

Shirley Campbell

Where: West Virginia Humanities Council MacFarland-Hubbard House

Date: March 16, 2016

Location: Charleston, WV

Interviewer: Emily Hilliard

Transcription: Emily Hilliard

Length: 53:33

Shirley Campbell

Shirley Campbell (March 17, 1949-January 10, 2021), a native of Pinch, West Virginia and a resident of Charleston, West Virginia, was a lifelong songwriter and poet. Two of her songs were recorded by Grandpa Jones and Ernest Tubb, respectively. Campbell married into the Reed-Campbell family of the bluegrass musician Ola Belle Reed, who was her mentor.

Read Campbell's obituary:

“Shirley A. Campbell, 71, of Charleston, WV, passed away suddenly at home, Sunday, January 10, 2021.

Born March 17, 1949, in Pinch, WV, she was the daughter of the late Ruby Francis Jarrett and Jack White.

She is survived by her two children, daughter Carlie Campbell of Charleston and son Jeremy Campbell of Elkton, MD; and pets.

In addition to her parents, she was preceded in death by her beloved dachshunds, Buckwheat and Alfalfa.

Shirley studied at Oklahoma University and Marshall University. She was a nurse for 20 years, a dog groomer for 15 years, and a small business owner for approximately 10 years. She was a woman of endless talents, for many of which she received recognition. She was deeply devoted to animal welfare; throughout her life caring for ANY and ALL that she found in need.

There will be a symphony of animal calls greeting her at the gates of heaven; and it will be glorious!

As per her request, there will be no services. She asks that, in lieu of flowers, please donate to an animal charity in her honor.

You may send condolences to the family at: www.barlowbonsall.com.

Barlow Bonsall Funeral Home, Charleston, WV, has been entrusted with the arrangements.”

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SC: Shirley Campbell

EH: Emily Hilliard

00:00

SC: Pull it out from anywhere and now I wonder if it's even still in existence. I'm not sure.

EH: Right. Yeah, I understand how that goes.

Got my questions out.

So yeah, I thought I might just talk to you a little about your life and music.... Oh no, did I grab the wrong notebook? I'll be right back.

0:22

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14:08

But yeah, I was still part of the family.

EH: Were you still writing songs?

SC: Oh yeah, I wrote songs, probably—I probably just stopped in the last 20 years. I really haven't written. [I've] written some poetry and things more recently, but... you change within yourself, you change inside, you know, and I don't know exactly.... Also, sometimes you feel a little discouraged because I had some negative experiences and it just discourages you!

EH: Mmhm. With your songs you did?

SC: Yeah. Yeah, well... I think Jerimy mentioned to you that Ernest Tubb had taken a song from me. But I can't, you know, I'm just telling you that but there's nothing I can do to prove it. But my dad went to Nashville with some of my work and he knew them and they... Grandpa Jones had recorded for my dad. And, excuse me again...

EH: Mmhm...

SC: (drinks water) So for some reason my dad decided he'd take... and I was really excited about it, you know. But he said he'd take... he felt certain that he could get a couple recordings...and he was trying to get a couple of his done too. But they didn't want any of his, but each one took one of mine and promised. Well Grandpa Jones kept his promise and we got the contract and Grandpa Jones did record it, but we were all standing in Campbell's Corner one day and Ernest came across the radio and everybody in Campbell's Corner knew that was my song. Everybody. And oh, it was... It was just like—I don't even know how to explain it. I was so shocked. And as far as I know that was the last song of any consequence of him. I do think... I think I remember that he made a hit from it.

EH: Wow.

SC: But I can't even tell you what song it was... I was so... I was so hurt by it. And Jerimy even asked me when I talked to him last... he says "what... do you remember what that song was?" I says, Jerimy, I can't remember.

EH: Maybe you blocked it.

SC: I think I did—yeah.

16:30

EH: So what was the Grandpa Jones song?

SC: The one that is called My... no... daddy's song... I'll tell you this one first. Daddy's song that Grandpa Jones recorded was "My Darling's Not My Darling Anymore."

EH: Okay.

SC: And the one he recorded from me is "Castles in the Air"... was the name of it. It was recorded on a limited edition—it was called *Grandpa Jones Live in Black Stallion Ohio* [Grandpa Jones Live 1969]. And they are LPs of course. And they were very limited and I can't find one.

EH: Really? Have you looked on the internet at all?

SC: No.

EH: Oh, I'll have to see if I can find one.

SC: I did years ago, you know when the internet was first the big thing? But I couldn't find it then. But you know, might have better luck now. I hadn't really even given it... I have a computer but I don't fool with it much. But I hadn't thought really of that, or I wouldn't know where to...where you would look for it. But I'm credited. It's got my name on there.

EH: I'll check it out.

SC: Mmhm.

EH: So when he brought the songs down to Nashville, had you made any recordings of you singing it or it was just a written transcript?

SC: You know, I don't remember. Daddy took 'em. And I don't remember how... I think they were just. They might have been taped. We did a lot of taping back then, so they might have been.

EH: And how would you tape. Would you just... to a reel-to-reel or a...

SC: Must have been. No, we had a... I can remember... we had another cousin where we stayed when we first got to Pennsylvania, and I... everybody in that family was jammers, I'm tellin' ya—they could really play. And he had a tape machine. I actually, somewhere in my junk have a tape of that, so it had to be on a cassette.

EH: Uh-huh.

SC: Were they out then? It had to have been!

EH: So what year would that have been?

SC: Well I still—we're still talking late 60s. It had to have been.

EH: Yeah, maybe it was the bigger DAT tape? Maybe? I don't know.

SC: I don't either. My memory says it was just a little tape recorder. I think maybe it was.

EH: Well if you find it, let me know. We'll see if we can...

SC: Do something with it.

EH: Yeah—get it digitized.

SC: Okay.

EH: Did you ever meet any of the—Henry Glassie who would come through and record Ola Belle?

SC: The name doesn't... know I don't. Was he from the... where was he from?

EH: I think he was the Pennsylvania state folklorist.

SC: That's what I... probably did then. I probably did, but I always stepped back. Those sessions would last awhile and she closed the doors and you know, we didn't interfere. I was just a kid... in the way.

EH: (laughs)

SC: (laughs)

EH: And then I think the Maryland folklorist... previous... Charles... Charlie Camp. I think he would come up and record.

SC: I know they did. I know they did a lot of work for her and archived a lot of stuff.

EH: Yeah. Have you seen the book that came out?

SC: Yeah—I've got it. Jerimy sent me one. Yeah. Did you get one?

EH: Yeah, it's beautiful.

SC: It is.

EH: And... so he took the songs down there and then you got a check for it.

SC: Yeah.

EH: You signed a contract.

SC: Yeah. For Grandpa Jones, yes. And they sent me—Now, I didn't make much off it, but you know it was on an album years ago. But he honored it to the T. And his daughter was who I mostly communicated with. But I met him too. I met him at Campbell's Corner. But his daughter—I think her name was Marleen. And the recording company was called Louray L. Marlee.

EH: Okay.

SC: M-A-R-L-E-E but I think her name was Marleen, but I think probably named it after her or something. Yeah.

EH: And so your dad—what was his first name?

SC: There's an argument about that, but his first name was Beverly. Beverly Jack White. But he told everybody his name was Jack and he didn't like the name Beverly. And I can't blame him too much.

EH: And so when he recorded, he would record as Jack White?

SC: Mmhm. Yes.

EH: And so you said Ernest Tubb recorded one of his but also without a contract?

SC: No, I believe it was Grandpa Jones.

EH: Oh, Grandpa Jones.

SC: And my father was a career criminal. And the interesting part is... Grandpa Jones... He told me that Grandpa Jones came to see him in prison. He was in Moundsville. And... cause he would write to him. And he came up to the prison in Moundsville to visit Daddy and contracted one of his songs there. And that was "My Darling's Not My Darling..." My daddy told me that was the only hit grandpa ever had. Now whether that's true or not, I don't... but I believe him. I believe him.

EH: Yeah, wow. So then what brought you back to West Virginia?

SC: Injuries. I got injured in an accident and my health just started really going downhill. But I groomed dogs for most of those years. Sing a little and groom dogs.

EH: Yeah, so did you continue to sing after...

SC: I always continued to write. I didn't really have any connections, you know. I went to Oklahoma City with a little brown bag and that was about it. And kids. (laughs). I just didn't know anyone, you know,

and I didn't really try too hard. And I needed to work and I needed to support the kids and so, yeah. So that was my main goal. And I turned out to be pretty good and grooming dogs and it... mentally it did serve me well.

EH: There are always dogs.

SC: Mmhm.

EH: That need haircuts. (laughs)

SC: Yes. Oh my gosh! Yeah (laughs). You said it. But I can't do that anymore. I'm physically, just so physically broken now. But I still... I still would... I could still write you a poem about anytime, you know. It's almost unbelievable. I woke up one night singing a song that I... you know, I think... I don't know where that comes from. But I've heard other people say that. That it just comes from something, somewhere. I don't know.

EH: Yeah, I've had that too.

SC: Have you?

EH: Sometimes it's good and sometimes it's bad. (laughs)

SC: Yeah! Sometimes it's crazy! (laughs)

EH: Where you wake up thinking this is the best song! And you write down some lyrics in your sleep and you wake up and ooh!

SC: Yeah, this... it doesn't work out. I had a dream once that I would...was going to save all this money. I was getting ready to mail about 5 or 6 letters, and I thought, if I put them all in one envelope, they're all going to different places, but I'll put them all in one envelope. And I swear, I woke right up thinking, what a great idea! (laughs)

EH: (laughs)

SC: And then I thought about it a minute—no, that's not a good idea!

24:28

EH: Yeah.

SC: I like to share those stories and my daughter just thinks that's hilarious. She says, "well let's just put 'em all in an envelope." (laughs)

EH: (laughs) So would you just... have you kept notebooks or...

SC: Yes. Notebook and notebooks. Copious amounts of...

EH: Really?

SC: Yes. I've got a couple little ditty rewards, you know. Where I've been published just in small places and small poetry books and stuff. But, yeah. I brought some stuff up there if you want to look at it.

EH: Great. Well as many of those things as you'd be willing to share.

SC: Oh, [I'll] share 'em all.

EH: Can make scans. Yeah, I was doing some work with this collection of a woman in... she was from Salyersville, Kentucky. And she was a banjo player and actually pretty similar style to Ola Belle and kind of the same era. And she had made... she had kept all these lyric songbooks and some of them were her songs, some of them were traditional, some were Grand Ole Opry tunes she heard from the radio, and she would write them down and she would, she would write them down over and over again if she felt a certain way, she would call up a song and write it down. And that was her way of expressing herself. Or if there were feelings she had that she didn't have a song for, she would write a new one. So there was like one, "Hospital Blues" where she was sick in the hospital and she writes about being lonely and sick and dates it.

But I think that that was actually quite common for women to keep these lyric books and song books.

SC: Well yeah, I've done that and also it's common to write those sort of songs too. Particular... I don't know whether to call it tragedy or what, but they're sometimes the only way if you have... the inclination to write... you just have to cope with it in that way. As a matter of fact, you made it, the first song I remember Ola Belle ever singing that I wrote was called "Lonely I Wait." And, oh jeez, you talk about somebody that was tragic—oh my gosh. And I just thought it sounded beautiful. And there was one way lady that I met in Oklahoma City that played Forum, like one of the classiest restaurants, you know? And she just played the piano—no lyrics or anything. But since she would play some of my music too, during... and I'd go up to the restaurant and listen to her play. Oh man. She really made it beautiful.

EH: So they were your melodies?

SC: They were my melodies.

EH: And she would just play them on piano?

SC: Yeah.

EH: That's cool. That's really cool.

SC: And it was beautiful too.

EH: Do you have any recordings of that?

SC: No, I don't. Didn't even... and you know, you don't think it's... you just don't see anything to it. It's just you and nobody appreciated it but me sitting there listening, thinking, "Yeah... that's mine. I did that."

EH: Well that's worth something.

SC: It is! It is.

EH: Do you still sing? Just like around the house?

SC: Oh Lord, yes! Me and the dogs and the cats. (laughs) They don't appreciate it that much. Yeah, I still sing a lot and my daughter said something to me, it's been about 2 or 3 years ago and I was singing and she said—I smoked, you know, for a while, and I quit in 2000. And I'm really kind of lost my voice from that smoking—and she said, “Jeez, mom, it's been awhile since I even heard you sing.” And I said—I do love to sing if nobody's around. I like to sing praise songs, you know? That feeling will come over you and you just want to praise him. You know? So I can really belt it then, you know, by myself! (laughs)

EH: Do you write praise songs?

SC: Yes, I have. One of my favorite songs of all times that I've written is called “Behold the Lamb” and even—I can't even say that title without, just my whole body goes in chills. And that's the one song I've ever written that I **wish** was performed. In churches or something, you know. Because it really is... got a lot of spirit to it. And you know how you, I'm sure you understand that sometimes you feel like it was divine inspired?

EH: Mmhm.

SC: That's how I feel about that song.

EH: Wow. So do you go to church and sing?

SC: No. I did, I used to a little bit. Yeah. I used to especially when I lived in Oklahoma. I went to a full gospel church, you know? Where they played music and sang and danced. And I **loved** that. I loved it. And I would sing there some.

EH: Uh-huh. Cool. So sentimental songs or sad songs and praise songs... any other sort of genres? Do you tell stories in your songs?

SC: Sometimes. Yeah! (laughs) Yeah. I wonder if I had one... it was “Green Plymouth with a Push-Button Drive.”

EH: Green Plymouth?

SC: ...with a Push-Button Drive, yeah. (laughs) My dad bought an old Plymouth with a push-button drive and we—he'd never driven before. And he paid the guy on a car lot and then he said, “okay, not tell me how to drive it.” And the guy just about dropped his teeth, you know? And so there was a push-button drive, you know?

EH: To get it to start, or...?

SC: No—push button to drive and park and reverse and... on the front of the car. You know I'd never seen that before or since, you know? No wonder he sold that to daddy. And he drove... he bought it in Chelyan, West Virginia, and we drove to Logan and it took us something like 8 hours. Cause daddy... I had to hang my head out all the way from Chelyan to Logan and you know, the roads back then. I was probably, jeez, 10, 11. I had to hang... I would say “it's okay, it's okay” on this side of the line when something was coming, you know? Oh my God. (laughs)

EH: Because he couldn't see, or...?

SC: Well he didn't have any driver's license and had never driven before. And I remember another time he picked up his mom—they lived up in... on Fenwick Mountain. And we were coming to Chelyan from, me and daddy and mom was in Chelyan at the time. And there was a parking lot and you went up and you come down and it kind of tilted like that and there was a railroad track in front of it, and he went to stop and didn't stop and the brakes went out and grandma—she was all of about 4 foot 9 or something like that and she was sitting down there in the seat and she says, “What's a matter, Jack? Don't you know how to stop it?” (laughs). Put a lot of faith in daddy driving. Nobody got to upset about anything.

EH: So you wrote a song about that?

SC: Yeah, I did! (laughs)

EH: (laughs)

32:10

SC: I sure did, that was worth it. But you know, you just made me think of that. I don't even think I've seen that in my stuff—I'm not sure.

EH: Uh-huh. What other story songs?

SC: Let me see, let me see. That one popped right into my head. I don't know. Oh I have others, I have others. But I can't remember right now. I'll have to kind of look through some of it.

EH: Yeah. Did you write for your kids at all? Or write for other people or about other people.

SC: Well, yeah. When I went to Oklahoma City the first week I was there, there was an elderly lady, very elderly, that was homeless and we both were sharing a meal in Salvation Army that evening. Jeez I wish... I was so young and she was so old and I wrote a story about that clash of...

EH: Mmhm. Just as a story?

SC: Yeah, but in poetry fashion. I wrote... I really liked to be able to tell you a story that flowed easily and yet rhymed. When I first started school I was so fascinated...even before school... I was so fascinated with the rhyming word. It just took hold of me really quickly. I loved to tell... oh and there's such talented artists out here that can tell us a story, you know? And I wanted to do that too.

EH: Mmhm. Cool. Let's see... Going back to when you were growing up.... So you lived in Pinch? Did you live in Charleston at all? Or you lived in Pinch and then you came up to...

SC: I lived in Pinch and my grandmother was Sarah Jane Jarrett. And we had an old... probably not more than 5 families in Pinch at the time. And grandma was like... apparently my grandfather bought a big piece... **big** piece of property up there, I don't know how many acres. And so she was like one of that--- their family was like one of the founding families in Pinch. And her brother—her brother was the

Supreme Court Justice here in the state of West Virginia—Emmett... I only knew him as Uncle Emmett. His name was Emmet Given. I don't know if you've ever known anything much about that.

EH: No, I'm just learning about West Virginia history too.

SC: Mmhm.

EH: Well, I'll have to look him up.

SC: Yeah, he was pretty... I've always wondered how I would go about finding anything about him.

EH: Maybe at the State Archives. I toured that, you know at the Culture Center.

SC: I've never even been...

EH: Yeah, well they have boxes and boxes of things. A lot of it is government records, so I'd imagine they'd have a lot of...

SC: Probably quite a bit about him.

EH: Yeah. Yeah, they probably have genealogy stuff too. If you ever can make it over there... they seem really nice and helpful too. They'll just find a box of what you want.

SC: Can we take a break?

EH: Of course.

SC: Is there a restroom nearby?

EH: Yeah.

35:53

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00:00

EH: ...As we go through things

SC: I don't even know what I got here, but... see here, I've got some of these little things. Stuff like that.

EH: Oh, where was this?

SC: It's a book that was published. Way back when I'd send it in to different stuff and I'd found out they'd published it.

EH: Cool. Might actually take some photos of things...

SC: (goes through papers)

EH: Oh yeah.

SC: See, here's one that's just a general... called the spider. And you know it's just a story about a spider that was outside our door. Just stuff like that, you know I do write... sometimes I don't know what I write but I write general stuff, you know?

EH: Let me check the battery here (on camera). Where were you for that spider?

SC: The spider was in Oklahoma. So was "Behold the Lamb". No it wasn't, that was here in Logan County. I was at my... no, it was definitely in Logan County at my cousin's house in Mann.

EH: (laughs) "web communique" (quoting song)

SC: Yeah! (laughs) This right here is... I brought this because it's such... what does my son say? "Mother, your life is nothing but an endless group of ironies." And it's true! It's just the truth. And this right here, I had a real bad car wreck when I was living—I lived in Pineville. And I had to crawl up a mountain. It was... I flipped a van, I don't know how many hundreds of feet over Saulsville Mountain. And I crawled up the mountain and couldn't—then I couldn't get anybody to stop, I was covered in blood and everything. I don't know if people were scared or what. But there wasn't much traffic. But this one fella finally stopped and he got me back to Pineville and in an ambulance and so and so and this and that. And then I couldn't find him. I asked him what's your name and he said Jimmy Franklin. And I tried every way in the world to find who that man was and I couldn't find him. And so I wrote this story in the... in their newspaper... "Has Anyone Here Heard of Jimmy Franklin." And I thought they would edit it out a lot. They didn't edit it! They wrote the entire thing verbatim. But then I did find him and there's where I found him (points to newspaper article about his death). He and my daughter's driving instructor hit head on one morning and it killed them both. Before I ever found him physically to tell him thank you for saving my life. Carley came home and she was crying, crying, said her teacher's been killed in a collision that morning. And I said who was it? And she said, "I don't know, some guy named Jimmy Franklin," like that and I said what? And so I knew—right, just up the street there was a junkyard where they took the cars, you know? And I know the car that picked me up and helped me and I went up and it was it. I knew exactly.

EH: Wow.

SC: Oh, my heart was just broken. So when I finally found out where to write, I wrote his wife and they didn't even know about it. His wife and family didn't know about it and I told them what he'd done for me. And send them a copy of the picture... the story and everything.

EH: So was that published right before the accident?

SC: Yeah! This was on the 21st of March and this, see... no, they published it after. See, when I found out it was after, he was dead so I told them the whole thing, you know. This was on the second and that was on the 21st.

EH: Okay, so this...

SC: But I mean it's really something. I think this is the end of that story there, this one.

EH: Okay.

SC: But there's the actual paper, if you're interested. There's the actual newspaper. But it's just... and stuff like that happens to me all the time! It's just insane.

5:39

There's the card from the Franklins. Pete Route 9, 330 Beaver, West Virginia. See there's the little letter she wrote me and everything about... Just things like that are interesting to me. I put that there in case you want to see it. There's Herbert's sympathy card Jerimy sent me. I couldn't make it there. Wasn't well at all. I see 1968 so that's... I was working at Perry Point, Maryland. That's shortly after I separated from Herbert.

EH: Oh, okay.

SC: There's a picture. That's the original New River... I think. Let me see on the back if it tells you. But that's the original New River Gang. Ola Belle's family, you know?

EH: Uh-huh. Wow, I love those guitars. The guitar and the banjo. So who was this—these were Reeds? No, they were Campbells.

SC: Yeah, they'd have to be Campbells. Bud Reed was a funny guy. Did you meet him?

EH: No, I only knew David.

SC: That was... I don't know, they never seemed right to me. How did they fit? You know? They just didn't fit. And she'd [Ola Belle] always make excuses for him and stuff. And he played the guitar. I guess he was pretty good, but compared to them he wasn't. You know, not really.

EH: Compared to Ola Belle and Dave?

SC: Yeah! And they just didn't fit! And he'd always try to insert himself into the archives and the this and the that, you know? My gosh. I don't know what that was about.

EH: So did you know Alex [Ola Belle's brother]?

SC: Oh yeah. Eck. That's what we—everybody called him Eck.

EH: And what was he like?

SC: Full of himself. Yeah, and a drunk. Bad. And always... always had a big red face. Would sing like... always going on the next big deal. "Oh, this one's gonna really be the next one." You know? So... Do you know Zane?

EH: Yes. Mmhm. Are they similar?

SC: Well I don't know! (Laughs) I'm guessing maybe! "In Zane" he's a little Inzane I think.

EH: Yeah, I mean it seems to be a struggle.

SC: Yeah, but I don't know what the struggle is. I don't really know.

EH: Mmhm. Yeah, I saw him last at a show in D.C. and he was not happy to be there. It was sad.

SC: What's wrong with him—is he bipolar or something?

EH: I think he might be.

SC: My daughter's bipolar. And I never know. She comes and stays with me on the weekends—she's in a small group home in Kanawha City. And I never know who's coming. You know? For years I didn't even know what bipolar was. I knew something was wrong with Carley. I knew that. But what, I didn't know.

EH: Yeah, because I interacted with him other times when he's great and jokey.

SC: But he's... oh my God so hyper at times. He must have been on the bottom end of it.

EH: He was surly and he just wanted to end the show.

SC: Oh that's sad. That's sad because he's a very talented human, you know?

EH: Oh, so talented. His paintings and his songs...

SC: Where was it? Baltimore?

EH: It was in D.C. actually. But yeah, my friend Travis I guess helped him record and he was there and he was just like "Oh no, please. Play some songs and don't talk between them." You know?

SC: Yeah. I do know! Yeah.

EH: Wow, this is amazing.

SC: Wow.

EH: Just your whole notebook.

SC: Oh, that's just one. There's one.

EH: So would you always type them up or would you write them by hand?

SC: I always wrote them by hand.

10:52

And then I... I actually spent a little time trying to organize them a bit because I just had drawers full of junk. You know?

(laughs) Oh yeah, see this is just “Dear Lord, don’t (?) don’t see it, spare our lands from harm, grand miracle to those down on the farm. They’re raping old McDonald, sustenance of life, replacing him with paper work and three blind mice.”

EH: Wow! It’s a protest song!

SC: Yeah, that’s what it is! “Not just corn and sweet peas, but amber waves of grain fall victim to the combine of governmental gain. When will our nation rise up from lethargy and dust. Let the farmer know that we too have had enough. What better tax-spent dollars to subsidize the farms, for it’s a fact I can’t digest nuclear arms. So fight it old McDonald, do all that you can do, the fattened city dwellers, well, they’re counting on you.”

EH: Wow.

SC: Yeah I probably have...

EH: I’d love to copy some of these!

SC: Sure you can! As far as I’m concerned, if this is what you do, I’d be glad to leave you stuff and you just pick out what you want.

EH: I mean this should be in an archive!

SC: I write non-rhyming poetry too.

EH: Nice.

SC: But yeah, I just... see I’d forgotten Old McDonald. I’d forgotten about that.

EH: Do you remember what the impetus was for that?

SC: Yeah, watching the news and they were talking about, you know, the nuclears, like they do endlessly. What do you think about Trump? We need him don’t we? Oh my God. “Just go ahead and knock them and I’ll pay your legal fee.” Oh my God. And I’m scared he’s gonna get there!

EH: I know—and after last night.

SC: Isn’t it awful? Isn’t it... (shakes head). I told Carley this is a great time to be elderly. Because- ugh! It is! (laughs) I’ve never been so happy. Because I couldn’t really live through another 50 years of what’s happening now.

EH: Well I’m just scared what happens when that hate speech becomes a presidential speech you know?

SC: It’s awful. Yeah, it’s awful. It’s just not what it’s supposed to be.

EH: Yeah.

SC: “It wasn’t what you had to say—that just made me laugh. I like that you didn’t change a thing on my behalf. It wasn’t beans and cornbread, you never got them fixed. It’s hard for me to say just what it was that did the trick.” (laughs)

EH: No, keep going!

SC: “Somewhere down that crooked trail I heard an angel sing, looked into an honest heart, a rare and precious thing. And all the broken pieces from a million yesterdays rose up from the depths of their long forgotten grays. This soldier on the road of life, so tired and weary-hearted, wish to pause and let you know the joy that you imparted.”

EH: Wow. Was that for someone?

SC: My cousin, yeah. That was like... soon after I got back here you know, and she was just so earthy and sweet.

EH: Is she still around?

SC: Yeah, I haven't seen her... haven't seen her in a while. She... oh man. My family has such a hard life. She... her mother was murdered by her father.

EH: Wow.

SC: And her father did prison time and they let him out on one of those—you're dying, you know. So she got to spend some time with him. But she murdered her husband! Just, you know, it's... but he beat her, would put her under the trailer for days and not let her... this was way back when and that's probably—you know you can probably find the story on that because she was one of the only people I've ever known... he had her and the children in the truck one ... in Logan, on one of those mountain twisty roads. And he had a gun between 'em. And he told her, he was gonna kill 'em. He was going to take the truck and go over the hill and there's only one thing you can do to stop it and he had that gun there you know. And you know how so many incredibly vicious men like that want you to kill them? And, she did. She killed him. And saved her and her children. And she did, as far as I know, I don't think even... they did take her to jail but the community came through. They knew what she had been through and what he'd done to her.

EH: Well that's...

SC: And she didn't serve any time, you know?

EH: Well thank goodness they did because that doesn't always happen.

SC: And then it was after that that her father killed her mother. And her current husband at that time. Everything was alcohol related, you know? But my god! I always kind of looked at her... she didn't survive it unscathed. But I always wondered how she survived that. I don't know how to survive my life either, but... I had it... my mother was... my mother died of a brain tumor at the age of 44. But we didn't know it was a brain tumor and she beat me to I don't know how I lived through my childhood. And then daddy came home from prison and started molesting me. And he did that just horrible. He was horrible, filthy, evil man. And you just wonder—you know, my poetry then was kind of... saved what kind of sanity I ever had.

EH: Right, yeah. Was probably your escape.

SC: It was! There's a song—it might be in this one... Ola Belle really appreciated that, called "Troubles in a Bottle". And I was just a kid and it would just—daddy had just done his thing and I just wanted to die. And that was on Fenwick Mountain. And there was a little cabinet sitting there against the wall. And there was a little bottle and I thought I wish I could just take everything inside of me and put it in that bottle. You know? And then I wrote that "Troubles in a Bottle."

EH: Wow. Um... well it's amazing you've been so productive.

SC: Well it is. (laughs). Listen my life's been as negative as it has been positive. You know, I still battle things. Who doesn't to some degree. I don't know. What do you think I should do with this stuff—just leave it with you? There's so much of it. Or rather I pick out, like...

EH: Well, no I think we'd love all of it, I mean. So this was basically what that collection was that I was working on with that woman in Kentucky. She was older—she's no longer alive, but it was all of these (song notebooks) in an archive and I was studying them and talking to her family members so I really...

SC: So she was already gone when you started?

EH: She was gone, but I would love... I mean even going through these one by one with you and getting the stories.

SC: But it's true too sometimes if you understand what made you write what you wrote, it's even more fascinating, isn't it?

EH: Yeah. Yeah. Totally. And that was the thing that was somewhat sad is that she wasn't around anymore and...

SC: Oh my goodness.

EH: A lot of people didn't have much information about her. It was just—one daughter was alive and then the granddaughter. But...

SC: You see Jerimy has nothing of mine and then my daughter—I don't know. She is bipolar, you know? I mean things she don't think or value or famous... I would.

EH: Well, yeah, I think this is just incredible. But I could see—sometime I could come to you or we could meet somewhere and just going through all these one by one.

SC: There's just so many.

EH: Or, you know, you pick out some favorites or...

SC: Yeah, I could do that for sure.

EH: There's also a professor who at WVU—he's from Buckhannon and he and I went to school together but he's doing a project about women songwriters in West Virginia.

SC: Oh yeah?

EH: I sent him Jerimy's email and I said... because Jerimy was like "Well my mother wrote these songs and she's always written and she was tight with Ola Bell and Grandpa Jones and Ernest Tubb recorded her songs, but I don't know if you'd be interested in something like this..." and I was like are you joking?!

SC: (laughs) Well I mean I would have done the same thing! He told me that he had emailed you. He said "Hey mom—I wanted to tell you that I had talked to Emily—she's at this and that..." And he said, "Well is that alright?" I said, well yeah. Okay. (laughs). And he said, "Well I don't want to get your hopes up." I said, Jerimy, I don't have any hopes up!

EH: Well I was just so excited and I told Travis, the professor, and he was so excited too and he said "I wonder if she would be a part of my project."

21:03

SC: How strange! People give a shit! Isn't that something?!

EH: (laughs) It is funny sometimes.

SC: (laughs)

EH: But yeah, he's been working with a few women around the state and their songwriting and presenting. I'm sure he would love to chat with you.

SC: Listen—I've got so much stuff in there. I'm sitting here reading all my old stuff... oh there's another one. Heaven! This should put me in... what does that say?

EH: "Who's Who in Poetry honors Shirley White Campbell for..."

SC: Does it say the poem?

EH: Grandma S. Beauty.

SC: Oh, "Grandma's Beauty."

EH: Oh, "Grandma's Beauty." They forgot their...

SC: Oops!

EH: What's "Grandma's Beauty"?

SC: I don't know where... must be in the other book. I don't know why I've got them in here. Just confuse myself. I like to do that. Not that I can't do it without even trying.

EH: What's going on here?...

SC: You know how people sometimes make funny songs out of something that's original?

EH: Oh yeah, like a parody? (Taking pictures)

SC: Right. You know “There Goes My Everything”? Are you familiar with that song?

EH: Yeah. I think so.

SC: “There goes my everything” (singing) Well this one is a parody on that. “I hear footsteps slowly stomping. As they shake across a weakened wooden floor and a voice is rasping loudly dead this will be goodbye forever more. There goes my biscuits and gravy, there goes my fatback and greens. There goes my blackberry cobbler there goes my big everything. As my fingers turned the cookbook pages I remember when I used to eat at four, now the flapjacks that once held me through the morning have floated up and out the kitchen door.” Anyway! (laughs)

EH: No, keep going!

SC: There goes my chicken and dumplings, there goes my cornbread and beans, there goes my apple pandowdy, there goes my big everything. There goes my strawberry shortcake, there goes my big everything. I guess it’s... Oh, optional fadeout: “I guess it’s Big Macs again tonight or maybe the Colonel, I sure could go for some home fries.” (laughs)

EH: (laughs) I love it!

SC: I actually wrote silly stuff. Oh here’s one called “Televangelists.”

23:56

Let me see what this is about. “They ranted, raved and thumped the book, they wave and point at you and look. Reminding for the flesh forsook, your Jesus, your redeemer. Some softly beckoned you with tears, how they’d had pain throughout the years. And since the wedding day was near, we best betroth to Jesus. Some perch in lofty looming towers, proclaiming death would come in hours, we did not bring money showers, deposited to Jesus. But then the truth was making known, the showers of the shows were shown, the mighty flock which once had grown, lay bleeding in their pasture. It was a dark and wanton time, the words spewed from their mouths as slime, the judges guiltier of the crime than were their dying sinners.”

EH: Wow.

SC: Do you know what that... that was back in the Tammy Faye days. Remember that?

EH: Big hair.

SC: Oh, I had the most precious best friend in Oklahoma City and she was about 30 years older than... I loved her, I called her Mama Webb. And she though the... not the 700 Club... the other one—Tammy Faye and Jim Baker’s club... she didn’t have enough money, but she believed in them, and I couldn’t stop her! And you know, she couldn’t, she didn’t afford... send them \$30 or \$20 and she couldn’t afford that, she was just barely getting by. But she thought she was doing the right thing. And finally then the whole thing collapsed.

EH: Yeah, that’s so sad. Taking advantage of people.

SC: Yes, and that’s what—they had golden, solid gold faucets.

EH: Oh my gosh.

SC: Come on. See, things like that get me mad. (laughs)

EH: (laughs) You gotta write a song about it.

SC: Yeah, that's what made me write that. Let me see if that... I want to see if...

“Getting together, when you will I won't, when you do I don't, when you can I cain't, when I am you ain't. When I can you must, when I try you fuss, tell me how and when if ever, we can get this thing together.”

EH: (laughs)

SC: There it is—there's Grandma. “Isn't grandma pretty in her simple denim dress, don't you think she's beautiful dolled up in Sunday best? When in a crowd of hundreds, she stands out among the rest. Of course I'm a little prejudice, to this I must confess. Isn't grandma lovely in her faded cotton gown, waking in the mornings, her gray hair flowing down. I love it when she smiles at me and shuffles across the floor, calling to the chickens through the back screen kitchen door. Isn't grandma beautiful, an angel robed with white, she changed into her heaven clothes when she left us last night. But grandma didn't take her love she left that behind, to shuffle through the years within the corners of my mind.” That was probably the one love I ever had was my grandmother. Mmhm.

EH: On your mother's side?

SC: Mmhm. My grandmother on my father's side was great. But I didn't even really meet her 'til daddy got out of prison, you know. And my grandmother on my mother's side was there when I opened my eyes, you know? And she was probably the only caregiver I had and I loved her so much. And we, there in Pinch, grandma had a chicken—kind of chicken farm you know, a little hen house. And a lot of times I'd come home from school and have to shoo the chickens off the kitchen table. I'd open the back door and “git, everybody. Go, go, go.” And sometimes they'd wander and follow me to school when there was Pinch Elementary. I had one I called my double hen. And she'd perch in the sill of the schoolhouse and (makes noise) at me, and the teacher wasn't especially thrilled with that.

EH: And what did you say your grandmother's name was again?

SC: Sarah Jane Jarrett.

EH: Sarah Jane Jarrett. And what did husband do, was he a farmer?

SC: Yeah, he—John Owen Jarrett was his name. And yeah, he was a farmer. I don't know anything back farther than them, you know? But he died there on that property and he didn't come in for supper like he was supposed to. And I guess they sent my mother's brother Benjamin out to find him and he was collapsed and he got him back to the house, laid him on something and I don't know, I guess he probably had a heart attack or stroke, he wasn't an old man either. But mommy said—she was just a little thing, I guess a couple years old or something and she kept insisting to get him some lemonade and he'd be alright. She thought, when he'd come in and they'd—her being the baby child, she'd always get lemonade and made him just fine. And she'd tell me that story. And Benjamin—there was a picture of Benjamin at home in our living room by the door. And I'd never seen him before—he died at 21 of renal failure. But I

looked at him and looked at him and then he'd enter my dreams. You ever watch any of these shows about ghosts?

EH: Mmhm, mmhm.

SC: Where something appears? And he would appear at the foot of the bed, and I was still really small. And he'd say, "come on, it's time to go to heaven now." And he'd try to make me go and I wouldn't go.

EH: Oh my God.

SC: And I'd just freeze in fear. And I've never forgotten that. And one time he was so, he was so, he got angry because I wouldn't go with him. And I thought he took grandma. I felt—I was sure.

EH: Wow.

SC: And I woke mom up and I said please... and she said, "your grandma's alright." I said please take me down and let me just see her. And she was, she was alright. But I thought sure he wasn't going to leave that night without somebody.

EH: Wow.

SC: It was scary when stuff happens to me. The first thing I asked her (Debby) about this place is is it haunted? Because I think it is.

EH: Oh yeah. We talk about it. We talk about it.

30:41

SC: Listen, this is something. This is written about my mother. "You did this, you caused that, you're stupid, useless, dumb. Careless, clumsy, pain in the neck, a total mental and physical wreck. A prepubescent bum. Your mother finds you guilty. Hickory sticks, folded fists, coat hangers, shoes or stones, with weapons meant to daze me, my mother chose to raise me and my cyclonic home, for I have been found guilty. Soon the lesson catches hold, the child can see the light, tuned two or surely for (?) there's no use trying anymore, mama's always right for everything I'm guilty.

EH: Aw.

SC: See there's so many people like me, but I don't know if they found out. Some of them were drove to alcohol or something. You know, I went through that too.

EH: Yeah.

SC: Mmhm.

EH: I mean, my mother had a similar experience with her stepfather and the therapist said, "it's amazing you are what you are. And that you are not an alcoholic or mentally ill."

SC: Yeah! Well I think I went through all of it, I went through stages of all of it. But something, something I don't know, something saved me and I still think it was... like I was in Oklahoma City once

and I was gonna leave there, I just was gonna leave there and I was just sitting on the sidewalk back in a door... This guy came up to me—I'm serious my... (unclear)—he said, “what’s a matter little sister?” and I said, oh you wouldn’t understand, and he said, “Oh yes I would.” He said “don’t leave here.” And he just knew what I was doing and he said the Lord had sent him to talk to me you know, and so I gave him my ticket and he cashed it in and got my money back which I didn’t think I could do. And I didn’t (unclear). Just things like that have happened to me all my life.

EH: Yeah.

SC: Okay, well. I think I probably... I don’t know what to do about this darn stuff. I still don’t...One more book and a bunch—I got a lot of stuff.

EH: Well, I think we’d be... right now we are working on, you know, setting up an archive and hopefully it’ll be at WVU, but you know, there are some options. We could scan everything and just send the scans so you could keep this or we could keep the originals, give you the scans and just have digital, there’s a lot of things we could do.

SC: It’s a lot of work for you, but it’s your job right?

EH: It’s my job and I love doing it! (laughs)

SC: Can’t beat that.

EH: It’s a great job.

SC: Can’t beat that.

EH: Just sitting here talking to you? That’s like what I live for.

SC: Split the money with me, girl!

EH: (laughs)

SC: (laughs)

EH: Well I don’t know about that!

SC: I felt that way about my grooming, I loved that. I just loved animals so much.

EH: Yeah.

SC: And I kind of put that back to my childhood too because the only friend I **really** trusted and loved was an old beagle dog. And I still have his picture. And his name was Old Joe. And oh, man—I talked to him like a human! And I didn’t know he didn’t understand. But I think he did!

EH: Probably!

SC: And I roamed free. Nobody... I didn’t have much supervision. Even the neighbors, when I went to one of my Pinch schoolmate’s funerals... she said that all the neighbors used to feel so sorry for me. And she said, “you were always dirty.” I didn’t know it. I didn’t know it! But looking back, I remember that

particular neighbor, when it was supper time, I'd always go lean on their door. Their kitchen door because she'd eventually say, "You want something to eat? You want to come in?" You know, and I said, yeah, I'll come in, I'll have some of that. But then—you didn't know it was odd, you just knew where the food was.

EH: Well I'd also just like to do more of this, just go through this and you can tell me the stories about them.

SC: Tell you the stories?

EH: Yeah. And you know, we can do it...

SC: We've wasted all this time!

EH: No!

SC: Is it recording?

EH: Yes!

SC: (laughs) I didn't even know! (laughs) It's easier. So you got the stories?!

EH: I got it!

SC: Oh, so I don't have to tell them again!

EH: (laughs) But, yeah, because that's I mean, that's like the important stuff too. And you know, we can just do an hour at a time or something so we don't wear you out.

SC: Yeah, because I've got this... that's true too.

35:55

I'll confide, I'm diabetic, I have COPD, I have lymphedema in my left leg, I have a right knee replacement. I'm just like pieced together, you wouldn't believe! But I'm really suffering. I don't sit well long periods and everything. So, but I feed animals at certain times. I've wound up with so many cats, you just don't know. I've got them like in drawers, you know? It's just about the truth!

EH: Wow. I have one cat and that's enough for me. Just like, all the responsibility.

SC: Well, yeah. I've got 3 dogs and 2 are elderly now and they're really grumpy. And, God the hardest part is affording them, you know? Because I'm real loyal. And I want them to be well, you know? And fed. And if you saw them, you'd know they were fed. They're chubby! But I love my animals so much. And feral cats know that. And they'll come and knock on the door like I used to do and hang there until I feed them. So anyway, yeah, that takes up... But yeah, afternoons are best for me, it takes me forever to get up and get going. And then I have everybody fed and everything out of the way pry about 1/1:30. So when we meet if we can plan on it being about this time.

EH: Sure. That's great. And is it okay for you to come here?

SC: This is pretty good, yeah. Pretty handy.

EH: Okay good.

SC: I like this.

EH: Okay, and I don't know if you want to leave one of these and I can start copying it or you want to do it next time or...

SC: That'll be alright! Sure! That's okay.

EH: Okay. Do you want to put these back in there?

SC: Did you already get 'em? Get what you wanted?

EH: I just took some photos but I'll do like the real scans on the copier.

SC: Oh yeah, listen. (reading) "One day I spied a Gremlin, perched up in a tree. I said hello there Gremlin, he said hello to me. I went to tell my mama about what I had seen. She said, 'now little darling,' she didn't say it mean, 'you know there are no gremlins, no funny little men,'" and you know I never ever saw nor heard from him again."

EH: Aw. (laughs)

SC: So yeah, see I even have light moments.

EH: That's cool.

SC: Not many, but.

EH: Do you mind if I take your photos?

SC: Why, no.

EH: And would you ever sing for...?

SC: Yeah. Yeah.

EH: I would love that. We could do it, you know, in the carriage house too, 'cause it's a little more private. Take your photo with your notebook right there. (takes photos). Nice. Thank you.

SC: Mmhm. Yeah, I guess, these I've probably never.... You know what, this one that I'd really.... I'd like to... what's that called... I'd really like to read you that one. This one—remember I told you I worked at Perry Point, Maryland?

EH: Uh-huh.

SC: That was a VA Hospital for the mentally ill.

EH: Okay.

SC: Oh—one thing about me. Is I, I went through so much hell that I wanted to understand myself. So even though I went through all the things that everybody does that never understands themselves, I still learned to understand myself. And I took nursing, and I took psychiatric nursing and things... just to understand. And once I would understand—Oh! That’s what that behavior is—then I would, I could overcome it. You know?

EH: Yeah, yeah!

SC: So this, oh the bells... I think it’s called “The Bells of Eternity.” I think that’s it. Because I would like to read you that one. Oh, here.

EH: “Betrothed to None”

SC: Here—oh “Blood on the Blacktop”. Oh, now that’s—this is a story, here, just a real brief synopsis. I was run over when I was 2 years old. Right at—do you know anything about Pinch?

EH: I don’t think so.

SC: You can imagine the cars. When I was run over at 2 years old, they were monsters. So I was pretty fortunate to survive that. And my mother, we had walked down to the mailbox and my mother, she was never quite right, you know. And I guess she just let me go. And there was a duck pond across the way and a family named Andersons lived there. And I always wanted to try to sneak across the road to see the ducks. And that’s what I was doing because I ran away from her and the man ran over me. But this is just a story that I wrote about what I’ve been told. You know, I remember the hospitalization, I remember seeing my first black person, and I...

EH: Do you think that...Oh, sorry.

SC: And I called him my chocolate doctor. Because, you know he would hold me up and I was in traction and all that stuff and I will always remember him and looking at him... I wanted to bite him so bad because I thought he was made of...

EH: Chocolate.

SC: Yeah. What were you going to say, though?

EH: Oh, I was just wondering if that was your first memory.

SC: Hmm maybe. Maybe. I am...It’s pretty vivid you know, I can remember being in that... boy it was just such a strange environment. I was born at a hospital that burned down here—Mountain State Hospital.

EH: Okay.

SC: And I understand it was... but I don’t know where I was for... If that was still standing a couple years later or not. I don’t know what hospital I was in.

EH: Oh, that you came to?

SC: Mmhm, yeah.

EH: Where was Mountain State, was it on the West Side?

SC: I'm not sure. I'm not sure. "The birds flew high in the air, without the slightest care. And the mailbox waited there for the little girl's arrival. The ducks swam silently on the tiny private sea. The baby squealed with glee as they drew ever closer. The mailbox squeaked hello, the baby thought let's go, and mommy didn't know that blood would stain the blacktop. Her feet did their best, running to the West, who'd have ever guessed from the North approached a monster. Black unyielding steel, mounted on 4 wheels, the next time baby squealed it won't be laced with laughter. Fear now entered in, as chrome teeth gave a grin, the chances oh so slim that little legs could make it. The birds flew high in the air, without the slightest care. Mom's screaming pierced the air and blood now stained the blacktop."

EH: Wow. That's terrifying.

SC: I'll have to bring you a picture, I've got a picture of me in that body cast, you know? And...

EH: It's a wonder you survived—you were so little.

SC: I know. I've been through a lot! I'm telling you!

EH: You're a survivor.

SC: Just listen to Jerimy. (laughs). I'm... Alright, what do you want me to do now, leave you one book?

EH: If you want—if you don't mind, that would be wonderful.

SC: Alright, I'll leave you one book and if you do right by me with that (laughs), there might be something next time. (laughs)

EH: (laughs) And I can send copy of things to you or Jerimy if you want.

SC: Well you can send them to Jerimy said he'd ask you if he could have copies. I said I'm sure, yeah.

EH: Oh yeah.

SC: Absolutely.

EH: And do you want to put those back in?

SC: He's such a freak about this stuff.

EH: (laughs)

SC: He just loves it, and you know...

EH: That's good!

SC: It's kind of cool for him because he's so excited for all of it.

EH: Yeah- I just remember him being... because I was playing music with these two women and my friend Nadia goes up and plays with Hugh all the time and Travis her boyfriend—who produced Zane's album. But the 3 of us went up to play music with Hugh and Jerimy wasn't there but Maya left her album with Jerimy and he was so excited about it and then he found us on Facebook and...

SC: Oh my goodness.

EH: But he's just a great promoter.

SC: Oh he is—he's a natural! Yeah. Yeah. He's a natural. He's always been real... just real people oriented and communicates so well. What did you say you play?

EH: I play fiddle and guitar.

SC: Do ya?

EH: Yeah. Yeah.

SC: Cool. That's really cool.

EH: Yeah, it was really fun. Nadia plays banjo and Maya plays guitar and you know, we were at the Childs store.

SC: You have great fingers for it.

EH: Oh I have huge hands! (laughs)

SC: That's great! I really don't. And I recently had surgery on my hands—I've had so many surgeries. But can you see the scars right there?

EH: Oh yeah.

SC: I had... oh, I've had surgeries all over my hands. But this, these last surgeries were—my hands were drawing up! And I thought, and I couldn't get them to bend so I went to the doctor and he said—I can't remember the name, it's a real strange name. But it's normally in males—older, diabetic males. And it's a syndrome and if you don't get them treated prior to reaching a certain point, there's no help.

EH: Oh my gosh.

SC: And I was so glad I got this done. But it was really pain... I had, like 30 some surgeries in my life. But I'm really glad I did that because I would have hated to think I lost my hand—you can't play guitar.

EH: Oh, I know. That's what I... so do you still play at home at all?

SC: No, no. I was just so bad. You know? That...there wasn't any point.

EH: I'm sure you weren't bad. This is a release form that says, that lets us put the recording and the stuff in the archive. I'll just give you the loose stuff so it doesn't get lost and I'll get that next time.

SC: Okay. Alright. You wanted me to bring it back, right?

EH: Yeah, that would be wonderful. Anything else you find.

SC: Okay.

EH: If you find any recordings...

SC: Well, I sorta, kinda... know where to look, but oh my god, there are so many tapes down there. Most of them are old tapes that... but I actually put one in a player one day and went Oh that's me and daddy! And that would have been back in... while we were in Pennsylvania, you know? Somebody heard it and said I sounded like Patsy Cline. Back then. I think Ola Belle told me that too.

EH: Well I would love to hear that if you ever find it again or want to bring it.

SC: Okay.

EH: Yeah, the interesting thing about that book that I'm always so curious of is what were the... what was... the women musicians like this woman in Kentucky and Ola Belle, what was there daily life like and how did they make time for their music when they had...

SC: Babies and...

EH: Responsibilities

SC: Oh yeah!

48:21

Absolutely. Generally, in a way looking back, they did have all these responsibilities but they had more free time than people do now. I don't know how that works exactly but they were very proficient with what they did. There were set times and days for the wash and this that and the other. And everything's scattered today. We can't do that as... and then once supper was served and over with, it was **free**. And that's when people played out on the porch and in the moonlight, you know? And that's really pretty much. And my Aunt Florence, she's on the White side, she lived on Fenwick Mountain and man could she **burn up** a banjo!

EH: Really?

SC: Oh my gosh! You know, and that was all for her own satisfaction.

EH: Yeah, yeah!

SC: And to me she was a **star**. And would be today, you know? But a lot of that's been lost. Everywhere daddy ever took me to those... oh you've probably seen those shows Jesco White, haven't you?

EH: Oh yeah.

SC: One of my cousins that does all the genealogies, she swears we're related.

EH: Really?

SC: Yeah. I said, well don't... don't tell 'em! I think he's pretty novel. He's definitely an original.

EH: Yes, he is. Well, I mean that family has had tough things too. Just a lot of exploitation and mental illness.

SC: Oh yeah.

EH: But he and his father are incredible dancers. D. Ray...

SC: Yes! Absolutely. Oh my God. I'm surprised that somewhere down the line I didn't meet them. I'm surprised.

EH: Yeah.

SC: Right because if it had one little anything piece of DNA that was related, then he, daddy you know, and you know he—because daddy didn't work. So he'd spend a week around visiting, vacationing, courting. Phew. But he was a really evil man. I don't know... he just disappeared. I... that's probably the reason I left West Virginia was to get away from him.

EH: Mmhm.

SC: And I had already met the Campbells and we, daddy brought me back here and we made a deal. He met a little young girl he wanted, you know. I said, well you got your girl, I said if you could take me back up there it'd be nice... so he thought he was going to be just fine. And oh, of course all of that fell to pieces, but he was back to that aunt's... banjo picker aunt's house and she and Grandma White said that he'd been real sick and vomiting blood and stuff and he'd drink anything. Anything. Paint thinner, anything. Morphine, anything he could get. And so they—he said, I'm really sick, I'm just gonna go... and he was real... also very much a mountain man type person. And he said he was just gonna go back in the hills and lay down and die and nobody ever saw him again.

EH: Wow.

SC: So, I think he did what he said.

EH: Yeah.

SC: But boy, I felt this sense of freedom.

EH: Yeah, I bet.

SC: Cause I looked over my shoulder all my life. He was my father and he was a stalker and he didn't know where I went. See Aunt Florence and Grandma White were the only two that knew where I went and they weren't about to tell him. That's the only way I could get away from him.

EH: Well thank goodness.

SC: Mmhm. Alrighty, dear.

EH: Well could you just... if you just add your date I can fill in the rest.

SC: Let's see, the day before my birthday, the 16th. (signs) DO you want me to do—I can do the rest if you want me to. You want my telephone, don't you?

EH: Sure. I have it from Jerimy, but...

52:37

SC: Now I'm giving you my email, but don't ever try to get ahold of me that way because I never read it.

EH: Okay.

SC: But if you need to send me something or something like that. Do you want my address too?

EH: Sure.

SC: Why not.

EH: Great. Thank you.

SC: Yes, ma'am.

EH: Well it's so nice to meet you.

SC: Oh nice to meet you too.

EH: I'm so glad it worked out.

53:33

END OF TAPE