have you ever been down to what they call the level, on the old turnpike, down in Pine Hollow below the mine?

D.S.: No.

F.F.: Well, you see, they have a stretch of road in thar.... well, he would pop up on the side of this mountain and pop up there and hit over there and it would be one streight walk. If he went around the road he would walk three and a half miles. Well, he didn't have over half a mile and he would hit what they called the level. Did you ever hear them talk about the hanging rock?

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

F.F.: Uhhuh. Well, he hit the level there and go right streight through to what they called Dark Hollow, I mean the old mine road. So instead of taking another switch back through... from where old man Cave lived, he just take up right over the road right into Dark Hollow, right over the top. He got right to the top he passed it going out there and coming back, back around. He passed right down, he went right streight down into Shovel Hollow, it is this steep going down there. Well, I expect a mile would put you down there at the foot of the mountain, down there.

D.S.: Shooo!

F.F.: And he would do her! He said, I would just sit there always. He said, I got there plenty time before the train would. That is a true bill. And he was the walkness man. Wasn't nobody would walk with him. He would walk along, play along.., along aside while you walk. He would start out before anything. We got one over here at Madison.., Hurbert Smith, lived right up here, was the next best walker. And he gets around yet.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: He works, I helped him around the General Store... a big store.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: He is about seventy..., four or five years old, soon to be getting be.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: He recommend to be the second fastest walker. Of course, Meadows, up here, he done got in...ahhh..., bad shape.

D.S.: Oh, really?

F.F.: Yes, his mind ain't good no more. I tell you, he worked for Skyland years and years. He is the fastest dishwasher they had on the place.

D.S.: (Laughing) Oh, dear. Did you ever go to Skyland?

F.F.: You mean do I ever go up there?

D.S.: Yea. When you ^{were} was a boy.

F.F.: I was up there... First trip, the Governor of Virginia, old man Pollock. Oh, it was a big crowd up there. When was that 1926, when they had that first meeting up there about the park?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I think I am right. My Granddaddy lead the way. I rode a horse, we all rode horses and went right up. Went up out by here, went down over the back of Tom Mountain, right across there what we call Foot of the Ridge. That's over there toward this here run that goes into the river, right up Haywood he went. Right yonder ahead was White Oak, that spring, and right on in ^{to} Skyland.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: That was the first time I seen the Crest Rock, he stopped, got to stop there. He knowed the trail.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: It's been so long. I guess it was fifteen of us.

D.S.: Yea. Did you have a good time when you got there?

F.F.: Oh yes, a good time, yes. It was cool up there.

D.S.: Uhhuh. What did you do?

F.F.: We just listened, had a big talk that day. The Governor, I forgot the Governor's name now. He was up there, old man Pollock, and they had, I think, the old Senator Byrd was there too.

D.S.: Oh yes. Uhhuh. Did you ever go to Skyland? .. You didn't? Ahhh, you missed a lot of fun.

M.F.: Probably did, but I was young.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.F.: We were all growing up.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Pollock use to bring groups down every now and then for horse back trails, did you ever see them go by?

M.F.: Yea, they use to come through here.

F.F.: They use to go right up the side of Honeymoon Hut, we use to call it.

M.F.: Yes indeed, use to see them go by Honeymoon Hut.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.F.: We use to live right over *Delora Honeymoon Hut.*
~~then.~~

F.F.: Oh, he use to have horsebacks up there too. They use to come out from the old turnpike go over to Syria and turn around and go up Old Rag, and go back in there, what they use to call the Old Pickett Field.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: That where they mostly went. Should I tell you about a railroad?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Tom Finks told me they owned on when they lived on the mountain. Did you ever know it was a railroad ~~caught in~~ *crossing* the Blue Ridge?

D.S.: No. (Laughed)

F.F.: This little rialroad, it was called Chesapeak and Western, I think N and W owned it. It goes out Elkton and goes up, I think about up there to Bridgewater, to where, you know, go back to Stokesville, in Highland County, they was getting all that timber out?

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: It was so big, I recollect now, in Elkton now.....

D.S.: Sure.

F.F.: Come right on up 33 and make that curve and they made a turn, come all across to **Naked Creek**, and made it up, come on around Tanners Ridge and ramble over Black Rock, coming right across the Mountain at Fishers' Gap, and coming around Haywood Mountain, and going on yonder to Skyland and to Pickett Field, it's all growed up, and make a big turn and come right back over the fall of the White Oak and coming right down the other side of Haywood Mountain there and crossing out right over here in Graves! Mountain and cross right on out at Graves Mountain, and shooting down to Criglersville. It was never build because they never could get enough stock holders.

D.S.: Is that what was called The Big Survey?

F.F.: Of a railroad or something?

D.S.: Oh, I've heard several people mention a Big Survey, and that must have been it.

F.F.: Well, they surveyed it, but they never could get enough. Then they made other arrangements, provide other roads to haul it out. Then they run to make, they tell me, to make their way from.....Highland County on over to West Virginia. See, they wouldn't have went further to haul coal too. But they didn't get enough to.....

D.S.: Ahh, when Pollock would go by....., how were the people dressed? Did he always have his bugle?

F.F.: Yes, most of the time. Yes, he would be....., he always had his bugle.

D.S.: He was a flamboyant man, wasn't he? (Laughed)

F.F.: I think everybody liked him.

D.S.: Yea. He treated the mountain people very well.

F.F.: Well, he'd buy a lots of things from them too. That helped them out.

D.S.: Yea, that's right.

F.F.: A lot of them, there would be plenty of fish. They would catch fish and he would buy them for his company, you know, his guests.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: I'll tell you something. I'll tell you about the fish business. This is a trout stream right here, but it is missing

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: But the Rapidan... Owen Meadows, which he lived over in Page, married over there, what they call the Ida section.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: I use to go up there when I was about fifteen or sixteen years old, and him and I use to have a little net, work on two sticks, about this big, square. We wasn't hurting the fish.

D.S.: No.

F.F.: I be honest with you....., we go on the Rapidan, it would be the most fish in them ponds you ever seen. I liked to have a picture of that today so People could see it.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: The last time I was up there to look around. I don't fish no more, this stuff they put in ther I don't fool with.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: But then we'd take them out the water and take out the bigger ones and drop the others back.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I don't think we were hurting a thing. But, of course, today it is unlawful, but then it wasn't. But, the fish you'd be surprise at the fish was in that water.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Yonder up there at the Hoover place, there was a place called Raccoon Forge..., where the water run out. King run out ou the , there would be, ahh, just like a fish hatchery.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: They would lay their eggs in there. The little fish..., and it would be thousand of them little fish in there.

D.S.: Did you ever go to Camp Hoover while President Hoover was there?

F.F.: Oh yes.

D.S.: You did?

F.F.: Yes. I don't think he was right in at the time. They had Marines. Did you ever see a picture of that place?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: It was like a town built up there.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Oh yes, I was very well acquainted with that.

D.S.: Did you know any of the Marines? Did you know Hoyt Fulk?

F.F.: Oh yes. He was *the cook*.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: Sure I knowed him.

D.S.: And his wife Lucy?

F.F.: Yes, he married a Yowell.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: And I knowed one by the name Abernaffee. He was from North Carolina, near Charlotte. Uh, he built a home...., worked in Culpepper and sold Fords for the Ford people a long time. Then he built him a nice home there and he sold that and I don't know where he went, or what. He sold that and I don't know where he went to.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Then I knowed one by the name of Harold Butler, he married a Smith girl, he lives out Madison. He is a little older than I am, he is getting around good. He is in good shape.

D.S.: Yea. You never then met President Hoover?

F.F.: No, not face to face.

D.S.: No?

F.F.: No, never did.

D.S.: Oh, I think it was a good thing for the people of Madison County when he did move in here, don't you? It was a lot of favor for that, wasn't it?

F.F.: Do you want me to tell you about the road which way it was ^{supposed} ~~expose~~ to go?

D.S.: (Laughed) Yes.

F.F.: We had a Supervisor by the name of Chapman. He lived in the house, it was a big home, where I was telling you about where Ross lived, it was the next house, same side. Just west of the school house. We had a man down in there, pretty wealthy, well, a couple of them had money. Back then money was on the thin side. So they thought they...

the Supervisor they had, he was in this Ronson District. Then in the Rapidan District, Weaver was, and I forgot who was the other one we had. They had them out here putting this road in there, *they thought*. Old man Chapman had these men with the money, was sitting right there with them, He's a smart old feller. So, they was talking, they thought they had one up Rapidan, but they had this man.... What was his name? From Front Royal. Mmmmm... anyhow, they got around.... well now, which one yall got the money to put up, asked Mr. Weakler, he wanted to go up through Wolftown and up the river.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Which I don't know. Mr. Chapman was sitting back

So, up through here went the road.

(All laughed)

F.F.: He said I got the money right here, the money they paid me.

D.S.: (Laughed) Sure.

F.F.: He was a smart feller. Old man E. M. Cox, he use to run a store at Criglersville out there, he was sitting there also.

D.S.: It's too bad you didn't get a chance to meet President Hoover. I understand he was the kind he didn't mind people coming by and saying Hello.

F.F.: No. not at ~~all~~.

D.S.: No. But the buildings were all nice. You didn't help with any of the building of it?

F.F.: No. The Marines built that.

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: The helped them out.

D.S.: Ahhh....

F.F.: As far as I know the Marines done all that work.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Yea. Some nice buildings. Camp right on the streets in there. Did you ever get to see that?

D.S.: Oh yes. I've walked down to it and walked back up.

F.F.: Buildings are all there?

D.S.: Most of them are still there. Yea. You know every weekend near his birthday in August..., all Saturday~~s~~ and Sunday~~s~~ they have buses to go from Big Meadows down to Camp Hoover?

F.F.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: And it is sort....., it is real nice. You know otherwise it is a pretty long walk back up, particular if you used the horse trail. It is pretty rough.

F.F.: I know what it is. I had to work the light line, see the power at Big Meadows come in here on that side. I had to work that light line there on out.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: In the summer time it is a risky thing... snakes, oh, goly day!

D.S.: Yea. Right, yea.

F.F.: That was pretty rough.

D.S.: Well, is there anything I haven't asked you? I've been doing all the asking and that is wrong because you are the ones that have all the knowledge and I don't know what it is you know. Did your mother make your clothes?

M.F.: Yes.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.F.: Yea, she had a old sewing machine, she made all our things.

D.S.: How about your father, was he able to mend your shoes in case they.....?

M.F.: Yes, he mended our shoes.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I tell you back at that time.....

M.F.:

F.F.: ...that was the biggest problem the mountain people had. The leather didn't last too long. They had to, what you call half sole your shoes.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: You get this leather, you nail it on there. Now today the top will go and the bottom wouldn't. That is one blessing thing we got today.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Wonder why the shoes didn't last longer?

F.F.: Well, they made the

D.S.: Didn't tan the leather as good?

F.F.: Well, I think the leather....., see, this here ain't leather you see.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

F.F.: I buy a pair of shoes now, I don't think about the bottoms wearing out.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: The top will go first.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: In fact....., I, stone mason was most of my business.

D.S.: Oh, really!

F.F.: Uhhuh. And the mortar will dry the tops.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Now I had two masons from over there, lived right down in you know where Pine Grove section is?

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Did you ever know Shirley Grey?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: Stone Mason?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.: Well, you know he had a brother named, Rufus. I had Rufus and Shirley over here...., help me build a big Aylor home over there. They were fine masons. Poor old Rufus, a heart attack got him, he died.

D.S.: Well, Shirley Grey is suppose to be the finest stone mason there is around.

F.F.: Well, he is good.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Well, another man wanted to help, but Aylor left it to me. Well, I said, you wanted the best. I called him, but first of all I wrote a letter to Shirley Grey, Stanley, in Pine Grove Section. No trouble getting him.

D.S.: That's right.

F.F.: Him and poor old Rufus cut that ~~over~~ wall over 33, you know where the bridge goes over?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: That's a beautiful sight.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: I went up there and talked to them. They said they would come on down. That I got a job down here, I got rheumatism in my back, he had a job down here as long as he wanted one. They put in another house down here, another man over there started it, I don't know what happened. He hired too many youngings didn't know what they was doing.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: They went down and finished that for him. Shirley did, Rufus had done passed on.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: It was thirteen of them one time, working stone masons.

D.S.: Well, you know that stone masonry was really quite an art among the mountain people. They had.....

F.F.: Uhhuh. Uhhuh.

D.S.: They.....

F.F.: That's right.

D.S.: It was something about..., they knew how to fit the stones together to..... Well, look what they ^{did} ~~done~~ on the drive. It was they who taught all those CCC boys how to build those stone walls. And, gee, now you go through the mountains, now you see those stone walls still ~~is~~ standing even though the trees have all grown up. You still have the stone fences.

F.F.: Uh..., the last work I done, I done for credit. You heard of _____, of Gordonsville?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Undertakers at Gordonsville, and at

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Put stones out there too. He had a son, I went down and built him one at Gordonsville. I took old 231 through, all the way through. That was twenty or twenty-five feet high. That was a big job. I that.... that was what

Do you know they got a breeze down there?

D.S.: Yes.

F.F.:

D.S.: It was hot all over. Terrible hot.

F.F.: There is one thing I want to tell you. I don't know if you want this to go any further or not. I heard it years ago. My Granddaddy went ~~thru~~ through Haywood at the head of the White Oak is a spring.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Starts it right there. Where a man by the name of Coon Matthews drowned his wife. That's a fact.

D.S.: Why?

F.F.: He wanted to get ahold of another woman. That's true fact!

D.S.: Huh! And most of them were so loyal to their wives.

F.F.: Well, that's what he done.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Well, weren't most of them pretty loyal to their wives?

F.F.: Right.

D.S.: I thought so. Yes.

F.F.: And I can tell you another thing. You have read or heard about....., what was their names, up there at Skyland, years ago? Partridge...Partridge lived there years ago, that old

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Well, one of them married a woman and wasn't divorced from his other wife, I think now. You know the law then was tight, not as it is today.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: What I was telling you, a man by the name of Newt Finks.

D.S.: Yea.

F.F.: Kin to my Granddaddy, he was sheriff at that time. He come up here, he had to get him a posse to go back because they said he was going to have trouble. Tom Finks

went with him and he got more, went out there to arrest him. He threwed open the door and shot, my Granddaddy died with a sort of a infection from the powder where the ^{lead} load, you know the little specks, I mean went under one of his eye. And he shot Abb Dodson. I expect you read about that or heard about that years and years ago.

D.S.: Why... no. Why.....?

F.F.: They aim to arrest him to bring him off of there, but they..., but still they brought him.

D.S.: Why did they want him?

F.F.: He been in.... He married his wife, he seperated..., anyhow..., he went and married another woman and wasn't divorced.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: And I think, he had been right much trouble at that time.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

F.F.: I forgot all about it. I heard my Granddaddy talk about that thing.

D.S.: Huh!

F.F.: That load just did miss him, he was so close to the barrel powder burn and that was with him until he died.

D.S.: Oh, gee. And it was Abb Dodson?

F.F.: He died.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

F.F.: Ain't that right, Myrtle?

M.F.: Yes.

D.S.: Yes. Well, we have had the most informative, wonderful..

F.F.: I try to tell you as close as I can. Some thing I don't..., I thin out from my tape, so you'll try to remember.

D.S.: I think this is simple beautiful, I mean it.