SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS RESEARCH CENTER

The University of North Carolina at Asheville

Interview with Jesse James Bailey  April and May, 1972
Tapes 1006.1 and 1006.2 (both sides)
Interviewed by Dr. Louis D. Silveri
Interview with Jesse James Bailey: Tapes 1006.1 and 1006.2.

[Side I, Tape 1006.1]

Mr. Bailey: ...Now about the hooked-rug business, there's a typical country store back in them days in the 20's. You can see how it looks today. But this rug business was a great industry to these mountain people. It just helped them wonderfully. Franklin D. Roosevelt got in, and he turned the country over to the union, John L. Lewis and a fellow by the name of Hugh Johnson. They sent inspectors in here, and found out that families were using their children to help make these rugs, and boy, they just cut them out like that! The poor people liked to have starved to death here 'til a Republican got in, and furnished them-- I put in a plug for my crowd as I go along!

But anyhow, this was every house that you can see here, sold these hooked rugs, made them. Here's that old-timey country store, see there? And they'd buy them, store people would buy them. There's a fellow named Proffitt right down here; I'll show you his place. He built a kind of a super market, and he bought them by the thousands, thousands. The people who come through on the highway here, stop and buy them. Everybody had them; every house, that I can see in sight, handled hooked rugs!

My friends in Washington, who were railroad people, the executives: president, vice-president, and so on, got onto it, and they liked them rugs. They'd call down here or write down here; I bet I made twenty trips over here and buy them some hooked rugs. Sent them to them in Washington. Boys, when they put that Child Labor Law on them, it really did ruin that family industry. Got them, and punished some of them, prosecuted them for working children under the age of the Child Labor Law.

Now this section down here that we're coming into is a pretty fair farming section, but you'll notice from the foothills, the green fields, and the green pastures and so on cattle is their big industry right around through here. Now, you see them beautiful grasslands out through there? They raise cattle, these white-faced cattle. This little section is known as Bald Creek; there's some of the old homes that was on the old highway. This Bald Creek High School here, and it's about the only section between-- I mean more populated section between Madison County line and Burnsville. Here's where Proffitt used to run-- see that big supermarket. I've bought a'many a rug out of that house right there; this store was there then.
Mr. Bailey: But you notice this land now, what's the tendable part of it, the flat lands; my golly, it'll raise anything that the season will permit.

Dr. Silveri: [inaudible].

Mr. Bailey: They're relocating this road as you noticed as we came on, and straighten out all these curves. We'll run into some of it down here, straighten out. This will be a fine road from Asheville to Burnsville when they get it done. Asheville to Spruce Pine, they've practically got it done from Spruce Pine to Burnsville. You look at that black land out there, that dirt where it's plowed up. There's an old-timer's home.

Dr. Silveri: Lovely country! Lovely!

Mr. Bailey: Oh, it's fine, fine country! Yancey County's a good county!

Dr. Silveri: Are they going to raise tobacco here?

Mr. Bailey: I imagine they will. That looks like tobacco ground, and they raise a lot of tobacco here as the Agricultural Department will give them acreage. But you can plant anything now a holl of tobacco anyway, you've got to have permission from the government. If you don't, they'll send people in like they did on these people who were using children to make these hooked rugs.

Here's an old-timey store, look at that. My golly, that's old! Now, this is Bald Creek we're crossing here, and we'll follow this on down. Well, we'll leave it because it goes into Cane River down here; on a little further down, this road breaks down here in two parts. One part turns left and goes across what they call Spivey Mountain and into Erwin, Tennessee. The other part goes straight on and ultimately--it's called 19-East I believe--that ultimately goes on into Portsmouth, Ohio. That's where that big road they're building out of Asheville is, where they're figuring on getting it plumb on through as Highway 19-East. Right here's where #19 turns off, goes west across them big mountains. We go straight ahead. That goes to Erwin.

Now, this section here is called Cane River. Now you're looking right again towards Mount Mitchell.

Dr. Silveri: That's Mount Mitchell?

Mr. Bailey: That's part of it right yonder. Cane River starts right in under Mount Mitchell. Nothing grown over there but a little corn. I believe they call it Cattail Creek, was the stream in which old Dr. Mitchell fell over a waterfall and drowned in 1857. I believe it was; I'm not too sure. There's a beautiful trip, and probably me and you may make that sometime. You can leave here; that's called Banks Creek, and go across and come out down yonder at the Forks of Ivy where I showed you. It's a cross-country road, ain't all paved, but it's worth the trip. Beautiful trip, it takes you right to the--
Mr. Bailey: Now here's Cane River School. This is the community center and a big high school. I came over here and made a talk several years ago back when I was active. Well, I wasn't active. I practically retired, they kept after me to come over here and make a talk. Yancey County is just nip-and-tuck, Republicans-Democrats; they wanted me to come over here and make a speech for the Republicans.

Getting off that subject, now this is the home of the former sheriff. He died a year or two ago. His name was Donald Banks. Buried him right there, and I came to his funeral in that church right up there, Cane River Baptist Church.

But getting back to this, they came over there and bagged me and bagged me, and I tried to turn them down, but there was an old fellow by the name of Hunnicutt that used to run the railway mail service there. He had some influence with me because I had worked with him so long. Finally, I decided I'd come; I promised him I'd come, and I did. So I came over here, and they were having this big political rally that night at the church. My wife came with me; that was back in her lifetime. We come on and had this big supper and a good time. They give me a royal welcome. I went on back to Asheville; they had their election about three weeks later, and the Democrats carried the county, after I'd made my speech! I told them that was my last political speech!

Dr. Silveri: We haven’t come to the Cane River yet, have we?
Mr. Bailey: Oh, we will right down here. I believe it's right over the other knoll over yonder. It's almost right in Burnsville.

Dr. Silveri: Have you ever eaten in the New Way Inn?
Mr. Bailey: What?
Dr. Silveri: Have you ever eaten in the New Way Inn?
Mr. Bailey: Oh Yeah! I've been there. Now sometime I want you to bring your family and come over here; they don't eat until 12:30. Now here's Cane River right over here. Now sometime I want you to come over here and eat at that place. It's been in operation since 1884. There's Cane River. See? That's a beautiful little--that's the finest fishing stream. Comes right under the top of Mount Mitchell. Oh, it's a fine stream! But now there's a good road you can turn off to the right down here below Burnsville, beyond Burnsville here, and follow it right on up right to the foot of Mount Mitchell. Used to have a toll road from Pensacola, that's as far as you can go in a car up Cane River. Used to have a toll road from there right to the top of Mount Mitchell.
Mr. Bailey: My golly, it was rough; I made the one trip--one time, me and this fellow I was telling you about Mr. Brosnan. He was General Manager of the Southern Railway then. We brought--they used to have a big camp up here at Cane River at Pensacola. We brought the President of the Railroad over there one time. We decided...[inaudible]. That was my last trip. It was an old railroad bed; they formerly had been a logging railroad up there from Pensacola to the top of Mount Mitchell where they'd cut all that timber out. Then they'd abandoned that; took the rails up, left the old cross-ties, and that's the way it was: just joggied-jog, joggied-jug. Used to charge people two dollars for going up there, and they just had plenty of them. That's Mount Mitchell back in yonder.

Dr. Silveri: You were talking about the New Way Inn.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, let's go by there; I want to show it to you. Then if I'm not with you sometime and you want to bring your family over here--

Dr. Silveri: I don't think they serve lunch, just breakfast and supper.

Mr. Bailey: Well, they probably will during the summer season--they might not serve. They hadn't been serving; they close the whole thing during the winter. You can stop there and see; I want you to meet the fellow there anyhow.

Dr. Silveri: I'd like to meet him.

Mr. Bailey: He's a good friend of mine. I always bring--when I have friends from Washington or special friends that I want to just show them something they've not seen in years and years, I bring them to the New Way Inn over here, and they ain't but twenty-five or thirty miles from here home, you know. My golly, I bring them over here, and they talk about it for years afterwards. That's a little industry here; I believe that's Burlington Industry. I'm not sure; it's something, but it's about--it and another one or two here beyond Burnsville towards Spruce Pine, that's about the only industries that they've got.

Now, that's the old road over there that went into Burnsville. They moved this--right at the top of the hill up yonder when you get there if you want to spend a couple of minutes spare time, why, you turn left. We go right out--I'll show you this whole--it's a nice little country town; it's the county seat of Yancey County. See that little ole thing with the cupola top on it?

Dr. Silveri: Yes.

Mr. Bailey: That's the courthouse. That was built, I believe, in 1908. Built out of concrete blocks. Of course, this New Deal come along, they built new offices and everything. I don't think they--that's the old courthouse; look at it. Next place up here, you turn left. The New Way Inn, you can see the sign.
Dr. Silveri: That's quite a view over there!

Mr. Bailey: That goes right on into the Mount Mitchell territory. Make a right turn up here. If you want to, we'll just park a minute and run in and see Old Rush. Here's the old Inn; it was built there a hundred years ago or more. That's—I think we can get us a parking place right here. I don't think we need to put any money in for the length of time we're going to be in there.

...Here one time since I had been with the Southern Railway, a solid week as a witness in a damage suit that was started here by the family of a doctor. I can't think of his name; I will maybe in a minute. But this old Doc, he was a Shriner. They was having a big Imperial Shrine Meeting in Washington in 1922, and I was in charge of the train as the security officer, of course. Old Doc, like most of the rest of the Shriners mostly that was on there. That was all that was on there, Shriners and their wives.

The Doc, like the most of the others, was drinking pretty heavily. He went out between the trains down here beyond Hickory, and he fell off and got killed. We missed him in Salisbury, but we's three days finding him. He had rolled down a big bank; he later sued us—his family did, here. I come over here as a witness, and brought several of the railroad employees. Of course, they had to have the conductor of the train, the flagman, and the porters off the Pullman cars. This was a Pullman Train, (exclusive Pullman, no day coaches) and we had several Pullman porters. We brought them over here. To make the story short as I can, I stayed at that place in that room right there. I had a wonderful time here— I mean the Oldman Ray was running it then, the old-original man. So, it was country ham and fried chicken and everything.

But now I'm going to tell you a little bit about this courthouse. The courthouse wasn't too old then. I believe it was built in 1908, but at that time in this county—this is kind of humorous a little bit, but incidently true. I wouldn't swear to it, but I believe it's really true. The courthouse was built in 1908, and this was about 1922 that I was here. But anyhow, there were no colored people in this county; none lived here, and they didn't have any. And for several years after that they didn't have any. Of course, there were no facilities here then, no water; had lights, electric lights, but no running water: no sewage, no nothing.

The courthouse out there even had a surface toilet and everything. But here were our niggers, you see, had to set away over on one side by theirselves. Question arose then—as I said there was no running
Mr. Bailey: (continued) water in the Courthouse; so, the way they served the people, they had buckets with dippers. Had a diper, and they'd bring in a fresh bucket of water. Then they'd serve the jury and pass the bucket around. They'd dip the water out, get them a drink; judges, lawyers, so on and so. Well, the question arose about water for these colored witnesses, my Pullman porters. So they went out and bought an extra bucket, a different bucket. I mean a new bucket and a new diper. They'd have that extra for the colored. When the colored wanted a drink, they had to get the water out of that bucket! But the best part of the story is that after we closed the case and got through and went to leave, they took this bucket and diper that the colored had been drinking out of--they took it out there on the back lot of the courthouse and buried it! That's how integrated they were!

Dr. Silveri: Oh, that's amazing!

Mr. Bailey: Well, sir, they sued us, and we tried that case here. It was purely--purely and simply a case of negligence on the part of the doctor himself. Got drunk, went over and even opened the door, but we tried it here with jurors from the families of people he'd doctored and everything. Dog-gone if they didn't give a verdict against us for fifty-thousand dollars! Well, we hammered and hammered, and we appealed on that case, and finally before they finally settled, we paid them twenty thousand and settled it out of court without appealing it any farther.

So, I've had them experiences. I've had a lot of experiences in my life! Yes sir, it was my duty to get them colored porters over here and back and everything; I was a little apprehensive around here. I think they stayed in the top of a livery stable down here, somewhere every night. Now if you want to, we'll just drive around the block. You can see the front of the thing; see, we saw it on the back there, and when come back now, we go right down that way.

Dr. Silveri: [inaudible]

Mr. Bailey: There's the old country store. Have you been there?

Dr. Silveri: No, I'm going in some day.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, when you got time you can. They had a big fire over here somewhere recently, but they've cleaned the lot off, I reckon. I can't see where it was. There's First Baptist Church, and nearly all of these people are Baptists. Mrs. Bennett up there, now she's a sister to Rush Wray that runs it. Now there's the front of the courthouse: 1908, as you can see.
Dr. Silveri: Oh yeah!

Mr. Bailey: 1908. But they built some additional office buildings with this free money somewhere along—I believe that’s one over there. I’m not sure. But now when we get right down here—look at that old place! That’s been the scene of many a gay party, Raga House, and it’s spelled different from the other Rays. Lots of Rays in this county, but they spell their name R-a-y, and this is R-a-g-a. Yeah, this is one of the public buildings here; now we’re right on our way towards Spruce Pine, and this is the old road. Now that road that we left over there, is the original road.

Now this country here: this town, this county, and everything I was telling you about, it’s come into its own as you see it now more or less since 1920. Because up ‘til that time along in them years they had no trains in here. They built a road from here to Oconee down here on the C. C. and O. Used to have a little passenger train that run in here one trip a day, and then go down here and connect with the C. C. and O. that went from Johnson City to Spartanburg. This country has certainly built up since 1920. Now the little railroad ended right over yonder, and some fellow come in here a year or two ago, bought a little old railroad equipment. Just a little freight line, freight service only, runs still. Runs from here down and connects with the C. C. and O., hauls all that mineral products and things out of here. Their little depot—yonder’s the little engine! See yonder! Boys, I’d like to have that!

We go right down—we’ll hit our main road that we left up yonder, right here. They had two or three passenger coaches there; they were trying to start it out, but come down here, and started it up and went broke. There’s a big industry, Burlington, I believe. It’s just been a few years, nineteen years. Now when we get on down here just a little bit, we’ll begin to run into these mica mines, where they mine mica. They’ve got factories here, I think, Burns’s or something. But this line, this little industrial line, I think belongs to the people of Yancey County, and they still operate it. It runs right down along over yonder. They still haul freight, minerals, and stuff out of there, and what—have—you. There’s a little railroad, see? That goes right on down across here, down on Toe River to a little place called Oconee and connects there with the C. C. and O.

Now, we’re going to get into a section where as a farming section doesn’t amount to much, because the ground is laid with mica, and that won’t grow nothing. But we’re right now down a little section. This little section we’re coming into now is known as Micaville. It’s between Burnsville and Spruce Pine, little community, but—
Dr. Silveri: Are there any factories that you can go in and visit in this particular area?

Mr. Bailey: Any what?

Dr. Silveri: Any factories here where they'll let you go in and look around?

Mr. Bailey: I imagine so, yes. I guess they would have let us go in them up there, any of them. I think that most of those we seen up there are more or less textile. If they belong to the Burlington Industries, I'm sure they are. I've never been in any of them, but--

Dr. Silveri: That's good rich soil again down there.

Mr. Bailey: What?

Dr. Silveri: That's good, rich soil down there--

Mr. Bailey: Yes. There's an old-timey log house. I'd like to own that. I was raised in one of them. Hewed--my father hewed the logs. I was born in one, and before the old house deteriorated and fell down--if I'd had any sense--I was a young boy then, more or less, on the railroad. If I'd had any sense, I would have saved the whole house. I had him--my daddy--before the old house fell apart, to saw me off a piece of log where the bed was.

Now, you can't hardly believe this story, but the furniture of a mountaineer in 1888 was--they'd take one of these big, long logs that was in the house. They'd go down here the length of the bed, and they'd bore a hole in the log with a two-inch auger. Then at the length of the bed, at the head of the bed, they'd bore another two-inch auger hole. Then they would take this and dip a sour-wood pole, just about the size of the auger hole. They'd take this sour-wood pole and cut it the width of the bed, the bed mattress bed tick, they called it then; they didn't have no mattresses. They'd drive this sourwood pole in here the width of the bedstead and let it come out this way about the height of the bed. Done the same way up here at the head of the bed. Then they'd cut a forked stick with a fork on it, and they'd put it under this sour-wood pole out here down on the floor; saw it off even so it was a support more or less. Then they would floor that with rough lumber, hewed lumber, called puncheons.

Now this little place called Micayille, we used to turn and go that
Mr. Bailey: (continued) way to Mount Mitchell, but we want to go by Spruce Pine. But anyhow, they put these supports, little forked posts under the off sides of the bed up here, under the sourwood pole that went in the auger hole of the log, and the same way up yonder at the head of the bed. Then they would floor this space between the head of the bed and the foot of the bed with long pieces of rough lumber that they'd hewed out called punchcom. Then on that they would place the bedding, the mattress, which was nothing more than a bed tick filled with straw, wheat straw. Finest sleeping in the world is done on that! Then they laid that on this shelf more or less it was, see? I had my Daddy to get one, that part of the log, that had this auger hole in it at the head of the bed. It's about two feet long—about this long. I put a chain on it, and eye-hooks and kept it in my office hanging up for many years. The piece of log is Poplar, Yellow Poplar. I kept that thing ever since in my office, more or less.

As you will notice since we left Burnsville, we's going down in here where it's hilly and coves and hollows. Now, up these is where most of the mica mines are. A lot of them has done been worked out many years ago, and they have a law now where they work them out especially if they work them open cut. Down here's one you'll see. They've got to fill it back up, but that's a big operation you see yonder. Looky yonder. Dogged if it ain't, ain't it?

Now, all through this country, you get up top of Mount Mitchell and look down on this country, and there's just marks where them mines—screenings and things, this screening stuff's been ground and threwed away. I don't know what they do with it. This is South Toe River here. This river from here on down from where it runs in the Nolichucky at Erwin is just full of it, absolutely floating to the top, almost, from Spruce Pine on because they're several other of these places where they're fanning it out.

Spruce Pine is not the county seat of Mitchell County, but is the most prominent town. Bakersville is the county seat, and it's a little old place. Ain't as big as Burnsville, and the courthouse ain't near as—Courthouse at Bakersville is nothing like as up-to-date as this one that's up at Burnsville.

Dr. Silveri: How come Burnsville has a courthouse if it's not the county seat?

Mr. Bailey: No, not Burnsville. I'm talking about Spruce Pine.

Dr. Silveri: Oh!
Mr. Bailey: Spruce Pine is the most important town, but the county seat of Mitchell County—now, we’re going into Mitchell County——

Dr. Silveri: Oh, I see!

Mr. Bailey: When we get over here to the river. The county seat of Mitchell County is Bakersville. Now, you talk about the back-woods country, I’ve seen this country that I can remember it back—well I can remember coming over in here along about 1910, along in there. That was before they had this Clinchfield Railroad all the way through. The Railroad they was, was at Asheville down through thata way.

I came to Spruce Pine over here one time in 1917 to a Republican Congressional Convention. I never will forget it. Had a right smart little battle to nominating our candidate for Congress. They nominated a fellow by the name of Charlie Jonas for Congress. He’s the father of our present Congressman up there now. All this country is predominantly Republican. Of course, now sometimes Yancey County goes Democratic, not too often. It’s all-Republican county up there now. Yancey has a Republican sheriff. Son of this man, I told you that I come to his funeral there. Now, down here’s another operation, see?

That one’s old and been worked out. I reckon. I don’t know. Yeah, they’re working that yet, and all up these hollows now you’ll find those—that’s a factory there—has been—where they ground this mica and shipped it in bags. Many times back when it was at it’s height, a block of mica this big would bring a hundred dollars!

Dr. Silveri: Wow!

Mr. Bailey: Oh, it was nice. You could sheet that thing off in little thin sheets and get down—there’s another mine up there. Get down as thin as cigarette paper. Why, clear as the crystal in your glasses! Oh, it was fine stuff. They had a purpose for it in Worlds War I. When it become prominent, they got to mining it over here. Look all in yonder, and you can see, cut all-to-pieces. This country’s cut all-to-pieces. It was their money crop here for years, on top of years, and still is.

Used to be an old fellow over here in the mica business by the name of Bailey. He came in here. I tried to muscle in with him because he had plenty of money; claimed kin with him, but it didn’t do much good. He was a Republican by the way. I believe he was elected to the State Senate in this county. Boy, they’s having a time with their election for tomorrow here.
Dr. Silveri: Oh yeah?

Mr. Bailey: Nomination you know, running. This is a primary; they're just nominating people.

Dr. Silveri: Are you going to vote the Republican ticket tomorrow?

Mr. Bailey: I'm going to vote in the Republican primary. See, I can't vote on the Democratic side; they won't let me. They won't let a Democrat vote in a Republican primary. They keep it all separate 'til the general election; then the Democrats try to keep the Republicans from voting in the general elections. I've known them a'using such methods as getting some lukewarm, renegade Republican out and getting him drunk until after the election. Crooked, my golly! How crooked politics are! I'm glad I'm through with it—but they really ravished that side up yonder!

Dr. Silveri: Oh, yes; it's a horrible sight!

Mr. Bailey: Funny though, as the fellow says--I've forgotten what writer it was: "There's gold in them there hills!" Wish I could find me a good gold mine! Had a right sad affair out there at--somewhere where they was a silver mine. Lost all them miners, forty or fifty of them!

..."Bowles For Governor!" I hope he gets nominated.

Dr. Silveri: You like him?

Mr. Bailey: Well, if I'm going to have a Democrat, I'd rather have him. That fellow Taylor, he's an old-timer. He's been in public office seventeen years; I don't believe in keeping them in that long.

Dr. Silveri: How about Wilbur Hobby?

Mr. Bailey: You mean that old union fellow?

Dr. Silveri: Yes.

Mr. Bailey: Why, he won't get to first base! He won't get there. People's fed up on these unions, you know. They've ruined this country; economically, they've ruined it, but then they've got down now to where they're killing one another, you know. That old fellows that's president of the steel company, Tony Boyle. Looks like they will connect him yet with that murder up there, which was just as bad as this one we had down here at Boone, three people: a man, his wife, and his son. This union man up there, they killed him, his wife, and his daughter. There goes a load of that stuff.
Dr. Silveri: Yes, I was going to ask you. That's mica rock he's carrying, right?

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, or some other mineral. They have a lot of other kind of minerals over here. Yeah, mica, and stuff and all that. They's a lot of minerals in this country. Now we're getting right close to Spruce Pine.

Dr. Silveri: Looks like we're driving along a ridge here, down into the valley.

Mr. Bailey: This part of the road they've never finished. They've got a plan to straighten this part of it; doing pretty well from Burnsville over to here. Right where you go into Spruce Pine, it's awful crooked.

Dr. Silveri: "Spruce Pine to Mineral City," it says.

Mr. Bailey: Oh, golly, if we go back up this way to the Parkway, they've got a big museum up yonder, if you're interested in minerals.

Dr. Silveri: Yes.

End of Side I, Tape 1006.1

End of Side II, Tape 1006.1

Mr. Bailey: They's a certain characteristic about them that I admire--a lot of people don't admire it, but I admire it, and that characteristic is that they keep what they get. By golly, they hold to it!

Dr. Silveri: Like that old farmer who had ten-thousand dollars in his pockets?

Mr. Bailey: Yeah! Yeah, I knew another old fellow down there in Madison County. A fellow by the name of Dave Freeman died, and he had six-thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills. Old clothes, just as ragged and filthy looking as any highway bum you've seen.

Now, this is the great city of Spruce Pine, and that's the Toe River right there, and we cross the bridge right here and go right into the middle of it. I'd like for us to go by the railroad station. I used to have a friend who worked there. I don't know whether he works there yet or not.

Dr. Silveri: Ok.
Mr. Bailey: Anything now you want to do here? Do you want to visit any shops or--?

Dr. Silveri: I want to see if I can see anything in operation.

Mr. Bailey: Well, there's Spruce Pine Lumber Company.

Dr. Silveri: Are there any sawmills around?

Mr. Bailey: Well, there ain't no sawmills right in Spruce Pine, but there's where they finish this lumber. They've probably got planing mills and things like that. They--truth-of-the-matter is now I'm not too familiar with their manufacturing industries here not too familiar with them.

Dr. Silveri: Follow this road to the railroad station?

Mr. Bailey: No, go right across here. Now, we're crossing Cane River, and also the C. C. and O. Railroad Station is right down there. We make a right out here. Now that's the road to Bakersville, the county seat, about ten miles over there. That's a funny looking rock of some kind ain't it? Looks like it might have some silver in it. I guess that's mica. This old boy over here that I know, his name's Howard something, I forgot. He used to be with a band; he was one of the best guitar players that I know of in the country. Let's go right this away. Right there's the Depot; that used to be a pretty good place to eat, but we're not--it's not eating time. We'll get back up on the mountain top.

Dr. Silveri: Yeah.

Mr. Bailey: The best place to eat here is up on the upper place. Right here, let's find a railroad place right here where we're going.

Dr. Silveri: You want to stop here and go in and see that fellow?

Mr. Bailey: Yeah. [they pause]

...On Main Street, those streets then were dirt streets. The next morning we went over there to this school house--we'll have to go up this way, it's one way. Went over there across to the school house the next morning, and they had Old-man Taylor from over here at Jonesboro. Alf was an old politician and was a brother to Bob that was formerly
Mr. Bailey: (continued) governor. There's a little bridge still there; they've built it, of course. There's a big school house right over there.

Now there's Toe River down there. See, there's no bright sand in it. Now, we've got to turn left here, I believe. I'm pretty sure we have. We crossed--let's see where I am here. We go back and go up that other side. Now if you're ever over here--right now, here's where the old hotel was, but it was wood. It was built out of this rough lumber where they had sawed it. Now if you're ever here and want to eat, this is a good little restaurant right along here somewhere or was, used to be. Me and my wife used to eat here; I used to come over here quite a little bit, drive around over the country. Well, let's just go back down to the bridge, Louis. What do you want me to call you? Louis or Mr.--?

Dr. Silveri: That's good enough.

Mr. Bailey: Mr.-- I kindly like the looks of that Injun! Indian! I think I know her husband over at Marion, Clinchfield. Now, we make a left turn down here, Louis. Right down yonder a little further, go across, back across the bridge. When we get there, we take right up the hill there, now. I believe that's what I'm--I ain't been over here in so long. This is the way we come in; let's go right straight. Yeah, I think we're right. Pretty sure we are.

Dr. Silveri: This will take us up to the Blue Ridge Parkway, right?

Mr. Bailey: Yeah. Yeah, this is #226; this goes right on down. See? That's twenty miles to Marion. Yeah, Louis, I'm right. I thought the last time I was here I came in over yonder. I might have, but this is the real road.

I didn't finish about this big Republican Convention in that school house right down there. They had the Old-man Alf Taylor there. He was the old pride of East Tennessee. He was a Republican, and his brother Bob who had been governor was a Democrat. Old Alf was an old-time fiddler, typical mountaineer from over there on the Nolichucky River and a great fox hunter. I can remember that as well as yesterday.

Old Alf played the fiddle for us. Had a great-big, old-deep base fiddle--deep tone, rather. My golly, he was a great fox hunter and loved fox dogs, and he played "Old Rattler"... "Here Rattler, Here..." I can see that big old foot 'til today, coming down. Didn't have no accomplishments--no accompaniment, no nothing, just him playing the fiddle.
Mr. Bailey: Alf Taylor, and he made us a talk and had on shoddier old clothes than I’ve got. He made us a inspirational Republican speech back in them days. Boy, he really went after them. Well, it went on. In later years I became sheriff of Madison County, and "Alf" become governor of Tennessee. I caught a fellow from down there around Newport by the name of Sneed, hauling liquor down there. He got away, and I extradited him. Got extradition papers from the governor. Alf was governor; he issued them extradition papers, and before I got this fellow some lawyer from Newport, a ex-governor by the name of Ben Hooper--Sneed had employed Ben Hooper, and before I could get to go after him, Alf sent me a telegram to revoke these extradition papers. So, I never did get Steve Sneed.

My golly, I forgot to ask old Howard down there--I'm sorry about that--about some of these industries. We could have went in them, I guess. Look at this golf course. Are you a golfer?

Dr. Silveri: No.

Mr. Bailey: Don't you play golf?

Dr. Silveri: No.

Mr. Bailey: Neither do I; never played a game in my life. While I was sheriff of this county, I had a free pass to all the golf courses. I never played; I'm as ignorant of that as I am of this horse racing. But I really want to bet a little money this time on--there's one of the finest chair shops in this country. I know people from Florida and everywhere else bought chairs there. They make them. There's a fellow up here on this road, a little further up, that's the finest artificer in metal. He makes anything in iron or steel, ornamental things, things like that. Oh, he knows his stuff!

Mitchell County. Yeah, I've known Old Howard Carpenter for years and years. He use to be--play with a friend of mine, a fiddler by the name of Clarence Green. Old Clarence is known throughout this country as "Fiddling Clarence Green." Boy, he was actually the best mountain fiddler I have ever heard in my life on some certain tunes. Now he had certain tunes. Now, I'll tell you, Louis, there's very few better fiddlers than this Old Doc out at the ... !Inaudible!, Mountain fiddlers. Educated men, too; most of these educated people want to play by notes, but Old Doc don't. He wants to play old-timey, mountain music. My God! He's just as good a fiddler--to be as young as he is, he ain't but thirty-one years old.
Mr. Bailey: Now, we're going right along 'most parallel with that Clinchfield Railroad. We'll come to where it crosses this Blue Ridge up here and takes that mountain trip through into Marion. They've got one streak of road there from Alta Pass to Marion that's got seventeen tunnels on it!

Dr. Silveri: Wow!

Mr. Bailey: Back in the old days now when they run steam, that when you would get in them tunnels, and them engines would be so hot. That smoke couldn't -- exhaust would come right down on you! We've got the same situation on the Asheville Division of the Southern Railway except not near so many tunnels. We've got seven tunnels; that's ten humps to make. That's the most interesting piece of railroad over there, Mr. Silveri. From Ridgecrest to Old Fort is three and a half miles the way a crow flies, and by rail on our railroad from Ridgecrest to Old Fort, it's a distance of twelve miles!

Yeah, we're right at the Parkway. You want to see this thing?

Dr. Silveri: I don't think it's open -- is it? If it is, I'd like to.

Mr. Bailey: I don't know. Yeah. Yes, it's open. I don't know; see the windows barred up. Museum of North Carolina Minerals. No, it ain't open.

Dr. Silveri: Opened weekends.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah.

Dr. Silveri: Nine to five.

Mr. Bailey: I've been in it; it's just--of course, I'm not too interested in minerals. and I don't know--now we go up this way--I don't know--guess we'll have to go out yonder. I don't know enough about minerals. Now, we're hitting the Blue Ridge Parkway right here, "No Commerical Vehicles!" We're not commerical are we? "Asheville: fifty-three miles." That ain't far is it?

Dr. Silveri: Boy, look at that view!

Mr. Bailey: Oh, they's the prettiest! They's a place around there, development there in Little Switzerland, big hotels, summer people. Why, the Justices of the Supreme Court got a place around there. Oh, everybody--now, that side over there after we cross that gap is McDowell
Mr. Bailey: (continued) County. That's another world down that away. When we get out here a little ways, look how far back the timber is, ain't even no leaves on some of it. Be two weeks before these Rhododendron will be in bloom. Tell you what I want you to do, Mr. Silveri: About twenty days from now--no, a little more than that. It will be the fifteenth of June; I want you to come back over that same road we've come through Burnsville and go over to Bakersville, and up to a place that's right on the Tennessee line called Roan Mountain. There's more Rhododendron, Purple Rhododendron, there to the square foot than there is out here on Craggy that we brag so much about.

Oh, they've got it; I've never seen the like!

Stuff's so way late up here that I don't see any azaleas in bloom or nothing. We're about fifteen days ahead of the bloom; I guess it's been pretty dry. There's some pretty pink blooms. That's called the Star of Bethlehem. We call it the Mountain Magnolia; got them great-big, pretty-white blossoms. So far as I know I'm the only fellow around Asheville that's got any in the yard; I've got a couple of trees of them, but of course I set them out there years ago. I wouldn't take nothing for them! Mountain Magnolia.

Blue Ridge Parkway...I love this road. There's a camp ground around here on the right called the Ogle Meadows. No, Crabtree Meadows. See, people--there's a town in here, through there, back there. That's Little Switzerland. Oh, all these summer people! I come around here one time, me and my wife, several years ago. Howard and "Fiddling" Green and Gus Washburn, and a bunch of others played out there. Now look this way! Look down yonder!

Dr. Silveri: Oh, that's swell!

Mr. Bailey: Oh, that's beautiful!

Dr. Silveri: You can see for miles!

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, but you can see them scars where they mined that mica! I've been trying to get my daughter to sell out in Greensboro. She's got a beautiful place; sell out there, and me sell out where I am and pool our assets, and come up in here around Boone or Linville. Buy us a nice little place and settle down on it for life.

Dr. Silveri: This goes through a tunnel.

Mr. Bailey: What?
Dr. Silveri: That was--how many tunnels on this Parkway?

Mr. Bailey: Look over yonder!

Dr. Silveri: Oh, houses way up on the hill!

Mr. Bailey: Have you ever been on the Parkway before?

Dr. Silveri: Yes, but I've only been up to Craggy Gardens going to Asheville.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah. Well, you ain't been to Mount Mitchell.

Dr. Silveri: Little Switzerland. Where is that?

Mr. Bailey: That's a town right--

Dr. Silveri: Right down here?

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, we passed part of it, and the rest of it is out here.

Dr. Silveri: Where is that restaurant that that lady suggested we go to? I'm afraid Mount Mitchell one won't be open.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, I believe it will. If it don't, we'll get us a handout! There's Little Switzerland. I forget what she told us. Old Lady Bennett, now she's a sister to Rush Wray. I thought that was Rush that came in there, but it wasn't. I wanted you to meet Old Rush, a fine guy. I like Old Rush; he's a mountain man.

See all over yonder! Looky yonder! That's low landers, come in here and bought this stuff up. I guess land in here now would cost a man a hundred dollars (a) foot. All down here, fifteen or twenty houses. Now unless you just naturally wanted to go to Mount Mitchell--

Dr. Silveri: \[inaudible]\.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, ground hog.

Dr. Silveri: Ground hog!

Mr. Bailey: Looks mighty pretty up at Mount Mitchell over there. Now, there's one place out here that would be an awfully pretty trip. If you ever come back up here, I want you to make that trip. We could turn off out here to the left and go down Buck Creek and come into the Interstate Forty, and then to Asheville that way, but we'd miss Mount Mitchell. You haven't seen from here to--you've been, you say to Craggy Gardens?
Dr. Silveri: Yes, I haven't been to Mitchell yet.

Mr. Bailey: Well, we better just go by it, hadn't we?

Dr. Silveri: If we ever do come back, we'll take that road.

Mr. Bailey: What?

Dr. Silveri: If we ever come back--

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, if we come back sometime. I sure was glad to see Old Howard Carpenter. I've known that fellow for thirty years when he was with "Fiddling" Green's Band. It was him; he play the--I played the guitar, Gus Washburn played the piano, Fiddling Green played the fiddle, and Old Raymond Fairchild played the five string. Boys, they had a band that wouldn't quit!

Do you read the United States News? In this current issue I read a story in there that where they're predicting this big tourist season, and it says that the Superintendent of the National Parks says they may have to ration people.

Dr. Silveri: Right!

Mr. Bailey: I see where a fellow and his brother or his son or somebody started them a little sight-seeing service up there, and that's a thing I've been thinking about for years 'cause I knew the isolated places, you know. I could have showed them--like this now, this is another country. Back to the left is this town Little Switzerland.

Now this is the prettiest piece of highway in the United States, in my opinion. All the way through from here to Cherokee, just like this: About a month from now when all the flowers get out, and the flowers on the ground, trilliums and things like that. Oh boy, they're pretty! Now, that's a different world back that way. That goes back to Marion and towards Charlotte and Hickory and all through that way. This goes back towards Spruce Pine, Burnsville, Bakersville, and through that away into the Tennessee Line. The Tennessee Line is right at the top of this place I was telling you of Roan Mountain.

Dr. Silveri: We just keep climbing and climbing here until we get to Asheville?

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, yeah.
Dr. Silveri: And Mitchell is the highest peak east of the Mississippi?

Mr. Bailey: East of the Mississippi River, really east of the Rocky Mountains. Now they's one out here in the Smokey Mountains that comes within about forty feet of Mount Mitchell. I believe it’s Clingman's Dome, and they toyed with the idea here awhile back of building it up. The conservationists and people--oh, they cut the awfullest shine that's ever been heared of. They dropped that idea finally.

Boy, it took something to figure this thing out, didn't it?

Dr. Silveri: Oh, yes! I’ve been building for years. I think they started in 1935 or '36.

Mr. Bailey: I went to Washington when they--I went up there; I took a special train from Asheville up there with all their lawyers, doctors, preachers, and everybody just after Roosevelt was elected. He appointed an old fellow by the name of Ickes; Harold Ickes was the man that granted this. Tennessee was there with their forces; they had Old Senator Keller from Memphis, big wheel. He was for putting it over on the Tennessee side, and oh, he--we had the biggest fight you ever seen right there in the Interior. He was Secretary of the Interior, and when we get to the next place out here, we could probably see Mitchell.

Harry Ickes, now if you want to, you can drive out this little edge and stop...[inaudible]. But you can get a view of the mountains from here, can't you?

Dr. Silveri: Wow!

Mr. Bailey: Look at that. Drink them in. I can drink that stuff like drinking bourbon liquor. I've never tried any bourbon, but that is just beautiful. You can't beat that! Now, you see that deep gorge over yonder, Mr.--Louis. Well, now that's where Cane River comes--

Dr. Silveri: Oh, I see.

Mr. Bailey: The one we crossed at Spruce Pine, it comes on out up through there.

Dr. Silveri: Called Three Knobs Overlook, elevation thirty-eight hundred and seventy-five feet!

Mr. Bailey: Yeah.

Dr. Silveri: View of the Black Mountain Range...[inaudible].
Mr. Bailey: That's the Black Mountain Range. Yes, sir, that's marvelous! That is marvelous. This thing hung fire for years; then they started it. About the time they started it, why, World War II come along! Oh, they had some of it graded then, but none paved. I come up on this from Asheville to Mount Mitchell when it was just gravel, before it was ever paved.

Now, this is--left now--this is the McDowell County country back through yonder.

Dr. Silveri: Looks like virgin forest back over there.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, but it's not. This is all cut-over land. Wish they'd got, they wish the government--now, there's this campground.

Dr. Silveri: Look going there. There's a restaurant there, too. Is this Mount Mitchell?

Mr. Bailey: No, this ain't Mount Mitchell. This is--

Dr. Silveri: I want to take a look at that campground.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, you may want to come out here. I've been wanting to come out here and spend the night sometime. I spent the night up at Mountain Park on this Blue Ridge.

Dr. Silveri: Oh, yeah. It's really lovely!


Dr. Silveri: Doughton used to be the State--the United States Representative from Mexico.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, yeah. He was a Congressman from that section up there for years. I don't know where in the heck--that's the camp ground. See, there's a fellow with his trailer camping out there now. I guess he gets cool around here. Tent campers...picnic campers...travel trailers...so and so. Well, this looks like it would be an interesting place, doesn't it?

Dr. Silveri: Yeah.

Mr. Bailey: Come out here in the hot summertime.
Dr. Silveri: Oh, they have it fixed up nice!

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, ain't they got it fixed! Yes sir, nice fixed. My wife was a out-of-door person sort of like myself. We'd get—I've had a station wagon for years and years. I went down to our car shop in Spartanburg and bought me a couple of those Pullman mattresses. Oh, they're fine. You know, out of the old Pullman car. I had them cut just to fit my back of my station wagon. Had nobody, but me and my wife, no children nor nothing. We went...

Dr. Silveri: There are falls here, I guess, aren't they? . . . .[inaudible] Crabtree Falls?

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, that's way out--

Dr. Silveri: Forty-five minutes or so from here.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, I think you've got to walk there. We would fix our bed and everything in the station wagon before we left home. She--just her and me; I had a out-of-door grill, Coleman campstove, all of that stuff. I'd load that stuff all in the back. We'd go all over this country. These high places, 'way up around Boone and places like that. We just had that nice Pullman mattress in the back, all fixed and all fluffed and everything, and pull out to a place like this and spend the night. We enjoyed it; we spent two or three nights right on the top of Mount Mitchell. Couldn't do it now; they've got it restricted. They close it at ten o'clock, or eight o'clock, or what-have-you. We just--

Dr. Silveri: That's open and Mount Mitchell isn't.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, I imagine it is, yeah.

Dr. Silveri: . . . .[inaudible]...come back.

Mr. Bailey: What?

Dr. Silveri: We're not far from Mount Mitchell, are we?

Mr. Bailey: No.

Dr. Silveri: The Federal Government does a real good job . . . .[inaudible] a place like this, right?

Mr. Bailey: Yeah! Oh, yeah!
Dr. Silveri:  F.D.R. started it, didn't he? We've got to give him credit for it, I guess. It was during the 1930's they started building this Parkway?

Mr. Bailey:  Yeah.
Dr. Silveri:  Do you remember?
Mr. Bailey:  You like it down at Asheville?
Dr. Silveri:  Yeah, one day I'll come back and stay longer.
Mr. Bailey:  When do you get through here?
Dr. Silveri:  Oh, we're going home June 12; we're coming this road with my camping trailer, and I am going to camp all the way along through Virginia.
Mr. Bailey:  You'll find plenty of places just like this. Plenty of them! Now see this Rhododendron all along here that you see that will be in bloom next month, about the fifteenth of June. Now what are you going to do when you get back up there?

Dr. Silveri:  Probably teach this summer. Be pretty busy this summer. I really wish I could spend the summer down here.

Mr. Bailey:  I wish you could! Can't you teach down here?
Dr. Silveri:  Well, I'm already committed back there.
Mr. Bailey:  Oh yeah. Well, I wouldn't "commit" for next summer!
Dr. Silveri:  No, I'd like to come down next summer!

Mr. Bailey:  Yeah, just stay down here after you get through. . . But this is nice forest land here, isn't it? Most of it is second-growth timbers, but years and years, sixty or sixty-five years ago, they cut over all this virgin stuff. Very little virgin timber in here yet. I'll probably show you some maybe between here and Asheville, but you know on the Asheville side, they had a big mill at Black Mountain, big lumber mill. They built a railroad from Black Mountain to Mount Mitchell. Let's drive out in this one. We ought to see Mount Mitchell from here. Yeah, I see it up yonder, but I can't show it to you. Now look at this valley down here.

Dr. Silveri:  Wow! That's beautiful!

Mr. Bailey:  Black Mountain. Ain't that pretty?

Dr. Silveri:  Let me read this sign here: "View of Black Mountain, the largest mountain masses in the east. Fifteen peaks over six-thousand feet
Dr. Silveri: (continued) in elevation, extend eleven miles from north to south. Mount Mitchell, elevation six-thousand six-hundred and eighty four is the highest mountain of the Appalachians."

Mr. Bailey: Yeah. Ok.

Dr. Silveri: Fifteen peaks over six thousand--

Mr. Bailey: What about that?

Dr. Silveri: Mountain range. Beautiful valley down there.

Mr. Bailey: Now, from here on around to where we cross that other road, there's another road that crosses. We could have turned right at-- we could have turned right, coming from Burnsville down there at Micaville. We could have come up another road; there's another road through there.

Dr. Silveri: Yes.

Mr. Bailey: Beautiful. We'd have come right up Cane River, but we wanted to go by Spruce Pine. I'm glad we went by Spruce Pine. I'm glad I seen my old-friend Howard, Howard Carpenter. Although Louis, I know of hundreds of places pretty as this. Now, you take the other way. Sometime I'd like the privilege of taking you up in what we call the Sapphire Country. That's up beyond Brevard, Rosman, Lake Toxaway, and on through towards Cashiers Valley and Highlands, all them places. We haven't touched them yet!

Dr. Silveri: You like ramps?

Mr. Bailey: Well, I can eat them, but I'm not fond of them. Did you go to the ramp convention?

Dr. Silveri: No, the day before we came up, we were with some colleague of yours, came up to Craggy Gardens, and picked some ramps.

Mr. Bailey: Up where?

Dr. Silveri: Craggy Gardens.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah. Well, was there any up there?

Dr. Silveri: Oh, yeah! The place was full! We picked a whole bag full! I brought them back home and sautéed them with scrambled eggs. They were delicious!
Mr. Bailey: Yeah.

Dr. Silveri: If I had some money, I'd clean them up and load them up--

end of Side II, Tape 1006.1

Side I, Tape 1006.2

Mr. Bailey: But you take these people now, I'm sure that you people from up Massachusetts and those places really enjoy this, too. But the people that enjoys this is those big flatlanders from down there in Florida where it's hot, swampy, sandy, and everything else.

Dr. Silveri: I miss the ocean here, but that's about the only thing I miss--salt-water oceans.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah.

Dr. Silveri: Sandy beaches. There's not many good places to swim around here.

Mr. Bailey: All that there is is artificial; it's home-made lakes and things. Now, when we look down from up here--anyhow from Mount Mitchell, I see Lake Tahama. We go by that if we was to go down by Bill Gibb's Steak House. It's down in there...inaudible; it's on Buck Creek. Buck Creek, that creek makes beautiful, clear water; but it's a commercial proposition. People's homes...high-falutin' folks.

Ain't too many people on this Parkway in here, is they? Summer people ain't coming in yet. I love to go around--it's nice that you can go. I don't care where I go; I go nearly anywhere within a radius of a hundred or so miles, and I'll run into somebody I know just blend right in with some friends.

... I met an old fellow down here. Here's a story that's interesting. This actually happened down here at Marshall in 1898, no methods of conveyance or travel or anything. They was building a big dam up there on Ivy, the first dam that Carolina Power and Light Company ever built on Ivy Creek. That was a rough-and-rugged place where they was building it, and the mountain people all wanted a job and all got a job. They all worked that would, mostly. An old man named Carter down there, Lewis Carter, and he had a boy named Bob. Bob was about eighteen years old then. He was about seven-foot tall, and he had a big long teeth [sic] that crooked out this way and talked kindly [sic] through his nose. He was sort of a typical fellow
Mr. Bailey: (continued) "...inaudible." His daddy was working on this big dam. They was a'blasting rock and a'shooting off and everything. Bob had went from—see that deer? Looky there! There’s two! Yeah boy, they’re pretty ones, ain’t they? They’re gone though.

Anyhow, Bob had gone to Marshall about four miles from the Ivy Dam, hot-summer weather. Bob was always, never could get a fit in clothing. His trousers would strike him—he was so tall. He was nearly seven foot, and his trousers struck him about half way up from his ankles to his knees. So Bob had walked off and went down to Marshall that morning. So 'long up in the day, a boom came around somehow or other and hit the Old-man Carter (his daddy) and another man. Knocked them away down in a rock pile about thirty feet below. Thought it had killed them, you know. They had no breath or nothing, no respiration methods or nothing.

But anyhow, they thought him and the other fellow both dead. So somebody said they’d better send down at Marshall and tell Bob to come home...inaudible. So they sent a runner down to Marshall to tell Bob his daddy was killed. So he run off down there about four miles and told Bob, "They want you to come home right quick! You're daddy got killed up there awhile ago!" Bob just tore out in a run from Marshall up to Ivy Dam them four miles; hot weather, got up there sweating like a horse, you know.

All excited, people was standing around this little porch where his daddy was. In the meantime, though, since the runner had gone to Marshall, and Bob had got back and everything, the people had put a little camphor asafetida and stuff on the old man and rubbed him up a little and found out he wasn’t hurt just addled, the breath knocked out of him. He was up moving around. Bob come back. Bob run in all excited, his big, long teeth...inaudible.... He said, "Is Pop dead?" Somebody said, "Why no, Bob; he's not dead! He ain't even hurt much!" Bob said, "Damn, my luck!" He was mad because he had run all that way, you know. That’s a story that’srambled around Marshall for years and years. Them Madison County people used to be very humorous, had lots of fun. They didn’t have not shows nor nothing. They never had no shows in Madison County ’til 1919, no picture shows, and they was all silent then, no talkies.

Dr. Silveri: When you were growing up, how often did you go down to Asheville?

Mr. Bailey: That was the only place I could go. Only place—it was fifteen miles from my home to Asheville.
Dr. Silveri: How many times a year did you get down to Asheville?

Mr. Bailey: About once a year, we'd go. Sometimes back in the old days in the '90's, up at '98 and '99, we raised tobacco called this barn-cured. You'd put it in and fire cure it. Now, the tobacco we raise in our country is air-cured tobacco, Burley, big dark-leaf. But this tobacco we raised back in the '90's was bright leaf, and you cured it with firewood.

We'd go about once a year and sell our tobacco; that's about the only time I'd ever get to Asheville. I can remember my first trip to Asheville; it was in '94. I went with my father and my grandfather on the train from my old home, fifteen miles below Asheville. I went on the train. You know Asheville was the second city in the United States that got the street cars, electric lights. They were proud of them.

I remember when I first went to Asheville and up until, as I say, up until '98 and 1900, the streets between the sidewalk and between the buildings wasn't a thing but dirt. It wasn't paved at all, not even cobblestone. The sidewalks where you walked on the sidewalk in front of the stores, they were boards; wood, made out of wood. Then at the crosswalks where they'd have one street intersecting with another, they had great-big, huge stones spaced two feet a place on them, and they'd put them down in the dirt to keep you from getting in the mud when they was bad weather. You'd walk to where they was a corner, and when you wanted to cross the street, you stepped from one stone to another.

They said the most notorious mudhole that was ever heard tell of was right down there on the corner of Woodfin Street and Broadway.

The rich fellows them days, they'd come in from the east and Charleston. We had no Florida people them days; didn't have no Florida, I don't reckon. But anyhow, this old aristocrat lived there, and at the corner of Broadway and Woodfin--he started out, and it had been raining for two or three days like it has now. The street was just a lob-lolly. He started across the street at this particular point, noted as the biggest mudhole that was ever known.

Well, this old fellow started out, and he had a gold headed walking cane and rared-back long coat. He went to step across them stepping stones, and he noticed a hat a'laying there in the mud. So, he took his cane and knocked that hat around a little bit to pick it up and get it out of the mud. He recognized that there was something a 'moving under it.
Mr. Bailey: He got to looking, and a man's head was moving around. This old fellow said, "Good golly, man, are you human?" He said, "Yes, sir!" The other man said, "Well, you're not in the mud that deep, are you?" Old guy says, "Hell, I'm standing on a wagon load of hay!" The whole thing had been swallowed up!

Well sir, I remember the first time very well. I was a big chump of a boy; I was pretty big for my age, six-years old. Ninety-four, going to school, what little school there was. I went with my father to sell the tobacco. My daddy wasn't alcoholic nor nothing like that, but he'd take a drink, I liked it. Everybody most of them days had liquor of their own and in their house and everything. Anyhow, when you went on a little trip, it was kindly habitual; everybody would take a little drink.

We got up there; I remember the place as well as yesterday. It was on the corner of Woodfin--I mean of Broadway and College Street. Had an old saloon there called Hampton and Featherstone. Daddy went in there and got him a little bottle of liquor. Them days they called it Peach and Honey; it was peach brandy and honey mixture, very potent; I reckon. Dad drank him a little slug or two of it, enough to make him talk good. We got down there in that warehouse where all these people congregated. There was some merchant in there who had just been to New York on a buying spree or something, and he'd viewed they had on exhibit the first automobile that was ever made. He was telling about it, about its advantages and everything.

Of course, people knew nothing then but horse and buggy. But he was telling about this thing that you could sit up there and guide it, had big wheels like a buggy, hard-rubber tires and so and so. Oh, he described it thoroughly and seemed to be very highly elated that he had seen it, and was proud to get to describe it to people who hadn't seen it. First automobile that was ever made. He kept telling about it; maybe he'd had a little drink, too. I don't know. Anyhow my daddy and my grandfather was along, too. But they listened at that very attentively to this man's story. He went and described it: "Why, you don't have to have no horse, no nothing. Just sit up there, and you make it run twelve or fifteen miles an hour!" He was very proud at having seen that invention.

My daddy listened at it very attentively, and finally, the man, he run down and when he got through, my daddy chimed in. He said, "Well, I'll tell you we've got a plow down in my country at Madison County that runs without man or horse!" Well, that attracted everybody's attention there. This fellow
Mr. Bailey: (continued) that had been to New York said, "Well that is a marvel! How does that operate?" My daddy says, "A woman and a steer!" He figured that thing out: a woman and a steer. Well, them was the good ole days...good ole days...

Of course, I've told you that story about this old man up down in Madison County for manufacturing liquor. He was an old violator, been up several times—the name of Josh Gunther. Everybody called him Uncle Josh. Well, they got around the courthouse toying with him; he was pretty old. They went to calling him Josh-away: Josh-away this and Josh-away that. The lawyer, the solicitor, and so on, finally the judge got on to it; he says, "Josh-away, are you the man who made the sun stand still?" Old-man Gunther looked up at Judge Dave Burke and said, "No, Your Honor, I'm the man that made the moon shine!"

Dr. Silveri: Do you have any idea how many you caught for moonshining in Madison County in your years?

Mr. Bailey: No, I haven't, but I'd say it would run up about a hundred or more. More stills! My golly, I got two or three-hundred stills! You see a lot of times you'd get to the operation, and the operators would get away. All you'd have was the old still; tear it down. All they'd do then after you tore it down, tore it up and everything, they'd get them another boiler and equipment and start out again!

Did I ever tell you that story about watching a still before daylight, and a fellow coming in that was going fox hunting? I believe I told you that; maybe I didn't. But anyhow this was 'way back in an isolated section of the country. I had a report on this still, and I slipped through it before daylight because the moonshiners in my county never did still at night. They's afraid you'd slip up on them. They'd still in the day time; then they could see who was coming.

So, I made a practice of going in before daylight and being there when they come. This instance, I got in there about three o'clock in the morning, before day. Had a couple of men with me, and we hid ourselves good. It was raining when we got in there, but it later turned to snow. It was winter time, and it turned out snow. Here come these big snowflakes; they just fell like geese feathers. We stayed there and tramped around, and stayed there. After awhile it got daylight. A pretty-good, little snow fell, an inch or couple of inches of snow. We hadn't had any breakfast, and we decided to quit and go home; destroy the outfit and go in.
Mr. Bailey: About the time we made that decision, I looked across the pasture-field there was there. You could see for three or four-hundred yards. I seen a man a'coming right towards the still, coming on right hastily. Still a'snowing, you know. So he come right on to the still, stopped right in front of it, and when he did, I stepped out. I knew the fellow. I was surprised to see him there because he lived four or five miles, and I didn't think it was his. I didn't have no idea it was his still or he knewed anything about it. A fellow by the name of George Roberts, a good friend of mine; I known him all my life, but I stepped out and went to walking hastily down towards George.

I said, "Good morning, George!" George sort of looked up very surprised, and said, "Why, good morning, Sheriff!" I rushed down to him; I thought he was going to run, but he didn't. I rushed right on down to his side, and I said--he was standing right in front of the still, but as he had come through this pasture-field I noticed he had stopped at the dead tree that had fallen in the pasture land and got him an armful of dead limbs. Brought them with him and threwed them down right in front of the still, just as if he was going to start a fire at the still.

But anyway, I said, "George, what are you doing here this morning, and it so cold?" He said, "Why, I've started a fox hunt!" I said, "Well, where's your dogs? You can't fox hunt without dogs!" "Well, I'll tell you I was going over here to Frank Reynolds across the mountain, and go with Frank today and use his dogs." I knew Frank Reynolds, and Frank was a fox hunter and had plenty of dogs.

So, I asked him another question: I said, "Well, George, wonder what you're going to do with that wood that you picked up there as you come across the pasture-field?" He says, "Why, I was going to build me up a little fire, warm my feet; my feet are cold and wet. It's cold this morning; I was going to build me a little fire and warm my feet." He was just as sincere as if he'd been on the mourner's bench at the church. I said, "You wasn't going to build a fire under this still here to warm your feet by, were you?"

He said, "Lord O'Mercy, Sheriff, is there a still here?" I said, "What's this?" (We were standing right in front of it!) He looked down at that old still, and he says, "Sheriff, I'll tell you the truth: that's the first one I ever saw in my life! If I had known that had been here, I wouldn't have stopped for a thousand-dollar bill!" I looked Old George in the eye.
Mr. Bailey: I said, "George, I've a good notion to knock you down! You insult my intelligence that away. Do you think I'd believe a story like that?!") He says, "Why, I'll swear to it!" I said, "I'm sure that's what you'll do, but I'm not going to believe it then. You just come on and go with me, and you can tell the judge about it!" I took him on in, and he told the same story in court, but the judge didn't believe him either. Yes sir, standing in front of it fixing to build a fire under it, and said he was going fox hunting! That's just how big a story that a moonshiner will tell you! He's as honest with you in changing your money as anybody in the world, but he'll lie about making liquor!

I got on to that, and I got so I'd tell them lies about my business, too. I tried the same thing back on them that they tried on me. Sometimes it worked; sometimes it wouldn't! Biggest lie (I think I ever told in that respect was down this side of the state line at Paint Rock, right this side of the Tennessee Line. I had hunted all day and half of another one for an old man named Lon Gosnell. I had information he was a stilling, but I couldn't find him. Train was getting about due; I traveled by train then. I had to get back over to Paint Rock; had a couple of deputies with me.

I decided to quit. But in the meantime, I decided to go on by Old Lon's; it wasn't but two or three hundred yards to the house. I went on over by there--great-big, half-grown--well, grown boys, say eighteen to twenty years old. I introduced myself in a big way: "My friend, Jesse James Bailey's my name. I'm Sheriff of Madison County. I've just caught your daddy over here at his still awhile ago! (No doubt he knew his daddy was at the still.) My boys have got him and gone on over to Paint Rock, going up to Marshal on No. 12, but he wants to make a clean confession, get out of this as easy as possible. He sent me clear over here; told me to tell you to tell us where his liquor was."

Well, the boy went all to pieces: "We don't know nothing about no liquor; don't have no liquor--so and so, and so and so!" I thought I'd try this strategy out on him; I just turned around and started to walk away. I said, "All right, you don't have to tell me. I'm just telling you what your daddy told me to tell you. You don't have to tell me at all if you don't want to. I just thought it would help your daddy some. You just don't have to tell me unless you want to." I turned around and started to walk away. He looked up at me and said, "Did Pop tell you that?" (Boy, I knew things was coming my way then!) I said, "Yes sir! He did! You wouldn't think I'd lie to you, would you? He sure sent me over here for you to tell me where his liquor was!"
Mr. Bailey: He said, "Well, if Pop told you that! There's thirty-five gallons right over there behind that log where that stove wood's split up!" I said, "Let's go get it!" We went over there and dug out thirty-five gallons of toe sacks— I mean fruit jars in toe sacks. Boy, I've never seen so much liquor in one 'hole like it!

Got done and everything; I felt sort of sorry for Old Gosnall. I said, "Son, I'll tell you the truth this time about it. I was just telling you a lie. I ain't seen your daddy!" Old boy said, "I sure played hell, didn't I?" I said, "Yeah, you did!" But I didn't arrest him; I just let him go. Took his liquor and poured it out; couldn't carry it. So, I just turned Old Boney loose. His name was Boney Gosnall. I never did try him. So I got to where I could tell about as big a lie as they could.

Dr. Silveri: How about your days on the railroad? Do you have any good stories?

Mr. Bailey: Railroad?

Dr. Silveri: Yeah, your railroad days!

Mr. Bailey: Well, I had—yes. I had lots of novel experiences there. I think one I remember best happened back during the Prohibition Era when there was no legal liquor at all, except maybe some people coming from Florida would bring in a bottle or two every once-in-awhile that they'd get down there smuggled over from Cuba. So, these big real estate fellows them days—it was in the '20's. This big real estate boom busted here at Asheville and all down in Florida. It busted in Florida, and everybody went broke. But then these big real estate fellows from New York that was a'doing business in Florida, they all got out of there and come to Asheville.

So one come to—remember this happened: he was a guest at Grove Park Inn. He called up down there and wanted the railroad to send a representative out there. (Pastor Reagan) got me, and me and him went out there. This old fellow was a 'walking the floor up in his room and a 'raving, and he said, "Now my problem is this. I left Miami, Florida, with this trunk. I packed my belongings and things in the trunk. In the top of it here, I put twenty pints of liquor. I got here, and the trunk was brought up to my room by the transfer company. I opened my trunk up, the stocks were intact, rope was intact, the lock was intact and everything. I opened up my trunk, and there wasn't but two pints of liquor in there! I know I can't—it was contraband to start with because the baggage tariff just allows you to check your belongings, I mean your wearing apparel. I know I can't get no
Mr. Bailey: (continued) pay for it, but I just wanted to report this because I'm so mad at the man who got it. I didn't mind losing my liquor, but I hate like hell to have it rubbed in on me like this. Here's the case when I left Miami, I put twenty pints of liquor. I got here and opened my trunk, the night I left it at Miami, and there ain't but two pints of liquor in there. Whoever got it left this note."

Well, he had the note there; it read like this:

"Roses are red and violets are blue,
I took eighteen pints, and left two
for you!"

That old man was really hot!

Yes sir, I've had some wonderful experiences a lot of places, some good, some bad. But you see how I get along today; I think I make friends with everybody, like them Florida people up there. My golly, and I found out they was on my side! I think they were more interesting than I am from the way they talk. They're really for that fellow Nixon, ain't they? I'll tell you the truth, I'm for Old-brother Nixon, but I actually believe he's the biggest liar that I ever saw or heard tell of in my career as an officer! He'll say we're going to pull the troops out of Viet Nam; next--he's a fellow that repeats himself on all these things; the next thing is we're going to pull the troops out of Viet Nam. And I'm telling you the truth my friend, if they don't get them out of there before long, it looks to me like the North Viet Nam people's going to take them. Just as quick as we pull our anything out of there--why, don't you know they're going to come in there and take that country?! Let them do it! What difference does it make to us if they do?

Dr. Silveri: (inaudible)....

Mr. Bailey: Not a bit! By golly, we oughten to never been in there. Ole Eisenhower, Ole Jack Kennedy, and Ole Johnson done that. Never was a bigger crook ever stepped on sole leather than Ole Eisenhower! And I'd vote for him again if he was still running for President! He had lived—that's my malice against him. He wasn't no Republican; posed as a Republican, and you couldn't criticize him much--the Republicans didn't criticize him much for what he'd done because he never voted a vote in his life 'til he run for president. Didn't know what it was; government had fed him, clothed him, tutored him, and educated him. He was absolutely a leech! Leech!
Mr. Bailey: Now, this fellow Nixon, you can give him credit for working his way up. He knows what it is to wash dishes, to work his way through school and all of that, and I expect he knows what it is to handle five- or ten-thousand-dollar fees as a lawyer and things like that. That's the nearest he ever come getting rich, though, in my opinion, is this I. T. and T. That is scandalous, but they can't make nothing out of it. That old fellow Jack Anderson, nobody going to believe him. Just like Nixon will come out and say, "Well, I don't know nothing about it!" But every word that's been said and told and done is so! Every word of it! Boy, had them scared there though; they moved their convention. Where did they ever finally settle it?

Dr. Silveri: Well, Miami.

Mr. Bailey: Miami? I thought that was the Democrats.

Dr. Silveri: Democrats are--I don't know where.

Mr. Bailey: Well, let me tell you something. They're going to have some trouble when they get to Miami with this fellow George Wallace. He's the People's Candidate, and the politicians are against him. But he absolutely talks for the people. He just sits there and expresses himself in a language that ordinary laymen can understand. He says, "Now you can go to Washington!" And there they'll--all these big buildings full of them little fellows with briefcases. They'll come out with them briefcases, looking like a million dollars. Open their briefcase, and there ain't nothing in there but a peanut-butter sandwich!" Makes me think of a lady I know; she says, "I've got to go home and fix my husband's supper." I said, "What are you going to have for his supper?" She said, "Peanut butter sandwich!"

By the way, I've been thinking of buying up a lot of peanuts. Did you read in the paper here the other day this big story where peanuts, peanut butter will actually restore your sexual desires?

Dr. Silveri: No, I haven't read that.

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, three or four days ago--and they say peanuts has gone wild! I went and consulted my doctor--oh, hello here; we're still broadcasting! I consulted my doctor here the other day about it, about a little medicine. He said, "Sheriff, forget it! They ain't no medicine that will help that! If there had of been John D. Rockefeller would have died a pauper. He would have spent it all for medicine!" I guess he's about right!
Dr. Silveri: Well somehow you've found a fountain of youth. The way you get around at your age; the way you climbed up to the top of Mount Mitchell there... [inaudible].

Mr. Bailey: Well, I'm very thankful, Louis, for my condition. I believe I'm doing very well considering my age and everything. Oh, I have been offering a little prayer up to God Almighty, and I'm a strong believer in prayer. Now, I'm by my religion like I am my politics, I don't care what a man's religion is if he believes in God, believes in prayer. I've been offering a little prayer if it's God's Will, I want to die standing up. I don't mean that literally, you know what I mean. I mean I want to be going on until the last day. So, I hope I can make it if God will be merciful to me and gracious enough to let me go on. I'd like to go like J. Edgar Hoover; yeah, just go to bed tonight and don't get up in the morning.

This is Tanbark Tunnel on the Blue Ridge Parkway. Tanbark Tunnel. Beautiful little stream comes down right here at where we're going to come out known as Bull Creek, runs down through Riceville--

end of Side I, Tape 1006.2

Mr. Bailey: ...for me to put some cash upon a horse, if I win, and she give me the cash to put up. I was so sure I was going. That was yesterday evening, and I don't know what in the world I'm going to her. I think I'll just give her a fifty dollar bill and tell her that I sent the money up there by a friend of mine. She just gave me five dollars. That would be--how much a piece on a horse would that be?

Dr. Silveri: I don't know. I wouldn't know how much she bet.

Mr. Bailey: Well, she just bet five dollars.

Dr. Silveri: Five dollars?

Mr. Bailey: That would be ten dollars a horse, wouldn't it?

Dr. Silveri: Yeah.

Mr. Bailey: I mean ten dollars profit?

Dr. Silveri: Yeah.
Mr. Bailey: I think I'll just give her the fifty dollars and let on like I went. That would be a good way to get out of it, wouldn't it? No, I've never been to a horse race in my--I went there one time as an assistant on the train when they had a horse race. That's been so long ago and everything. I was there when they run the horses, but I didn't go to the race, like that football game I was telling you about. I just bummed around the hotel and stayed there 'til time to catch my train and come back.

I remember I was going to law school up here to a fellow by the name of Claude Love, very dear friend of mine. He's dead now; run a little law school up here, Asheville University. I studied law and I quit. I just lacked about ten months of being ready to take the examination. I quit and went to running for sheriff of this county. When I got out as sheriff to go back and take up my law, why, they'd passed a new ruling that nobody but a college graduate could take the examination. So that let me out. I didn't finish studying it anymore, but I went about ten months. But I sent my old professor--I found a post card there in the Hotel that says--post card read like this: Louisville is noted for its pretty women and fast horses! So I just wrote Old Claude, Claude Love; he was my professor. I said, "They say that Louisville is noted for pretty women and fast horses. I'm not interested in any fast horses!" No sir, I wasn't interested in no fast horses!

Dr. Silveri: Tobacco barns (inaudible)...

Mr. Bailey: Yeah, that's where they cure this Burley, see? They cure it by air. Now back in the '90's when my father was raising it (tobacco industry first hit this country), they cleared up this forest land what we call new ground, land that would raise the best tobacco. They'd raise this Bright Leaf. I don't know why; I think they made cigarettes or something out of it. They had to cure it with fire. They built a barn that was almost insulated, heat proof. They'd run that stuff sometimes in there at a hundred and fifty or a hundred and eighty. Just dried plumb out; it would be dry. It was golden like. It was cigarette tobacco, I'm sure. Then they quit that; it busted, and they couldn't--I've seen it sell here on the Asheville market for one cent a pound in the '90's.

Then along about the teens, say fifteen or eighteen or along there, they started growing this air-cured tobacco Burley, heavy, big-dark tobacco. They'd grow that, and they'd take a barn just like this one we have just seen with cracks in it. They'd hang the tobacco in there, and let it hang for three or four weeks.
Mr. Bailey: Worst I was ever scared was right here in this bottom; that house wasn't there then. I shot at a fellow there; I never will forget it. I shot a little close through the—me & the Chief of Police at Weaverville was running this fellow. His name was Justice. He was running across a plowed field there. He had got away from us; we had a warrant for him. I shot right between his feet; seen the dirt fly up. If I'd a'hit that fellow, I'd have been in the penitentiary from now on. But I was a dare-devil kind of an officer, I was. I just wouldn't let anybody bluff me out or beat me.

Dr. Silveri: Why do you think you would be in the penitentiary now if you had?

Mr. Bailey: Good golly! You shoot a man running from you—a man's got no right to shoot a prisoner.

Dr. Silveri: Oh!

Mr. Bailey: Unless he's in self defense. See this fellow was running from me. Yes sir, he could have sued me damages, my God! Not only that, he could have got me for assault on him. I think the warrant. I had was only for a misdemeanor. See, there's a difference in degree of a warrant. I think you've got more right to shoot a felon than you have a misdemeanor. I've shot both kinds, not bad.

A place over on Laurel—I'll tell you this happened, and I can prove it. There was a fellow over there; I stopped at a store one day, and this guy jumped out the back of that country store and tore out across the field. I had one officer with me. It was wintertime, cold; ground was froze. This fellow was a'running; truth of the matter is I didn't even know who he was. But I knew if he was running from officers, he was guilty of something. Me and my deputy both just jerked out. Of course, now neither one of us meant to hit him, but we just got to shooting, just bang-bang. We shot—he was running through this plowed field, had been plowed up and then frozen. That ground was frozen, and one or the other of us, I don't know which—we were shooting the same kind of pistol, thirty-eight special.

One or the other of us—the bullet ricocheted up off a frozen clod of this dirt. This fellow, he was just a'flying! That bullet hit that frozen clod and ricocheted up and hit him right here on the shoulder, just barely went through his clothes, a little flesh wound. Well sir, now you can't hardly believe this story! He evidently, when that bullet hit him, he turned his head right quick, and it shot him in the chin! Shot him twice with the same bullet! Didn't hurt him; he went with a little flesh wound.
Mr. Bailey: Well sir, this fellow's name was Wade Thomas, never forget it. My golly, I knew that was dangerous on my part; they'd charge me with assault, and I didn't even have a warrant for the fellow, to tell you the truth about it. I went on back to Marshall, and I had a Justice of the Peace or Magistrate that was a very close friend of mine, and they're always a lot of ways of skinning a cat. I went on back to Marshall, and this Magistrate of mine, he'd always give me some blank warrants with his name signed to them. (I filled them out).

I filled out a warrant for this guy, and I printed it on the typewriter in caps, capital letters. Started up here; it says:

.....STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA
VERSUS
Wade Thomas:
MANUFACTURING LIQUOR
TRANSPORTING LIQUOR
SELLING LIQUOR : .

Oh, I put five or six charges in there in capital letters. I put that warrant in my pocket. I sidled around. They put this fellow up there in a little hospital there at White Rock, the Presbyterian. I found out he wasn't hurt. The hospital people were all my friends, Old Doc Patrick and that crowd. They were good friends of mine, and they were with me in enforcing the law; I knew they'd stick to me.

So, this fellow that was a friend to the Wade Thomas that got shot. I went over to him over there at Marshall. I said, "Say Gentry, I've got a warrant here for Wade Thomas. " I pulled it out, flashed it so he could read it. I told him I understood that Wade got shot over there and was up at White Rock Hospital, and I said, "I wish if you would, if you'll find out how he is, and when he's able to be arrested. I want to come up there and get him, and put him in jail over here. Whatever you do now, don't you let Wade or nobody know nothing about it. I'll pay you ten dollars!" (which was a lot of money then).

He says, "Oh, I'll do that for you, Sheriff, for nothing!" I said, "No, I don't want you to do it for nothing; I'll pay you!" I knew he'd run back and tell him. He hot-footed it back over there and got him out. He told him; he said, "Wade, better be getting away from here 'cause Old Bailey's got a warrant for you charging you in five different cases." Well, Old Wade knew he was guilty; he was a bad bootlegger, a moonshiner. Old Wade was out of the hospital by then; they just put a few bandaids or something on him.
Mr. Bailey: He got out of the hospital; he got his family, and he moved from there to Green County, Tennessee. Wasn't over four or five miles from there. He moved over to Green County, Tennessee, and that fellow never did come back; died over there. I never heard from that one, but I just made so sure that they would prosecute me, and they could have convicted me for assaulting a man with no warrant. I had no warrant, no nothing.

I used a technique if a criminal—if I couldn't catch him, I'd run him out. Yes sir, just run him off. I had a fellow here from Savannah, Georgia that was the meanest fellow I ever have seen; I couldn't get enough on him. He come stole a car right out of the sheriff's front door there one day while everybody was gone to lunch. His own car—we went and found it full of liquor and pulled it in. Of course, he had the key. He caught us all out there gone to lunch or something, he come stole his own car. Got his keys and took his own car. Well, I couldn't catch him.

I just went before a judge (and you can do that in this state) make out an affidavit that a man is a dangerous and violent criminal, lurking around without any appearance of livelihood. You can have him declared an outlaw! Put you up three notices: one at the courthouse, one at some other public place, and one at his place of business. He run a shoeshine stand down there somewhere. We nailed up these notices:

".... John Doe, declared an Outlaw by Judge John Smith, hereby ordered and commanded to come in and surrender himself or be shot by any citizen without explaining."

I put the fear in that Son of a Bitch! Then I'd send my men down there every morning or two at his place of business with a machine gun, an old machine gun (Thompson machine gun). They'd go in: "Where's John Smith?" "He's gone! He's run out!" "Shoeshine Fellow?" "He's gone; I don't know where he is!" I just run that Son of a Bitch plumb out of here! Yes sir, God damn them. I didn't let a criminal beat me!

Nearest I ever come to getting beat was down at Spartanburg; I went down there after a fellow from up here. He was staying with his brother-in-law named Palmer Runyon. Well, I went up there—I had no authority down in South Carolina. I went up there that night and arranged with the Police Department—I seen where he lived and everything; I had surveyed around. Wasn't a horse in South Carolina could have caught him. By golly, he was a fast runner! You know that Son of a Bitch—
Mr. Bailey: Well, the Police Department told me, "I'll have a man here in the morning who'll go over there with you." And he did. We went over there and drove up just before daylight. People was up and going to work, lights on in his house, cooking breakfast. I could smell the meat a'cooking at Palmer's house. This police officer--see, I had no authority down there.

This police officer went and knocked on the door; fellow come to the door, Runyon, Henderson's brother-in-law. This old police officer didn't know nothing. He said, "Is Mr. Henderson here?" (A man in uniform: Is Mr. Henderson here?) Henderson's brother-in-law said, "No, he's not here today. He's gone over to Beaumont to drive a truck for a man today." Mr. Runyon just shut the door. Old Policeman said to me, "I guess we'd better go!" I said, "Sheriff, don't you look for them when you're down there, search the house?" He says, "No, they won't let us do that!"

About that time the driver of the car, who was a plain-clothes man, said, "Hey! Hey, boys! There's somebody coming out the window upstairs there!" I ran down under the porch, and there was Old Henderson coming out; it was breaking daylight. He was coming out and coming across the porch, coming right down to wards me. He seen me down there, and that Son of a Bitch tore back in the house, and I told these policemen, "Let's go in there and get him!" (They said), "No! Can't do it! Got no search warrant! Can't search a house at night!"

Anyhow to make a long story short, we stood around there and talked three or four minutes, four or five minutes, about that time--God damn--here come a man through the window downstairs, first floor! The house was built high up as this car off the ground on posts. This fellow jumped about six foot right through the window and down to the ground. When he hit the ground, he hit it a'running! Of course, me and these policemen both, all three, took right after him. We run him up half a block or two up there; I was in front. I could run good then, just weighed a hundred and fifty-three pounds. I nailed him; he looked up and said, "What's the matter, Mister? I've started after the doctor, my folks are sick!" When he spoke, I knew it wasn't Henderson; I knowed Henderson personally.

I seen it was a ruse they'd put up on me: jump this fellow out. We run back down to the house, but too late. A man a'going to work there said, "Mister, another man run out of that house a minute ago. He went right down this way." Well sir, that Son of a Bitch got away! I slapped this other fellow that had jumped, a boy, Henderson's nephew. I slapped
Mr. Bailey: (continued) him around a little, and I run on over to the Depot and got on the train and come home. Well, I set in then to chasing this fellow Henderson. I bet I run him away from three or four different places, and he finally got away. Just I never could catch him.

I got him located in Detroit, and I never will forget that. I sent my warrant up there, and after I sent my warrant, I sent it by mail. After I sent my warrant, his wife out there at Walnut found out that we knew where he was—that I knew where he was. I don't know how she found out, but she went up there to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to him. Says: "They know where you are; you'd better move!"

Well it went on—see I was over at the telegraph operator's. My friend the operator gave me the information. I just forwarded a telegram right back to him about an hour after she sent hers. I sent him a telegram and signed her name to it. I said: "Disregard my former telegram. I was mistaken. They do not know where you are." Signed it Pearl. (That was her name) Signed her name, so, he didn't move. About two days from then, I got a telegram from the Chief of Police up there:

"I have your man in jail. Please call for him."

Boys, I called for him, too! I went from here to Detroit on the train; went up there, and I got that Son of a Bitch. I put the steel on his arms! I brought him back. It always done me good to catch a fellow that was hard to get.

We turn in right down here. Left hard side. There's Old Uncle Jake, eighty-five, same as I am. There's where I live most of the time—right down here in my yard you know. Well, I've had a delightful time, and I've enjoyed every minute of it. Won't you get out and go in with me? How do you get this thing off?

[End of Tape 1006.2]