

Virginia Harwell: Horse and Buggy

VH: Folks didn't have no cars much back in them days. A few did, but not many. My parents didn't have any cars. And I can remember when Mama used to drive the horse and buggy from Elkmont Springs to Elkton to come to the store. Her horse was named Mink, Old Mink, and she was black as tar.

VH: Pretty horse. And she had a little, as my Daddy used to say, a Babcock buggy [laughter], didn't have no top on it and she'd just go flying to Elkton, I can see her now.

Virginia Harwell: Old Wooden Bridge

VH: And there was an old bridge there, and I think there's still some rocks in the river down there that was part of the pillars to the bridge, and there was, had a wood floor in it, the first bridge I ever remember down there. And, you could hear the floor, that floor rocking and a reeling and a carrying on when you crossed. And there used to be a black man that had a horse, it was a white horse, and he'd run that horse to Elkton, and we'd hear him coming, lickety split, boop-de-boop-de-boop down the road. I can't remember what his name was, but he'd run that horse, from Ardmore to Elkton. That horse would be wringing wet when he'd get here.