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(SNP072) Austin C. Judd interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Peggy C. Bradley

Austin C. Judd

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ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

NARRATOR:

Mr. Austin Judd

INTERVIEWER:

Mrs. Dorothy Smith

PLACE:

Luray, Virginia

DATE:

May 19, 1977

TRANSCRIBED BY:

Peggy C. Bradley

COMPLETED DATE:

July 21, 1988

D.S.: There. Now, having gotten all that over with.

Mrs.J.: Yeah. It takes awhile.

D.S.: Mr. Judd, I would like you to recall whatever you can about the store that your father had here. W. L. Judd. Now, we have interviewed quite a number of people and they've all talked about bringing things over the mountain that he would buy and that they would buy from him.

Do you recall anything about the store?

A.J.: Yes. Yes. I remember - I don't remember when it was built. But the store - when I was born, the store was up here at an old house right between here and Uncle Charlie's old homeplace - old Judd homeplace. My dad had a store in the corner - well, in one of the rooms of the house. There's where he started.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And when I was born in 1906, why he had a store there. And then, I don't remember when he built this one. I was too young. He must have built this one, maybe in 1909 or maybe 1908, somewhere along there.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And from then on, of course, people - everybody would come here to the store - all of Jewell Holler. All up outta Jewell Holler and Shenk Holler - a lotta 'em outta Shenk Holler - that's over there back of Park Headquarters, you know, up in the Shenk Holler region.

D.S.: Uh-huh. How would they get here?

A.J.: Walk.

D.S.: They'd walk.

A.J.: Walk.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: They walked.

D.S.: Nicholson Hollow came here, too.

A.J.: Nicholson Holler came over here. Ole man Madison Corbin . George Corbin - he's still living yet. George lives at Luray. Now, George is 85 or 86 years old. I talked with him the other day, you know, just talkin' about comin' over the mountain. And he said he didn't think he could get over there now - walk over.

They come through up here where the old crusher used to set - right there -

D.S.: Where the old what?

A.J.: Crusher. It was a crusher set on top of the mountain up there when they built the Skyline Drive.

D.S.: Oh. Where they called it Crusher Ridge?

A.J.: Yeah. Yeah. You see, that goes up right along here. Crusher Ridge.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And it was a crusher set up there when they built the Skyland Drive. Course, that was - they would come up outta Nicholson Holler - outta Hughes River - Come on up that way between Hughes River Gap and the Pinnacles. Right between there.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Come on over here. They'd always come on Saturday morning and -

D.S.: What would they buy?

A.J.: They would be - what did they buy?

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Well, they bought just anything that - at that time they'd buy sugar, coffee and -

Mrs.J.: Salt.

D.S.: Salt.

A.J.: Things that you had to have. What - sugar and coffee and what else?

Mrs.J.: Salt.

A.J.: Huh?

D.S.: Kerosene.

A.J.: What?

D.S.: Kerosene.

A.J.: Yes. I think they would buy kerosene in gallon cans. I think maybe they'd buy kerosene. Yeah.

Mrs. J.: Flour.

A.J.: And the flour. They bought flour. Yeah. They bought flour.

D.S.: Now, how would they pay for this?

A.J.: Well, they - some of 'em had money and some of 'em didn't. And some of 'em - they would charge it. Dad run an account with 'em. He knew 'em. Some of 'em he wouldn't. Some of 'em he would. Now, he knew 'em. And lots of times, old man Madison Corbin, he was about the head one there in Nichols Holler. And he was a honest man, you know what I'm talking about - about being honest.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: A lotta times people would want credit and Mr. Corbin would have to write a note to Dad to let him have it. That he would stand good for it. Yeah.

D.S.: He did that?

A.J.: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

Mrs.J.: That's the way people used to do.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: Yeah.

Mrs.J.: Yeah. They'd help each other.

D.S.: That's right. They did help each other.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: They did. Yes indeed.

D.S.: Have you any idea - I know - one of the men I interviewed said that he used to bring beans here to your father.

A.J.: Who was it?

D.S.: This was Edward Nicholson, Sr. He said we would select beans and bring them down to W. Lee Judd. And he would pick out which beans he wanted. Now, would he give them credit for that or would he give them money?

A.J.: No. No. He never give no money. Never give no -

D.S.: He'd give them credit -

A.J.: Credit.

D.S.: against these things that they brought.

A.J.: That's right. Yeah. Yeah.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: That's right.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Well, at that time, they had a lot of chestnuts on the Pinnacles. They'd bring bags - bushels of chestnuts. And they would trade 'em chestnuts for somethin' to eat.

D.S.: What would your father do with these then?

A.J.: He would ship 'em to W. E. Norris, Baltimore, Maryland.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: I remember -

D.S.: So he -

A.J.: he would bag 'em up and I'd take 'em to town or somebody would take 'em down in a wagon and ship 'em.

D.S.: So he didn't use them then in local trade because the people here had their own. Right?

A.J.: Well, oh yes. He couldn't sell 'em locally. Not at that time.

D.S.: No.

A.J.: No.

D.S.: Huh-uh.

Mrs.J.: It was too many.

D.S.: Do you recall what all they used to bring?

A.J.: Well, they brought chestnuts for one thing, I know.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: And gingsing - or gingseng or whatever you call it.

D.S.: Gingseng.

A.J.: Gingseng. Yeah. They took it outta the mountains.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: And dried apples. They would dry the apples and bring the apples.

D.S.: And what kind of apples?

A.J.: Dried.

D.S.: Dried.

A.J.: They would dry 'em.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Dry the apples

D.S.: Yeah. Dried apples.

A.J.: And then they would bring 'em over here to sell 'em.

D.S.: Uh-huh. And the beans and -

A.J.: And beans. I think he did buy some beans at times. But, I don't remember much about the beans.

Mrs.J.: I don't know how about walnut kernels.

A.J.: Walnut kernels. Yeah.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Anything else?

A.J.: He'd buy meat if they had it to sell. You know what I mean. He'd buy -

D.S.: What would he do with the meat?

Mrs. J.: He would sell it.

A.J.: He would sell it.

D.S.: Where?

Mrs.J.: Well, around here.

A.J.: Well, he would - sometimes he'd sell it - our friend at Luray wanted a ham, see.

D.S.: Oh.

A.J.: Or somethin' like that. Or somebody'd call him up and want a ham. I don't know who he'd sell it to, maybe somebody in Luray or -

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah.

A.J.: But they would sometimes bring a fresh ham. And he would cure it here, see. You understand. He'd cure it.

D.S.: Oh. Yeah.

A.J.: He'd cure it. Yeah. Put it with his meat and cure it. Then sell it. Or maybe -

D.S.: Uh-huh. Then he had his own smokehouse, too.

A.J.: Oh, yeah. He killed hogs here. And -

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: had his own smokehouse and everthing.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Just anything to help 'em. Anything to help 'em. They didn't have nothin'.
You know what I'm atalking about. They didn't have no money.

D.S.: No.

A.J.: Money was almost existent -

D.S.: That's right.

A.J.: non-existent.

D.S.: That's right. So it was all on barter -

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: with these people.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Do you recall the story about Aaron Nicholson ordering that stove?

A.J.: I've heard that. I've heard that. Yeah. Now, I - I don't know what - that
went up - that stove was got. I think George Corbin got a stove from my dad
and carried it across the mountain. I believe - I believe he did. George
Corbin. Now, I never said nothin' to him about it, but if I see him, I'm
gonna ask him whether he didn't. I believe he did.

D.S.: Because that's what everbody believed Aaron Nicholson did.

A.J.: Nichols - the story I've heard about Nichols got hiss in somewhere over about
Stonyman or somewhere. They bought it from up there - where Uncle Noahie
Sours and went up that way with it. Up there where Cecil Griffith lives now.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: You know that cabin?

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Went up that side of the mountain with it. But, I think George Corbin was

was the only man, I believe, got a cook stove.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: I believe. I believe.

D.S.: Now, how did he pay for that?

A.J.: Well, I couldn't tell you. I couldn't tell you. He might've bought chest-nuts. He might 'ave - I couldn't - maybe brought meat. I just don't know. I just don't know.

D.S.: Your father must have had a very complicated bookkeeping system.

A.J.: Oh, well, he just kept a little ledger. That's all. Wrote the man's name down there and whatever he got. And whatever he brought, he'd give him credit for. And whatever they bought, why, he put it on the bill.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: He just had a book. Ain't we got one of them books here now?

Mrs.J.: Yeah. We got one.

A.J.: It's in there in the -

Mrs.J.: It oughtta be in here.

D.S.: That would be marvelous to see. But, while I'm thinking of it. Now, while - would the people come down, like for instance, in the springtime to buy seeds or things of this kind?

A.J.: Yeah, to a certain extent. They never bought seeds like we do now because they planted their own seed in them days. They mighta traded between them-selves, you understand?

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: But they never bought no seed like they do now.

D.S.: Yeah. So there were no particular patterns that went on during the seasons -

A.J.: No.

D.S.: like -

A.J.: No. No. No.

D.S.: in the spring or in the fall or anything.

A.J.: Well, the fall they had chestnuts. That's about all.

D.S.: That's right.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Yeah. Uh-huh. You know, Arch Ellis -

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: still has one of those tokens that your father used to give out.

A.J.: Well, now, we oughtta have a couple here somewhere. But, I declare, I don't know where they're at. Maw might know.

D.S.: He said he has carried that all his life.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Now, what was that token? Would it give them credit?

A.J.: That's right. If you bought a chicken - say you bought a chicken to the store and a dozen eggs, and you didn't deal out but half of that - suppose it come to a dollar - all of it. Well, he still - he owed him fifty cents. And you'd give him a fifty cent due bill to come back and spend it. But this was the only place they could spend it. See.

D.S.: Uh-huh. That was a very smart idea.

A.J.: Well, this was all right. But, they didn't have no where else to go. You didn't go to Luray.

D.S.: No.

A.J.: No.

D.S.: No.

A.J.: My mother and dad went to Luray about twice a year. Now, you take that - and they would plan a week before they went. He'd have wrote down he'd be going to the bank. And he had to go -

Mrs.J.: This is one of the books. One was a red back somewhere.

A.J.: Yeah.

Mrs.J.: Wonder where that is?

A.J.: I don't know.

Mrs.J.: It's some - it's a few things in there. It ain't too many.

A.J.: This ain't the one. This book here -

Mrs.J.: Well, I know.

A.J.: This O. Judd, that was my dad's brother.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: He used to run a huckster wagon up through here.

D.S.: Oh.

A.J.: Now, see there. This was the huckster -

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Understand. There's this O. Judd to cash - thirty dollars to eggs. Cash seven dollars and forty one cent. Then by bill - I don't know that - nineteen dollars.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: He kept a record of everthing he sold. And that was -

D.S.: I see. Then this huckster would come by and -

A.J.: Oh yeah.

D.S.: buy things.

A.J.: This was the huckster, see.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: This was what Dad sold to him. See.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Eggs. That was June the 1st, 1904.

D.S.: Oh boy.

A.J.: See.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Then -

D.S.: Well, how often would this -

A.J.: Ever week.

D.S.: huckster go by?

A.J.: Ever week.

D.S.: Let's see - June - about once a month. Right?

A.J.: Well, no. Yeah.

D.S.: July. Oh, don't tear it. June.

A.J.: Now, here's June 8th, 15th, 22nd, 23rd, 29th and 25th. See.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: That's the times that he'd come by. Now, this is July, see.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: 21st, 29th.

D.S.: Then he came by almost every other day, didn't he?

A.J.: Well, it was about once a week. And lots of times, if we had a way, why we'd send stuff down to him, see. You know what I mean?

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Something that was perishable.

D.S.: Oh.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: That's valuable. Don't loose it.

Have you any - excuse me. Have you any recollections about the way these people lived?

A.J.: Over the mountain? Over at Madison? Well, I was over there one time when I guess I was about ten years old. I went over there with Woody Corbin and stayed all night. And they had plenty to eat. They had bread - the bread

was cooked on the stove. What's it called? Home pond or something like that.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: I don't know. Home pond or what it was.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: Warm bread. And they had meat and everthing like that. But, they raised their own stuff. They raised their hogs. And they had a cow. And I remember that they was - during the time that they had hay up on the field right above the house. And he was up there mowing hay when I got up. He got up before I did. And I looked out the window. He was up there with a scythe. He was mowin' this hay to get it in, you know, for the winter for his cow.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: That's the way they lived. They just raised practically everthing.

D.S.: They didn't live badly, did they?

A.J.: No. No. No.

D.S.: No. They weren't as educated as a lot of people, but they had a good life.

A.J.: That's right. A good life.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Good life.

D.S.: They were busy people, though.

A.J.: Busy. They never - I don't think it was any lazy ones in the bunch.

D.S.: No.

A.J.: They were all the time doing something. And a lotta times, I think that Mr. Corbin, maybe, taken some stuff - well, I couldn't say what he taken - maybe meat - up to Skyland and sold it to Mr. George Pollock.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: I think I've heard 'em talk about that.

D.S.: Did you know Pollock?

A.J.: Yes, I knew him when I was just a boy. I knew him when I seen him. I never was - never did meet him. Boys them days wasn't up front. If he was out

there, you was in here.

D.S.: Well, you know, there have been so many errorenous stories about the mountain people.

A.J.: Yes.

D.S.: That this is why we're doing this oral history to try and get it all straightened out. Like that book Hollow Folk, I think was very, very wrong, don't you?

A.J.: Who?

D.S.: Hollow Folk did you read that?

A.J.: Hollow Folks. I just quite don't understand what you -

D.S.: Well, there was a book that was written about the Corbins and Nicholsons -

A.J.: Well, I don't - well, Skyland was that the one wrote about Mr. Pollock?

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: I read that one. I never have seen the other one.

D.S.: No. It was very, I feel, wrongly done. It told of practically idiot people which they were not.

A.J.: No. No. No.

D.S.: They were intelligent people.

A.J.: Oh no. They was intelligent. They're - yes indeed.

D.S.: And they -

A.J.: They had their own culture, you know. You understand what I mean? They were people that was together.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Now, they talked a little bit different then what we did, but the same language. You could understand 'em.

D.S.: Did you ever go to any of their parties?

A.J.: Went to any of their parties? No. I did go to a apple butter boilin' one

time down at Madison. It was down below Nedder's Mill. I don't know - I forgot. But they had a nice time down there.

D.S.: What did they do?

A.J.: Well, everybody sat down. It wasn't no where else - I don't know. You enjoyed it.

Mrs.J.: You just sat around together and talked. That's the way we used to do when we boiled.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: That's right.

Mrs.J.: Yeah.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Sit around and talked. And did they play music?

A.J.: Yes, I believe they did. I believe they had a violin there. I don't know whether it was a banjer or what -

Mrs.J.: Most of the old people did.

D.S.: That's right.

A.J.: It was two people there played.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Do you recall any -

A.J.: But there wasn't no -

D.S.: of the songs that they played?

A.J.: What?

D.S.: Do you recall any of the songs?

A.J.: No. No. I don't recall none of the songs.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: That's been a long time ago.

D.S.: Well, your father had the store here, finally, right?

A.J.: Well, down there. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

D.S.: Yeah. And about how big was it?

A.J.: Oh, I'd say 30 x 40.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: 30 x 40. I think that's about the size -

Mrs.J.: Well, it's now like it was then.

A.J.: The same thing. It's now -

Mrs.J.: The same thing.

A.J.: It's the same size it was always.

Mrs.J.: We haven't done anything to it only did make a apartment out of it.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

Mrs.J.: But it's the same outside -

D.S.: I see.

Mrs.J.: as it was.

D.S.: Yeah.

Mrs.J.: Yeah.

A.J.: It's the same size from outside like it was when it was built.

D.S.: I get it. Right.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Well, I understand you also were with the CCC -

A.J.: Yes. I went in the CCs January the 2nd, 1934.

D.S.: Did you like it?

A.J.: Yes. I think it's a wonderful honorable thing -

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: for people.

D.S.: Which camp were you in?

A.J.: Well, I was in Camp One 'til '38 or '39, I forget which. Then I went to Camp Ten.

D.S.: Where was that?

A.J.: Camp Ten was right here on the Pinnacles -

D.S.: Oh.

A.J.: where they're at now. Right up here.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: I think they've got a couple buildings there yet. I'm not sure. I haven't been there for a long time. And, the way I got to Ten, they put a - sort of a - they had foremans, you see. They had the foremans then they put in a cheaper foreman at less price. He was sort of a substitute to the foreman. And they were paid by the Park Service and taken out of the CCs. And I come over to Ten as one of them. Each camp had one or two, I forget which it was. Men that was under the - they wasn't in the CCs, but was under the Superintendent of the Department of Interior - what that run this up here.

D.S.: What were the boys like?

A.J.: What were they like?

D.S.: What were they like?

A.J.: Good bunch of boys. Good bunch of boys. Some of them were - would come in depressed - you know what I mean - wanna go home. Get homesick. Some of 'em would go over the hill. That means they would slip off and go home. And some of 'em would go - after they went home would come back and stay the rest of the term out. It's just - you had to talk to the - each Camp had sixteen local men. And we were sortta to talk to the boys when they come in, you know, and

help 'em when they went out on a job. Learn 'em how to pull a cross cut saw and learn 'em how to use an ax. Or to talk to 'em, you know, to - any way we could help 'em. They just couldn't - some of 'em did and some of 'em didn't have the least idea what it was all about.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Then the army fed 'em and clothed 'em. Put- you know, give 'em a place to stay, recreation -

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: But, then at eight o'clock of a morning, why, they was turned over to the Park Service and they worked 'em, you know, 'til four o'clock that evening. Then they'd bring 'em in and they was in the army.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: Up 'til then 'til the next morning at eight.

D.S.: Well, it was good practice for them.

A.J.: Oh, yes. Yes indeed.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Yes.

D.S.: Yeah. I talked with - you probably know him - Mr. Blevins.

A.J.: Yeah. Doc. Doc Blevins.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Doc was there when - I think he was there when I went there, if I'm not mistaken. I believe he was.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: And he was very enthusiastic about the type of men that were there.

A.J.: Who? Mr. Blevins? Yes.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And the type of men that was at One and Ten both were good. It didn't run smooth. It never was smooth. But what I'm talking about - it wasn't nothing out of the way.

D.S.: No. What all did you help build?

A.J.: What did we help to build?

D.S.: What did you help build.

A.J.: Well, I helped to build the - this picnic up here at Pinnacles - that tower there where they have the picnic tables -

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: I helped to build that. I put the top of the chimney on it up there in that. I helped to build that. And I built this cabin here in Shaffer Holler. You know this cabin here? I built that.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: And that's when I was at Ten. And then I built this pump house right back under there at Ten. That cement pump house.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And I built a cabin out here right above Panorama. I don't know what they call that anymore. It's on that Applachian Trail going towards Front Royal. The first cabin -

D.S.: Oh. One of the Byrd's Nests.

A.J.: No. No. The Byrd Nest is right up on top here.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: But I'm talking about after you leave Panorama going toward Front Royal. It's -

I don't know -

D.S.: Elk Wallow Shelter?

A.J.: It mighta been. Mighta been.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: It's up - it's a rock shelter right up on the trail.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Maybe a little log.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: I did that.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: So, you didn't mind the low pay?

A.J.: We - no, that was good pay at that time. At thirty dollars a month. And before you went in CC's, sometimes you'd wonder if I could just make a dollar a day, well, I'd be sittin' pretty. Yeah. You didn't make but fifty cents, maybe. And you didn't make that regular.

D.S.: Yeah.

Mrs.J.: But we didn't have to spend it for somethin' to eat then.

D.S.: That's right. It was given to you by the -

Mrs.J.: You could save almost what you got because you raised near everthing you eat.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah.

Mrs.J.: Then when - well, we was married then. We didn't know what going to town and buying cerals and stuff to eat for breakfast - we didn't buy that. 'Cause we had potatoes and we eat gravey.

A.J.: Yeah.

Mrs.J.: And we had our own meat.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

Mrs.J.: You didn't have to spend it all.

D.S.: That's it.

Mrs.J.: No.

D.S.: Right. Yeah.

Mrs.J.: But, you've really got to spend her now.

D.S.: What was your father like?

Mrs.J.: Well, over there's one of his pictures. I was a tryin' to find that picture where was taken down here at the store with that huckster wagon. And I haven't found it yet, but it was in this box. The huckster wagon -

A.J.: Well, he was a good man. He'd do anything for anybody that was in need. You understand what I mean - people that was in need, he would help 'em.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: But he always expected the same courtsey back. You understand what I mean?

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: He was a good man and tried to get along and worked. He'd do everthing in the world for him.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: If he wasn't, why it made the big difference.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Did he make much of a living on that store?

A.J.: He told me during the War - that's the first World War, now, 1918 - that he made \$1,200.00 a year - one year. That's a hundred dollars a month. Now, at that time, I expect it was - that was pretty good money.

D.S.: That was. That was.

A.J.: But, that was during the War, you understand.

D.S.: Yeah. And he was shipping - how would he ship the things? You say he

took them into Luray and then they would -

A.J.: Well, he shipped 'em by express. You could ship by express at that time.

Mrs.J.: From Luray -

A.J.: Take 'em at the passenger depot down here. They had an express in there.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Just take 'em there. They'd take 'em by express.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And that was something, I think, went along, maybe, close to the mail route on the passenger trains, see.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: I think maybe I was right. I don't know for sure.

D.S.: Yeah. You were young then, so it was hard for you to remember.

A.J.: Yeah. Yeah.

D.S.: But anything - anything at all that you can recall, you know, is something that we don't know. That's the fascinating part.

Mrs.J.: That's the front of the store now. That's him a standin' there with the car. That was when we moved up here. See, the door was in the front there at the road.

D.S.: Oh yeah.

Mrs.J.: Had a big porch clean across.

A.J.: Had a porch in the front.

Mrs.J.: Now, I don't know where that picture is, but we got it.

D.S.: Oh dear.

Mrs.J.: But, I'll hunt for it some more.

D.S.: All right. Please do because, you know what the Park would like to do is reproduce that and give it back to you.

Mrs.J.: Yeah.

A.J.: Well, I've got it. It oughtta be here somewhere.

Mrs.J.: Well, it was in here.

A.J.: I wasn't no more than about eight years old. Maybe not that old.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And this huckster man I was talking about, Mr. Keller Waters - he used to come around after Mr. S.O. Judd came up the route, why Keller Waters come around and would buy eggs. And he had his horses down here in front of the store and we taken our picture standin' there.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And -

D.S.: Where would he take those eggs then?

A.J.: Where would he take 'em? Now, I don't know. I expect maybe he would take 'em and maybe ship 'em maybe to somewhere in Baltimore. Ship 'em. It wasn't no place around here that you could sell 'em.

D.S.: Well, everybody had their own chickens.

A.J.: Yeah. Yeah.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: There weren't many neighbors here then, were there?

A.J.: Many neighbors? Well, there was right many. Jewell Holler. Lotta people at Jewell Holler at that time.

Mrs.J.: Yeah.

A.J.: Lotta houses and families lived at Jewell Holler.

D.S.: Who?

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Who?

Mrs.J.: Well, Oscar Jewell's mother and father - they lived up there.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

Mrs.J.: And, you know Pearl Miller, don't you? Arthur Miller's wife? Why her parents lived up there. And then a lot of the Sourses down here -

A.J.: Jimbo Sours lived up there.

Mrs.J.: Jimbo Sours family. He had a big family.

A.J.: And all his children. They all lived up there when they were young.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And there was - Frank Jewell lived up there. John A. Sours. Sam Sours. Elmer Sours. Adam Sours. John A. - John Smelser. Abram Smelser. Jake Griffith. Thomas Jewell.

Mrs. J.: Well -

D.S.: That was a lot of people in one hollow.

A.J.: Well, they all had children. Practically all of 'em. It made it - yeah, a lot of people up in there.

D.S.: Yeah.

Mrs.J.: We know nearly all them people.

A.J.: That was Jimbo's - John D. Sours - that was lived over here right at the entrance where you go in through the hollow.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: He had eleven children.

D.S.: Yeah.

Mrs.J.: And all of the older people, now, they all walked over here to church. And they'd be in church nearly ever Sunday unless it was real bad, sure enough.

D.S.: Yeah.

Mrs.J.: Now, they'd walk from way up in there.

D.S.: To this little Morning Star Church.

Mrs.J.: Yes sir. Yes ma'am.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: I've heard the tale - Mr. Ellis lived right over the hill in Dofflemoyer's house -

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: That he would come barefooted up here to the road. Then put on his shoes and walk from here over to church. Yeah.

Mrs.J.: Save his shoes.

A.J.: Save his shoes.

D.S.: Right.

A.J.: Yeah. They didn't have no money to buy no shoes. When they got a pair shoes, they had to save 'em.

D.S.: Where did they buy shoes? Did your father have shoes?

A.J.: Oh yeah. Yeah, he had shoes.

Mrs.J.: Yes indeed.

A.J.: Yeah. Shoes. Overalls. Had general merchandise. He had the best stocked store in Page County at one time.

D.S.: Good Heaveans. This you haven't -

A.J.: Everthing. He had everthing from a knittin' needle to a big plow. Yeah. Everthing. Harness. Leather. Shoes.

Mrs.J.: Hats. Caps. Gloves.

A.J.: Hats. Everthing. Anything.

Mrs.J.: Anything. Anything you wanted, you could get it.

A.J.: Yeah. Patent medicine of all kind.

D.S.: What kind?

A.J.: Well, Hite's Pain Remedy and Porter's Salve, I believe.

Mrs.J.: Castor oil.

A.J.: Castor oil. Yeah. Anything.

Mrs.J.: Yes.

A.J.: Swamp root, you know, made by Kilmer over here. He made it in New York, but he owned that farm, you know, at New Market over there - that horse farm for years.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Kilmer did. Oh, I don't know. Black

D.S.: Well, this man that came around then - this huckster - would he bring your father things?

A.J.: Oh, no - well, some things. Yes.

D.S.: Where did your father get them from?

A.J.: He would order 'em. They would have a salesman to go around them days. See, the Luray Supply Company had a place down here. They had a salesman to come around ever week. Well, he would buy sardines, vienna sausage and stuff like that from 'em. They had practically anything that you wanted. Sugar and cigarettes, anything like that.

Then they had Nelson Hardware people at Roanoke. Had a man come once about ever thirty days. He would sell hardware. He would sell harness, hames and trace chains, single trees and clips and all like that for the plows - single shovel plows.

D.S.: It seems inconceivable that these people could buy all these things with just bringing in chestnuts, ginseng, dried apples, beans and walnut kernels.

A.J.: Well, they would sell a calf. Some of them had a calf. You know what I mean?

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Had a cow and they'd get a calf off of her ever year.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And they had maybe something else that they - maybe had two cows - maybe some of 'em were fortunate enough to have two cows, that they would - or maybe they would raise a colt. They generally had a horse and a cow.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

Mrs.J.: To do their farming, they had to have a horse.

D.S.: Oh yes.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Right. So this would, of course, help pay for -

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: buying a lot of the things they needed.

A.J.: Well, they raised their potatoes, maybe, sometimes and sell 'em. I've known 'em to sell potatoes.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah.

A.J.: I don't think - I don't remember whether Dad ever bought any potatoes or not, but I think he has. Maybe not many, but somebody would have a bushel of potatoes to sell and he would buy it.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And, generally, sometimes he would have somebody at Luray, you know, like I said awhile ago, that would want a bushel of potatoes. They'd call him up and say, if you get a bushel of potatoes, save 'em for me. You know.

D.S.: And the word would get around.

A.J.: And the word got around they wanted a bushel of potatoes. Somebody'd bring him in a bushel, see.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Right. And then they'd have the credit.

A.J.: And he would take 'em - send 'em to Luray or the man maybe would come after 'em - drive up here and get 'em. I just don't remember - sometimes he would.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And Uncle Matt and Charlie Tutwiler - they lived right up here. Do you know where they lived.

Mrs.J.: No she don't.

D.S.: Yes, I do.

A.J.: My dad used to buy shingles from them. They used to make shingles.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And they pulled 'em down here with a horse on a slide - seven hundred at a time. Horse and slide. When I was a boy they had 'em stacked down here along the road - down along here. It was on the lower side. On the upper side, when I was a boy, it was a rock fence from here clean on out past Elva's. Rock fence on both sides of the road. Big rock fence.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: But they throwed 'em all in the road. And they built the road up. But, they stacked the shingles down there and I remember my Dad a tellin' them that he would just have to quit buyin' 'em. Said I've got about fifteen thousand shingles here. And he says, I just can't sell 'em. Says I don't know - I just got to quit buyin' 'em.

Now, I don't know, maybe a month - or maybe two month after that or maybe a week - I just don't remember. The Deford Tannery called up here and wanted to know whether he had any shingles. Said yes, says, I got some shingles. Said we'd like to have about ten or fifteen thousand. Said we wanna cover a shed. He says all right, I got 'em. Come up and get 'em. And, course, they commenced bringin' more shingles then.

D.S.: Do you recall how much he paid for those seven hundred shingles? I'm really racking your brains, aren't I? I'm sorry.

A.J.: Well, I just - I just -

Mrs.J.: Well, you see, he just never did have no opportunity to talk about it.

D.S.: No.

Mrs.J.: He just kinda forgets.

A.J.: I think it was three dollars and a half. About a half a cent a shingle.
Wouldn't it be that way?

D.S.: That sounds right.

A.J.: I believe in my mind -

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: that's about what he paid in - now he never give 'em no cash. He dealt that out. They lived off of that.

D.S.: That's right.

A.J.: And a lotta people would bring posts, too. Fence posts. He'd buy fence posts.

Mrs.J.: Well, they bought some, too.

A.J.: Well, they bought some, too. Yeah. But these fellers out of Jewell Holler, a lot of 'em would bring fence posts. I think a quarter apiece, if I'm not mistaken. Maybe less than that. I just don't know. And he would pile 'em up or set 'em up on the end - rack 'em up. And somebody would come along and wanna build down around Luray or somebody'd wanna build a fence, why he'd have the posts. That's the way -

D.S.: He was a great help to these mountain people.

A.J.: Oh yes. Yeah.

D.S.: I wonder why he ever decided to start the store?

A.J.: Well, his dad run a store over here where Mr. Bergie Shaffer lives - right at the foot of the hill - Leroy Miller - Leroy Sours. It used to be an old store building set right up in there. And my Dad - my granddaddy run it for Mr. S. O. Judd - one of my uncles - Dad's brother.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And I guess maybe that's how he got into it. I think he had part interest

in it, but he never stayed there.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: He done the farming up here at the home.

D.S.: How long was he in business? Until the Park took over?

A.J.: Yes. He was in business 'til about 1936 or '37.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: That really wiped him out, didn't it?

A.J.: Yeah. Yeah. Well, in the meantime in the 30's - after things begin to boom from '32 - why the store business begin to drop down. People'd buy a car. 'Course anybody that wanted to go to town, they wouldn't get him to take 'em or buy him a little gas to go to town. Go to town.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: And that got away from the country store.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: This is a fascinating story. To you it's not.

A.J.: Ma'am?

D.S.: I say this is a fascinating story. To you it is not because it's something you know. But when people do not know how the store worked. All they have ever heard is W. Lee Judd's store. And, you know, we just don't know enough about the people that lived there. Unfortunately, no one took the time to ask them how they lived. And so garbled stories have come out.

A.J.: A lotta times my Dad would - if somebody wanted a day's work, you know, he could cut bushes for 'em and put 'em over here and work 'em maybe a week. You know, help 'em out. I've knowed him to do that.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

- A.J.: People. On the farm, he kept a man here for awhile when I was a boy to do what little farming he did. Then, we had a boy to come here from - Mr. Gene Williams - he lives over here - lived over here 'fore he died. But, he come here when he was just a boy about ten years old, I reckon, wasn't he? Ten or eleven?
- Mrs.J.: He mighta been a little bit older than that.
- A.J.: Maybe he was. His mother died. She lived down here where my brother lived. And, they lived down there. The mother died and the boys - one of 'em - Earnest went over to Mr. Noahie Sours that lived over there where Cecil Griffith got his cabin. He stayed over there. Elzie, the one that lives across from you there, he went over to Mr. Noahie Sours and stayed.
- D.S.: Uh-huh.
- A.J.: And this boy - my dad had a - well, a little house set right up here in the woods. And they stayed up there awhile. Then he would come down here and set around the store, you know. Dad'd have a little job or something he'd get him to do it. You know, that's the way. So, one night it was cold and raining, and the boy set down here 'til we closed up around nine o'clock - sometimes ten o'clock, at that time. And he was going up through the woods and Dad said to my mother that I got a notion to tell him to bring his clothes and stay down here with us.
- Mrs.J.: Well, when he come back, he had his clothes tied up in one of these big red bandannas.
- D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah. That was nice.
- Mrs.J.: Yeah.
- D.S.: Yeah.
- Mrs.J.: And they - well, after his parents died, they was jest left.

A.J.: Well, they didn't have anything.

Mrs.J.: No. They didn't have nothing.

A.J.: They was down and out. Down and out.

Mrs.J.: You know if he had his clothes in a -

A.J.: But he was a good worker. A good boy.

Mrs.J.: Well, yeah. He worked.

A.J.: Good boy. Yes sir. Wonderful.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Made a good man.

Mrs.J.: He just needed a place to stay.

D.S.: That's right.

Mrs.J.: Yeah.

A.J.: Well, he stayed here 'til he got married.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

Mrs.J.: Well, he still worked for him after they got married for awhile.

A.J.: I know he did.

Mrs.J.: After they sold the store and the horses and things, course, they didn't need him then.

D.S.: That's right.

Mrs.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Yeah. Yes. I -

A.J.: And I know a family of people that had diptheria. And he kept 'em, give 'em food 'til - the whole time that they were sick.

D.S.: You wouldn't happen to know when that was?

A.J.: It's been years ago. It musta been -

Mrs.J.: Well, who were they?

A.J.: Huh?

Mrs.J.: Who were they?

A.J.: Well, but they -

Mrs.J.: I don't know nothing about it.

A.J.: Well, I remember.

Mrs.J.: Well, maybe you do.

D.S.: The reason I asked when it was - there's a story that we're confirming that there are several cemeteries up there in the Park with small children - you know, you can tell by the dates on them -

A.J.: Yeah. Yeah.

D.S.: and they were all the same year. And we figure it must have been an epidemic of some kind. And we're trying to find out what the epidemic was that took all these small children all in the same year. And I don't recall the year. I think it was around 1912 or something like that.

A.J.: Well, I expect maybe this would be around 1912. I was just quite small, I know that. I just remember it.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: My mother, she wouldn't let me go down to the store, you know. She's afraid that this was - afraid they would carry it. I remember that. I musta been quite small because I went down to the store practically when I wanted to.

Mrs.J.: You wasn't too small if you could remember it.

A.J.: It mighta been around about that time.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah. Anything else you can think of about the store?

A.J.: Well -

Mrs.J.: Well, I tell you, in the winter time nearly ever Saturday night that's where we'd all come.

D.S.: Oh.

D.S.: Oh.

Mrs.J.: And, - uh - what was the fella that used to play the banjer? George Sours?

A.J.: George Yancey. He used to come down -

Mrs.J.: Well, I mean George Yancey.

A.J.: He lived -

Mrs.J.: Huh?

A.J.: George Yancey used to come down here. There was Oscar Jewell. There was Luther Jewell. They could all play.

Mrs.J.: I don't know whether they played -

A.J.: Oh yeah. They all played.

Mrs.J.: but there was a couple fellers used to play and anybody that wanted to dance, they could dance. But, boy, we enjoyed it. We had a good time.

D.S.: Sure. Right there in the store.

Mrs.J.: Yes. Right in the store.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Every Saturday night?

Mrs.J.: Most every Saturday night in the wintertime.

A.J.: Well, it wasn't - you know what I mean. It wasn't a dance or nothing like that. Everybody just come to the store -

Mrs.J.: People just come to the store.

A.J.: if they felt like dancing. I don't think they danced so very much.

Mrs.J.: I think he had a cable guitar down there, didn't he? Or a banjer?

A.J.: Who?

Mrs.J.: Granddaddy Judd.

A.J.: Why he had a guitar and a banjer laid on the counter all the time.

Mrs.J.: And if they'd come and they'd wantta play, you know, they'd play and anybody wanted to dance, get up and dance. *end!*

A.J.: And if anybody'd come in and want to set down and play, well, they'd set down

and play. There it laid.

D.S.: Yeah. Uh-huh.

Mrs.J.: Yes sir. We just looked forward to gettin' our work done up and gettin' over here to the store. I can remember that good enough.

D.S.: Do you recall what were the store hours? *begin 2*

A.J.: Four o'clock in the morning 'til twelve at night.

D.S.: You must be kidding.

A.J.: Well, I've known many a time he'd been in the bed and people'd come here four o'clock in the morning and holler for dad to get up. I want some tobacco.

I got to have some chewing tobacco. Yes, I've heard 'em many a time. Yeah.

Mrs.J.: Well, I think they come several times for medicine, too.

A.J.: Well, yes. Yes.

D.S.: Well, what were the normal hours?

A.J.: Oh, well. He would get down there by seven o'clock, anyhow. He would be up and eat at seven o'clock. But, in later years, he never got up 'til about nine and he'd get down there about eight or nine o'clock in the morning. Nine o'clock come, he'd close up of a night. That was the closing hour.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: That is - I'd say -

Mrs.J.: During the week.

A.J.: from maybe two or three on up to eleven.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: The time before that -

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: why he'd stay open any time. Anybody wanted anything, all they had to do was come there and holler. He'd get up and go get it.

D.S.: He was a nice man, wasn't he?

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: I wouldn't.

A.J.: Somebody - you know, in the days they used to make a little whiskey. They would generally buy their stuff, you know, on the nights nobody was around so they wouldn't see 'em if they wanted anything. I've heard my mother tell him a many a time I wouldn't get up. Whatta you get up for? Let 'em go. Well, says, I'll see what they want. And so on. That's the way - then they'd come back, you know. You've got to do that. You can't - he knew practically when anybody walked in the store what they wanted and what they was gonna get. You know, sort of a routine that he knew.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah. Yes, he really knew the people.

A.J.: Yeah. He knew the people.

Mrs.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Well, this is fascinating -

A.J.: And he knew 'em from - well, from childhood on up.

Mrs.J.: Oh, yeah.

A.J.: Yeah. A lot of 'em.

D.S.: You have said so many nice things about George Corbin.

A.J.: Now, you talk to George. You see him around Luray. He's living with his son out here in East End. Now I - his son works for the town - Luray Town.

D.S.: And now, George Corbin used to underwrite people that needed it. He would give his word that they -

A.J.: His daddy. His daddy. Madison Corbin.

D.S.: Oh, Madison.

A.J.: His father, Madison.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Uh-huh. What was he like? Was he a big man?

A.J.: No. He was a short heavy set fella. He wasn't very tall.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: He was very - he was a average size man.

D.S.: Yeah.

A.J.: Nice man.

D.S.: Yeah.

But, George you say did live there in the Park - in the -

A.J.: In the Park. Yeah. They built a cabin down there at his house, I understand.

I don't know if that may be Byrd's cabin or Hughes River cabin.

D.S.: Corbin cabin.

A.J.: Corbin cabin. Well, that's George's house remodeled, I believe. I'm going down there one of these days. I'm going down there.

D.S.: There is a Corbin cabin.

Mrs.J.: I bet that is it.

D.S.: Oh yes. You ought to.

A.J.: Yeah. Is it a trail goes from Hughes River down Corbin Holler?

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: You just go up Crusher Ridge and just go right on down.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: And that takes you right to Corbin cabin. Uh-huh. Lamberts do it all the time.

A.J.: They walk across there?

Mrs.J.: Oh, Lamberts up here? They do?

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: Well, I'm not a gonna walk. I might drive up on the Drive. I'm not a gonna

walk up this mountain 'cause I walked it a many time.

D.S.: You can't drive to Corbin cabin.

A.J.: No.

Mrs.J.: Oh no.

D.S.: You have to do it on your feet.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Yeah. Uh-huh.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: It's down quite a ways.

A.J.: Yeah. I know where it's at. I have an idea where it's at.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah. The land was so rocky, wasn't it?

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: You wonder how they could raise things.

A.J.: Well, if you ever got any dirt to cover it up with, you got a good crop.

They would dig around the rocks and get the dirt some way. If you ever got it covered, up it would come. They cleaned new ground a lot. You know what I mean? Cleaned the trees and ever thing off of it and farmed a new ground that would bring good crops.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah.

A.J.: Yeah.

D.S.: Well, you have just been wonderful to give me this interview. I appreciate it.

If there's anything further you can think of -

A.J.: Well, I'm glad we could.

D.S.: Either -

Mrs.J.: Well, there was a family one time that lived in this first house up here where you get to Lamberts - Nichols. And they farmed in their fence over there. And they always had just plenty and plenty to eat. James Nichols. You know who

I'm talking about.

A.J.: Oh yeah. Oh, all up in here that's all been cleared. It's growed up now again.

Mrs.J.: It was new ground they had cleared off and worked it aside the hill.

D.S.: I know this.

Mrs.J.: Yeah.

A.J.: Yeah.

Mrs.J.: But they had just plenty of stuff out.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

Mrs.J.: Yes, indeedy. And they raised hogs up there 'cause we was up there one time to help to butcher.

A.J.: Yeah, they raised hogs.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

Mrs.J.: Well, indeed, they made good livings.

D.S.: A lotta work.

A.J.: Yes sir. You got to stay with it.

Mrs.J.: Yeah.

A.J.: You couldn't go down here and set at the filling station or down on the street and look at the cars go by. You had to stay with it.

Mrs.J.: Well, it wasn't no cars at that time to go by.

A.J.: Well, you know what I mean.

D.S.: Couldn't watch the girls go by.

Mrs.J.: No.

A.J.: Couldn't watch nothing.

Mrs.J.: It wasn't many fillin' stations either.

D.S.: No.

Mrs.J.: No.

A.J.: You didn't know what it was to go to town. You maybe went to town Saturday night in later years. But, when I was a boy, you didn't get to town, well, if there was a circus come to town, you might go to town to see that.

Mrs.J.: Well, once a year. That's when we got to town. We'd - somebody would hitch up a - take a wagon and hitch two horses to it and fill it up full of people. And we'd go down there to Inn Lawn Park and that's where they had this show.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

Mrs.J.: And that was the only time we got to town. When we was growin' up.

D.S.: That's right.

Mrs.J.: But, of course, then later years you got to go more, but -

D.S.: Uh-huh.

Mrs.J.: it just wasn't nothin' down there.

D.S.: No. No need to go.

Mrs.J.: No. And you didn't have the money to spend.

A.J.: No. You didn't have no money.

Mrs.J.: No. And the hobby horses, I remember that. I rode them things all day long. It was five cents a ride. Five cents.

D.S.: You were an expensive young girl.

Mrs.J.: Wasn't I now? But I just loved to ride them things.

D.S.: Yeah.

Mrs.J.: I wouldn't ride anything now. But I sure did ride them.

D.S.: Did you have your own horses?

Mrs.J.: No, we didn't. I don't know who taken the wagon.

A.J.: Who's that?

Mrs.J.: I say I don't know who would always take the wagon.

A.J.: Fletcher mostly would take the wagon, wouldn't he? John?

Mrs.J.: I don't think ever time.

A.J.: Well, I don't know of anybody else to ride with but Mr. John Sours.

Mrs.J.: Oh well, plenty people over here had horses.

A.J.: Well, I don't remember riding with 'em.

Mrs.J.: But they'd put hay in the wagon. We'd sit down in that thing and there we'd go.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Was there anything more that you can think of, Mr. Judd?

A.J.: Well, a lot maybe I could think of if somebody was to ask me.

D.S.: I can't ask you because I don't know what it is you know.

A.J.: No. No. That's right.

D.S.: And everything is so important. Truly important. I'll tell you what. If you think of anything, you can always let me know.

A.J.: O.k. O.k.

D.S.: Because we want to get as good a story - this is a beautiful one, meanwhile, that you have given us. And I sure appreciate it. I'm going to shut this off and -

Mrs.J.: Well, it was - they'd always come down from Skyland down by Uncle George Price, didn't we?

A.J.: Yes. Yes, they come on out the road.

Mrs.J.: And they'd have a - a couple of 'em they'd be riding horses.

A.J.: Well, there'd be about maybe eight - ten in the -

Mrs.J.: Bunch.

A.J.: with horses. And he'd be the leader. He was a very exciting man. He could carry a conversation. Entertaining. He'd just entertain all the time.

D.S.: Uh-huh. So he would stop here at the store?

A.J.: Yeah. He would stop down here and unhitch the horses. They'd come up here sometimes after water. And he'd bring his little jug or whatever he had along. And they would take a drink and pass it around. And then get on the horse and go on. I think they mostly went up here at Beahm's Store, maybe. It used to

be there right below the Horseshoe Bend was a store there.

D.S.: That's right.

A.J.: Run by Will Beahm. I think his daddy had a store, maybe, there. Mr. Rob Beahm maybe run a store there at one time.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

A.J.: I think there's as far as they went.

D.S.: Yes.

A.J.: I don't know whether they went there for dinner or ate dinner or what. I guess maybe they did. They generally would come by here of a morning and come back by here then of an evening.

D.S.: And stop again?

A.J.: No. They never stopped going back. They hardly ever stopped going back.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

A.J.: No.

D.S.: Great.