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(SNP092) Lena Meadows interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Peggy C. Bradley

Lena T. Meadows

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ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

NARRATOR: Mrs. Lena Meadows
INTERVIEWER: Mrs. Dorothy Smith
PLACE: Page County
Jolliet Hollow
DATE:

TRANSCRIBED BY:
Peggy C. Bradley
COMPLETED DATE:
November 6, 1984

D.S.: Alright now, where exactly did you live, when you lived in the Park? Where it is now Park lands?

L.M.: I lived up, you go up this road, clear on up on top of the mountain. We called it, on the mountain.

D.S.: You were up on the top of the mountain? The winters must have been terrible?

LM.: They was, but it was beautiful.

D.S.: Yes, it was beautiful. You took the time then to look around and say, 'How beautiful it was'?

LM.: That's right. I often wish I could go over it again, but ...

D.S.: Yea. Right. Uh, ... being on top of the mountain

L.M.: We weren't quite up on top, but on the,..... you know where Mr. DeBouaque lived?

D.S.: Yes.

LM.: Well now, I lived about, I'd say about five miles on up. Ride on up.

D.S.: Five miles on up?

L.M.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Was there ...

L.M.: My Daddy did.

D.S.: Was it sort of a hollow like, that you lived in?

L.M.: No, it was a opened field. Oh, it was a beautiful place up there.

D.S.: Aaaah!

L.M.: And, Frank Koontz owned it and we lived on his place.

D.S.: Oooh, I see! Now, Frank Koontz owned it, and did you share cropper did you help? ... Uh, ... did he have cattle up there or?

L.M.: My Daddy taken care of his cattle and everything for us to stay on his place.

D.S.: I see, yea.

L.M.: Then after I was married..... After I was married, my Daddy moved down there, right below where Mr. DeBousque lived. Right across that bridge.

D.S.: I see, ühhuh.

L.M.: We lived there then until after my Mother died. After she died, then my Daddy married again and moved to Shenandoah.

D.S.: What was your maiden name?

L.M.: Taylor.

D.S.: Taylor? Aaah, O. K.. Now, ...

L.M.: Taylor.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Taylor, was his name, but we all called him .

D.S.: Uhhuh. Then, ... Uh, now, ... your father took care of the cattle that were there, and was he allowed to have a garden?

L.M.: Oh, yea. We had a garden, ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: ...hogs, and everything.

D.S.: How big a garden were you able to have?

L.M.: Oh, had a great big one.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: I couldn't tell you how many acres, but it was a great big one my Mama always had.

D.S.: Were there a lot of rocks?

L.M.: No, not too many. It was a beautiful place up thar, I thought.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: It wasn't right up on top, it was right down.

D.S.: Yea. And, not many rocks?

L.M.: Uhhuh. Not many rocks in the garden thar, now.

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

LM.: Well, we raised; beans, and potatoes, and corn, and ...

D.S.: Cabbage?

L.M.: Cabbage.

D.S.: Turnips?

L.M.: Turnips.

D.S.: Did you have an apple orchard?

LM.: Yea.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Peach orchard?

L.M.: No, we just had an apple orchard.

D.S.: O. K.. Now, what did you do with the apples?

L.M.: Mostly, we made apple butter and then my Mother would cut them and dry them and, we called

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: we called them snits, you know?

D.S.: Yea, snits. Right. Uhhuh. And, then she kept those and would ^{use them to} make pies and ...

L.M.: That's right.

D.S.: dumplings, and things of that kind?

LM.: That's right. That's right.

D.S.: When you made the apple butter, did all the neighbors get together and work on this?

L.M.: They come, ... all come around and help peel the apples and then they all come to help stir the butter.

D.S.: Did you work all night on it?

L.M.: No, we put it on of a mornin'. My Daddy would get up of a mornin' and put it on before daylight.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: And, then it would come off sometime before dark and sometimes it'd be after dark.

D.S.: So, all the neighbors would get together. Did you make sort-of a party out of it?

LM.: That's right.

D.S.: Did they Did they do this, uh, ... a fellow on one side and a girl on the other, stirring it?

L.M.: That's right.

D.S.: And, what happened if the paddle touched the side?

L.M.: Had to kiss. (Laughed)

D.S.: THAT'S (Laughing) GREAT! (Laughing) Yea. Uhhuh. That was fun, wasn't it?

L.M.: It sure was. And, my Daddy, he built what he called a yard kilm.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, he would pick cherries and put And, peel the bark off of some kind of tree, I don't know what kind of tree, he'd peel the bark off of, but he made these things and put cherries on them and put them in the outbuilding to dry.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Then, we'd cook them and have them all winter.

D.S.: Yea. So, that was the way the cherries were dried?

L.M.: That's the way my Daddy dried them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: He'd take and dry kilm. He had a building up over them and a fire under them.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: He put the cherries in thar. Boy, when you opened that door that ... was the sweetest odor you ever smelt.

D.S.: Yes, I can imagine. Were you ever troubled with flies getting into things?

L.M.: No, not too bad. Huh-un.

D.S.: No. Uhhuh. No. Well now, with the apple butter, after you had made it what would they do with it? Put it in jugs, or jars, or what?

L.M.: Jars.

D.S.: In jars. Uh, ... would all the neighbors bring something to eat so you all would have something to eat while this was going on?

L.M.: Yea, they all would have a big dinner and stir the apple butter and

D.S.: Did they do some drinking too? (Laughed)

L.M.: Some of them did. (Laughed)

D.S.: Yea. (Laughed)

L.M.: My Father didn 't.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Right. But, there was a lot of that, I know.

L.M.: It sure was.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, since I've lived here we've had that

D.S.: Oh?

L.M.: ... apple butter boiling, you called it, and bean stringing.

D.S.: Now, tell me about the bean stringings?

L.M.: Well, we use to have a whole lot of beans and you'd pick them and then all the neighbors would string them.

D.S.: Oh! You know I'm going to put that on the tape, you had fifteen children?

L.M.: Got thirteen a'livin' and two dead.

D.S.: Most of the families had ... large families, didn't they?

L.M.: Uhhuh. They sure did.

D.S.: It's a lot of work.

L.M.: You're telling me!

D.S.: How did you feed that many children? (Laughed)

L.M.: It weren't easy.

D.S.: No! And, could they all sit down to eat at the same time?

L.M.: Oh, yea.

D.S.: You had a big table then?

L.M.: Uhhuh. My house burnt down when ...uh, ... I believe *when there*
was three, was babies.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Then, lordly, I had four or five after that. After my house
burnt down.

D.S.: Mmmum!

L.M.: And, , that was the one born, the first one after
I moved into this house.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: My husband, this house was the ole school house on the
mountain.

D.S.: This is the old school house!

L.M.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: In other words, you use to walk down to this school?

L.M.: Where I went to school at, my husband bought the building
after our house burnt, and tore it down, bought it down
here and built this.

D.S.: Uhhuh. You know, because that was another question I was
going to ask you. What about school, did you go, ... uh,
regularly to school?

L.M.: I went everyday, I never missed. I mean, I had a twin
sister, Wanda.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Me and her went everyday. But, of course, we missed some days during our school years. But, for two years we went everyday, we never missed a day. We had to walk, ... oh, a right smart way.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: And, I know at the end of my school, the teacher's name was Mitchel, and he gave me and Wanda fifty cents.

D.S.: Aaaaah! (Laughed)

L.M.: In all those years. In those years fifty cents was as much as ten dollars now.

D.S.: That's right. Yea. Uh, ... your nearest neighbors, ... uh, ... how far away were they?

L.M.: We had some right close.

D.S.: How far is right close?

L.M.: I would say a half a mile.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Somewhere, ... that was ... down the road, we had plenty of neighbors.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Uh, ... can you give me some of the names of some of those people that lived there?

L.M.: Henry Meadows was one of them and his family; his children, Joe, and Virgie, and Bud. His name was Ulysses, but they called him Bud.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: That was his children, now his wife, I don't even know. We don't know what her real name was, we called her Aunt Bea.

D.S.: Were there Breedens up there?

L.M.: Yea, on back across the hill from where we lived. Sim Breeden

lived back that, but they weren't too close to us. I was, ... my Mother was a Breeden.

D.S.: Oh, she was?

L.M.: Yea.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. Uh, were there Dodsons?

L.M.: No, it weren't no Dodsons up in thar. Meadows and Lams, plenty of Lams.

D.S.: Oh, Lam, yea. Uhhuh.

L.M.: Meadows and Lams is about all it is up in thar.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. Were there any story handed down in your family as to where they came from, originally?

L.M.: Huh-un. My Daddy was born at Stanley.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: My Mother was born up on Well, a little further from where we lived in the holler.

D.S.: Uhhuh. What we are trying to find out how the people came to the mountains and so far nobody (Laughed), you would think that ... your Grandparents, you know, when you all were sitting around of the evenings, would told stories, and their grandparents would have told stories and ...

L.M.: Well, my Grandfather Taylor lived at Stanley and my Grandfather Breeden lived up on the mountain. Further up than my Daddy did after he got married.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Now, with all these children ... uh, ... did you ever have to call a doctor?

L.M.: Oh yea, lots of times.

D.S.: How did you get in touch with the doctor?

L.M.: Well, nobody didn't have a phone up in here then.

D.S.: No.

L.M.: Well, here at Merica's store, it is Daisy's store now,
at that time it was Merica's store.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: We would have to go down thar and call him.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

L.M.: And, most of the time we'd just take them on to the hospital
and the doctor seen them thar.

D.S.: How, ... uh, ... Where did the doctor come from? What
was his name?

L.M.: Shenandoah. ... He was, ... Dr. Shuler, Dr. Walff.

D.S.: Oh, you had two doctors that would come up? Uhhuh. Yea.
Did you use any herbs or anything of that kind, for medicinal
purposes?

L.M.: No. Huh-un. My Mother use to do that, but I was kind
of skiddish of it. (Laughed)

D.S.: You were? Uhhuh.

L.M.: I wanted the doctor to see what totdo.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

L.M.: But, we had a hard time gettin' them to the doctor.

D.S.: Yea. How would you get them to the doctor?

L.M.: My husband had a car and he would take them out to the
doctor, out Shenandoah to the doctor.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, sometime we take them to Harrisonburgh Hospital.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, my baby died in the hospital, Harrisonburg Hospital.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How about when the babies were born, did you go
to the hospital?

L.M.: No, had them all right here.

D.S.: And, the doctors

L.M.: Not in this house, the other one where burnt down.

D.S.: No. Uh, ... the doctor ...

L.M.: The doctor would come sometime, but I had them and didn't have to have no doctor.

D.S.: You would use a midwife?

L.M.: Yea, and that was Evelyn Lam.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. Right.

L.M.: And, we called her Aunt Sis, I don't know, she was a Meadows. Her husband's name was Jim, and I don't know what her name was, but we always called her, Aunt Sis.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, she'd come.

D.S.: Were there any particular childhood illness that you can think of?

L.M.: None in my family, huh-un.

D.S.: No. How about ...

L.M.: Now, my son, David, had had the asthma ever since he was born and he's got it worse now than he ever did have it.

D.S.: Oh, really?

L.M.: Can't hardly get, sometimes he can't hardly get his breath.

D.S.: Oh, my!

L.M.: And, he is forty some years old. He never did get married, he stayed here with me.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: That's the only one . You know, only just childhood sickness.

D.S.: Yea. Uh, ... The babies, if they got the croop, what would you do with them?

L.M.: Oh, I would grease them and give them, that time they called it Castor oil.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: But, these days they wouldn't let you give them Castor oil.

D.S.: (Laughed) I know it! Everything is wrong nowadays.

L.M.: That's right, but that's what I gave mine and it sure hoped.

D.S.: Uhhuh. What about for ear aches?

L.M.: Well, we'd get Sweet Oil and put in their ears.

D.S.: Yea. Did you ever hear of Rabbit Oil?

L.M.: Huh-un. I've heard of Skunk Oil.

D.S.: Yuk! I wouldn't want that in my ear. (Laughed)

L.M.: Well, it was an old guy that lived right below us, he ... he ... kept ... he was a awful hunter. He killed skunks, and I don't know how they done it, but they ...

D.S.: Extracted oil.

L.M.: ... extracted, and make oil out of it. Now, we didn't put it in the ears, but we greased them for the croops or something, and it sured hoped. Skunk Oil.

D.S.: (Laughing) And, did anybody DARE go near them? (Laughing)

L.M.: Well now, it didn't smell so bad after it was fixed. But, this old guy that, his name was Walter Lam.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: But, you could go into his house anytime you wanted to and you smelled skunk.

D.S.: (Laughing!)

L.M.: But, after it was fixed in the oil, it didn't.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Now, was your father paid to take care of the cattle?

L.M.: No. He just ...

D.S.: No.

L.M.: He just stayed on the place, he didn't have to pay no rent or nothin'.

D.S.: No.

L.M.: He taken care of everything thar, the cattle.

D.S.: Well, how did he make money to buy, kerosene, sugar, and things of that kind?

L.M.: He worked.

D.S.: He did! Where?

L.M.: I couldn't tell you. Somewhere.... he'd go across the mountain to Leaksville .

D.S.: (Whistled) Wow!

L.M.: He'd walk across that mountain and worked, and he had ... Most of the time he peeled bark, you know?

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

L.M.: When he worked on a job, ... he went ... he walked over to Leakesville.

D.S.: That's a long walk!

L.M.: That's a long walk, but he done it. ... He went across the mountain, some way.

D.S.: When you think about it, the way these could walk, ...

L.M.: That's right.

D.S.: ... they were healthy, strong people, weren't they?

L.M.: He peeled bark, and he sold post, and ... some kind of wood. What do you call that wood that was ... And, he picked cherries, and there was ... in the Fall he would, Thar was plenty of chestnuts, he gathered chestnuts and take and sell them and buy our shoes and winter clothes.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Right. Uh, ... with ... Then you really had no problem, as far as money goes. Did you Mother make your clothes, or ... Uhhuh. Where did they would buy,

what store did they use?

L.M.: Oh, ... I think it was out here at Robinson's. ... Nellie and Harry Robinson. But, it was the old guy, it ain't none out there now.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, that's most of the places that my Mother and Daddy bought.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you have a horse?

L.M.: Uhhuh. We had two or three horses.

D.S.: Two or three horses?

L.M.: My Daddy had two of the prettiest horses I ever seen in my life. I've got a picture of them here somewhere, but I don't know where.

D.S.: Oh, really? How great. Yea. And cows?

L.M.: Yea, we had Well now, we didn't own the cows.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Frank, ... the guy we lived with furnished the cows. But, Dad owned the horses.

D.S.: Were you allowed to milk the cows?

L.M.: Oh, yea. We had milk, and butter, and cheese.

D.S.: Would you keep them in the spring house?

L.M.: Uhhuh. We had a spring house.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Then you were right near a spring?

L.M.: Yea.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. How about doing laundry, would you carry water from the stream or from the spring?

L.M.: We carried it from the spring. Where we lived, my Dad .. piped the water down close to the house.

D.S.: Hey, he was good!

L.M.: Then he built, what we called the spring house.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, then he built another building out from the spring house and he put a roof from that building over to the springhouse and we washed under that roof thar.

D.S.: Oh, wonderful!

L.M.: I thought that was the best milk ever was. It ain't like it is when you cool it in the refrigerator.

D.S.: I know it isn't. Yea. And, now they take all the good butter fat out. (Laughing)

L.M.: That's right.

D.S.: Yea. (Laughed) You can't get milk like it use to be. Uh, ... oh, there was something I was going to ask you regarding Oh! How was the house that you were born in built? What was it made out of?

L.M.: I believe it was logs.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Log house with ...

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

L.M.: ... shingles, or something on the outside.

D.S.: Yea. How many rooms were in that house?

L.M.: Five.

D.S.: Five? How many children?

L.M.: My Mother had eleven.

D.S.: Ssssh!

L.M.: But, when I was born, she lost one. That was , that was the baby. When I was born, some of them was, my older sister was married.

D.S.: Oh, my heaven!

L.M.: No, I'm sorry, I don't believe that was right. She weren't

married, but she stayed away. Down with her granddaddy at Stanley.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: It's my Daddy's daddy.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

L.M.: That was Maude.

D.S.: You were the baby then?

L.M.: No, I got two younger than I am.

D.S.: Really? (Laughed)

L.M.: Myrtle and Marvin. Marvin is dead, but Myrtle is a'livin'.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: It ain't but three of us a'livin' and that is; me, Myrtle, and Mat.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: and Myrtle lives out Elkton. Do you know whar the drug store out at Elkton is?

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: Well, Myrtle lives in that big white house right over from the drug store.

D.S.: Oh, I see. Uhhuh. Yea.

L.M.:

D.S.: You know you said there were no childhood illness and yet you lost

L.M.: Two babies.

D.S.: ... two babies, and ...

L.M.: No, ... when they was born, I don't know, it was they didn't live but two months.

D.S.: Oh! Uhhuh.

L.M.: The doctor said their heart hadn't.

D.S.: Oh. ... Yea. Now, at the end of the day you all were pretty tired, weren't you?

L.M.: Good lord, yes!

D.S.: (Laughing) But, you did sit around a little bit, didn't you, and talk? Uhhuh.

L.M.: That was most after I got my children to bed, that work done, you know, I couldn't do during the day for him and the children.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: I'd do it after they went to bed.

D.S.: Were there any music playing of any kind?

L.M.: Listened to the radio, we had a radio.

D.S.: Nobody played, fiddles, or banjos, or ...?

L.M.: Yea, that's when I was growing up, but ...

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: ... since I been married we had a radio, but we didn't have no television for a long time.

D.S.: No.

L.M.: But, we did have music up on the mountain. When we'd go, we had Sunday School or something going on the Schoolhouse, school house at night, they'd play music.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Do you recall any of the tunes that they would play?

L.M.: No, I don't think I do.

D.S.: Did you ever hear 'The Fox Chase'?

L.M.: Not that I know of, I didn't. (Laughed)

D.S.: Uhhuh. That was a lovely tune played by fiddles and banjos. Uh, ... now, you churned your own butter, right?

L.M.: Right.

D.S.: And, you had a regular churn to do it with?

L.M.: My Mother did.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: I did ^{it} after I got married.

D.S.: Yea. How long would it take to do it?

L.M.: Well, sometimes it would take longer, take Sometimes it wouldn't take too long, sometimes it'd take ... Sometimes you could do it in a half a hour, that just depended upon your cream, you know?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: *Usually* it takes about an hour.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: But, my Mother churned and sold butter and....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: I never did try to sell none, I just ...

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: ... had enough for our own use.

D.S.: Yea. That's right, you could sell the butter, couldn't you?

L.M.: Oh, yea.

D.S.: And, eggs. Did you have chickens?

L.M.: Yes, she had chickens. She sold eggs, and butter and ... milk. She sold milk.

D.S.: Oh! Even sold the milk, gosh! Could you tell me about when you was courted?

L.M.: It's been too long ago to remember. (Laughed)

D.S.: Oh, come on, you remember! (Laughing)

L.M.: No, I don't. I went to school with my husband. We went to school and after, oh, a long time we ... I didn't go no further than the seventh grade, that's all you could go at that time.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Because we didn't have no bus a'runnin' to take you no whar else.

D.S.: Yes.

L.M.: So, we ... after awhile ... we got married, July 6th, nineteen hundred and twenty.

D.S.: Mmmum.

L.M.: And, my first baby was born nineteen hundred and twenty-one.

D.S.: You didn't waste anytime, did you? (Laughing)

L.M.: That's right.

D.S.: What was the wedding like?

L.M.: Well, we didn't have no wedding. We went down to Shenandoah and was married at my aunt's.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Aunt Nora May.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, Preacher Rowe married us.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Well, we had a dinner and all afterwards up at my house.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And, then you moved into the home?

L.M.: Yes. I moved in with his people. Hid daddy died when he was a child.

D.S.: Oh?

L.M.: When he was a little bitty thing.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, he stayed with his brother, Arthur, and we moved thar and stayed three months and then we moved here and been here every since.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

L.M.: But, the house that was here burnt down.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, my husband bought the school house and built this.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Right. Seems wonderful that this is where you went to school for seven years and now here you are living here. I think that is a lovely story. (Laughing) Uh, ... in the school, did they teach; reading, and writting, and arithmetic?

L.M.: Yes, indeed.

D.S.: Was there anything in particular that they stressed?

L.M.: They teached; reading, and writting, and arithmetic, and ... that's about all in school I use to attend.

D.S.: Yea. Did you like school?

L.M.: Oh, I loved it!

D.S.: Yea. Isn't it ashame you couldn't have gone on?

L.M.: It sure is.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: But, in them days they didn't have no buses nor nothin' a'runnin'.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: So, when you wnet to the seventh grade, that's high as the school taught.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Had to quit~~e~~.

D.S.: Were there much traveling between you and ... your family as you were growing up, and the~~y~~ neighbors? Did you ...?

L.M.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: Yes.

L.M.: We use to go every ... somebody come vising you nearly

everyday, some of the neighbors.

D.S.: Oh!

L.M.: I say, like today nobody don't comes. They don't visit no more.

D.S.: No, they don't.

L.M.: If they do, they got to have a appointment. But, when I go ...

D.S.: And, I made an appointment with you, didn't I? (Laughing)

L.M.: But, that was to make sure you were here. (Laughed)

L.M.: When I growed up, they just got ready and went. They spent the whole day together and had a wonderful time. And, if they had anything to do, they had quilting parties and everybody would go and make quilts.

D.S.: Ooooh! What kind of quilts did they make?

L.M.: Oh, you know.

D.S.: Patch work quilts?

L.M.: Yea, and ...

D.S.: Then would they tie them in the center? Did you use cotton batting in between?

L.M.: Sometimes, and sometimes they'd put old coats and things in them. They'd heat better than a cotton quilt.

D.S.: Sure.

L.M.: If she put cotton in it, you was it, it's goin' to ball up.

D.S.: Right.

L.M.: So, she put these coats and things and made it, it wouldn't ball up.

D.S.: That is ...

L.M.: I got one in here, I'll show you it.

D.S.: Yea.

(Mrs. Meadows left to get the quilt to show to Mrs. Smith)

L.M.: It roll to come off.

D.S.: Drafy, of course.

L.M.: The carpet had knots in it.

D.S.: Sure.

L.M.: . up thar, made a quilt.

D.S.: Uhhuh. So, everybody now, like what if you all were shucking corn and a neighbor came, would they help you do it?

L.M.: That's right. They had corn shuckins of the nights.

D.S.: Uhhuh. That was more fun then too, wasn't it?

You actually made fun out of work, didn't you?

L.M.: That's right! Everybody come and ~~helped~~ ^{helped} hoped.

D.S.: Yea. What if there was an illness in the family?

L.M.: Well, everybody came and ~~helped~~ ^{helped} hoped you to take care of them.

D.S.: What a wonderful way to live, really.

L.M.: Yea, I wish it was that way today.

D.S.: I do too. It wasn't any stealing or anything like that.

I bet nobody locked any doors, did they?

L.M.: No, it weren't no need of it.

D.S.: No.

L.M.: When it start comin' around, I just astonished, I don't know what people can do to steal do you?

D.S.: I don't either.

L.M.: You know it can't be no fun.

D.S.: No. No.

L.M.: But, they sure do.

D.S.: Yea. Were there ... I have heard and here is something I want to have either varified or else stopped. That around

this area there were some families that had some feuding.

Uh, ... that every now and then one would shoot another.

L.M.: I don't know nothin' about that,

D.S.: Good!

L.M.: I never did hear of it.

D.S.: Good. That is ... you see this is what we want to straighten out, stories of this kind.

L.M.: I have not hear of nobody a 'shootin' nobody.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: In this ...

D.S.: In this area.

L.M.: That's right. Now, below here I heard of somebody shootin' somebody, but ...

D.S.: You mean down around Tanners Ridge, was it?

L.M.: No, they call it 'The ^{Furnace} Furance', you know where that's at?

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

L.M.: Well, round down round in thar.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. Good, I'm glad!

L.M.: But, I never did hear nobody shootin' nobody up here.

D.S.: Great.

L.M.: But, you know they had it everytime something happened down round. The ^{Furnace} Furance, and they print it, they put it in the paper it's Jolliet Holler. And, it don't happen in Jolliet Holler, it happens down below us.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: But, they call it Jolliet Holler.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: But, it is ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: .. we always call, 'The ^{Furnace} Furance'.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

L.M.: But, it gives this place a bader name than what it's got, than it should have.

D.S.: Well, that's it. Now, you see these are the things ... You said you couldn't help us, you have helped us so much already. (Laughed)

L.M.: I'm glad of it, if I ~~hoped~~ ^{helped} you.

D.S.: Yea. Now, ...uh, ... this is a very unhappy subject but, funerals. What were they like?

Topics
D.S.: Did you always have a minister come for the funeral?

L.M.: Oh, yea. I ain't had no deaths in my house since I been married, but my baby and my husband, he died ...

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: ... the tenth of this month he'll be dead two years.

D.S.: Oooh, I'm sorry. Well, now ...

L.M.: Over ~~that~~ **is our** anniversary picture.

D.S.: Yes, and I love that plaque that you have.

L.M.: We'd been married fifty years when that was taken.

D.S.: Uhhuh. When, ... did they, back when you were up on the mountain, did they use markers, uh, ... after a person was buried?

L.M.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did they print on them?

L.M.: They used markers and most of them had tombstones, you know?

D.S.: They did?

L.M.: But, when we lived on the mountain, we had to bring ^{rocks} ... the people that died down to the Jolliet's cementary, up here.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: That's whar my Mother and Daddy is buried.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: My baby was buried up above us.

D.S.: Yes.

L.M.: Thar was eleven of us in my family and it ain't nobody a'livin' but; me, and Myrtle, and Mat.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: Mat, come March, she is eighty-five years old.

D.S.: I'm not going to ask you how old you are. (Laughing)

L.M.: Well, I'm seventy-six!

D.S.: Really? Like up there at Rev. DeBousque, I don't believe you. (Laughing)

L.M.: Well, I'm sure am and I feel it too. I don't know, it ain't my age, I've got diabetes and that's ...

D.S.: Oh?

L.M.: ... the reason I feel it.

D.S.: Oh, yea.

L.M.: That's what Dr. Miller told me. He said that's the matter with me.

D.S.: Did you have, when you were up on the mountain, any special holidays? How about Christmas?

L.M.: Oh lord, yes. We ...

D.S.: How did you celebrate Christmas?

L.M.: Oh lord, had a big ... My Mother would cook a big meal, we'd decorate the house and ...

D.S.: You did decorate the house! What did you decorate it with?

L.M.: Ribbons, and bows, and bells. She use to have a beautiful place then.

D.S.: Ooooh!

L.M.: Of course, we didn't live in no beautiful house cause in them days they didn't build houses like they do today.

D.S.: No. But, they were nice houses.

L.M.: They was, and if you kept them clean they was alright.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Right.

L.M.: Like mine here, it ain't no ... beautiful house, but I am satisfied. (Laughed)

D.S.: Right. Uh, ... was Thanksgiving celebrated?

L.M.: Ever holiday was celebrated!

D.S.: Beautiful. Do you know they didn't in the rest of the mountain.

L.M.: They did when I was growin' up.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: My Daddy was a, ... I don't know, write warrents, what you call it, Magistrater, or something? I wouldn't know what you would call it, but he could write warrents.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, do things like that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, he weren't ... he couldn't

D.S.: But, a lot of neighbors did, didn't they?

L.M.: Oh lord, yea. And, he had Sunday school for us every Sunday mornin'.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: He had to have it in the School house because we didn't have no church.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

L.M.: Yea, he taken me to school. We'd go to Sunday school ever Sunday mornin'.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, the preacher would come. Sometime we'd have preaching.

D.S.: Yea. Uh, ... when you sat around sometimes of an evening, did anybody tell any ghost stories?

L.M.: Oh yea, Uncle Tom Meadows use to tell them.

D.S.: Can you remember any?

L.M.: No, ... I don't know. I wouldn't know how to tell, he use to tell them to me. My husband was a ^{good teller} ~~great somebody~~ for that too.

D.S.: And, you can't remember one?

L.M.: He didn't tell 'em when he was tellin' them for the children, but he'd .. he go up to the store, you know, they'd all gather up to the store of the evening after they got off work and had supper, they'd go up to the store and sit there and talk. The men folk would. And, this (Laughed) Euman Meadows, that's my sister's husband, they didn't want to be ~~walked~~ up tellin' the stories.

D.S.: (Laughing)

L.M.: They got afraid to go home after one tellin' the story first. But, I never did let him tell them before the children because ...

D.S.: Scare them. So, you never heard any?

L.M.: No, I never heard none told. He told me one time he seen something. Before I was married, he was laying in bed one night and he heard the door open and ... somebody come in. And, they come in the room and at that time they didn't have no curtain over the window, where he was livin' with his brother.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, his other brother had been away at work and he thought it was him come in, and he could see him. He seen him take his clothes off and he come lean over the bed and looked at him and he said, ... His other brother's name was, Dude, and he said, his name is _____, called him Dude. He said, 'Dude, is that you?' He said this man just turned and went up the stair steps. He set here, the stair steps went up right hear, and he didn't say aaword. And, he called his brother, Arthur, to come in nar and thar weren't nobody in nar. And, Vernon told him he went up the steps and they went up the steps and thar weren't nobody up thar. And, thar weren't no other way in the world they could get out from up thar.

D.S.: Ooooh! (Laughing) No wonder you wouldn't let him tell stories around the children. (Laughing)

L.M.: And, that's the story he told me. And, the same, ... when I got married, I lived three months in the same house and he would go huntin' of the night, him and his brother, Arthur, and I had to sleep in thar by myself. (Laughing)

D.S.: (Laughing)

L.M.: And, *then* tell me *Stories*

D.S.: (Laughing) Lord!

L.M.: I was scared to death!

D.S.: What would they hunt?

L.M.: Coons.

D.S.: Coons?

L.M.: Of the night and groundhogs during the day. Rabbits.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did they trap them or shoot them?

L.M.: Well, sometimes they would trap them and sometimes they would shoot them. They had dogs they would run them up the tree, you know, and get them.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, they would eat them too, but I couldn't.

D.S.: You couldn't?

L.M.: I couldn't eat them.

D.S.: I've heard it was real good meat.

L.M.: I heard they was good too. People, they said it was good. But, you know, my husband eat them til after I got married, after he got married I wouldn't cook them.
(Laughing)

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

L.M.: He got so he didn't like them neither.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. How about rabbits, were they good?

L.M.: Oh yea, they ... My husband killed plenty of rabbits, I cooked them, now.

D.S.: Did you sell the skins?

L.M.: Well, he sold some kind of skin, but I don't know weather it was rabbit skins or not. He had them, ... tacked them up and dry them, you know, and then he'd sell them.

D.S.: Probably coon skins, don't you think?

L.M.: Coon skins?

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: I don't think so, it'd be rabbit skins.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Squirrels, were there many squirrels?

L.M.: Yes, had plenty of squirrels. Now, they use to kill these ole hawks, they called them. They'd sell them.

D.S.: Hawks?

L.M.: Yea. Scalped and killed them. Yea, I don't know what they wanted with them.

D.S.: Hawks?

L.M.: Hawks.

D.S.: Ooooh!

L.M.: They'd kill them and then they'd cut the top of their heads off, call it their scalp, and they'd sell that.

D.S.: Oooh!

L.M.: Now, I know my husband done that, lots of time. What they wanted with it, I don't know, but they sold them.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: And, bought a right good price.

D.S.: Yea. Were there many pheasants, or grouse, or anything like that around? Turkey, ... wild turkeys?

L.M.: No, not too many. I don't remember many.

D.S.: No? How about deer?

L.M.: No deer. ... I never seen any deer when I was growin' up.

D.S.: Yea, and no bear?

L.M.: No bear.

D.S.: No? How about rattlesnakes?

L.M.: Oh, lord they was thar. One bit me one time.

D.S.: IT DID? What did you do?

L.M.: It weren't a rattlesnake, it was a ... copperhead. You know, these they call a copperhead?

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: I went to the hospital, what I done.

D.S.: (Whistled)

L.M.: It bit me right thar.

D.S.

D.S.: Oh, my!

L.M.: You see thar whar my finger nail comes out?

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: Comes out forked, ... it was right thar. Made my finger nail come out forked.

D.S.: Oh, boy!

L.M.: But, it bit me right thar. I was gathering cucumbers, I reached down and it just felt like a brier scratcheme, you know. And, I looked at my finger and it was bleeding. I wouldn't never know that a snake that bit me if I hadn't looked down and seen him. Boy, it was a big one.

D.S.: Oh, boy! (Whistled) Mmmum!

L.M.: And, I went out to Dr. Miller and he got all the blood out and he sent me to the hospital.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: But, you know, it never did make me sick. I never ~~did~~ get sick from it.

D.S.: That's wonderful.

L.M.: My arm swelled up to right here, great big ...

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: ... but, that's all it was to it.

D.S.: Yea. Yea.

L.M.: And, the doctor up Harrisonburg asked me, 'Are you sick?' I said, 'No.' He asked me a couple of times, I said, 'No, I ain't a bit sick.'

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: He said, 'Well, I bet that snake is.' (Laughed)

D.S.: (Laughing) Did they sell the rattlesnake skins? Catch them and sell them?

L.M.: I don't know. They could have done it, but I don't know nobody, ... my husband didn 't.

D.S.: Yea.... Uh, ... you never had anything to do with Skyland, did you? That was too far away.

L.M.: Huh-un.

D.S.: No.

L.M.: No, I never had nothing to do with Skyland.

D.S.: No. Uh, ... how about, ... what ~~were~~^{was} the reaction of the people when they knew that the park was going to come in here?

L.M.: Well, I don't know. ... I know I didn't like it.

D.S.: No.

L.M.: But, now there ... they got a rock, that over here in this field. It belonged to my husband's brother at that time, but he's dead now. Russell Lam owns it now.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: But, they got that rock, and they had some kind of thing, you know, that would crush up the rocks and things. And, that thing started up every morning at five o'clock.

D.S.: Ooooh!

L.M.: And, I ... it liked to worried me to death. I just seemed like I couldn't stand it. It was before my twins was born.

D.S.: Ooooh, yea.

L.M.: And, every morning at five o'clock that thing started and go all day long.

D.S.: Mmmmmum. Where did you children go to school when you moved down here?

L.M.: They went up here, ... Howard Meadows lives in the school house, well, he fixed ... made more to it. Right up here,

till they got to, ... I don't know what grade it was, ... then they went to Shenandoah.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And, yet your address is Elkton, isn't it?

L.M.: That's right, but I'm in Page County.

D.S.: That's right, you're in (Laughing) Page County and so you would have to go to Shenandoah. Right. That's right as I crossed the bridge it said, 'Entering Page County.' Uhhuh.

L.M.: That's right.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Well, then you are a neighbor.

L.M.: I wish I did live in Rockingham County.

D.S.: You do?

L.M.: I sure do because you can get more help in Rockingham County. Page County, ... for the old people, I am talking about.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, my sister, Mat, she don't live ... I don't know what town she lives in. She lives up , do you know what town it is? ... Waynesboro?

D.S.: Oh, toward Waynesboro, yea. ... Uh, ... uh, ... I should know. ... I know which one you mean.

L.M.: And, they pay her , oil bill, and help her on her taxes, every little thing, you know?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: They don't do it down here in Page County.

D.S.: Huh-un, no. They just keep raising our taxes.

L.M.: That's right.

D.S.: I want to go back to hunting a bit. Was that a necessity or was it a fun thing?

L.M.: They done it for sport, it weren't no necessary.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: They done it becasue they love to do it.

D.S.: Yes. Uh, .. you ate chickens, and did you raise pigs?

L.M.: Yea. ... Hogs, ... had all kind of meats.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you eat beef?

L.M.: Not much beef. No, not when I was growin' up.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: My Daddy always had hogs to butcher in the Fall of they year.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Did you make ash cakes?

L.M.: Oh, yea.

D.S.: Those are good, aren't they?

L.M.: My Daddy has made many, only he'd wrap them up in cabbage leaves.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Right.

L.M.: Slice a big shoulder or ham and fry that, and eat ash cakes.

D.S.: Mmmum, boy! To have ... You raised corn, you said.

L.M.: Yea.

D.S.: And, ... would you take that down to a mill? wWhere was the mill?

L.M.: Right over here. You know whar that, the house you passed when you turned around here? It was right above it.

D.S.: Now, the ...

L.M.: The mill was right thar. My Daddy would take corn down thar and grind it for meal. And, then after that mill, ... they stopped the mill for some reason, they had to take it to Elkton.

D..S: Well now, would the man who owned the mill take part of the meal for the payment, or did your father pay him?

L.M.: I think he taken part meal.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. Uhhuh. Did you make sorghum?

L.M.: What's that?

D.S.: Out of cane sugar.

L.M.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: Yea. Sort-of like a molasses. Was that a lot of work?

L.M.: I never did make none myself, my Mother did.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: But, as fer as me, I didn't.

D.S.: You just played around (Laughing) while your mother did all of this work, aren't you ashamed of yourself? (Laughing)

L.M.: That's right.

D.S.: What sort-of games did you play?

L.M.: Oh, we played checkers, and Monopoly, and jack rocks, and ... Did you ever play jack rocks?

D.S.: Yea. Yea.

L.M.: Well, I never was one for games. I never did liked to play games.

D.S.: Did you have dolls?

L.M.: Oh yea, we had dolls. Some that my Mother, ^{make} they would be rag dolls.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: She made them, and at Christmas she'd sometimes get us a store made one.

D.S.: Mmmum. And, yet the rag dolls were the most cuddly of all, weren't they?

L.M.: That's true. I wished I had ... I wished I'd kept them.

D.S.: Yea, I know, I wished I had too. It would had been wonderful, because those, ... I think, those dolls, now like, even the dried apples dolls, you know using the dried apples for

their faces, did you ever see those made?

L.M.: Huh-un, I never. I don't think I ever ~~say~~^{saw} one.

D.S.: Oh! How about corn ... corn stalk dolls?

L.M.: No, I don't think I ever saw one of them. Yes, I have too. My Mother use to, she'd make them somekind of head and then stick ...

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Don't you marveled at the amount of energy your mother had with all these children; all the cooking, helping tend the garden ...

L.M.: Well now, she didn't help it, she did most of it.

D.S.: She did most of it? She didn't make you children help her?

L.M.: Oh yea, we hoped her, after we got big enough.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: I remember, my oldest ... my twin sister got married before I did, ... and we moved down from up on the mountain down here to Mr. DeBousque. Right above Mr DeBousque's there. Well, Mama had a garden, ... and of the mornin' she'd get up, and me and her would go work in the garden, and my sister, Myrtle, she'd stay in the house and do the house work.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

L.M.: And, Lolna, my twin sister, she done got married, she'd moved.

D.S.: There was the washing and ironing.

L.M.: On the rubber too. Wash rubber, .. you ever know that, how to wash on the wash rubber?

D.S.: Oh, yea! Oh, yes indeed! Did you make soap?

L.M.: Oh, Mama made soap. Yea, I made soap too. I made a'many kettles of soap.

D.S.: How did you make it?

L.M.: Well, you get your grease and your lard, and put it in the kettle, and put water in it. It tells you on the lye can.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: If you had any scrapes of meat or anything, you save it and make soap out of it.

D.S.: Was it good soap?

L.M.: Did you seen any of it?

D.S.: No.

L.M.: I believe I've got some here.

D.S.: Is that soap soft?

L.M.: It's soft after you cook it and let it set, ...

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: ... until it gets hard enough you can cut it out.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: Then you put it on a board or something and let dry.

D.S.: And, then it is soft on your hands too?

L.M.: Oh, yea.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And, it makes a good suds?

L.M.: It sure does.

D.S.: I still don't see how your mother did it all.

L.M.: And, I've made a many kettle of soap.

D.S.: Uhhuh. When, ... When you did the laundry, did you boil your clothes?

L.M.: I had a big iron kettle, a great big one.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: I got one out here now.

D.S.: You do?

L.M.: And, we would heat our water in the kettle and then dip

it out in the wash but, what we was in, and then we'd fill it up again, and we'd put a little lye in.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, wash with this kind of soap, lye soap. And, when we washed them we put them in and boil them. Take them out, and wash them, and rinse them, and hang them up. It was an all day job.

D.S.: It sure was an all day job. Particularly when you had so many children. (Laughed)

L.M.: And, I washed on a ... rubber to raise all my children up. The guy that lives over here is my youngest son. I believe it When I got a washin' machine, Page, that's my youngest son, was about three years old.

D.S.: Aaah!

L.M.: I washed on a rubber to raise all my children and then I washed every day too. I'd soon wash every day and keep them washed up than to let them pile up on me and then have to wash.

D.S.: Yea. Right. Yea. And, ironing, you'd have to use those old irons you heated on the stove, right?

L.M.: That's right, you had no electric iron.

D.S.: Nope! Mmmum.

L.M.: Had to burn these ole coal-oil lamps.

D.S.: Yea. Right. Mmmum, you know, it wasn't all work, was it?

L.M.: No, it weren't, I enjoyed it. It seemed better than today is.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: For me, now other people ...

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: ...might not think so. But, for me I'd sooner for it to be like that now.

D.S.: And, you did take time to look around and say, 'This is a beautiful day', and look at the lovely mountains.

L.M.: I sure did. Yes, indeed!

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did your mother take time too?

L.M.: Oh yes, she'd take walks and she see, her sister lived right above her, ... her name was, ... I don't know what her name was, we always called her Aunt Toot.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: I don't, I never did know why they named her, Toot. (Laughed)

D.S.: (Laughed)

L.M.: But, that's what we called her. And, Mama would get up of the mornings and get all her work done and clean up, and clean the kids up that went to school and she'd go up to spend the day with Aunt Toot or Aunt Bea. Aunt Bea was one of her sisters too.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

L.M.: And, they'd come see her too. That's the way it was.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Everybody visited.

D.S.: Sure. So, you had your own little paths that you used ...

L.M.: That's right.

D.S.: ...to walk through. Were there many trees?

L.M.: Oh yea, plenty of trees.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Blue grass, the prettiest grassy place you ever seen, where our home lived.

D.S.: Aaah, yea. Did they do any burning of the underbrush to make the berries grow more the next year?

L.M.: Well sometimes, but not very often, in my knowledge, it ^{wasn't} burnt much.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Nearly ever year a ^{fire} ~~far~~ would get out ... which I thought, ... always that somebody set it to burn the mountains off.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. And, then of course, the berries came through better. (Laughed) So, we know that it was done on purpose, I was just wondering if they did it here too?

L.M.: Oh, yea.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: One Sunday this mountain down here was a full blaze, and all up through here, and all up thar, ...

D.S.: Ooooh!

L.M.: ... it came right near to my house. And, that Sunday ... it was something goin' on up the church, and I believe every man in Jolliet Holler that drunked liquor was drunk that Sunday. Vernie, that's my husband, his name was David Vernon, but we called him Vern. He got drunk and my brother, Charlie, (Laughed) he and my brother-in-law, [?], he lived over here then, he is the one lives out Elkton, he got drunk. And, nearly everything in the holler was, and the ^{fire} ~~far~~ was just raging around here.

D.S.: Oh, what an awful day! Aaah!

L.M.: And, I didn't know what to do, and my sister, Myrtle, she never did like nobody to drink, you know, and I didn't. But, Vern didn't ever come to the house, he'd go over to her ^{place}. And, she'd come over here, she said she got so mad at her husband that if she hadn't come over here she knows she'd pour coal-oil on him. (Laughing)

D.S.: (Laughing!)

L.M.: 'Cause he was a'drinkin'.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: Well, he wasn't drinkin', he was drunk.

D.S.: Yea. Was there much moonshining down here?

L.M.: Oh lord, yes.

D.S.: Where would they sell it, do you know?

L.M.: They'd boot-leg, I don't know what they call it, they called it boot-legging. I don't know where they sold it.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: My husband made moonshine.

D.S.: Oh, he did?

L.M.: He'd leave here at nights with my brother-in-law, Dawson Eppard. He'd come down here and him and my husband would leave and they'd tell me they was a-goin' coon huntin'. Which I didn't know no better, I didn't know he was makin' liquor. He made it three or four years before I ever knowed it.

D.S.: (Laughing) You know that was a good way of making money, I don't blame them for doing it.

L.M.: You know how I found it out? One summer evening, ^{I had} ~~I~~ ^{had} worked until I was so tired, ... I layed down on the couch and went to sleep. And, Clyde, was my baby then, and when I waked up, there weren't a soul here. I couldn't find Clyde, now the rest of them was in school, and Clyde was the only one wasn't going to school. And, when I waked up that evening, I couldn't find Clyde and I hollered and hollered. And, Vern never had taken him not tellin' me he was goin', you know. And, I went up this holler here,

hunting and hollering for Clyde, I thought maybe he'd went up that way. And, I come up on a great big box of mash, they called it. I didn't know, at that time, what it was. (Laughing) And, that was Vern's and Dawson Meadows' mash.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, I come back and went up to the store and Vern had taken Clyde up to the store. He hadn't told me, he said, 'Well, you was asleep and I didn't want to bother you!!

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: But, when you get worried about a kid, you are worried, ain't you?

D.S.: Sure! Particularly with snakes around, I would have been panicked. Right. Then you knew he was doing it. (Laughed)

L.M.: That's the way I found it out.

D.S.: And, he stopped then?

L.M.: No indeed, he didn't stop for a long time.

D.S.: Uhhuh. As I said, it was a very sensible thing to do, because they made money out of this.

L.M.: Well now, we couldn't hardly had lived if he hadn't made it.

D.S.: Right. Uhhuh. Right. It was good liquor that they made, not like this bad stuff, it was good liquor. So, I ... I don't blame those poeple one bit for having made it.

L.M.: I don't know what harm it was in makin' it, selling it to people getting them drunk, that's the biggest trouble.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: If they don't get it from that, they'd get it somewhere else.

D.S.: That's right, they would. Since man has been man, they have been drinking. So, (Laughing) we can't reverse that now.

It is only one trouble, it does made some poeple argumentative and cause problems that way, I think, don't you?

L.M.: Oh, yea.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Well, you know, you had such a fine time with me, rambling back in time, can you think of anything else that you all did that would help our ... history?

L.M.: No, nothing. I told you all that I know.

D.S.: Uh, ... when the people moved out of the Park, ... did most of them stay pretty much close around here?

L.M.: No, they all moved. Well, most of them went from up from what I lived, when the Park takened it, they moved to ~~Idia~~ *Ida*.

D.S.: Ida?

L.M.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Were they happy there?

L.M.: Whar?

D.S.: In Ida?

L.M.: No!

D.S.: No?

L.M.: ~~NO~~ No, they didn't like it, not a narry one like it. They hated to leave. My brother, Ivan, was moved to ~~Idia~~, my brother, Clark, moved to ~~Idia~~, and Raymond Taylor .. Raymond Lam, moved to ~~Idia~~, and a w h o l e bunch of them from up around whar we lived. And, I believe Clark was pretty well satisfied whar he lived, but Ivan wasn't.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Didn't they find it easier though~~z~~, to get a job?

L.M.: Yea, they found it easier to get a job, but I reckon. But, I know Ivan never was satisfied after he moved from up whar he lived.

D.S.: I wouldn't have been either, would you?

L.M.: No, it was home.

D.S.: That's right, it was home.

L.M.: And, he lived in my Mother's house. He was the last one, he weren't the youngest brother, but ... when he got married he went to Mama's and Dad's to stay, and they died while he was there. Mama did, and my Daddy married again and he moved to Shenandoah. Left Ivan up thar in the house.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And, he lived thar til the Park taken it.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Now, were they given any money for this land?

L.M.: I couldn't tell you that, I don't know.

D.S.: Because they actually didn't own it.

L.M.: No, they didn't own it.

D.S.: No. Huh-un, no. So, I was wondering if they got anything.

L.M.: I don't really know. But, they did move them out.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: Went to ~~Idie~~ *Ida*.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. Oh, one thing you didn't tell me, how did you keep your vegetables over the winter?

L.M.: Canned them.

D.S.: How about cabbages?

L.M.: Potatoes and cabbages we put them ... we buried the cabbages.

D.S.: You buried...?

L.M.: We dig a hole, put the cabbage down in there and let the root stick out, and put dirt over it. That was the best cabbage you even eat, it was just as sweet as could be.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: But, potatoes, and apples, and stuff like that, we put them in our cellar.

D.S.: Yea. Did you ever hear anything that there use to be an Indian settlement in the mountain, right over the other side?

L.M.: Yea, I heard them talk about it, but I don't know.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Because, Rev. DeBousque mentioned it and I was wondering if you. *Bueno.*

L.M.: What did he say about it?

D.S.: Well, he said, they gradually , you know, died out, or inter-married, and so... the settlement disappeared. But, he said that the Indian burial ground is still there.

L.M.: Oh yea, I heard talk about it, but I, of course, I never seen it. But, now this guy I was tellin' you about, about Walter Lam

*END TAP I
PART II*
D.S.: What about this peddler that use to come through?

L.M.: They use to come through, and oh, they had some of the beautiful things ever was, you know. And, my Mother would buy what she could afford. And, one time it was one come through and he spent the night with us. My Mama's ~~sister~~, the one we called, Toot, and the next morning he left, and was going ... He was coming down to our house, I reckon, and Walter Lam way-layed him and taken his money.

D.S.: Ooooh, No!

L.M.: That's right. And, I never ... Now, I heard it, but I didn't see it. But, I heard it.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: ...That he killed him. Didn't nobody never see him after that.

D.S.: Aaaaah!

L.M.: But, he had that peddler's bundle.

D.S.: Isn't that awful?

L.M.: That sure is!

D.S.: You know, is that Gerald Lam? That you mentioned.

L.M.: No, it's Walter Lam.

D.S.: Is he of the same family?

L.M.: No. ... Gerald Lam, huh-un. Both of them is dead now though.

D.S.: Because Rev. DeBousque said that Gerald Lam use to shoot at them.

L.M.: Oh yea, I do remember that. You said about him a 'shootin', he shoot at Mr. DeBousque, he lived over on the ~~...~~ from the road, you know. And, Mr. DeBousque was comin' down the road one day and he shot a hole in his hat.

D.S.: Why?

L.M.: MEANNESS! He was just mean as he could be, Gerald Lam was. Well, in fact, he weren't all together right.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

L.M.: And he rode ~~...~~ Now, I heredit ~~this~~. I didn't see it myself, but I heredit it, and Mr. DeBousque, I think, told it too. That he was preaching, he had preaching in the schoolhouse on the mountain, he didn't have no church up thar.

D.S.: Yea.

L.M.: And, said Gerald had rode a horse up to the pulpit, just come right on up through thar, riding his horse.

D.S.: (Laughing) Well, that sort-of woke up the congregation, didn't it?

L.M.: It sure did.

D.S.: (Laughing) Well, you know, if it weren't for people like that life would have been very dull, wouldn't it?

L.M.: Yes, it would.

D.S.: But, he is no relation to this one that killed the peddler?

L.M.: No, huh-un, I don't think so.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

L.M.: That was a different generation.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. Any other story you can think of to tell us about these people?

L.M.: No, that's about all I know.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Now, to answer your question to, what are we going to do with this? Number one, this will be your story, and your grandchildren, or your children, or your great-grandchildren, or their great-great-grandchildren can always go to Park Headquarters and hear your voice telling how you used to live. That's one thing. Number two, we're going to use this to, or we will make a transcribe of it, of the tape, and use it for our history program that goes on in the Park. ~~When~~ visitors come, we will ~~tell~~ tell them, 'Now, here is the way they use to live and instead of the way that you thought that they lived. They lived a good life.'

L.M.: That's right, we sure did.

D.S.: 'They were a healthy group of people and everything was fine with them'. So, ~~we have~~ ^{we} ~~we~~ stopping all these wrong stories that went on about all of you. So, that's what we are doing with this. Is that alright with you?

L.M.: That's right!

D.S.: Now, I'm going to take your picture.