

SPOTSYLVANIA PRESERVATION FOUNDATION

Oral History Project

Transcript of the Interview with Hallie Rowley Sale

August 11, 2003

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Hallie Rowley Sale



That's correct.

And today is August the 11th of 2003 and Mrs. Sale has given us the privilege of interviewing her today.

And I'd really like for you to tell us those childhood stories.

Oh, my gracious! You may get bored to death. As I started to tell you, when I was a kid, I was in that old house.

I was frightened about down in the basement - we had this long room and it was kinda dark - my mother had canned fruit and everything back in there. And if I went down in that basement you know I always wanted my sister to go with me. So anyway, one night I walked in my sleep and I walked - went through the doors, opened the doors - went down in the basement and I was back in the farthest corner. And when I looked, my mother was coming down the steps with the lamp in her hand - woke me up. Isn't that funny though? The very place that I was the most frightened of during the daytime. I went back there at night and twice I did that. Walked in my sleep. And then, of course, I cried and cried and cried. But, anyway, that was one of the memories I remember.

Tell me about the sausages.

Oh yes. Well you know my father; he raised these Poland China hogs. And at hog killing time... You know, in those da they didn't hire somebodys to come to you because neighbors would come and help one neighbordo hog killing. Then they would go to another farm for another hog killing, you know, help. And anyway, my mother she would make lard. You know to make fat to make the lard and we had large cans, these big lard cans down in the basement. And my mother would make sausage. And then, years ago, we had these, sugar came in cloth sacks. My mother would unravel them, wash them good and then she would make little tubes, you know, stuff those things with sausage and wax them all good and then set them on the, hang them down in the basement. I can see them now. Lined up. Rows of sausages. Cause we always had something to eat. And then, I should think I told you that, we had three hundred pear frees on these grounds. And the keeper pears was the, mostly the commonest pear we had. And my Dad made pear cider. Well you know, pear cider gets hard! Well, anyway, they had it in barrels and had it down in the basement. And then we had a grape arbor and had all kinds of grapes.

Oh, the grape arbor was a long place, you know, and anyway, cause I know they used to drive up under the arbors in the wagon and reach up and pick the grapes. Well, anyway, they'd make grape wine. So anytime we had company, of course, down at the bins in the basement. We had the fruit, the apples and pears and things covered up in straw and everything. And every time we had company, my Dad would say, "Hallie, you go down in the basement and get a pitcher of apple cider, I mean pear cider, and get a bowl of fruit. And the bowl of fruit came, see, this, one of the fruit baskets.

So you're showing me a silver basket.

Is it silver?

It's beautiful.

Well, I kept it. That come out of the old Chancellorsville House. And, see that? It's kinda tilted. Sometime when I was a little girl, I took it down and sat in it when I was playing with my cousin, so that's the reason it's kinda tilted.

I want to take a photograph of it.

Okay.

Well, just leave it out somewhere.

Okay, well anyway. Well I had it resilvered when I was in Florida. And the guy said, "I'm afraid to pull it too much cause I'm afraid it will break ". I said, "Well, just leave it like it is ". I remember that. I sat in it when I was a little girl. I was right small to fit into that. But, anyway, I'm trying to think of everything that I can tell you. One time, of course, the pears, my grandfather picked the pears and they shipped them to New York.

Also the grapes. But I was so small, I can't remember that. In fact, it might have been before I was born. Cause, see, I was born in 1914. And, see, my grandfather and them came here from Texas in 1910. And, uh, my grandfather, the reason he came here, his sister, my grandfather's family's from Horsehead, New York, and his father ahead of him, my grandfather ahead of him, he came to Stafford County one time to visit his sister. She was a school teacher over there. Her name was Fraun Rowley. I don't know how you spell her name, F-R-A-U-N, or something, I don't know. But, anyway, he liked, uh, Virginia, but see, he had holdings back in Dalhart, um, Dalhart, Texas and Denton, Texas, cause that's where my Dad was born. Anyway, then later on after he passed away, then my grandfather, they had a hotel there in Dalhart. And when my grandfather's health begin to get bad and he said, "I'd just love to go back to Virginia ". And they had a delicatessen cause my mother worked there with her in the delicatessen and so then they came to Virginia. And as I was telling you before, see, they had a ranch there in Krum, Texas. And he loaded up; they had these freight cars, loaded up with cattle, horses, mules and even goats! Cause I forgot them goats! I'm telling you, I gotta tell you about those goats! Anyway, cause I remember the goats. And, anyway, they came, you know, and they bought the house here in 1910. And my sister was born two months after they got there. And, so, anyway, what about the goats? They had the pasture, they had what we called it the goat pasture. In the old house, we didn't have, the only carpet rugs that we had was on the parlor floor.

And that wasn't a Persian rug I don't think, but it had, you know, all the markings of one. A pretty red rug, I can remember that. Anyway, grandpa, when he would butcher these goats, he would tan the skin so we had goatskin rugs. See, the floors were, we would have to go up there and the floors. You don't remember anything like that. We would dust the floors, and then we'd take, we had this oil and this oil rag to make them shine. And then we had the goatskin rugs to put on there. And we'd put that thing and, uh, down in the dining room, we had the goatskin rugs and up in the bedrooms. Goatskin rugs, I laid on one many a time. But, anyway...

Were they comfortable?

Yeah, I guess so! What kids do! So, anyway, my dad farmed and, ah, he never was afraid of storms. And my grandfather used to sit on the front porch, lightning popping all around him, and just set there and rock.

And here my mother was from Kansas scared to death of storms. And she would get me and we would go upstairs and sit on the stairway and wait till the storm was over. I guess that's one reason to say I don't like to be out in them. Cause I remember MY mother, she was kinda scared. Any my dad was out cutting hay and everything and the only time he'd come in, if it was starting to rain. Lightning all around him ... don't ... he was a great guy ... I tell you ... my dad And I was, uh, telling Mr. Woolf that when I was, my dad, he was an artist. And, uh, he also was a musician. He played the piano and he played the violin. Well, he wanted to teach me the piano and he wanted to teach my sister the violin, but she was not interested But, anyway, my dad was teaching me the piano and I learned some. I play by ear today, couldn't get the ... like you'd count, one, two, three, four. I'm going to hit the note, one, two, three, four instead of counting one, two, three, four. So anyway, but I don't know. I think about all that and we used to have, my mother used to do a lot of- they did a lot of entertaining. My, uh, the Chancellor High School, the senior class, lot of time, the girls around it kind of, you know, down at, you go down, what is it, 610? I'm not sure. But, anyway, uh, she would call and say, "Mrs. Rowley? Can we roll the rug up in the parlor, have a party? " And, uh, my mother'd say, " Well sure, come on ". So they could come up there and, uh, the night, I remember one time, it was a Valentine dance. And this lady, Hazel Johnson, my, incidentally my sister was named after her cause she was a pretty girl, had red hair. And, uh, she would always bring strawberry shortcake. And my cousin and I would say, "Mama, can we have apiece of that cake now? " "No, you can't have it, Got to wait till after the dance is over and we'll, maybe they'll save you a piece ". So, anyway, the night of the dance we sat down there. We had this old black leather overstuffed chair that I got in and I was watching them dance. All of a sudden, I went to sleep. Next morning, I woke up. The first thing I wanted to do was see if that strawberry cake was there, apiece of it. But my mother would make little sandwiches, and they had a big cut glass, uh, punchbowl that burnt up in the house. And I can see my mother put that punchbowl and had fruit floating on the top of it. So pretty... I can remember all of that, I can tell you.. mmm.

So what did you say? You had the fire and how old were you when you..?

The ruins of the second Chancellorsville House



The ruins of the second Chancellorsville House

Let me see... I think I was either twelve or thirteen. I must have been thirteen. Yeah, cause my brother was home from the navy on leave. And my dad had that filling station across the road. And that night, that was the fourteenth of November 1927 and my sister's friend from Orange had come down and was going to take her and my mother to Fredericksburg to a movie. And, uh, so my mother said, "Well, I will go to the movie ". And we'd had supper, but the dishes hadn't been done. And my mother said, "Hallie, you have got to do the dishes. Now be sure you have those dishes done by the time I come back home ". Now my dad, had went down to Mr. Fitchew, because that was his hunting buddy and they was planning for their hunting trip the next day. And, uh, so I went over to the filling station with my brother, and I kept looking back at the house then. I knew I had to go over there and I was scared cause we didn't have electricity, we had kerosene lamps. And, uh, so I kept looking and looking. Finally I told him, "I got to go wash those dishes ". And I looked again and when I did, I saw flames just shooting out the top of the house. When I first saw them, they were shooting right up there. Right up in there. Right up in there is where they were. So Iran over there to the house.

That was the top, the ...

Yeah, the top ...

Very, very top ...

Yeah, and I ran over and I, first thing I did was I called Central to tell her the house was on fire - to send help.

Well, in the meantime, back in the corner there was a sewing machine and my mother had a piece of material that she was going to make me a dress. I ran and grabbed that material never thinking about nothing else but that material and I ran out. And I, the car came up the road and I jumped and hollered for them to stop and help. You know, three men and two men and my brother went in the parlor and took the piano out. Can you imagine that? Got it out. Then they got bunches of furniture from the first floor but nothing in the kitchen. That all burnt.

So no one was dousing the flames?

No, no, no, not a thing, no, no. And see, my dad, he didn't even know it till he was coming back about three and happened to see the glow in the sky. My sister and her friend and my mother in Fredericksburg happened to see the glow in the sky and heard someone say Chancellorsville was on fire so they came right back home. That's how it happened.

That must have been devastating.

It was terrible. I can see my dad now, standing there. He said, "Oh my land, everything is gone ". I can see it now.

But that was a sad time for us, it really was. And we had a place; my grandfather had built, right up next to Bullock Road That house, we call it the Libby House. And, uh, anyway, we had a, uh, my father let a neighbor and his wife live there rent free. Didn't charge no rent! Anyway, he told them, he said, "We're going to have to have the house for my family to live in ". So they moved back with their family and then we moved in that. We lived there. And, uh, later on...

Your grandfather built that?

Yeah, yeah, he built it.

And is it still around?

No, no, no, the government took it. See, there was eleven hundred and fifty five acres in that whole land. And, A see, originally it was eight hundred and some acres with Chancellorsville that my grandfather bought. And then he acquired different tracts like the Weedon tract which don't mean nothing to me now. I can't think where the Weedon tract was.

I think it was across the road. The total was eleven hundred and fifty five acres and the house had fifteen rooms in it.

Of course, we didn't use the ones on the third floor except when company came, you know. And I was telling Mr. Woolf that, before my time, my sister and my mother was talking about it at one time.

That when my sister was a little girl in that soapbox, just about that time. That when Franklin Roosevelt was the Secretary of the Navy, he came through there with his, all his people with him and they stopped and stayed there overnight. And, if I'm not mistaken, my sister said, there was a picture taken. But I can't think where it might have been. My aunt might have had it. I never did get it. But, A that was one of the times. And, then too, I remember too that when Papa was running the filling station, Mr. Harry Byrd was Governor of Virginia, stopped to get gas. And wrote Papa a check. His signature was so bad. I'm telling you, almost as bad as George Bush's is today. Oh, gosh!

You could hardly make it out! Isn't that awful? I shouldn't say that about my President, should I? But anyway, I can remember that. It's a lot of, I have to think back you know, to think of the memories. We had, we didn't have no school bus when we was going to school. Chancellor School. And, uh...

And where was the school? Chancellor School?

Do you know where the... ? Um, let's see. They have the, uh, where the firehouse is and the community center there and the crossroads right there. Well, you go back in the crossroads to Finchville? It's right on the corner there.

I think the school is still standing. I'm not sure. And anyway, it had from the first grade to the fourth year high there. And, uh, that's where we went to school. Well, anyway, we had to either walk or we had a pony that we called "Snip ". And we'd get on there; if too many of us got on there ... Do you know what that horse would do?

He would slide on his haunches and slide us off, every one of us. But, anyway, one time my daddy had a cart and we would get in the cart. And we had a poor horse called Tom. He was old. And we was going down, we called it nine mile branch hill and old Tom decided he wanted to lay down. So he stopped right there and lay down.

And my cousin was down on the bottom of the cart and her head went right up. Right over top of his back end! I never will forget that! Well, anyway, we had to get out and walk to school. And my brother took the horse back to home and the cart and he went, he rode another horse. No, we had a mule. Rode the mule to school. And I think that night when he brought Snip down and my sister and I rode Snip back. Talking about Snip...

So you would just hitch the, uh, the horse that was ... ?

Yes, yes to a... it was a cart.

It was a cart?

Yeah. And you know? We had a ... you've seen these pictures in westerns pictures about these chuck-wagons? Well, my grandfather, my father, they had one. We called it the pear wagon cause we was always picking pears in it.

But, anyway, I can remember when Route 3 was a gravel road.. And we came down, one time my grandmother and I - we got in this old chuckwagon and was coming down in the ... into Fredericksburg and - you know they had a toll gate down at, o , where? It's called Liggate's Run? Anyway, down below where Carrol Memorial Gardens are. You know where that tombstone place is? Along in there. Anyway, the Masons, I think, at the time were running it. You had to pay tolls to go into Fredericksburg.

I never know that.

Then you gotta pay tolls to come back.

How much was the toll?

I don't remember. Couldn't have been very much. Couldn't have been very much. And, anyway, then my grandmother would go in and Mr. Bob Harris had a grocery store and livery stable there. Well, she'd pull in and they would go feed the mules and they'd go feed and water them. And she would take me by the hand and we'd go shopping or go downtown.

Fredericksburg wasn't as big as it is now. And go shopping and then we would come back and I thought we would never get to Fredericksburg because horses or mules, you know, they did apace. I don't know if you're familiar with that, and I thought we'd never get there, but we did. Anyway, I can remember all of that. So many things I can remember then.

I'm getting old now. I can't remember anything!

But, urn, now the house that you lived in, Chancellor, it was called the Chancellor...

Chancellorsville House?

The Second Chancellorsville House before the fire.



has different The Second Chancellorsville House before the fire. *town and*

House, yeah. See, it was rebuilt after the War. See, during the War, it had fifty two rooms in it. See, and it was used as in inn and later, when the Union was there, it was used as a hospital, too. And Hooker was standing on the porch when one of the shells hit, hit over there, you know, and knocked him down. That was Lee's greatest battle, you know. Anyway, the Chancellors were living in the house at that time. And, uh, Miss Sue Chancellor was a girl, young girl. And she said that she could remember everything about it. The funny part about it, later years, after my family was there, my mother would hear somebody walking around upstairs, you know, and everything and there was Miss Sue Chancellor with her friends. She was showing them all through the house. She never asked my mother permission, no way. So, finally, my mother got tired of it and she told her, she said "Miss Chancellor, next time you want to bring your friends back, you knock on the door and I will let you in." Because, you know, lots of times things weren't in order and, uh, but I can remember that. But 1, lot of things I can remember...

She probably felt like she was...

That's right, that's right. My mother said "Now, this is my home now, not yours ".

Did she come back then?

Oh, yeah. I think she did. But, you know, going to school, we had this little wood stove in the kitchen and Mama, boy, she was the best cook. She would always be baking bread and stuff and we had a warming oven up in there.

And she'd put these loaves of bread up in there and the kids would leave to go to school and come back and neighbor kids, you know, would come in and Mama said, "Wright you kids, you want some bread?". And they'd say, "Oh, yeah. ". So Mama... big slice of bread ... oh, so good! And lots of time sweet potatoes up in there, you know, when she'd bake sweet potatoes, just keeping them warm. I can remember all of that. My gracious! And, of course, we didn't have the telephone service like we have today. We had one hanging on the wall and our number was two long rings. The neighbors has different rings, like Mr. Hawkins, his was two short rings, a long, and two shorts. The Central was two short rings, like ding, ding and she'd answer. And so that night, see, when I rang her, I just rang for the short ... See? Got so much stuff now days!

Hallie Rowley Sale as a young girl surrounded by her family on the steps of Chancellorsville House.



But do you remember the time before the telephone came?

No, no. I don't remember that. But I can remember when the first television came in.

And what about electricity?

We never had electricity.

So you never had it at all.

And we didn't have running water. We had a Johnny house outside. And then we had these kerosene lamps. My sister and my's job was to keep those lamps, the wicks trimmed, the oil filled and the shades all clean and nice.

And I never will forget...

Well, that was important.

Oh yeah, sure it was. One time I forgot that the shade was hot, went to pick up the light ... Now, I was going to blow it out. Being a kid, my fingers ... never will forget that...

Did you ever knock one over?

No. Never did. Never did. Very careful...

Had to keep them away from curtains...

That's right. But, we didn't have, we had shades at the windows. We didn't have curtains. Had those shades that pull down, you know? We didn't have...

They were made out of? Like vinyl?

Something like they have today. Only they were dark shades. And the window seats, you know, they had big window seats you could sit up in there. Course, us kids, we could sit up in there and watch, you know, people. Wasn't very much traffic then on the roads, you know, and I can remember when Route 3 was first tarred. And, uh, at the time, see when my dad was running the filling station... This was another time that I remember. He was talking, he was raking, had his hay rake over in the field just across from the Chancellor House and I was tending the station. Well, I wanted a bottle of soda pop and I thought if I had earned it, Papa would give it to me. So while he was talking to this White Owl Cigar salesman, I jumped out, ran out barefooted, jumped up on this hay rake and told the mules to "get up".

Though not knowing how to operate it. You've seen those hay rakes with the tines on it, that came down and it crushed my heel off. The mules stopped and I started screaming. Anyway, my dad took me back to the house they wrapped me up and took me to the hospital ... sewed my heel back on. And that was...

Mary Washington Hospital?

Yeah! That was years ago. And the funny part about it, my hair was cut short, just like in that picture. You know, the one... And, of course, I had a little dress on. And I'll never forget the nurse told me the old ladies in the room, the ward, they fussed when the brought

me in there cause they y thought I was a boy. How about that? But that's one for them. Yes, getting back to the tar. They started to tarring that road and I never forget, I wanted to cross over to the filling station. And the man working on the, the highway there, he says, "Come on. I'll carry you across ".

I had crutches, you know. I was walking on crutches. So he lifted me over and we went across. That tar, I never will forget it. I didn't walk on it yet, but I went across it. But I can remember that. I can remember when Route 3 had deep ruts and dust Gosh, I can remember all that. People don't know what they ... now everything...

So when it was tarred, how did that make you feel?

Oh, my land! That was something great!

It was great?

Oh, land! Yeah! And my sister and I used to ... my dad up on Fairview. That's what, that's where the Chancellor cemetery is and everything. Well, Papa put that in black eyes peas and I never will forget, he had my sister and I take gunny sacks and go up there. And, after they dried, you know, pick those peas and fill them up and then we'd have to drag them back. We had a wheelbarrow. Wheelbarrowed down Route 3 right in the middle of the road, coming on down to put those things in the barn for my dad, you know, to shuck the peas out. And I can remember that vividly.

And my sister and I used to go take the wheelbarrow and go out ... It was woods over round there. Where the park roads are now, was originally woods roads, you know. And, anyway, they would go right down 610, at the corner of that field right in front of the house, was a road that led over to the Gould Farm and the Kennedy's. And I know one time, my mother's raising turkeys and those turkeys would go cross the fields, into the woods, lay their eggs and first thing you know, here would come back a little brood of turkeys. And so this turkey hen that my mother couldn't find its nest. So one day, she told my sister and I, says, "Now, you go and watch that turkey. You find that nest and I'll bring them eggs home ". We went over there and we watched. We sat away from her and we watched that turkey.

She'd sat down one place, you know, and make believe she was sitting there. Finally, it got time for her to lay that egg. She couldn't stay too much longer, cause she went to her nest, she laid the egg, she covered it up with leaves. But we knew where it was. So then we got it. We went and got all the eggs and went back to Mama.

I can remember that. Then I remember half the stuff .. you gotta be bored to death...

No! No! These stories are very interesting.

Well, anyway, we had this colored woman who worked for my grandmother, my mother and she lived over there at that Kennedy farm. Kennedy's weren't there anymore.

Anyway, and this house was there and they were living there.

And I think she did the washing and things for my mother. For my mother and ironing and, anyway, she'd said, "Hallie, if you'd walk home with me, I'll walk halfway back with

you ". I walked all the way through the woodswith her and go to her house. Name was Nellie. I don't know what her last name was. I forgot it now. I said,
"Okay, Nellie. Now I'm ready to go home. Now you gonna walk halfway back with me...
" "Naw, I can't go back with you. "

Here, I had to go by myself I never will forget that...

Did you ever do that again?

No. No, I didn't. Not anymore! But, I tell you, it's a lot of memories. See, the things come to me. I think about 'em. When Mr. Woolf was here, I couldn't think of everything that I wanted to tell him. So I started making notes.

And then the next time he came, I would tell him. But, first my husband. I met him, he was at, he stopped at my dad's station one day. On a Sunday. He was with another boy. They was going up the road to Lignum someplace to see some more girls. That's where I met him! And, later on, course, later on as I got older, then he, uh, we started going together. Been married sixty one years! And, anyway, he retired from Quantico, and he, uh, we used to go to Florida so much.

And what did he do?

He worked in maintenance and, anyway ... And I worked at the, uh, Rappahannock Sportswear. I was supervisor there for thirty one years. Gosh sakes! I can remember going to work in the snow. World War II Tell you, I didn't have no snow tires on the car. My dad ... Dad died in 1944. And I didn't have no snow tires on the car. My sister and I, we'd go and we would slip and slide and everything, you know. But, anyway, made it back home. And, I gotta tell you this one, too. My dad, he had this dairy. Well, anyway, he and my sister and the hired man.

They could milk all of these cows and I couldn't milk one. We had one cow that we called Lightning. She would kick like every time they'd start to milk her. So my dad sometimes caught her leg and put a strap around it.

It was a little eyelet thing that hooked and put a hook on the post where her stall was. And after she got in there, you know, she was eating, and sure, she was relaxed. They'd reach real quick and snap her foot so she couldn't kick them and they'd milk her. And I see my Dad now milking. We had cats and Papa'd do like this and milk would go flying over the cat's mouth. They'd sit there looking for it, too, you know. And, but anyway, we had a milk route.

And I was eleven years old. We had this Model T truck. And we had this old colored man that worked for us.

His name was Charlie Ford And he would get on the back to load the cream cans on. And then I would go up to the creamery and he would unload the cans. And we'd get to Oak Hill Cemetery hill, put it out of gear, and Charlie was on the back. He'd knock on the windowpane and he'd say, "Miss Hallie, Miss Hallie! I'm gonna tell your daddy on you! " "I'm alright... " Then, I'd put it back in gear and we'd go on. Every morning, it would be the same thing.

Cause, you know, when you took it out of gear, with the milk cans in there, we was going down that hill pretty fast!

And he would say "tell your father ", but he didn't do it. Oh, my lands! What a time! I can remember that so vividly.

How long did it take you to get to Fredericksburg?

Well, I guess it took a little while cause Model T didn't go very fast. And we had to stop, pick up the milk cans.

And the farmers would have a stand out there on it and they'd have their milk cans on there and we'd load them on.

Our can number was fifty two. Isn't that funny? I still remember it! But, I can remember, too, when there was milk at night. We had a cream separator in the house - back in the kitchen and, anyway, skim milk went for the hogs and the cream was put in cans and put in the basement for the next morning. The morning's milk was put in cans that wasn't separated And to the creamery ... And Mama made butter. I never will forget her cottage cheese that she made.

She took these sugar sacks that I was telling you about and she's take this clabber. As the milk sours, I think that's what it is, clabber. And put it in this bag and tie a string around it. And she'd hang it on the clothesline and it would drip and drip and drip and drip. You know, wait till it dripped all out and there was your cottage cheese. And then, they used to make ... we had a boiler that you put on the stove and would fill it with pear butter or apple butter. I can see them stirring it now. It goes on the wood fire, you know. And my job was - had a reservoir on there and my job was to fill that reservoir with water everyday, everyday. I had to go out and pump that water, bring it in, fill the reservoir and I, as I say, my mother was a good cook. She used to always win a blue ribbon on her coconut cake at the Fredericksburg Fair. She never followed no recipe. She made things from scratch. She got a ... then she'd get a red ribbon, second place, on her chocolate cake. She had those two cakes every year. She always won that.

So, do you have those recipes in your head?

Yeah, I cook something like she did

Oh, okay. So you wouldn't give out the...

No. No. But I can see her now. And, uh, she would make ... She would have the fresh coconut and everybody would always look forward... Then, course, the fair people, you know, that worked there. After they, everything, the judgment and the fair was getting ready to close. They'd come up and buy the cakes. Yeah. And she entered all kinds of canned goods, pickles, and what have you. Oh, everything. And then my dad, of course, he entered his ... hogs. And I belonged to the 4H club and I had gotten a setting of White Plymouth Rock chickens. And they hatched, of course. It was my job to take care of those chickens. My sister had a calf and my brother had a calf And they had to tend to them and they entered into the fair. At that time, you got a ribbon. Course you got money,

you know, for it. Back behind where I was telling you about, where the chicken house was, we had these other chicken houses, chicken coops. And my dad had my, these Plymouth Rocks in there, not the Plymouth Rocks, the White Rocks in there and he had a pan of water with some Ivory Soap. He was washing em all up, getting em all pretty and, for some reason, there was a little bit of red clay down in there where the chickens had been. So he gave it to me. Said, "Here, Hallie. Now be careful. Now take this chicken and lay it down. " So, anyway, I took this chicken. The chicken had red on its feathers. Oh, I'll never forget that! My dad had to do all of that over again. You know, kids, they don't do things like they should. I can think of that. I can remember that. But I can remember going to milk...

So it was your father who came over from Texas?

My father ... my grandfather...

Your grandfather came over?

And my father and my mother...

And he brought everything he ever owned.

Yes, everything.

How did he get from there to Spotsylvania?

We, he had, as I said, this chuck wagon and the horses and the pony and everything.

How long did it take them?

My Lord! I don't know! But I ...

Can you imagine?

Long time ... But, I remember that my mother told me that when my grandfather was here. When the Wheeler Thompson ...

Oh, I think it was Thompson had the funeral home, they wanted him to go in with them. But he didn't think he wanted to do that. So he didn't do that. But, uh, he farmed, you know. Course, he owned a ranch down in Texas.

That was his ranch.

So you really didn't have to go to the store very much.

No, no, no. And, you know, in the old house, in the pantry, we had a barrel of flour and my mother, my dad had made my mother a bread board to put over top of it. And that's where she did her baking and cooking, you know, and everything. And, you know? They's talking about the shells exploding, you know, the night of the fire?

Somebody was in the paper one time. That some neighbor said my father had cannonballs stored in a closet that went off Who'd ever heard such an outlandish thing! My dad, he loved to hunt In the pantry he had boxes and boxes and boxes of shotgun shells and when the fire got to that, they went off. Pow! Pow! Pow! That's what they heard! Cause, I remember, I know that. Cause I seen them many a time there. And, uh, little short, little small rooms, called a pantry and things that you cooked with was upstairs. All the canned food was in the basement that she did.

Didn't buy no canned stuff, you know. She canned tomatoes, all the vegetables and everything. You never had to - oh, and butter. Only thing you bought was bread, I think, sometimes. And you know? We had our own milk. They were the good days.

Were they happy then with the move to Spotsylvania?

Oh yeah. My mother, see, my mother was from Kansas and she met my father at my aunts. Was married and living in Dalhart, Texas and she lived next door to my grandfather and grandmother and where my father and his brother and sister were living.

Any my mother went to visit her and that's where she met my father. Of course, she came back to Virginia with them, you know. During the Civil War, my grandfather was with the Sixty First Illinois. My husband's grandfather was with the Ninth Virginia Cavalry. My grandfather was captured at Andersonville. You know, by the Southerners and at Andersonville Prison. Any my mother said when he came ... grandmother said he had the awfulest tales to tell about, you know, the treatments what they had. They had bad treatments. And then Ray's, my husband's, grandfather was at Lookout Point, Maryland. He was captured there. So both of them were prisoners of war during the War.

So they must have had stories...

Oh yeah. My grandfather was color bearer through the Shenandoah Valley with the Sixty First Illinois. Yeah. And, uh, I can remember all of that. See? When they come back to me, I can remember em. But, when I'm talking now, it's hard for me to tell everything. And I know this is going to be the most boring thing you've ever listened...

No! Not at all! It's not! It's very interesting!

And I can remember my grandmother up in her room. She used to go back to Texas about three or four months out of the year. Cause my Uncle Guy, my father's brother, he didn't like Virginia. After he was married, he decided he wanted to do back to Dalhart, Texas. Course, my grandfather had two or three houses back there, you know. He could live in one of those. My grandfather was a good businessman. He had holdings there in Texas. And, uh, anyway, what was I saying? Talking about that. He went back... Oh, my grandmother. Anyway, she would, every time she would come east, I'd have to stay with her. Id have to sleep with her. You know how kids are. And I can see her now. She'd do a lot of crocheting and embroidery and she would sit there and rock. And I would sit on her leg and sometimes she would sing "Onward Christian Soldiers ". Isn't that funny? I can remember that. I could see her now.

And during World War I, I was a little girl in the old house. I can remember her with some of the other ladies coming there and knitting socks for the soldiers. Ain't that funny how you can remember that now? And she would be with my father. Grandmother went to the Presbyterian Church and I was christened in the Presbyterian Church...

That was in Fredericksburg?

In Fredericksburg.

Were there any churches around here?

Then there was Wilderness Church. Little Baptist Church, UP there, that's still up there now, And, uh, anyway, my mother used to go to First Baptist and take me some Sun ays. ause s e i n't want to go to Presbyterian Church.

So one Sunday, Id be with Mama. Next Sunday, Id be with my dad ... going to Fredericksburg. I can remember that day...

Did you have a preference?

No. Being a kid, you never know. And, uh, then my mother joined the Wilderness Baptist Church and then she was baptized over in there. You turn down to go towards Lake Wilderness, you know, back in there is a little stream back in there. They had baptisms back in there one day. And, anyway, I never will forget that water. It was kinda muddy. Mama had on a white dress. But she was baptized anyway. But I can remember all that. And, I was telling you earlier, about how the farmers used to do. If they was gonna thrash wheat, they'd bring the thrasher to one farmer's house. We would cook a great big dinner for them. Fried chicken and all those goodies, mashed potatoes and everything. And pies and cakes. And then, the next, after they did the thrashing, they'd go to another farm and do the same. Nobody got no money for it. It was just neighbor helping neighbor. They don't do that nowadays! No way!

Now, I've heard that before in a couple of the interviews...

Yeah, yeah. And then, after my husband and I got married, and everything, after we moved in with them, I sold my home out there and we moved to Confederate Ridge. 304 Chancellor Place. Isn't that funny? Lived at Chancellorsville and I moved into Chancellor Place! Well, anyway, then I belonged to Confederate Ridge Garden Club for sixteen years.

In fact, I was president of it at one time. And then, we sold our house and we moved to Florida. We built a home in Sun City Center and we lived there two and a half years. And, uh, I started painting again, of course. I had started painting here and after I retired and then in 1977, I started painting. Then I went to Florida. Sun City Center, they had a little garden club there. I joined that. Then I belonged to the art class there. And we had a sidewalk sale and I sold three of my paintings. And when I was herein Fredericksburg, I went over to the media. Forgot the name

of it, art group. Megan Scott was the president of it at that time. And we had an art show at the Park and Shop and we had a space twelve by twelve, I think. Anyway, we had a screen we put up and put our paintings on it. And my husband, he sold eight of my paintings, sitting there. Sold eight of my paintings...

What did they sell for?

Not very much. I think the highest one I sold was fifty five dollars and that was a seascape and some lady from Lake of the Woods bought it and they went to get it. I sold others for forty five dollars. You know, you don't get nothing for your money.

Your work ...

No. And then, after I went to Florida, we had a sidewalk sale up there. And I sold one of my paintings of New Orleans.

I sold that for seventy five dollars and I thought that was a lot of money. Then I sold some that hadn't even been matted or anything. I sold some of those. And then, we moved from there to Bradenton, Florida, and, oh, I loved Bradenton!

We had a house on the corner lot. Three bedrooms, two car garage and I had fruit trees all in the back. I had orange, grapefruit and Myers lemons and the Tommy Atkins mango.

I love mango!

And, I was just thinking. Last month, when things got ripe. I'd watch that tree. So, anyway, we lived there for, what was it? Nineteen and a half years? And, uh, my husband, he was, uh, he fell, broke his hip and after he broke his hip, they put him in the hospital and then, he had a heart attack. Then he had a stroke – paralyzed part of his throat.

They had to put a feeding tube in him. So he was in the hospital a longtime. Anyway, we had the funeral in Bradenton, Florida for him there and I had a military funeral cause he was in World War 11. He was a soldier in New Caledonia, South Pacific. And he came home from the Philippines.

He must have had some horror stories...

Yeah, he did. He did, and, uh, I didn't see him for two and a half, almost close to three years. I will never forget when he called me and told me he was here. He came in on the USS Admiral Simms. I never will forget that.

And, uh, he called me, told me he would be in. So my niece and I went to meet him. She, I took her out of school that morning. And I said, "Was that the man I married?" You know? And the first few minutes he looked like a stranger.

Then, all of a sudden, he was my husband again. Isn't that funny? How you think those things

Probably had aged ... in those few years...

Oh, yeah. Land, yeah. He had. Yeah. He was thirty. Was he thirty four? I think I was twenty eight or twenty nine when he went in. And he was either thirty three or thirty four. See, we never had any children and... So, naturally, he was drafted. We still did have our home up there, you know, and I kept chickens and everything and he had his hunting dog. Brownie. Pointer. And I never will forget, the night that he came home on furlough. He was at Camp Lee and, uh, he, uh, some of our neighbor boys had been drafted too and were at Camp Lee and they all rode together. So, they came by that night and I never will forget. When he left out of the door, he kissed me goodbye, and the dog just howled and howled and howled. He knew Ray was going away. Isn't that funny how they know? And I never saw him for all that time. And, in the meantime, my dad had a heart attack and passed away. And so...

That was a rough time.

And so then, talking about my husband ... Everybody said "Wait a year before you sell your place ". So I did.

I waited a year and, finally, my niece and nephew here, Helen and Elton Schroetter and my grandnephew Jim Schroetter, they told me, said "You're too far away, Aunt Hallie. If anything goes wrong, you can't, we can't take care of you.

" So I came on back. I came down with breast cancer. So I had breast cancer surgery, partial mastectomy. And I have, that was the thirteenth of February, and I had thirty four radiation treatments, and, in the meantime, when I was in the hospital, in Bradenton, Florida, I had a heart attack. Had a pacemaker. I'm walking around.

Well, you look great!

So I can't think of anything else that I can tell you. I know I've bored you to death.

No! No! No! No! Everything is very interesting! But, do you have anything from the house besides this beautiful silver, oh, what was it called ... fruit bowl?

It's a fruit basket. It's a fruit/flower basket. I think. And I have got a piece of my grandmother's china that came out of the old house. We had a chicken on the kitchen table. We had a long table. I guess long as that couch here.

And about five feet wide in the kitchen. Se Mama used, and on that table for the next day, she had this chicken she was going to make. Chicken for Papa and them to take for lunch. That chicken was roasted. They found it with the fire.

You know, it was burnt. Jewelry melted it down. Just big gobs of, like, my brother was going to give a girl a wristwatch and we found that - a clump of white gold. But I'm telling you. That was a bad time. But the walls stayed up there for a long time. And until we had that awful storm and it blew it down. But my dad, when he was living, he propped, put these props up to try to keep the walls standing.

And what year was that storm?

You now, I don't remember. I don't remember. So, but, I know it burned up all our clothes. Everything, stitch we had on our back was everything we had .

Well, thank God! You were, had the other house!

That's right! Cause that's where we went to live. Yeah. And then, uh...

And he had just built that.

Well, my grandfather had built that. Excuse me. In fact, he had built it. MY father and mother, see, he lived with us at the house. With my grandfather and grandmother there. Grandfather built it. He wanted my uncle, who went back to Texas; he wanted him to live in it. But he said, "No. " He didn't want it. All he wanted was a dog-gone good riding horse. That's all he got! So, anyway, he went back to Texas and my aunt, my father's sister, she and her husband and three children lived there. Course, he worked He was a printer. And he worked at King's Printing Company in Baltimore.

And he would come down on weekends, come home and I can remember, too, going out to the RF&P Station to meet him.

And then, my aunt, they had bought an old Essex car. And, you know, in those da , you didn't have to have a driver's permit. And coming down from the livery place to our place one time and Aunt Ola had her three kids and me in there. And one of the kids had the door open and fell out on the road and she had to stop and pick him back up.

Then, she almost backed over one of them one day.

What road was that?

Ely's Ford Road Coming down there. Yeah.

Was it gravel at the time?

Yeah. Everything was gravel. And then ... I don't think I told you about the Chandler car.

No, no ...

Well, it was... The Jones Motor Company had a motor company there on William Street and it was ... now I think it's a carpet shop or something there. Plate glass window is still right there, you know. And this Chandler car was in there and, anyway, they bought it. That was after my grandfather died And I can remember that Chandler had the prettiest ornament on the front. You know, for the radiator. All that. Well, fancy. And then, on the back seat, you'd pull down these two little seats, you know, for people to sit in and my sister and I would sit in these seats.

And everybody else sat like in the back. So, actually, it was three, four, five, six, eight passengers!

You were all piled in there...

Yeah! Then after my grandfather died, my father, my grandmother, and my sister and my aunt and uncle and their daughter, Lorraine, they had the... touring car at the time. So they went back to Texas to straighten up affairs.

Try to straighten up some of them and, uh, see, none of the roads were tarred then, just gravel roads.

Cause I know they had camping gear with them and they camped at the Yellowstone Park. And, by the way, in the Yellowstone Park, some of my family's ancestors owned it at one time.

Really?

Yeah, that's right. I, cause ... I've got it! I think I saw it at the Stafford Court House. You know, where different ones signed for the lands. And I remember my mother telling me, grandmother telling me that. And my daddy was named James Harold after James Hull who was a member, kin to me. Kin to our family. He was secretary of something in the government. I can't remember what it was. But, I know that Papa was named after James Hull. James Harold.

That was the Hulls!

Well, you'll have to find out.

I just ... what he was. He was secretary of something ... can't remember. See? I forget a lot of things.

Some things come...

But some things you'll never forget!

That's right. But, uh, talking about like my grandmother's china. My brother had it and then after he died.

He had a heart attack. And, uh, his widow, later on, see, it was in her possession then. They never give it back to any of us, have they? Oh yeah! I take it back! She did give this to my sister. I was in Florida at the time and I had come up here to visit my sister and my sister asked me did I want some pieces of china and I said yes. My mother and father had this silver basket before I was married. After I got married, I asked my mother if I could have it. She didn't want it anymore. She said yeah. I could have it. So then, later on, I had it resilvered and everything. So...

You wouldn't know what year that was made ... ?

No, but it's over a hundred and some years old. It really is old. In fact, one time, Ray and I took a trip back to Texas.

We went to Dalhart. And we went to this museum and they had this ... like a glass over pit, and down in it, they had one of these down in it. And I remember that. And they showed these old dentist chairs and a whole lotta old stuff But, my grandmother, she didn't take care of her property like she should have. She gave a lawyer power of

attorney, which is a mistake for anybody to do, and he sold stuff. He sold the ranch! Cause she had a motel at one time. Motel and a filling station there on it. And houses, random houses, and things, My grandfather was a pretty wealthy old guy. Cause I never got any of his money, I tell you.

But, anyway, when he bought Chancellorsville, he paid for it in gold. Paid eight thousand five hundred dollars in gold bars.

And how many acres?

Eight hundred and some acres. Yeah, he did that. But, I, when I go out to Chancellorsville, and talk ...

Just like when Rhonda, the photographer, took me out there. I could sit there and I could tell her, I said;

"Now that field there, we called the goat pasture. That field there, we called the plum orchard This was the pear orchard and that was the meadow. That was Fairview. That was up the house, where my house was." See? I could tell her everything. Andover at Fairview, there was a well. It's still there, I guess. And it had, there was a patch as big as this living room weren't nothing but jonquils. And my dad would plow ... Course, those jonquils were scattered over the fields. But, every spring, we could look over there and that field was just yellow. Pretty, pretty, so pretty, I tell you. I can remember that so much. And, anyway, our house stood behind the old

Chancellorsville house. I was telling Lee Woolf about it. It was a well right behind it. Where is that picture of Jim? Oh, right in here. There was a well right back in here. And we never could use it cause it had such an odor to the water. And Civil War veterans would come in there when I was a little girl. They would come by and they would talk about when it was a hospital. And they said they could remember cutting off legs and things and dumping in the well and dumped quinine. You know the medicine and stuff.

So, that's where the foul smell came from...

We couldn't use it. Never could. You couldn't even use it to water flowers. And my dad just capped it over and that's like I was telling Lee Woolf. In the old house, we had stoves. But we had fireplaces, but my dad closed em up.

We had these fireplaces and my job; my grandmother's room had a stove in it. And it was my job; I got a nickel a week, to fill the stove box in her room. Carry wood up there, you know. And then we had one room, was on the third floor, that we kept for company. And that had a stove in it. I had to carry that up, too. And we had sloppy jars.

We didn't have, you know, you didn't have bathrooms in the house. And it was my job; to empty those things and clean them and.... Oh, my gosh!

So that sounds like that was the worst job you had...

Yeah ...

Was it like bringing in water ... ?

No. No. No. But, I hated emptying those old pots. Oh, gosh! I remember that!

Where did you empty them? Just outside?

Oh, way outside, way outside. And then you rinsed them and then you rinse where you threw em. But, if you had other stuff in them, you had to take them to the Johnny house and dump it, you know. Cause that's where it could be - underground. We never had lawnmowers. So Papa, what he would do when the grass got high in the yard ...

He let the horses come in. And they cut that. They mowed, you know. I mean, they grazed and grazed and grazed.

And that's what...

They can't leave them any grass...

No! That's right! I can remember that! And I can remember, too, onetime when I was a kid, as I was sa ing, my dad and then my mother used to do a y lot of entertaining. And the dentist was a family named Boulware in Fredericksburg belonged to the Presbyterian Church. Well, they came out on Easter. They used to go out visiting us. And we was hunting Easter eggs. And I remember being a little thing and Mama finally pointed me to where my eggs were. I can remember that. That's funny. And I think Lee was asking me about a Christmas tree. And I remember one Christmas tree and they, in the old Chancellorsville house ... And they, Santy Claus had tied a little white, a little box with a little white strap from one of the boughs. And I got it, I remember getting that. And then my dad had a, had two longhorns, you know, that he had mounted. I can remember big horns like this. Had one with red velvet on it and one with black velvet on it. Either side of the, the cupboard. I can remember that.

Why was one red and one black?

I don't know. I don't know why he did that.

So, what did you put on your tree? Did you make everything?

I think they did. Cause there was this little girl ... Apparently, my brother and sister did these chains, popcorn, and what have you. But...

What about lights? Did they have...

No, no lights.

No?

No.

What, were they like pine? White pine?

It was the white pine. It was pretty! But, I can remember that. I can still see that tree now. Isn't that funny?

After all of these years. Gosh sakes! See, I don't remember much about my grandfather, cause I think I was two years old when he died. He went to visit my uncle, who had moved to Baltimore with his wife. He went up there and caught pneumonia and died. I think he was sixty six years old. My dad died when he was fifty five. Heart trouble. My brother had a heart attack when he was sixty six. So, I don't know.

But, they have this, all this technology they have today. They would have saved them.

That's just like me. I had heart failure in the doctor's office. They rushed me right on into the hospital, you know, and I was in there a week. Then they put the pacemaker in me. So, I've had my times, too.

Going back to your old house in Chancellorsville - what would you say was the - what excited you the most about living there? Well, really, I like to think when we had those dances. You know, so many people were coming.

Visiting. Always being a lot of people, always being. And, I forgot to tell you, those two walnut trees, out there, my grandmother planted them. She planted those walnut trees. When I was out there with Rhonda, I said, "Oh! Look Rhonda! These walnut trees! My grandmother planted them!"

How tall are they now?

They're right good size now. And the elm tree that's still there? My mother planted that. And I can remember when my niece was living with her, and she'd be bad, my mother would go out there and take a switch off that tree and switch her little legs. And here, that tree's big now. Can't believe it. But I, it's so many things to remember, you know, about it, over there. Of course, we had the well. We had to carry the water.

How many times did you have to go to the well and bring back the water?

Many times a day. And you can't, you can't... When Mama washed, she would have the tub out underneath the apple tree with the washboard And then she had the double boiler, what do you call it? The big boilers, about that tall. This big around. We had the copper ones. She had one of those. They was one of those copper boilers. You'd put it on top of the stove.

Like a kettle?

You know, yeah, and anyway, then they'd take that water out the reservoir. I tell you! I had to fill for the stove and so she'd had warm water. And then she would wash those clothes and we had another tub that we had to fill and that had the bluing in it. I never will forget that bluing in that water to make the clothes white. And then she'd

have to wring em out by hand, hang em on the line. Later on in the years, they got a wringer. Women'd wash the clothes and run them through the wringer. Course now, they got the washing machines. Don't have to do nothing, but just put the soap in it.

Now, did she have certain days, cause it was all work?

Yeah.

Did she have certain things to do ... ?

Monday, Monday ...

So, Monday was wash day? And Tuesday was ironing?

Yeah. I got a flat iron. Still got that. I think I put it up in the storage cabinet. When Mama ironed, we took the flat irons and put in on the stove until the got hot and then we'd take em and iron and put that back on the stove and get another iron. I hated ironing! Oh, did I hate to iron!

And those irons got heavy...

Yeah! They was heavy! Sure, they were! They was all iron. So, I've got one. I've got it upstairs in the storage.

And you never want to see it again.

I used it as a door stop one time when I was in Florida. For the longest kind of time. But, anyway, I can remember that ironing. Ironing clothes. And I can remember Santy Claus coming to visit with us. And my cousin that was living at the Libby house and my father and my mother and my aunt and everything, they went to visit a family over in Stafford that night. So, anyway, Don and Harold and Lorraine, that was my cousins. Anyway, we were sleeping at the old house.

Well, we got up the next morning ... I told Harold, "Now, hang your stocking up. " And, poor little guy, had a hole in the heel. I won't forget that! So he hung his stocking up and next morning, he said, "Oh! Look! Santy Claus mendedmy sock!" Ain't that something? And my brother ... I'll never forget, he wanted a rifle so bad A rifle. So one time, he hung up his overalls and tied the knot around the bottom. He's just a little bit selfish, you know. Santy Claus gone bring it. But he knew there was no Santy Claus. And, anyway, next morning we got up. He said, "Oh! I got a rifle!

I got a rifle! " But there was a stick of wood in it. My dad had played on him. That taught him a lesson! But he was younger. But this old Chandler car had, that thing would break down all the time. I never forget. One time, we was going to the school play, and my sister and my brother and I went -was going down there. We had a flat tire. Well, Jim fixed it. We went down to the play, and coming back home, we had another flat tire. Well, he patched it again.

Well, top of nine mile hill, so he told us, "So you girls sit here in the car and I'm going to go up to the house and I'll get some more stuff to fix it. " And we sat there, scared to death. Cause it is, no traffic and dark! So we sat there. But anyway, that was something. Then I remember another time. Some neighbor had told my mother about these seances. You know, where everybody gets around a table and you ask a, you ask a question and say knock three times.

You know, these tables would tilt. I guess you lift it with your and Well, in the meantime, my dad had told me to take the Model T truck down. To take something down to a neighbors house. Well, I did and it was getting dark.

And I didn't have no lights on the truck or I didn't know how to turn them on. So I got home and I put the car in the gar ... put the truck up in the yard And when I came through the back door, it was dark and, oh, they thought it was a ghost. I never will forget that! Oh my mother hollered! "Oh, my land! There is a ghost!" I said, "No, it's me!

It's just me!" That was something! But we had that. All would get around the table - a card table with their hands on it. They said now, "So and so, we want to talk to so and so. Now if he is here or can hear us, knock three times " or something. That old table, somebody, I don't know whether, somebody would knock on it or what. And that old table would come up on the side, you know? Tilt up. And all that kind of stuff We used to play a lot of games, a lot of cards. My dad, I played chess with him a lot. I played cribbage with him. And, as I told her, he was a, he liked to fish. He would sit on the rocks and he would get these periwinkles. I don't know whether you know what they are or not. They get on the rocks and little shellfish things, shell things and he'd crack it open and he had a little tin hook and he would take and put that little bit of periwinkle on there y and cast it in these ripples. First thing you know, these creek chubs would grab it and he'd bring it in. And he had a minnow pail there. He'd put em in there. And, then after he caught it big, then he would take em and take his regular fishing rod and then bait the big tub on it, usually hook it in that back. That's how he fished Then they had some kind of a thing called a Hellder Limite. And I can't remember what that thing looked like. It was black. Any you picked up, you turn a rock up and you'd find them and then you'd fish ou ish like them and you'd hook them on your hook. I used to fish with my dad. Used to wade the river. My husband loved to fish. But you know, they had those little locks in the river. So we had gone across to the Stafford side. And I was going along. All of a sudden, my dad said, "Watch out now, you might step in one of these locks, deep holes ". I couldn't move. Well, anyway, my husband went on with my dad and I just stood there waiting, waiting for them. You talk about something being monotonous! Finally, my husband came back and got me by the hand and led me. I was scared to death, I was scared to death! Then my sister and I, we went, my brother wasn't much of a fisherman, but my sister and I and my dad loved to fish. And we went down to great rocks where the river falls and I never will forget. We'd step on one rock and it would slide flat underneath of us. And there we'd go down. But my dad was loving it and, oh, my! He'd get these bass and my mother would fix them and we'd had these platters and you know, he'd see that everyone of us had fish before he'd take one. He was that kind of man. I remember that so well. That fishing and hunting. And my husband loved to hunt, too. He loved to quail hunt and turkey hunt. Lot of times, I was thinking of going to the doctor and Ray was taking me to the doctor. We came down to nine mile branch hill. That was that first branch.

And this flock of turkeys crossed in front of me. He wanted to go back home and get his gun instead of taking me to the doctor. Now, how about that? And you talk about that branch! That was before the bridge was put there and we had to walk to school. We had to walk across those rocks, tippy toes, to keep our feet from getting wet. I tell you! And then, in the snow, we went down. We cut across the Dickinson's farm. And went across- and Mr. Dickinson had built a sty, you know, to cross over the fence - to climb the fence. Snow would be up to your knees and things and we're still going to school, trudging along. And then, when we get to school, your feet would be wet and everything. You know what we had at our school house? We had an old big stove and everybody had to get around the stove, try to warm their feet and everything.

And then, finally, you had to go sit down. Lot of us would sit with cold feet all day long. Good thing, sick kids have everything, advantage. Just like my nephew out in the country there. He's got a little boy who's five years old now.

He's got every toy under the sun, under the sun. One day, I was sitting on the couch and he had this little, this little truck or something he was throwing at the couch. And I said, "Oh, Austin! Don't do that! You'll break it!" He said, "I break it, I'll get another one. " See how smart they are? I tell you now! Well, I can't think of nothing else to tell.

I guess I bored you to death...

No! No! Just tell me about, in the paper. The article that Mr. Woolf did with you regarding the soldiers when they used to come and tell stories. What were the stories like?

Well, you know, up there in the third floor we had plaster walls and there was a lot of writing on em. My dad never papered over em or nothing. Just left it there. And these soldiers, that old soldiers would come by and they would talk about it. How they remembered it. How they had written, wrote different things up there on the walls and things.

Course, that part of the house when it was destroyed, you know, all of that burnt up. But, I can remember that. And just like when I remember the soldier talking about the well, you know, cause we never did know what happened to it.

And there was another well at the Libby place that had a bad odor, never could use it. Ain't that funny? There was two wells there, but, we had the, Papa had another well. I imagine apparently they dug it. I'm not sure. But it was all days you didn't have, they didn't have, these cement things they put down, curbing, didn't that. Anyway, it was all stoned up and everything and, uh, had to use the hand pump. For everything! No running water! And, in the barn, I can tell you lined with stone, you know, all the way up. See, those another thing about ...

My Dad had a, he had a western saddle, it was the prettiest thing I ever saw. Well, my uncle wanted it. So my dad had put it and lifted it up and put it up in the top of the barn. I can see that saddle now, right up in there. I wanted to get on that saddle so bad. So what I did one day, I climbed up. I was out there by myself, climbed up in the barn up on the rafters and everything and I reached over to reach over and to get, to reach that saddle. I got on that saddle and sat up there, way up in the air and looking down at the barn floor! Then, about time to get out, well, it's kinda scary, but, I know, I got off of that saddle.

Later on, my dad sent it back to my uncle, back in Texas. And then, we had, had hay in it, wheat, the granary, we had wheat and the corn shelled, all shelled. And I remember the kids would come down and play and we would go down in the bottom loft, was full of hay. So, we'd go in the other little loft off of it. And we'd climb up in there and I used to walk a little, what do you call it? A piece of wood bout that wide, that tall, two by four, four by eight or something. I can walk across it, had to have good balance, and we were up in the air and then we would jump off, jump down in the hay. Well, now the kids were scared to do it and they said, "Oh, how... " I think somebody jumped off there one time and knocked the wind out of them. Well, anyway, but we was brave, you know. Kids are. And I can remember that. And, then, we used to play and Papa would cut the hay. We would get in there and mow it down and then, when you'd go in the house at night, we's full of chiggers, chiggers. You know, would get all over you from the grass! And then, when Papa'd mow the grass, the little rabbits ... I remember my sister bringing those little rabbits in. You know, because mother rabbit'd scoot and these little ones ... and the blade just went over top of em and she'd bring in the rabbit and Papa would say, "Now, you take them rabbits back, cause their mother will come get em ". I can remember him telling that. And my dad, he had us a tractor and, anyway, he had this mower behind it. I used to ride on that mower behind it, just a little girl, barefoot. And I'd watch ... had a big blade like this.

And you were barefoot?

Yeah, barefoot! Oh, yeah! Barefoot all summer all the time. And Id watch. And when he'd put it down, cutting the grass, if I'd see a rock, I'd have to put my foot on it, lift that blade up so it wouldn't throw the rock. I helped, went behind my dad days at the time, all day long. Anything my dad did, I thought was great. It's just like drinking tea, my mother, her tea, she had the English way, cream and sugar. Well, my dad drank it with no sugar in it, black. So I had to do like my dad. Never will forget the first sip of that tea! Black tea!

Ooooooh.....! !

But, anyway, I learned to drink tea without sugar in it. But my mother always has to have cream and her sugar in that tea. I can see her now. Good Lord! My mother used to make, we had special, three bear supper one night and it was porridge. She made this porridge, you know. You take milk and, guess you know how to do it, and drop this flour in it. We thought that was the greatest thing in the world! I'm telling you!

She was a great cook?

Oh, she was. She really was.

I guess people back then had to know how to...

Oh, yeah! They did! And she should, and we, she did a lot of entertaining. There was always somebody therefor dinner.

Always somebody therefor dinner, and my dad, he, he was a big storyteller too. He liked to tell stories about Dalhart, Texas. And, I can see him now, hear that, carving turkey and he'd pass it on around and until it got around and they'd pass the plate back. That was his, that was tradition until everybody got a piece of turkey.

They didn't pass the turkey. My dad, he'd carve it, pass it on around. And, then, the first thing, then he had potatoes over here and he'd, and then, next time, they'd pass his plate up to him. And everything, then finally go back.

My mother with the hot rolls and everything ... pies and cakes ... Can remember all of that so much!

But,, what were the stories about the soldiers? What did they tell? When you were sitting there and they'd tell you stories?

Well, they'd ...

Can you remember any of them?

The only things they'd remember mostly is about the, they, telling about the wounded, you know, and about their cutting the legs off and everything and throwing them in the wells. I remember and they could tell, see, I was right young. I can't retain anything, being that young. But, I do remember that! And, uh, they would, uh, one time, we had a man that was... When I was a little girl, it was one snowy day. Lee was on the ground and this man came there. He was in a World War I uniform, all raggedy and he asked my dad if he could have any work for him. My father said, no, he didn't have any. My mother said, "Well, I'll give you something to eat". So she fed him. Then, after she fed him, he left and started to go walking up towards the west, you know, and mother told my dad, said, "You know ". she said, "that poor guy, you should see if you can't use him here for awhile ". So my father told my sister and I to go catch him. So we did and we brought him back and he worked for us, for two, three years. Then he was from Georgia. Name was George. Last name, I don't know. Don't remember. I remember George. And then though, the funny part, we had another guy that worked for my dad when I was a young girl. His name was Hawkins. And, anyway, after the article came out in the paper, he called me from Unionville. I think he lives in Unionville and he told me who he was and he said, "You remember me. I used to work for your father". And I said, "Another thing I remember about you. When I was going to school", I said, "you were courting a girl and you had me write, you'd tell me what to write her and I was writing your love letters to her. " He said, " Yeah, and I married her How about that? I said, yeah. He said "her name was Maude ". And I said, "Well, how about that? ", But I can remember that. I used to sit down and he would say "Now, Hallie. I want you to write a letter for me. I'll tell you what to write ". And I would do it. I'd write his letter for him. Then we had another colored man and his wife. My Daddy'd built a little shack, little house for them up on the farm.

And it was, Lilly and Ed Thurston and they had a little daughter name of Laura. I never will forget, I was teaching Laura how to read and write one time. I was sitting on a nail keg and I was telling her about her ABC's. Ain't it funny, how kids do? And later on, I think, Lilly went to work for Mr. Bowman. His father, his son, ran the Bowman Drug Store downtown. I think their house was next to the Presbyterian Church and, anyway, she was a maid therefor years. Cause, I know when my mother died, she came to the funeral and my brother died, she came to the funeral.

Isn't that funny? That's a long time ago. And, I'll never forget one time. My dad had bought me a new coat with a little thin fur collar and a new pair of shoes. They were black patent leather. And, I was so thrilled about those shoes that I had to walk up there and show Lilly.

So I was walking up the road to her house to show her and the first thing she said, "Hallie, gal". she said, "anybody'd think you'd never had a new pair of shoes in your life!" And the way I was looking at em and walking ... I can remember that. Isn't that something? Things you remember! Isn't that funny?

What do you remember from your school days? Who was your teacher?

Well, I had Miss Grigsby in the first grade. And I remember Mama putting a big apple colored bow in my hair and my hair was, you know, long and I hated that ribbon cause it sat so high in my hair. But, anyway, Miss Grisby, she was my first grade teacher. And then my second grade, I think was Miss Dorothy Durette. And then I had, let's see, went on, and Miss, A no wait! Miss Luck. Ella Luck was my teacher, I think, in the fifth grade, fourth grade ... funny, I missed a half a session of school one time in the fourth grade cause I had malaria fever. But I passed! And Miss Dorothy Durette was my teacher then.

How did you spell her name?

D-u-r-e-double f-e, I think, Durette. And she was from Spotsylvania. She had long hair, blond I never will forget her, tall. My dad used to go on these deer hunts down in Suffolk County and when they would party, they would divide up the deer and Papa'd always bring back a venison roast or something. And I'll never forget, that one time when he brought it. I was so proud of that venison. My mother had made biscuits and I had this great big biscuit and I put this sliced venison on it and I took it to my teacher. And, anyway, she thought it was good But I went to school therefor ... Later on, I didn't graduate from school there. No, but, uh, we had a ... our principal, Mr. E. T. Barnum. He was a chaplain during World War I and, every morning when we would get to school, he would line us up. Walk this way and walk that way and this way like a T. Then he would have us do the calisthenics, like the right face, left face, forward, march, stand at ease, just like we was in the army. I can remember that so well. I'm telling you! Then we'd march and we'd go in the auditorium. That would be where the first year high school class would be held. Then he'd have a little devotion.

Then, I never will forget, he made us all remember the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. And, one time, I could repeat the whole thing, but I can't -now. And I never will forget that. Thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

But he was so stern and everyone was scared to death of him. We was scared to death of Mr. Barnum. Well, Miss Ruth Kennedy, I was kinda scared of her. She was in the seventh grade and I was kinda scared of her. But, anyway, all my teachers were pretty good to me.

But they were allowed to use the paddle on you, weren't they?

Well, yeah. But I never got paddled. No. But I can remember that. Going to school... And, first, we had the, we had the 4H club, you know, that originated out of the school, the county. Mr. Linthcum was the county agent, great big ol' man, big stomach. I'll never forget him. And then we had the, I'll never forget the time that we had the dentist come to the school and he didn't have a place to stay and he stayed at Chancellor House where we are.

Where we were.

Did you have teachers boarding there?

No. Never did ...

Cause I know they boarded...

Yeah, they did. But not in ours. Nu-uh... They never take any boarders, except that time, like the dentist.

He stayed therefor a week. Then he gave us samples of toothpaste and the toothbrush and I think he filled some teeth.

And, I never will forget, I was so happy to have that dentist in the house that I went down in the cornfield and picked an armful of roasting ears and brought it back for him. And I don't know whether they were good or not, cause, you know, you gotta test the corn, you know, to see if the kernels are, mashing in a little bit. But, anyway, Mama and them, they gave him the corn so it must've been alright. So, anyway, I can remember that. Now, if there is anything else that you can ask me and it will come to mind...

Alright! Maybe, Oh! Do you know anything about the old jail? Actually in Spotsylvania County?

No, I don't.

No, you don't.

Don't know a thing about it. I don't know much about ... As I say, most of mine was Chancellorsville. Just like I was telling you about those roads now. Like the Bullock

Road, the road that goes ... and the one in front of the Chancellor House. You know the park road that goes back through there? That was all woods roads. That belonged ... And my family owned it. And, my, later on, you know, the government took it. I had twenty two acres across there.

And we had, the park service, after they condemned the land, you know, cause they didn't want to offer nothing for that land at that time. And, anyway, my father said every five hundred feet, he had to have right of way to make a gate come in. So, anyway, on my land, I, well, my husband, he fixed a little road, you know, to go into our property. And he brought a gate out there and put it on there and everything. And you, somebody stole that gate! Isn't that something?

Always stealing something! But we used to enjoy it, going out there.

So you don't remember Route 3 when it was a plank road? Cause that's what it was called...

Well, that's what it was ... Route 3 at that time. It was just a gravel road. I can remember being barefoot and going up that road, as I was telling you, on the grav...

Plank Road (now Route 3) many, many years ago...



Plank Road (now Route 3) many, many years ago...

So it wasn't that they had planks on the ground?

No. Not when we had it.

So, where did it get Plank?

Apparently, one time or another, it might have been planks on...

At one time?

Could have been. I don't know. It could have been. I'm not sure. But, I can remember being barefoot,

my sister and I, my brother and kids, you know, neighbor kids going along and kicking up that dust. When you get home, you'd have to wash your feet till, can't get in the house. And, one time, when it was one of the Chancellors that died, and was going to be buried over in the Chancellor Cemetery and that road was so full of ruts and everything that the hearse went around Bullock Road up to Jackson Rock and came back down that way because this part of the road right in front of y the house and everything was so bad. And that's how they got that man over there to bury him!

Ain't that something? I can remember that! And I can remember going over there and, they had the best wild strawberries!

On that hill ... picking those wild strawberries. Oh, they were sweet, you know, and good size! We enjoyed that.

And when my dad would plow and then the rain would come, we could walk right along and just pick bullets and grapeshot and these little cannon, metal balls and things. Never thought nothing about it. And I used to, tourist would stop and I used to sell them for ten cents a piece. And Id take that ten cents and Id run up to my grandmother and she'd put it in the little box to save it for me. That was my money! And belt buckles? Yeah!

And then, later on in years, after my husband came back from service, he bought an old army metal detector.

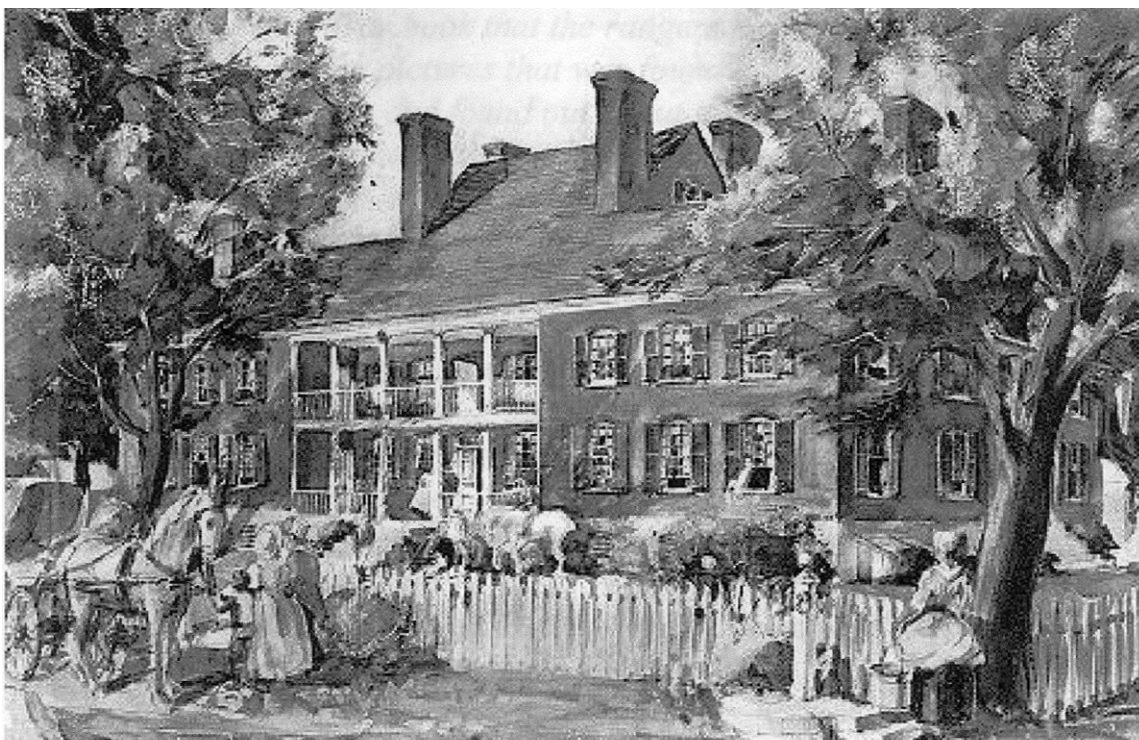
And we went, he went all around in there and things and found a lot of artifacts. In fact, he had a belt buckle, had US on it. And he put it on the belt that he had when he was in service. And then, when he died, it was in his dungarees. And I took it out of his dungarees and I hung it up and then, when my nephew came down to Florida, I gave it to him. Said, "I don't want this anymore ". I say, "You do what you want with it ". I said, "I'm done with it. I don't want this. " I gave it to him. He's got it. Then we had a bootjack that was hanging on the wall, too. And I had it when I was living at Chancellorsville. I had a fireplace and I had it laying on the hearth.

My mother had given it to me. So, when I went to Florida, I took it with me to Florida. And, as I say, there's minis, there's cannonballs, too. So, after, when I came moving back, I brought it with me. So, I gave it to my nephew.

I said, "Now, you take it, but you don't ever, ever sell it". I said, "If you ever want to get rid of it ",I said, "You donate it to the park service ". So he said, well, that's what he would do. He would donate ...

and my niece has got the original doorknob off of the old Chancellorsville House cause it was dug up, you know.

Sketch of the first Chancellorsville House



In your family?

Sketch of the first Chancellorsville House

That was when you lived here?

At the old house. The second Chancellorsville House.

Right! But you niece, she lived here?

She lives here. She's got that.

Would you show it to us sometime?

I don't know. I told her on time, why didn't she donate it to the park service. But, she didn't want to do it.

But my dad, he was going to build another house right beside of the old house ruins, you know, and that's where these, the excavation was. And you know, the CC camp over there, they were doing the, for the architect. His name was Mr. Barnett from the Library of Congress. Anyway, they were doing it. My dad told them, he said, "Well, you can do the excavating, but you gotta cover up everything. Don't leave no ditches ". So they did. But they found a lot of, some of that, those pictures in that Civil War book that the rangers have at the Chancellorsville station?

Showing those pictures that was found in there. They were taking some of them home. My dad found out about it and made them bring em back. And then, I think he let the park service have it. But, I can remember all of that. But, anyway, my mother, they had this doorknob down in there, so she took it and kept it and, later on, it was in the safety

deposit box at the bank. After my dad died, and my sister went with my mother there. And, anyway, my sister wound up with it and she put it on her house. She built a house in Franconia, Virginia and she had it on her house. And when she sold her house, she brought it down to Spotsylvania where the house was now. But she never put it on the door. So when she passed, during her time, she gave it to my niece to keep. So that's where it is. It's glass. It's like old glass. But my niece, Helen Schrotter, has it now, today. Has it today...

Was there, any other ... anything else that's in your family?

No. I can't remember ...

In your family?

No. I can't remember. Okay, except that bootjack that I gave my nephew. I got that. Oh! Another thing that I found one time ... My husband and I were out in the field. He had his metal detector and we was going in the ... and, all of a sudden, the thing buzzed, you know. And he said, "You know? Here's something here ". And somebody had stuck a bayonet right straight down in the ground! And I pulled it out and wiped it off. My husband oiled it.

I took that with me to Florida and, when I came back, I gave that to my nephew. He has it. So, he has those things.

Yeah, I remember that. Oh, my land! I used to go with my husband. He'd go metal detecting. Cause, I'd either, uh, metal detecting with him or either not go. But, I did. You know, it's been nice talking with you.

Well, it has!

I haven't bored you?

No, not at all. I want to go on. But, I know you're tired. We've covered a lot of things.

Well, the little things come to me.

Yeah.

And then, I think about em. That's why it sounds like its rambling. Because I think, then I go back. I think, then I go back. You get my age, it's lucky to think what your own name is!

Well, thank you.

It was nice being with you and I'm glad I got to meet you.