

Days of Yesterdays, Esmont Community Center

Stories of the elders as told to Laura Piedmont, R.N. and Susan Hastings, R.N.

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Spring Water and Digging a Well

by Nancy Luck



Back in the '30s and '40s, one had to go down the hill to the spring to get water—water for drinking, cooing, bathing, and washing clothes. Sometimes rain water was caught in a barrel sitting under the roof for washing clothes.

The spring was half a mile from home, on someone else's property.

We started out carrying one-gallon molasses buckets and as we got older we carried two-gallon buckets and eventually two three-gallon buckets because we did not want to make so many trips.

Going to the spring was sometimes a punishment. When we were naughty, Mama would say, "Go to the spring and get a bucket of water." We feared going to the spring because back in that day, we believed in "haunts." We were told if you feel a warm spot, look across your left shoulder and you will see a haunt (ghost).

My father got tired of his children having to go to the spring. Se he decided to dig a well. He used dynamite and dug 30 feet. He would put wires together; come out and get behind a big tree and hook flashlight batteries together; and boom, out come dirt and rock. He made steps in the wall of the well to climb in and out with a rope for protection tied around a tree.

Thirty feet had enough water so my father put running water in the home. That well is still in the home place back yard, well protected.