APPALACHIAN SCRAPBOOK

An A-B-C of Growing Up in the Mountains

A Letter to the Readers of APPALACHIAN SCRAPBOOK

Dear Friends:

When someone asks you who you are, what do you say? Do you give your name? Your parents' names? Your ethnic group or your nationality? Perhaps you say something about your personality or a skill that you have.

No matter what you reply you are commenting on your heritage. You know what heritage is, don't you? The word applies to everything we are and know and believe and can do because of the past, *plus* everything we will pass on to the people who come after us.

Throughout the United States today people are exploring their heritage. They are deciding what parts they want to preserve for the future. My family and I have been studying our heritage here in the mountains. This scrapbook tells some of the things that we have done. We have had so much fun making the scrapbook that we want to share it with you.

You, too, have a wonderful heritage. Studying it will make you appreciate it more and will help you understand yourself and your family better. Why don't you make a family heritage scrapbook also?

Sincerely,

Mrs. Gwen Carter

Mrs. Gwen Carter
mother of Eugene, Emma, and Ellie

Emma

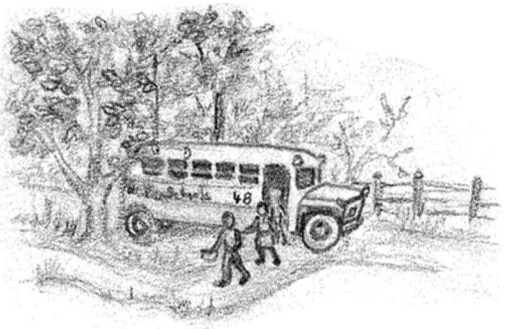
Eugene

Ellie
(short for Eleanor)

Hi! I'm Emma Carter. Alf and Gwen Carter's daughter. I have one brother, Eugene, who's twelve, and one sister, Ellie. She's seven, and I'm nine. Mama calls us the three E's. We have a yellow cat named Pumpkin and a shepherd dog named Bonnie. We live on Banjo Branch Road in Madison County, North Carolina. Where do you live?

*

Do you ride a schoolbus? We ride No. 48. It lets us out at the bottom of the hill, and we walk on up the cove to our house.



Here's a picture of our house. I'd like to see a picture of your house. And of you. Daddy enclosed the carport to make a family room, and we're collecting rocks to build a retaining wall behind the house. Pappaw came over to help us do the rockwork on the new chimney.

Pappaw and Granny Carter live back on Laurel River, toward Tennessee and the Great Smokies. I love to stay with them and get them to tell about when they were little. Granny says everybody had it hard back then. The roads were so bad it took forever to get someplace. There were lots of little schools but only one doctor for this whole end of the county. Pappaw says people had to move away to find work. But now they're coming back.

Our House

Pappaw and
Granny Carter's house

Madison High School

Mrs. Pittman

Daddy went off to teach when he finished college. That's how he met Mama. But when they consolidated the high school here he came back to teach science and ecology. Does your school teach about taking care of the environment? Daddy tells us how important it is to build up the soil and fight pollution. We never use dangerous chemicals in our garden, and we try to save energy.

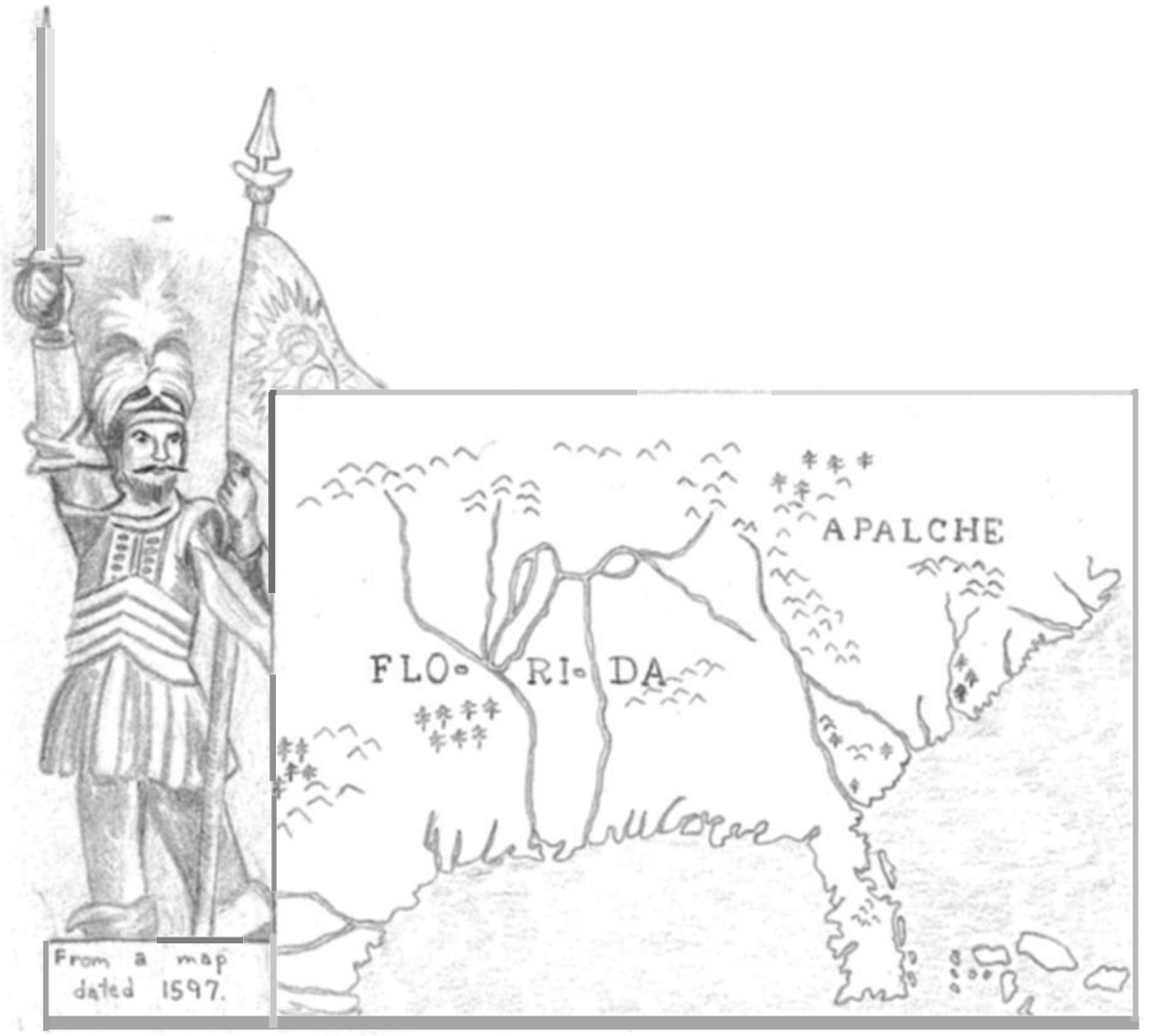
What grade are you in? I'm in fourth. My teacher is Mrs. Pittman. She's strict, but I like her. She's always giving us projects. Right now we're doing one on Appalachia. She says we're not just mountaineers; we're Appalachians and should be proud of it. For my project I'm making an alphabet scrapbook of things my family has done. Would you like to help? "A" is easy, of course: "A" is for "Appalachia." Here's what I found in the encyclopedia. (Mrs. Pittman always has us tell what we read in our own words.)

Here is a map of Appalachia. It is about the size of Great Britain. Three bands of mountains run parallel to the Atlantic Coast. They stretch over 1,600 miles, from the St. Lawrence River in Quebec to the Gulf Coast Plain in Alabama.

"Appalachia" comes from the Muscogee Indian words "Apala" and "chi," meaning "those by the sea." A Spanish explorer named Narvaez led an expedition to the Indian village of Apalchen, in what is now Florida. He didn't find any gold, but he remembered the name and used it when he was talking about all the mountains away from the coast. In 1861 Arnold Guyot, a famous map-maker, published a geological study of the mountains. He called his book *On the Appalachian Mountain System*. That is the name we use now for the whole series of mountain ranges.

A

is for Appalachia.



B

is for ballad.

Little Margaret

B

Which would you use for "B"—"ballads" or "Blue Ridge Parkway?" Granny knows lots of the old-timey ballads, and Daddy learned them from her. When we're doing chores Daddy whistles "Old Joe Clark." Ballads tell stories, and most of them are sad. There's one about Little Margaret, who appeared "all dressed in white" at the foot of Sweet William's bed. The next time she was seen, she was in her casket. Eugene can sing the ballad of Naomi Wise. This man, John Lewis, said that if Naomi would meet him at the spring he would give her money and other fine things. Instead, he drowned her.

My favorite ballad is "The Old Woman All Dressed in White." Have you ever heard it? Here's how it goes:

There was an old woman all dressed in white. Oh me, oh my.
She took sick and about to die. Oh me, oh my.
She took it in her head one day. Oh me, oh my.
She thought she'd hear the parson pray. Oh me, oh my.
She got up to the church yard gate. Oh me, oh my.
She thought she's going to be too late. Oh me, oh my.
She got up to the church yard door. Oh me, oh my.
She stopped to rest a little more. Oh me, oh my.
She looketh up. She looketh down. Oh me, oh my.
She saw a corpse upon the ground. Oh me, oh my.

BOO! ! !

Daddy always gooses us on the last line and makes us squeal.

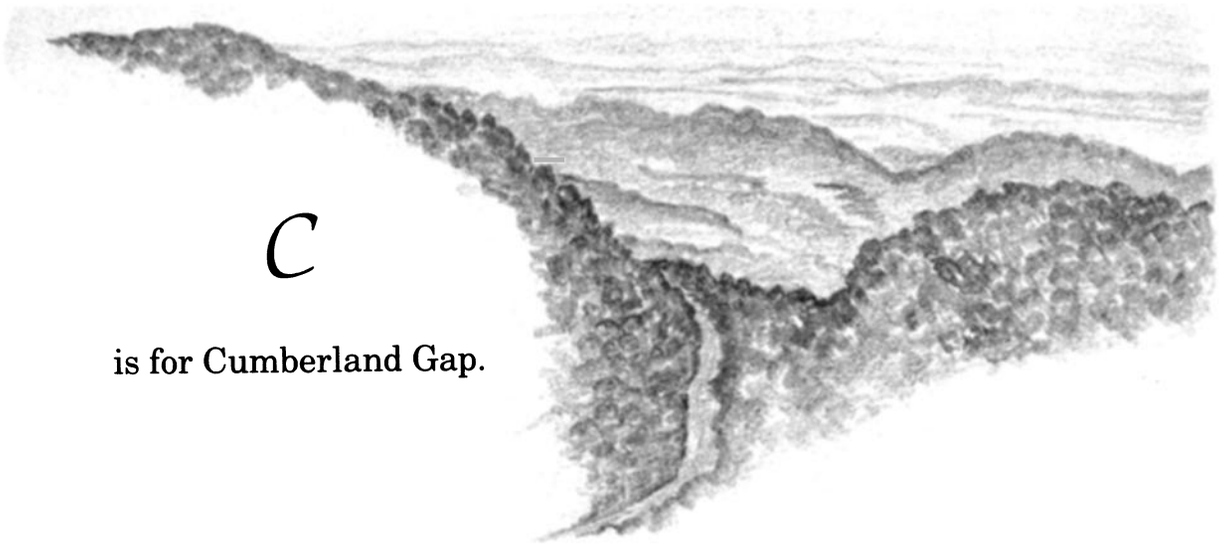
B is for Blue Ridge Parkway.

How do you like "Blue Ridge Parkway" for "B?" Dr. Harley Jolley wrote a history of the Parkway. He's a member of our church, and he gave me this for my scrapbook:

> The Blue Ridge Parkway is a national scenic highway that follows the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains for 469 miles. It extends from the Great Smoky Mountain National Park up to Rockfish Gap, Virginia, where the Skyline Drive begins. In 1728–29 William Byrd, who was surveying the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina, said that the mountains "lookt like Ranges of Blue Clouds rising one above another." Today exhibits, museums, and self-guiding trails make traveling the Parkway an educational experience. Peaks of Otter, for example, has an exhibit of such animals as the bobcat, beaver, skunk, fox, and otter. Mabry Mill has demonstrations of mountain industries: tanning, shoemaking, blacksmithing, whiskey-brewing, and sawmilling.

Have you ever been on the Parkway? When we were up there one day last summer we saw license plates from seventeen states plus Canada. We stopped at Crabtree Falls for a picnic. Then we hiked down into the cool gorge to look up at the waterfall.

Mabry Mill



C

is for Cumberland Gap.

C

Let's make "Cumberland Gap" be "C." Our social studies book says that the gap is the only natural break in the mountains between Tennessee and Kentucky. Dr. Thomas Walker discovered the gap when a land company sent him to survey land west of the mountains. Indians were already using the pass, and they left funny markings on the walls of the cave there. Mrs. Pittman told us that some Confederate soldiers from Madison County hid in the cave during the Civil War. Their wives or sweethearts walked all the way from North Carolina to Kentucky to take them food and medicine.

Daniel Boone blazed a trail through the gap in fifteen days so settlers could go to Kentucky. Daniel lived for a while in the Yadkin River Valley of North Carolina. That's where Grandma and Granddaddy McLeod live. Granddaddy has told us all sorts of stories about Daniel. If you came to our house you could help us act them out.

Grandma made us brown corduroy shirts with fringes on the bottom to wear when we play Daniel Boone. We hitch up Ellie's rocking horse to Eugene's old stake wagon and pretend that we are moving across the Cumberland Mountains to Boonesborough on the Kentucky River. Ellie always asks to be Chief Black Fish. She pretends to pull out all of Daniel's hair except a warlock. Then she adopts him. She has to wash away his white blood and paint him with symbols.

Granddaddy McLeod

Playing Daniel Boone

I'm a Shawnee,
and Eugene is Daniel Boone.

Eugene won't let anyone else be Daniel. Sometimes I play Rebecca, his wife. I take care of the farm when he is off scouting, and I know how to use a rifle. Sometimes I'm a Shawnee and capture the hunters when they are boiling salt. I make Daniel run the gauntlet. He dodges my blows until I become a big warrior and step out in front of him. Then he butts me with his head and gets away.

Daniel had a long rifle called Tick-licker. He carved a beech tree with this: "D. Boon Cilled a Bar 1760." Mrs. Pittman would give him an "F" in spelling.

D

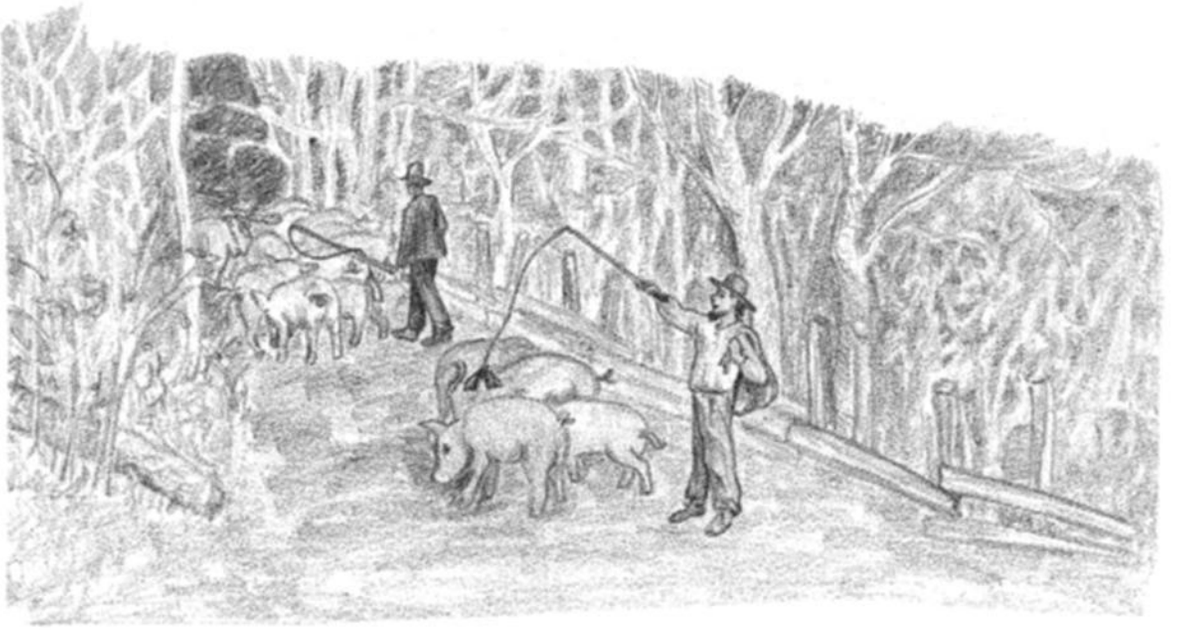
I've already written "D." We had to do a research paper for language arts, and I did mine on drove roads:

The Drove Road

"Gobble, gobble, gobble. Oink, oink. Moo-oo-oo." These are the sounds you would have heard if you lived along the drove road in the 1800's. Just imagine five or six hundred turkeys parading by your house at one time. Or from 300 to 2,000 grunting hogs. Or droves and droves of cows or mules. These animals were on their way from Tennessee or Kentucky to market in Spartanburg, South Carolina. The drover was the man who rode horseback up front. He was usually the farmer who owned the animals. He had to pay a toll to take his animals on this road, called the Buncombe Turnpike. He hired men to walk along as drivers, carrying whips with red flannel flags tied on to make the animals behave.

They couldn't travel fast, only eight or ten miles a day. So every few miles there was a stock stand. This was an inn where the drivers and drovers could eat supper and spend the night. Each drover had his animals marked. He penned them up by themselves and fed them corn which he bought from the stand keeper. The stand keeper had to buy bushels and bushels of corn for the animals and food for the owners and drivers. He bought it from farmers in the county. The farmer who cleared the land which my Pappaw now owns sold corn to the stand at Alexander. When that man cleared the land, he let the soil wash away. You can still see a big gully there.

I saw a TV program about a boy who was helping his father build a bridge for the drove road. It showed the drovers eating a big dinner at the stock stand. They talked and told jokes and sang. Then they rolled up in blankets in front of the fire and went to sleep. The next morning they counted their animals and headed on their way. There are no drove roads now because it is easier to send animals to market by train or truck.

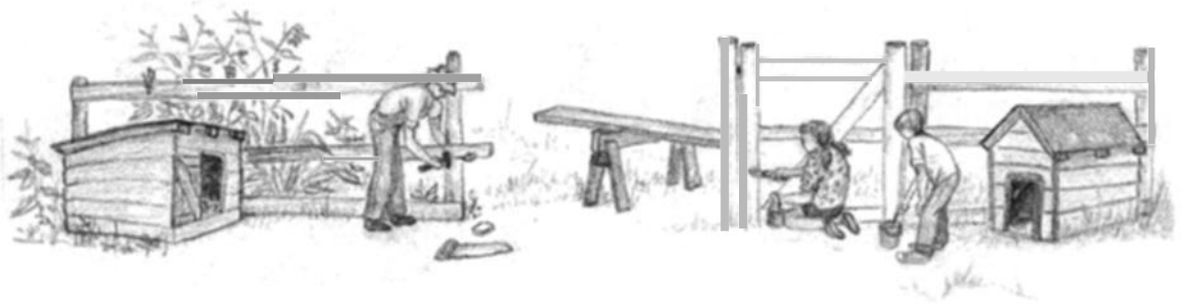


D

is for Drove Road.

Selling a pig

Eugene's picture of turkeys



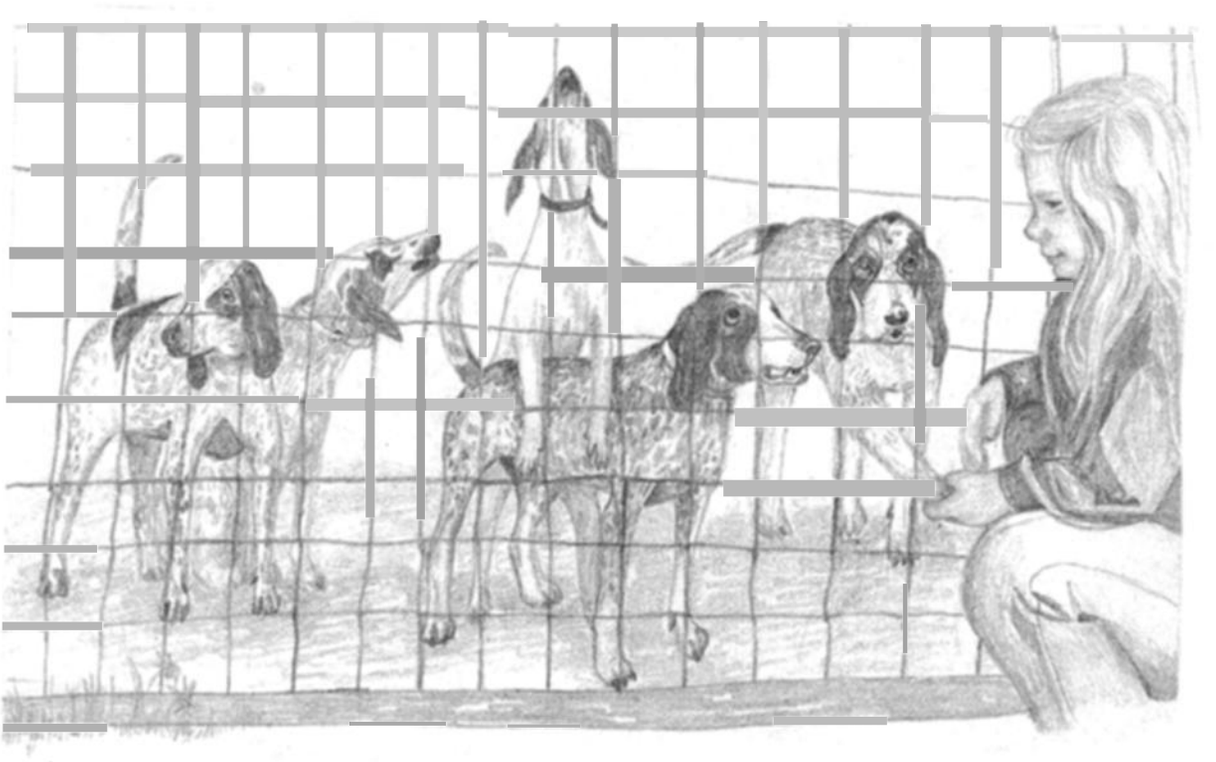
Helping Mr. Keith

Eugene copied these turkeys from his *North Carolina Wildlife* magazine. Didn't he do a good job? Speaking of animals, let me tell you about our neighbor, Mr. Keith. He's a big hunter, and he trains Plott hounds. Last summer he paid Eugene and me to help put up a new dog pen. He showed us the black and tan hound he took to the coon festival. She won first place for tracking a coon in water. Eugene asked Mr. Keith how he trains dogs. Here's what Mr. Keith said:

> When old Zip was a pup I put a bridle on her. Then I shook out a coon into the pen with her. She'll never forget how that coon attacked her. Now all I have to do is turn her loose at night at the bottom of some holler. If there's a coon anywhere around, hunting crayfish or lizards maybe, old Zip'll run it till it's plumb exhausted. Then I get it. Or if it runs into a hollow log I have to smoke it out with damp leaves.

Coon in a hollow tree

Dogs are easier to draw than turkeys. Here's the picture I drew of Mr. Keith's blue-tick hounds. See how they lean against the wire and put their paws on one another's backs to make me pet them? They don't stop yipping, either. I like their bright eyes and their silky-feeling, droopy ears. They seem too friendly to want to kill coons. But you should see the side of Mr. Keith's barn. He has 32 coon pelts tacked up there waiting to be sold.



Mr. Keith's hounds

Coon pelt

White pine

5 needles in
a bundle

E

is for evergreen.

Setting out white pines

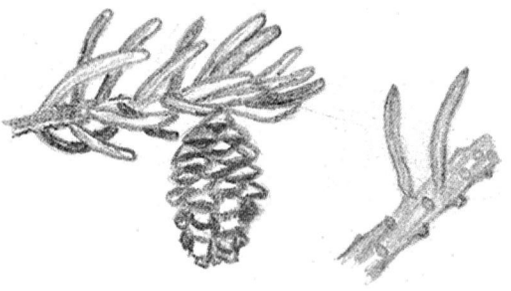
E

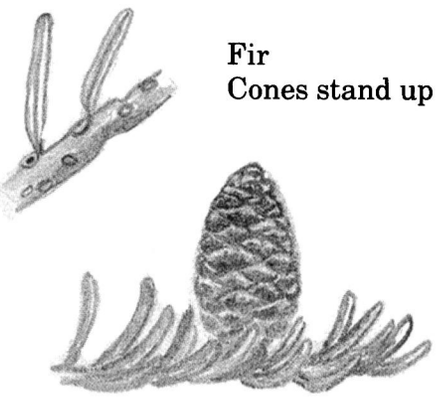
Can you think of something for "E?" All I can think of is "evergreen." Last year Daddy decided that we should put evergreens on a steep hillside that was eroding. He ordered 6,000 white pine seedlings from the Soil Conservation Agent. In March they arrived, and the whole family had to get to work. Mama toted the seedlings in a wet burlap sack so their roots would not dry out in the wind and sun. Every eight feet Daddy made a hole with a dipple. Have you ever seen a dipple? It's this tool that looks like an arrow point on a hoe handle. All three of us E's—even Ellie—took turns putting a seedling into the hole and pressing down the roots. Then Daddy made another hole right next to the first one. He called that "tamping the dirt." He says that in 18 or 20 years some of the trees will be ready for harvest.

*

We saw some forest rangers setting out evergreens on Mt. Mitchell last spring. Daddy showed us the difference between balsams and red spruce. Can you tell them apart? The balsam or Fraser fir has whitish stripes on the underside of the needles, and the cones grow up like candles. You can find balsams on high mountains like Mt. Mitchell and those in Canada. The spruce looks like balsam except its needles are four-sided and stabbing and its cones hang down. Mama read somewhere that the spruce is called "he balsam" because it doesn't have milky resin blisters on its trunk the way real balsam or "she balsam" does.

Spruce
Cones hang down





Fir
Cones stand up

Wait! Mt. Mitchell gives me an idea. Why not make "E" stand for "Elisha Mitchell?" I've read up on him. How does this sound?

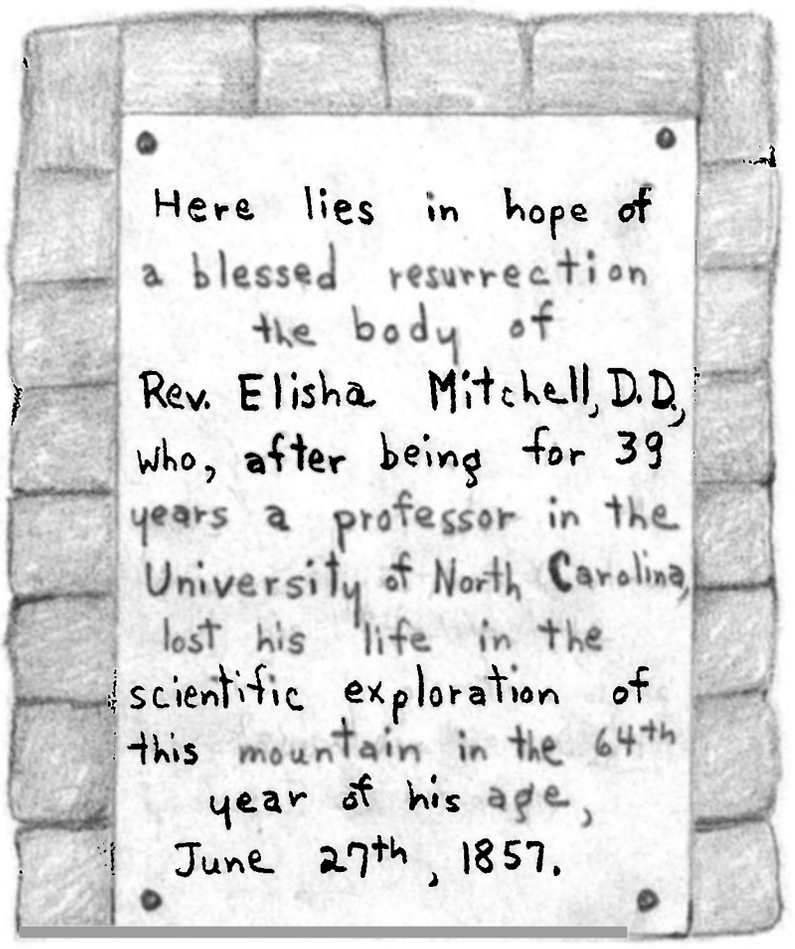
"E" is for Elisha Mitchell

Mt. Mitchell is 6,684 feet tall, the highest peak east of the Rocky Mountains. It was named for Elisha Mitchell. Dr. Mitchell tried to settle a dispute over which peak in the Black Mountain Range was the highest. He set out on a hike to check the barometric measurements on the mountain, and he told his son Charles where and when to meet him. Dr. Mitchell did not show up when he promised; so Charles went out to look for him. Soon other people joined in the search. One was Big Tom Wilson, who used to be Dr. Mitchell's guide when he was climbing mountains. Big Tom found Dr. Mitchell's body caught in a pool at the foot of a waterfall. Dr. Mitchell is buried on top of the mountain. This is what the marker says:

> Here lies in hope of a blessed resurrection
> the body of Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D.D., who,
> after being for 39 years a professor in the
> University of North Carolina, lost his life
> in the scientific exploration of this
> mountain in the 64th year of his age,
> June 27th, 1857.

Drawing based on Portrait of Elisha Mitchell, 1851 by Nathaniel Jocelyn. *A History of Mount Mitchell and the Black Mountains: Exploration, Development, and Preservation*. (Raleigh Div. of Archives and History, N.C. Dept. of Cultural Resources, 1985). By permission.

Elisha Mitchell



F

is for festival.

Rock festival

F

"F" can be "festival." There are loads of festivals around here—craft festivals, music festivals, dance festivals, apple festivals, story-telling festivals, even rock festivals. Not rock music, but gems. Eugene is doing a rock project in 4-H, and he thinks he's an expert. He talks about the igneous or metamorphic rock in Western North Carolina and the sedimentary limestone rock in Eastern Tennessee. He says there are fossils in sedimentary rock but not in metamorphic rock. He and some friends are planning to go to Cade's Cove in Tennessee to hunt for fossils. He has already collected the rocks and gem stones you can find in these mountains—garnets, rubies, agates, jasper, quartz, and zirconia.

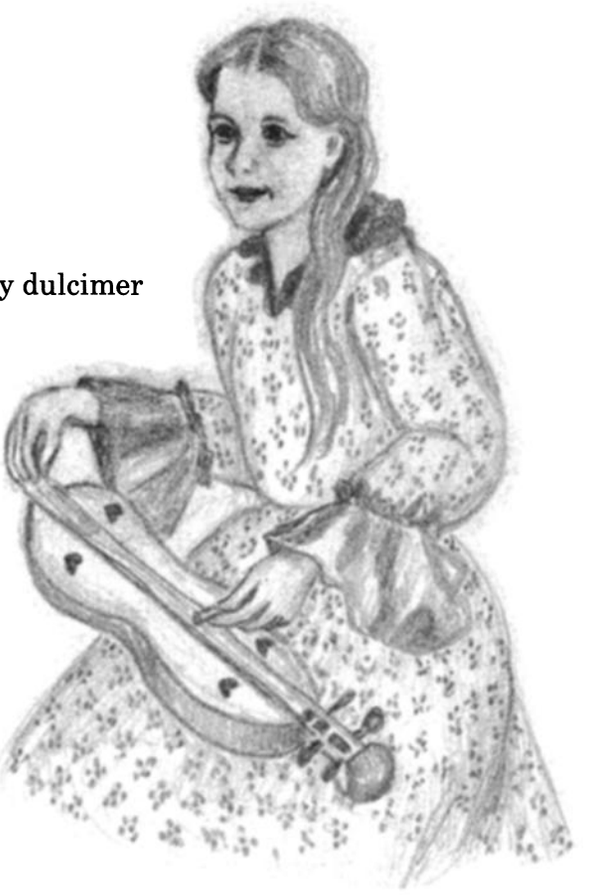
Ellie and I are going to be in the Lunsford Festival in October. It's named for Bascom Lamar Lunsford, who taught school in Madison County when Granny's mother was little. Mr. Lunsford collected the ballads which the school children knew, and he recorded them for the Library of Congress. He sang 315 songs from memory.

Ellie's going to square dance with her class. She never stands still anymore. She keeps dancing around, and she drives me crazy singing "Cripple Creek." Mama is making her a neat outfit—a white pinafore and a blue-checked dress with puffed sleeves and three petticoats.

Lamar Lunsford

Ellie square dances

My dulcimer



My friend, Shannon

I'm going to play the dulcimer for my friend Shannon to sing "Scarborough Fair," if I don't get too scared. You would like Shannon; she's a friend, no matter what happens. We like many of the same things, too.

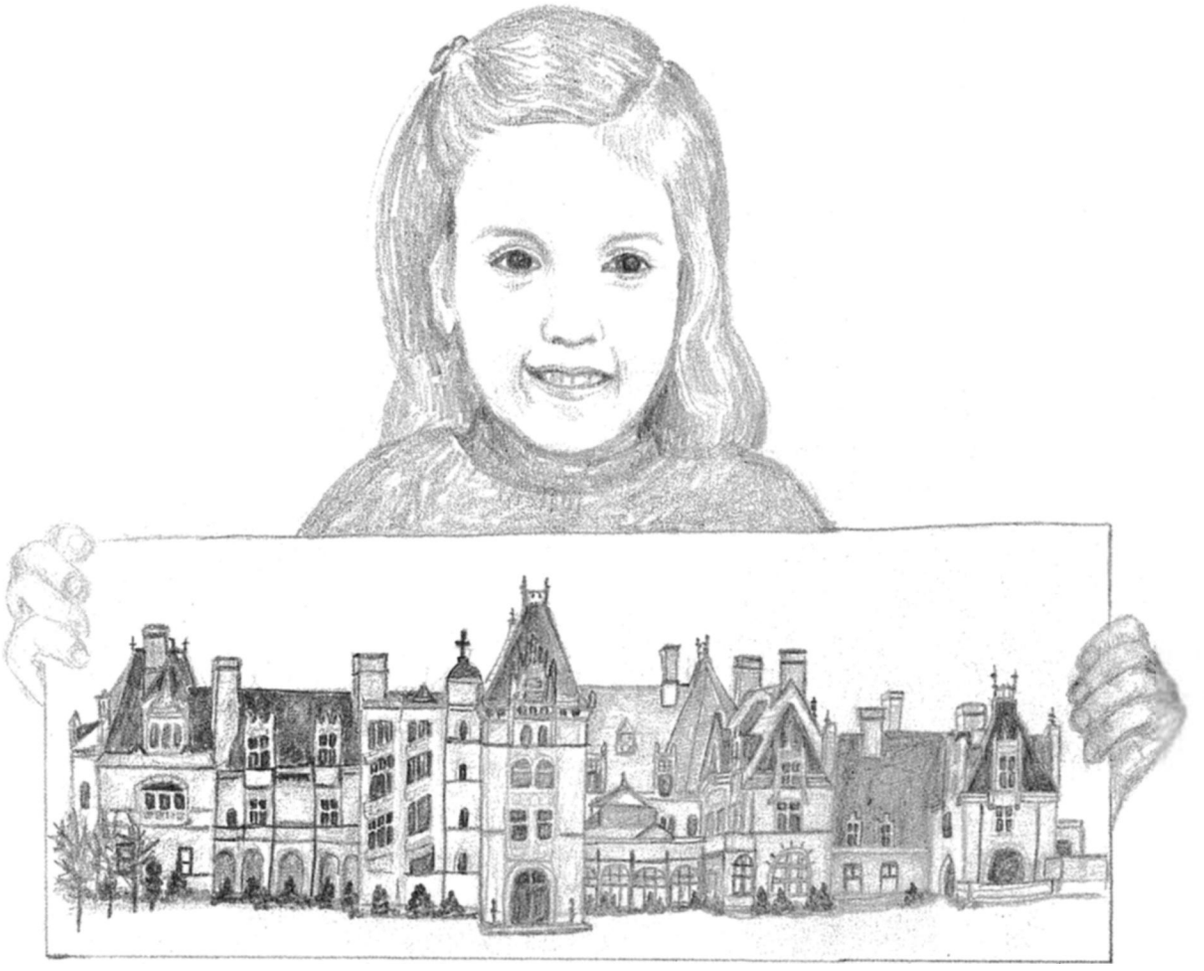
*

At craft festivals we walk from booth to booth getting ideas to try at home. That's how we thought of painting rocks to look like mushrooms and animals. Also that's where we got the idea for a beanbag frog.

G

Last week Shannon's cousins from Georgia were here, and they visited the Biltmore Estate in Asheville. The next day Shannon gave a report in Mrs. Pittman's class, and she brought a clipping she had saved from the Vacation-land issue of the *Asheville Citizen*. Here is what she said:

> The Biltmore Estate was the southern residence of George Vanderbilt. The word "Biltmore" comes from "Bilt," the Dutch town, and "more," the Old English word for "rolling hill country." George Vanderbilt studied literature and architecture. He collected art and history treasures from around the world. He wanted a house where his collections could be displayed, and he wanted a village which could take care of all of man's needs. In the 1890's he had a railroad spur built so that materials and men could be brought in, and he hired experts to supervise the work on the house, the land, and the village—a famous architect, a landscape designer, a gardener, a forester, a farmer, a dairyman, a weaver. He even had a church built, and stores, and North Carolina's first "Y" for blacks.



G

is for George Vanderbilt.

The Biltmore House is "America's finest castle." It has an eight-sided sunroom with ferns, a fountain, flowers, and a skylight that is opened with long poles. The game room is decorated with mounted fish and heads of animals. It has an ivory chess set which Napoleon used when he was in exile. The dining hall is huge; it has bearskin rugs, chairs that look like thrones, many flags, an organ, and a triple fireplace. The library has so many leather-bound books that Mr. Vanderbilt had to climb a ladder or a spiral staircase to reach some of them.

My feet got tired when I was only half-way through, and I went out on a balcony to rest. Off in the distance I saw a baby deer come out of the woods and lie down to take a nap in the sun.

Wasn't that a good report? I hope that we see a deer when we go. Mama's promised to take us next spring. Why don't we let "G" stand for "George Vanderbilt?"

I thought about "ginseng" for "G," but Granny says that folks around here call it "sang." When she was little she used to dry sang roots to sell so she could buy tablets and shoes for school. She says that people in the Orient buy the root-tubers and chew them because they believe that sang brings health and happiness. Here's what it looks like:

The scientific name is *Panax quinquefolium,* or "five leaves." Daddy calls plants like this herbs, and he teaches his students how they help us. I've squeezed juice from the yellow or orange jewelweed onto mosquito bites. Mint leaves, sassafras roots, and spicebush twigs make good teas, and marigolds help ward Japanese beetles away from rose bushes.

G

is for ginseng.

jewelweed

sassafras

Planting seedlings

H

Does your family raise a garden? Sometimes I'm sorry for school to be out, 'cause then we spend half our time gardening: planting, hoeing, watering, picking, shelling, freezing, pickling, canning. But, of course, we don't complain over good fruits and vegetables when it comes to eating. And even gardening isn't so bad if we can get someone to tell a story. Daddy has one he tells about a man named Ned Riddle. I've tried to write it just the way Daddy sounds when he mocks Ned. By the way, it's about a horse. Let's make "H" be "horses." There are lots of horses in the mountains.

"H" Is For Horse-swapping

Well, there was this horse that Pete Gunter was tryin' to break. He give $200 for it. He tied it to a sled, 'n it pulled two loads of fence stakes to the top of the hill just as purty. Then he decided he'd take his broken TV set down to the barn. He got the TV on the sled, 'n 'bout that time the horse shied 'n took off down the road, Pete holdin' on behind. He run right through the fence 'n tore that sled all to pieces. Just straightened out the trace chain hooks. He'd a'drug Pete out in the highway if I hadn't of come along. We got that horse back in the stall. Pete was so mad he said he was goin' to sell that horse or shoot it, one. I said I'd give $50 for it, 'n Pete took it quick.

I got that horse over to my field, 'n I hitched 'im to a two-horse plow, an Oliver, beside that great big ole mule o' mine, 'n I tole my mule to gettup. That horse tried to run, but he couldn't. The mule was too heavy. Then the horse tried to stop, but the mule drug 'im along. That settled 'im down, and he worked along just fine.

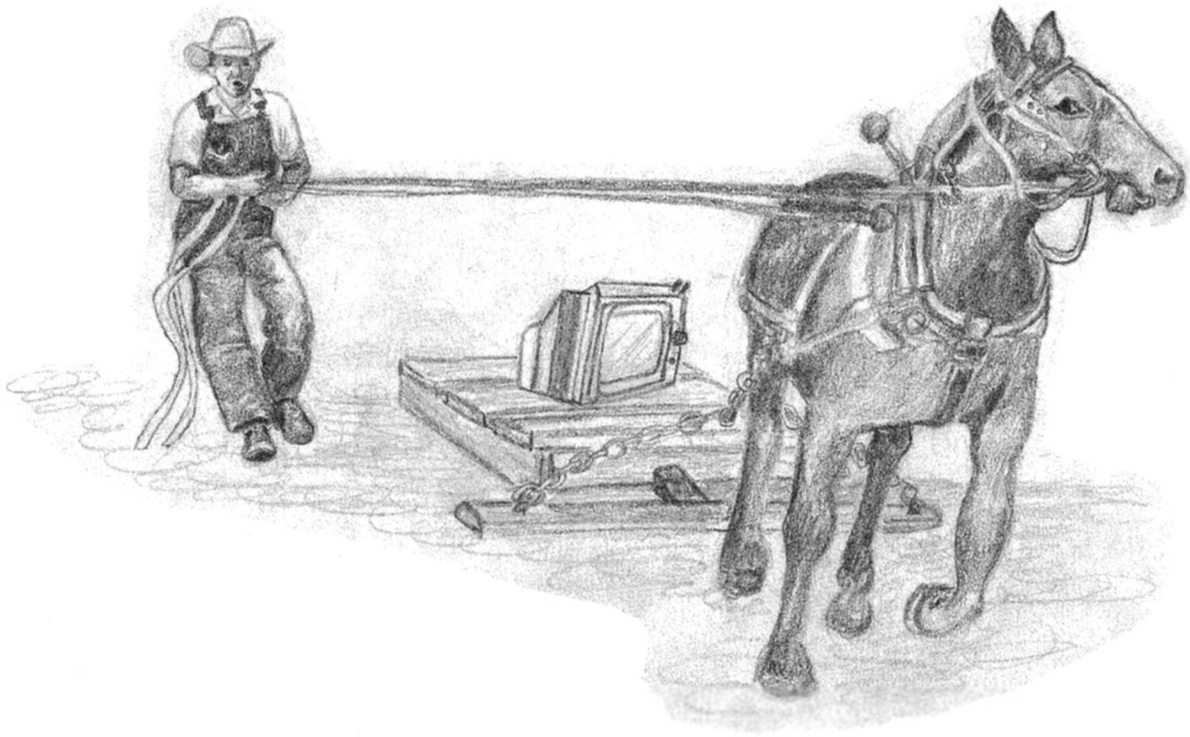
'Bout a week later Pete's old woman called me to do some plowin' for her, 'n I took that horse 'n my mule, 'n they plowed just as purty. Pete ax me where I got that fine, steady horse, 'n I said, "Don't you remember that horse that run away with you?" That went all over Pete, he was so mad. I finally sold that horse for $350.00.

Pete Gunter

H

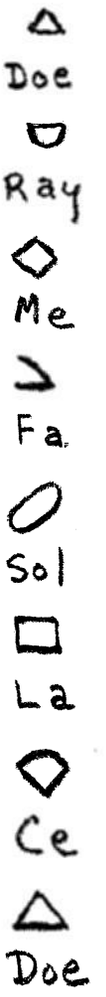
is for horse-swapping.

Drawing of Pete Gunter based on photograph in *Wouldn't Take Nothin' For My Journey Now,* by Jock Lauterer. Copyright 1980 The University of North Carolina Press. By permission.



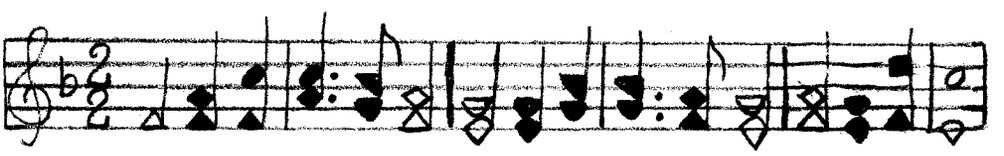
H

is for hymn sing.



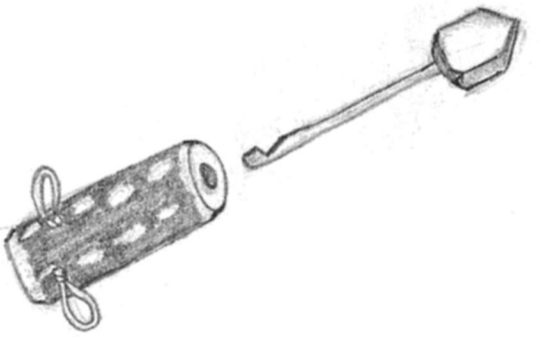
"H" could be "hymn sing," too. We have one at our church every fifth Sunday night. Our children's choir always sings. That makes me think of a story Pappaw tells about singing schools. They were big events when he was little—almost as important as homecomings and revivals. Right before harvest time a singing teacher would come and spend a week. He stayed with different families and they would sit up late at night, singing and telling stories. One teacher brought his little boy. Pappaw laughs 'cause the boy mocked his daddy beating time and crawled around under the pew when his daddy led in prayer. There weren't any hymnals; so the teacher wrote the words on the blackboard—songs like "Amazing Grace" and "Unclouded Day." Then he would talk about key and pitch and teach the people how to read music. The notes had funny shapes back then. Here's how they look in Pappaw's old *Christian Harmony* book:

shaped notes



I

"I" is hard to think of. I guess it could be "Idiot's Stick." Do you know what that is? Here's how it looks:



I sent one to my cousin Kevin, who lives in Ohio. I wrote this so he would know how to use it:

> Here's how to fool your friends. Tell them to catch the hook onto the rubber band which is inside the wooden tube and let it snap back. After they try and give up, you say that you will show them how. You pull the hook part-way out; then snap it back by pinching the triangular end between your thumb and forefinger. It will look as if it is hooked even though there really isn't any rubber band at all.

I bought it at the Mad-Made Co-op. That's a log cabin where people in Madison County can sell things they've made.

You should see the toys there—stuffed toys like sock elephants, beanbag frogs, and patchwork chickens. Wooden toys like the two-toned whistle, the Jacob's ladder, the Jumping Jack, the dancing man on the wooden paddle. My favorite is the whimmy-diddle. You rub one stick over the notches in another stick to make the propeller whirl.

"Whimmy-diddle"

Eugene dances the man on the paddle.

I

is for Indian.

Isaac Crowe and Eugene

Going Back Walkingstick

Oh, I know. "I" can be "Indian." We've had a 100% Cherokee Indian in our house. Isaac Crowe spoke to Daddy's classes, and Mama invited him to supper afterwards. He's not at all like the Indians you see in movies and on TV. He dressed like us except for the beaded necktie he wore. Eugene asked him to tell the history of the Cherokees.

Isaac said that almost three thousand years ago the Iroquois people came East across the continent. The Cherokee tribe broke away from the Iroquois and moved to what is now Southern Appalachia. They developed a strong nation with a constitution a little like the U. S. Constitution. The U. S. government was mean to the Cherokees. It did not let them become full citizens until 1924. In 1830 it made Cherokees leave their homes in Appalachia and move to a reservation in Oklahoma. That was called the "Trail of Tears" because the people didn't want to go. Some Cherokees hid in the hills to keep from going. Then these Indians bought land in Western North Carolina and called it "Qualla Boundary." About 7,000 Cherokees live there now.

When Isaac was five years old he was sent to a boarding school in Oklahoma. He was not happy there. They would not let him speak the Cherokee language, and they chained him to his bed as punishment. His grandfather hitch-hiked all the way out there to bring him home.

Now Isaac is on the Tribal Council. The Council works to improve living conditions on the Boundary. The Cherokees have respect for nature, and they want to run their own lives. The Council helps them get their own businesses and more education and better health care. Isaac wants more Cherokee children to go to college.

See this wooden bear? Isaac gave it to us. A Cherokee by the name of Going Back Walkingstick carved it.

J

We're planning to visit Qualla Boundary soon, and my friend, Robin, is going with us. Robin's grandmother, Mrs. Bean, took me and Robin to visit her friend in Jonesborough, Tennessee. His house is like a museum with old maps and pictures, arrowheads, rattlers from a rattlesnake, even a whiskey still. He showed us a drawing of Jonesborough when it was chartered by the North Carolina legislature in 1779. It was the first permanent settlement west of the Appalachian Mountains. After the town had been laid out, everyone who had bought a lot had to draw for the one he would receive. Then in order to keep the land, he was given three years in which to build a house with a brick or stone chimney on it.

Mrs. Bean walked us all through the town. We saw the Court House, an old print shop, a stage coach inn, the log house where Andrew Jackson boarded, the place where one of the first photographers in America lived. The Presbyterian Church was built before the Civil War and has a slave gallery. The outside steps are steep, and back then ladies couldn't use them because someone might see their ankles. I liked Sisters' Row. A long time ago a man from Philadelphia wanted each of his daughters to have her own house; so he built three houses stuck together.

J

is for Jonesborough.

Sisters' Row

A scary story

Every year there's a story-telling festival at Jonesborough. Daddy ought to go tell some of his "Jack Tales." One of them reminds me of the witch scene in "Hansel and Gretel." Do you want to hear it? It's long, so you'd better get something to do while you listen. Otherwise Mama might give you a sack of dried navy beans or blackeyed peas to shell, the way she does us.

Shelling dried beans

"Jack and the Newground"

One day Jack said goodbye to his mother and his daddy and his two brothers and set out to seek his fortune. Before long he came to this king's castle, and he asked the king whether he had any work for him. "It just so happens I do," said the king. "I have a piece of newground I've been trying to get cleared for the longest time. If you'll do that for me I'll give you fifty cents an hour."

Now Jack had helped clear ground at home, when his daddy made him, so he said he reckoned he'd take the job. "There's just one hitch," the king said. "There's a family of three-headed giants over there that claim that land is theirs. Every time I send a feller up there they kill 'im and eat 'im. I'll tell you; if you'll kill them giants I'll give you a thousand dollars for every head you bring back."

J

is for Jack Tales.

The King

Now Jack needed some money mighty bad; so he said he'd see what he could do. He got him an axe at the woodpile and headed for the newground. By the time he got there he was scared to death. He sat down on a log and studied out what he'd do if a giant came. Before long he heard the awfullest racket you can imagine. It sounded like bulldozers crashing through the woods. Jack looked, and there came two giants with three heads apiece, stepping right over the scrub pines and the laurel thickets. Now Jack hadn't been rabbit hunting for nothing. He grabbed him up a shirt-tail full of rocks and dived into that hollow log.

When the giants spied the log, one said, "Looka there at that holler log. We can take it home to Mother, and then we won't have to chop stovewood tonight."

The log was big enough for Jack to turn around in, but they shouldered it like a rifle. Jack got pretty shook up at first; but directly he settled down and peeped out the front end. He saw that the giant had the log resting right up against one of his heads. Jack picked him out a rock and let fly. Wham. He hit the giant smack in the back of the head.

Jack in the hollow log

"Ow-w-w," the giant yelled. "What'd you do that for?" he hollered back at his brother.

"I never done nothing to you," his brother said.

"You did, too. You almost knocked me down, you idiot."

"I did not," his brother yelled. They argued back and forth awhile and then they went on. Jack let fly with another rock.

"You quit that," the giant bellered.

"I never touched you," his brother said.

"You do that one more time and I'll knock the tar out of you." This time Jack picked out the sharpest rock he could find. Pow!

"Confound you!" The giant dropped the log and lit into his brother. They wrestled and clawed and spit and kicked till they were plumb tuckered out. Finally they got so tangled up they just lay there panting for breath. Jack saw he was safe so he crawled out of the log. He chopped off their heads, put them in a sack, and took them to the king.

Well, the king paid Jack $6,000. Jack pocketed the money and said he'd be heading for home now. "Don't go yet," the king said. "I'll pay you three thousand dollars a head if you'll bring back the daddy giant and his old woman." That was too much for Jack to refuse; so he headed back for the newground.

"Ow-w-w!"

His heart sank as soon as he reached the newground, for there stood the old giant, looking at the bodies of his sons. "Hey there, feller," the giant roared. "Do you know who done this?"

"I did," said Jack.

"You? Why, you ain't nothin' but a runt. You couldn't a done it."

"I did, too, 'n I'll cut your head off, too, if you don't take me home with you."

"If you're so all-fired strong," the giant said, "you'll have to prove it. See this crowbar here? I'm gonna throw it across that field there, and you toss it back up the hill to me."

"All right," said Jack. The giant flung the crowbar like tossing a stick for a dog. Jack went about a mile down the hill to where the crowbar landed. He began yelling, "Uncle! Uncle!"

"I ain't your uncle, feller," growled the giant.

"I'm callin' my uncle who lives over in Virginia. He's a blacksmith, and he can use this iron."

"Hold on there. That's my crowbar, and I aim to keep it."

"If you don't want me to fling it up to my uncle, you'd better take me home with you."

The Old Giant

The Giant and the crowbar

"Let's go then," said the giant, shouldering Jack and picking up the crowbar. They went across two mountains and over a river to where the giant lived. The giant's wife came out to meet them. The giant whispered something in her ear, but Jack was too short to hear. "Y'all go on in 'n get ready," said the giant. "I'll be in soon as I fetch some water."

Jack got sort of suspicious when he went into the kitchen. The cookstove was red hot and the oven door was open, but he didn't see a thing cooking. "Climb up here on this shelf, little feller. I'm gonna get you washed and combed for dinner," the old woman said.

The giant's wife

"I can wash myself," Jack declared.

"Oh, I allus wash my boys," she said, and she set Jack up on a shelf right next to the oven door. Jack commenced to squirm around like a dog with fleas. "Can't you set still?" the old woman asked.

"I don't know how to sit on a big shelf like this," Jack said, jumping down. "Will you show me?"

She grumbled, but she climbed up and said, "See? Like this." Quick as lightning Jack raised up one end of the shelf and tipped the old woman onto the oven door. Then before she had a chance to move, he put his shoulder under the door and shoved her into the oven. In no time she began to crackle and roast like choice tenderloin.

Directly, here came the old giant with a couple of barrels of water. "Um-m; that smells good," he said, and he headed straight for the oven. Then he spied Jack over in the corner, and he said, "Why, I thought that was you a-roastin'."

"That's your old woman, and you're gonna be in there, too, soon as my friend comes."

"Your friend? Is he as strong as you are?"

"Why, he can squash you like a blackberry. You'd better hide in this meal chest here. I think that's him a-comin' now," Jack said as he looked out the window.

"Don't tell him I'm here," the giant said. He climbed into the chest and pulled down the lid. Jack rushed over and fastened the latch. He went to the train station and made arrangements to have the meal chest shipped off to China. Then he took the roasted giant woman to the King.

The king said he would pay $3,000 for the old woman but nothing for the old man, 'cause Jack didn't bring the head. Jack didn't care, though. He had all the money his pockets would hold. He lit out for home, and the last I heard he was getting along fine.

Washing Jack's ears

The King pays Jack.

K

I can't think of a good "K." Do you have any ideas? Granny suggested "kettle," like the one she keeps simmering on the wood heater in their den. We have a wood stove in our house, too. It's warm and cozy, and it saves on oil. On cold, wintry days Granny even cooks on hers instead of on her electric stove. Then she and Pappaw eat in the den, and we like to eat with them. Last Saturday she cooked a pot of soup and had cornpone baked on the griddle and an upside-down pineapple gingerbread. Boy, was it good!

While we ate, we got Granny and Pappaw to talk about "back then." Granny told how they had to wash clothes when she was little. That was before they had running water or electricity in the house. Here's Granny's "'K' Is for 'Kettle':"

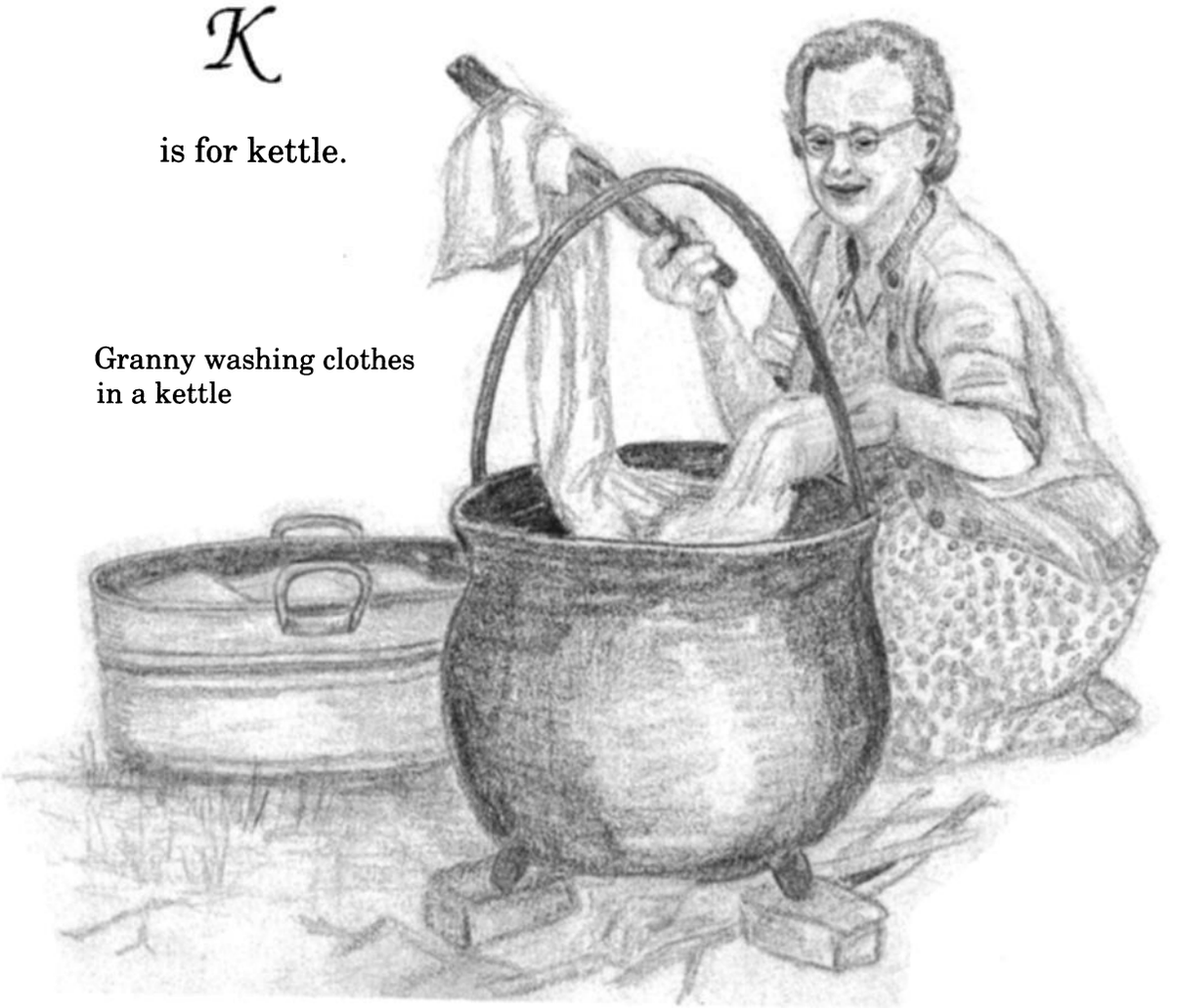
It's fun to eat with Granny and Pappaw.

Every Monday we'd set a huge three-legged iron pot on a brick support. We'd fill it with water from the well and build a fire under it. When the water began to boil we'd dip it out into three galvanized tubs and add a cake of lye soap to one of them. Then we'd have to scrub the clothes on a washboard. We boiled everything back then, you know, and we rinsed 'em twice and hung 'em on the line to dry. Of course, we always put white things in bluing, and we starched almost everything but overalls.

Just think what we had to go through to iron, too. We had to have two heavy irons, one to be heating on the wood stove while we used the other to smooth the clothes. No one knows how grateful I am for electricity and running water.

K

is for kettle.



Granny washing clothes in a kettle

drawing based on photograph by Edward L. Dupuy. *Artisans of the Appalachians*. By permission.

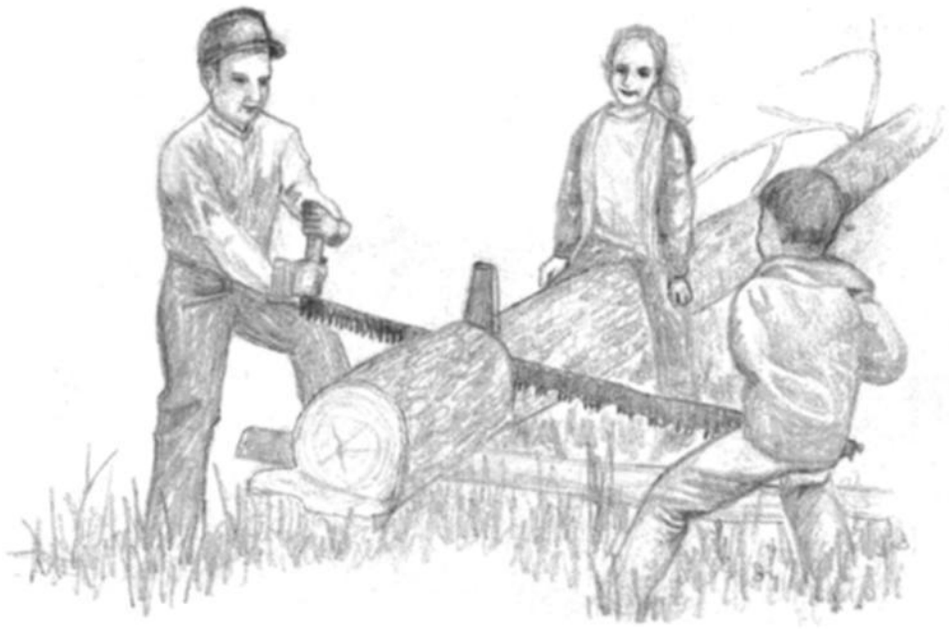
"The only light we had to read by back then was from kerosene lamps or the fireplace," Pappaw said. "Say, that's an idea for your school project, Emma. 'K' could be 'kerosene.' Kerosene was important on a farm. We used to keep a five-gallon can of it on the back porch. I'd like a penny for every time I had to go out in the cold to get some to start a fire or fill a lamp."

"Many a time we used it for medicine, too," Granny added. "I remember, my brother Dewey was sliding from the top hayloft down to the second level, and he landed on a plank with a rusty nail. He was barefooted, and the nail went all the way through his foot. Mama washed his foot and doused it, top and bottom, with kerosene. It healed right up, too, thanks to the kerosene."

Pappaw's kerosene lamp

K

is for kerosene.



Daddy and Eugene use a cross-cut saw.

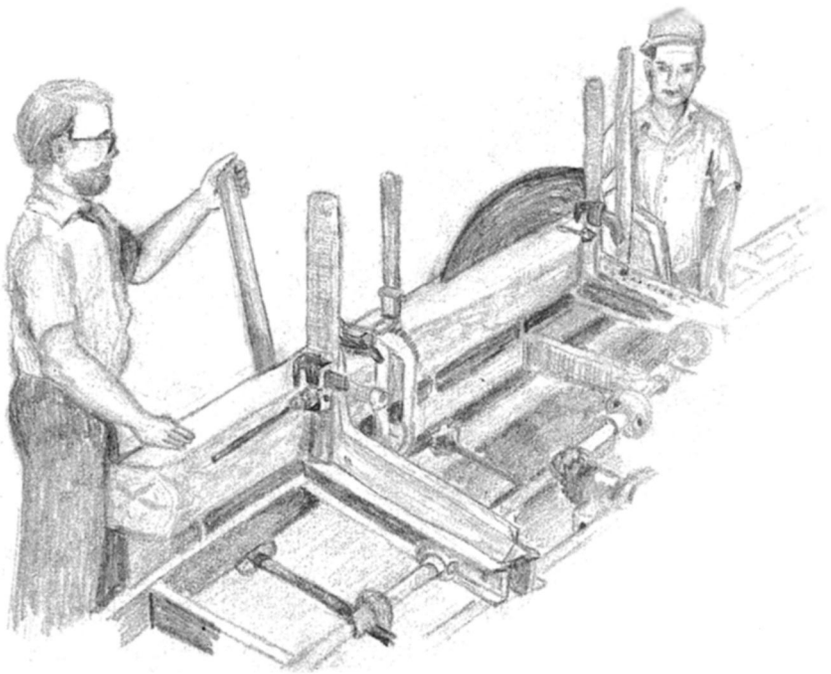
"Kerosene comes in mighty handy with sawing, too," Pappaw said. "A little kerosene mixed with castor oil will keep a cross-cut saw from biting. Especially with pine; pine's bad to bite."

Have you ever cut down a tree? Eugene's watched Pappaw and Daddy so much he can notch a tree to make it fall where he wants it to. I've tried the cross-cut saw, but it's hard. Pappaw's father had a sawmill. It brought him more money than most folks had back then. Now there's nothing left of the mill except a big pile of sawdust, but Pappaw has told us all about it:

When I was no more than Eugene's age I got my first regular job—hauling sawdust in a wheelbarrow away from the saw pit. Then when I was about sixteen I became fireman. I had to get up at 4:30 of a morning to fire the boiler so there'd be enough steam for the mill to operate by 6:30. The men worked eleven hours a day, and the most any of 'em got was $1.50 a day.

One day the sawyer turned up missing because he was sick. My pa walked up to me and said, "Boy, you'll have to handle this lever today." So I became sawyer for many a year.

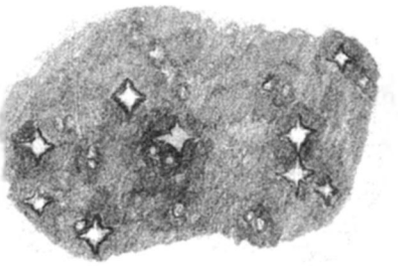
The sawyer uses the lever to control the carriage that moves the logs into the path of the saw. Also he has to keep a record of how many boards of each size have been cut. I tried to turn out 10,000 feet of boards a day. I never wanted to operate the 7,000-pound planer to dress the boards after they'd dried for two or three months. That was too monotonous. We cut mostly pine and poplar and chestnut. Not oak unless some farmer needed it to sell for cross-ties so he could buy fertilizer. Oak heats the saw, and it fills your eyes with sawdust. We shipped lumber out to Knoxville, Atlanta, as far away as Boston.



Pappaw worked in a sawmill.

L

is for legend.



The Pleides

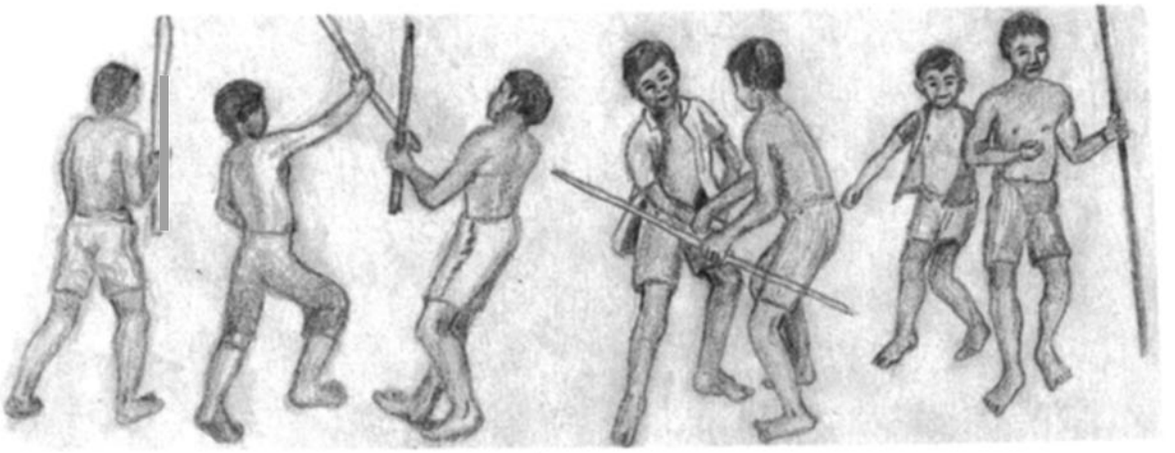
That makes me think! We could use "lumber" for "L." But no, I want "legend" instead. When we visit Granddaddy McLeod he takes us out at night to look for the constellations—Orion, the Big Dipper, the Milky Way, Serius, the Pleides. Can you find them? Granddaddy knows this Cherokee legend about how the Pleides got started:

> A long time ago, when the world was new, there were seven little boys whose favorite game was the gatayu'sti. In this game one player rolled a stone wheel, about two inches thick, toward the end of the playing field. Each of the other boys had an eight-foot pole which he hurled toward the spot where he thought the wheel would stop. The winner was the boy whose pole landed nearest the wheel the most often. This game was so much fun that the boys wanted to play all the time. They did not want to stop to help in the cornfield; they did not even want to stop to eat. Their mothers scolded, but it did no good.

Finally their mothers decided to teach the boys a lesson. They collected some gatayu'sti stones and boiled them in the pots with corn. When the boys were hungry enough to come home, their mothers dipped out stones and said, "Since you prefer gatayu'sti to the cornfield, you can just eat stones for dinner."

This made the boys angry, and they determined to get even. "Our mothers are mean," they said. "Let us go where they cannot play tricks on us." They ran back to the playing field and prayed to the spirits to help them.

Boiling stones and corn



Dancing with gatayu'sti poles

Then they began to dance around the village townhouse, whirling faster and faster until their feet no longer touched the ground. Still they danced, and with every round they rose higher into the air. Their mothers, who had come looking for them, ran to grab their feet, but it was too late. They were already above the roof of the townhouse, all but one boy, whose mother managed to reach him with a gatayu'sti pole. He struck the ground with such force that he sank into it, and the earth closed over him. The other six boys circled higher and higher until they reached the sky. There they became the constellation known as the Pleides. The Cherokees call it Anti'tsutsa, "The Boys."

Every morning and every evening the mother of the seventh boy went to the place where he had sunk into the ground, and she watered it with her tears. At last a tender green shoot sprouted and grew into a tall tree. This tree we call the pine; it holds within itself the same bright light as the stars.

A pine sprouted where he fell.

A still

M

Pappaw tells good stories, too, but he calls them "yarns." We get him to telling yarns when Daddy takes us over there to help do something like pile brush or weed the strawberry patch. His yarns are mostly about people we know—like old Pete Andrews. Pappaw explained it to us—how old Pete got in trouble with the law:

> Back after World War I the Andrews were so poor they couldn't even haul their corn to market. So they used it to make whiskey instead. They refused to pay the government tax, too, and that meant they had to operate the still secretly—by moonlight. He didn't have any trouble selling his moonshine, but the sheriff finally got him. Sheriff Jesse James Bailey, it was, and he made old Pete pour it all out.

Don't you think "moonshine" would do for "M?" Here's Pappaw's yarn about it:

One morning when I went to the barn I discovered my prized Jersey cow lying down and groaning. Her fever was high and her udder was swollen. I borrowed a pump from a neighbor, but that didn't help. She could scarcely breathe, and she was growing weaker. I knew that if she died I'd have trouble raising her new-born calf.

I got into my truck and drove to the nearest veterinarian, over in Yancey County. The vet was sick in bed, but he listened to the cow's symptoms. He told me to drench the cow with two ounces of spirits of ammonia and an hour later to give her half a pint of corn whiskey mixed with water.

I came home and poured the spirits of ammonia down the cow's throat. Then I set out in search of old Pete Andrews. I found Pete swapping yarns with some men in the back of Clyde Norton's Store. I explained my predicament, and old Pete said he reckoned he could find a little moonshine. He had me drive him back up a hollow and told me to wait for him in the truck. Old Pete disappeared down a hillside thick with honeysuckle and kudzu. Directly he returned carrying a Coca Cola bottle full of moonshine, and he sold it to me.

I rushed home and gave the cow the whiskey and water. Within ten minutes she was able to stand. By the next day she had recovered completely.

Emma feeding a motherless calf

Swapping yarns at the store

N

is for national forest.

Carl Schenck
and his wife

N

"N" can be "national forest." Eugene had to write this report for his 4-H project book, and he let me borrow it. Mrs. Pittman said we could use things other people wrote if we told their names. She calls that "doing research."

National Forests

National forests help protect mountain slopes and wild life. My Pappaw can stand on the highest part of his farm and see Mt. Pisgah to the southwest. Mt. Pisgah once belonged to George Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt bought acres and acres of small farms on both sides of the French Broad River. Much of this land was eroded and the woods were in bad condition. Lumbermen had overcut the forests. Cattle had damaged young trees, and farmers had burned off pasture land. Mr. Vanderbilt hired Gifford Pinchot, who had studied forestry in France, to manage his forests. Mr. Pinchot found over seventy different kinds of trees on the estate. He demonstrated that you can improve a forest by cutting the older trees to let in more light for the saplings and that you can make a profit from selling timber.

Later another forester, Carl Schenck, came to manage the estate. He started the first school of forestry in the United States. You can still visit the log building where the men studied. It is called the Cradle of Forestry.

Mr. Vanderbilt stocked the streams with trout and the woods with deer and turkeys. He had a wildlife preserve even before there were game laws. When he died, his wife gave the land to the government. The government bought more land from logging companies. Now we have Pisgah National Forest.

Last year we went to Nantahala National Forest to celebrate Mama and Daddy's fourteenth wedding anniversary. We spent the night in a tourist cabin. It had a porch where we could look out over the valley till the sun set behind the mountains. Then we walked across the highway and played putt-putt golf. The next morning we ate breakfast in the restaurant there. I'd never eaten out for breakfast before, and it tasted twice as good as at home. I got blueberry pancakes, and Ellie ordered French toast with syrup. Eugene ordered sausage and two poached eggs, and toast. We all had apple juice and hot chocolate with marshmallows. Um-m-good!

Then we rode the Bear Creek Scenic Railroad to the top of Nantahala Gorge. When the train let us out to look at the view Daddy showed us why the engine was called a "Sidewinder." Its wheels were turned by special gears invented by a lumberman named Shay. This Shay engine could run on poor tracks, around sharp curves, and up steep grades. It could get to all the saw mills that used to be in those mountains. We liked the ride to the top of the gorge so much we did it again. The second time I got a cinder in my eye. The conductor showed me how to pull my eyelid to make tears wash out the cinder. Then we went to Railroad Town, U.S.A. That's a museum with real railroad cars—a box car, a Pullman, a tool car, passenger cars, and a caboose. You can board them and see exhibits like photographs of steam locomotives from all over the country. One car had a logging display with a portable steam saw mill; at one time the mill operated on the Clinch River in Tennessee.

On the way home we stopped at the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest. It's a rain forest, just like the rain forest in Liberia we read about in social studies. It's kept like a wilderness. Even the forest rangers ride horses in there rather than have roads for cars. It's so beautiful you don't feel like talking. All we wanted to do was walk and think about how old the trees are—the hemlocks and poplars. I could imagine fairies and elves hiding in the ferns and mosses or playing under wild flowers like the lady-slipper.

The engineer at Nantahala Gorge

A walk in Joyce Kilmer Forest

O

is for “old timey.”

Granny tells of an old timey Christmas.

O

What would you put for "O?" All I can think of is "old timey." Granny's always talking about things being "old timey." That means she likes them. Mama gets her to talk into the tape recorder about "old timey" ways and "back then." Here's Granny's old timey Christmas:

> Times were hard back then. Oh, we always had plenty of good food, and we always kept warm, but money was very scarce. Still Mama and Papa thought that little children ought to have a treat at Christmas. Mama didn't get out much, not with nine children to take care of. So she would send to town by Papa to get something for our stockings. Papa would buy bunches of dried grapes and stick candy—sometimes peppermint and sometimes hoarhound. And he always got an orange for each of us. I'll never forget how good those oranges smelled and tasted. That was the only time of year we had them. My sister Mary and I used to divide ours to make them last. Papa kept apples in a hollowed-out place in the ground; so we always had polished apples in our stockings.

We always got something extra, too, even if it was only a dime to take to the store ourselves. One year, I remember, Mama made each of us girls a rag doll. One year my brother Dolphus got a bank in the shape of a dog. And one year the little ones got whistles. We didn't need many toys, though. We had rocks and moss for playing house. And Mary and I were the oldest. We always had real babies to help dress and feed and read stories to.

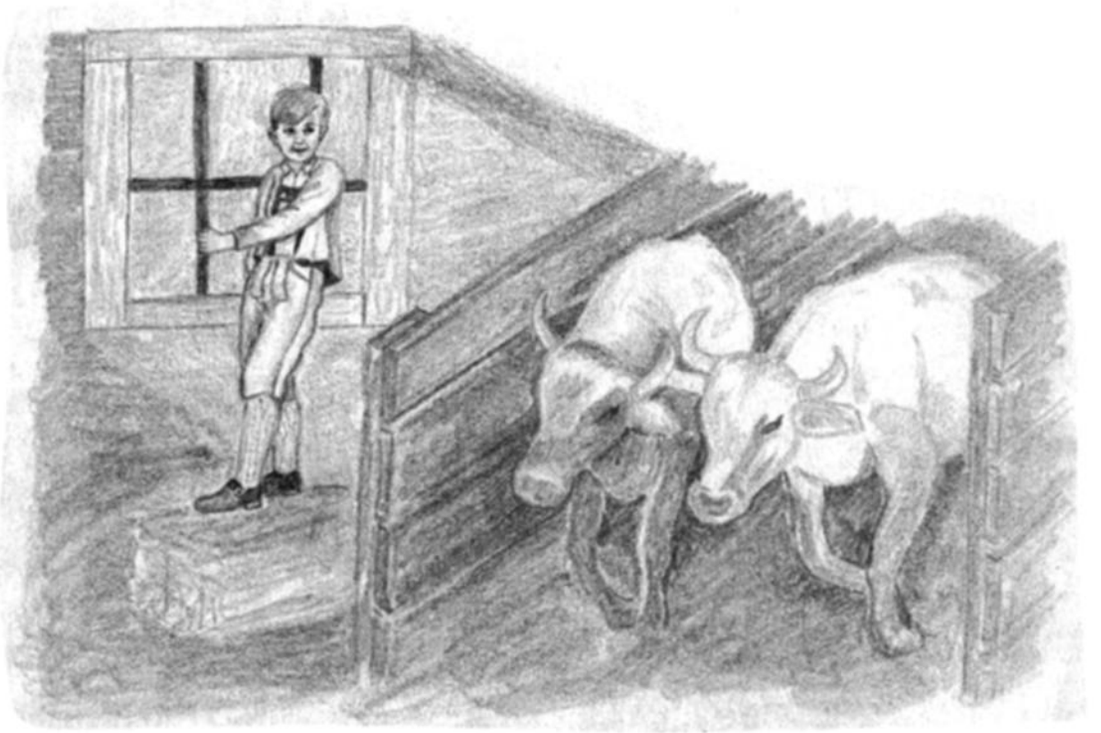
Mama always decorated for Christmas with pine and spruce. And after we got up big enough to help we would go out and get a pine tree to decorate. We would pop corn and string it, and sometimes we would string red berries too. But what was most fun was helping Mama in the kitchen. She would make teacakes and pies—pumpkin and apple. And a dried apple stack cake. Then she would make molasses candy. We children would pull it and pull it. Sometimes we would roll popcorn in it to make the best tasting balls. Oh, we had good old timey Christmases!

Grandma McLeod gave us a book of Christmas stories from different countries. Many of the customs are like what we do at Christmas. We have a candlelight service on Christmas Eve. We read from the Bible and sing carols and act out the story of the Shepherds and Wise Men. Then Daddy lights a candle in the window so strangers can see the way. That's like Shawn in the story from Ireland. Mama bakes a stollen like the bread in the story of St. Lucia Day in Sweden. The person who gets the whole almond is supposed to have good luck all the next year.

Everybody got an
orange, stick candy,
and a surprise.

Grandma McLeod
reads about Christmas
in different countries.

Arranging a manger scene



Midnight on Christmas Eve

The French children collected moss, rocks, lichen, and laurel to make a manger scene. We do that, too. Also we keep our tree up till Old Christmas, which is January 6.

Pappaw says people used to claim that strange things happened on Christmas Eve. He knew a man whose father was crossing Grandfather Mountain on Christmas Eve. At the stroke of midnight his two yoke of oxen stopped and knelt for five minutes.

That's just like the story from the German Alps. In that story Werner is helping his father clean out the stalls. He says he's going to stay up to hear the oxen talk. His father says, "You must not do that. Whoever tries to eavesdrop on the animals will soon die." He tells Werner about a farmhand who hid in the stable to listen. The farmhand heard one ox say, "We will have to work hard a week from today."

"Yes," the other ox replied, "the farmer's servant is heavy, and the way to the graveyard is steep."

Six days later the farmhand was out hunting a lost sheep. He slipped on a rock and fell to his death.

How does your family celebrate Christmas? I wish you'd write down some of your customs. Be sure to sign your name so Mrs. Pittman will know you wrote it.

P

I've already written "P." It's "Penland." Penland is a school of handicrafts founded in 1929 in Mitchell County, North Carolina. Lucy Morgan learned how to weave at Berea College, Kentucky. She got the idea of buying looms and teaching mountain women the art of weaving. Through the years she added other crafts—metal work, pottery, glass-blowing, jewelry-making, basketry and lapidary or work with gem stones. She visited Finland, Sweden, and other countries where folk arts are an important part of the people's lives, and she brought back ideas for her school. Now Penland is so well known that people come from all fifty states and many foreign countries to share their knowledge and to learn new crafts.

Several years ago Penland weavers produced one hundred yards of cloth in one piece. It took hours and hours. The wool had to be dyed green, picked or fluffed, carded, and spun. Then it had to be woven, and first an extra-wide loom had to be built. Now the cloth is used as a table covering in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

P

is for Penland.

Lucy Morgan

drawings based on photograph by Edward L. Dupuy. *Artisans of the Appalachians*. By permission.

A Penland weaver

Throwing a pot

P

is for pottery.

drawing based on photograph in *The Penland School of Crafts Book of Pottery,* ed. John Coyne. Photographs by Evon Streetman. Rutlege Books, Indianapolis, 1975.

drawing based on photograph from William Barnhill Collection, Southern Appalachian Photographic Archives, Mars Hill College.

Mr. Zimmerman's kiln

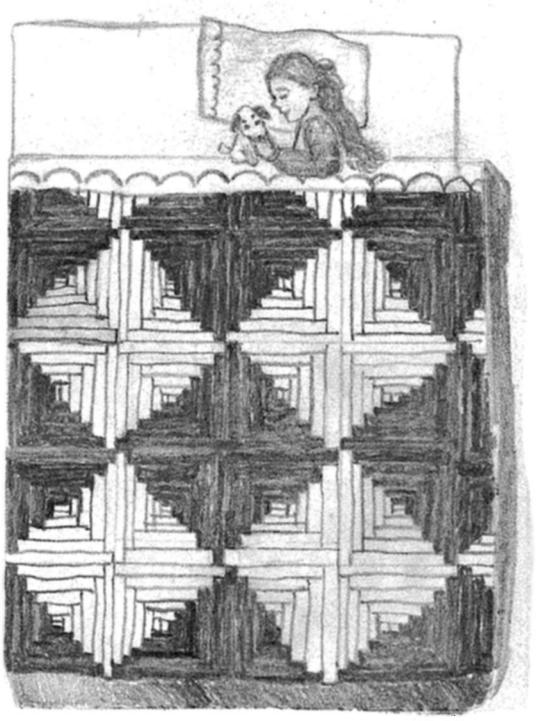
We stopped at Penland once and watched a woman make a pot. She called it "throwing a pot." She smoothed it with her hands while the clay turned 'round and 'round on a wheel. Mama bought one of her pitchers to send to Gran'ma McLeod. I have a pottery pitcher, too, but mine's old. Granny gave it to me and told me how she got it. When she was my age she begged to go to town one day with her daddy and brother. Granny had to stay home, though, 'cause her mother had just had another baby. Being the oldest, Granny was always having to help entertain the younger children. When her daddy came home that night he brought her a little orange pitcher.

Granny knew the man who made it—a Mr. Zimmerman who had five sons. They made all the pottery the people along Reems Creek needed. They dug the clay right there on their land, and they had a kiln for firing the pots. Granny says people used lots of crocks for making pickles and kraut and lots of crocks for storing things like butter in the ice house. She took special care of her pitcher, and now she's given it to me. I'm going to keep it forever and ever.

Q

I guess everybody thinks of "quilt" for "Q". My granny's the best quilter there is. She claims that her quilts are just ordinary, that she made them to be used. But they're beautiful. She made one for each of her five children and fourteen grandchildren. Mine is called "log cabin." It's an optical illusion: you look at it one way and the squares are light on one side and dark on the other. You look at it another way and you see dark squares and light squares. See it?

Eugene has a pieced basket quilt with a red background to match the red walls of his bedroom. Ellie's is called "Drunkard's Path." We march Eugene's little soldiers and knights along the yellow and blue path formed by the quarter-circle pieces.

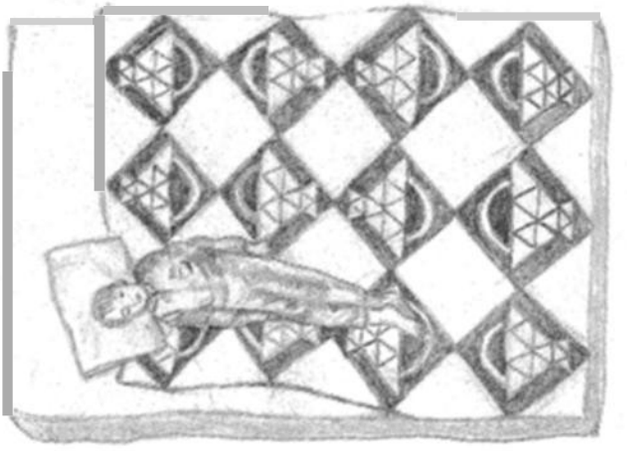


log cabin

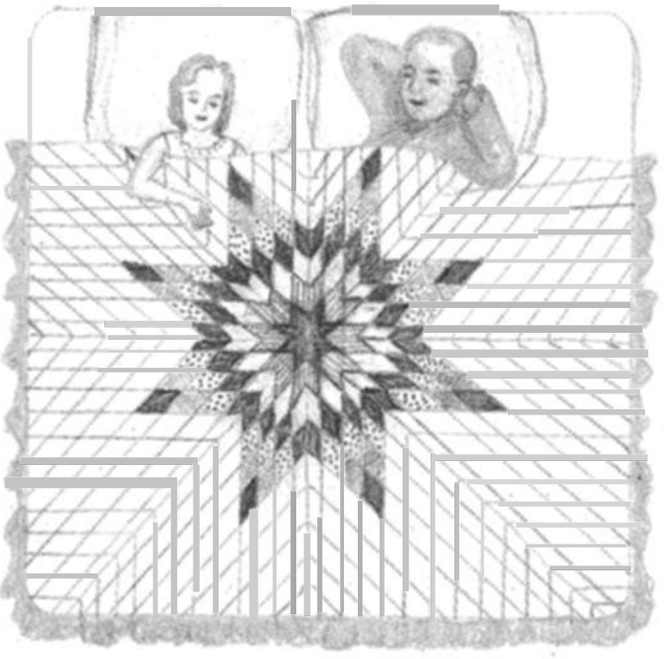
Q

is for quilt.

drunkard's path



pieced basket



Texas star

Madison County's square

Quilting the wedding ring

Just to show how good Granny is: back during the Bicentennial of 1976 all the Extension Homemakers' Clubs in North Carolina made a quilt with a square for each county. Granny stitched the square for Madison County. Now you can see the quilt hanging in the Educational Center in Raleigh.

Wait! Let's surprise people and use "quail" instead of "quilt" for "Q." I know all about quail, 'cause I read up on them in Eugene's *Wildlife* magazine. Here's what I learned:

"Q" is for Quail

The quail, the partridge, and the bobwhite are the same bird. The Eastern Bobwhite, *Colinus virginianus,* is found in every county in North Carolina. It weighs only four to six ounces, though its short, plump body and fourteen- to sixteen-inch wing spread make it look bigger.

In early spring the male fluffs his feathers and struts around trying to attract the attention of a female. She does not have the white eye stripe and white throat of the male. After about two weeks the male makes a nest, usually a rather haphazard one scratched in the soil and lined with whatever grass and weeds are available. The female lays from twelve to fourteen snow-white eggs, one a day. Twenty-three days later each tiny quail pecks a small hole in the shell with the sharp nail on his beak.

Then he waits a couple of days before he comes out of the shell. Right away he begins walking around, even though he weighs less than an ounce. His parents protect him with their feathers, for he gets chilled easily. By three months of age he has his adult feathers and can fly and roost.

It is fun to see quail roosting at night. The birds sit close together on the ground with their heads pointed outward in all directions. Quail usually live in groups. Sometimes adults adopt offspring whose parents have been killed. Quail are helpful to farmers by eating potato beetles, boll weevils, and other insects. They also eat weed seeds like ragweed. In colder months they eat berries or feed in old cornfields and bean patches. In the spring you can hear the call of "bob-bob-white" and watch young broods hunting food with their parents.

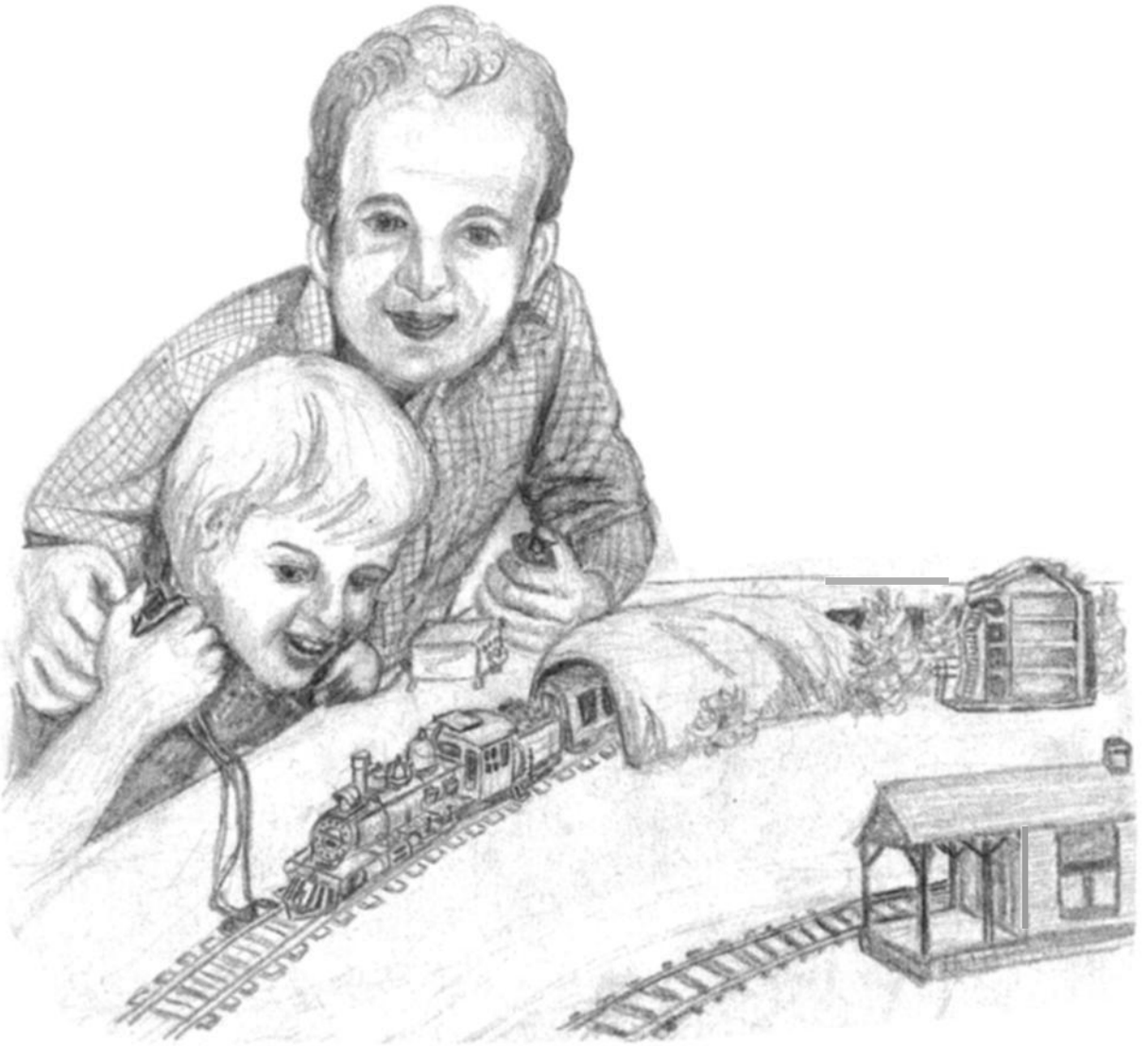
Q

is for quail.

Quail roosting on the ground

R

is for railroad.



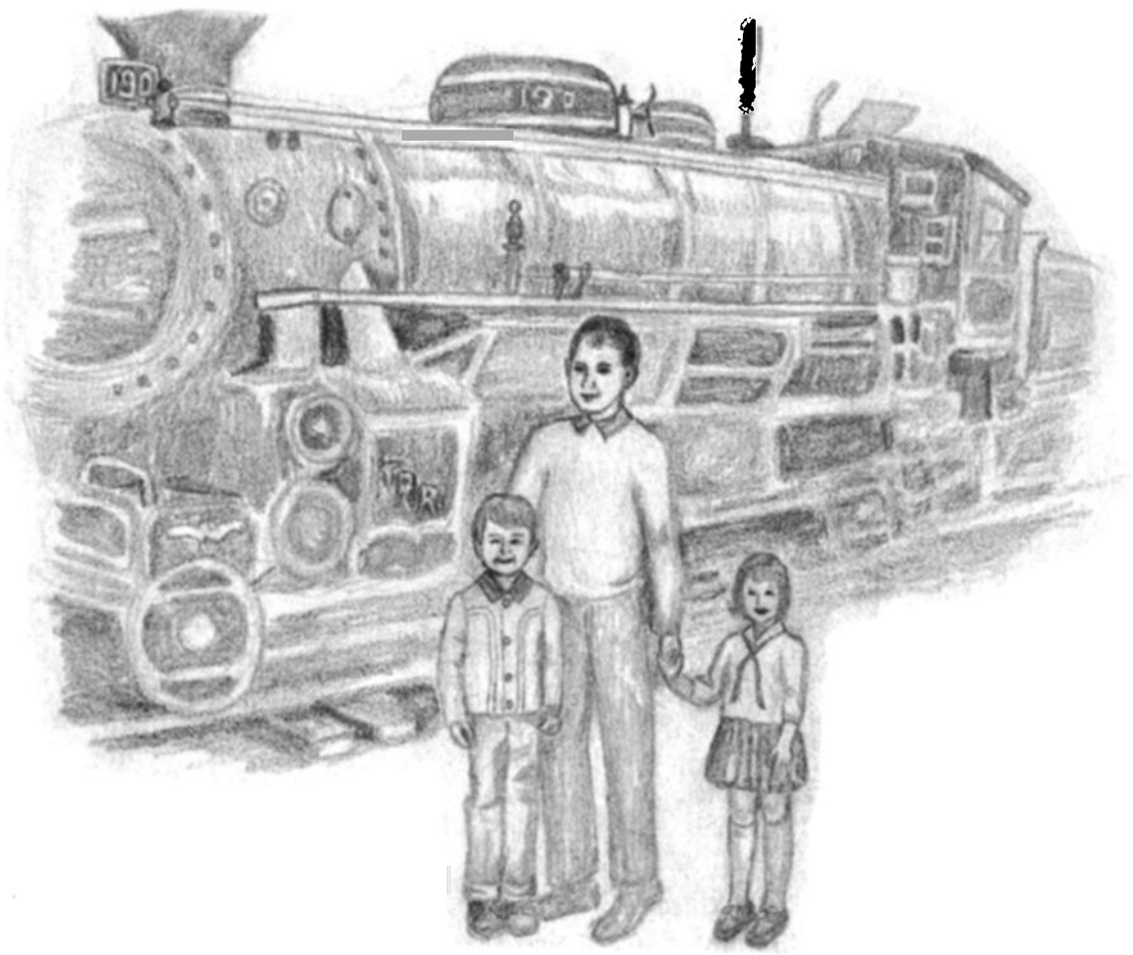
Eugene's model train

R

"R" will be "railroad." OK? Way back around 1890 Pappaw's grandfather was engineer for the Southern Railroad. Mama says this must be the reason that all the Carters are train buffs. Pappaw's farm overlooks the French Broad River, and he even stops plowing in order to watch a train wind along the track that follows the riverbed. Both Daddy and Uncle Fred are walking encyclopedias of train information. They read train magazines and tape the sounds of trains. I think they have as much fun with Eugene's HO gage model Union Pacific as we three E's do.

Have you ever ridden on a train? I have, but I was so little I don't remember much about it. Daddy tells me, though. He's a good storyteller:

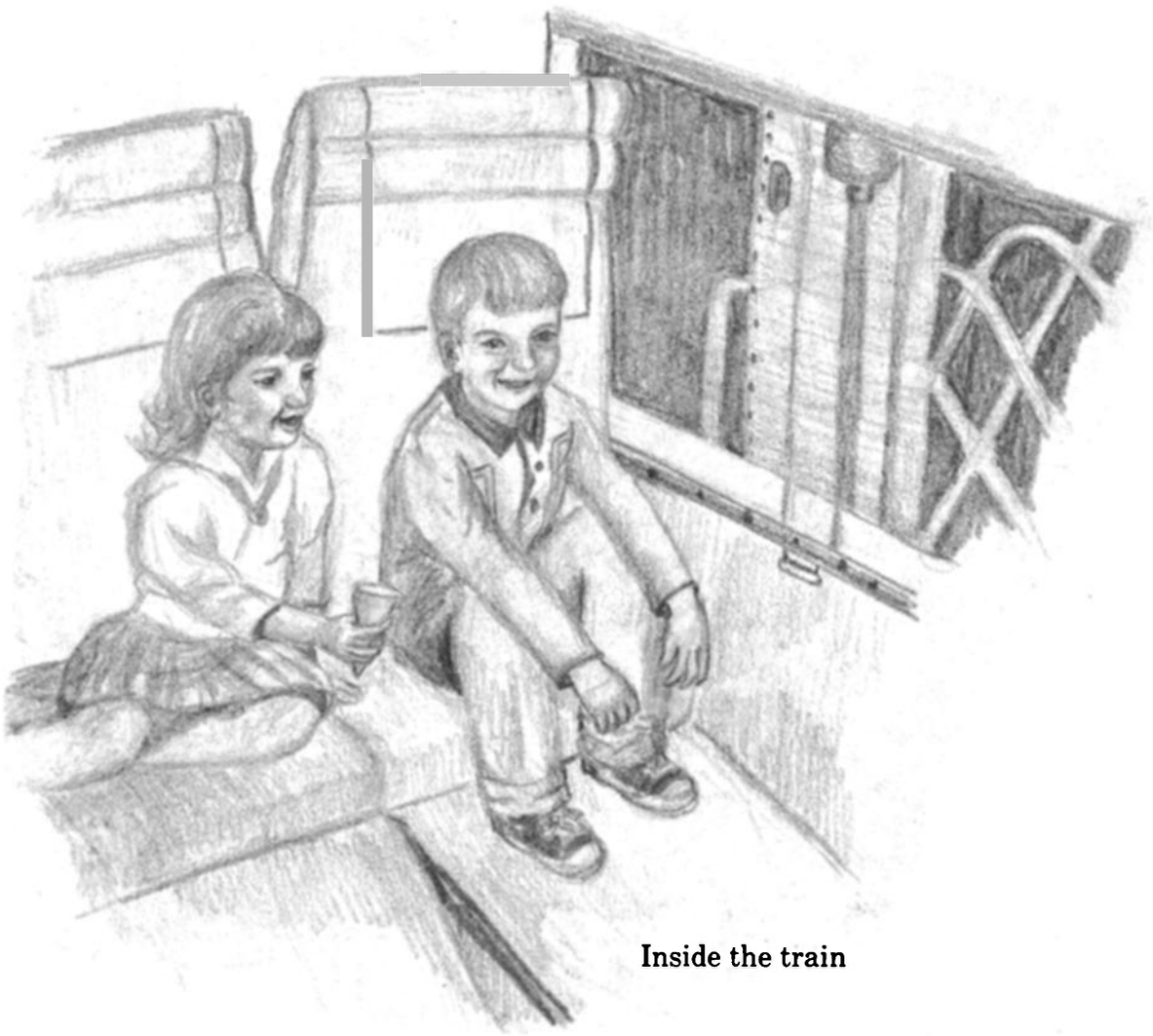
The Carolina Special from Cincinnati to Spartanburg was to be discontinued, and I wanted you children to have one ride on it. Ellie was a baby; so Mother stayed home with her. Early one morning in July we drove to Marshall, parked the car, and waited on the platform. Soon we heard a whistle, and a train rounded the bend. You clutched my hand in anticipation, Emma. It was not our train, though, but a freight with extra locomotives called slave units in the middle to help it up the French Broad grade to Asheville. We counted 150 cars.



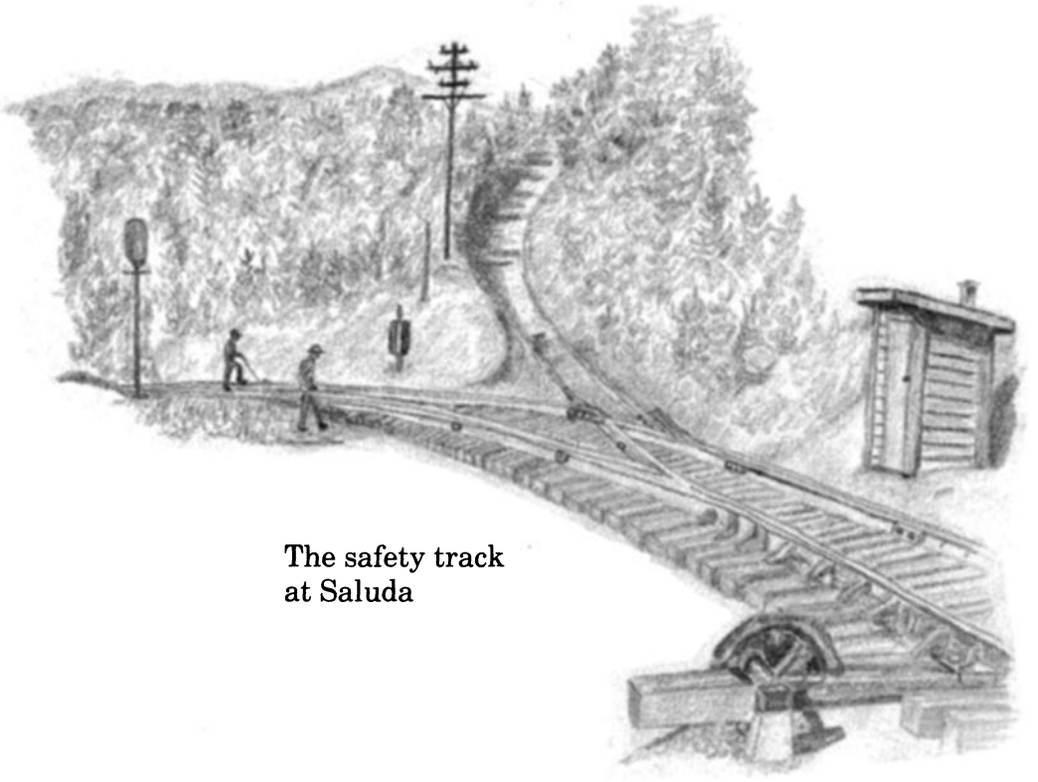
The Carolina Special

Before long another train rounded the bend—the Carolina Special. The train stopped. The conductor hopped down and placed a stool for us to step up on. You were all eyes and full of questions. You examined the prickly seats with their starched white arm and head covers. You wrinkled up your noses at the smell of smoke in the car. You left fingerprints on the windows, and you stared at the other passengers. Again and again you drank water from the ice-cream-cone shaped cups at the fountain.

When the train stopped at Asheville to take on baggage and passengers and to wait for the New York train to depart, you reached for the lunches which Mother had packed. While you ate, the New York train pulled out, headed in the same direction as our train. Eugene, you said, "Look, we're going backwards." I told you to look at the posts under the train shed and you would see that we were really standing still. It just looked as though we were moving.



Inside the train



The safety track
at Saluda

After we ate, I commented, "Now our tummies will be full as we go down the Saluda grade."

"Saluda, what's that?" asked Eugene.

"It's the steepest mainline railroad grade in the United States," I explained. "It's so steep that the train has to stop halfway down to cool the brakes." About that time we started down Saluda Mountain, around sharp curves and through dense forests.

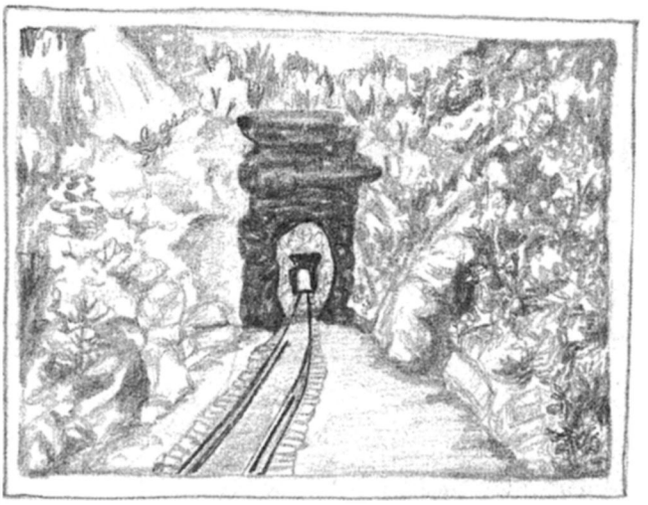
"What happens if the train runs away?" you wanted to know.

"There's a safety track running up the side of the mountain, and the switch leading to it is open until the engineer signals that the train is under control." As I had predicted, we stopped at Saluda for a charging of the brake valves. You craned your necks to watch out the window as the brakeman inspected the brakes and turned up the retainer valves on each car. Then we were on our way for the rest of the trip down the 600-foot grade. You fell asleep before we reached Spartanburg, Emma, but Eugene was disappointed to have the ride over. I might have had trouble getting him off if he hadn't caught sight of Aunt Ruth and Uncle Fred waiting for us in the station.

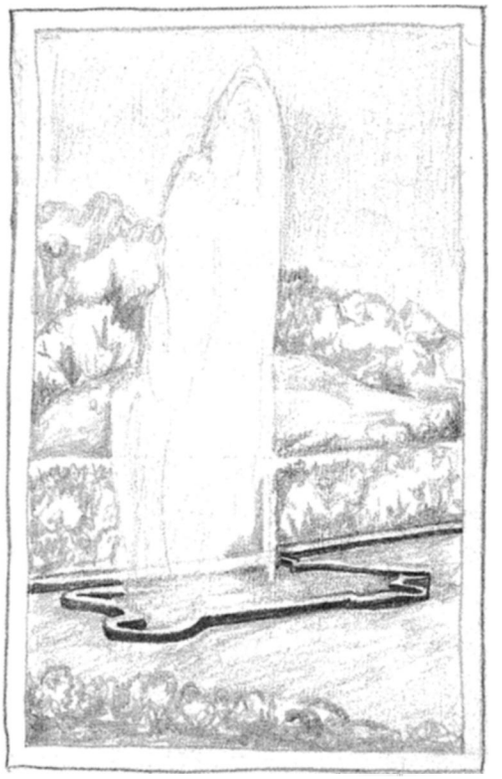
I need something else for the scrapbook. How does this sound?

"R" Is for Railroad

In the late nineteenth century and early twentieth century steam engines provided the major means of transportation in Western North Carolina. The track between Asheville and Paint Fork, on the Tennessee line, was completed about 1882. The track into Asheville from the East was completed in 1879. The Western North Carolina Railroad Company brought in 500 convicts from the state prison to construct the roadbed. The convicts had to work with picks and shovels and black dynamite to blast through the rock and haul out the shale. Many got sick or were injured. Sometimes part of the mountain caved in on them. They had to make seven tunnels between Old Fort and Black Mountain, east of Asheville. The longest is Swannanoa Tunnel, which is 1,800 feet long. The stagecoach road was only 3½ miles long, but the railroad had so many curves and cutbacks that it was eight miles long. At one point you can see the track at seventeen different levels. Here is a picture. See that fountain? It's called a geyser and sprays water 300 feet into the air.



Swannanoa Tunnel



A geyser

S

Another story Daddy tells is about Mr. Ralph Tripp, the blacksmith. Daddy always starts the same way:

> You know where Ballard's Hardware Store is now. I can remember when Mr. Tripp's grandfather Tom operated a blacksmith shop there. I was about your age, Eugene, and my daddy would tell me to sack up some shelled corn and some whole corn while he hitched up the wagon. We had a horse named Dolly then. We would leave the corn at the mill to be ground into meal for the table and pigs and into cracked corn for the chickens. Then we would drive on to Mr. Tripp's Blacksmith Shop.
>
> Mr. Tripp would remove Dolly's old shoes with the claw end of his hammer. He would send me to the hardware store to get four horseshoes and two or three dozen horseshoe nails. By the time I got back he would have the forge red hot. He would keep heating the flat shoe and hammering it on the anvil until it was just the right size. Then he would heat the ends of the shoe and bend them to make heels. But first he would plunge the hot shoe into a hogshead of cold water so the horse would not get burned.

Sacking cracked corn

S

is for smith.

Blacksmith
language

I always liked going to the blacksmith shop. There were usually several men standing around talking and looking at each other's horses. The bellows, the sparks flying, the blacksmith language—it was exciting.

One of us E's always asks what blacksmith language is, and Daddy explains:

While he was hammering on the shoe, Mr. Tripp would set up a rhythm. About every fourth stroke he hit the anvil instead of the shoe. That rhythm is blacksmith language and is part of one's art as a smithy. It tells blacksmiths where to hammer and how hard. Mr. Tom Tripp was a dried-up little man, but he could really make the hammers ring. He had a big, strapping fellow named Atlas working for him. When the two of them got going it was a sight to see.

The Ralph Tripp whom you know was off in service then. By the time he got back, Tom Tripp was dead and there weren't any more blacksmith shops left. Ralph Tripp always loved horses, though, and I guess he learned blacksmithing as a boy. He has more work now than he can keep up with. The difference is that instead of having the horses brought to him, he goes to the horses.

Have you ever watched a horse being shod? The last time Mr. Tripp went to shoe Pappaw's horse, Mabel, Ellie and I were visiting and got to watch the whole process. First Mr. Tripp took a drawing knife from his wooden tool box and trimmed off all the old cakey, stained hoof. He was careful to get the hoof smooth and white. He used this metal thing called a rasp to scrape with. It took him a long time to fit the new shoe to Mabel's foot. He had to drive the nails in at a slant so that they would not go into the quick of her foot. That would be like sticking a pin up under your fingernail. Then he had to bend the nails and clip off the ends. Mabel had lost the shoe on her left hind foot; so Mr. Tripp had to back up to her and straddle the foot. I wondered whether he'd ever been kicked by a horse, but I didn't dare ask. He doesn't talk much. He just did his work, climbed back into his pick-up, and headed for the next farm.

Shoeing Pappaw's horse Mabel

I like to know how things are done, don't you? Anybody who works with metals can be called a smith. We could let "smith" be "S" if I hadn't already written this about "sheriff":

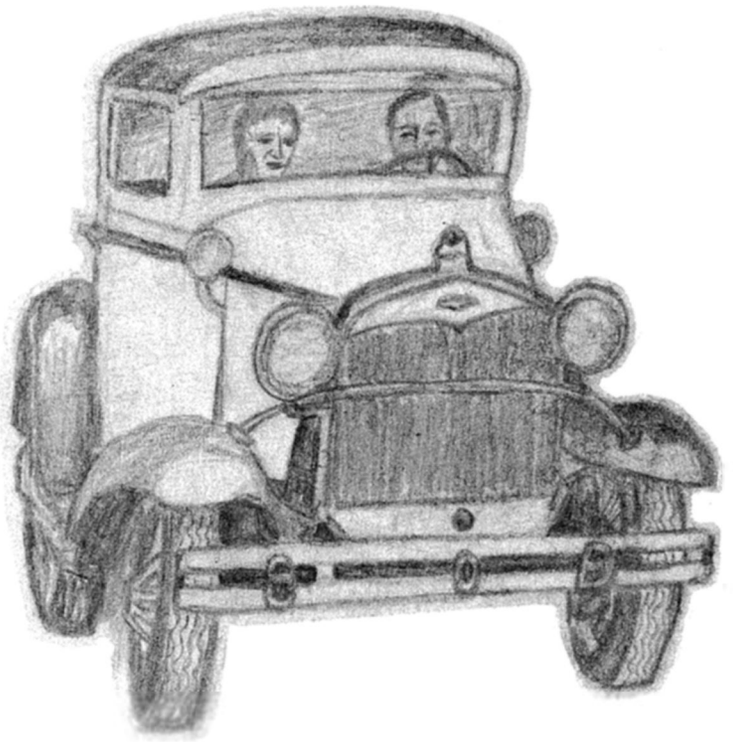
"S" Is for Sheriff

A sheriff has to convene court, summon a jury, investigate thefts and acts of violence, search for missing people, and break up stills and drug rings. Sheriff Dillingham has solved many cases in Madison County. One time a ring of thieves broke into several houses and stole thousands of dollars of coins, guns, and silver. They left the loot in a motel room. Sheriff Dillingham kept a look-out at flea markets until he spotted some of the stolen goods. Finally he got two women to confess that they had picked up the loot at the motel and had sold it at antique shops and flea markets.

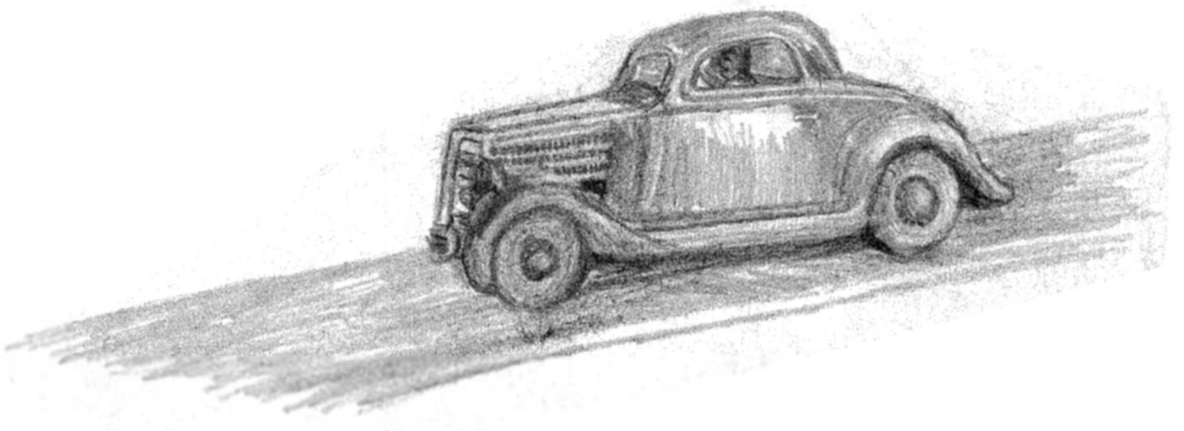
S

is for sheriff.

Sheriff Dillingham



In the 1930's there was a bank robbery in the county. Two men held up a bank and fled in a car to a place on the French Broad River where they had another car hidden. They dumped the first car into the river, jumped into the second car, and headed for Tennessee. Sheriff Dillingham caught a glimpse of the men as they left town. He rushed to Tennessee to alert the police there. Then he headed back toward where he had seen the men. When they passed, he recognized them, even in a different car. He turned around and followed them. They went faster and faster until they wrecked. He put the men in jail and the money back in the bank.



T

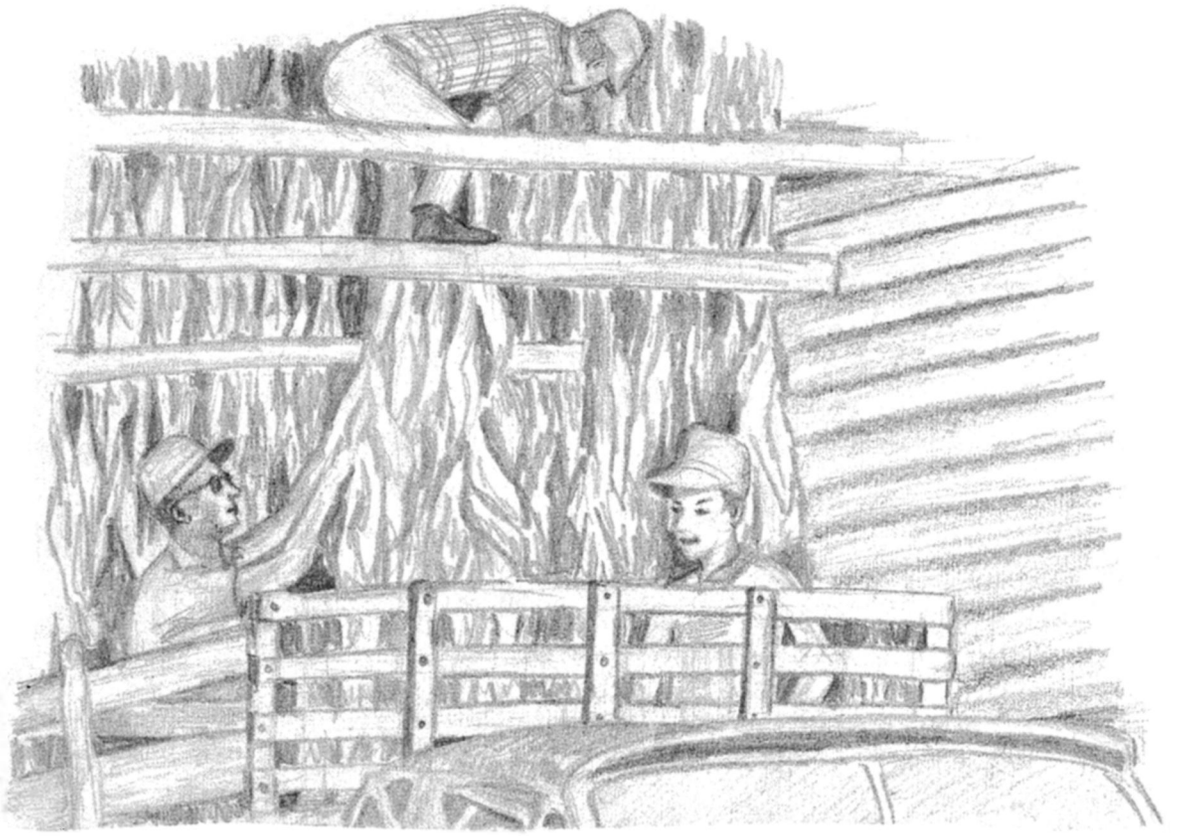
"T" stands for "tobacco" in Madison County. Just about everybody raises some. Mama didn't know anything about burley tobacco when she moved here. Daddy still teases her, 'cause she thought he was just lazy when he didn't pull the bottom leaves as soon as they turned yellow. Where Granddaddy McLeod lives they grow bright leaf tobacco. It has to be flue cured, and I've seen how it is done. They strip the leaves off the stalks and tie them on sticks.

Then they hang the sticks in heated barns to dry. All Pappaw has to do is cut the stalks and hang them in the barn to cure.

Mama with a tobacco plant

T

is for tobacco.



Hanging tobacco

Sometimes I wish I didn't know so much about tobacco. Especially when we all have to go help Pappaw hand. About the middle of November Pappaw says, "I want you'uns up before the hoot owl hoots tomorrow." It's always cold and damp, but he has a good wood stove in the casing house. Here's how you do it: you take a handful of leaves and wrap a big leaf around them to make a bundle. I'm careful to tuck the ends inside, and Pappaw brags on me. That makes me feel good. After a while it gets boring, though. As soon as one basket is packed—Daddy says it weighs over 600 pounds—Pappaw brings out another.

Ellie with her farm set

Eugene at the tobacco auction

Ellie's lucky. She's too little to hand. She brings a box of cars and farm animals and sets up a ranch on the barn floor. That way she gets to hear the tales Granny and Pappaw tell about their friends and kinfolks. That part's fun. Also the picnic lunch Granny brings.

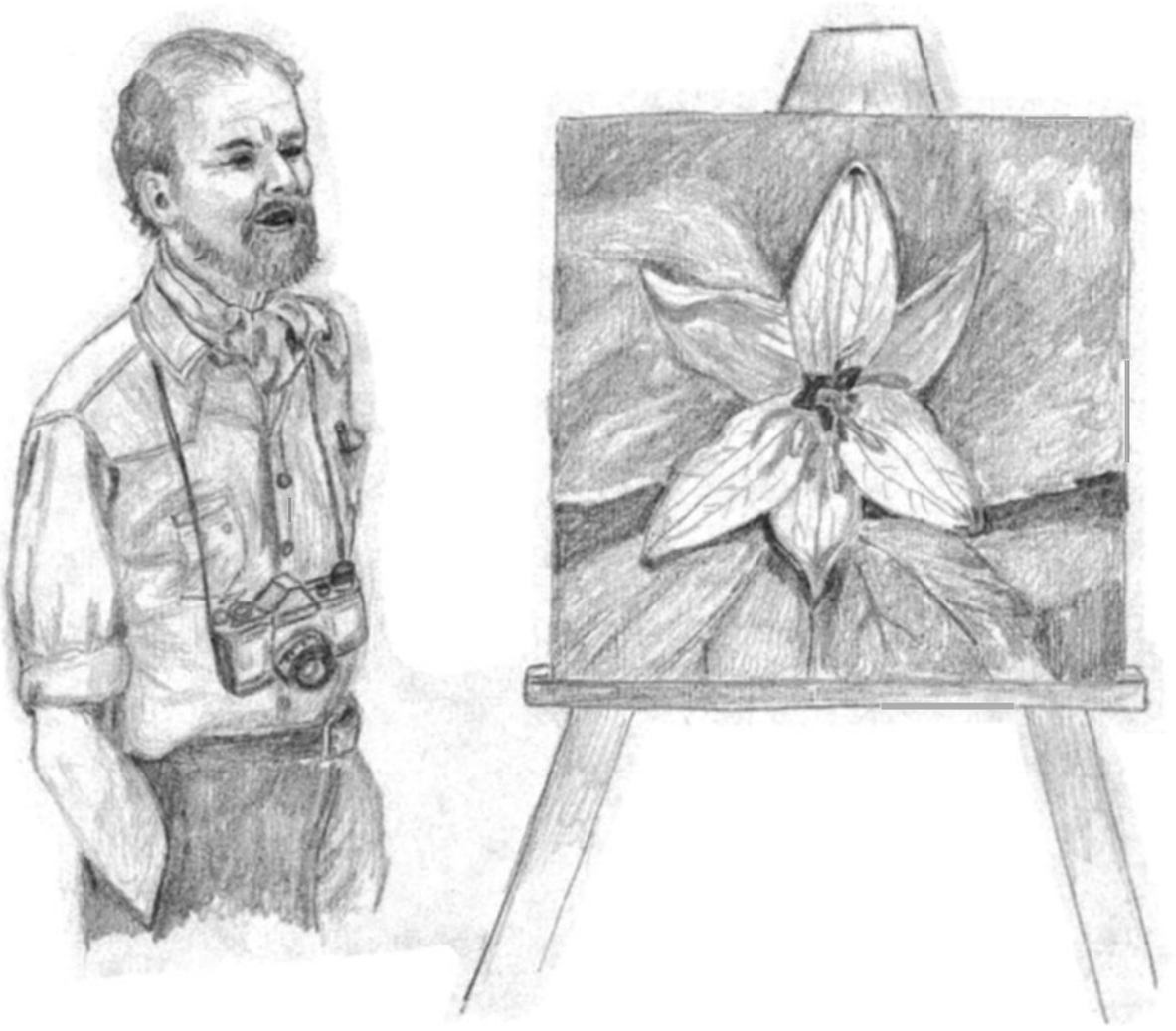
Last year Pappaw let Eugene have six rows of his own. I helped Eugene pull the plants from the seed bed, but he did everything else by himself. He even got to take his basket to the auction in Asheville. Every year Pappaw takes his tobacco check to the bank and gets a new $5.00 bill for each of us for Christmas.

U

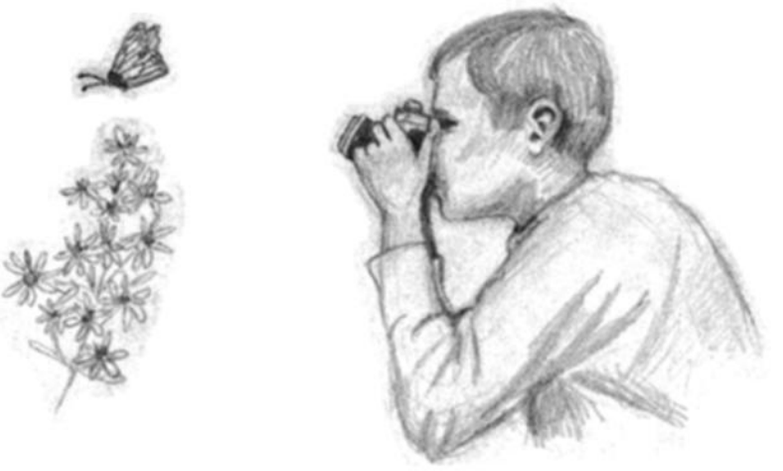
Not long ago a wildlife photographer came to speak to the High School Science Club. It meets at night, and Daddy let Eugene and me go. The man showed us on the map where he had taken pictures: Mt. McKinley in Alaska, Mt. Borah in Idaho, and Mt. Washington in New Hampshire. Then he showed us his favorite place—the Unaka Mountains between North Carolina and Tennessee. He thinks that the Appalachian Mountains are the prettiest of all, and he showed us slides he had taken there. Several were early-morning scenes looking down on swirls of fog in the valley. He said that it was probably fog that made the Cherokees name the range the Unakas, which means "White Mountains." The Cherokees believed that the god of all Indians, Michabo or "The Ancient White One," lived there. The photographer also said that the clay found in the Unakas is good for making china. It is called unaker, and he gets it caked all over his boots when he goes hiking.

U

is for Unaka Mountains.



A photograph of a trillium



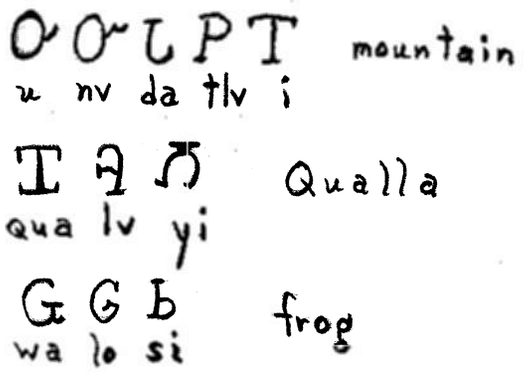
All the students wanted to look at his equipment. He said we don't need expensive cameras to take pictures of wildlife. What we need is to have patience, to look for details, and to experiment. We should take pictures of things we're studying in school, like mushrooms, fungi, rock formations, and wild flowers. I think it would be fun to record the change of seasons, the way he does, especially the blues and purples of shadows on snow, or the sparkle of icicles and hoarfrost.

Taking pictures of wildlife

U

is for "Unto These Hills."

Don't you think "Unakas" would be good for "U?" Or would Mrs. Pittman like "Unto These Hills" better? She might like that because it tells about the Eastern Band of the Cherokee Nation, and they are important to North Carolina. Have you ever seen that play? We saw it last summer, and it's wonderful. The theatre is outdoors, and you feel that you are right there where history is taking place. It's just like the story Isaac Crowe told when he came to our house. It tells about Tsali, who died so that the Cherokees could stay on their own land. The chief's name was Junaluska. He has a lake named for him. And Sequoiah developed the Cherokee alphabet. Can you imagine not having an alphabet?



Words in the Cherokee language

Before the play we went through the Ocanaluftee Indian Village. It shows you how Indians lived 200 years ago. We watched people weaving baskets, chipping arrowheads, doing beadwork, and carving animals and tools. We even saw them firing a canoe, and we got to sit in the seven-sided Council House.

Firing a canoe

V

is for valley.

Mrs. Pittman showed us how Southern Appalachia is made up of ridges and valleys which cross between the north-south mountain chains. I could tell that when I was drawing my map; the valleys looked like rungs on a ladder.

Granddaddy McLeod told me about Valle Crucis. It means "Valley of the Cross" in Latin. It got its name from the two creeks that form a cross in the valley. Over a hundred years ago a mission school was started there, and the little stone church still stands.

Drawing a map of Appalachian mountains

Granddaddy McLeod tells about Valdese.

Mama's wildflower book

Granddaddy also told me about Valdese, which means "Valley of Our Lord" in Italian. Granddaddy's a minister, and he preached there one time. He said that the Waldensians were a colony of French-speaking people who came from the Alps of Italy to settle in the North Carolina mountains. They were hard-working, and the first thing they did here was to plant grapevines on hillsides that had eroded—the way we planted white pines. Also they opened a bakery. Granddaddy brought us some of their doughnuts and breadsticks.

I thought about "valley" for "V," but that's not unusual enough. I've got a better idea. All three of us "E's" collect wildflowers, just like Daddy's students. And if we don't know the name of a flower Mama makes us look it up in her wildflower book—even if she knows the answer.

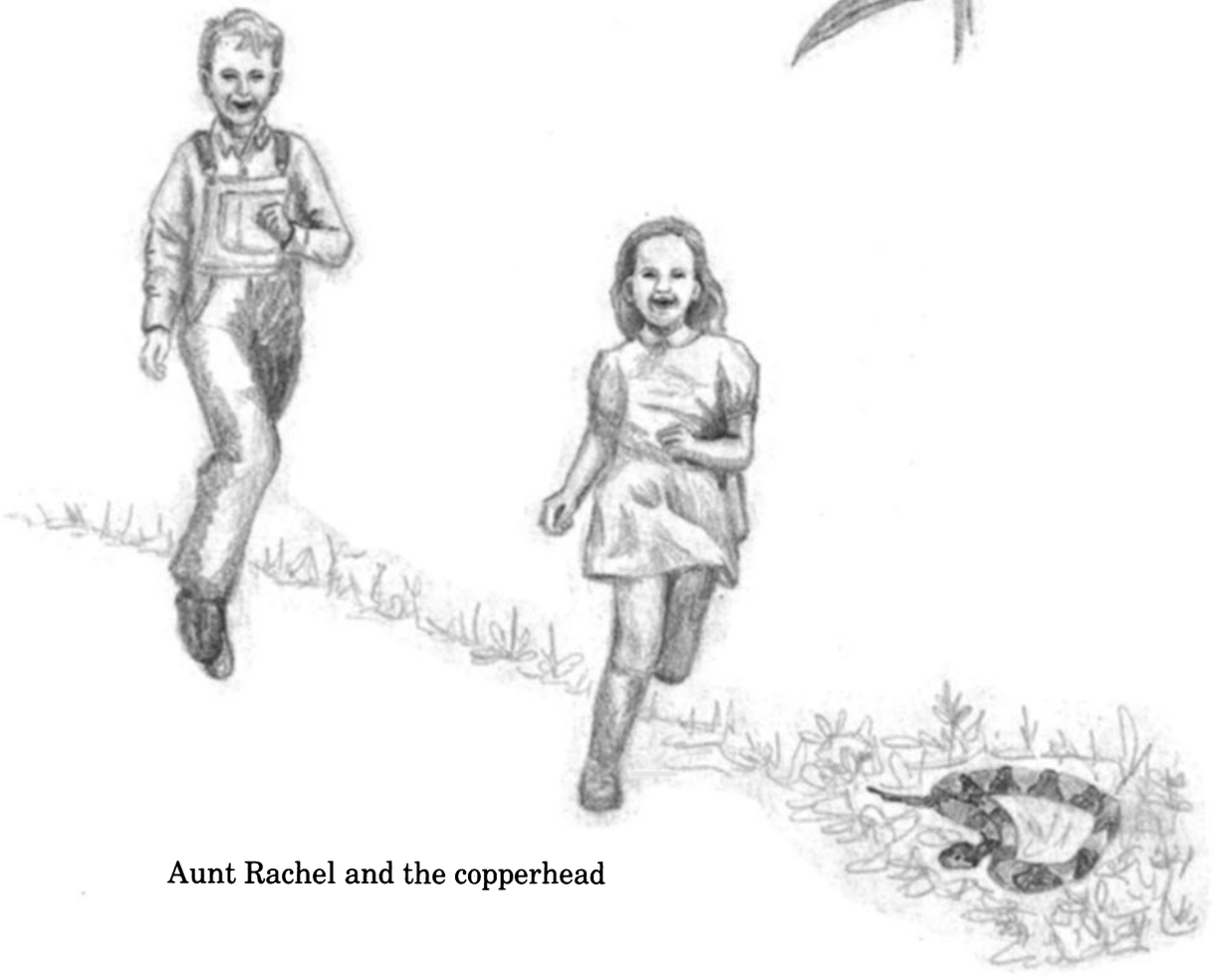
One day I found this strange plant out near the mailbox. It was tall and bristly and had bright blue flowers spiraling up the stem. The book said that its name is "Viper's Bugloss" and that "according to the doctrine of signatures" it was used as a cure for the bite of a poisonous snake. Mama explained that people used to believe that if a plant looked like a part of the body it was helpful to that part of the body, or if the plant resembled an animal it would cure someone bitten by that animal. Then she showed me how the long red stamens of the viper's bugloss stick out like a snake's fangs.

That made me think of the tale Granddaddy McLeod tells of the time Great Aunt Rachel was bitten by a copperhead:

> Aunt Rachel and I were on a path in the woods between our house and our grandmother's. It was autumn, and Aunt Rachel had run ahead to gather some bright leaves. I saw the copperhead lying beside the path but did not have the time to warn Rachel. She stepped on the snake's tail. Quick as a flash the huge snake struck at her, sinking its fangs into her calf. Our grandmother was out in the garden and heard our screams. She came on the run and picked up Rachel to shake the snake loose. Jerking off her gingham apron, she made a tournaquet for Rachel's leg and carried her to the house. Meanwhile I ran to the fields to call my Uncle Adolphus. Uncle Adolphus unhitched the mule from the plow and rode in search of the nearest doctor, who lived in a neighboring county. It was nine o'clock that night before the doctor arrived in his buggy. Rachel's leg was badly swollen, and for several days she was desperately ill. I do not know what treatment the doctor used, but it saved Aunt Rachel's life.

V

is for Viper's Bugloss.



Aunt Rachel and the copperhead

W

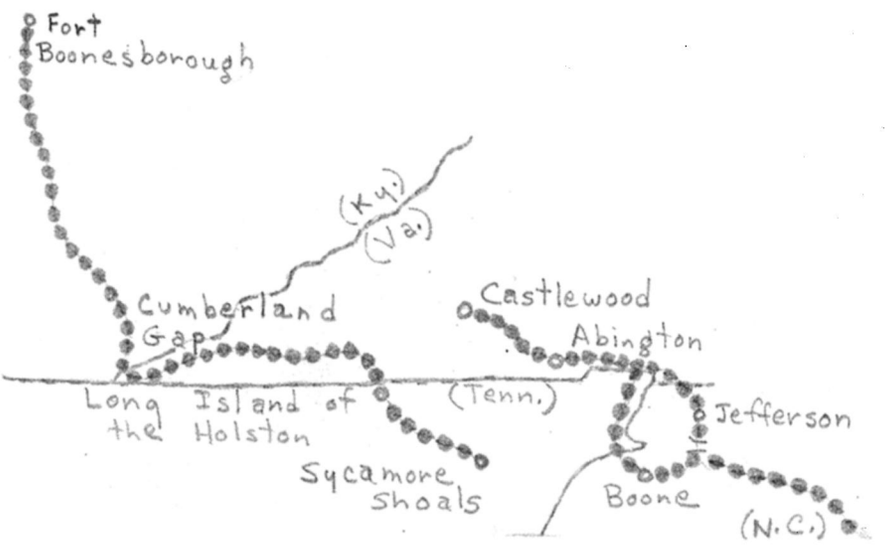
is for wagon.

Eugene's picture of a covered wagon

W

"W" can be "wagon" and "Wilderness Road" together. On television, pioneers ride in wagons. But my social studies book says that the Wilderness Road was more of a trail, not big enough for wagons. This is what the book says:

> For twenty years the Wilderness Road was so narrow that people could travel it only by horseback or on foot. Also the road was not built at one time. It was developed over many years as different paths were linked to form one route. Here is a map of the route:



The Wilderness Road

In 1784 John Filson published a guide book trying to get people to settle the fertile lands of Kentucky. Over 300,000 people made the 200-mile journey. Indians did not like having white men take over their land, and they often attacked. In 1796 the road was widened for wagons. But by then the road had accomplished its purpose. The frontier had moved farther west. The Wilderness Road was abandoned in the 1840's.

W

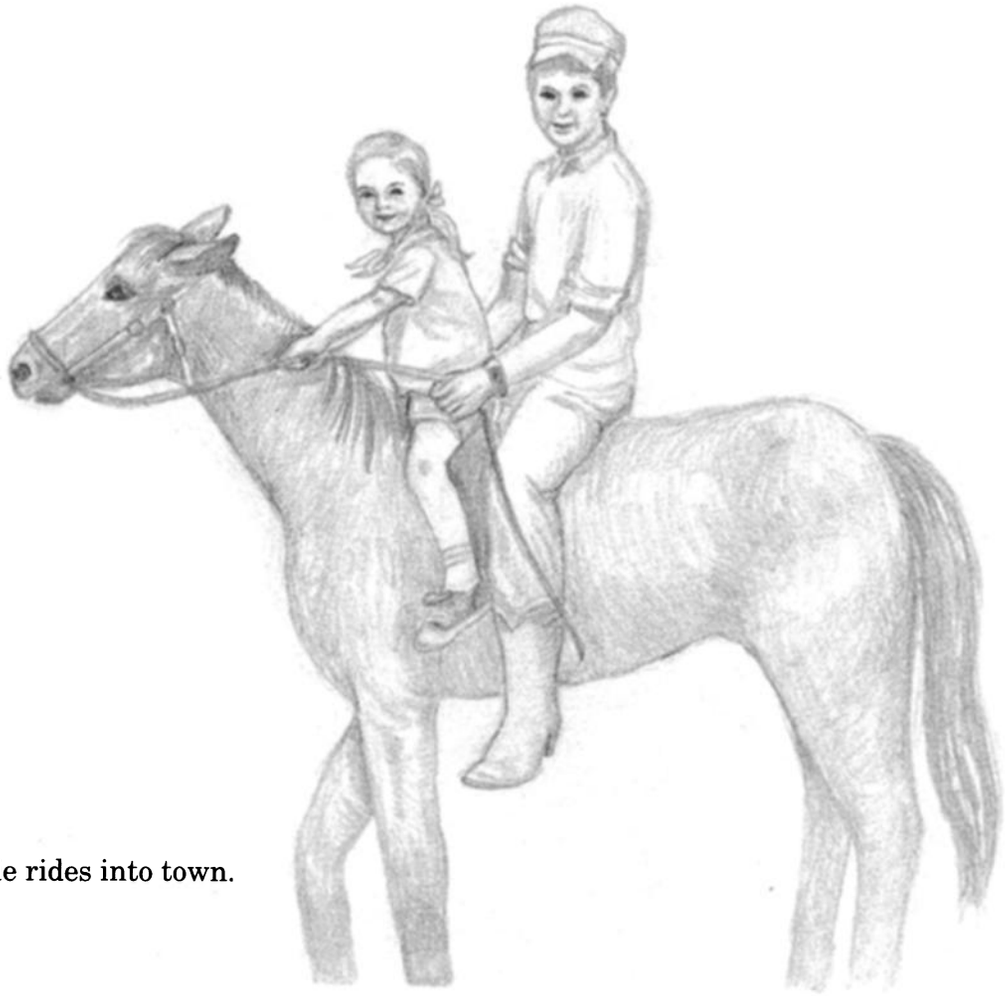
is for Wagon Train.

Wouldn't it be fun to ride in a wagon train? My friend Kim Ballard gets to go on one every year. Her daddy is a scout for the Tri-city Wagon Train. He carries a walkie talkie and rides around looking after everything. Kim told me what it's like.

They start out at a school near the Tennessee line and follow the route their ancestors took from East Tennessee into Madison and Buncombe Counties. Last year there were 29 covered wagons and 101 horses. They spend two nights on the way. After they set up camp they cook supper and care for the horses. Kim said she has trouble getting to sleep because there is so much going on at camp. Horses are whinneying and dogs are barking. People are playing guitars, talking, and singing.

A scout

On the fourth of July they come into Mars Hill. Last year Mama let Ellie and me meet them at the edge of town and walk in the parade. Ellie was lucky. One horseman reached down and swung her up to the saddle in front of him. We ended up at the school. Eugene was playing in a softball game there. Afterwards there was a barbecue dinner and then the fireworks display. It was fun. But when I get big I'm going to have a horse and ride in the Wagon Train instead of just meeting it.



Ellie rides into town.

X

is for the X that marks the spot.

Watch out for black cats.

X

You'll never guess what I'm using for "X": "X marks the spot." That's what they put on maps for buried treasure. And that's how people sign their names when they can't read and write. Do you play games when you travel? We do, and one time we thought of all the sayings about cross marks. Here are some of them:

If a black cat crosses your path you will have bad luck. But if you make a cross on the ground and spit on it you won't have bad luck.

If a black cat crosses your path when you are in a car, cross your hands on the steering wheel or mark an X on the windshield if you don't want bad luck.

"Cross my heart and hope to die" means telling the truth.

If you cross your fingers you mean the opposite of what you say. A lie doesn't count then.

If you forget something and have to go back into the house to get it, cross your fingers so you won't have bad luck.

It is bad luck to walk under a ladder unless you cross yourself.

If a snake bites you, cut a mark on the place in the shape of a cross and suck out the poison.

If your right hand itches, cross it and put it in your pocket. Soon you will get some money.

A cross on the moon means bad weather.

If it snows cross-legged, there will be a heavy snow.

Ellie crosses her fingers.

Sledding after a cross-legged snow

To get rid of warts, go to a crossroads and make as many cross marks on the ground as you have warts. The first person to step on those X's will get your warts.

It's bad luck to fish with crossed poles.

Fishing with crossed poles

Be careful when your eyes are crossed.

Crossed bats mean bad luck, too.

If your foot falls asleep, spit on your finger and make a cross on that knee.

If you have a sty, make a cross mark on that eye with a gold ring each morning. On the third day the sty will be gone.

If you cross your eyes and someone hits you on the back of the neck you will never get your eyes uncrossed. The same thing happens if you cross your eyes and go out in cold weather.

A cross mark on bread dough will make the loaf rise.

Cross marks on bread dough

When you kill a chicken, make a cross mark on the ground and lay the chicken on it. Then the chicken won't flap around.

Make the sign of the cross with two pokers to keep off witches.

A screech owl hollering near the house is a sign of death. To make the screech owl hush, cross two sticks in the fire and sprinkle salt on them.

A cross will keep Dracula away.

Cross roads act like X marks, too. Our language arts reader at school had a story about the devil at a cross-roads. Some people really believe that you can meet the devil there. Roy Sharp does. He's a fiddler, and he told this story at the Lunsford Festival:

> When I was a young chap I wanted to play the fiddle worse than anything else in this world. I made me a fiddle out of an old cigar box, and whenever I could slip away from the cornfield I'd take it down by the creek and try to play. One day when I was settin' there on a stump I heard a voice. It sounded like it was comin' from the fiddle, and it said, "If you want to be plum good, you go to the crossroads every night for nine nights and make a crossmark in the dirt. On the last night you'll find out what to do next."
>
> I studied about that and studied about that, and the next thing I knew I found myself smack in the middle of the crossroads. Since I was there I decided I might as well make a cross with my toe where the two roads met. Nothing happened except a rabbit scuttled off into the bushes. So I went on home.
>
> The next night I mosied along down the road with my fiddle, and there I was, back at the crossroads. I took my foot and made another cross where the other had been. I played a tune or two on my fiddle and went back home. There was that old cottontail, settin' still as death in the moonlight. This went on for nine nights. Of a day I couldn't keep my mind off that crossroads, and of a night I ended up in the middle of it.

Making a screech owl hush

A cigar-box fiddle

On the ninth night that rabbit was settin' there waitin' for me. There was a low-lying fog, and all of a sudden, whoosh—there stood the devil himself. He was a sight to behold. He had a black robe with red velvet lining, and he held a pitchfork in his hand. His feet were cloven, and he had a long tail with an arrowpoint. He reached out and took my fiddle and put it under his chin. The music that came out of that thing would charm the fuzz off a peach. It was out of this world. I didn't ever want him to quit. He asked me whether I wanted to play like that. I couldn't talk. I just nodded my head. He gave me some powder to swallow, and he made a little mark on my left shoulder. Then he handed back my fiddle and disappeared into the ground.

The Devil at the crossroad

For a long time after that I was mighty scared. I'd heard tell of the devil buying people's souls. Nothing has happened to me, though, and I guess I'm just as good and bad as the next feller. And ever since that day it's been like my bow had wings. There's nothing on earth I'd rather do than make this fiddle sing.

Roy began to play for us then, and it did look as if the bow was flying across the strings.

Roy Sharp playing his fiddle

y

Have you ever had someone make fun of the way you talk? It used to make me mad when people teased me for saying things like "you'uns" and "y'all," but not any more. You see, we have this new girl in school—Natalie, and at first we thought she was sort of stuck up. But then we found out she was really just shy. One day Kim and I saw her off by herself on the playground. We went over and complimented her on her toboggan. She just looked at us as if we were crazy. So I repeated, "I like your toboggan—your cap."

"Oh, thanks," she said and laughed. "I wondered what you were talking about. I thought a toboggan was a sled."

All three of us laughed then. "You guys sure do talk funny," she said.

"That's exactly what we've been saying about you'ns," Kim told her.

y

is for “You’ns” and “Y’all”

Natalie’s toboggan

It was weird: the very next day Miss Webb spent a whole class period on why people in different parts of the country talk differently, even though we all speak English. “Have you ever thought about the fact that people talk the way they hear others talking?” she asked. Natalie turned around and winked at me. “That’s the reason people born in Madison County all sound pretty much alike,” Miss Webb continued. “They pronounce words alike, and they use the same expressions.”

Then she turned to Natalie. “We say some things that sound strange to you, and you say some things that sound strange to us. You don’t mind doing an experiment with us, do you?”

“Of course not,” Natalie answered.

Miss Webb wrote some words and drew some pictures on the chalkboard. She asked Natalie to say each word; then she called on someone else in the class to say it.

Natalie read "greasy beans"; Tim read "greazy beans."

Natalie said she would put groceries in a "paper bag." Shannon would put hers in a "poke."

Natalie would drink "chocolate milk." Mike would drink "chocklit."

Natalie would have an "idear." Steve said "idear" too, but Tim said "idea."

Natalie walks up a "hill." Kim walks up a "heel."

Natalie read "root" to rhyme with "loot." Shannon read "rut."

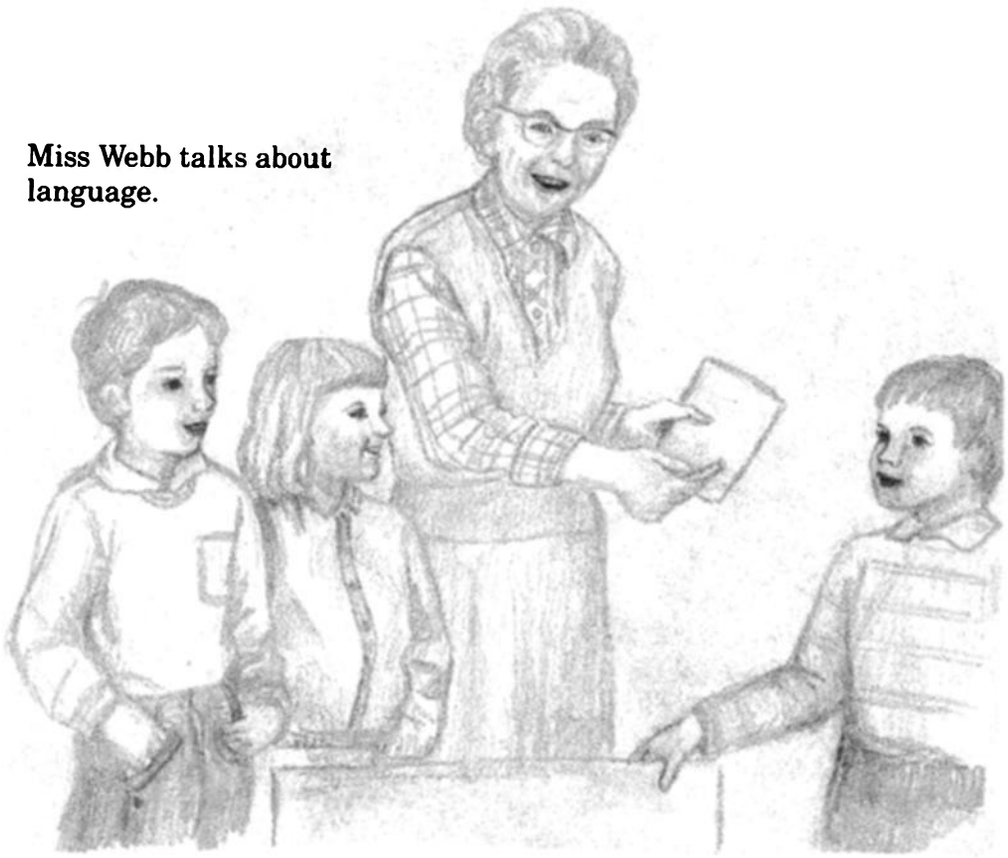
Natalie made "route" rhyme with "loot." Randy made it rhyme with "out."

Natalie would "warsh" clothes. Ruthie would "wash" them.

Natalie said, "I wish the snow would stick." Jim said, "I wish the snow would lay."

Natalie would "play hookey from school." Mike would "lay out of school."

Natalie said he was "pretty smart." Jane said he was "right smart."



Miss Webb talks about language.

Natalie would "iron" the clothes. Ruthie would "arn" them.

Before long, all of us were thinking up examples of differences in speech. "I've heard 'y'all' on TV so much," said Natalie, "that I say it, too. I never heard anyone say 'you'ns' before I came here, though. And I've heard some people say 'years' for 'ears'."

"When you said you lived in a clabbered house," said Ruth, "I thought of soured milk."

"Natalie called a 'sireen' a 'siren,'" Steve pointed out. "My cousin in Deetroit does that, too. And you both call corn shucks 'corn husks'."

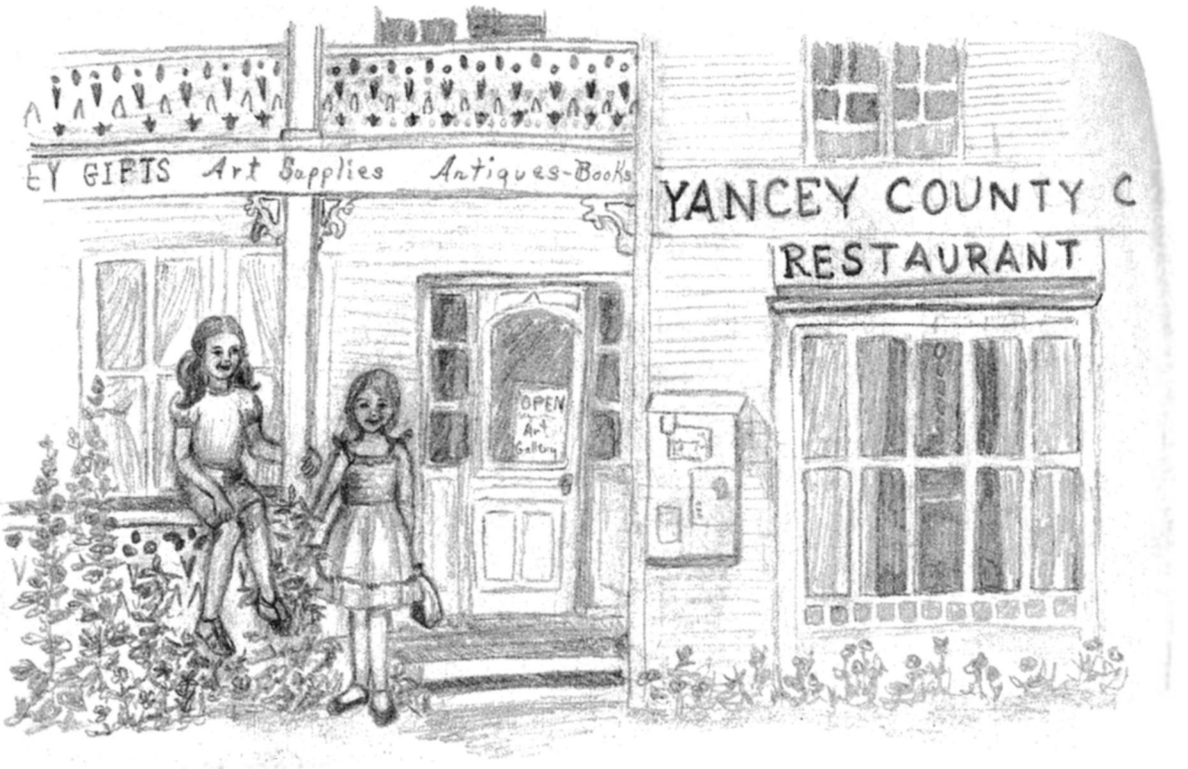
"Some lady said she'd 'carry me to town,' and I guess she meant she'd give me a ride in her car, not on her back," said Natalie.

"If we keep listening to one another," Miss Webb suggested, "we can all learn new words and new ways of expressing ourselves."

Ruthie pronounces this “arn.”

Y

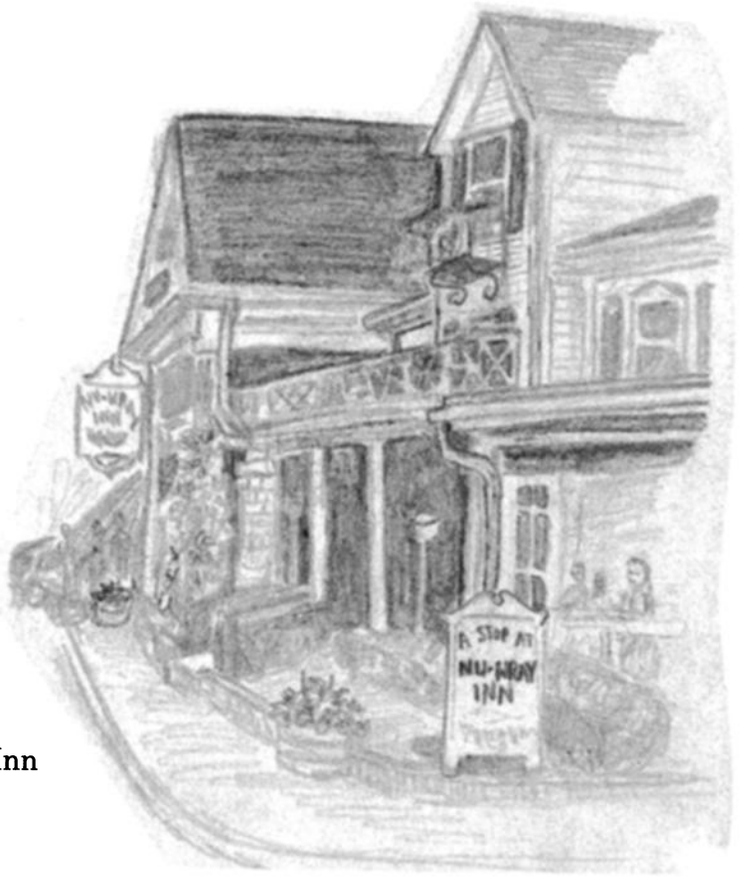
is for Yancey County.



At the country store

Will Mrs. Pittman think "y'all" is too far-fetched for "Y?" She'd probably like "Yancey County" better. Mama's Uncle Gilbert plans to retire there next year. He and Aunt Maggie are going to move to Celo, a little community over toward Mt. Mitchell. Last summer they spent their vacation in Burnsville while Uncle Gilbert repaired and painted the house they've bought at Celo. One morning Mama, Ellie, and I drove over to Burnsville to spend the day with Aunt Maggie. There was a crowd of tourists there. They were shopping in craft and antique shops, and groups of them were waiting to eat dinner at Nu-Wray Inn.

Aunt Maggie went to look for a wedding present at the Yancey County Country Store. Ellie and I sometimes get impatient when Mama or Aunt Maggie shops, but not there. The store is an old house crammed with things to look at—furry animals on a tree, Appalachian books and maps and puzzles, sweet-smelling candles and soaps in a bathtub, stained glass hangings, silver dogwood jewelry, all sorts of dishes and pots and pans, yummy-looking breads and jellies and honey.

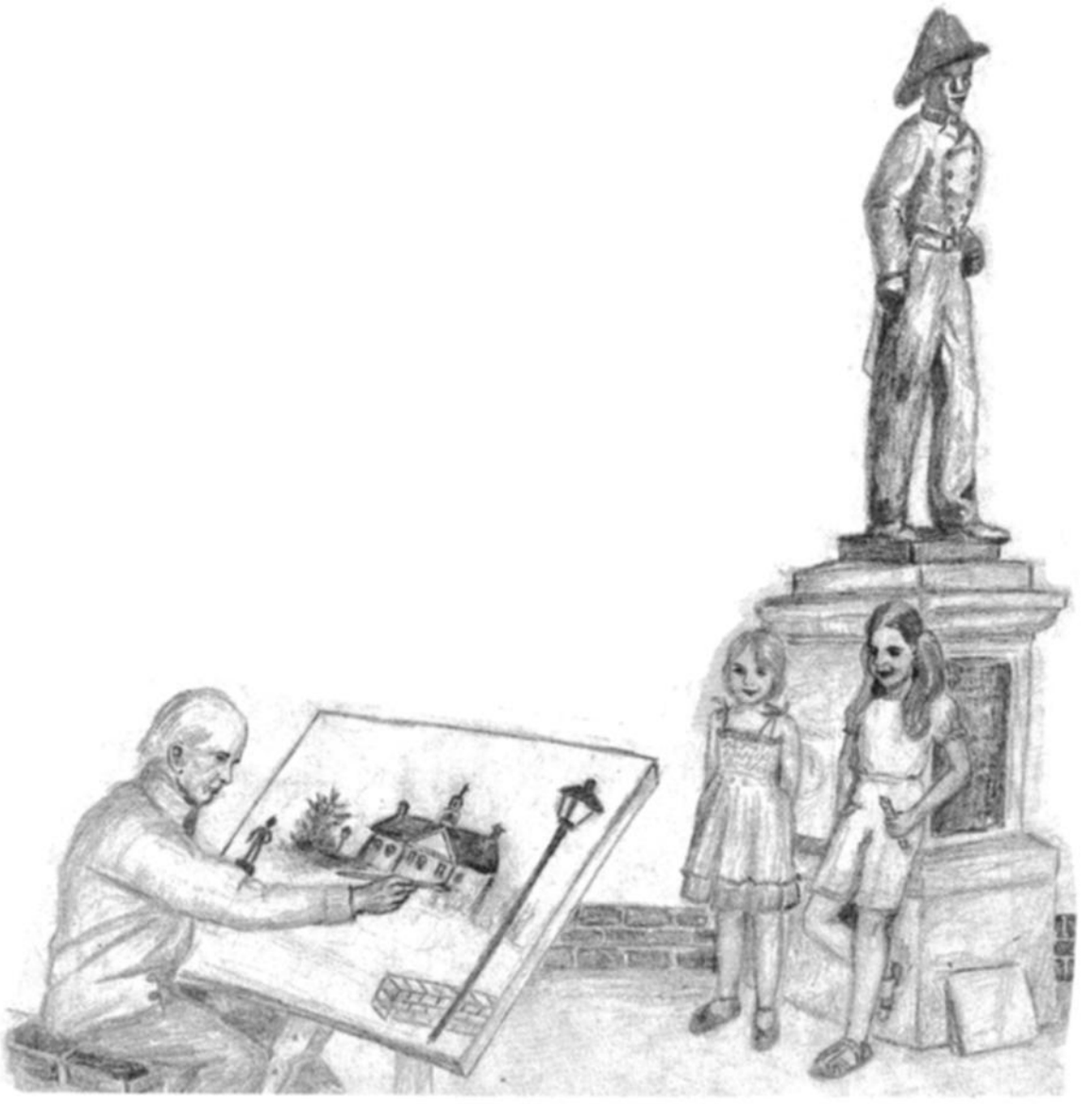


Nu-Wray Inn

Aunt Maggie likes pottery as much as I do, and she bought some mugs and a weed vase. She also bought some goat's milk cheese and big candy sticks for Ellie and me. We wandered around the village green while we sucked our candy. An artist was painting a picture of the court house. In one corner of the canvas he showed a statue of Otway Burns, for whom the town was named.

"Was he born around here?" Ellie asked.

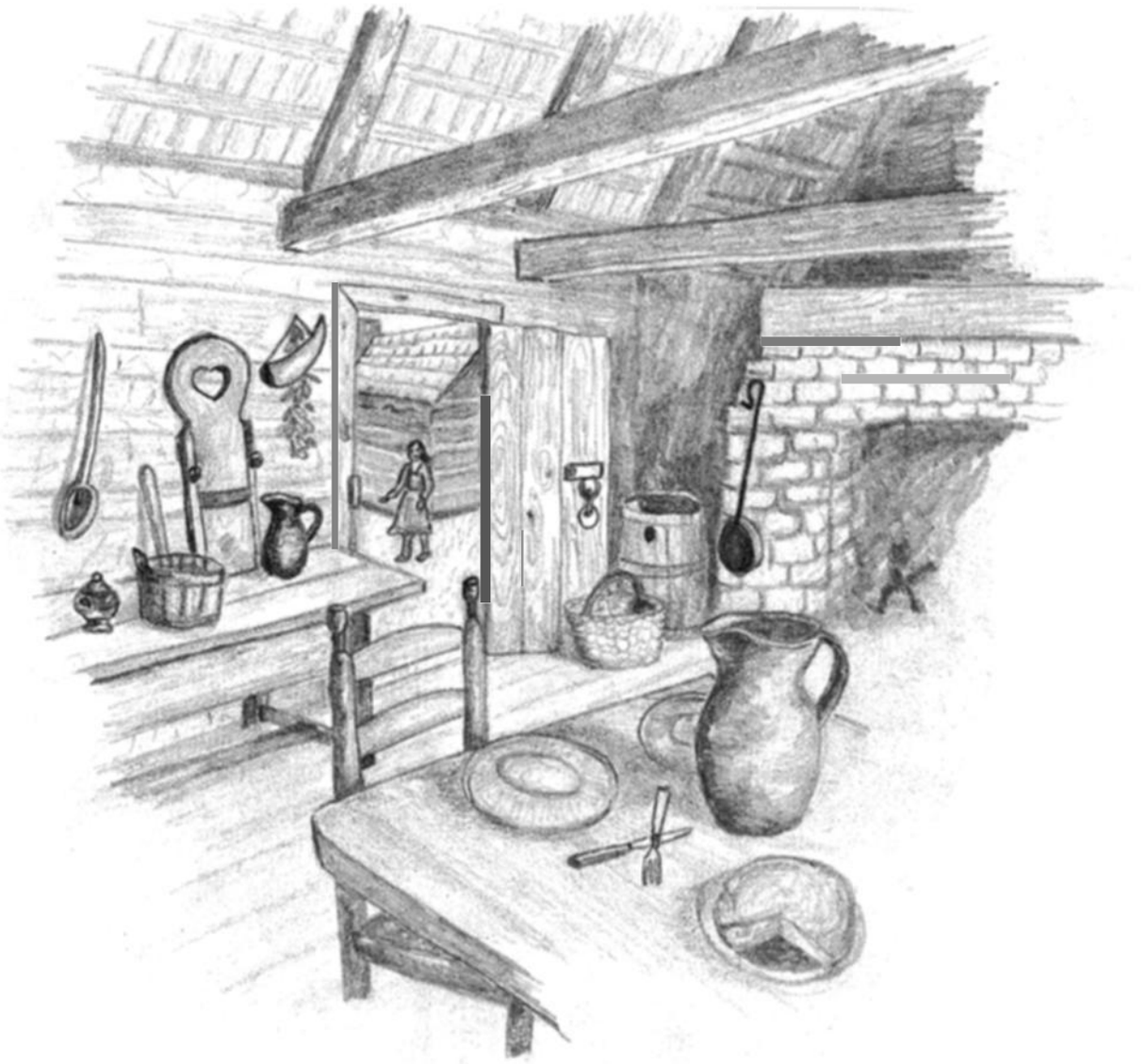
Aunt Maggie said she had asked the same question but was told that Burns lived on the coast of North Carolina. He was captain of the ship, *Snap Dragon,* and captured many British merchant vessels during the War of 1812. Aunt Maggie explained why the town was named for him: he was in the State Senate. The people thought that if they named the county seat after him he would vote to have the county admitted to the state.



At the statue of Otway Burns

Z

is for Zebulon B. Vance.

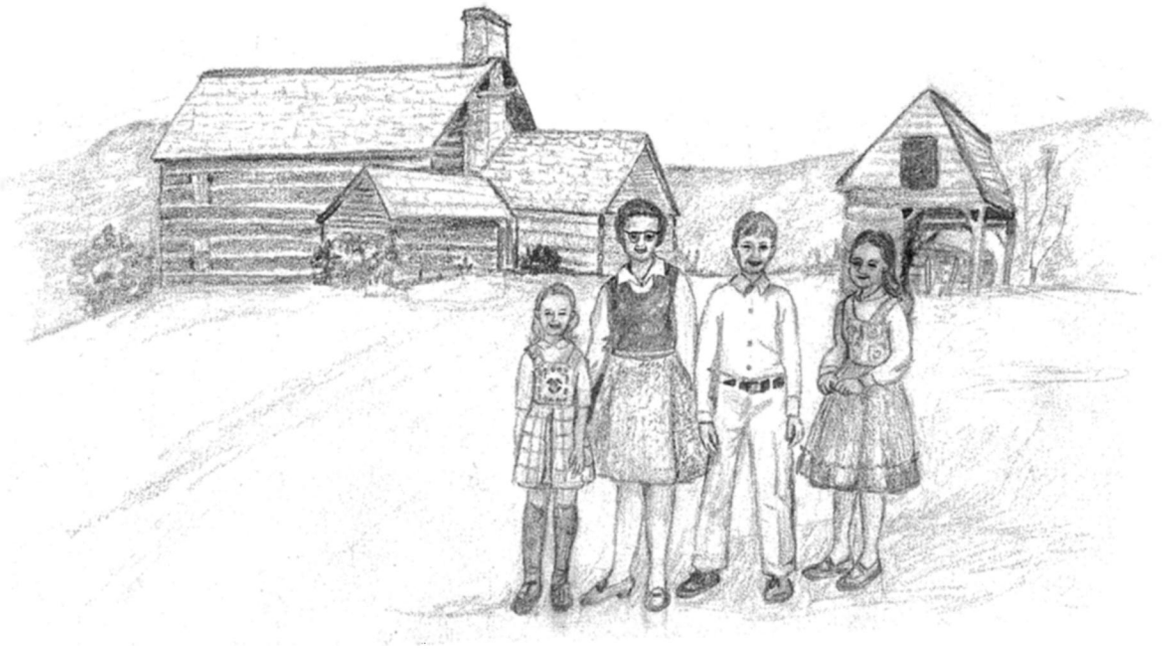


The kitchen at the Vance Birthplace

Z

"Z" can be for Zebulon B. Vance. He was born near Weaverville, North Carolina, and his birthplace is now a state shrine. The last time Grandma McLeod was visiting, she took us three E's to Pioneer Day there. We watched a lady churning butter in front of the spring house and another lady baking corn sticks and molding candles in the huge fireplace in the kitchen. The table was set with the plates face down and the fork and spoon crossed above them. In the bedroom of the log house you could see things the family used, like a cradle, a bellows, a Jenny lamp, a trundle bed, a rifle over the mantle.

I liked the Visitor Center-Museum best. We saw Vance's desk and watch and guns there, and we learned all about his life. His grandfather, David Vance, was a colonel in the Revolutionary War. After the war Col. Vance bought 900 acres of what had been Cherokee land on Reems Creek, which flows into the French Broad River. Zeb was born there in 1830.



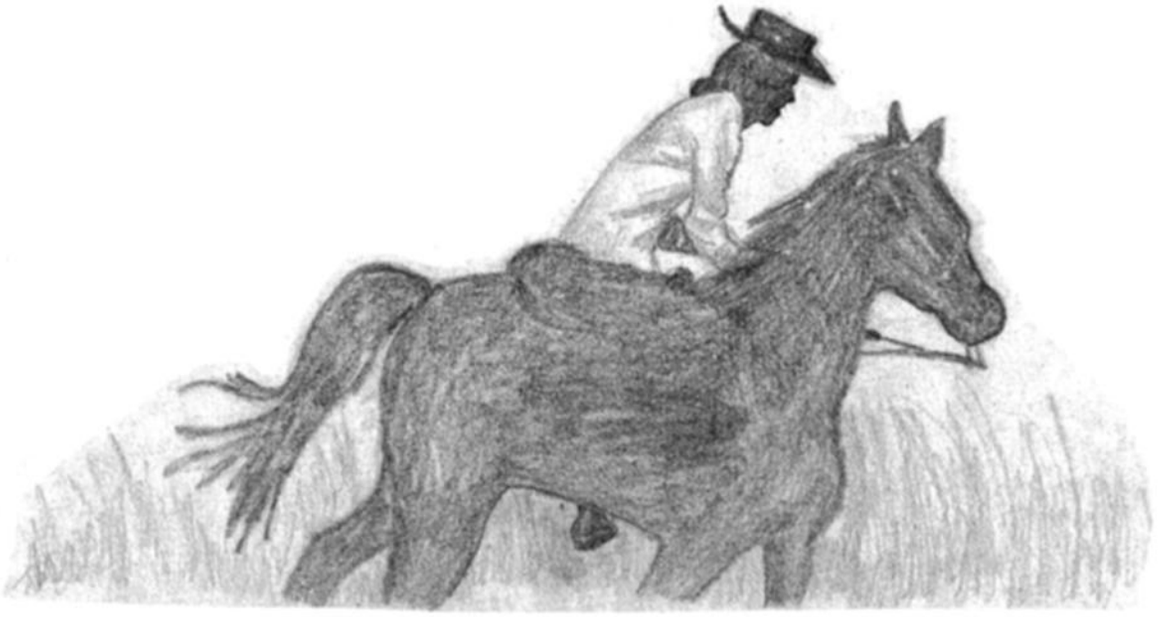
At the Vance Birthplace

I'm proud of how important this man from around here was to the whole state and nation. Zeb was a leader everywhere he went. He was an outstanding student at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where my daddy went to school. Zeb was elected representative in both the North Carolina Congress and the United States Congress.

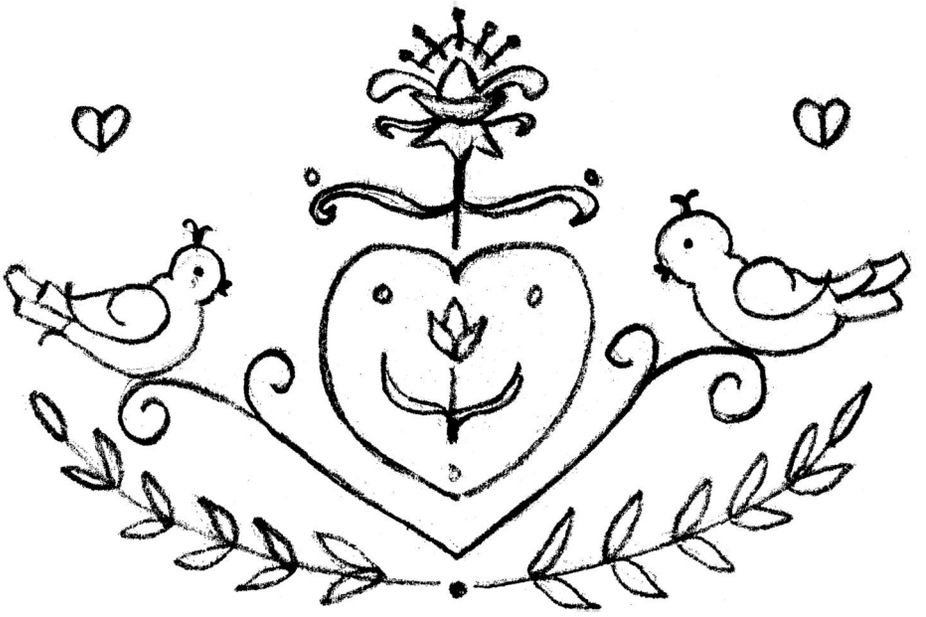
When the South seceded from the Union, Zeb formed the Rough and Ready guards and led them in battle. He served as governor during the Confederacy. At that time the people of North Carolina were suffering because they did not have enough salt to preserve meat, enough leather for shoes, enough clothes, or enough industries to turn cotton into cloth for clothes.

Grandma said Zeb was a friend of the people and a popular speaker. He fought for states' rights and for individual freedom. He might even have been elected president of the United States if he hadn't been from the South. I like to imagine him as a boy picking blackberries or riding horseback in the mountains and thinking about what he'd do when he grew up.

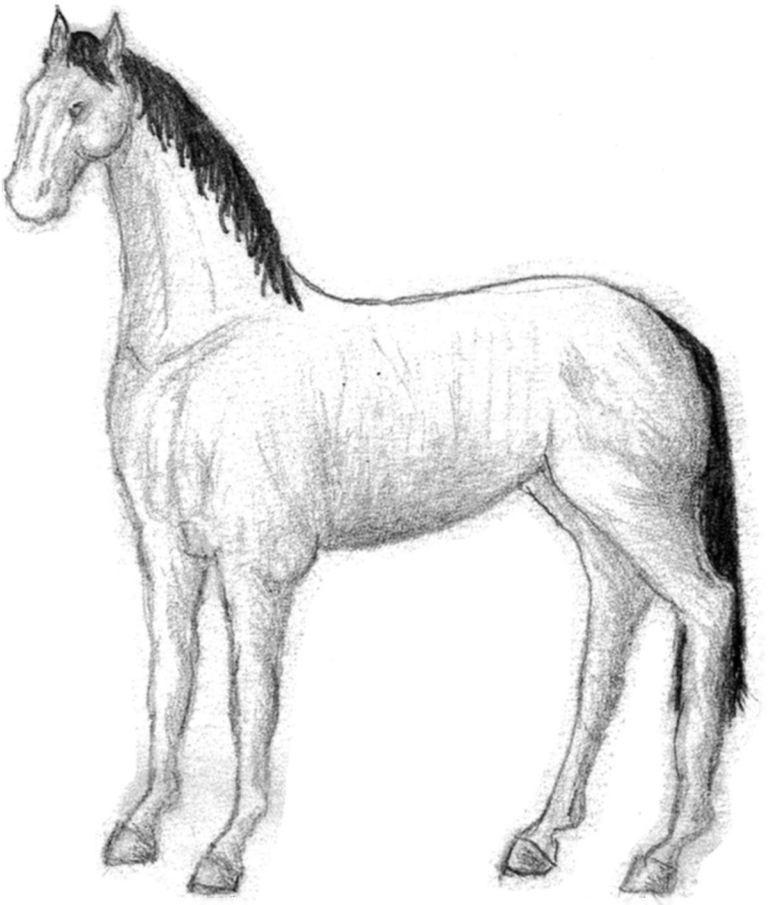
Zebulon B. Vance



Zeb as a boy



Emma's Pennsylvania Dutch design



Eugene's horse sketch

We could end the scrapbook here, but just for fun, let's draw a whole row of "Z's" on the last page. We'd better put a bee on the page, too, to show that "Z" doesn't stand for snoring, as in the comics. Ellie has put a bee in almost every picture she has drawn recently.

Everybody in our family likes to draw. Eugene's really good at sketching horses, ships, and trains. I like to use crayons for Pennsylvania Dutch designs and for old-fashioned girls with their pretty dresses. But you should see Ellie's animals. She can draw any kind. Right now she's on a binge of rabbits and bees and birds for spring.

The Conleys came over to visit last Sunday afternoon, and Ellie was lying face-down in the porch swing with her sketch pad. We like to have the Conleys come, for they treat children like human beings, not just dummies. Mrs. Conley asked Ellie to draw a picture for them, and Ellie did one of Pumpkin pouncing on a ball, Bonnie holding a kite string in his mouth, and bees buzzing in the apple blossoms. Mr. Conley said it was so good he was going to put it up in his workshop. Then he began asking Eugene about the bee hive he's making for a 4-H project. Eugene told him he'd about finished with the hive, and he's ordered a queen bee and two pounds of workers.

Ellie draws in
the porch swing

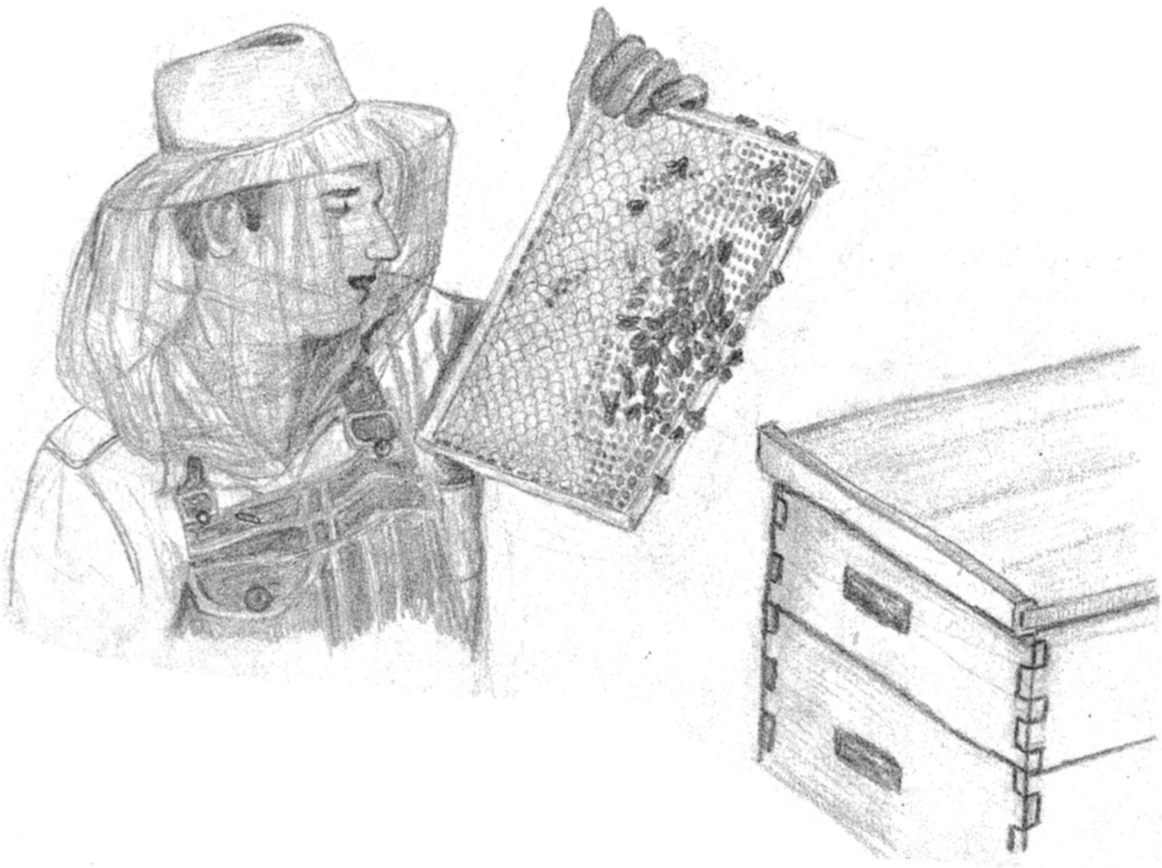
Ellie's animals

Z

is for bees buzzing.

That got Mr. Conley started on his favorite subject, and when he gets wound up, he talks on and on. I've remembered almost everything he said. Wouldn't it do for the Appalachian scrapbook?

"Raising bees doesn't require much equipment, but you ought to get yourself some bee gloves and a hat with a veil. Of course, the stings don't bother me, the way they do some folks, but I've been popped hundreds of times myself. I always move easy, too, so the bees don't get excited. Unless it's a mean hive. Then I make me a smudge with a tow sack. Bee's can't sting if their bellies are full of honey. That's what they do when the smoke from the smudge gets to them: they gorge themselves with honey.

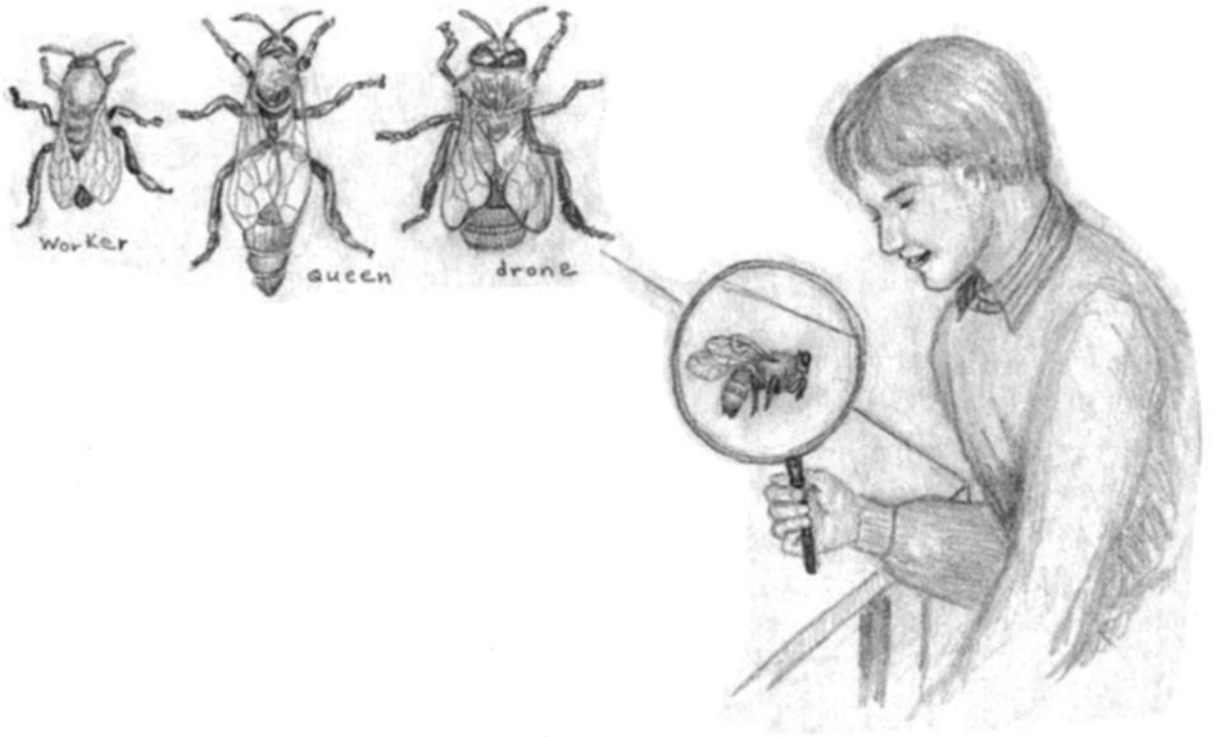


Mr. Conley's bee hat

"By the way," Mr. Conley continued, "this is how my youngest boy got started in bees—with a 4-H project. He kept an observation hive in his bedroom for two years. He watched the workers—the females, you see—draw out the comb and fill it with honey. They work themselves to death in about forty days, you see. And Hal watched the queen lay eggs and the larvae hatch out. Hal won first place in the district for his project and honorable mention in the state. For two years he got to set up his observation hive at the state fairgrounds in Raleigh."

Eugene asked him, "How many hives does he have now?"

And Mr. Conley said, "Oh, Hal tends bees full time now. He has over 400 hives on his property near Hendersonville and the rest of the hives rented out. Bees are good for pollinating crops, you see. Hal ships some hives to pollinate cucumbers and squash in the eastern part of the state, but he rents mostly to men with apple orchards here in the mountains. Hal has to go around to all these places to work the hives. And during the honey flow, from early spring till June, he has to collect the honey. A good hive produces forty or fifty pounds of honey a season, you see."



Eugene's 4-H project

I told him how we buy Conley honey in the grocery store. It's yummy on some of Mama's whole-wheat bread. Eugene didn't say so while the Conleys were here, of course, but after they left, he said, "Next year we won't be having to buy Conley honey. We can just go out and rob Carter bees."

Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z

Mr. Conley's honey

Well, we did it, didn't we? We got something for every letter of the alphabet. Two for some letters, and we could have thought of more. It was fun, too, with you helping. Thank you. I want to keep being your friend. But we have to end this scrapbook somehow. How about this poem I made up?

Here's my Appalachian alphabet from A to Z.
That's all there is; there is no more.
But Appalachia's old, and it goes on living.
Its mountains are long, and the view is forever.
So there's plenty more—Just write it yourself.

Ellie at the Lunsford festival