

## [At the Oliver Home]

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[?]-lore - Vermont 1938-9

FORM A

Vermont

Mrs. Rebecca M. Halley

West Newbury

Folklore, Scotch

Nov. 19, 1938

1. Sept. 13 and Oct. 28, 1938.

2. At the Oliver home.

3. The Oliver farm sits at the fork of the Tucker Mountain Road and Woodchuck Hill Road in a little valley by itself. There are no other farms in sight. Through a fold in the hills to the south there is a glimpse of the edge of Corinth village. High hill meadows rise to the west and Tucker Mountain stands between this small valley and the Connecticut River.

The house is grey and weathered. The road wanders undecidedly down the mountain over a series of water-bars, and lands in the door yard as though it had intentions of ending there. Then with a wide twist it wearily swings away from the shelter of barn and piazza and toils up the other hill. The piazza is in summer a greenhouse, lined with potted plants in tin cans. The family lives on that piazza during most of the warm weather. Inside the houses partitions have been removed to make one long room. It is rather difficult to

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imagine a family of eight living in the confines of this not too large house. The kitchen serves as both work room and dining room, with large stove and table and small sink. It is crowded. 2 The living room shows evidences of having been several rooms. At the farther end is an old-fashioned square piano. There are several roomy chairs which have been used and show it. FORM B Vermont Mrs. Rebecca M. Halley

West Newbury

Folklore, Scotch

Nov. 19, 1938

1. Mrs. Robert Oliver. Scotch.

2. Bowden, Roxburyshire, Scotland, Nov. 15, 1877.

3. Husband, Robert Oliver, and six children, two boys, four "gels".

4. Came to U. S. in 1910. Lived in Battlecreek, Mich. 1910-12. In 1912 moved to the back farm in Newbury near the fork of Woodchuck Hill and Tucker Mt. Roads.

5. Attended the "Common Schools" of Scotland. (Graded).

6. Housewife and mother.

9. Mrs. Oliver is a little taller than the average. Her hair is white. Her eyes are blue and still sparkle and snap as she talks in her broad Scotch dialect. Her laugh comes easy and full and her knotted workworn hands constantly accompany it in wide gestures. She is peppery and excitable and has enjoyed "Gi'in yon bosom a tellin' off." She is a born actress and runs the gamut of the emotins in relating her experiences.

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FORM C

Vermont

Mrs. Rebecca M. Halley

West Newbury

Folklore, Scotch

Nov. 19, 1938

Aye, I've th' twa boys an' four gels. Ooh. The times we've had. I come awa' t' this country twenty-eight years past. We furrst wint t' Michigan where Rabert hed some o' his family t' come too. I dinnd like it there. It wasna' like home t' me. It wasna' up t' the' T-Y. We wis there about twa years. I mind well hoo I made th' Haggises for th' Caledonia Club there fur th' Haggis Nicht, that's Robbie Burnses' nicht, the twenty-feeth o' January. Aye, they all said there'd been no sech Haggises there before. I'd no mind havin' a wee bit piece richt noo, me-sel'

Hoo d' ye mak it? Ye tak th' plunk- aye, that's th' liver an' lights an' lungs, an' ye cook it, bil it gude wi' th' thrapple hanging, oot hu' kettle t' drain th' poison oot o' th' lungs. Then whin its been well cooked ye' mince it up wi' onions an' th' fine Scotch oatmeal, ye' dinna want t' use th' stuff they gi' ye here fur oatmeal, an' ye moisten it just about so, wi' some o' th' wather th' lights wis cooked in. Add about a tablespun o' fat an' some salt. Then ye poot it in a cloth an' bile an' bile it fur hoors. In th' Old Counthry we wad cook it inside o' th' sheep's sthomasch. Clean it oot, ye understhand, an' mak' a bag oot o' it. I could do wi' some Haggis noo. 2 An' then ther's potted meat. D' ye mind hoo t' mak' potted meat? Aye, yer Jim's Mither could mak' it fine. M' bairns are no wantin' them things. Th' er no good enou' fer them. They're all fer th' things they have in this counthry th' noo. Hore they throw oot the best o' th' creeter. They rare exthravagant. They coundna do on what we'uns had

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t' get along wi' when I wis sma'. There's hog's head cheeses, an if ye add th' four trotters it maks th' potted head jell fine. I mind when we'd mak' potted head. Ma mither would get a beef or a pigs head awa' been th' boocher an' then I wad do th' scrubbin' of it. Afther, it wald be clean we'd sock oot the blood in cold wather. Drain it oot o' that an' poot it in another. If it should be sheep's head, good loch, 'twas wan day's wark t' clean it oop. Th' wool was to be scrypt awa' an' all them fine creases cleaned oot. Aye, 'twas worth it, fer we always had a fight ower th' sheep's brains. Ma mither was fair oot o' her jacket for she no could tell which wan hed them th' time before. She wad say, I mind her noo sayin' it, "I'll tell y're fither if ye dinna stop it." We was motal fear'd o' father and we wad say, "We'll no do'et again if ye'll no tell father." Then she wouldna tell. She did poot it on th' line an' then another time there wis no argyment.

D' ye ken hoo t' wash blankets? Ye do it like I'm tellen' ye an' they'll be aye clean when they're oot. I always wash ma blankets wi' ma feet. Aye, th' big bed quilts an' a'. First I get oot ma tubs, twa o' them. Poot in th' wather an' th' soap. Then th' blankets. Then off wi' y'er shoes an' sthockings, draw 3 up th' skirts between th' knees an' pin it behind. Then ye step into th' tubn an' walk over th' quilts an' blankets, oop an' doon, oop an' doon. If ever ye get a sweat ye get it then. Ye musth have a body there t' turn then o'er fer ye, an' then ye can go to it until they come clean. Tak' them into th' other tub an do it over t' rinse. Walk th' rinse th' same as th' wash. Afther th' rinse we hang them on th' hedge. It's aye bether than a line. Ooh, they'll no hang an' flap an bunch ower th' hedge. Whin ye poot them oop ye walk th' way o' th' wind wi' a body at th' other end an' gi' them a throw right ow'er th' hedge.

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Mrs. Oliver gave me recipes for Scotch Broth, Potted Meat, Baggis, Scotch Oatcakes, Current Loaf, Scones, Shortbread which are all available for you if you want them.