This is an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jones on the Castle Ford Road on June 12, 1973. The interview is with Mike McNeely.

Question: Mr. Jones, would you tell me something about the farm you were born on?

Answer: It was sixty-five acres, I think. I've cleared it here the last few years, all my life nearly. There's about as much land as you can see. Done everything that can be done to get it to work.

Q: How many were there in your family?
A: Nine.

Q: How many brothers and sisters?
A: Five girls and four boys.

Q: Your dad had a lot of help on that farm, didn't he?
A: Yeah, when we got up big enough. Oh we just grew corn, potatoes, mostly them--beans, and peas--little stuff like that. Didn't grow anything like they do now. Pumpkins, just grow all the pumpkins and string it up and string it up and put it on posts and dry it.

Q: Did you have any livestock?
A: Yeah, we had hogs, cow or two and hog or two. Chickens, geese, guineas.

Q: Were the cows and chickens used for meat, or were they used for milk and eggs?
A: No, just milk and eggs mostly.

Q: How about your hogs? Did you let them run free or did you keep them in pens?
A: No, we had a big lot back them. That's about a acre a lot for them to run in.

Q: I was reading somewhere that some of the farmers let their hogs run wild.
A: My dad used to have forty---one year had forty head. Cholera got
amongst them, they was out in the mountains. All died but five or six. That cholera'll kill them right now. I've never seen but one--I remember seeing them bring one old big hog in. His tusks was stuck that far, I guess, out of his mouth. We had to cover that fellow, you stick your finger, he'd make a dive at you, just like a snake a-grabbing at you. He'd eat you up. Ah, they had him tied all over, mouth and all. I don't know how in the world they ever caught him. I was just a little bitty fellow then, but I can remember it. That's been sixty year ago or more.

Q: How often did they have a kill?
A: Every fall. They'd go out and shoot them down, with old war rifles, anywhere they could find them.

Q: How was the meat back then? Was it as good as it is today?
A: Well, I don't believe there was as any a fat hog, unless they got fat on mash, they used to get awful fat on mash. Chestnuts and acorns, Lord, there used to be worlds of them. I picked one day, part of a day after a big snow, about ninety pounds of chestnuts. Early fall and they'd been dry, you know, and they wouldn't open up, well they'd open, but they wouldn't pull out. They'd take damp, you know, to bring them out. They come a snow, four or five inches, and I was on Buffalo, and it went off a little while and boy, I mean to you, trees, there was two or three grewed up in one bunch there. I got a half bushel or more under that. Boy I got all I could carry and I never got started on them.

Mrs. J.: Me and my sister used to pick them up, had four or five trees out in the field. We'd pick them up in the morning before we went to school. Sometimes we'd get three bushels. Dad always took produce down around Salisbury and down in there, he'd take them down there and sell them for us.
Q: Did you all use them around the house any?
A: Mrs. J. Chestnuts, oh we'd eat all we wanted and sold bushels of them.
Mr. J. I used to climb trees to shake them out.
Mrs. J. We never did shake them out. We'd just pick them up as we went to school of the morning, when they started falling.
Q: Was there a lot of fruit around here—berries?
A: Mrs. J. Yeah, there used to be all kinds of berries, and apples, and cherries. Anymore you don't get many a meal, once in a while....
Mr. J. Now you couldn't get a cherry ham shuck for years around here.
Mrs. J. Cherry trees just about all died. And blackberries seem they blight anymore, you can't get none of them.
Mr. J. Hadn't picked a blackberry in four or five year, I don't reckon.
Mrs. J. Sometimes you can get some wild strawberries if they don't freeze. Lot of time there comes a freeze about the time they're blooming. Don't get to bloom anymore.
Q: How about huckleberries? Are there any around here?
A: Mrs. J. Ah, none to amount to anything, they used to be a good many, back in the mountains, you know.
Mr. J. We got, was it ninety-six quarts or something—over a hundred one year?
Mrs. J. About ninety-seven quarts, but the field that had so many in it's been cleaned off, bulldozed out.
Mr. J. Timber them out, killed too lots pine and everything. We found a bush one time, I don't know, I wasn't with them. Had I went that day or not?
Mrs. J. Yeah, you was off in the field here picking.
Mr. J. And one of my girls found it first, then one of my boys, and she picked a gallon bucket full and he finished his off on one bush.
The biggest huckleberries I ever seen. I never did see that many on it after that. I always put it up when I went over in there, you know. I think it's dead now, it's been destroyed.

Q: How did they used to put up their fruits back in your mother's day?

A: Mrs. J. Most the time they just canned them, cooked them and put them in cans, sealed them.

Mr. J. Now they made a lot of dried sweets too.

Mrs. J. Of course apples, they dried a lot of apples, had dried apples and they'd dry pumpkins and way on back before I ever remember, I was told, my mother told me how they used to dry their blackberries. They dried them. They dried their peanuts, string beans, and they had what they called leather britches. They are good.

Mr. J. They'd just seal and dry them and put meat to them, they are good.

Q: How much of the crop that was on the farm was sold as produce and how much of it did you use?

A: Mr. J. We never sold---grewed anything back then when I was a boy.

Mrs. J. Since we---when we lived out there, a lot of time we grewed beans.

Mr. J. We might have sold a few taters.

Mrs. J. We grewed tobacco to sell and grain, what corn we put out, we'd use it, have our own meal and so forth, take beans to market and tobacco.

Mr. J. We used to make seventy-five and seventy-six gallons of molasses here and never sold a one, we eat everyone of them. My dad, after we all left but my youngest brother and he would eat a snuff glass full every morning, you know, for breakfast. That's a half a pint of (chittling) molasses.
Q: Did you ever make maple syrup or maple sugar?

A: Mr. J. I made a lot of maple sugar, I know how it's made ....

Well there was three pots, I think, one was an awful big one. Just out in the woods, had an old pole, and a fork in the pole laid in it and the lails across it. And we'd give out troughs, wooden troughs, take a peck buckets and go around and dip it out.

Mrs. J. Tapped the sugar trees, sugar maples.

Mr. J. My dad used a axe, cut a place right handy and hewed out a little old thin strips about that wide, stuck in there and drive it in there, you know, catch your water.

Mrs. J. Makes a spout for the sap to run.

Mr. J. Sometimes it's clean, sometimes it'd just drip calmly, some of it runs better than others.

Mrs. J. That boiling it down though.

Mr. J. I've boiled to twelve and one o'clock plenty of time. Get it down to pretty good syrup and bring it in home the next day or night and boil it down to sugar. I like that syrup, boy it's the best syrup I've ever eat. If I had a gallon I wouldn't take---wouldn't sell it for a ten dollar bill, it'd cost more than that if a man could get it. Dad made some for years, a little and sold it, they was all gone, I understand it.

Q: Did they use the sugar instead of white sugar?

A: Mr. J. No, sold it.

Q: How much did it bring?

A: Mr. J. I forget now. Only good time was forty cents, fifty cents a pound, thirty and forty, well the last he made he sold to a postmaster down there at old Jefferson, he got fifty or sixty cents or more down there.

Mrs. J. Now a---white sugar was cheaper than the maple sugar, buy
the white, would save money.

Mr. J. Now there's a man over there on Buffalo, that would be, he's a doctor, Sam was his name, Sam Perkins, and he tried to run it on yarn strings, you know, to a--he had a outlet, you know, little buildings where they boiled it down, you know. It wouldn't run off the hill, it'd just run a little, and just drip off, put out a lot of money that-a-way. Then he bought him a five-hundred or a thousand peck buckets and had him a big trough, it was down there, and had a hole bored in there and they'd just carry it and pour it in that trough and it run on down there where they made it, you know, they'd catch it down there (in pots). And somebody stole about every one of his buckets. I know he had five-hundred or more, ten quart buckets, all along the row, somebody finally stole about everyone, if they didn't buckets. Lord, they made hundreds of gallons of syrup, they didn't make sugar, they just made syrup, you know, and sold it. Anybody with any sense a-tall would know that it wouldn't run on yarn strings.

Q: How about sawmilling around here? That's pretty . . . .

A: Mr. J. I used to sawmill before I come to this country, I ain't done so much since I come, well I've done some too. I've packed them and I've rolled logs, burnt, cut the timber, ball-bust.

Mrs. J. I ain't done none of that, but I've cut timber.

Q: How did you get the trees off the mountain, down to the mill?

A: Mr. J. Have a--easiest is by team. Of course, I worked where they had to ball boot them down, off of the . I've worked in Avery County some too. That timber'd run eight miles up the Pigeon River. But that brother seemed he was going broke so bad--there was two of them--one of them died just a while back. I worked for him twenty-seven years. (Greg Scott) He sold out, bought them a truck,
went to hauling extract. Biggest extract plant that used to be down there at Canton in the world. Don't know if it's there or not, but used be there. Canton is eighteen miles, where our camp is there. Right on the Pigeon River.

Q: Did the railroad help any with the sawmilling?
A: Mr. J. Yes, it did. They hauled it in on trains, they got to the right place where you loaded it. Yes, they did. And I worked Creek where they hauled it all in for several miles. But you had to get it off the mountain and to get on the train cars. Averaged seventy-five thousand a day. Didn't matter what you taking in on it. That's more than they cut here in two or three months. That was band mill. I handled lumber there twenty-seven feet long, twenty-seven inches wide. Of course, I handled most of the dry lumber, loading cars. Old hemlock logs, splinters sticking out that far. Had to use hand leathers and a apron here. Hand leathers come in on the inside of your hands here. Boy, it'd just ruin you.

Mrs. J. Ruin your hands if you got one of them hemlock splinters.

Mr. J. They cut little old "lathes," about two to two-and-a-half inches wide and about four foot long, I think. And a eighth to a quarter of an inch thick, and they are the hardest, and they are the hardest things to bail. Boy, that's what they'd give a new man. They test them out on that. Now if he could stand that, he could stand anything.

Q: Is this train that came down through Todd the same one that went through Boone and up to Linville?
A: Mrs. J. No, this went back into Virginia.

Mr. J. I don't know what they've stop that one from running to Ashe County, have they, Jefferson, I don't think. No they had an awful bunch out the other day. There was a string of coal here as
long as from here to that garage, just . So big.
That's the way they get their coal in down there. They sell it
cheaper than they do in Boone, cause they truck it in up there.
Mrs. J. I don't know. That train run up here a lot. They hauled a
lot of extract back then, stuff like that.
Mr. J. Lord, I boarded down in West Jefferson one time a while. I
helped beat the first rock made them hardtops. West Jefferson, Old
Jefferson, over through there.
Mrs. J. After they took this up, the train just run from Abingdon to
West Jefferson.
Mr. J. They used to come in, a heavy
load, there'd be two engines to it, to a load. It'd just chug-a-chug-a.
Why, it'd jar the whole town nearly. It would, about jar the town!
Mrs. Jones adds something which is inaudible.
O: Did this train down here get washed out with the flood of '40?
A: Mr. J. No, it wasn't here then. Taken up way back yonder.
Mrs. J. It was took up before that time. They discontinued it.
Mr. J. See that grade over there is on that grade is on railroad
grade there. From Todd to Fleetwood. Best grade in the state, if
it had a wide road. It is, the longest stretch there in the state of
North Carolina.
Mrs. J. Well, it ain't wide enough for a highway. If it was wider,
it'd be a good road.
Mr. J. Well, it's just twelve foot down below Brownwood, Fleetwood.
You can't hardly pass on it from there. There's places you can't.
And it's washed out, fell off like it is right over yonder all along
the highway down through there. I went down there last Friday. It
was a week ago, I reckon. I'm afraid to ride on that road much. It's
dangerous.
Q: Was the train in here during the depression, or was it stopped before that too?
A: Mr. J. I don't know how long it's been took up. It was way before you and me was married, wasn't it? Yeah, and we've been married for thirty-eight years. Why it's been forty some years, I guess.
Q: What was life like around here during the depression?
A: Mrs. J. It was pretty tough, and pretty scrimpy. You had to make do with what you had.
Mr. J. Well, I lived on Three Top---back in Ashe. That there worst depression---that was before we was married.
Mrs. J. ... pulled leaves, gathered herbs---anything to buy what was necessary. And the rest of it they just had to do with what they had.
Q: What types of herbs and all did they gather?
A: Mrs. J. Oh, they was different kinds. They gathered beech-wood leaves, beechwood bark, and witchhazel bark---was what they call it. And they peeled Shawneehaw, black-berry briar root ... .
Mr. J. Sassafras roots . . .
Mrs. J. Sassafras roots---I've had to gather many of those sassafras big roots. Shawneehaw---take out to the mountain, and pull Shawneehaw.
Mr. J. I've treked for a mile and a half, two mile, all I could tie up and carry. Don't get big, really.
Mrs. J. Wild cherries, wild cherries.
Mr. J. Used to pick a lot of Balm of Gilead buds, but they got so cheap now you can't make nothing. About thirty cents a pound.
Q: How much do those herbs bring?
At Mrs. J. Oh, some of them bring from a penny to three cents a pound. No, Shawneehaw or the bark from Shawneehaw root sometimes up to eight, nine, ten cents. Witchhazel leaves usually runs two to three cents and the bark sometimes all the way from one to three. Mr. J. Beetwood leaves now bring as high as thirty-four cents or more. Of course, everything's so high, you can't buy nothing now. Sold a lot of them for thirty-three or -four cents a pound.

Mrs. J. So funny. You could get a lot more for what little money you did get out of the store.

Mr. J. Anyone got that price then, they'd got rich. I been a-buying flour over yonder at 221, used to, I guess for two, three, or four years at two dollars for Blue Ribbon.

Mrs. J. A box of matches now cost you fifteen cents. Used to get them here around for a nickel. A big box of soda was a nickel.

Mr. J. Now it's $2.65.

Mrs. J. A glass of snuff was a quarter. Plug of tobacco was---it run about a quarter---20¢ to a quarter.

Q: How about your salt?

A: Mrs. J. Salt run about eighty---about a cent a pound, something like that. We'd go buy rice. Get rice for two or three cents a pound. Box of Quaker Oats cost you maybe twenty to twenty-five cents.

Mr. J. I bought some side meat for five cents before I was married staying with my brother-in-law. Five cents a pound.

Q: How much does it cost now?

A: Mr. J. I looked down here at Jack's Grocery the other day, there's a piece about that thick and so big , looks like first meat, I don't know. Seventy-five cents! Seventy-five cents a pound.

Mrs. J. Meat's got ridiculous now.
Q: Was there a scarcity of jobs during the Depression?
A: Mr. J. Yeah, it got awful scarce.

Mrs. J. People that had anything to do, they just didn't have the money to pay to have it done. So they just had to do what they could do theirselves and let the rest go.

Mr. J. I remember two first checks or payrolls any monthly checks I ever drawed was during the World War. I was just a boy, and wasn't grown. First one was $37.20 and the next one was $27.20.

Q: What were you doing?
A: Mr. J. Doodling saw dust at a mill, cutting eight to ten thousand. Had a help awhile. And I'd do that with a wheelbarrow by myself, cutting eight and ten thousand feet lumber. Now you talking about a job, and that sun coming in on you. Couldn't stand it now, I bet you. I think I got two dollars a day, I think.

Q: Were there any government programs around here, in the Depression? Like WPA, CCC.
A: Mrs. J. They had the WPA awhile. A lot of the men could work on mainly on it. There was just so many people that needed work, they couldn't work them all. But they did work some.

Mr. J. I never did work at it, myself.

Q: They were pretty hard days then, but do you remember any of the good times during the Depression?
A: Mr. J. Not too much.

Mrs. J. I expect that all the way around many fared about as good then as they do now. A lot of them fared just as good, if not better than they do now. We have to work awful hard now-a-days to get by. Back then you had to work hard to get by, so you get just as much pleasure out of it.

Mr. J. I figure---one girl's been a-working three years, in June, out
at I.R.C. And she's made—worked out more money than I bet I work
out in twenty years, twenty-five. She's spent a fortune, she's still
got more than I've seen of my own. She's got a lot of bonds, got
one today. She's got money at the Building and Loan and at the bank,
and paid for a car. Bought sewing machines, electric irons, and
enough to fill that car full several times. Paid for a house, clothes,
and everything.

Mrs. J. My iron. We got the iron and give it to her.
Mr. J. That's right, you did. But she got it, though. A good one.
Q: What were the first electrical appliances you got? Do you remem-
ber?
A: Mr. J. Yeah, no-no, it was an old refrigerator.
Mrs. J. Refrigerator, and next was the washing machine.
Mr. J. That's it down yonder. Kelvinator—that fellow called it
Kelvinator.
Q: Yeah, that's what my grandmother called it. Did you get a radio?
A: Mrs. J. Yeah, we've got one.
Mr. J. We've got several. Got two now, one's shot and the other
won't play at all, unless you cut it off—I no more.
Transistor radio's what I use now.
Q: What were some of the programs you listened to?
A: Mr. J. On the radio?
Q: Yeah, some of the first ones.
A: Mr. J. Oh,"Amos and Andy."
Mrs. J. "Grand Ole Opry," "Amos and Andy." Then sometimes on Sunday,
we'd get singing and preaching.
Q: Where did y'all go to church?
A: Mr. J. Up here at the top of the mountain, now. When we lived
up there on Three Top, we went to Kraut.
Q: Was the church a pretty important part of your life when you were growing up?
A: Mrs. J. Yeah, it was.
Mr. J. Had to walk two or three mile off the mountain. Well, there's three-quarter of a mile nearly straight down. Big, deep snows on them. Paid no attention to it then. That's the God's truth.
Mrs. J. People used to really go to church better then than anytime else. They got cars and they'll take off somewhere else, you know--not stay at home.
Mr. J. I walked sixteen to eighteen miles many times before . . .
Mrs. J. They used to---Sunday mornings would come, you'd have to get up and work---do what you have to do, and then get ready to go to church, walk, and come back home. Fix you something to eat.
Mr. J. We'd used to ride the horses back or go in a wagon when I was just a boy. I'd see old men coming when with the canes, you know, walking. And buggies, yeah, a lot of buggies. I'd go, "What in the world is the matter with that man, has to have a cane."
Blame, I've had to use one or two times, some crutches. I've had to use crutches.
Q: How often did y'all have services?
A: Mrs. J. We usually have services once a month, a preaching service.
Sunday School every Sunday.
Q: How about revivals?
A: Mrs. J. Usually had one revival a year.
Mr. J. Now it's two. And this man that runs the church, he has to get somebody to do the preaching, so we can have two to pay now. Too much money. Some type of helper, I don't care how--the pastor up here weighs 274 pounds. And he can preach, preach up a storm. And he has to get somebody else to do the preaching when we have a revival.
He's a big man.

Q: Who is he?
A: Mr. J. Herbert Goodman.

Mrs. J. Goodman.

Q: How did that church get its name? Do you know?
A: Mrs. J. No, I don't.

Mr. J. No, I don't know. I've been in this country thirty-seven years in March, I reckon.

Mrs. J. That church has been established a long time. I don't know how it got its name.

Mr. J. Yes, that's been established maybe ninety years, I guess. Well, they've had it a long time.

Q: I guess Mr. Grogan up yonder would know.
A: Mr. J. He'd know a whole lot about it.

Mrs. J. He might come near to telling you how long it's been.

Mr. J. He's been a member up there for years. (Tape goes into conversation about his brother.) He's got a birthday right next month. He's eighty-seven or eighty-eight year old. I'll have to look it up one of these days, in the Bible. Now I mean ole-timey Bibles--tore all to pieces. Bible like that now, oh, ain't a-telling what it would bring, would it.

Mrs. J. Yeah, those people out at the flea market offered $75.00, didn't they?

Mr. J. There's plenty of if it hadn't been tore. Two of my oldest brothers got in to it when the rest were out. And they tore it all to pieces. Oh, the back on it was nearly that big.

END OF SIDE 1
A: Mr. J. That's nine years, I guess. Got gone in '62. And I had to send off--my name wasn't in it. Someone else had it. My brother had it Virginia. Had to write on it there, and he sent that pages that had his on it. I took it. Don't know how I'd ever got it that day.

Q: Were there a lot of doctors in this area?
A: Mr. J. No.

Q: What did y'all do when you couldn't get a doctor?
A: Mrs. J. Well, if you couldn't get one, you had to do the best I could.

Mr. J. There's one that lived up here for years.

Mrs. J. There's one that lived right up the river here, and there's one at Boone that would go out on calls.

Mr. J. He's dead now. One over on Creston---Three Top. He was a good country doctor. He always went out, "hoss" back, or used to. Finally got one at Todd.

Mrs. J. Well, if you really had to have one, if you find them at home, well he'd go up the river here.

Mr. J. People died then of appendicitis, and they just called it indigestion or something; colic or something. Yeah, it killed a many a one, and they didn't know what was the matter with them.

Mrs. J. Well, people used to---they wasn't no doctors around handy, and they just had to doctor the best way they thought. If they got better, it's all right. If they died, it had to be all right, because it's all they had.

Mr. J. They weren't experimenting like they are now. Had a brother live twenty-one days with double pneumonia. Sight a man ever been in that country.

Q: What were some of the home remedies that your mother used?
A: Mr. J. Used boneset—or my mother did, and catnip.

Mrs. J. Ole penny royal—for colds or anything like that, they'd make a tea out of penny royal. And lots of times whenever a baby was cross, wouldn't sleep, they'd take a catnip block, and make a tea, and give it to the baby. And they used camphor for other things. Colds and colic or anything like that. Give them a few drops of camphor in water.

Mr. J. We used to take two or three drops of camphor in a bowl of milk, and give it to a baby and it'll ease him right now; or else it used to for colic.

Mrs. J. And for people who had chest colds or fevers, well, they'd make a poultice from, ah, roast onions and mix sulphur or something with them, and make a poultice and place it on their chest to break up the fever. Ah, there's so many of them there old remedies. I couldn't think of all they were.

Q: What was sassafras tea used for?

A: Mr. J. Yeah, people used to drink a lot of that.

Mrs. J. Yeah, they used to drink that in the spring of the year for a tonic.

Mr. J. Yeah, those winters.

Mrs. J. Yeah, and sometimes they'd drink it instead of drinking coffee. They'd make a tea out of it and drink it instead of coffee.

Mr. J. It's cheaper now than coffee. Ten ounces for a $1.75.

Mrs. J. Back during the Depression, why, coffee was so high and we's so low on money, we had to parch rye around here and make coffee out of it.

Q: Mr. Jones, you said your wife knew some of these old farm superstitions. Could you two give me some of them?

A: Mr. J. I don't know. I know I'd never like to plant nothing
when the moon points was up. I don't know if there's anything in it or not, but I never did like to. I put out some onions one time when the points were up, and I couldn't keep them in the ground.

Mrs. J. Superstition is a pair of cedar trees. Little, ole cedar. If you plant it, by the time it gets up big enough to shade a grave, why you'll die. All kinds of stuff like that.

Mr. J. Why you can plant it, and my mother argued there was something in it. You planted corn or beans, put the heart down and it won't hardly freeze. And I tell you what. You just go right there and drop corn and beans and see if they ain't worlds of it--lots of it ain't even hurt at all, and the other just cooked.

Mrs. J. I've seen some that-a-way, but I don't know . . . .

Mr. J. My mother tried—she tried to plant a little on Good Friday if she could. She always planted with the eye down, so she could have some early beans. I tell you one thing, I believe there's something in that. You can plant a whole row through there, and there'd come a big frost there, and it'll kill some dead and won't hurt some.

Mrs. J. Used to plant you one to make you a few potatoes. Plant them about when the sun was in the moon, in the dark of the moon. I heard once about, something about, there was a family asking when was a good time to plant potatoes. Told them 'bn the dark of the moon.' So they thought that was getting out in the might time and planting, using lanterns.

Mr. J. You know there's a lot of people won't cut wood only at certain times. They won't walk after it. Yeah, they won't, at certain times, cut their wood.

Q: I was talking to a fellow the other day, yesterday, and he
said that he'd be putting the boards on the barn. And if you put them on when either the moon was growing or was full, it would bow them out. If the moon was shrinking, it would set them in there tight.

A: Mrs. J. Well, I know there are times that you can put boards on a barn, and them dirty things will just cup up.

Mr. J. The moon points it up when it does that, I know.

Mrs. J. And I have seen them on buildings that way where they've just turned up.

Mr. J. I was madder—I couldn't even see hardly. Those wouldn't set in there at all.

Q: Isn't there one about planting corn? I think, if it's—if the moon's full, you plant your corn, it'll grow higher.

A: Mr. J. No, it'll grow higher, I think, on the new moon.

Mrs. J. I think that when the moon's new, if you plant your corn, why it'll grow taller.

Mr. J. Yeah, some people plant in the moon.

Mrs. J. Yeah, I always planted in the ground. I never did pay no attention to it much. Wanted to plant something I always planted it. Old people used—they used to have certain signs when they planted everything. You can get these here gardening books and they still go by the signs in planting root crops, planting you know, stuff that grows above ground. I never did pay much attention to it. I just went and planted when I got ready to.

Q: What did they use for fertilizer back yonder?

A: Mrs. J. Well their—the only fertilizer they used back then was just the litter from the barn and stables, because they didn't buy it, they didn't have it. Well, back there I reckon they manufactured it—howhere around here, where they could get it. But they
used the litter from the barns, and in their big fields where they put their corn or something like that, why they didn't use anything. Most of the time, they just cleaned out new land. They'd tend it till it gets so it wouldn't make nothing and then they'd let it grow up and try a new patch. Wood land then was---had a lot of, you know, weeds had rotted on it so long; so long as it had lay it there. They just planted it in, after they cleaned it off. But, when it wouldn't make any more, why they'd let it change off and clear them off another patch, and try it.

Q: Did all the gardening with horse drawn stuff, didn't you?
A: Well, they usually had a patch that they kept their stable litter throwed on, that they did their gardening on. Mite small. My mom and dad always used their stable litter a little on their garden. She always had a pretty garden too.

Q: Yeah, they didn't have tractors back then, did they?
A: No, no, they used a team to do their plowing with, or oxen. Used oxen a lot. And if they wanted anything cultivated, why, they had to use a horse. They have cultivated with oxen too.

I've drove oxens. I don't like it.

Q: How is it different from driving horses?
A: Mrs. J. Well, oxen can be so stubborn. They can just bug up and won't budge at all. They won't budge till they get ready to. Whenever they get ready, then they'll go on. But a horse, most of the time, you can make him go on. One of them old oxen, when he's stuck, he's just going to stay there til he's ready to go.

Q: Did the farmers make the yokes for the oxen themselves?
A: Mrs. J. Yeah, some of them did. They used---some of them that knew how to make them made them. Maybe one person in the settlement that made them.
Q: Did they have a blacksmith around here?
A: Mrs. J. I guess they did, I don't know where though.

Q: Where did y'all go to school over here?
A: Mrs. J. Well, I went to school at Deep Gap, and he went to school at Trout. He lived back in Ashe, he's from Ashe, I was born here in Watauga County. I went to school in Deep Gap. Well, I first went to school at the old school, one room school building on Creek.

And then they put the schools together and took out a lot of the one room schools, and took out some of the county schools.

Mr. J. I remember the first air---car and the first airplane I ever seen. I bet you don't---can't remember that.

Q: No. Where was it?
A: Mr. J. Way back in Ashe County. Up on what they call the "Bluff." First airplane (car) I ever seen. I was going to school---about twelve or thirteen years old. Went past the schoolhouse. Teacher said, "all take a peek." Rose something or another. Before we all got to see it, it was gone out of sight. After that he come back and stayed all after---a little piece at church, I mean, schoolhouse. We'd go there and boy we thought that was the awfulest that had ever been. We'd look at it, go over there, reach in it, look at that car.

Mrs. J. I can't really remember the first car I ever seen, but I can remember the first airplane I ever seen. We were living in Virginia at that time, and they's, gee I forget now whether there was five or how many there was in the bunch.

Mr. J. Five or seven.

Mrs. J. Went over in a bunch. They was the first ones I can remember.

Q: What did you think of them when you saw them?
A: Mrs. J. Oh, I thought that was something great. All them airplanes.
I just don't remember the first car I ever seen.

Mr. J. Well, I do.

Mrs. J. I sort of remember one Dad ever bought. He got an old "scooter," strong armed as I am I'd run it up in the trees every time.

Q: How much mileage did you get in those old cars?
A: Mrs. J. I don't really know. I was too young really to know anything about them.

Mr. J. Didn't have any roads then. Back in '27, with only gravel roads, if you got thirty-five mile you's flying. I know. One of the boys taking me to see my girl. Hit thirty-five mile on that old gravel road, and you were flying then. They thought that was something.

Q: How many miles to the gallon of gas?
A: Mr. J. I don't know. There was—according to what model it was, I guess.

Mrs. J. I don't know myself ....

Mr. J. I don't remember for my life. They's quite a difference from now. Now one son-in-law, he told our daughter here—he's got one of them, I reckon you kinda call foreign made—I reckon it's made in the United States or it's made just like one of those foreign cars. I think he gets about thirty-five miles.(to the gallon)

Q: I get about thirty-two on my Volkswagen. That's pretty good mileage. You were talking about courting. What all did you do? What did you do on your dates?
A: Mr. J. I'd just go and sit all night is all I done.

Mrs. J. We'd just sit and talk.

Mr. J. Stay till about eleven or twelve o'clock. Go to bed.

Mrs. J. We never did go anywhere. He'd come visit, sit and talk.

Mr. J. I went everyday.

Q: Did you ever go pick berries or cherries or work in the garden
together?

Mrs. J. Oh, we might have gone out together and pick cherries to eat.

Mr. J. They were going to clear out the pig-pen one time, but I didn't stay long. I come back. I was scared of it.

Mrs. J. I don't know, we might of got out and worked cutting cabbage or something, anytime that we'd be a working.

Q: Can y'all think of anything else that I haven't asked you about?

A: Mr. J. I don't reckon. After you leave, I can think of a whole lot.

Mrs. J. Whenever a fellow's trying to think of something, he can't ever think of it.

Q: We appreciate you giving us this information.