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(SNP115) Nettie Sirbaugh, et al interviewed by
Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Peggy C.
Bradley

Nettie E. Sirbaugh

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ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

NARRATOR: Mrs. Mattie Sirbaugh
Mr. Clarence Sirbaugh
Mrs. Beulah Sirbaugh
Mrs. Vallie Cave

INTERVIEWER: Mrs. Dorothy Smith

PLACE: Stanley, Va. (Page County)

DATE:

TRANSCRIBED BY:

Peggy C. Bradley

COMPLETED DATE:

June 18, 1983

D.S.: We are interviewing Mrs. Mattie Sirbaugh.

M.S.: M-e-t-t-i-e.

D.S.: Mattie, Nettie?

M.S.: M-e-double t-i-e.

D.S.: Oh, OK. And Clarence and Beulah Sirbaugh, and Vallie Cave.

D. So, we are just going to be talking about as much as you can remember of your life when you were growing up, Mrs. Sirbaugh.

M.S.: Are you going to ask me the questions?

D.S.: Well, lets start with how many were in your family?

M.S.: Do you mean at my; my sisters and brothers?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: I had one sister.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: Then my father died. My mother married a second time and then....., I had ten half-brothers and sisters.

D.S.: (Whistled) Boy! Were you all given special jobs to do?

M.S.: Well, I was the oldest, I had the hard jobs. (Laughed)

D.S.: (Laughed) Which were what?

M.S.: Washing dishes, making beds, and sweeping, milking cows, and

D.S.: That kept you busy didn't it? What sort of a house did you live in?

M.S.: Old time one, built back in the Indian time.

D.S.: It was! Now, what was it built like?

M.S.: I couldn't tell you.

D.S.: Was it out of logs?

C.S.: Yes. ^{Before} When they built that new house up there at the Nelson place, it was built out of logs.

D.S.: Log house. How? You say it was from the Indian time?

M.S.: Yes, it was built back in the Indian times. You had great ~~big~~ bolts on the doors

D.S.: Yea.

M.S.: you know, ^{for} hinges?

D.S.: Oh, is it still standing?

M.S.: No.

D.S.: No?

M.S.: No, they tore it down, they built a new house ~~since then~~ and it burnt down ~~since then~~.

D.S.: Have you any ideal how your family found that place in the mountain?

M.S.: You mean back in the Indian time?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: Well, ~~it~~ wasn't in the mountain, it was out in open fields where everything was cleaned out.

D.S.: Yea.

M.S.: That was my step-father's home.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Oh, Do you know.....? What I am trying to get at; do you know where they came from originally?

M.S.: Who the people?

D.S.: Yea, your people.

M.S.: Well, my father was a German, he came from Germany.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: His parents did, but he was born here in the United States.

D.S.: Yea, His parents came from Germany.

M.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: What was your maiden name?

M.S.: Schafftnaker. Spell it.

D.S.: Ah! Shaff --

C.S.: Schafftnaker

M.S.: S-c-h-a-f-f-t-n-a-k-~~y~~-e-r.

D.S.: Ah! That is a good German name, isn't it? (Laughing)
You said, Mr. Sirbaugh, that your father ran a sawmill?

C.S.: Yes.

M.S.: He run it, Clarence, but it didn't belong to him.

C.S.: He run one, she said run one. He operated a sawmill.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And this was for..., well, would people bring
their wood there to him for him to?

C.S.: Mostly.... owned a tract of timber. Sawed out one place
to another. Used horses to drag the logs to the mill,
they would sell it. Then it got to fer to drag they moved
closer to the ...

D.S.: Then he would sell the wood?

M.S.: No, lumber.

D.S.: Sell the lumber.

M.S.: Build houses out of the lumber.

D.S.: OK. Did any of your family do the peeling of the bark?

C.S.: Yea.

D.S.: For the tannery?

C.S.: Yea, they did the right time of the year in the bark
peeling time. Cut Saw logs and peel the bark off the
log and then saw it up.

M.S.: Come out on it.

C.S.: I seen it myself.

D.S.: Your family did too, didn't they Beulah?

B.S.: No, I don't think so.

D.S.: Didn't you say yours did, didn't you Vallie?

V.C.: Yes. Uhhuh.

D.S.: Then your family would bring it into Luray?

V.C.: Uhhuh, right.

D.S.: Yea. How would they get it there? To Luray.

V.C.: Hauled it on an old sleigh the horses pulled, hooked up to a sled.

B.S.: Wagons too. Used a two horse wagon or a one horse wagon.

D.S.: Was there a good enough trail to use the horse and wagon?

V.C.: Yes.

D.S.: There was? Where did it go through?

M.S.: Took it to the tannery, didn't they?

V.C.: Yea.

B.S.: The turn pike and down Tanners Ridge there.

D.S.: Oh, down Tanners Ridge?

B.S.: And down the turn pike.

V.C.: The tannery was there in Stanley at that time.

M.S.: Yea, the tannery was out here at *Kemball* bridge.

V.C.: Yea, but the tannery was in Stanley. Been many years ago use to haul that bark out there.

D.S.: Oh. You didn't take it into Luray?

V.C.: No. No.

D.S.: No. Where was that tannery? Do you recall?

V.C.: No...., No. I couldn't tell you.

D.S.: I never knew that there had been one in Stanley.

B.S.: I didn't either. First I knew that.

D.S.: Yea.

V.C.: That's been a long time go.

D.S.: Yea, Right. Oh, did you, Mrs. Sirbaugh, have a ... I think this was the funnest story you was telling me the other day.

Did you use feather beds? (Laughing) Did the feathers move apart?

M.S.: *Wiggle around and span get cold.*
They didn't move away. Left a hole down in it.

D.S.: (Laughing) What I was wondering, why didn't they stitch through to sort of hold the feathers?

M.S.: Didn't need too. For there was so much in the tick, it was plenty in there.

B.S.: That was Nellie a telling about how she would get in a feather bed and it wasn't that many feathers in them beds and they would fall to one side and there was nothing over there.

D.S.: (Laughing)

M.S.: None of my ticks were like that.

D.S.: (Laughing) They were good and warm weren't they?

M.S.: Uhhuh. Those kind of feathers were.

D.S.: Yea. They were hard to get out of ~~the~~ bed though. Wasn't it hard to get out of a feather bed?

M.S.: Huh-un. I didn't think so.

D.S.: I slept in one once, (Laughing) and I didn't think I would ever get out. I struggled and struggled.

C.S.: Probably felt so good you hated to get out of it.

D.S.: That's probably was part of it. Yea. (Laughing) They do feel good. Well, ah, what kind of cooking did you do? Did you raise chickens?

M.S.: Now are you talking about after I was married?

D.S.: Nope. Before.

M.S.: While I was still at home?

D.S.: Uhhuh,

M.S.: Well, let's see. My Mother was living and my step-father, because my Father died when I was five years old.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: My Mother married then the second time. A second time.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: So we lived on a farm most of the time, part of the time we lived at *Kimball* bridge. I helped milk cows, feed chickens, make beds, sweep.

D.S.: Did you have hogs?

M.S.: Yes, we had hogs.

D.S.: Did you allow the cattles to sort of roam around or...?

M.S.: No.

D.S.:or were they fenced in?

M.S.: Went to a field and we brought them in, in the evenings and kept them in the barn yard until in the morning. Milk them again and turn them back again.

D.S.: So they were in a fenced in area?

M.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Now you didn't fence in your cows, did you when you was little, Beulah?

B.S.: Well, it was like she said, we'd bring them in, in the evenings and keep them in the barn yard.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: We had to go out, why a long way in the evenings to drive them into the barn yard, in the evenings to milk.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: But then we would keep them in the barn yard so they would be there, so we wouldn't have to go after them in the mornings.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How come your cows didn't get mixed up with somebody elses cow?

B.S.: Well, they didn't. Then we knew our own and they knew where to come to you to get fed and they would always come back to where we would ~~leave~~^{feed} them.

C.S.: Fences.

M.S.: Each farm had fences.

D.S.: Sometimes ^{did} you used stone fences, or where there wire fences?

B.S.: Mostly wire fences or rail fences, or, you know.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. You know there are a lot of stone fences left up there.

B.S.: Well, I never lived where they had stone fences.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: It was either rail or wire or

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: Sometimes Papa would make a brush fence, you know, where they would clean off, we called it a new ground.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: You know, where they would go in the woods and start from..... start.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

B.S.: And he would pile the brush around the fence, around to make a fence to keep things out. Did y'all ever do that?

W.C.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Did that work?

B.S.: Yea, it would work because of all the trees would be cut down and lay them in and pack brush again it.

D.S.: But wouldn't they gradually deteriorate?

M.S.: It would take a long time though, wouldn't it?

B.S.: They would last a long time. They would clean the place up they would always throw the junk up against the fence.

D.S.: Yes. And then the honeysuckle takes over and grows over and keeps it there.

B.S.: I don't remember any honeysuckles up there.

D.S.: You don't?

B.S.: I never saw one of them honeysuckles until I was down in the Valley.

V.C.: I can't remember any.

D.S.: Really?

M.S.: Never did.

D.S.: Oh, blackberries?

B.S.: Yes, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, and huckleberries.

M.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Yes, those huckleberries. You know there aren't huckleberries are up there now? Not the way they were.

V.C.: In some places there is plenty huckleberries you can pick.

D.S.: There are?

V.C.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: You tell me where so I can go pick. (Laughing)

B.S.: They are gone now.

V.C.: They're gone.

B.S.: Up on ~~the~~ Round head mountain there was plenty you could had picked.

M.S.: Yea, there were.

V.C.: *John* picked six gallons they picked up on the Roundhead.

D.S.: Mmmmmm.

C.S.: Every time when they burn off the mountain, in a year or so, when ~~it~~^{you} comes back there is plenty of huckleberries on there.

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

C.S.: That's why they burn the mountains off every once in awhile.

D.S.: Sure.

C.S.: To have berries to pick.

D.S.: That was the best way to keep the berries, too. To be sure of them coming back. Ah, by the way did you dry huckleberries, ever?

B.S.: Never did.

F.S.: Did you dry huckleberries?

V.C.: Dried apples, but not huckleberries.

D.S.: Around Elkton area they use to dry huckleberries, they said they made the best pies of anything they ever ate, dried huckleberries.

B.S.: Did you ever dry them Mrs. Sirbaugh.

M.S.: Huh-un, I never did, never tried.

D.S.: Uhhuh. One question I wondered. Did anybody have grape arbor?

B.S.: Yea. There is one right here now.

D.S.: Yea, when you was living up there?

B.S.: Yes.

B.S.: We never did nay....

C.S.: What you call them harbors?

D.S.: Grape arbors. There were the wild grapes. Were they any good to eat?

V.C.: Yea, they make the best jelly.

D.S.: Really?

- M.S.: Wasn't any good to eat though, was they?
- V.C.: No, not to eat like they are, but make it into jelly.
- B.S.: Make applebutter, I mean apple jelly and grape jelly.
- D.S.: Uhhuh.
- C.S.: Vallie, I thought you was always warm, why don't you take your coat off?
- V.C.: *Gonna freeze in a bit*
- D.S.: That's alright.
- M.S.: Is it warm enough in here for you?
- D.S.: Yes indeed. Yes, nice in here. Did you make your own soap, Mrs. Sirbaugh?
- M.S.: Soap? *Soft soap* Yes we did, what you call. Well, some of it wasn't soft. Boil it and make it into hard cakes.
- D.S.: This was lye soap wasn't it?
- M.S.: Make it out of lye, yes.
- D.S.: Did your family make it?
- B.S.: Yea, Mommy made it all the time.
- D.S.: Yes. Was it much of a job?
- B.S.: No, it didn't take too long. You had this big old iron pot, you know. She would put meat scrapes and lard, old lard and stuff in there. Until that cook all up, that lye would eat all that up. I don't know how long she cooked that. Do you remember, Mrs. Sirbaugh?
- V.C.: She boiled it until the lye would eat all your meat and grease and she would add water to it.
- D.S.: Uhhuh.
- V.C.: Let it boil again.
- D.S.: Yea. That was real nice soap, it was soft.

B.S.: Yes, but it was hard on your hands. Mommy would, we had to wash on a board, ~~rub~~ that on there, then that would get on there and the lye in the soap would wear all the skin off my fingers.

D.S.: (Shooo)

B.S.: Did yours ever?

M.S.: No, never made it that strong.

B.S.: Deed, Mommy did, and rubbing it that way rubbed the skin off your fingers. It would eat your fingers, the lye would eat your fingers.

D.S.: Ahhh.

B.S.: Wash the things out real good with that soap and throw them in a kettle and boil them and take them out and wash them again.

D.S.: Oh!

B.S.: Deed. (Laughing) It's a wonder we had any clothes to wear at all.

D.S.: Well, they were made of good sturdy material.

B.S.: Deed they were.

D.S.: Not like the material ^{is} today.

V.C.: That's right.

D.S.: Yea. Well, what store did your family use?

B.S.: We usually went down in the Piney ~~at~~ ^{GRAVE} Everett Weakley, what was that Gray's name?

M.S.: Dave?

B.S.: Dave Gray, Papa use to go when I was too small to go. But when I remember Everett Weakley run a store in there. We would take our eggs down in there and get sugar and coffee and stuff like that. We raised most of our stuff we ate.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: Sugar and coffee and things like that.

D.S.: Kerosene?

B.S.: Yes.

D.S.: Material, did he sell material?

B.S.: No.

D.S.: Where did you get your material at?

B.S.: Well, we would come to Stanley, at Willie Robertson, run a store up there at Stanley, he had all of that.

D.S.: That was the same one Cletus McCoy use to go to.

(All Laughed) Yea.

M.S.: For a while we went to Robinson's.

D.S.: Was it a big store? Well, how big would you say?

C.S.: In Stanley, do you know where the Stanley IGA store is now?

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: That was it.

D.S.: Oh, really?

V.C.: That was the place.

D.S.: That was Robinson's.

B.S.: Willie Robinson.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.

B.S.: And the Ward's store in Luray is where his brother, Henry run a store in there for a long time.

V.C.: Henry is dead.

B.S.: Yea.

D.S.: When you took your things in; did he give you credit or did he give you cash?

B.S.: Either way you wanted it.

D.S.: W. ^{Lee} Judd usually just give credit and that was all.

B.S.: Well, that's what we mostly got, he was good. He would let you have cash. I don't think it was a limit to what he would do, he was real good.

D.S.: Oh!

B.S.: But if we needed anything that's what we would get because that's what we taken it out there for.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Mrs. Sirbaugh, the store that you used, ah....., would you take, would your family take in eggs, and hams, and things like that?

M.S.: No, I don't know if they took any hams or not, but they taken plenty of eggs.

D.S.: And chickens?

M.S.: Chickens? Uhhuh chickens.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Would they give you credit or cash?

M.S.: We generally

D.S.: You what?

M.S.: Generally we would buy something.

D.S.: Oh, yes.

M.S.: What it would come to.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

M.S.: Sugar, coffee.

C.S.: If anything was left over you take it back, if not you'd have to charge it.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Never came out even.

D.S.: Yea, because it's hard to come out exactly even, isn't it? (Laughing) Yea. Now, for, you would buy sugar, and coffee, and kerosene.

B.S.: Baking powder, soda.

D.S.: Oh, yes.

M.S.: Molasses.

D.S.: You mean you didn't make sorghum?

B.S.: You use to make your own molasses, didn't you?

M.S.: My mother?

C.S.: I know she made it because I helped her to make them.

M.S.: I didn't do that all the time, bought store molasses,
it was sorghum too.

D.S.: So, you raised cane?

M.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Your family didn't raise any cane?

B.S.: No.

D.S.: Did yours?

V.C.: No.

D.S.: So many did, I wonder why?

B.S.: I don't know.

D.S.: Fisher Finks said that he even experimented with raising
cotton up there at Big Meadows, and he said it grew
very good.

B.S.: I never heard of that.

V.C.: I never ever heard tell of that.

D.S.: Yea. Which was quite a surprise to me because I would
have thought it was too cold. Yea.

B.S.: Gets cold up there.

D.S.: Yea, right. How did your family store the vegetables
in the winter? Did you dig a trench?

M.S.: No, it wasn't a trench, it was a round place, and put some
straw in there. Put apples and put some more straw on
top of them to keep them and the same way with potatoes.

D.S.: And cabbages?

M.S.: Well, I believe we buried cabbages like that too.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.

M.S.: And turnips.

D.S.: Turnips too, yea. Roughly, how many, how large a garden would you say your family had?

B.S.: Well, some of the places, I expect would be close to half an acre.

D.S.: You can grow an awful lot in half an acre.

B.S.: Yea.

D.S.: So, they would grow beans and peas?

B.S.: Peas, potatoes, cabbages, parsnips, some times carrots, and

D.S.: Carrots, in all that rock? (Laughing)

B.S.: Well, now the gardens weren't too bad, the Some of the places we lived the garden wasn't too rocky because we always aimed to throw the rocks off, you know.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: But now, in the corn fields, where we had our corn fields, now that was right up in the mountains.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: Terrible rocky place.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.

B.S.: I put corn down in a place and had to go somewhere else and get dirt to put down over the corn. Deed, that's the truth. (Laughing)

V.C.: How did the corn come up?

B.S.: The corn would, you know, come up beside them rocks. Grow the prettiest corn you ever seen.

D.S.: Uhhuh. I've heard them say that it was because the rocks kept the moisture when it rained and it keep the heat of the sun when the sun was out, and it helped make the corn grow faster and bigger.

B.S.: It did.

D.S.: And, so they said it was no sense in taking the rocks out of the garden, it helped the corn.

B.S.: Now our gardens, they wasn't that rocky because every time we farmed it we tried to throw them out to the side.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: We got the garden down to where that was pretty smooth. Corn fields that was right out in the mountains.

D.S.: Yea. Did you make stone fences? You said, you didn't.

B.S.: No.

D.S.: You'd just make piles of the rocks?

B.S.: Yea. Threw them around, see it was a wire fence around it and we just threw them out to the side. It was never a rock fence, it was just a rock pile you might call it.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Rock piles are very dangereous, snakes likes them.

V.C.: Snakes.

D.S.: Did you have many snakes?

M.S.: No, I don't think so. I was too afraid of them, I would like to chop them up with a hoe everytime I seen one. I take and come in the house.

D.S.: Yea. (Laughing) Oh, gosh! Yea. Oh, one thing that I always wondered. Was there ever a special day the women did baking? Or did they just sort of bake automatically every day?

M.S.: Saturdays, to get ready for Sundays, didn't you?

B.S.: Yea, that's the way we use to do it. We use, you made your own bread didn't you?

M.S.: Oh, yes. My husband run a sawmill and I had to bake bread for dinner and take to him most of the week, baked pies.

D.S.: Uhhuh. But you did it on Saturdays?

B.S.: Mostly on Saturdays, ~~would~~th have it over Sundays. We had a lot of company when we lived up on the mountain.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: Lots of company.

D.S.: Yea. People did a lot of visiting, didn't they? And, there weren't phones, so you would just walk to their houses, right?

B.S.: Un-invited or anything. You didn't have to be invited.
(Laughing)

D.S.: (Laughing) I think that was a wonderful way of life, it really was. When? What? When, say when a woman was going to have a baby, did you call Dr. Ross, or did you use a midwife?

M.S.: Midwife.

D.S.: A midwife?

B.S.: How many children of yours was born in the hospital?

M.S.: None of them.

B.S.: ~~She~~ had ten.

D.S.: And you had a midwife?

M.S.: Had a doctor and had a midwife, too. She washed and dressed the baby.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh. How many was in your family?

B.S.: Just, well, Mommy had six children, but two of them died, you know, before.. Well, the one, next to the oldest, he died, I didn't see him, and the one next to me died. So, it's four of us living.

D.S.: What happened to them?

B.S.: I think the baby had pneumonia, and my brother, he was fourteen, he had sugar diabetes. .

D.S.: (Shuu)

B.S.: And back then they didn't have, you know, things, they did not know ^{as much} about sugar diabetes as they do now, and that's what killed him..

D.S.: Yea. Oh, gosh!

C.S.: Yes, do you know who that is? That man and woman sitting on the bench? Man and woman there. (Showing pictures)

D.S.: There? Who is it?

C.S.: Look, see if you don't know?

M.S.: Looks like me.

D.S.: Oh, yes.

M.S.: That's the day we were married.

D.S.: Hey, what a good looking guy, too. How did you get him? (Laughing)

M.S.: It wasn't no trouble.

D.S.: Was he a neighbor?

M.S.: No, we didn't get acquainted with one another until he was in his twenties.

D.S.: Oh. Uhhuh. So, where did you meet him?

M.S.: Oh, we all lived around close to *Kimball* and we went to Sunday School when he was small and I was small, of course, we didn't play together or nothing like that. We just went to the same Sunday School.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Oh, great.

B.S.: Tell us how you met him. Though how, I heard you tell how you seen each other and of course, you taking a liking to each other right away. But, it seemed like he knew you was the one for him and you thought he was the one for you.

M.S.: Well, I heard he had pneumonia, and deed that run over me. We wasn't acquainted with one another. That run over me same as if they had said my mother was sick. I...

D.S.: Yea.

M.S.: So then, when ~~Haskell~~ was still going with me, he passed by where Haskell lived and he said, Well, that's my girl, I am going to drag her out of that car. I wasn't no car, it was. That was mine. We didn't have no cars then, it was a buggy and horse.

D.S.: Yea. Yes.

C.S.:

M.S.: But then Haskell, I was telling you had pneumonia, and after he got over the pneumonia, I let him come over where I lived. And Mother done the talking to him. I didn't think I had said two words to him.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: That's the first place he come anyway. Why he come, I think, Mommy sent me over to see his mother when he was sick, with milk and some other stuff, you know. And, he told me afterward, his mother said I was the one had brought it. He wanted to come to see me then, I guess.

D.S.: Yea.

M.S.: So, when he left, he was more of my Mother's boy friend than he was mine. She told him to come back.

D.S.: (Laughing) And he did.

M.S.: He came back.

D.S.: What sort of wedding did you have? A simple one?

M.S.: No, — we went to Hagerstown to get married.

D.S.: Everybody went to Hagerstown to get married!

M.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Why?

M.S.: I don't know why. I felt like I had

C.S.: Most of them went to Hagerstown, I think, because they were married before they were old enough to get married.

M.S.: I wasn't, I was twenty-two.

C.S.: Some of them were.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: You have to be a certain age to get married here.

D.S.: Oh! You know it has been surprising how many people, I heard, went to Hagerstown. Did you go to Hagerstown?

V.C.: No.

D.S.: No. Did you Beulah?

B.S.: No, we were married there in Winchester.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: It has gone as far as it went.

(Mr. Sirbaugh is talking about his tape, they are also recording this interview)

B.S.: I have to run it back.

D.S.: No, you shouldn't if you turn it over.

C.S.: Turn it over on the back. Turn it over run it on the back, huh.

D.S.: Mrs. Sirbaugh, do you recall any particular herb that your Mother used or you used like... What was done for a bad cold?

M.S.: Horehound was recommended for a bad cold.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: Make it into a tea, but it was bitter.

D.S.: Yea.

M.S.: Catnip tea, made that and give it to the babies to make them sleep.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: Horehound, boiled that and then put sugar in that and make candy out that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: Don't know if I would know any of thatststuff now.

D.S.: Did you ever use that beautiful concoction of turpentine and sugar?

M.S.: No.

D.S.: (Laughing) You didn't?

M.S.: Don't think so.

D.S.: You did, didn't you?

V.C.: Yes, boy.

D.S.: You did, didn't you Beulah?

B.S.: Yes indeed.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: That was good medicine.

D.S.: Did it really work?

C.S.:

B.S.: It really did.

D.S.: Sound unbelievable that it would really work, sounds as if everyone was trying to commit suicide. (Laughing)

B.S.: Deed that was good. I went down to my Grandmother's one day and oh, I had such a bad cold, It was just starting,

and all I could do was wipe my nose. And Aunt Rita taken turpentine for, ~~now~~ she put this in water, taken a tea-spoon and drop turpentine in that and give it to me, and it helped in a little while. And Mommy use to put it in castor oil, little turpentine in castor oil.

M.S.: In castor oil?

V.C.: Drop it on sugar.

B.S.: Drop it on sugar, it was good medicine. They claim that it is dangerous now.

D.S.: (Laughed)

B.S.: *Like to get some.*

V.C.: But it worked.

M.S.: I give my children it with sugar for worms, killed the worms.

D.S.: Sugar and what?

M.S.: Sugar and turpentine.

D.S.: For worms?

M.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea. I would think it would. (Laughing) It would kill me, so it would kill the worms.

M.S.: Wouldn't have to take but five or six drops at a time.

D.S.: Yes. How about poultices? Did you make them out of onions and cornmeal?

B.S.: No, I don't remember that. Mommy would, what was that old stuff she would grind up? It was hot, it would burn you up. Mustard plaster, she would call it.

M.S.: Mustard plaster is what *Melie* put on my wrist when I had those sick headache spells. It ~~was~~ sick, too, burn too, enough to turn a red.

v D.S.: WOW!

D.S.: Wow! She grind up the mustard plant?

B.S.: Yea. What was it....? Mustard seeds?

M.S.: That was real mustard you buy at the store your *mother*
used for me.

V.C.: Mustard seeds.

B.S.: Mommy had a coffee mill she put that in there, I don't
know how she would fix it, but she spread it over this
rag and put it on you. Why, it would burn a blister if
you didn't put a cloth next to you. It would really
get hot.

D.S.: Sure. I think she mixed it with lard, didn't she?

B.S.: Yes, I think so.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh, yea. Did it work?

B.S.: Oh!

D.S.: You was so glad to get it off, you didn't *know* ~~tell~~. (Laughing)
Were there many colds?

B.S.: Not too many, I don't think.

D.S.: I think *being* ~~staying~~ out of doors the way all of you did, much
as you all did.

B.S.: Open houses, never a tight house like we have now. You
lay in the bed and feel the snow blowing in.

(All Laughing)

D.S.: Yea.

V.C.: People wasn't never as sick then.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: You very seldom had to go to the doctor for anything.

D.S.: Yea. Well, that is because you *were* ~~was~~ living a good healthy,
out of door life, eating good nourishing food.

B.S.: Good solid food.

D.S.: Yea. Not like the bread you buy now, the bread was all your own grain.

C.S.: People didn't have the money to pay him to visit them.

D.S.: Dr. Ross didn't seem to be that fussy about being paid. Was he?

B.S.: No, and Dr. Walf, old doctor at Shenandoah, he would go ^{whether} weather he got paid for it or not. I bet people died that owed him a plenty.

D.S.: Oh!

B.S.: He, my sister, when one of her children was born, they had a midwife with her, and she was just about gone, my sister. Mommy said she knew she was dying. And Mommy was there and she told Bertie, ~~one of the other sisters~~ ^{my sister's husband}, you go get Dr. Walf as quick as you can, Hattie isn't going to last long. And, as it would happen Dr. Walf was at Stanley and Bertie got him on a horse and taken him up there as quick as she could. And he said, Bertie if he hadn't gotten there as quick as I did she would have been dead.

D.S.: Oh, my gosh! Was it a breach birth?

D.S.: I don't know. I think the birth was alright, they couldn't get the after-birth, was what it was. And my Mommy said Hattie's eyes had done rolled back in her head. She knew she was about gone. And Dr. Walf told her, said if I hadn't been where I was, she would have been gone before he could had gotten from Shenandoah that night.

D.S.: Wow, we! Ah, I suppose I shouldn't ask this, but I just happened to think. Was there any doctors called in if there was a gun shot wound?

B.S.: I guess. (Laughed) I don't reckon.

D.S.: (Laughing)

B.S.: I guess there was a doctor called for that Gray that was shot and beat up there on the mountain.

V.C.: That was Frank Cabbage, they called him Frank Cabbage, it happened so long ago. I think that's what they called him.

B.S.: I imagine it was.

V.C.: I imagine for something like that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

V.C.: Never heard tell of nobody getting shot.

B.S.: No, never up there.

D.S.: Good, that's what I want you to say. (Laughing) Because you know how people are always talking about mountain people?

B.S.: I know it. No, you hardly ever heard of anything happened like that back then.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: I remember one time, I was just well, I was about fourteen when he died, Papa was still living. This man came to our house, he just come up through the field, you know. And Papa was out at the wood pile splitting wood, and a nice looking man, a young man, come up there and he got a talking and he asked if he could stay all night. Well, back then them people would never turn nobody away.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: I don't care what. If they were, what did they call them? Tramps.

V.C.: Uhhuh, tramps.

B.S.: They would come around, people back then would never turn nobody away, they would let them come in and give them something to eat and give them a place to sleep. And Papa brought him in and sit there and told what he had done. He said, I have killed a man and he had been in prison. But he had broke out and he was escaping, you know. And he said, if you all would want to, if you get to a phone and call. I reckoned there was a reward on him the way he talked. Well, we wouldn't have done nothing for nothing. Now, there was a phone up there at the mission then. He stayed two or three days, and he got afraid. And he told Papa, my mother ~~was~~^{is} wealthy, he was from Massachusetts, I never will forget it. And he said, my mother is wealthy and, he said, I never lacked for nothing, but I just got to drinking, and he said I fell out with this man and he said, I shot him. Now he was as sorry for it as he could be, he done it, you know, while he was drunk. And so, when he left, he told Papa, he said, If I get back to my mother's, you'll never regret it, what you done for me. We never did hear no more from him.

D.S.: Oh!

B.S.: He must not ever made it back. But he was nice. *man*

V.C.: They got him before he got back home, I bet.

B.S.: ~~Said his mother was~~ well to do, said I didn't lack for a thing.

D.S.: Oh, isn't that ashame.

B.S.: Yes indeed. But, when he left he went on down where lives, and he went on down, and I can see him going down through there yet. And we never heard tell of him anymore.

D.S.: He should have stuck to the mountains going home.

B.S.: Yes.

D.S.: Rather than going down

B.S.: I don't know what happened to him. But, we never heard no more about him. His name was Robert Keys, now that was the name he give us. But, back then we didn't have a radio, you didn't hear news and all like you do now.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: But we never hear ^{whether} ~~weather~~ he got killed or weather they caught him or what ever happened to him. But, deed we liked him and we done for him and waited on him.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: But he said, maybe we would have got a reward if we turned him in, but we wouldn't have done that for nothing.

D.S.: No, no. That was one thing about the mountain people, ah, maybe you can varify this. Ah....., I've heard that if somebody done something wrong and went to jail for it, when they came back there was no ^{aint} ~~hate~~ for them what so ever, and they felt you served your punishment and they were accepted right back into the community. Was that right? In other words, ah, you sort of had your own rules. They were good rules, ones that you all could live with, right? And live with one another with. Yea.

B.S.: If anybody got into any trouble, I mean in a hard place, you know, like they got sick or weren't able to do. Well, the neighbors would go help them, you know. We had corn shuckings, people would come in and help us shuck corn.

And we would go help people in their fields, and they would help one another.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: But now everybody is for themselves, they don't care about nobody else.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: But up our way everybody worked together and helped each other.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: And they had a good time and ^{they} enjoy doing it.

D.S.: And it wasn't because y'all was kin to each other?

B.S.: No, indeed. Just brotherly love, I reckon.

D.S.: That's right, yea. There wasn't that much, ah.., of marrying between cousins, were there? Or was there a good deal of it?

B.S.: There was right much of it, yea.

D.S.: Yea, uhhuh. It didn't bother people though, did it?

B.S.: No.

D.S.: It was to suppose to make idiots of people and I don't think so.....

C.S.: Close kin, you didn't know what relation you was up there.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: Double, triple, first cousins; some of them. You didn't know what relation some of them were to you. What they were.

B.S.: Your own Grandpa. (Laughing)

D.S.: Yea. (Laughing)

C.S.: I know a feller to tell me that he was his own Grandpa. He figured out and he told me the way he figured it, he must have been. Turned out to be his own Grandpa.

D.S.: How did he work that?

C.S.: I don't know.

D.S.: (Laughing) Let's see. If he married, how would he do it?

M.S.: I don't know. I don't think he did either.

C.S.: The way he told it, it was true.

D.S.: But you know, it seemed to me it wasn't anymore, ah..., mentally or physically disable among the mountain people than they were, there are ⁱⁿ normal society.

B.S.: No, there's not.

D.S.: No.

B.S.: In fact, they seemed like, up there they had more, some of them had more common sense than the people have with a education.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

B.S.: Because up there if you get as much as a fifth grade education, well, you was further ahead than people, you know, that really graduate now.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

B.S.: Because they had common sense, you know, to go with it.

D.S.: Sure, and you were really taught.

B.S.: Yea. Didn't you help teach school, Mrs. Sirbaugh?

M.S.: Yea. I finished up, *teaching*.

B.S.: And how far did you go in school when you went?

M.S.: Oh, I reckon the sixth grade. They called grades then by the readers we had. I think I went as far as the sixth reader.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: Old Mr. Oats come down there at my Mother's house, and asked me if I couldn't finish. I said, I can't finish that school. He said, yes you can, I'll help you. And Beulah, you know *Beulah's* Mother's, last Sunday a week, her father was the one. *(But I managed, somehow.)*

D.S.: Was it a one room school house?

M.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Uhhuh. So you would take care of all six grades while you was teaching?

M.S.: Well, I don't remember, know how many was there, but they.... Parents, each one

C.S.: It was one teacher there, wasn't it? In all the school house.

M.S.: The county didn't pay me, the parents paid me.

C.S.: I said it wasn't but one teacher in the whole school house, was it?

M.S.: That's all.

D.S.: Yea.

C.S.: You had to take care of all six grades, then didn't you?

D.S.: Right. How about discipline, was it hard to discipline the children?

B.S.: They listened to you then, didn't they?

M.S.: Yea.

D.S.: I imagine. Now wait, I don't want to put words in your mouth. Ah..., what was the discipline like with your parents?

B.S.: Strict!

D.S.: (Laughing) How about yours?

V.C.: Same way.

D.S.: Did you ever dare say, I wouldn't do that?

B.S.: No. You'd wind up back in a corner someplace.

M.S.: You better not say that.

D.S.: Uhhuh. What if you didn't feel like doing it?

B.S.: (Laughing) You did it anyway.

D.S.: (Laughing)

V.C.: You had to. You did it anyway, that's right.

D.S.: Yea. So, you all were given special chores. This is your duty and this is yours. Now, what if one of your sisters or brothers was sick, did you have to double up and do theirs?

C.S.: Yes.

D.S.: And still walk all those miles to school.

B.S.: Straight up the hill, I did. Almost straight up the hill.

D.S.: What school did you attend?

B.S.: Thereon Tanners Ridge. That, you know where the mission, the church is?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: Well, there was a school house just beyond that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: And there where I went to school at. There was a old school house there.

D.S.: What was your teacher's name?

B.S.: Hale, Kate, Katy Hale, and of course, I had Alice Hilliards, she still lives there at Stanley. She taught up there awhile, and there was a Moss woman and a Price.

C.S.:

B.S.: Alice Hilliard?.....

C.S.: I didn't know she ever taught up there, I thought it was a Nauman?

B.S.: Well, she taught some, but Miss Hilliard is the one I went to.

D.S.: Did you go to the same school, Vallie?

V.C.: No.

D.S.: Where was yours?

V.C.: Went over to what you call the Lam's school ^{house} there.

Do you know where Harold took you to, up in Jolliett Holler?

D.S.: Yea.

V.C.: Well, it was all; you keep on going, it would take you as fer as you could get.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

V.C.: Well, it was about two miles from there on up.

D.S.: Oh, yes.

V.C.: And the school what they called the Lam school.

D.S.: Well, how far away was that from your house?

V.C.: About three miles, I had to walk.

B.S.: Now, I never did have to walk that far, it wasn't that far.

V.C.: They said it was about three miles.

D.S.: ~~Yea~~, was there a path?

V.C.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: That's right. You said there was quite a number of you that went together.

V.C.: Yea.

D.S.: Uhhuh. So, that made it more fun didn't it?

V.C.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: Sure. Did you walk all alone?

B.S.: No. It was all, I reckon five or six of us.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Your homes were about how far apart? Now, like your nearest neighbor was how far away?

Side II

D.S.: So your home was about two or three miles away from the nearest house?

B.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: How far away was yours?

V.C.: I imagine ours was too.

D.S.: That's a good distance apart, isn't it?

V.C.: Yes.

D.S.: And yet y'all visited as though it was nothing.

B.S.: Yes. We'd go out at night and take an old lantern with us.

D.S.: Uhhuh. You said you never did any dancing until you met your husband? Didn't you say that?

B.S.: One time, I think. I thought I was slipping off from Mommy. She didn't let me go to nothing like that.

D.S.: Oh!

B.S.: So, my aunt was a going and I though so.. She asked me to go, you know. So, I pretended I was going over to Aunt Tressie. I didn't think Mommy knew, you know, where I was going, but she knew all the time, but she didn't let me know. (All Laughed) So, my Aunt Tressie's girl, and she come in and, I was getting ready like I was going over there. Thelma said, Beulah, Mommy said if you are going with her to the dance hurry up and come on over. I thought, Oh!

D.S.: Oh!

B.S.: I thought that would fix me right there. Mommy said, I'm going to let you go this time, but I never want you to go again...(Laughing)

D.S.: (Laughing)

B.S.: So, she let me go, but it was miracle that she ever let me.

D.S.: Oh gosh!

B.S.: She wouldn't let me go to nothing like that.

D.S.: What, it was considered frivolous, was that it, or what?

B.S.: Well, I don't know. They wouldn't hardly let you go to nothing. They called it of the world, you know, and they was the kind that lived for the Lord. And, they thought it was such a sin, you know, to do things like that. But I went and I really had a good time. The boy I was dancing with drüg me through because I didn't know one step. I never seen anybody square dance.

D.S.: Oh.

B.S.: And I told ^{him} he asked me if I knew how to dance, and I said, no indeed. He said, I'll show you how. And he drugged me through. (Laughing)

D.S.: (Laughing)

B.S.: But, I did have a good time, but

D.S.: Sure.

B.S.: The boy that I went, I was going with was Howard, at the time. Howard Lam, the one that taken you up in there, he had taken me to the dance.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: And the boy I had been going with before, when we got there, he said, you are going to dance with me, and that is when I told him, I wasn't, I don't know how to dance. And when they got ready to dance, well, he just jerked me right up and taken me right on in there and danced with me. So, of course, Howard knew that I didn't have nothing to do with that at all, I couldn't help myself. But, I would rather be with the one I was with than the one I was dancing with. (Laughing)

D.S.: Ah, (Laughing) rather than Howard?

B.S.: We danced awhile and he said, now, I'm going to take you home. I said, no, you're not, I'm going back with the one, you know, I'd come with. So, when we started and got down the road a piece, the one I had danced with had aimed to throw a rock and hit this guy I was with on the head, I reckon. (Laughing) And somebody grabbed his arm. But see, I didn't know anything about this. So I stayed with my Grandpap that day, that night. And Howard and Arvie was standing on the porch, ~~so~~^{and} my uncle had come, he had been playing a fiddle for the dance. And when he come he said, Howard, did you have any words with anybody over there? Well, he said, no, I didn't have no words with nobody. He said, well, you better watch when you pass the ~~bridge~~^{ford}, he called it, the creek. He said, you better watch, it's a couple guys waiting for you. (Laughing) Well, that scared me to death, and I was so afraid Mommy would find that out.

D.S.: Sure.

B.S.: I thought, boy, that will cook my goose. (Laughing)

D.S.: (Laughing)

B.S.: But, as it happened, when he went back down there his brother and his cousin was waiting there for him. ^{Too'} But they had come there to beat him up, that's just how mean he was.

D.S.: Uhhuh. So, you did pick the wrong guy to dance with. (Laughing)

B.S.: O H!

D.S.: Who was it, do you know?

B.S.: Albert Lam, the one that I danced with and it was Howard I had went over there with.

D.S.: Yea, uhhuh.

B.S.: See, that what was going on and I wouldn't have known it unless Uncle Roy hadn't told me. I would have never known anything was wrong and then I had heard after that, that Tessie, you know, Tessie Lam said Albert had picked up a rock. I don't know how big it was. Well, it could have hit me just as good as it could have hit him.

D.S.: Sure.

B.S.: Said, she grabbed his arm and wouldn't let him throw it.

D.S.: Where was this dance held, in a house?

B.S.: In Weaver Hollow, yea.

D.S.: In a home?

B.S.: You know where Howard taken you, up in Weaver Hollow?

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: Well, did he take you all the way up in there as far as you can go? Well, just before you got to where you couldn't go any farther, you know the road that leads off to the right, up again the mountain? Up there in a home, they moved everything out of the kitchen.....

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.:and there's where they danced.

C.S.:

B.S.: Verdie Lam. That was the first and I reckon, last square dance that I ever was at.

D.S.: How about you, Vallie. Did you do much dancing?

V.C.: No.

D.S.: No. Why?

V.C.: They wouldn't let you go.

D.S.: (Laughing)

V.C.: I hadn't danced.

D.S.: (Laughing) I think this is terrible, there's no harm in dancing.

V.C.: I snuck off a couple of times and went.

M.S.: Oh, you did that?

D.S.: Uhhuh. How did you sneak off and go? Did you have a fortunate Grandmother, too?

V.C.: Yes. I was going to my Grandmother's and stayed until after the dance. And scared to death to go back home, afraid they be found it out and get me when I get back.

D.S.: Mmmm. Yea. Did you have any special boy you went with?

V.C.: No, not then.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

V.C.: I'm like her, they would drag me around through there.
(All Laughing)

D.S.: You two are cousins, right?

B.S.: Uhhuh.

V.C.: Yea.

D.S.: Through what branch? Through the Jenkins?

V.C.: No.

B.S.: Through the Thomas'.

D.S.: Thomas'.

B.S.: Her daddy and my daddy was brothers.

D.S.: Ah, then how did the Jenkins come into this?

B.S.: Her mother was a Jenkins.

V.C.: My mother, yes.

D.S.: Your mother was a Jenkins. That's how Neil Woodward?

V.C.: Yea.

D.S.: Neil Woodward was a Jenkins, right?

V.C.: Uhhuh. Right.

D.S.: Ok. I think I got that streight. (Laughing) And now, Mrs. Anderson is related in what way, through the Jenkins?

V.C.: I don't know how that is?

D.S.: Do you know, Mettie?

V.C.: She always said she was a cousin of Mommy, but now, how I don't know.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea. Wasn't it you that was saying that your grandmother's picture looks as though she was an Indian?

V.C.: Yes.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: If you don't soon say soemthing, she is going to sleep.

M.S.: What?

D.S.: You're not going to go to sleep, Mrs. Sirbaugh, are you?

M.S.: No, I enjoying

D.S.: Aren't you enjoying this?

M.S.: I'm enjoying the talking.

D.S.: I think it is fun.

C.S.: I thought they come up here for you to do all the talking?

D.S.: (Laughing) But, we find ourselves as usually. Now, I think that Indian is a fascinating aspect, because....., I'm trying to figure out..... There were not many *left* Indians in Page Valley. In fact there were none when, at the time the white man came through. So, they must have gone up in the mountains.

V.C.: They would have to, I imagine.

D.S.: Yea. Did you have any? You, ah.., I know you said the home you grew up in was in the Indians time, but did you have any Indian blood in you?

M.S.: No.

D.S.: No?

C.S.: Use to find plenty of darts, is that what you call them?

D.S.: Indians heads, arrow heads?

C.S.: White tips.

M.S.: Arrow heads or Indian darts.

C.S.: That....

M.S.: Did that pop out on you?

B.S.: Yes.

C.S.: Flat on one and pointed on that end and ... , like a V.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: Use to call it a arrow head.

D.S.: Yes, arrow heads.

C.S.: Use to find plenty of them on the Nelson place.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: There on the Nelson place, that is where my mother lived.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.

C.S.: In the night when the moon was shinning, you could see things sparkling, I don't know what they was.

M.S.: Looked like diamonds. But, my step-daddy had them sent away, said they wasn't.

C.S.: Sent so many of them, they probably didn't know what they were. Huh.

D.S.: Well, must have been something in the rock, some kind of mineral in the rock. Yea. Ah,... about..... Did your

family grow corn, and take it to the mill?

M.S.: Yea. Taken it to the mill, had it grind into cornmeal.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you pay the miller, or did he take a certain portion for himself, ~~for~~ ^{without} payment; without any money?

M.S.: I pay the miller myself.

D.S.: Uhhuh. But you all paid. You didn't pay the miller, he ~~take~~ ^{would} ten percent.

B.S.:

D.S.: Uhhuh. The same with the wheat?

M.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Did you ever flail wheat?

M.S.: No.

D.S.: No?

B.S.: No, we didn't.

C.S.: We flailed beans.

D.S.: You did what?

C.S.: Flailed beans. Put them in a sack, is that what you mean? And beat them?

D.S.: Yea.

M.S.: Well, that was a two piece stick, wasn't it?

C.S.: Then when we poured them out, it had to be a windy day. Had a big wash tub and pour them down in that and hulls would ~~fly~~ ^{blow} away and beans would go on down in the tub.

D.S.: This was after they dried, right?

C.S.: Yea.

M.S.: You helped me dot that, I reckon, up at that Nelson's place, didn't you? ^{called soy bean}
that is where I got dirt in my eye, I had a soar eye for about six weeks.

D.S.: Oooh, but that sure beat peeling them all and breaking them up. Did you do it that way?

B.S.: Yea. We put them in a sack, you know, and beat them. But we never did raise wheat up there, we did beans like that, but never wheat.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.

B.S.: We had to go to the store and buy flour, you know. We never raised wheat.

D.S.: Oh?

V.C.: We never did raise wheat.

D.S.: You didn't?

V.C.: Huh-un.

D.S.: I should think it would have been cheaper to raise it than to buy it.

B.S.: No, I don't know ^{whether} ~~weather~~ wheat would grow up there or not. Nobody tried to raise wheat.

V.C.: I've don't know of anybody.

B.S.: Now they did rye. They had rye and stuff like that for feed for the cattle and horses.

V.C.: I never knew ^{of wheat}

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: Camera?

D.S.: (Laughing) We are going to play the camera bit again, aren't we? (Laughing) Oh gosh. Well, the church you went to, did you both go to the same church?

V.C.: No.

B.S.: No.

D.S.: Which one did you go to?

B.S.: Well, went to the Episcopal some, that was up there, it wasn't no church then, like I say, where the church is now,

on Tanners Ridge. They had the services in the old school house.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: And-a, then later on there was a Pentecostal preacher come in up in Weaver Hollow. Up in there where Howard showed you. You probably seen the little white church on the bank.

D.S.: Yes.

B.S.: We went down in there, and that was I expect, deed, I expect that was six, or eight, or ten miles from where we lived down in there to that.

V.C.: I imagine it was.

B.S.: We would walk down in there of the night and back and think nothing of it.

D.S.: Oh, good heavens!

B.S.: We went down there awhile and you know where Dark Hollow is?

D.S.: Yes.

B.S.: We would walk ^{down} way down below this church, now on Tanners Ridge, clear down in Dark Hollow and back home. Get up the next morning and go pick berries, or beans, or something.

D.S.: Ah, which church did you go to?

V.C.: I walked down in Weaver Hollow.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yes. Nobody went over to Deconess Hutton's church?

B.S.: No, I never did.

V.C.: Yes, I have been there.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

V.C.: Yes, I have been to the one in Pine Grove. I been up there.

D.S.: She is a wonderful woman, isn't she?

V.C.: Yes, she is.

D.S.: Absolutely beautiful.

B.S.: Well, Vallie, didn't you use to go to church down there what they called the Lam's school house? Didn't they have services down there?

V.C.: Yes, but ^{seemed like} it was more singing I went to down there, instead of services. They get there to sing, but I don't remember going there to a service.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How much land did your family owned?

M.S.: None.

D.S.: Oh! (Laughing) Ok.

B.S.: We lived on a farmer's, you know, farm up on the mountain. He lived down in, well, just below my house down in there.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: Of course, he'd bring sheep and cattle up there and we would take care of them for him.

D.S.: Oh, I see.

B.S.: Of course, he would give us a house to live in.

D.S.: And did he pay?

B.S.: Yea, that's how we would, Papa had money to buy our shoes, and clothes, and things.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: Of course, he would furnish us a cow, we never owned a cow.

D.S.: Oh.

B.S.: He would furnish us a cow and we had our own hogs.

D.S.: Yea. What was your maiden name?

B.S.: Thomas.

D.S.: That's right. I thought I had it streight and got it

mixed up again. (Laughing) How much land did your family own?

V.C.: Didn't have any.

D.S.: Yours the same way? You know, that was real nice, you was able to live up there.

V.C.: Take care of the cattle and sheep and you didn't have to pay rent. Only taking care of the things, he furnished you a cow to milk.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

C.S.: Talking about Deconess Hutton, she ever tell you about her dying one time?

D.S.: Her What?

C.S.: Did she ever tell you she died?

D.S.: No! I know she been mighty sick various times.

C.S.:

D.S.: How?

C.S.: Did she tell you about it?

D.S.: No.

C.S.: She...

M.S.: Clarence, your voice is mighty weak, I can't hear you.

C.S.: She was over there in the hospital, over in Charlottesville, and *put a machine on her* I don't know, the doctors started her heart beating again.

D.S.: Huh! How long ago was this?

C.S.: I don't know, been quite awhile back.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.

B.S.: But she said she saw enough while she was out, she was dead as far as the doctors could tell. But, she seen, she knows that there is a here-after.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: Seen enough to know that there is a here-after. Did she say, she seen such a beautiful place? A beautiful place?

C.S.: Don't *remember* she said, she seen enough to know there is a here-after.

D.S.: Huh. There would bound to be for her. That is a most wonderful woman. So remarkable. Do you know Deconess Hutton at all, Mrs. Sirbaugh?

M.S.: What did you say?

D.S.: Did you know Deconess Hutton at all?

M.S.: Huh-un, no.

D.S.: She is a woman, who ~~that~~ had polio when she was five years old, and then she, ah.., ~~she was~~ determined she was going to be deconess in the mountains. She got to be Deconess in the mountains by using crutches. Then she then fell down and broke both of her hips, she had to have a pin in both of her hips. So, now she gets around in a wheel chair. She had a heart attack and when you talk to that woman, you don't-know-that-there is one thing wrong with her.

M.S.: How old is she?

D.S.: Eighty some.

M.S.: You know my age?

D.S.: No.

M.S.: Ninty-two last February.

D.S.: No!

M.S.: Ninty-two years eight months old now, I guess.

D.S.: Good grief! That's wonderful. That is marvelous.

M.S.: Not to brag, I never been in a hospital only to visit sick people.

D.S.: Uhhuh, gosh.

M.S.: We ain't got no doctors now.

D.S.: (Laughing) You don't need one. Oh, that is simply marvelous.

B.S.: Tell her what your remedy is that you use to put on your leg.

M.S.: Alcohol and, and...

B.S.: Camphor.

M.S.: and camphor. This is camphor that you chip up, camphor.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: Anacins, aspirins, twelve aspirins in a bottle of alcohol, and some camphor.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And you rub that on your leg? And it works?

M.S.: It makes them quite hurting, any how. (Laughing)

D.S.: That's marvelous. Where did you get the ideal?

M.S.: I don't know. Somebody told me long, long time ago tha that was what they used.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: So, when I was out with my daughter in Arizona, why she told, she worked at the pharmacy. And people come in there and she told them what I used. Well, so in no time they was using the same thing I was and coming back the second time getting more.

D.S.: Gee, that's great. Now is it rheumatism you got?

M.S.: I don't know, the doctor never told me. (Laughing)

D.S.: (Laughing) Oh gosh! This has been wonderful. Can you think of anything that I have not mentioned?

B.S.: Tell her how many children you got and where they are.

D.S.: Where are all your children?

M.S.: Well, one boy is in California, one's in Arizona....

C.S.: Name them as you come, start over.

M.S.: Well, Ross lives at Berryville, Clarence at Stanley,
Floyd at Cambridge, Roy at Winchester, Buck in California...

B.S.: Dorothy in Elkins

M.S.: Dorothy in Balitmore, Elsie in Baltimore, and Mary in
Arizona, Johnny and Floyd both lives in Cambridge.

B.S.: Jimmy.

C.S.: Jimmy.

M.S.: Jimmy, he lives in....

C.S.: Petersburg.

M.S.: He's in Petersburg, Virginia.

D.S.: Boy, you have a job keeping up with all of them, don't
you?

M.S.: Well, I visited them all ^{at} one time.

D.S.: Yea. How many grandchildren have you got?

M.S.: Well, I got ten children and only twelve grandchildren,
so, that don't sound reasonable, does it?

D.S.: Nope. Somebody's not doing a job.

(All Laughing)

D.S.: Do you have any great-grandchildren?

M.S.: Yes, got five.

D.S.: Five, oh nice. That's wonderful. Now you have to wait
for them to grow up.

M.S.: I don't know about that.

D.S.: Oh, yes. I think you will. Something tells me you will.

M.S.: Well, I been mighty lucky. All my children, but one boy
down in Baltimore, he has got cancer of the lung.

D.S.: uhhuh.

M.S.: Show her his picture there, Beulah. That was taken when he was in service.

D.S.: Oh, what a good looking boy. Gee! Oh, he is so nice looking.

B.S.: There is her and her husband.

D.S.: Oh.

B.S.: It had been ^{dead} how many years?

M.S.: Fifty years, we had been married fifty years when that was taken.

D.S.: Really!

B.S.: That little one there.

M.S.: You seen that one, that was taken the day we were married.

D.S.: Yea. You know that boy looks like your husband, doesn't he?

M.S.: You think so?

D.S.: Yea, uhhuh.

C.S.: Get some picture and show her some with us all together in it.

B.S.: That would take all day to look at them.

C.S.: Just a few of them.

M.S.: There is some right there, but they were taken way back.

D.S.: How did you, or did you make applebutter?

M.S.: Cut apples and had a great big kettle, outside, and stir it.

D.S.: Did you use two people, one on each side of the?

M.S.: To hold the kettle up? (Laughing)

D.S.: To do the stirring, or just use.....?

M.S.: No, just one person.

D.S.: Just one person. That's the way they did it at the County Heritage, just one person. And yet, I always heard it was one on each side. Ah, you know, you sort-of walk around this way.

M.S.: Must been a large kettle. All the applebutter we made was made in a round kettle.

D.S.: Yes, a round kettle, and a feller on one end and a girl on the other end of the paddle. And, just walked around and around and kept stirring.

B.S.: No, I never seen nothing like that, we always stirred back and forth, back and forth.

C.S.: Unless they had a big kettle.

D.S.: Did you do it at night or in the daytime?

M.S.: No, in the daytime.

D.S.: And you didn't make a party of it?

M.S.: Some times the neighbor come in and helped cut the apples.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: When you was courting, though you ever go to a butter boiling at night?

M.S.: Mo, mama. Never went to a dance in my life. You was talking about dances, I have never been to a dance before in my life. Never had a cigarette in my mouth.

D.S.: (Laughed)

B.S.: Ain't many can say that.

D.S.: That's right. What was the one apple butter boiling you went to at night?

B.S.: Well, that was at my cousin's, and Howard was with me that night.

D.S.: Oh.

B.S.: And, (Laughing) he was taking the mumps, and didn't know it. He was so sick he could hardly stand it. We didn't know he had a ~~chance~~^{problem} for them. But he really got bad off after that.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: That was the first and last that I ever went at night. Mommy never would let me go to none, so.

D.S.: Didn't they play music?

B.S.: No, not then.

D.S.: They didn't?

B.S.: But at this same place where they had the butter boiling, they would have a music playing some time.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: We went when they played music, but we didn't dance.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Some of the people used to have a real wonderful time, they would get together. They would, of course, have all the apples peeled and cor~~ed~~ and everything, and then they would get together and have the music, and do dancing, and they would eat. They even had a few drinks.

B.S.: Yea.

D.S.: You know, they would make a real party out of it.

B.S.: I've heard of it, but I never.....

M.S.: That's the way with me, I heard of it, but I never was at anything like that.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: But when they made applebutter, that was when I was keeping house, We aimed to get it on early in the morning so it would get done before night.

D.S.: Whhuh. You know, that must have been pretty laborious doing that stirring.

B.S.: Oh, it was fun. When you was that young, like that, you didn't mind it. You know, they changed.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: Had difference ones to do it.

C.S.:

M.S.: That was Haskell's job. I said that was generally my husband's job to stir it. I was fixing the crocks and getting everything ready to put the applebutter in.

D.S.: Yea.

M.S.:

D.S.: How would you cover the applebutter after it was made?

M.S.: Dip it out in jars.

D.S.: Yea, but cover it with what?

M.S.: Well, we let it set until it got cold, then taken paper and tied it up.

C.S.: Rubber bands, like intertubes.

M.S.: Didn't have rubber bands then, took twine string and tied it.

C.S.: As well as I remember, you took a intertube and cut it that wide, you know, take put a piece of paper down over the jar and put this intertube down over it.

M.S.: Well, so much has happened in my time, I don't remember doing that. I used a string.

C.S.: That wasn't before your time. Take string and cut it.

B.S.: You would mostly put it in milk pots and

M.S.: Uhhuh, and gallon jars.

B.S.: and put that paper over it and tie it.

C.S.: Well, the same thing, only ...

D.S.: Yes, that was to keep the flies out, because it was preserved already, wasn't it, by the time it was made?

B.S.: Yes, you hardly ever had ~~it to~~ mold then.

D.S.: No, did they use a lot of spices in it?

M.S.: Well, what did I use Clarence? Cinnamon, I used oil of cinnamon was what I always seasoned my applebutter with.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.S.: Then, I have seasoned it with vanilla, but it takes a whole lot of vanilla to season a whole kettle of applebutter.

D.S.: Sure. Yea.

B.S.: Boy, I don't like vanilla in applebutter.

V.C.: I don't neither.

D.S.: I don't think I ever tasted it with vanilla in it.

B.S.: We never did make none with vanilla, but Uncle Joe, my uncle use to. They would put it in theirs every once in awhile.

V.C.: Take and put ginger in it, ruins it. Ruins his applebutter.

D.S.: Mmmmm. Yea. Gosh. Oh, so you never went to dances?

M.S.: No.

D.S.: So, you don't know what kind of music was played? Didn't anybody in your family play a fiddle?

M.S.: Did they, Clarence? Did you play a fiddle.

C.S.: I'm sure I do, and nothing else. I ~~play~~ the radio and television, the only thing.

D.S.: (Laughing) But, you play the guitar, don't you, Beulah?

B.S.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: Did anybody in your family play?

B.S.: Oh, yes! All of my family was musicaly.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: On Mommy's side, why they were the awfulest singing group you ever seen.

M.S.: I never seen so many people sing like you all did and music, too.

B.S.: Yes, we had music.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: Usually,.. I remember when I was just small, I would go down to my Granddaddy's with my oldest sister, she was the oldest one, and I mean almost every night they had somebody in playing music.

D.S.: Oh.

B.S.: Fiddle, banjo, guitar, that was the prettiest music I ever heard.

D.S.: Yes.

B.S.: Everyone of them were musically. They could play music. They believed in dancing and having a good time.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: But back then, I mean you could get together and have a good time. Then there weren't fighting and drinking and all the stuff. Very seldom there was any drinking.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: And they really had a good time together.

D.S.: Sure.

B.S.: But, now you can't hardly do that, because people would come with their bottle, you know, and then they get mad.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: fighting and doing. It was never like that back there.

D.S.: No. Do you recall any of the tunes that were played when you all would get together?

B.S.: Yes indeed. There is one piece that stuck with me, because I dearly love it, and you don't hear it too much and that was, Soldier's Joy.

C.S.: Arkansas Travler.

B.S.: Soldier's Joy, I never will forget that. I love that.

C.S.: Under the Double Eagle, that was a good one.

D.S.: Yea, uhhuh. Flop ^{band} ~~has~~ Mule.

B.S.: Yea, and what was that?

V.C.: Sugar In The Gourd.

B.S.: Yea.

D.S.: What?

V.C.: Sugar In The Gourd, they called it.

D.S.: (Laughing) Oh!

B.S.: I can't think of that one where Jessie Lam played over there that time we were over there. I still got it on a tape. You know, me, you, Elmer, ^{RASTUS} ~~Rasspas~~, and Mable. This Jessie Lam, he got his fiddle out, he hadn't played in years and years. And they got tuned up there; and there was ^{RASTUS} ~~Rasspas~~, Elmer, and Jessie, and they played some of the old tunes they played when they was young.

D.S.: Mummmmm.

B.S.: One was Soldier's Joy. What was that, one was a girl's name?

D.S.: Sally Will You Marry Me?

B.S.: No, it wasn't that.

V.C.: They use to play, I can't think of it Get Along Home Cindy.

D.S.: Get Along Home Cindy?

C.S.: Is that it?

B.S.: Might have been can't think. But, It'll come to me.

D.S.: There is nothing like a good fiddler. Oh, do you like fiddle music?

M.S.: Uhhuh.

V.C.: They use to play, Old Man Tucker, that got caught.

D.S.: Yea, Old Man Tucker. Great. Yea. Are any of those people still around that y'all got then together with and played that music with?

B.S.: Not many.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

B.S.: This Jessie Lam, he is up in his seventies. He said he hadn't played for so long. Then there was ^{RASSELL} Passpas and Elmer that we were with, and that hadn't been too long ago, hadn't it? Both of them are dead.

D.S.: Oh.

B.S.: There's not too many of those older folks left.

D.S.: Yea.

B.S.: Of course, the younger ones are, got music all their own.

D.S.: That's it.

B.S.: Not like the mountain music I've heard.

D.S.: Well now, really I think I have taken up too much time with these and I appreciate all the help you had given us. This has been wonderful. Now, I've got to play getting pictures (Laughing) aren't we?

B.S.: Yea.

D.S.: Did you tell Mrs. Sirbaugh about that time? She would love this. You know, I brought these maps along and what I was thinking we could do, after we taken the pictures, if you could, maybe show me where your homes were. Because on these maps you.....

V.C.: We did, didn't we?

D.S.: Yes, but we couldn't find Big Meadows and I found Big Meadows since.

V.C.: Oh, you did.

D.S.: Uhhuh. In fact, I took the whole business over to Darwin Lambert yesterday. Thank-you, Beulah, you are spoiling me. He is going to take a picture of all of us.