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# (SNP138) Mattie Yager: interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Sharon G. Marston

Mattie B. Yager

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ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM  
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

NARRATOR: Mrs. Mattie Yager  
INTERVIEWER: Mrs. Dorothy Smith  
PLACE: Old Rag Mountain (presently in  
Kite Hollow)  
DATE: April 25, 1978

TRANSCRIBED BY:

Sharon G. Marston

COMPLETED DATE:

March 11, 1982

D.S.: ~~Now~~ we are interviewing Mrs. Mattie Yager who lives in Kite Hollow on Red Gate Road.

M.Y.: Yes mam.

D.S.: Right. Okey now you say your mother was born and raised on Old Rag?

M.Y.: Old Rag Mountain..of course it wasn't up on top of the mountain but it was called Old Rag Mountain.

D.S.: Right. What was her maiden name.

M.Y.: Her maiden name was Virginia Berry.

D.S.: Virginia Burley..

M.Y.:Berry..

D.S.: Berry. Oh Berry.

M.Y.: Yes mam.

D.S.: Oh, that's where the Berry's came from.

M.Y.: Well I wouldn't even know that. These Berry's on this side of the mountain they didn't know nothing about them Berry's...my grandfather came from Culpeper.

D.S.: He did.

M.Y.: Uhhuh. He come from Culpeper. Mama's father come from Culpeper. And settled up here on the mountain. And raised his...he raised .. let me see he raised...he was married twice and he raised...I believe my mother said five...ten girls. He had ten daughters.

D.S.: Ten daughters....

M.Y.: Ten daughters and four sons. But by his last wife he had five daughters. And they all lived to be old...my mother was the oldest child of his last ~~five~~ <sup>wife</sup>. And she lived longer than any of her sisters and brothers. She lived to be 90.

D.S.: Wow. Did she stay there on Old Rag or where did she..

M.Y.: No she moved over here...my father married her...went over there and married her and brought her up here to this Kite Hollow...

D.S.: How did he meet her?

M.Y.: Well he was a young man a going from place to place to dances. You know they had great big dances them days. That was there...<sup>their</sup>there entertainment and he met her at a dance over in Madison County up on the Old Rag.

D.S.: Where did they have the dances? Did she say? Did they go to barns...

M.Y.: No sir...at there homes...they'd <sup>clean</sup>pull out a big room and dance at home all night long...she said. \_\_\_\_\_ said she never could stand it much...she had asthma....

D.S.: Oh yea. Well your grandfather did he have crops?

M.Y.: Oh yea, he made his living by raising crops and raising fruit and a running a still .. a distillary...he made apple brandy..

D.S.: Um...that was good apple brandy.

M.Y.: Yea, they made apple brandy...people would come there and buy it. And then he'd sell apples. They made a fine living because my mother would tell me all about it....what a good living they made. All..he taught all of his children to work...work and help him <sup>pull</sup>pull corn...and he had a horse ...he had a horse to do things...now this here has been in 19...my grandmother died in 1911. 1911 and my grandfather died well...way back..I couldn't give you the real day that he died..but my grandmother lived so many years...see she was younger than he was. But he married...his first wife died and then he married again...after his first children was grown.

D.S.: Did your grandmother happen to tell you how the courting was done? How he courted her?

M.Y.: Well not particular ly...He..she would tell us little sketches..they would go to dances....get together...she said she had seen my daddy dance all night long...every dance that would come up all night long, but my mother couldn't take it. And he was just a powerful dancer right up until he died....and he was 80 years old then. He danced right up til he died.



D.S.: Oh, oh, how wonderful.

M.Y.: He danced a dance that wouldn't wear you out.

D.S.: What kind was that?

M.Y.: That was a flap to the floor dance. He didn't go up high...you see I had a brother that danced awfully good too. But they would both dance together and while my daddy was a dancing easier..he called it a flap to the floor dance...my brother was a going up...harder..you know dancing harder. There was a dance them days that they didn't waltz nothing like that...thatwas really hoe down dancing. That's what you call a hoe down...

D.S.: Yea. I know

M.Y.: Jh, I loved it...I loved it.

D.S.: Yea, and they would play fiddles and banjos?

M.Y.: Yes mam. And pick the guitar..some people done the <sup>juice</sup> harp and some done the audoharp..the french harp you know..we called it the french harp. the german harp you know that....I done it...I used to play...my sister used to play for dances. And Iplayed til I got where I couldn't uh stand it...I got short in my breath...

D.S.: Would you play just a little bit now for us?

M.Y.: Let's see if I can find....I might...

D.S.: Oh, we would love it.

(from 68 81 - played music)

M.Y.: Now do you know what it was?

D.S.: No, I was going to ask you?

M.Y.: Oh my Darling Nellie Gray.

D.S.: I thought it was. Oh that was..

M.Y.: Here is a little tune.. *It's been so long since I've played*  
on account of I've had a heart condition...

D.S.: That's right..now that was beautiful and I don't want you to hurt your

heart by playing any more..but that is a really beautiful way to play it.

(88-93 played music)

M.Y.: That's a hymn.. but I can't hardly...

D.S.: Yea. By the way, speaking of hymns..did your grandmother say anything about a church being anywhere near...

M.Y.: Oh yes indeed. You see...two years before my husband died we wanted to go over to old Neathers' Mill and there's where they come to church.

D.S.: Oh down at Neathers' uhhuh.

M.Y.: You see, the church was there at the foot of the mountain. and they had to ride horseback down to the foot of the mountain to the church. My uh, grandfather and grandmother they belonged to the Brethern Church...they called them Dun kards them days. But they call them Brethern now..And uh, he.. they would...the children had to walk three miles to school. Six miles a day to school.

D.S.: Oh ho...where was the school located?

M.Y.: Well the school was located way on down themountain from where they lived and uh that was back in my mother's childhood days, but as it growed on.. they built schools up on the mountain. They had a post office called Old Rag Mountain...

D.S.: That's right...

M.Y.: And they had a church, <sup>up there</sup> but I think they had a school house large enough to have service in. And it was all...it got more...more houses and more people and everything...they had more conveniences than they did...and my father ...my grandfather had to come all the way down to Neathers' Mill to have his wheat, corn and buckwheat ground for <sup>their</sup> there bread.

D.S.: Now did he give the miller 10% of the grain in payment for having it ground, do you recall?

M.Y.: Well my...I wouldn't know but I suppose so. See they didn't have the money

like...money didn't flow them days like it does now...

D.S.: That's right, yea.

M.Y.: I reckon that's the way they did.

D.S.: How about the store..did they ever use W. Lee Judd's store do you know?

M.Y.: Well now my grandfather didn't, but the younger generation before the park taken it, they could have..that was over there at the foot of the mountain.

D.S.: Right.

M.Y.: Well they could, but then they had a store up on top of the mountain where the post office was...post office was in half <sup>the building</sup> and then the the store was in the other half and my uncle William Austin Brown ran the whole place. He was the storekeeper and the uh..

D.S.: Postman..

M.Y.: Postmaster.. So all my brothers and my father and of course my mother didn't hardly ever go...she went when my grandmother died...in 1911.. my brothers went often you see...they could climb the mountains and I couldn't.

D.S.: Sure.

M.Y.: Yea, they went often...law, their friends and then my mother's nephews, they would all come over and uh, we'd go over...we didn't get up there.. we'd just go over in Madison and around Syria, you know around there...in the car...yes mam.

D.S.: Uhhuh, right..uh in the store...did any of them tell you how the stores worked...did they take any produce down to the stores?

M.Y.: Oh yes <sup>they'd take eggs and</sup> they made butter and...

D.S.: Would they be given cash for that...

M.Y.: Well I think they dealt it out ..

D.S.: Credit..credit..uhhuh..

M.Y.: They bought all there...now I think they had to buy come off in the mountain

down..I don't know .. it went down on out to buy their dry goods...to make their clothes. What they did...in fact my mother...talking about weaving.. she weaved ah, for years..she talked about weaving all their material to make her clothes and well I've got a ...

D.S.: Well then did they have sheep then?!

M.Y.: Yes indeedy, they kept their own sheep, made up their own wool, fixed it off, carded it and cleaned it and made their wool and *wool* it and done everything. My mother said her mother made all their stockings and socks and knitted all their stockings and socks. And they made their own wool to do it.

D.S.: Uhhuh..very...did they mention anything about a sewing machine?

M.Y.: No,they had no sewing machine...in them days. My mother wouldn't even sew on one. My mother lived to be 90 years old and never sewed a stitch and was the nicest seamstress as you ever seen in your life. She would make clothes and *quirts and all* my grandmother would make all of her husbands suits and her children's clothes.

D.S.: Did any of them mention the job it was to do the laundry?

M.Y.: Well they did the laundry like most people did on a board you know...a wash board.

D.S.: Then did they boil clothes?

M.Y.: Oh yes, in great big iron kettles. Big black iron kettles...my mother did that right up til she quit keeping house. Yes sir.

D.S.: Right. That was a tremendous job wasn't it?

M.Y.: And did I dread it. I had to do so much of it.

D.S.: How about that nice lye soap. Wasn't that good soap?

M.Y.: That was awful good soap...I was just a thinking the other day...I got in the hospital and cousin...I always *^* taken such good care of my children's hair you know..I had two little girls and they had blond curly hair and my husband wanted to

bring them over to Harrisonburg to see me in the hospital and he went around to my mother's...she kept the children for me..the two little girls and he went around there and he seen their hair was awful dirty...so he said I'm going to wash these kids hair before I take them over to their mother..cause she ain't going to like it. And mama said well Paul I don't have no kind of soap but homemade soap. He said give me the homemade soap..give me the homemade soap..and boy he had their heads shining when he brought them to see me and mama told me after that...I hated awful bad that I didn't..had run out of toilet soap. I said well I always did hear that homemade soap was good for your hair.

D.S.: It is and it it was good for your hands too....soft.

M.Y.: Yes Indeed.

D.S.: I think we all should go back to making it don't you?

M.Y.: Well,I would like to see it go back like it was when I was just a child.

Everything was wonderful then. I can think about my childhood days, a growing up, and everything was wonderful. All these people coming out of the mountains.. *Visitors* park...it was no park....you see...and my husband said after the park come..he said now where will I get my pigs..he always bought pigs back in the mountain where he had raised beautiful hogs....all up here on this mountain. The Cave's, the Breedens'..all them...and they would come down...they would walk off that mountain and come down this read...the girls would and they would always make a habit of stopping at my house...I lived at the upper house then...stop and sit down on a big rock and rest...and talk you know. And drink water. And now they are all out of it. It's kinda <sup>SAP</sup> said.

D.S.: That's right. Do you know if..like when a baby was born..what would they do? Call in a doctor.

M.Y.: Well, a midwife did all that.

D.S.: A midwife was pretty general...

M.Y.: My mother after she got married and her first child...they had to call in a doctor...because they was doctors them days.

D.S.: Sure there was.

M.Y.: Yes indeed.

D.S.: Do you recall the name of the doctor?

M.Y.: Dr. Rittenaur.

D.S.: He was a good doctor...I've heard of him.

M.Y.: Dr. Rittenaur..because I've heard my mother talk about him...she said she didn't believe her child...her first child would have ever been born if it wouldn't have been for Dr. Rittenaur....she liked to died....and I think my mother had a doctor for all her children...I believe she had a little something that....she had six children. And she had a doctor for all of them. But they say they are going back to midwives....said the doctors are getting so bad they are going to start training the women for midwives..

D.S.: That's right. Yea. There were a lot of good things Did you know any of the herbs that the people used?

M.Y.: Well..no...I don't...I know an awful lot about...my mother made sassafrass tea in the springtime. And Peppermint tea.

D.S.: But that was just for enjoyment.

M.Y.: Sassafrass tea, they drank it regular in the spring...said it was good for the blood. And what they called bone set tea...now that was for some ailment.. I don't know what it was...

D.S.: Yea. That was for fever.

M.Y.: Bone set tea.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh...

M.Y.: Well I know my mother raised it.

D.S.: She did.

M.Y.: Yes indeed. She raised it. At the lower end of her garden.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Do you know anything about poultices that they made?

M.Y.: Oh yea. She made..she was famous for making onion poultices and put on the chest for awful bad cold, and uh mush poultices to put on any place that you had an awful *burn*. Make it out of cornmeal. I know she has made a many a mush poultices and put on my father's stomach...he had uh, ulcers of the stomach. Dr. Amiss said he had uh gall stones and I reckon for over half of his life he never believed in operating so he suffered with the gall stones and she'd...I've seen him draw over double between his plow out there a plowing and I said what's the matter poppa. And he'd say my stomach hurts so bad. And he had them terrible spells until the stone would finally settle or pass and then he'd get better for a while..long time.

D.S.: Uhhuh. And these mush..you called them...

M.Y.: She called them mush poultices. It was made out of cornmeal...

D.S.: And very hot I imagine..

M.Y.: Yes indeed. She made it very hot. And then she'd made onion poultices and put on the chest for awful bad cold....and when...I just told...well I do it yet...I I still do it. If I get a real bad cold and it don't break quick I'm hunting the castor oil bottle.

D.S.: Castor oil..

M.Y.: Castor oil...well I still take it. This winter I got sore <sup>from</sup> up here way down my chest and I couldn't break that to save my life soul, so we...I always try to keep a little whiskey around you know...and I just went out there.. and poured a little hot water in the cup and a little whiskey in that and put a little sugar and poured in two spoonfuls of castor oil and I taken that and the next morning I was better. I didn't have to go to the doctor. Children said mama it's going to kill you...done...done it again..said it's poison..I said who ever heard of being poisoned...I raised ya'll off of it.

surprised

D.S.: It's not poison...I'm surprised though it was used for a cold.

M.Y.: No....oh, it's the finest stuff in the world..for a cough.

D.S.:Now how would they make the onion poultices..

M.Y.: Well she'd just put them in...they had fireplaces then you know...she'd put them in the fireplace and roast them and get them good and done and spread them on a cloth and a cloth over that and then put them on the chest.

D.S.: And that really helped.

M.Y.: It certainly must have because they had no way to get doctors and half of the time they didn't have the money to pay the doctor and you had to do it at home. And she raised us on castor oil and turpentine. Now you can't get castor oil and...you can't get turpentine hardly..because I went and asked for turpentine at the drug store and I said I want the kind you can take and they never had it.

D.S.: Oh boy...I can see why your children were afraid...<sup>M.Y.</sup> Colleen she was my first child .. and we had so much trouble with her and constipation and all I'd do was give her a teaspoon full of castor oil..... she <sup>raised</sup> was off it, and she's fifty years old...I said it didn't kill her ...


D.S.: No. Do you recall how your grandmother's or your mother's home was built?

M.Y.: Well, uh you see I never got to my grandmother's..my grandmother...

D.S.: No, your mother never told you right.

M.Y.: Well I've always heard her say that they scrubbed their floor with some kind of ashes that he would burn...was it hickory ashes....

D.S.: Could be...

M.Y.: I think it was hickory ashes..and they would scrub the floors once a week with that and then they had whitewashed their houses  inside and I've heard them talk about that. Oh they had..they lived clean... sanitary..oh yes indeed..



D.S.: Uh, the furniture .. was that purchased furniture or did they make it themselves.

M.Y.: Well they talked about carved beds..they slept in carved beds...you know instead of having slats or springs *they had ropes.*  
I don't know where they made...somebody made them. Some..some furniture over there in Madison.. factory made them...a furniture place made them...and they had...it ain't been so powerful many years .. course it was in times when it was..when it was...park hadn't taken it over...Jim *Boyles* lived down at the foot of Old Rag Mountain and he run a place...uh just like Bradley down here.. making..he made the coffins and all that for people..

D.S.: Ah, he did.

M.Y.: He made them and sold them. So after the park came it taken and taken everything away, he had to move out to Flint Hill. He was dead long ago. Been dead a long time.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea, right

M.Y.: One of my uncles *Willie Howard* Jones...I think he helped him too. Both of them....my grandfather died over there...in the uh, park.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Do you recall with the funerals did they do any embalming?

M.Y.: No, no embalming...no nothing like...

D.S.: No, they just kept them by an open window.

M.Y.: There and kept camphore rags on their face.

D.S.: Oh, camphore rags...

M.Y.: Camphore rags my mother said on their face.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Now would the minister come up for the funeral?

M.Y.: O h yea. They always had ministers.

D.S.: Yea, and people stayed right by the grave until it was filled?

M.Y.: Yea..filled up and flowers put on it.

D.S.: Sure. Did they use rocks as their headstones or did they buy monuments?

M.Y.: Well now, I couldn't tell you that because I have never been to one of the old *graveyards*

D.S.: Shame on **you**....for not going back and visiting them...

M.Y.: Well I tell you, I couldn't walk up that mountain. And you couldn't get up there in a car...and I remember I got on a horse one time and I thought I was up in the sky. Yea, I couldn't sit on a horse...

D.S.: You were up high. *on a horse*

M.Y.: Cause that' thing didn't sit still. So we tried to get back as far as we could with the car...but when the...me and my husband...and he said to me ..he said...he always called me *memm* Mollie honey...you come 25 years too late. Says you ain't going to see what you are hunting for. So I did talk to the lady that lived close to my grandfather Jones...he had died over there in the park.

D.S.: What was her name?

M.Y.: Her name was ... Festus Hudson's wife...

D.S.; Is she still alive...

M.Y.: No. No she's gone. I don't know...the place..I don't ... I haven't been back since that time.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea.

M.Y.: Then uh, Mr. Hudson was already gone..and my grandfather lived on their place and he let my father...he was married four times...people them days married....they didn't fool about it...married four times but he didn't have...let's see he had two children by his first wife and two children by his second and one by his last. And that boy I reckon is still a living. Williams Fork, .....at Maryland....he turned out to be a minister. Carroll Jones.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Oh, was there..uh, these people that lived up there on uh..did they do a lot of visiting back and forth...you say they had dances...and every-

thing.

M.Y.: Oh, yes indeed. People...back...well when I was just a young girl people visited one another and if they had a sickness in the family they'd come and sit up all night long...now nobody don't visit...not even down to the minister of the church .. he goes to see you .. minister of the church comes to see you...

D.S.: Uhhuh, right..and that..visiting meant a lot of walking.

M.Y.: Yes indeed, but that was good for people.

D.S.: Sure it was.

M.Y.: Why when I growed up..course now we didn't live in the park...I'd just tell my children...I was at the church sometimes three and four times on Sunday...but we walked everywhere..walked everywhere and we was healthy. That's what my daughter that works out at the park...Joyce...says mom that's the reason you are living so long. Said because you done all the walking in your young days. I'd pick up a baby and walk across all these hills and mountains into Ida we had to go across hills and mountains. Walk over to Ida...up hill, down hill, up hill, and down hill and across and through the mountains. But them was happy days.

D.S.: Why did you go to Ida, because your friends had moved there?

M.Y.: My father and mother lived there. My mother lived there up til...my mother died in '52, and my father died in '40...1940. Then she come to live with me a couple years and she got so homesick...I could see...I'd say mom...I said to her..I said mom do you want to go back home. She said if I don't get back home, I'm not going to live much longer. So we went back and fixed the house and put down new rugs and her a new..got her a stove and she lived there nine years right by herself...and was as happy...we went three times a week...got an old car then you know...me and my husband..we'd go three times a week to see her. And she'd be s just as happy as she

could be. And we uh went on a Sunday night..was on a Sunday evening we went to see her and uh my husband said to her and said come on Grandma and go back home with us. She said no I've got some things I want to do and then I'm coming around and stay a couple days. So you uh, died the next day. Got up and got her breakfast because I knew what was left from the day I was there...her breakfast, her dinner and and her supper and she got up and got her breakfast and eat her breakfast and she always smoked a pipe....from six years old she had asthma...that's what they done for asthma and from six years ~~years~~ old she smoked a long thin pipe and .. clay pipe with a long stem...but she didn't inhale that smoke you see.. she just puffed it out..and uh, she was 90 years old...so I was a writing a letter on Tuesday and somebody come to the door..and knocked on my door and I went to the door and I said what's wrong..they said I hate to tell.. you but they found your mother sitting in the chair dead this morning. She got up and done her work and sit down...just like I'm sitting now...died..

D.S.: Ummm....what a wonderful way to go.

M.Y.: That's what the doctor said..he told us..don't grieve over that...he said she just didn't know when she died..she want to sleep and just...and you know the clock...she had an eight day clock and I think that clock had run down on Sunday...but on Sunday I was there all day a papering her room..on Sunday she got up in the chair and wound up that clock herself. And I said get down mama you will fall...she said well that will last til Carl Buracker comes and he can wind it up for me and when we got there...we had to have ..Dr. Long was living then and had to have Dr. Long..Dr. Long said...looked up and said did that clock run down?...I said no, I know that clocks' not run down because they wound it up Sunday...he said well that's the time she died...when she died her clock stopped working..15 minutes till 11:00...now what do you think of that. 15 minutes til 11:00 she died and he said the

clock stopped. And I said well who ever heard tell of such a thing. He said that happens...

D.S.: Yes, it does..

M.Y.: Said that happens..yes sir...

D.S.: which reminds me...you said that they used to tell ghost stories...

M.Y.: Oh we loved it.

D.S.: Oh,tell me..one...

M.Y.: My mother told a story one time but now she said..she said this was real.. she said a lady had a couple children and she had such a mean husband and uh, she had worked and saved a little money along and hid it and worked and saved a little money and they had them days..they had spring houses and she said that these children had to keep on after their mother died a going to this spring house to get the water and they made the remark .. said my mother said...now this was no..this was a true story of course you could call it a spook story..said everytime these children said they were going to the springhouse we see our mother..and they told about seeing her all these times and some old person...old timy people knew what to say and they told them what to say to their mother and these kids said what the words was about to their mother and she led them to a plant in the springhouse and pulled the *plant* up. And there was the money. There was her money and she was never seen after....been a seen all that time and never seen after.. and my mother said..now this is a true story..this is not a spook story...said this was a true story... *That's mine* I know..but I couldn't go into it. because it's too long..

D.S.: We have all afternoon long...

M.Y.: Well I got my son...he could get his own dinner..

D.S.: It still early...it's only a quarter of...

M.Y.: They talked...they'd come in...make it a practice of the old people to come

in and they'd tell these tales...the children would sit around you know..  
just as quiet as could be.

D.S.: Sure.

M.Y.: It's a wonder we slept any when we went to bed. *The awful tales.*  
I know Mr. Phil Jenkins and his wife they used to come often and she  
could tell them..oh boy she could tell them. And she'd bring her banjo  
along...I always loved it so..she could pick a banjo and her husband could  
play a fiddle we called it.

D.S.: Yea. How about holidays...were there any special holidays?

M.Y.: Oh yea. They observed all the holidays....christmas come..they observed  
that and had everything nice. Cooked and everything..of course them years  
we didn't do no trimming like they do now. Til I got grown and I got to  
doing that. And then on New Years...she always aimed to have her big  
dinner on New Years and she'd say now if we can have plenty to eat on New  
Years we'll have it all the year around.

D.S.: I see. Uhhuh, yea.

M.Y.: That was old timey *straight.*

D.S.: Uh, did they do much drinking during the holiday?

M.Y.: Well there was just a few of them...just a couple.. there wasn't many.  
You could figure a couple..I could call out a couple, but he didn't live  
in the park and he ain't been long died...and just a few..they had dances  
around in my community after I growed up and...had dances often around  
there every Christmas. They'd do that every Christmas.

D.S.:Yea. You know speaking of keeping things...eating all year round..do you  
know how they kept the vegetables, over the winter?

M.Y.: Well they did an awful lot of drying, dehydrating stuff, drying...I don't  
think that they ever done any canning until late years or nothing..

D.S.: Do you know anything about a trench they would dig and put straw in it and put the vegetables in...

M.Y.: Yea, they would put their cabbage and turnips and potatoes...in the ground..under ground but that...they would have awfully big killings of hogs...see they knew hog..they cured that up in meat houses...

D.S.: Sure, right, yea.

M.Y.: I know my mother said her daddy always killed six and seven hogs every year. Yes, indeed.

D.S.: Yea. Did they eat any beef?

M.Y.: Well, now I don't think that they killed any beef...I never did hear her say anything...She never...

D.S.: Yea, it was mainly hogs and fish, and chickens...right?

M.Y.: Yea, they raised chickens...of course they sold chickens and eggs and butter and all kind of....my daddy..my granddaddy always kept a couple cows...they would haul that off...oh they would ride out and take this stuff out to the valley over there..down to the uh..uhhuh...

D.S.: Sure. Yea. Right. Um, the uh...you said they dried a lot..like beans and apples...

M.Y.: Uhhuh. Yes mam. Rasberries

D.S.: Rasberries?

M.Y.: Rasberries, huckleberries and I don't know...she never did mention nothing about the blackberries. But they would dry a whole lot...

D.S.: Do you know whether or not they set fires so they would be sure of having berries every year.

M.Y.: No, I don't know. They had them. They had plenty, but..them days there was plenty of everything. It just seems like they had long winter and my mother always worked...she...my grandfather had four boys by his first wife and they was gone..married and gone..some of them went west and never

was heard of no more. And uh, she said she had to be a boy to help her daddy haul in the wood. She hauled wood <sup>just</sup> like a man..


D.S.: Oh, my goodness. That was hard..

M.Y.: Yea, it was hard on her, but law it didn't hurt her...she lived that long.. Yea..uhhhuh.

D.S.: Yep..do you know of any diseases the people had.

M.Y.: Oh, there biggest plague was asthma.. yea asthma..So many of the children had asthma...

D.S.: Asthma? Oh. I wonder why.

M.Y.: I don't know. My mother said she had it..she said she even had it after she got married. <sup>Had children</sup> Had asthma..said she was given..the reason the doctor put her to smoking at six years old. And she smoked right straight on til she died. But she didn't smoke this here tobacco like you know..she smoked these twists what they called  twists...that strong..she smoked that..I don't think she smoked any homemade tobacco. But she smoked the <sup>nicotine</sup> twists...she never smoked the real smoking tobacco...

D.S.: Yea. Asthma, that's strange..Diphtheria..how about diphtheria..

M.Y.: Oh, they was plagued awful with diphtheria..oh law yea...my mother's throat was eat up..she didn't have any tonsils..oh, lots of children died them days with diphtheria.

D.S.: Yea. And smallpoxs.

M.Y.: Well I never did hear her talk much about smallpox because they never went out among people that would carry it in you see. And they talk so much about these peddlers that come in...peddlers..did you hear about them.

D.S.: N<sup>o</sup>..

D.S.: Peddlers was uh these..was most foreigners but they could speak our English, speak our English..wear a big <sup>pack</sup> on their back filled up with all kinds of pretty stuff in it..it was all kinds of jewelry and tableclothes and all that



.. put it on their back and go over the mountains..some of them would come out and some of them never would come out..some of them got murdered. Yea I've hear'd my mother tell a tale about one...making his box..and the only way he got out..he come out...he hear'd them talking..over in Nichols Hollow and he heard them a talking about what they was going to do and he come out .. upstairs <sup>store</sup> scuttle hole then and uh disappeared and he got out and told that if he'd a stayed up there..they was done a digging his grave. They was going to kill him. But they got all he had. And there had been already some had done lost their lives...in the mountains that away. They come around after I was a little girl. Ray Brown....I remember him. Some of the awfulest pretty stuff <sup>you ever seen...</sup>...we thought it was wonderful....looking in those suitcases they was a carrying on their back.

(Did people trade for these things or did they pay money?)

If anybody bought them, we had to pay money..pay money...had to pay them money because they had no way to get it back to replace the product.

D.S.: Right. Would this man bring medicines around too?

M.Y.: Yes there would be medicine..medicines too..linaments..salve..stuff like that.

D.S.: Needles and...

M.Y.: Oh yea..needles and thread and pretties tableclothes that I ever....and all kinds of nice stuff that we never had. That we'd never seen.

D.S.: You know I have heard a story that the people of the mountains uh, would not tolerate a negro that they shooed them out of the mountains as soon as they showed their face. Have you ever heard that?

M.Y.: No, I never heard it but my mother...I know when I growed up there was a family of Burrills that lived around there...not far from us..down the road towards Hollow Run and uh and the old man's name was Columbus and we always called him Uncle Clum and he had such powerful looking eyes..his eyes just

looked like they was a sitting on the outside of the skin...but you know when he would come my mother would always fix him something to eat. Say Uncle Clum have you eat and he'd say no and she'd go in and fix him a meal. And put him to the table. And then he had a son named Frank and Frank would come to see my mother up til he died. We never .. of course .. I don't know nothing about...I don't reckon there was many colored people around in them days like in these days.

D.S.: No. It was just..I think it was George Corbin that told me that. Uh, how about hunting. Do you know if they did a lot of hunting?

M.Y.: Well Now I don't reckon my grandfather done much because he went old and we went blind two years before he died. People them days would get sugar diabetis and high blood pressure and they didn't know what was the matter with them. And they just dropped *seeing and* have to cap them..called it capping and draw off the water and bleed them....granddaddy .. called.. I think my mother called it bleeding my grandfather...he was a big man.. weighed 225 when he died. And he got such a terrible headache..awful headache and sometimes he went to a doctor for it and sometimes kind of salve the doctor would give him for it to rub on his head and mama said it would draw and make a great big sore and his headache would stop. And then he would give him something to put on it to heal it up. And when he died mama said he hit on his chest and on his head and the doctor called it knock-o-tism.

D.S.: What.

M.Y.: Knock-o-tism.

D.S.: Knock-o-tism.

M.Y.: Knock-o- tism..now what in the world..it was a name they had for everything he had and I've heard my mother talk about knock-o-tism..said the doctor called it.

D.S.: That..oh, I'm doing a phonetic spelling on that.

M.Y.: I don't know. They called it knock-o-tism...said ... mama said it was first from his head to his chest..said the pain would be and maybe he had a heart attack...you know and high blood pressure.

D.S.: Yea. That could be. Yea.

M.Y.:.....but you just don't know nothing about...I know he died..oh, I got in here the birth of him...my mother, father...my mother and everything. Way back...my granddaddy's granddaddy was born in 1802...

D.S.: Really.

M.Y.: 1802.

D.S.: Did he ever say where he came from before Culpeper or where his family came from?

M.Y.: No, never did hear no further...my mother always said..And these here Berry's here in Luray...Emmett Berry they was related to him some... far back related to him.

D.S.: Are they still alive?

M.Y.: Well no, Emmett Berry ain't alive...see he used to be in the bank.Cause I know him and my mother would get together and they would talk and talk.. the old time Berry's that used to be bankers in Luray. Now I just don't know them, but I think Emmett Berry was one of them and I think they all come from over around Culpeper. Or some of them. I know my mother used to talk to them. She'd go down there to the bank or something and they'd have a talk about the old time people.

D.S.: You know you played that lovely song...My Darling Nellie Gray and while we had this turned off we mentioned the Fox Chase. Now you say you hæ heard it. Right. Was it called Fox Chase?

M.Y.: Yea I've heard the Fox Chase before. But I couldn't play that.

D.S.:No, I know..I'm not asking you to play it. But was it..it was a fun tune

wasn't it?

M.Y.: Yea, yea. They had all kinds of tunes. .. to dance to. Nellie Gray.. and the Fox..you called it the Fox what.

D.S.: Fox Chase or Fox Hunt.

M.Y.: Yea, the Fox Hunt that's what they called it. The Fox Hunt. The Little Brown Jug.

D.S.: Little Brown Jug. Oh. Yea.

M.Y.; And uh, you see I've got out of playing my harp because of shortness of breath and my son can play but he plays hymns...he don't practice much on it much but...*he's got all kind of music upstairs.*

you can go ahead and fix you some dinner if you want..

(this is real interesting .. all this tape recording stuff. )

D.S.: Uh, you mentioned at the schools they had to walk a long distance to the school.

M.Y.: She said three miles one way. Six miles a day.

D.S.: How far up did the school go. Do you know?

M.Y.: It seems to me they had to walk all the way down the mountain to Neathers Mill because...

D.S.: No, I mean how far in grades. What grades...

M.Y.: Oh, I don't know *about* fifth grade I think...and they had to pay for it. Each parent had to pay for it.

D.S.: Pay...

M.Y.: Yea, they had to pay. Had to pay for their education. Had to pay the teacher theirselves.

D.S.: What would...this is the first I have heard of paying.

M.Y.: Yes sir..my mother...my grandfather sent I don't know how many children

to school...my mother didn't have a very good education but she had enough to get her by, my daddy he had...not too good, but it paid him...they paid for him...he went to John Floyd right over here at the store. John Floyd...

D.S.: You wouldn't know how much they had to pay?

M.Y.: No I don't know how much they had to pay but I know they paid by the week or by the month or something and that's the reason there wasn't many educated people at that time.

D.S.: I can well believe it!

M.Y.: Because the mountain people didn't have the money to pay.

D.S.: Right. Oh, that's a shocker. That's the first I've heard of having to pay the teacher...

M.Y.: Yes..they paid the teacher..

D.S.: Through fifth grade then...

M.Y.: I think they went through fifth grade is about all.

D.S.: Around Elkton they consecrated on teaching arithmetic. Do you know if they taught a lot of Arithmetic in this school.

M.Y.: They must have because my mother could sure figure up things...fast.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.Y.: They had to teach it...yea...and she always kept the almanac and she was always sitting with that in her <sup>hand</sup> lap...you know when the moon changes...the signs...law she went by the almanac for planting..gathering.. and everything else.

D.S.: Uhhuh.

M.Y.: Yes indeed! Course she had that much education. But to sit down and write a letter or read a paper...I don't believe she ever done that...I never noticed it...but my daddy could read awful good and couldn't even write..he

could write his name but he never did learn how to write and they had to pay for him to go to school too. They paid the teacher..see..the teacher.. them days wasn't like these days.

D.S.: Did anybody mention the tax collector coming around?

M.Y.: Not..they could have mentioned it, but I don't remember..

D.S.: No. Uhhuh...yea.

M.Y.: But I know my mother talked about her daddy going to pay his taxes. And then on election day...oh, she said they dreaded for election day to come.

D.S.: Why?

M.Y.: They fought so. Said my daddy...see <sup>my granddaddy..</sup> Nichols Hollow was always called...to have men come out of Nichols Hollow *cause there was the king... Adman* Nichols was the king of that community..over there...and my grandfather would come out and he was a ... I don't know what he was, but they was most all democrats them days and they would fight...just fight and carry on but they never done no killing nor nothing...I think it was fist fights... And they was so glad when that day was over...

D.S.: I can believe it...

M.Y.: Oh so glad when...and you know I've even..since I've been living up here.. *they had* fights down at Marksville they used to have..and said that there was one man by the name of George Clem and somebody cut him...he was a big man said they cut him in the stomach and cut him a couple places...said the *fat* flew out on the ground and said this man that cut him just picked up that *fat* and greased his shoes with it. Now wasn't that a wierd somethng..I've heard my daddy talk about it. He said they was just vidous that way...You see...

D.S.: Where did they vote?

M.Y.: Down here at Marksville.

D.S.: They voted at Marksville. Uhhuh..

M.Y.: Yes mam my daddy did. All the time.

D.S.: Now again that was quite a trip to go vote wasn't it?

M.Y.: Yea, he walked all the way out of Ida Hollow and walked over there around by  
...clear into ... there was nothing <sup>to ride</sup> then ... without they get on a horse  
and ride and he wouldn't..seemed like he liked walking...he'd walk.

D.S.: Yea. Right. Well he was born in the mountains and that's all the way you  
could move.

M.Y.: Well you know he was 80 yeass old and he walked around here to my house on  
Wednesday and then on the next Wednesday he was buried...he walked six miles  
in one day. And the next Wednesday he was buried..right up the road. Now  
boy, people can't do that now.

D.S.: Uh...no they can't. No they can't...

M.Y.: It's a pity that they can't.

D.S.: Did you have any contact with the people that were moved out of the park,  
after they had moved? How did they adjust?

M.Y.: Well, uh, of course he ain't at home..he's down at his sister's...George  
Berry lives across here...he was moved out of the park. He was...

D.S.: Where the dogs are?

M.Y.: Uhhuh. Where the dogs are. He was moved out..but he ain't at home..he's in  
the hospital...his sister somewhere <sup>around</sup> now...And they adjusted to it alright.  
Course uh...George Corbin was moved out and moved on the homestead and nice  
house and uh I suppose they was all out in pretty good places. We went over  
to Madison last year...me and my son...was a hunting up one of my cousins..  
Hattie Broyles...so we got up there...she said she lived in Weakly Hollow..  
We got here to three roads ... one went straight <sup>up</sup> out...one went to the left  
and one went to the right...So we didn't know which way to go so we went  
straight on. And we...I just wish you could go up in there...They must..  
be still a living like the old time people...why people were down on the banks

a peaking up through the bushes at you just like they were wild people.  
And hadn't seen nobody...Now that was up in Richard Hollow.

D.S.: Richard Hollow

M.Y.: Richard Hollow...one part of Richard Hollow and we went up as far as you  
can...you could and there was a man up at his house and we stopped and  
asked him where Weakly Hollow was....so he said go back down and turn  
to our...when we went back turn to our left and turn to the right and go  
up to the next place...so we didn't go no further than my cousins up there.  
Then this other road <sup>went</sup> around the hill so I don't know where that went to.

D.S.: Uhhuh...I think that is the one that goes around Old Rag..isn't it?

M.Y.: No the one that goes to Old Rag...you go up the road...way down down low  
valley and you go..you cross a bridge and when you cross this  
bridge you turn to your right and go straight on down that a way. And you  
go down to Neathers' Mill and from Neathers' Mill you go on up to Old Rag  
Mountain. Oh, I'd love to have went over there but I never could have got  
over there. Now I just often think about all of our ancestors ..grandmother  
and all of their children and everything buried up there...I just wonder if  
it is all grow'd up...I reckon that you wouldn't even find the cemetary..

D.S.: You know what you ought to do is draw a little outline for Joyce and have  
herto do it...have her go back over there.

M.Y.: She couldn't find her way to save her soul. It would take somebody that  
come from over there...somebody that knew all about it.

D.S.: Uhhuh..yea..uhhuh..Well is there anything that you can think of that we  
haven't touched on?

M.Y.: Well Well uh..that thing...all of my peple I have told you about but I  
know a lot of the people that come from up here on this mountain.

D.S.: Which mountain is that?

M.Y.: Right up here on Skyline Drive. They was in the park. Me and my husband



used to..before they got the drive...we used to walk up what you call Dark Hollow and visit the Cave's, and the Breedens...there was Tom Breeden and he had <sup>three</sup> ~~three~~ girls and Elzie Cave, Clete Cave .. their families and

D.S.: Do you know whether any of them are living now?

M.Y.: No, I know Clete Cave is gone...Elzie..Elzie Cave lives over here..he lived over in there...he lived over in there up on that mountain and he came off that mountain and had a sawmill up in there...now Elzie Cave could tell you a lot if you could catch up with him.

D.S.: Where is it that he lives.?

M.Y.: You go down the road here a piece and turn to your left and go by a house and straight on up there is a house up in there in the woods...it's not in the woods either...it's a big apple orchard and everything up in there.. Now Elzie Cave could tell you a lot. Cause Elsie came from that generation.

D.S.: Uhhuh, and he was around Dark Hollow.

M.Y.:Yes mam. He come from Dark Hollow. And I can tell you another woman that came from Dark Hollow. I don't know how much she could tell you is Phil..... Buracker's wife...Emmy Buracker..She come out of Dark Hollow. She was Tom Breeden's daughter..

D.S.: Where does she live.

M.Y.: She lives as you go on the road to Ida..you know where you go down here and the road that goes to Ida?

D.S.: Yea.

M.Y.: You go around there...on around and there's a road that leads off...you can see by the side of the field and you go on out that road and go to her house...the first house you get to is her house. Little house..little two room house. Emmy Buracker...Now she can tell you wonders about the Dark Hollow people...cause she come right out of the pits of Dark Hollow.

D.S.: Well now you say you and your husband used to go visit up there?

M.Y.: Yea we went to visit..we walked..we walked this mountain..down that side of the mountain...I never did get down as far as the falls..you know there is falls..Dark Hollow Falls...I never did get down that far...because I'd be too tired .. when I'd get up there I'd think I better rest because I got to walk back home. And five miles from the top of the mountain and I don't know how many down the other side...I just told my children..I don't know what's the matter with me now .. I can't walk... And I used to could walk all these mountains.

D.S.: Sure. How did they live the people up there?

M.Y.: They lived pretty good. Course they didn't live...had plenty of everything.. there is where I say my husband bought his hogs..they would raise hogs and they'd come down the road with stuff to go to the store and see them go back up the road with their turns on their back...walk down and walk back.

D.S.: Did you ever see the cabbages that they grew..were they big?

M.Y.: Yes indeed. You bet they was big. Those Breeden girls would bring us some down every once in a while. Yea, my husband went up there often. There was lots of them that did bring it...down in Dark Hollow..... then he'd go fishing down in Dark Hollow...you see...they had a nice place to fish..

D.S.: Yea. the fishing was good wasn't it?

M.Y.: Yes mam...down at Dark Hollow it was

D.S.: And the fish of course always <sup>augmented</sup> ~~offered~~ the diet too. You didn't have to worry about meat when you had good fish..

M.Y.: But them people lived good...they lived happy and they lived good...I expect that they lived happier up there in the mountains than they are living

now...

D.S.: That's right.

M.Y.: Because out here in this here world..it seems to me like...well I'll just say..everybody is for theirselves and the devil is for them all. If you just count...

D.S.: Uhhuh...right.

M.Y.: People get sick and die and wouldn't nobody know you was dead. No sir.

D.S.: That's right.

M.Y.: They have their churches now and they have....it just seems like what is the use to have a church...when I grewed up why the elders of the church, would visit all their neighbors. Why not even the minister visits you <sup>now</sup> know. He never comes..unless you out here in the hospital.

D.S.: Yea. Right. Did they make a party out of applebutter boiling...

M.Y.: Oh, yes indeed. And molassas boiling...

D.S.: Oh, they made sorghum...

M.Y.: Yes boy. And had molassas boiling and made taffy..everything..applebutter.. and everything they had...that's the way my father got acquainted with my mother is going to these applebutter boilings and everything when they'd have these big dances.

D.S.: Uhhuh...and if you touched the side of the kettle with your paddle what happened?

M.Y.: You had to kiss the girl...or girl had to kiss the boy...oh, I've been to.. myself...I've been to dozens of applebutter boilings..and we would have taffy boilings..and I never will forget the next morning we would go back, and look and the boys would put big wads of taffy on top of the gate posts and just all....

never will forget pulling taffy...what good times we had...

D.S.: Sure, uhhuh...

M.Y.: And I just said...all my boys..a lot of the girls...but it seems like to me the men don't live as long..all my boy friends is all gone now. Ain't but one or two a living...we used to go tother to these parties...

D.S.: Uhhuh...but that was really how the courtship would go along...<sup>with</sup> these parties...

M.Y.: Yes mam..And then when the butchering time would come they would always have a big blowout for that too.

D.S.: Oh, yes...

M.Y.: Yes indeed...they would have lemonaide and cake...big parties...for butchering time. I know...I didn't go that time...I was glad I didn't.. My mother said...something happened I couldn't go...I got ready and couldn't go and these young folks that lived right across from me .. they went.. went in a horse and buggy then..and somebody spiked the lemonaide..And they said what's the matter with the lemonaide..it taste likes vanilla.... . Oh that ain't nothing..just the way it tastes..one of the boys that spiked it.. And they just drank and drank and drank the lemonaide and they got ready to leave and got sleepy..got in the buggy <sup>fallen' down</sup> ~~some of them did~~ and said when they waked up the horses had done passed on by the house and was a standing at the gate where it went in to pasture..way up on the hill...Oh, the girls said if that didn't surprise us..there they was up there on that hill and the horses ~~in~~ the gate to go into the pasture...

D.S.: He'd done his job..

M.Y.: Yes sir...he'd done his work and he was going on.

D.S.: He was going on...

M.Y.: Well that was in my growing up days...things have changed so since I grow'd up..I've seen the biggest change..

D.S.: Did they have the Chris Kringlers around then?

M.Y.: Oh my yes..I loved that...We went with boys to that..There would come a

bunch and I...my mother wouldn't let them in everytime...she would pick times to let <sup>them</sup> her in. She wasn't peculiar..just particular you know. She'd pick times...that's how I met my husband.

I know I was over at one of my closest friends just across the creek... and they said let just write some cards tonight. I said what for. They said to invite these boys to come visit us..Chris Kringling..Said maybe...do you know anybody...I said yes I know one boy over on the pike I said Marksville..Pike..They said who is it..I said Paul Yager. They said well you write to Paul Yager and we'll go the other way...So that's what we did and he uh..he got the card and he come a right straight on Chris Kringling...And that was our courtship. Ended up in a marriage...

D.S.: Oh, what was the wedding like?

M.Y.: Well people them days just went...to the treasurers office where you get your licnese and got the license and go over to the preacher's house and was married. Mr. Dudley married us...they never had no weddings..only people like Ed Brumback and all big people you know. They had the weddings. But all of us didn't have weddings.

D.S.: Yea. No honeymoon then.

M.Y.: No, indeed we would..we got married and come home and went to work. That's the way we did. Everybody...come home and went to work.

D.S.: Well there is a lot of sense to that...

M.Y.: Yea. it was just

D.S.: It was a lot of wasted money I think..elaborate weddings and all the rest of it...

M.Y.: Yes mam, we *didn't spend* on weddings...there wasn't no weddings in our community as I ever knew...no...

D.S.: Did they make a lot of pies and cakes....

M.Y.: Oh yea, there was never a Saturday that come at our house there wasn't

a great big bunch of pies baked and that's the reason my husband said he liked to come around to my house cause he says you all have such good eats.. Says I love pie and cakes and at my house .. his mother was deaf and didn't have nobody to fix up nothing for him...boy did he like cakes and pies.

D.S.: What kind of pies...

M.Y.: Well we <sup>mamma</sup> called it a chocolate in those days they never got the cocoa.. they'd take chocolate and you know shave it up...custard pies, chocolate pies and butterscotch pies, and big cake...big coconut cakes you know make from scratch...everything from scratch..and oh, there was never a week-end passed we didn't have all kinds like that...

D.S.: Cornbread...

M.Y.: Oh, my mother <sup>kept a</sup> cake of cornbread baked the year round...wrapped up...when she'd get done she'd wrap it up in...she always called it her bread rag... a heavy sack and lay it in the stove to keep warm. She'd eat it three times a day.

D.S.: Yea. Hushpuppies...were they made...

M.Y.: No, we never knew nothing about hushpuppies them days.

D.S.: No. Did they always bake on one certain day of the week?

M.Y.: Well she'd bake...my father didn't like..they called it light bread then you know which we call this here bread we get out of the store. I don't know what they call it. It's just...I used to keep an old man and he called it spider webs...no we baked home baked bread about once a week...my father liked the bread baked in the stove..biscuits...oh law, he wanted his biscuits..

D.S.: Right.

M.Y.: Yes sir...my mother had to bake biscuits for him three times a day for him then...and they were good.

D.S.: Uhhuh...they were good. Right.

Applebutter...

M.Y.: He loved his biscuits and butter or preserves..Yea we boiled applebutter

every year and made .. mamma would make *bunch of* preserves in big gallon jars you know them days...

D.S.: And sorghum what would you use that for?

M.Y.: Oh, my daddy loved it...I never did like that when I was a girl..and buckwheat cakes...I was just telling son...my father always had three kinds of bread...cornmeal.....wheat flour, and buckwheat flour...we always kept three kinds...all the time..we raised buckwheat...I never will forget I always dreaded buckwheat time....he always thrashed it himself. Cut down sacks and line the sacks with

D.S.: Ooh..that was a job...

M.Y.: That was a terrible job...he had us children into it too. *used* to thrash it...and I dreaded the buckwheat time..And now I dread *the Time* my mother would call me up every morning to bake the buckwheat cakes... She see you fried them up like fritters...Yea, I tell you...now-a-days the young people growing up don't know nothing...

D.S.: Yea...they don't know what work is.

M.Y.: What they know shouldn't be known..

D.S.: Uhhuh..yea..that's right. The parents were very strict with their children.

M.Y.: Yea boy...when they say you can't go, you can't go and there ain't no use to pout about it.

D.S.: Uhhuh...when the fellows came calling did they always..were you chaperoned?

M.Y.: Nine o'clock come and my father hollared go to bed or go home. So my husband got to where he had to walk three miles he say alright is the bed ready. He'd go upstairs to bed. Yes sir...when he'd come on Saturday evening..and uh he'd say..my father would say 9:00 o'clock comes go to bed or go home. He'd hollar...Boy I tell you..my husband..he got so used to it he didn't pay no 'ttention..but some of them wouldn't like it very good. And now they stay up all night.

D.S.: Yea. Right. But you know I don't blame him for not wanting to walk home with

all the snakes that were around..

M.Y.: Well he walked three miles..around..he said he walked it for a long time and he says boy that it is a long ways to walk...the next time he hollared go to bed or go home he said I'm going to bed. And he went to staying..

D.S.: Did you ever hear of anybody getting any snake bites..

M.Y.: Oh yea, they'd get snake bites and they'd cut a place right quick and if they had a black chicken...black chicken..they'd kill that chicken right quick and put it over that there place where the snake would bite...yea they had different ways then of treating....and some people would even suck the blood out and spit it out on the ground.

(Did anyone you knew sell snakes?)

Huh?

(Did they sell snakes)

No, sir..

D.S.: George Corbin did...

M.Y.: George Corbin did?

D.S.: Sure, he did..

M.Y.: Well George...

D.S.: He sold them to Polluck ...

M.Y.: Well he sold everything from A to Z. He sold...he was a moonshiner..come in you know afterthe prohobition..come in...made it himself and sold it. And made good money.

D.S.: Raised a lot of chickens too . Yea..

M.Y.: None of my people ever worked for George Polluck...we didn't work up there. Wasn't bothered about it.

D.S.: Never went to any of his parties?

M.Y.: No. My father wasn't bothered...boys wasn't bothered about it either. See I had a brother named Fred and he went West...he went to Illinois..and he'd



come back and forths ever couple years and we'd hear from him every once in a while..so the last time he ~~is~~ was at home was the night...April 20th.. April 5th, 1920 and we never hear'd from him no more til after my mother died..1952..And ~~I read up on all these things....~~ <sup>we didn't hear from him</sup> and then I wrote to him and he was in Lake Bay, Washington. He had come over from Alaska and I wrote and ask him if he was coming home and he said he may some of these days, but when I leave here I'm a going to England. So we never hear'd from him since. And if he's a living...he's 90 years old...but he ain't a living.. he's died somewhere...

D.S.: Yea..yea...That's too bad..

M.Y.: Yea, he never was married. I said he done a woman a good deed by not marrying her

D.S.: Yea. Do you know what toys the children used?

M.Y.: Huh?

D.S.: Do you know what toys the children used?

M.Y.: Well my mother, I don't know whether they had any toys at all, but of course back when I was a little girl..my mother would buy me dolls and get the boys cap pistols..But back in my mother's day I don't know what kind of toys they had. I couldn't tell you.

D.S.: Mainly what I've heard is that the girls had those cornhusk dolls and the boys played marbles..they all played...

M.Y.: Oh yes. They played marbles til I was grown..I played marbles til I got grown.

D.S.: Sure.

M.Y.: Yes indeedy. They had these marble games...real matches..

D.S.: Yea. Real matches..

M.Y.: Yes indeedy..yes mam.

D.S.: And then they'd pitch rocks if they didn't have any horseshoes.

M.Y.: They would...Well I don't know about that but I know they had horseshoes..

because I've pitched horseshoes a many a half a day..

D.S.: Sure. Did you ever hear about anybody rocking a house?

M.Y.: I've heard about them a rocking the boys that went to see the girls but I don't think I've ever heard of them rocking the houses. My husband would come a way around the mountain the see me but he carried a gun...he carried a pistol with him and he said when anybody throws a rock...the way the rock comes..I'm going to shoot right towards it. But nobody ever did try...they found that out and nobody ever did try to rock him. But one of our boys out of the community over there in Ida he would come around here in a horse and buggy...they was fortunate enough to have a nice buggy and he would come around here and they would rock him and the horse and everything..and have him running away and everything....great day what a time they had. My daddy...they never did rock my brothers...they used to come over here they was awful bad about it over this way. And my daddy came over here and went down to Kiblinger's store and told them down there that if you all ever rock my boys you won't rock no more. So they never bothered them. Never did rock...boy I tell you, that was dangerous.

D.S.: Uhhuh...sure it was.

M.Y.: Yea, but they done a lot of that..they done a lot of that...I don't think they ever rocked my brothers...but they always come over here an awful lot. And Paul never did get rocked. He did a lot of walking..but they rocked this bunch boy that had..was in the buggy and uh,the horse..I don't know ...run away with him...

D.S.: That's terrible...

M.Y.: And I know that the boy...he's dead long ago.

D.S.: Did you ever have any contact with Deaconess Hutton?

M.Y.: No. Huhuh..I never did. I...

D.S.: Sometime you must just go up and say hi to her.

M.Y.: Oh she's wonderful. I have spoke to her, but I never had no conversation with her.

D.S.: Yea. Uh, Father John <sup>DuBois</sup>Bach, did you ever meet him?

D.S.:

M.Y.: No. He apparently ran through quite a bit of time...I was thinking of him because of the rocking and the shooting.. they shot at him constantly.. ~~Four~~ man...He lived up Naked Creek and that was pretty far away from here.

M.Y.: Yea, that was on up above Shenandoah wasn't it?

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. They were a pretty rough bunch around Elkton.

M.Y.: Well when I grow'd up they begin to tame a little bit...when my father was a young man it was pretty rough then. But then they began to tame then down...

D.S.: I don't think they've tamed them yet.

M.Y.: Well with all now they'd get killed...now they got these old cars now...so many on the road..you just wonder..when you leave and *drive around* you wonder if you are going to get back anymore alive. Because you've got to watch. Somebody plow into you.

D.S.: Sure right. Like even going up into Dovel Hollow or Campbell Hollow.

M.Y.: Is that right. We go up Dovel Hollow sometimes..just riding around but they come out in hollows just like birds a flying. Yes indeed.

D.S.: Yea.

M.Y.: Yes mam.

D.S.: Well do you think it was a good thing that the park took over? Do you think it helped the people.

M.Y.: Well it's a benefiting the people now I reckon. But uh, for an awful long time we sure did miss the people back in the park. Cause my husband said then, but now I reckon maybe it's an advantage for the younger generation. My boy here..he never had worked in the park, but Joyce has made it good hasnt she?

D.S.: She sure has.

M.Y.: Yes indeed. She's got a fine job.

D.S.: Yea.

M.Y.: Well I got a girl that works at Merck...she's been up there..Dennis how long has Pauline been...

DY (30 some years)

D.S.: Really.

M.Y.: Yes, she's a secretary to the plant manager..she's been there for years. Now he works...he started this morning...oh, what kind of computer was it..

DY (Computer control)

D.S.: At Merck?

DY (....I'm a CRP operator and back up panel man. Feed backwards... stay close together.) (They will feed back ...a big one and a little one..  
D.S.: That's...no they don't because they are far away away from the machines....

DY (been recording music)

Oh, she played me some...

DY (Yea, that's something she don't ever *play for me*...  
Well it hurts her heart, but she did play for this and it was really beautiful.

M.Y.: I can play...sometimes I can play...I take it up here by myself but there is a lot...there is a great long one here somewhere..it is put away...I have to hide things from my grandchildren...they come in and just pick them up and throw them around...

D.Y. (I've got a reproduction of an old time instrument...it's not old, but it's a reproduction...I guess it was made back in the 20's and 30's..let me show it to you.)

D.S.: Great.

DY (....in 1928 and then in World War II they quit making them on account of the scarcity of getting brass parts. Then they went to making wood w ones. Listen...

(Music playing)

D.Y.: (Now here's one brought over from Germany...I've forgotten how old it is.)

(Music)

D.S.: What was the name of that?

D.Y.: (Frahline, one of the old ones...this one goes back 30 or 40 years..)

(Music)

That's a beautiful...

D.Y.: (I could have back up and somebody give me a beat you know behind me with a guitar and make this thing sound better) Here's Little Liza Jane, that's right old too.)

(Music)

Little Liza Jane, yea...right...

D.Y.: (That goes way back...that's what they used to...)

M.Y.: Now you can't play Nellie Gray on it..

D.Y.: (No, but I know a Weeping Willow Tree an that is old as the hills..Let's see now, if I can get it in my mind.)

(Music)

D.Y.: (That's that Weeping Willow Tree...goes way back 1930, I believe..)

D.S.: Yea..well you know that is really quite a job learning how to play that...

M.Y.: Well he can play that wondrefful..He's got a steel guitar but I don't like steel....

D.S.: I don't either...gee. Well we are holding up your dinner aren't we.