



The  
Shair  
Rejoined

The Bonds of Science and Mystery

Amongst Family,

including Many Attempts

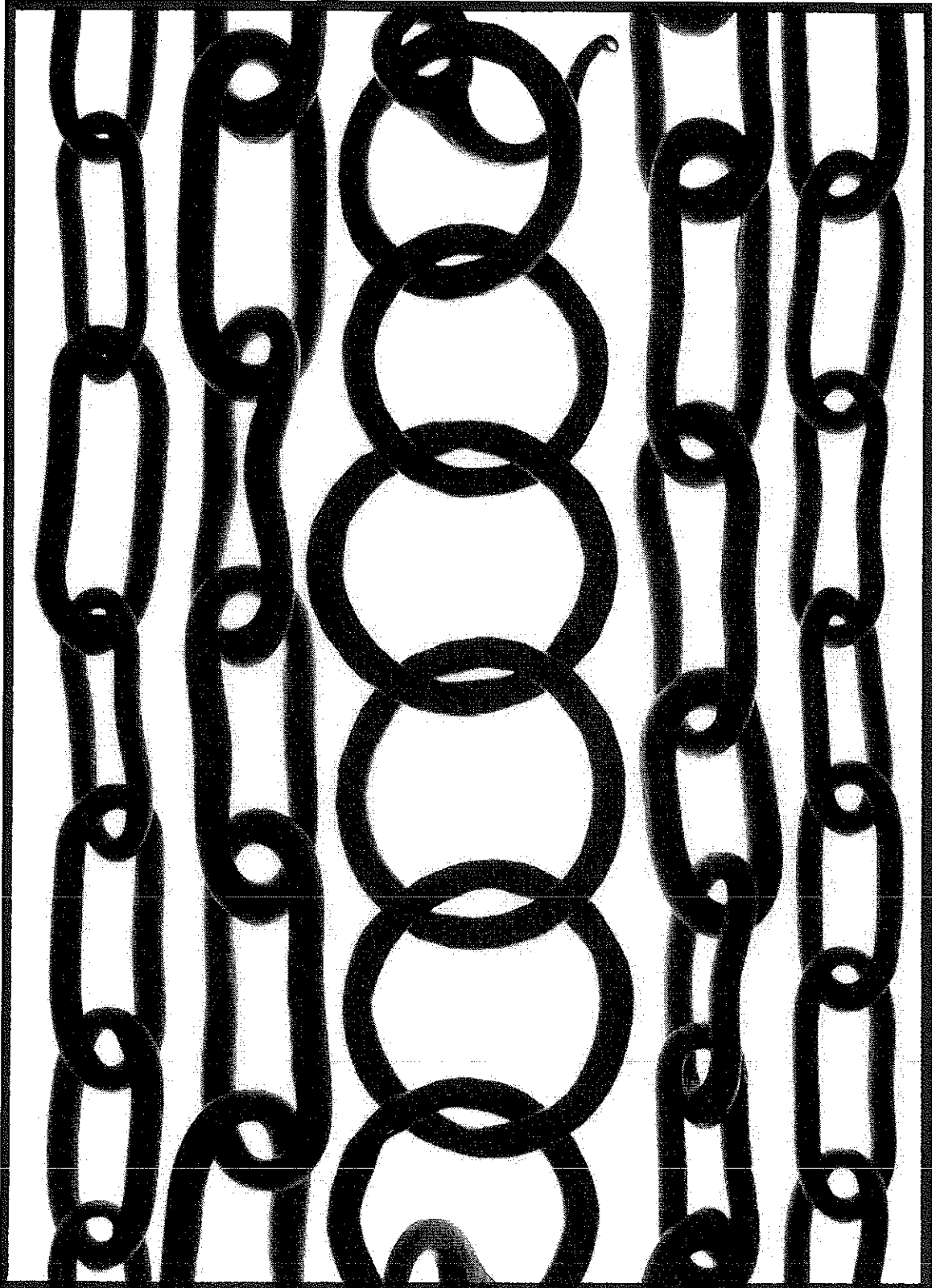
to Recover Ties Across

the Atlantic Ocean to

Ancestors and Cousins

of Baughmans and

Bachmanns





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including Many Attempts  
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the Atlantic Ocean to  
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of Baughmans and  
Bachmanns

Shenandoah History  
June 2005

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO  
WALSIE NAOMI BAUGHMAN RUBLE  
(1892-1982)

*She led the way in all our searches for this family history*

BOOKS ON REGIONAL AND FAMILY HISTORY  
BY J. ROSS BAUGHMAN

VOLUME I: *Some Ancestors of the Baughman Family in America* (1989)

VOLUME II: *Harvest Time* (1994)

VOLUME III: *Apart From the World* (1997)

VOLUME IV: *A Lake Beneath the Crescent Moon* (2000)

VOLUME V: *The Chain Rejoined* (2005)

AND OF ADDITIONAL INTEREST

*The Descendants of Henry Baughman, Jr.: 1750-1807*  
A GENEALOGY OF 7,830 FAMILY MEMBERS  
EDITED BY GLENN BAUGHMAN (2004)  
Adapted to the Personal Ancestral File software program

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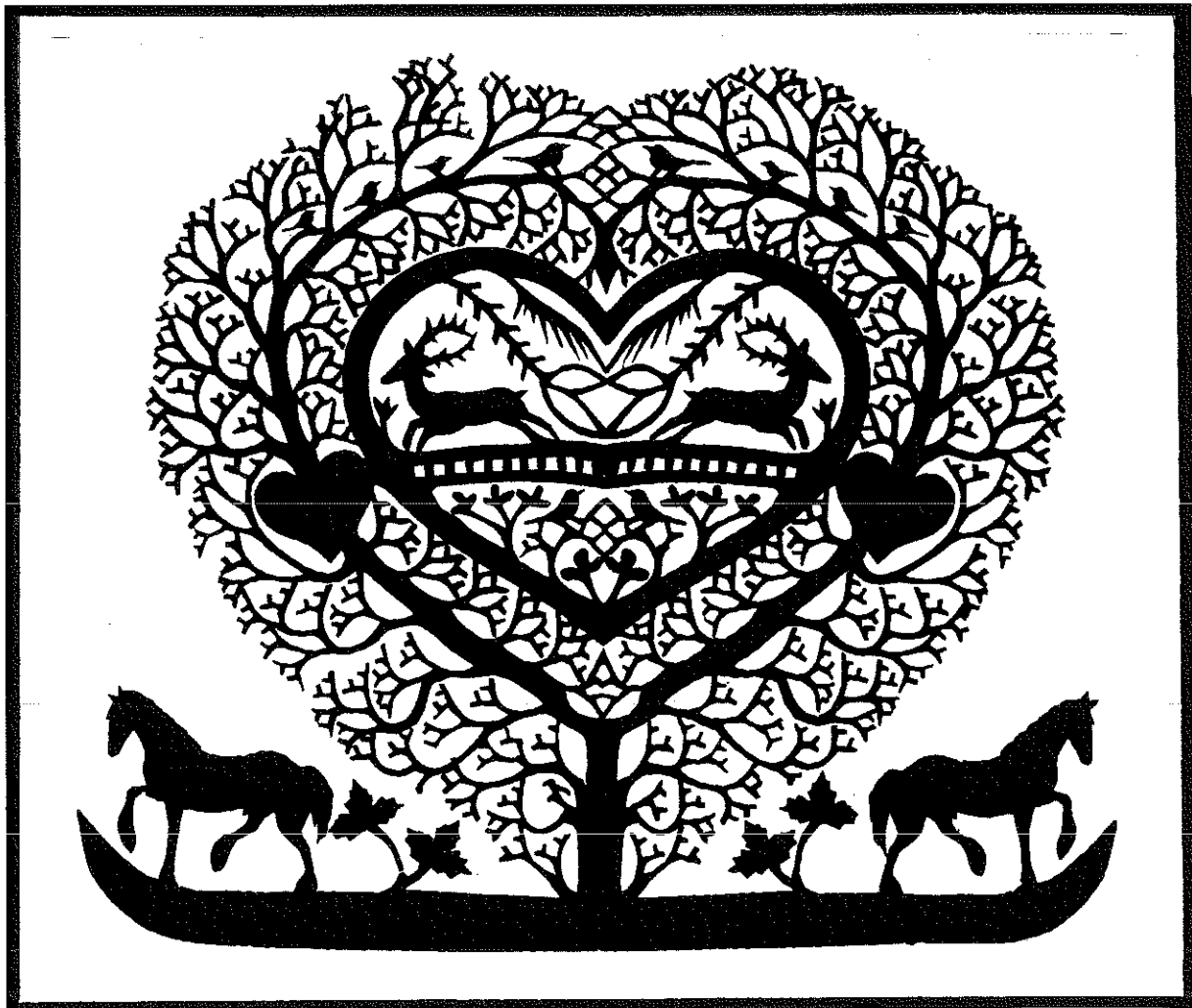
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THE TREE OF LIFE  
AS SCHERENSCHNITTE



HUNDRED YEARS HENCE, OR EVER  
so many hundred years hence,  
others will see them...  
...It avails not, neither time nor place  
— distance avails not,  
I am with you, you men and women  
of a generation, or ever so many  
generations before.  
I project myself, also I return —  
I am with you, and know  
how it is...  
What is it, then, between us?

What is the count of the scores or hundreds of years  
between us?  
Whatever it is, it avails not — distance  
avails not, and place avails not...  
I too felt the curious abrupt questionings stir within me...

Extracts from Walt Whitman's  
*Sun-Down Poem*  
1856

Long-lost links, crumpled, twisted, unseen, forgotten  
Chains link things together: families, gates, animals  
that may not have stayed together on their own if given a  
choice each new day.

When a chain, once lost in the woods, lies rusting  
and buried beneath the leaves and worms, neither tested  
nor put to real work, may forget the hands that once  
wrapped around it, may disintegrate in time and return to  
mere minerals.

If a chain falls out of the present tense, even if only  
lost to those who used it, then it will forfeit all the life and  
plans and intentions that it once had.

Only memory and appreciation can save it. Bits of  
lost and buried chain, when recovered and joined again,  
can reach full circle.

Thanks belong to your eyes for waking up these  
stories. Until you, they had been forgotten once again.

Sadly, this book could not yet have been written  
when Walsie Baughman Ruble lived in 1982, or even as  
recently as the year 2000, when the latest volume of  
family research in this series was published.

The facts and details assembled here had not yet been  
discovered by scientists, let alone told to the world, heard  
by your family and appreciated for their significance.  
Seeing history from a Bachmann or Baughman  
perspective allows faint but beautiful circles of history to  
emerge from the dust, circles that link together.

They make chains of the blacksmith, chains of DNA,  
chains of evidence, chains of command, chains of justice,  
chains of responsibility, chains of gold, chains of the

Golden Rule, chains of slavery, chains of loyalty, chains  
of tradition, chains of karma, of cause and effect, chains  
of bad habit, chains of destiny, chain reactions.

Chains can make — at one in the same time — strength  
or restriction. They may be wishful, needed, useful.

Every crescent moon recalls the lost and broken and  
missing links yet to be found. Cæsar's Romans put our  
ancestors, the Swiss Celts, into chains. Austria's Holy  
Roman Emperor tried to enslave our William Tell. The  
new Protestant state of Zwingli locked our brethren to the  
oars of war ships, making slaves of them. Even a century  
later, the mayor of Zürich chained Rudolf Bachmann in a  
cell until he died.

But the Bachmanns turned into Baughmanns and  
ended up doing the same thing to others.

If history does not repeat, it certainly rhymes.

If Bachmann DNA has its way, several impulses  
cannot be resisted:

To serve is to find one's own dignity;  
To serve the stranger with supper, with hospitality;  
To serve those weakened all the medicine they need;  
To serve the leader under arms.  
Don't easily accept what's given.  
Speak from deep inside;  
Speak up, speak out;  
Risk all, and if need be, move on.

Bachmanns and Baughmanns who did not know each  
other, or even of each other, make a slow conversation in  
these pages across generations and continents.

Each of the three dozen small biographies herein  
amount to chain links, each draws their circle of life, and  
combined they make our chain, the chain reclaimed.

The food chain, traced from Mithra's slaying and  
eating of the bull through the Swiss efforts to stem forced  
animal cannibalism and B.S.E.

As always, an attempt has been made to tell the  
stories that the Bachmanns and Baughmanns knew  
personally. Some historical personalities portrayed here  
may not share a genetic line, but certainly stand as  
contributors to the family spirit.

The Bachmann and Baughman line deserves study  
for their many leading roles in history: mercenary,  
missionary, innkeeper, reformer, scientist, explorer, chief  
of security. Without even an awareness of what their  
ancestors had done, each new era found them at home  
beside the seat of power, to guide or to guard. For over a  
century, they were chief administrators and tax collectors  
for one of the most powerful monasteries in central  
Europe; one later serving as a Jesuit missionary in the

New World; as crack shots; as elite guardians of kings, popes and presidents; as a vanguard of the Protestant Reformation; as a key figure in the Amish schism; as one of America's premier natural scientists; as a frontier lawmen. We stood witness to so many key American events.



While it has not been possible to find descendants for every Bachmann and Baughman mentioned this volume, it still proved illuminating to compare the repeated patterns of the lives and ideas.

Historians have too often made the mistake that their discoveries are the final word. After digging up the secrets of Egypt, Greece and Rome, some of them announced that nothing else could compare, nothing else mattered.

Not the Baughmans' story, or the Bachmanns' either.

Not what it means to have come from the Mennonites.

Not to know what it was like to have been locked in chains by the Romans.

Not to have ever heard of the Aurignacians.

Now my son will have more.

The Bachmann coat of arms does not speak of one moon only, as the heavens do and so many other Swiss shields agree, but rather, of a moon and another, its opposite reflection, the moon split into two, one man and another, brothers opposed, made into strangers.

The flowing water on the Bachmann coat of arms is not one particular brook that divides two moons, but rather water that splits us always. There is the Sihl, then the stream between Wollerau and Wadenswil, then the Atlantic, the Shenandoah and the White rivers.

The Bachmann shield is not a map, or a warning, or an instruction, but shows purely what happened:

The one thing now made two, divided by the water, the water separating those who stayed from the others who left.

"When I thought of our Bachmann homes splitting, of those who had no choice but to leave...", said Ueli Bachmann during a visit in Richterswil. "I can't imagine how much it would hurt. I could not bear to leave here and think that I wasn't coming back."



Professional genealogists have long found royalty to be irresistible. It has been a two-way relationship, as well, especially when a ruler finds it necessary to put aside a few bones back into the closet, or to push for some other entitled or at least legitimized tie.

U.S. presidents, although theoretically self-made,

often show noble families that may have loaned a gene or two into the profile destined for leadership.

That is why historians were all the more tickled when the most divisive and bitter contest in America's run for the White House turned out to be between cousins, albeit of the ninth degree, twice removed. The twice removed refers to Mr. Bush being from a family that squeezed in more generations – two to be precise – than the Kerry's did across the same time frame.

George Walker Bush and John Forbes Kerry have not only Edmund Reade (1563-1623) as a common ancestor back in Wickford, Essex, but seven other shared paternal ancestors back in the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> centuries of England and New England.

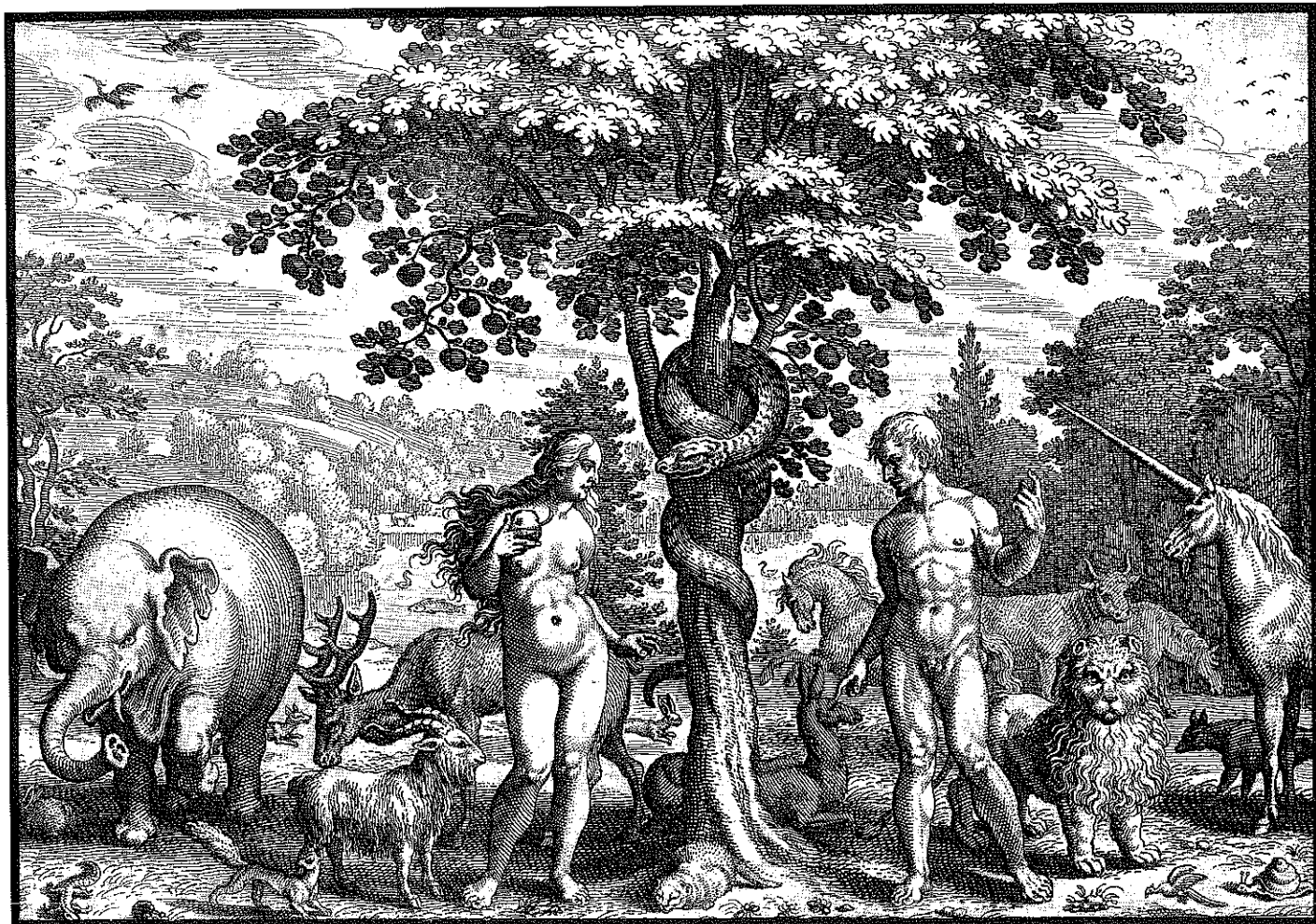
Gary Boyd Roberts, the historian who charted the two lines, noted that such connections are actually quite common for two people who come from early Massachusetts ancestors. Kerry's pedigree features seven generations of Winthrops and one from the Forbes family; while the president's includes Gallups, Stevens, Smiths and four generations of the politically powerful Bush family. <sup>195</sup>

This book has been prepared just in time for a reunion of the Bachmann and Baughman families in Easton, Pennsylvania, on 23 July 2005.

I owe special thanks to Theo Kumin, the 88-year-old historian of for the Swiss village of Wollerau, who spent an afternoon explaining how Bachmanns contributed to life in Canton Schwyz; and to Dr. Werner Koblet for opening the museum just for my visit and spending so much time patiently explaining the history of Swiss wines; also to Barbara Scurman, a most helpful expert in the Marx Room of Local History of the Easton Area Public Library in Easton, Pennsylvania. Thanks also to Damon Scheleur for making it possible for the first time in this series to add photographs.

Thanks to Bob and Phyllis Johnson, Nelda Barron and Will, and Lois Bowman and Harold Huber of the Menno Simons Historical Library, housed upstairs at Eastern Mennonite University's library; to Carolyn Wenger of the Lancaster Mennonite Historical Society for publishing our family's DNA report in their quarterly magazine *Pennsylvania Mennonite Heritage* (LMHS, Lancaster, Vol. 28, No. 2, April 2005); but most of all, this book would not have been possible without the encouragement, faith and generosity of Dr. Ueli Bachmann, dear vetter from Richterswil, on Lake Zürich.





EVE AND ADAM IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN  
DEPICTED BY MATTHIAS MERIANS FOR THE 1630 STRASSBURG BIBLE FROM LAZARI ZETZNER  
A VOLUME OWNED BY THE BACHMANN FAMILY IN RICHTERSWIL, SWITZERLAND



LONG-HELD BELIEF EMBRACED BY both theologians and scientists placed one woman at the root of every living human's family tree. They even agreed on naming her Eve.

In 1987, geneticists from the University of California-Berkeley compared the DNA of 147 carefully chosen people from around the world and concluded that the rate of mutation which caused the differences amongst

them would still have drawn every subject back to a common mother who lived in Africa 200,000 years ago.

These researchers acknowledged how other early hominids may have existed, but that all of their offspring died off and only Eve's flourished and populated the world. Her grandchildren's destiny to spread out from Africa became inevitable, so the theory explained, because their legs grew long, they roamed more easily while upright, and at last they had developed better tools for surviving.<sup>625</sup>

Two uncooperative skulls, however, unveiled in July of 2002, turned upside down this simplified view of our ancestors.

A Harvard paleontologist, Dr. Daniel E. Lieberman marveled at the first news of a Missing Link. A seven million year old blend of a chimpanzee's braincase with a very human-looking face and teeth surfaced some 1,500 miles west from where anyone had searched up until that point.

Rather than neatly filling in the last piece of a great mystery – as the Missing Link supposedly proved how a single line of humans split off from great apes – this new creature forced a whole new way of thinking onto scientists.

"We've been looking exclusively in East Africa and South Africa and basing our evolutionary tree on what we find there," said Dr. Lieberman. The discovery of *Sahelanthropus tchadensis*, nicknamed Toumai, by Dr. Michel Brunet of the University of Poitiers in France, suggests that early humans sprang up in many places, evolving at different paces, and that the family tree looks much less like a straight, towering pine than a tangled, thorny bush.

By almost four million years, Toumai preceded the what used to thought of as the oldest ancestor of humanity, the *Australopithecus afarensis* who was nicknamed Lucy by Louis and Mary Leakey in Kenya.

The problem is that Toumai, unearthed on the edge

of Sahara Desert in Chad, was much more advanced than the chimp-like Lucy. Evolution would have had to head off in one direction and reverse itself twice, something that Dr. Lieberman describes as "extremely rare, if not impossible."

"Brunet has reminded us," said Dr. Lieberman, "that we must find out what was going on [elsewhere], and that's going to be harder to do because of more difficult environmental conditions."<sup>622</sup>

One such spot proved to be the Indonesian island of Flores. Beneath 20 feet of silt in a limestone cave named Liang Bua, seven skeletons proved that a newly discovered species of miniature humans thrived from 840,000 to at least 13,000 years ago, and maybe even into modern times.<sup>586</sup> Painstaking checks on the exterior and interior of the skulls showed that simple deformities such as dwarfism and microcephaly played no part in their tiny size.<sup>619</sup>

The *Homo floresiensis* adults stood only a bit over three feet tall, but armed with sophisticated stone and wooden tools, they excelled as hunters, downing miniature elephants and acquitting themselves well against giant lizards known as the Komodo dragon.<sup>587</sup>

Among the islanders inhabiting Flores today, stories persist of little people who lived in caves up until the 16<sup>th</sup> Century and the arrival of Dutch traders.<sup>587</sup> They even tell of a tiny *ebu gogo*, "the grandmother who eats anything," but up until now, scientists had dismissed their sightings as the over-excited talk about a large macaque monkey.<sup>640:58</sup>

Another glaring exception turned up in a war-torn region in the Republic of Georgia not far from the break-away regions of Armenia and Chechnya. Paleontologists at Dmanisi, 50 miles southwest of the capital Tbilisi, carefully unearthed a complete skull dated at 1.75 million years old, far earlier than any other human had been estimated to have arrived out of Africa. It does not resemble the heavy-browed Neanderthal, but in fact is closer in appearance to modern Cro Magnon. At the same time, Georgian scientists found fragments of several other individuals, and all together, they were surrounded by more than a thousand crudely chipped tools.<sup>625</sup>

According to these new insights, the broadly favorable conditions and ingredients that allowed one member of a species to be born – whether a one-celled creature or a later-day hominid – certainly would allow for many simultaneous, but genetically original animals.

A theory about the skeleton found in the Neander River valley of Germany could never neatly account for how different it looked compared to many nearby and

much more modern-looking bones.

The Neanderthals made jewelry, hunted in teams, had a developed language and buried their dead. The men averaged about 5'4" in height, although they had enormous muscles and big bones.

Erik Trinkhaus, an anthropologist from Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri, led a team into the Carpathian Mountains of Romania in 2002, and discovered a sealed-off cave filled with a layer of skeletons from a species of bear extinct for 10,000 years. Radio carbon dating fixed the time more accurately at 35,000 years old.

Beneath the bear remains, they found three human skeletons unlike any ever seen. They had the projecting chin, flat forehead and high brain cases of modern humans, but they also revealed archaic Neanderthal features, including a large crest of bone behind the ear, teeth which got larger and larger towards the rear of the mouth, and proportionally huge faces.

"To find wisdom teeth that big," observed Trinkhaus, "you have to go back 500,000 years." The resemblance was uncanny to the 25,000 year old fossil of a child that Trinkhaus had found years before in Portugal.

"There could have been interbreeding," conceded Richard Klein of Stanford University, "but all the genetic evidence we have suggest that, if it occurred, it was remarkably rare. [Was it that] modern humans fully replaced the Neanderthals, or simply swamped them? It may never be possible to say."<sup>274</sup>

As this fossil record stubbornly revealed itself through the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, scientists could only wonder when the earliest hominids stopped looking on the outside like hairy apes and began to more resemble modern humans. A next logical question, namely when people started to wear clothes, cannot be determined alone by the study of bones or even human DNA.

Several evolutionary geneticists devised a creative approach by 2003 to answer these puzzles, but not by continuing to stare at the human side of the question.

Dr. Walter Bodmer of the Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford, Great Britain, traces the moment into the neighborhood of 1.2 million years ago. Those humans born by genetic accident as less hairy, or fully hair-less, enjoyed a quick advantage over others who suffered from bloodthirsty lice, fleas and ticks that thrive on fur-covered bodies. The most ancient form of lice must attach their eggs to a plentiful forest of hair. By studying the long-range family tree of this parasite, noting how each species adapted, and when the fur-dependent louse began to change about 1.2 million years ago, a reliable benchmark appeared for when the earth finally saw fully revealed human skin.

These new naked apes, when compared to their hairier hominid rivals, gained both short-term and long-

term health benefits, and became highly desired partners. Through the briefest glance, each one could show off his or her healthy skin.

Even then, however, humans had the unenviable honor of hosting three distinct species of lice: the head louse, the body louse and the pubic louse. These dates of lice evolution have been subsequently confirmed by Dr. Alan R. Rogers of the University of Utah with a study of the MC1R gene for skin pigmentation in human beings which mutated around the same time to afford increased protection from harsh ultraviolet sun rays.

The body louse reached its next step in evolution from the head louse between 42,000 and 72,000 years ago. It feeds best on hairless parts of the body, and can only remain close to its food source by clinging to clothes, and laying its eggs along the seams or permanent folds of clothing.

When Neanderthal explorers reached Europe, the newly evolved body lice did not yet exist, but when the next wave of humans appeared, bringing with them the clothes on their backs, so too arrived these new pests.<sup>591</sup>



*Imaginations Proven*  
33,000 B.C.

Creating the oldest cave painting ever known, Stone Age artists from the Aurignacian Culture used a red ochre pigment to portray a human being with large crescent horns on his head. The work had originally been executed some 35,000 years ago on the ceiling of a natural stone chamber found in the foothills of the Alps. Unfortunately, time and temperature cracked large pieces of the rock off onto the floor. Dating techniques place the work in the Fumane Cave outside Verona, Italy, as nearly twice the age of the well-known art found at the caves in Lascaux and Altamira.<sup>15:xxi</sup>

An inventory of 45 million cave paintings of signs and figures have been cataloged so far around the world. The preeminent scholar, Emmanuel Anati, points to a surprising continuity among the designs. With a combination of dots, pairs of short parallel lines, some straight and some wavy, the first human artists obeyed the urge to depict people, animals, tools, weapons, symbols for the land and other ideas.<sup>229</sup>

The oldest known carvings in the world surfaced in December 2003 from the Hohle Fels Cave near Ulm in the Swabian Mountains of southwestern Germany. Three tiny, quite detailed figurines measured barely one inch in length and were carved from the ivory of mammoth tusks about 30,000 years ago. They include a bird in flight, the head of a horse and a man with the head of a lion. Their surfaces appear to be polished from

constant handling.

Credit goes to Dr. Nicholas J. Conard, an American archaeologist on the faculty of the University of Tübingen, for discovering and publishing the details on these latest items, which already complement a collection of more than twenty similar ivory pieces from Swabian sites.

“Without question, they are the oldest body of figurative art in the world,” commented Dr. Anthony Sinclair, an archaeologist at the University of Liverpool in Britain, “pieces that show a coherent set of manufacturing techniques and themes for representation.”<sup>614</sup>

“It shows early man moving from his immediate world to an imaginative world,” added Clive Gamble, a

British archaeologist from the University of Southampton.

Conard has traced prehistoric migrations from Africa to Syria and then onward to Germany. He believes that rivers such as the Danube, when frozen during winter, became a natural highway for migration.<sup>153</sup>

The cave is situated over 1,500 feet above sea level in the Ach River Valley which feeds into the Danube.

Sedimentary layers that yielded the ivory figurines date to a time when both Neanderthal and Aurignacian people co-existed in Europe. Some archaeologists argue that Neanderthals may have produced similar objects.

Current evidence suggests that the Alpine region of Europe became a center of prehistoric cultural innovation.<sup>503</sup>



### *The Restless Wanderers* 28,000 B.C.

The most common scientific narrative for the peopling of northern and southern America had long hinged on a land bridge crossing the Bering Sea. If that was true, however, a steady archaeological progress of their stone tool making should have remained behind like seeds in the ground.

Instead, the oldest kinds of spear tips and arrowheads in the western range of North America – a peculiar shape known as Clovis – seemed to have popped up out of nowhere. What would have to be the Siberian predecessors for the Clovis tip simply never existed anywhere or during any epoch.

This inconvenient fact could never be explained, especially within the old theory, until the archaeologist Dennis Stanford of the Smithsonian Institution had a revelation.

Clovis chipping involved more than just a strong, distinctive and very effective arrowhead. It required a revolutionary method for predicting the “grain” or mineral facets within a rock, and overstriking the back side of the desired shape to make very sharp, symmetrical, beveled cutting edges. Clovis chipping also left behind enormous, wasted amounts of very characteristic rock chips.

By comparison, Siberian tools could slice only because of tiny flaked strips of flint that were painstakingly embedded into a groove dug into the leading edge of a otherwise dull bone handle.

“It’s a totally different philosophy, entirely, than using the bifacial projectile point,” realized Stanford, who is himself an accomplished worker of flint. “It’s just a totally different mindset.”

That was when Stanford recalled seeing photos of



A MAN WITH THE HORNS OF A BULL, CIRCA 33,000 B.C.  
THE OLDEST CAVE PAINTING YET DISCOVERED

finished rock spear points very much like Clovis from a museum at Les Eyzies, near the Pyrenees Mountains between France and Spain. On a hunch, he wanted to see if the archaeologists there had saved any of the cast-off rock chips from the Stone Age workshops where their arrowheads had been made.

The long dismissed boxes came out of storage, and there was his proof. The same rare angles, the same blows that made Clovis points had been employed by an Aurignacian people known as the Solutreans.<sup>234</sup>

Before long, the tentative questions raised in stone found their definitive answers in DNA.

The nearly unchangeable gene passed on from every mother to every daughter – known as mitochondrial DNA – provides a fascinating portrait of the Western Hemisphere during the Stone Age.

Out of the five distinct genetic tribes that came to the Americas, four came from Asia, and these make up the ancestral pool for 97 percent of all living Native Americans. Scientists refer to these people as belonging to either group A, B, C or D.

According to Michael Brown and Douglas Wallace of the Emory University Center for Molecular Medicine, the remaining three percent of Native Americans fall into group X, a DNA signature derived from the Fertile Crescent of the Middle East and the Caucasus Mountains of Europe.

Traces of DNA from group X have been mapped out into an arc across the North American continent. It includes the St. Lawrence seaway in Quebec, the Algonquins of northern New York and the Ojibwa of the Great Lakes, the Cahokia mound builders of the Ohio and Mississippi river valleys, the northern edge of the Navajo homeland and back up to the Pacific Northwest. While groups A, B, C and D are plentiful further south in Mexico, Central America and South America, migrants from group X left no contribution of genes there.

Brown and Wallace first tried to account for the group X strains of DNA through the abduction of and intermingling with European females by American Indians during the past 500 years. An important fact, however, stood in the way. The genes of the two European groups, namely those who had left the Old World and those who had stayed, had been separated approximately 30,000 years ago.

In fact, Brown came up with two distinct, prehistoric waves of Caucasian migration to the New World. The first arrived during the Aurignacian Era, between 20,000 to 30,000 years ago, followed by a Gravettian settlement that corresponds to the era between 12,000 to 17,000 years ago.<sup>624</sup>



### A Tree of Languages 8100 B.C.

The ordered study of Europe's first spoken language dates back to 1786 when Sir William Jones charted the tantalizing connections between written Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Celtic and Persian. He proposed that there must have been a common root for them all, but by the late 19<sup>th</sup> Century, two rival opinions took hold. In 1863, August Schleicher modeled an evolutionary tree of language following on Charles Darwin's theories of natural selection; but nine years later, J. Schmidt argued that all such changes took place from a process of cross-cultural borrowing.

In 1998, Dr. Alfred Toth of the University of Zürich put a new theory to work, comparing the little quirks and profound differences between the speech of isolated Alpine valleys, some of which had dialects already extinct.<sup>209: 9080</sup> Tree-drawing techniques have been used for some time to chart the branching off of organic mutations, all towards answering the question "How long did it take to get from there to here?"

In 2003, Dr. Toth teamed up with Dr. Peter Forster of the University of Cambridge in England to apply theories from genetic science to the study of how languages evolve. While a gene is the most basic fragment of inheritance, a lexeme stands as the most fundamental of spoken words.

Dr. Toth, a linguist by training, chose 30 key Celtic words found inscribed on ancient artifacts, including a 1<sup>st</sup> Century B.C. metal slab known as the Coligny Calendar. Toth's list of lexemes included the early Celtic words for god (*Teuo*), offer (*Ievrv*), bull (*Tarvos*), mother (*Matir*) and daughter (*Duxtir*). The words for listing any order, namely first, second, third and so on, appeared as *Cintux*, *Allos*, *Tri*, *Petuar* and *Pinpetos*.

For his study, all distractions from grammar and pronunciation were first subtracted. Toth then calibrated the splits on his phylogenetic tree between the old Celtic tongue and 13 other languages, matching them to otherwise proven historical events, just as geneticists corroborate their work with fossils.<sup>576</sup> It turned out that words and word changes can be compared the same way that DNA sequences can be mapped.

These root words, far older than any other European tongue, arrived from the Middle East with Indo-Aryan tribes before they split up around 8100 B.C., give or take about 1,900 years.<sup>209: 9079</sup>

The Celts who stayed on the continent spoke Gaul, while those who migrated further and became isolated in the British Isles spoke Insular Celt, and that subdivided into Brythonic Celt (the language of the Alpine Halstatt tribes who settled around Wales and Breton) and Goidelic (in Scotland and Ireland).<sup>532: 149</sup>

In 18 A.D., the Roman historian Strabo observed that



“the men of Britain are taller than the Celti, and not so yellow-haired.” In 98 A.D., the Roman historian Cornelius Tacitus noted that “the language differs but little” between Britain and Gaul.<sup>209: 9080</sup>

“As to the Germans themselves,” he continued, “I think it probable that they are indigenous and that very little foreign blood has been introduced either by invasions or by friendly dealings with neighboring peoples... Who would have been likely to leave Asia Minor, North Africa, or Italy, to go to Germany with its forbidding landscapes and unpleasant climate – a country that is thankless to till and dismal to behold for anyone who was not born and bred there?”<sup>545: 101</sup>

Greek, Latin and Germanic languages forked off thereafter, and Gaelic, still spoken in Ireland and perhaps the purest descendant of the Gauls, surfaced around 3200 B.C., give or take 1,500 years. This range matches well to the documented age of Stonehenge and other archaeological sites in Britain.

Basic words in Latin changed at the rate of one lexeme about every 1,350 years. Then they mutate, for example, into the intermediate steps of Old English and on into the modern form, and similarly with Irish, German and French. Along with several archaic middle steps, the Celtic word for god or *teuo* turned into *déib*, *deis*, *d'an*, then *deos*, then into *dieux* and *dios* on today's European continent. Similarly, but not necessarily in a straight line, the word for bull went from *tavros* into *tarb*, *taurus*, *taure* and *torro*. Modern English is removed by seven lexemes from the original Celtic, while Welsh differs by only three lexemes.<sup>209: 9082</sup>

Until Toth and Forster put forward their research in *The Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, earlier theories on the age of European language had been wrong by half. Previously, the estimated birth of a distinctive Celtic language and identity had been 4000 B.C.

“When you think about it, there is no reason for languages to be passed down in the same manner as a DNA molecule,” confesses Forster, “and yet they are.”

Toth and Forster's model has been cross-checked with other known related languages, and this newly-inspired phylogenetic method has worked every time.<sup>538</sup>

The tongue of the Basques, known as Euskera, defies all of the later classifications along the Indo-Aryan tree of languages. Even the ancient Celtic language, after all, is Indo-Aryan, but Basques speak a far older, more pure language, what is now appreciated by scientists to have been the original language of Europe.

Part of the mystery comes from all of the letters X that pop up in so much of the Euskera vocabulary. In a word such as *Etxeak*, meaning “to endure,” the pronunciation becomes “*et-chay'-ahk*.”

Euskera builds entirely upon root syllables and a

huge variety of suffixes tacked on afterwards. Therefore, the ideas for axe (*aizkora*), knife (*aizto*) and hoe (*aiztur*) all descend from *aitz*, which means stone. Such etymologies point to a very early origin, obviously in an era when all such tools were born in the Stone Age. Even the names for the oldest cities in the world, namely Ur and Uruk, derive from Euskera words.<sup>339: 22-23</sup>

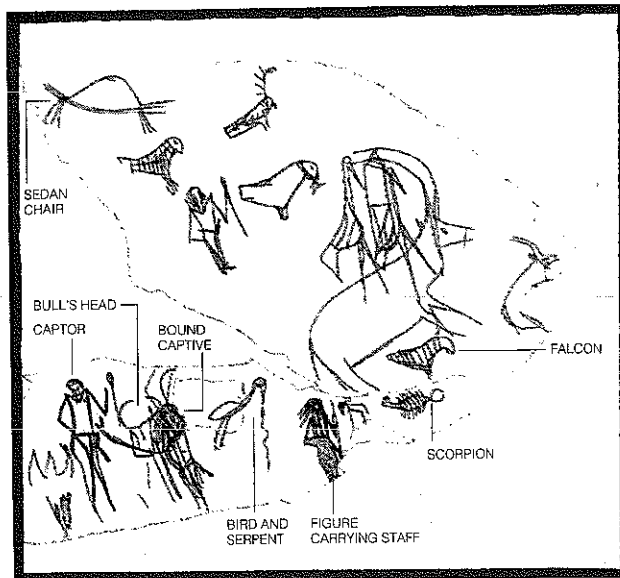


### *Victory Commemorated* 3250 B.C.

Across numerous excavations during the early 1990s, a German archaeologist named Dr. Günter Dreyer found a series of ivory tags in the royal tombs at Abydos northwest of Luxor, Egypt, inscribed with symbols vaguely similar in style to hieroglyphs, although too old to be part of the writing style of pharaohs.

Dreyer, the director of the German Archaeological Institute in Egypt, believed he had found the earliest known samples of written language, but his published report met general skepticism. From the standpoint of interpretation, the solitary marks gave insufficient clues about their meaning or context.

By 1995, however, Dr. John and Deborah Darnell of Yale University found a carved limestone tableau nearby during a trip to the Gebel Tjauti. Both sites lie near the hub of ancient caravan routes through the desert west of the Nile, and the exploration continues under the auspices of the Egyptian government's Supreme Council of Antiquities. Their discovery endured intense but discreet scholarly review, and was then announced to the world



THE BULL HEAD'S CAPTURE  
THE OLDEST WRITTEN STORY YET DISCOVERED

in April 2002.

The writing styles between Abydos and Gebel Tjauti hold a strong resemblance. The 5,250 year old artifact may be the world's earliest historical document.

It measures 18 by 20 inches and seems to describe one of the first rulers of Nile civilization and his victory over a bound captive. Several archaeologists familiar with the figures agree they represent a very early stage of writing that preceded hieroglyphs and possibly even the Sumerian culture.

Because the invention of writing marks the great divide between prehistory and the first certain chapter of humanity's story, this discovery could push back that boundary by at least two centuries.

"It may not be exactly, one-hundred-percent writing, only proto-hieroglyphs, but the tableau really is able to impart the who, what, where of an event," reported the Darnells.

"It is a historical document, there's no question about it," concurred an expert from the British Museum in London, Dr. Renée Friedman.

"This is one of the first, if not the first use of the horus title... the heart of the concept of the Egyptian

king," said Deborah Darnell.

Pictographs of a falcon and scorpion precede a human figure carrying a staff. Then follows a long-necked bird carrying a serpent in its beak, a common symbol for the victory of order over chaos. A bearded man with close-cropped hair holds a club and a rope connected to a bound prisoner who has long hair. Immediately beside the prisoner is the large head of a horned bull impaled on a staff. Another leader follows, possibly a queen or goddess, and there is also the earliest known representation of an arched canopy and royal sedan chair.

Although lacking a grammar recognizable in the modern sense, the signs are deliberately sequenced to convey a symbolic narrative. Whether or not the elements convey abstract, symbolic, phonetic versatility is still under debate, and so considering them to be language requires the definition of writing to be stretched a bit.

Nonetheless, a complete message is thought to be chronicled, namely the military conquest of a region of small, conflicting kingdoms, the capture of one of their rulers and his procession to a public execution.

From their own familiarity with Egypt's earliest history, the Darnells believe that this becomes the prequel, an account of the southern unification which made all later empire- building possible. <sup>616</sup>



### *Stonehenge, the Pride of Switzerland?* 2300 B.C.

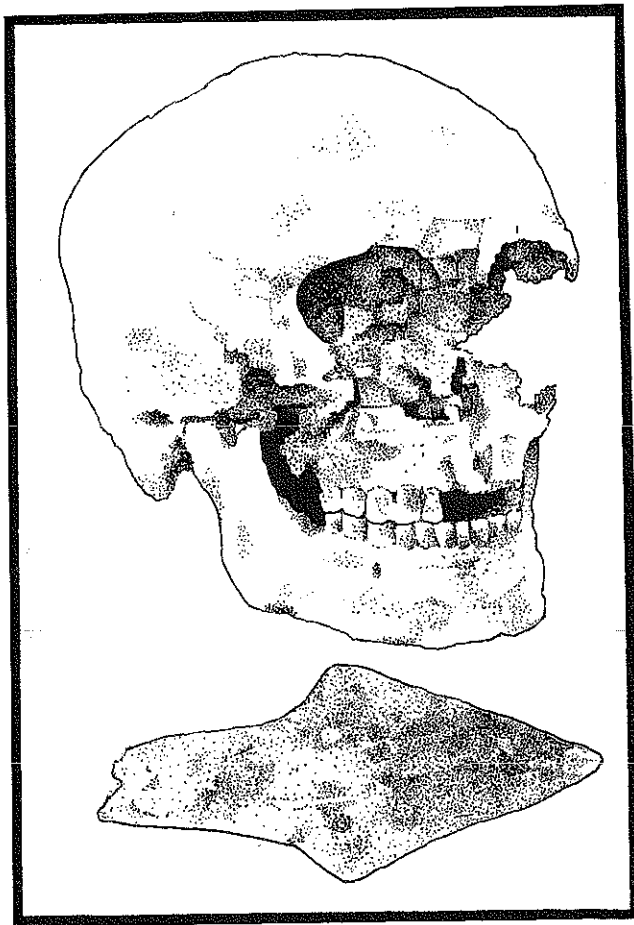
"London, Feb. 10 (AP) – Stonehenge, the mysterious ring of monoliths from the dawn of Britain's civilization, could be the work of a Central European immigrant, archaeologists said today." <sup>36</sup>

So began a news release that astonished the British people and the whole archeological world in early 2003.

An early Bronze Age archer, whose grave was discovered near the legendary stone circle in 2002, may have been involved in its creation, claimed scientists who made the discovery. Tests on the chemical components of the skeleton's tooth enamel indicated that he had grown up in the region that is now Switzerland.

While the archer's tooth enamel developed during youth, isotopes loose in his environment became permanently imbedded inside his mouth. The unique characteristics and layering of these oxygen isotopes, by definition, also match exactly the rocks and soil of wherever he grew up.

Once the teeth harden in young adulthood, they stop absorbing any more of the markers, and thus become little time capsules. The porous bones throughout the rest of the body do not stop, and so may provide a useful contrast



THE ARCHER OF STONEHENGE & HIS COPPER KNIFE  
PROVEN TO BE SON OF THE SWISS ALPS

to prove later where he lived more precisely.

Those who mourned him placed the body on its left side with his legs flexed and his face pointing to the north.

The 4,000-year-old remains were identified as those of an archer because of the 16 barbed arrowheads made from flint that were found beside his body, as well as flat sandstone wrist guards to protect his arms from the sting of the longbow. Five locally made pots surrounded him, within touching distance of his face, along with other artifacts made in the distinctive style of the Beaker Culture which flourished in the Alps during the late Stone Age and beginning of the Bronze Age.

The archer owned three copper alloy knives traceable to Spain, and four items of gold jewelry, the earliest yet discovered in Britain. His cloak was pieced together from animal skins, and held closed across his chest with a bone pin. He also carried four small horns or what might have been boars' tusks.

He had a total of 100 items to accompany him in the funeral, ten times more than anyone else in that era. His grave stands as the richest primitive trove ever found in Britain.<sup>204</sup>

The archer "would have been a very important person in the Stonehenge area," said Andrew Fitzpatrick, Wessex Archaeology's project manager in charge of Stonehenge. Because he had all of the items necessary to cut more flint, and an anvil-like cushion stone for working metal, the archer would have been a man of very special talents, and probably one of the first people in Britain to be a metalsmith. "It is fascinating to think that someone from abroad – probably modern-day Switzerland – could have played an important part in the construction of Britain's most famous archaeological site."

The archer lived around 2300 B.C., the same time that the stone circle was formed in Amesbury, 75 miles southwest of London. Eight hundred years earlier, the site had been first developed as a circle which was simply defined by a ditch and an embankment, but planners moved huge 20-ton stones from Sarsen and a number of 4-ton Bluestones from over 240 miles away in western Wales.<sup>36</sup>

Tests on the bones carried out by Fitzpatrick's team established that the archer had a strongly built physique, and that he was somewhere between 35 and 45 years old at the time of his death. He had an abscess on his jaw and infections in his bones that would have caused him constant pain. A few years before his death, the left knee cap had been ripped off, and after the wound healed, his walk became permanently stiffened, the left leg swinging out to the side.<sup>204</sup>

Continuing their work through the cold months, the Wessex team next dug up the skeleton of a 25- to 30-year old male interred next to the archer. Like his elder companion, he had also been buried with an identical

style of gold basket hair ornament, but the young man even had gold dental work.

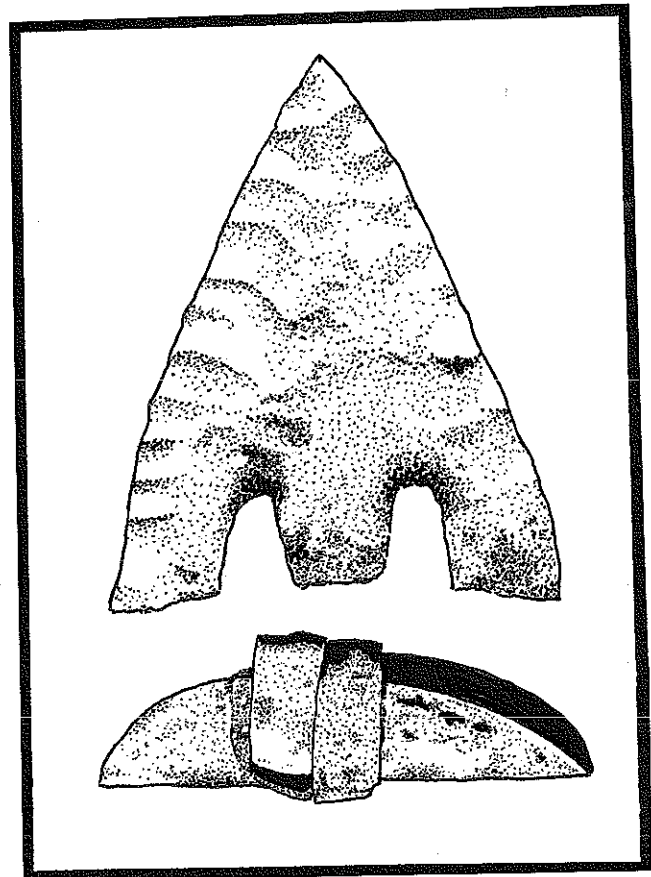
A rare heel bone deformity showed up in both men, and a DNA test proved that the individuals were closely related, in all likelihood as father and son. According to the younger man's tooth enamel, he had grown up in southern England, and may have spent his later adolescence in northeastern Scotland.<sup>12</sup>

In May of 2003, the Wessex team also found a rare communal grave from the same time period one-half mile from the archer that contained four adults, two children and four more of the Beaker Culture pots.<sup>10</sup>

Between November 2003 and February 2004, the archer and his treasures were put on display in the British Museum in London.

A Celtic tomb investigated in 1834 turned up an oak coffin containing human remains completely wreathed in mistletoe just prior to burial.<sup>374: 87</sup>

With the direction of divine premonition, Celtic spiritual leaders would search when the Winter Solstice approached for the ripening male and female mistletoe vine, ascending into the upper branches of apple or oak trees to claim it with special golden crescent knives. Youths then hoisted the branches overhead, running from



ONE OF THE ARCHER'S 16 ARROWHEADS  
AND THE EARLIEST GOLD JEWELRY EVER FOUND IN BRITAIN

house to house, village to village, announcing the New Year and demanding a kiss in exchange for the good news.

If the mistletoe was not found in time, but instead fell wasted to the ground, this was considered a terrible omen of misfortune that would soon visit the entire nation.<sup>250: 547-548</sup>

If the harvested white mistletoe berries were eaten raw, death would follow; but the highly toxic vine, thought to be symbolic of both the moon and the sun, could be greatly diluted as a prized medicine for fertility, and had a general reputation when properly handled as "all-healing."<sup>374: 87</sup>

Both the sticky fruit and the leathery dull-green leaves were dried, chopped and sifted, and could be turned to varying medicinal use by boiling it or mixing powders with alcohol. It served as a narcotic, fought nervous spasms, restored the steady heart, or could cure bladder ailments or full-body seizures.<sup>250: 548</sup>

Other spiritual traditions cling to Stonehenge. In the 12<sup>th</sup> Century, visitors poured water over the rocks and captured it, carrying whatever they could back home to use later in their baths.<sup>186: 122</sup> Some believed it dangerous to

count the stones, or to try to dig around them. The person doing so would raise the Devil, wrote John Wood during his 1750 survey, or risk a fatal illness or insanity.<sup>186: 120</sup>

Leon Stover, a professor of anthropology at the Illinois Institute of Technology, offers further detail on Stonehenge origins.

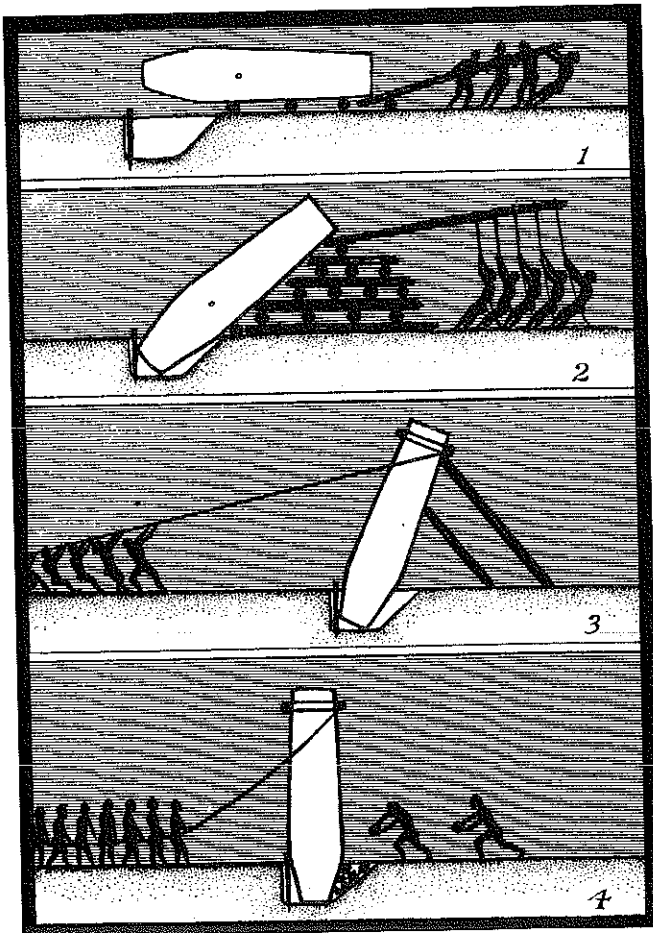
It seems that a traveler named Hecatæus returned to Greece around 500 B.C. and related the following account to Diodorus Siculus. He had witnessed how the priests of Alba met in a large circle dedicated to the moon, and – so they told – did so every 19 years, to sing and pray, accompanied by harps, to the rising star circle of Pleiades at the vernal equinox each Spring.

This keen appreciation of the calendar, especially the 19 years required for the moon to exactly repeat its Metonic pattern through the sky, points squarely at one of the astronomical measures that Stonehenge can make.<sup>532: 130</sup>

In the mythic astrology recounted at Ur, the circle of seven stars called the Pleiades was described as the fire burning between the bull's horns, and was said to herald the coming of spring.<sup>532: 131</sup>

But Stonehenge predates the pyramids of Egypt, even the first Temple of the Moon at Ur.<sup>532: 41</sup> It may not be that all ideas of human civilization flowed from east to west, but just as likely from the pagan west to the east, or from some homeland yet unidentified to be diffused far and wide. A fresh appreciation of ancient history suggests that instead of linear, causal accounts, it is also possible that shared patterns existed simultaneously in many parts of the world.<sup>532: 50</sup>

The metaphysical power of the metalsmith should be understood in the full context of bygone times. On visual



HOW ANCIENT LABORERS RAISED THE STONES  
IN THE MOST LIKELY OF MANY THEORIES



SACRIFICE OF THE BULL  
HAMMERED INTO METAL RELIEF ON THE LID OF A BOWL

and practical levels alone, their knowledge and skills made magic, pouring out molten gold and copper into shapes of glittering beauty, producing as well the bonds of power and strength, and tools such as the axe which could represent both a home's construction and war's destruction.<sup>532: 117</sup>

In this same mythic mix, the bull stood as a cult symbol of power and fertility among almost every tribe in Europe, dating back to the early Neolithic Age.<sup>532: 107</sup> A whole nexus of symbols – the bull, the circle, the axe, the moon, the sun – all joined at Stonehenge.<sup>532: 130</sup>

One line of transmission from Ur to Stonehenge follows the development of certain wheeled carts. If a direct line of ancestry does not tie them together, then at least a link of contact and learning makes a bond.

The source begins in the grasslands north of the Caucasus mountains, in present-day Ukraine, where Neolithic farmers took control of wild horses and domesticated them around 4000 B.C. This permitted the easier migration of people and speeded the invention of sleds and then wheeled wagons.

As Hittites, they rode their war chariots into Anatolia; and as Kassites to conquer Mesopotamia. The Indo-Europeans modeled their chariot and its spoked wheels after the battle-car of Ur. The Halstatt Celts brought them to Europe, and then all the way to Ireland by 1 B.C. To the ancient Greeks who knew them, the Alpine Halstatt people were called the *Keltoi*, whereas the later LaTène people were named *Galatae*.<sup>532: 142</sup>

Rock carvings all over Celtic Europe show that the



A COIN FROM THE REIGN OF CÆSAR COMPLETED WITH THE CRESCENT MOON

arrival of the summer sun meant ritual mating and human sacrifice.<sup>532: 130</sup> More of the cultural and political rites celebrated at Stonehenge may be surmised from the writings of those Greeks and Romans who met the Celts elsewhere in Europe. Rivalry and fear must have colored some of these accusations, but the topics, in general, probably held some reliable insight.

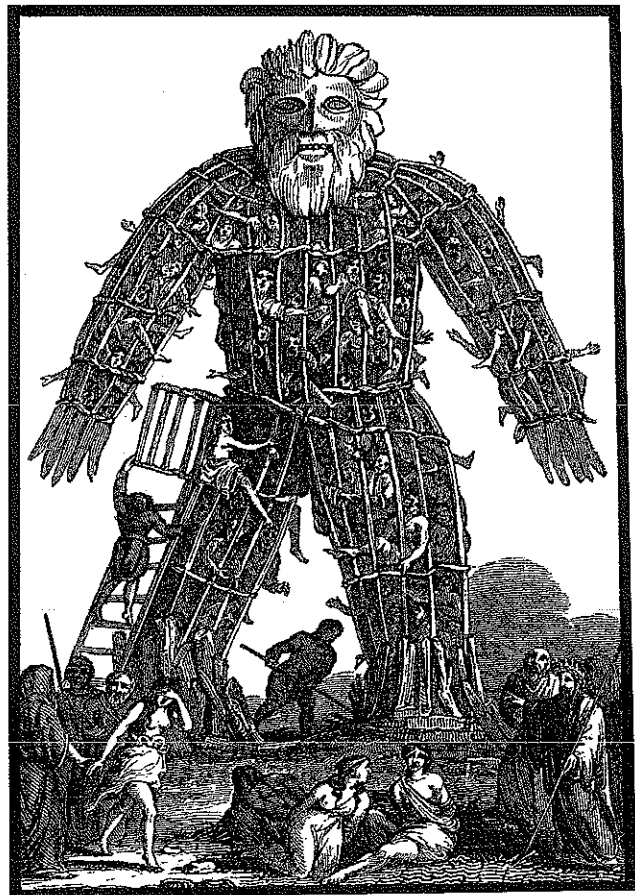
Julius Cæsar claimed that the Celts in Gaul practiced human sacrifice.

“Some tribes built enormous images with limbs of interwoven branches which they then fill with live men; the images are set alight and the men die in a sea of flame.”

Strabo saw or heard of killings that served prayer in a more individual way.

“They used to stab a human being, whom they had devoted to death, in the back with a dagger, and foretell the future from his convulsion... There are also other accounts of their human sacrifices; for they used to shoot men down with arrows, and impale them in their temples...”

“For their journeys and in battle, they use two-horse chariots, the chariot carrying both charioteer and chief,” wrote Diodorus regarding the Celts. “They cast their



WICKER MAN OF THE CELTIC GAULS  
A CAGE PACKED FOR BURNING HUMAN SACRIFICE

javelins at the enemy and then descending from the chariot join battle with their swords... unclothed except for a girdle... When the armies are drawn up in battle array, they are wont to advance before the battle line and to challenge the bravest of their opponents to single combat, at the same time brandishing before them their arms to terrify their foe. And when someone accepts their challenge to battle, they loudly recite the deeds of valor of their ancestors... while striking up a paean and singing a song of victory... at the same time abusing and making little of their opponent and generally attempting to rob him beforehand of fighting spirit..."<sup>532: 150</sup>

That the Celts nurtured both a taste for pitiless execution and a comfortable familiarity with death may be seen in many undeniable artifacts. According again to Strabo, the Celtic custom of headhunting was "a trait of barbarous savagery which is especially peculiar to the northern people, for when they are leaving the battlefield they fasten to the necks of their horses the heads of their enemies, and on arriving home they nail up this spectacle at the entrances to their houses."

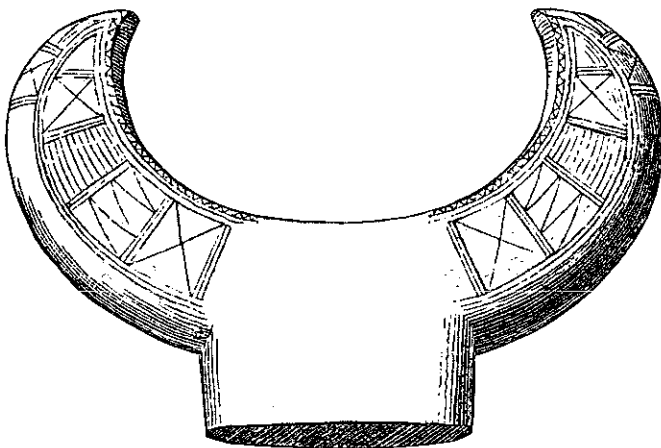
These grisly trophies even became the caulking between pillars of stone or wood, and the proud family would regale visitors with the fullest account of each death, whether of friend or foe."<sup>532: 151</sup>



*German researchers claim world's oldest observatory  
1600 B.C.*

"Halle, Germany, Sept 10, 2002 (AFP) -

"Researchers in Germany said Tuesday that they believed they had found the world's oldest astronomical observatory, dating back 3,600 years. A bronze map showing the sun, moon and stars, including a cluster



METAL HORNS, CIRCA 1000 B.C.  
FROM EBERSBERG, NEAR LAKE ZÜRICH

known as the Pleiades, was unearthed in a former fortified area shaped as a circle in the woodlands near Nebra, part of Magdeburg, eastern Germany. Taken with other artifacts and the site layout, researchers believe that it all added up to an early observatory."

Harald Meller of the Museum of Prehistory in the German state of Saxony-Anhalt said the site showed some similarities in thinking with the megalithic-era Stonehenge stone circle in England. The map appears on a bronze disc with gold foil ornaments measuring just under 12 inches across and weighing nearly 4½ pounds. Along with it were a number of other bronze objects – two swords with gold foil ornaments, two axes, one chisel and fragments of arm spirals.

"The layout (of the Nebra site) and the chart were used to determine time, which was important for sowing and harvesting," Meller said. "They could determine the exact course of the sun from the winter to the summer equinox... It is one of the most significant discoveries of early European cultural and intellectual history."

The Pleiades is an easily observed ring of seven stars, and so has a prominent reputation in ancient mythology. It was known by old Swiss farmers as *Der Siebenstern*, meaning the Seven Stars, or else as the Hen and her Chicks. Modern scientists refer to its spot in the heavens as Messier 45. The center of the formation is a white star named Auriga in the constellation of Taurus, roughly 500 light years from Earth.

In 2000 B.C., the Pleiades rose nearly four hours earlier than they do today, and so were directly overhead at nightfall on the winter solstice, when the kingfisher or Halcyon supposedly nested. The story derives from the old pagan observance of the turning season, with the moon god carrying the old year to its final resting place. In the legends of many early civilizations, the Seven Stars served as the home for all wisdom, intuition and creativity. These stars also align directly with the sun during the Spring Equinox.<sup>21</sup>

The treasure was found lying in a stone cyst near an enclosure, and tested as dating to the Early Bronze Age, about 3,600 years old. The map was based on exact astronomical measurements and observations, and thus shows the oldest cosmological picture known so far. It is older than the Egyptian pictures of the firmament that are known from Pharaonic graves.<sup>7</sup>



*Mithra and the Roman Army  
1400 B.C. – 394 A.D.*

According to the story passed down from century to century, a man named Mithra descended from the Zoroastrian god of light.<sup>4: 154-158</sup> Belief in him dates back

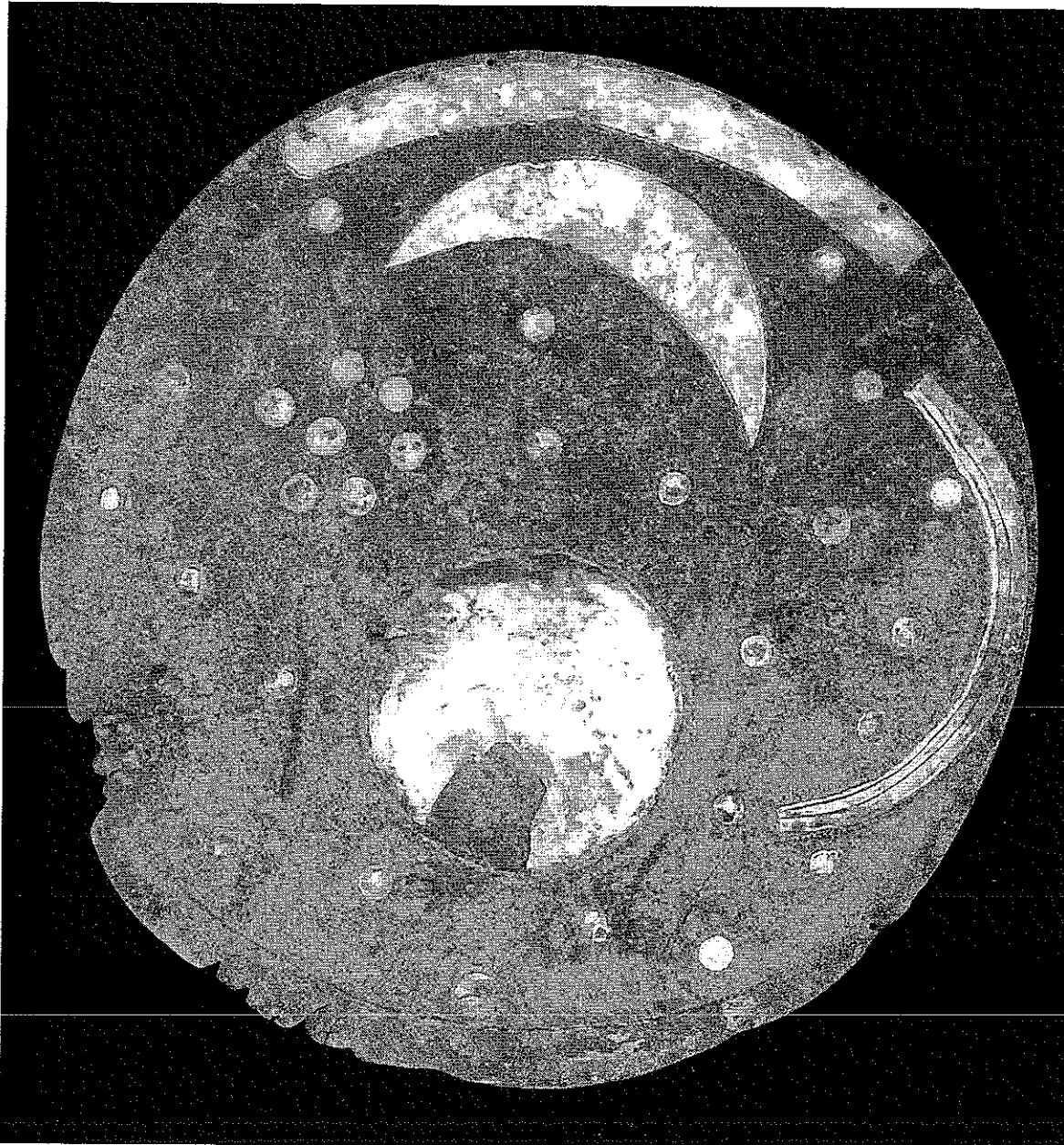
at least to the early 14<sup>th</sup> Century B.C., traceable through specific, defining details of his life. By the second half of the 5<sup>th</sup> Century B.C., Mithra had earned a special song in his honor as part of the Indo-Iranian *Avesta*.

Believers celebrated the birth of Mithra following the winter solstice, on each 25<sup>th</sup> of December. Shepherds alone saw the miraculous event, which took place in a cave, and immediately offered gifts. The newborn god sought shelter in a tree, partook of its fruit and clothed himself in its leaves.

Mithra's life began with a miracle, and his destiny was to accomplish many other miraculous deeds, although

not without a great deal of struggle. In pictures, he often appeared as a child carrying a torch. The story of Mithra also includes a flood from which one man escaped in a boat along with his cattle. He also soon developed into a keen marksman with bow and arrow.<sup>652</sup>

A wide belief in Mithra spread from the Fertile Crescent westward by the 1<sup>st</sup> Century A.D. Paintings often showed him wearing a red robe and the same kind of soft, floppy red cap that freed Roman slaves wore, especially those from the Germanic north. As a symbol of liberty, this Phrygian style of cap persisted amongst Europeans into the 18<sup>th</sup> and early 19<sup>th</sup> centuries A.D.,



THE CRESCENT MOON ALONG WITH THE SEVEN STARS OF THE PLEIADES  
RECORDED IN GERMANY AT THE WORLD'S OLDEST OBSERVATORY

including groups of Protestant refugees arriving in America <sup>4: 154-158</sup> and amongst later political reformers in Germany and France. <sup>64:77</sup>

The principal tenet centered around Mithra and his slaying of a sacred bull, the act which in Latin was named *tauroctony*. Scenes from the story often depict Mithra in pursuit of the bull, accompanied by his faithful dog, first across a meadow into a boat, then through a house and finally into a cave.

The bull had been the first animal made by the Great Creator, and it was necessary for Mithra to release its blood from which all other living things sprang. The expression shown on paintings of Mithra suggest that he killed the bull with great reluctance, in fact against his

will. The sun and a raven had helped Mithra find the bull, but they parted ways following a ceremonial banquet.

When the earthly life of Mithra drew to a close, he took one final meal with his followers, later celebrated with a communion of bread and wine. When it became time for him to return to his father, he did not die but rather ascended to heaven. His followers believed that he would return at the end of time and open every tomb of the dead to raise them up for a final judgment. <sup>374: 53</sup>

Simultaneous to this faith in Mithra, other Caucasian groups brought along a fabric of overlapping religion. A being named Men was a Phrygian god whose cult spread throughout Asia Minor. He was a healer and protector of



A MURAL OF MITHRA SLAYING THE GREAT WHITE BULL  
WHEREIN HIS LIKENESS WAS DEFACTED BY A LATER CRITIC



tombs, as well as a giver of oracles. He was associated with the moon, and became linked to the Anatolian god Attis, son of Nanna, and consort of the hermaphrodite Cybele, the Great Mother. He also appears on inscriptions found in Rome and Ostia. <sup>4: 151</sup>

*Tarvos Trigaranus*, a Celtic god, has been found depicted as a bull standing beside the tree of life, often beside a willow tree holding three birds in its branches. The best known reference for these symbols is to fertility, and the cycle of death and rebirth, but the background to these theories is unclear. Variations have been confirmed on statues excavated across Europe, from Trier, Germany, to Paris, France. <sup>4: 216</sup>

Some of the rites of Mithra included baptism, and their emblems notably included the moon and a farmer's sickle, especially for those members ranked as Persians. Other parts of the ritual required chains, the bones of oxen, bells and the adoration of equinoxes.

Initiates progressed through seven stages of membership, namely the Raven (watched over by the planet Mercury), the Mystic Bridegroom (Venus), the Soldier (Mars), the Lion (Jupiter), the Persian (Moon), the Courier of the Sun, and the Father (Saturn), each step marked by ordeals of great suffering. The spiritual progress for each member was compared to a ladder, each step symbolically carrying him closer to enlightenment. By striving to live like Mithra, adopting his values of stoicism, might, righteousness, justice and general moral virtue, members of his faith were guaranteed eternal life. <sup>652</sup>

For seven centuries, Roman Emperors tried to keep the Celts and Germans enslaved. At first they sent their legions to hunt and entrap them, or failing in this, to build walls to keep them at a safe distance.

The word slave derives from the tribal name Slav, those eastern Europeans whose own language defined themselves as "noble." In the year 6 A.D., the Germans conquered the Slavs and sold them into servitude with the Romans. Soon the Slav captives became known in Latin as the *Sclavus*, the basis of the original Old English term *slave*, used commonly until 1550, when the letter c was dropped. <sup>275: 620</sup>

Roman law, in an attempt to forestall the mixing of outside races into full citizenship, prohibited a slave from marrying a free person. The early Christian church refused to obey this law, and this only antagonized the emperor all the more. <sup>703</sup>

The Helvetii had been living between the Rhine and the Danube rivers just before moving into the Alps of modern-day Switzerland.

"The Helvetians are a people of warriors," wrote Tacitus, "famous for the valour of their soldiers." <sup>714</sup>

Just as the Swiss Helvetii developed a reputation for fierce fighting, and readily hired their passion out to

whomever would pay the most, so too the Basque mountain folk became known as hermits first, <sup>339: 32</sup> but also as mercenaries, adventurers, explorers, merchants, herdsmen, mechanics, rebels who favored ambush, <sup>339: 41</sup> and as religious contrarians. <sup>339: 65</sup>

They honored the moon into their faith, along with tree gods and the swirling rosette as one of their principal icons. <sup>339: 80</sup>

The Helvetii of the Alps killed the first Roman leader who had come to subdue them, namely Cæsar's fellow general Lucius Cassius Longinus, who in 107 B.C. was defeated at Bordeaux, and was first forced to march under the yoke.

The future emperor, Cæsar, dealt his reply to the mountain folk as a crushing defeat, putting them all back in their place. <sup>667</sup>

In due time, Rome pressed more and more of these



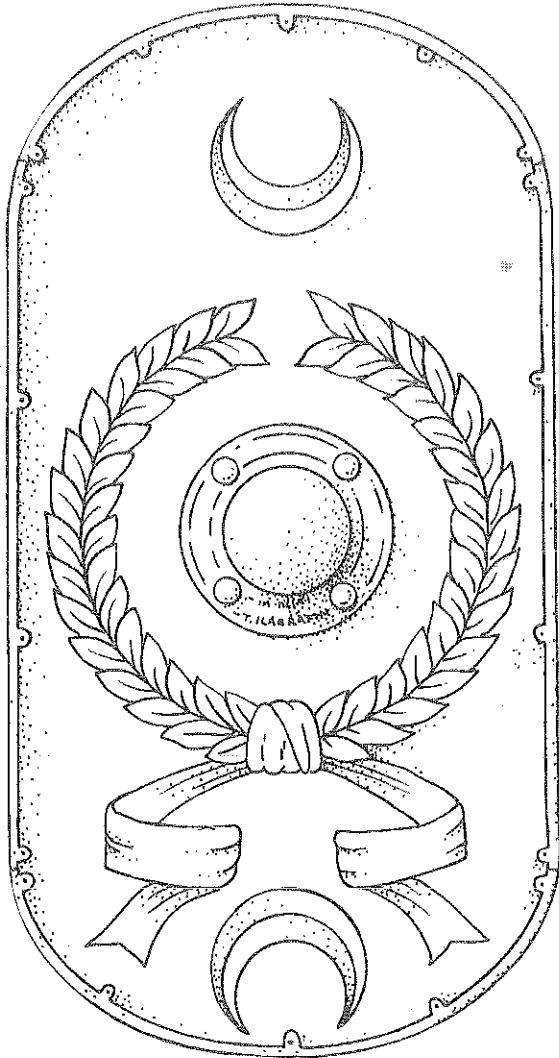
A CELTIC PRIESTESS STOPS A ROMAN IN HIS TRACKS IN THE UNEASY BALANCE BETWEEN MASTER & SLAVE

defeated Germans into service, and their growing numbers eventually overtook the identity and very character of the army and then the empire. <sup>240: 156</sup>

On average, Germanic tribes such as the Dacians rose up against Rome about once each 25 years. The response always amounted to a prompt storm, with the devouring of villages, herds and crops. Roman task forces accomplished this often in the face of great numerical disadvantage. Because German authority remained largely decentralized, the favored strategy of laying an enemy under siege could not be employed. <sup>240:164</sup>

The military tradition of Rome depended on large-scale, centralized authority. During the 1<sup>st</sup> Century A.D., total numbers for each fighting unit at each succeeding level started off twice or even six times as large. Two hundred years later, though, it had dwindled as tactics and modes of warfare changed.

By the 3<sup>rd</sup> Century A.D., a squad of ten men who



ROMAN LAURELS & CELTIC MOONS  
MERGED ONTO ARMOR OF THE AUXILIARIES

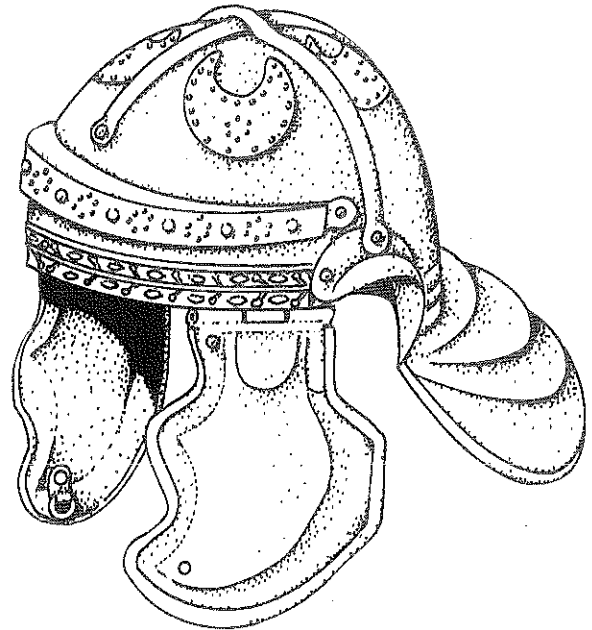
shared one tent and all of their meals together became a *contubernium*. Real power started with the *Centurion*, commander of a hundred men, or through his deputies called the *Optio*. When these sets of troops multiplied times five, the unit was called a *cohort*, the basic tactical formation of the army. Two *cohors*, or a thousand men, obeyed the *Tribune* who made them into his own *legion*.

All of the legions added up to a field army called the *comitatenses*, and the entire army in a region fell under one general officer called the *Dux*. Regular troops freely brought along their families, and when these numbers swelled with supply wagons and local helpers, the grand combination of 20,000 souls became known as the *ala*.

In times of extreme military emergency, the Republic appointed a *Dictator*, a supreme commander who held unquestioned power for six months. In the 1<sup>st</sup> Century B.C., the role had been granted to Sulla and then Cæsar. <sup>240: 215-216</sup>

The earliest Roman census resulted from military need. Centuries before the common era, when the still-small city needed to raise an army, the government decreed that an enrollment of every male would be made. These rolls also had to be updated with financial and demographic information every 14 years, being the time span it took for a new son to reach maturity. Non-citizens quickly grew to resent such information gathering because they knew that some additional head tax would soon follow. <sup>17: 6</sup>

Roman households could sidestep military service for a reluctant draftee by offering money instead. The Roman army used these funds to buy loyalty from or even to outright enlist German families, sometimes even an



THE HELMET OF A GERMANIC LEGIONNAIRE  
WITH CRESCENT MOONS FOR THE FOUR SEASONS

entire tribe.<sup>365: 9</sup> At first these units remained near their homes, serving as *limitanei* or defenders of borders. Those stationed near waterways took the name *ripenses*, the guardsmen of river frontiers.<sup>365: 4</sup>

With the absorption of German *foederati*, as these auxiliary confederates became known, Rome's ability to fight against hit-and-run tactics improved greatly. The empire had liked to use large rectangles of regular infantry even though these often found it difficult to make a simple, 90-degree turn.

Instead, German tactics introduced the *cuneus* or "swine's head" which put leaders and the strongest fighters at the tip of a spear-like formation, far freer to wheel and pivot, and to concentrate its fire. These elite units of Germans took the name *palatina*. When attacked, they pulled back into a stance called the *fulcum*, where they ducked down and quickly overlapped their shields into a pattern like fish scales. With spears protruding, the effect resembled a porcupine which enemy horsemen could not crush.<sup>365: 31-32</sup>

The Roman army also adopted the German style of war cry, a low rumbling roar called the *baritus*. "By the rendering of this they not only kindle their courage, but, merely by listening to the sound, they can forecast the issue of an approaching engagement. For they either terrify their foes or themselves become frightened... They hold their shields in front of their mouths, so the sound is amplified into a deeper crescendo by the reverberations."<sup>545: 103</sup>

The Roman army made little or no attempt to discourage freedom of faith amongst the auxiliary troops. Pagan religious beliefs persisted, including devotions to Mithra and the prominent display of crescent moons on their helmets and shields during the reign of Emperor Trajan, which commenced in 98 A.D.<sup>240: 110-111</sup> Unmistakable crescents appeared in rows, atop poles and silhouetted in variations of gold, red and blue. The official *Insignia of the Magistri Peditum*, from the Roman government's *Notitia Dignitatum* showed that units such as the *Petulantes Seniores*, the *Celtae Seniores*, the *Cornuti Seniores*, the *Brachiati Seniores* and the *Ascarii Seniores* all used the abstract crescent moon or bull horns.<sup>365: 15</sup>

German soldiers often gave up metal artifacts back to earth as a spiritual offering of thanks and sacrifice. That accounts for why so many helmets and swords may be recovered from brooks, lakes or wells. At the Birrens fort in southwest Scotland, German legions from *Raetia* and *Vellavia* created altars to the gods from their homelands.<sup>240: 111</sup> By the middle of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Century, Mithraism verged on becoming the universal religion of the Roman Empire.<sup>652</sup>

By the middle of the 4<sup>th</sup> Century, many of Rome's generals, if not most of them, came from Germanic roots.

<sup>240: 9</sup> By 410 A.D., when Rome succumbed to an attack of so-called Goths, most of the invaders had been former soldiers of German heritage in the Roman army.<sup>240: 23</sup>

Appearing in hundreds of excavations in the heart of Rome, and extending particularly into the Germanic and Danubian provinces, Mithras served as one of the leading pagan faiths from the era. This mysterious religion peaked in the 3<sup>rd</sup> Century but was suppressed along with other pagan religions by the end of the 4<sup>th</sup> Century.<sup>4: 154-158</sup>

In the space of three centuries, Rome's population exploded by ten times, from 100,000 at the dawn of the Republic to over a million by the beginning of the Christian era.

Up until 360 A.D., Christians could not agree on the birthday of Jesus. Emperor Constantine, who had been a believer in Mithra until his Christian conversion, ordered that year the birth of his new savior to be amalgamated with the old.<sup>374: 54</sup>

In 394 A.D., Emperor Theodosius clinched the demise of Mithra beliefs, but only after the emperors Julian and Eugenius had given its followers reason for hope. Certain small, isolated cantons in the Alps helped it to survive in Europe through the 5<sup>th</sup> Century.<sup>652</sup>

Pockets of believers still don bull horns, animal skins and smear themselves with blood each year on the day before Ash Wednesday in the Basque village of Alsasua in northern Spain, celebrating the festival of *Momotxorro*.<sup>230</sup> The running of the bulls in the Basque town of Pamplona, ostensibly as part of the July festival of San Fermín, traces back to pagan times well before all of the saints.<sup>705</sup>

Some of the scattered Celtic peoples who held onto a belief in Mithra renamed him Mabon, son of Modron, although nearly every detail of his cave home, his animal consorts and his spiritual powers remained intact. Romans visiting Stonehenge heard of traditions surrounding the Winter Solstice ascribed to a god of the sun and the moon, and noted his name as *Maponus*.<sup>374: 57</sup>

*Paganus*, meaning in Latin "a rural villager," became the slang term Pagan, imposed by early Christians on anyone who believed in local religious traditions, including a belief in many different gods, a use of statues or the practice of sacrifice. The Church feared how strongly the beliefs persisted amongst all those who lived in *villes*, until another word also became tainted. The word *Vilain* originally meant, simply, those who live in villages, but soon became loaded with the meaning of any person with a wicked soul.<sup>482</sup>

Later Christian writers denounced the rites of Mithra as a blasphemous mockery of Jesus, unaware that belief in Mithra and the details of his story predated the Passion, and even Jerusalem, by many, many centuries.<sup>4: 154-158</sup>



### The Path of Persecution

On the sunrise side of Lake Zürich, west of the village of Hinwil lies a farm named "Marshland." About two-hundred steps away from the edge of the farm, little ribbons of spring water push out of the ground. From that spot, heading towards another piece of property named "Liberarch," a strange stripe of green ground may be seen. Most of the year, it is no different looking than anywhere else, but in particularly dry summers, when every other plant-life fails, the stripe heading for Hinwil remains bright and lush. Even today, everyone still calls it the Pagan Path. <sup>233: 56: 99</sup>

When one particular pagan family still lived in the Highlands of Canton Zürich, they were obliged to hide in a cave at Allmann, having been forced away from their homes by early Christians.

In a single act of desperation, the pagans threw themselves over the cliff there, where the shattered remains of father, mother and child still lie. The Christians found them and thanked God for punishing such terrible heathens. <sup>233: 54: 98</sup>

A thousand years later, during the time of the Reformation, the government and its church pursued Anabaptists into the same place. At the slope of the Allmann mountains, not far from Bäretswil, there are the openings of several caves, the largest of which can still be seen.

Into these caves, called "The Baptist Hole," the

persecuted brethren crawled for sleep. The refuge has decayed gradually since, but up until a hundred years ago it was still possible to walk back into the cavern for 30 paces or so. In the furthestmost recesses, clues of their life could be seen, including old tools and coins and secret paths that allowed escape to Toggenburg. <sup>233: 54: 99</sup>



### How the Hills Around Finstersee Came to Be

In misty, long-agos, the first humans to settle Finstersee cleared the land, planted their gardens and baked their first bread. Their lives proved so good that soon a crop of children crowded the only spots big enough and flat enough for play.

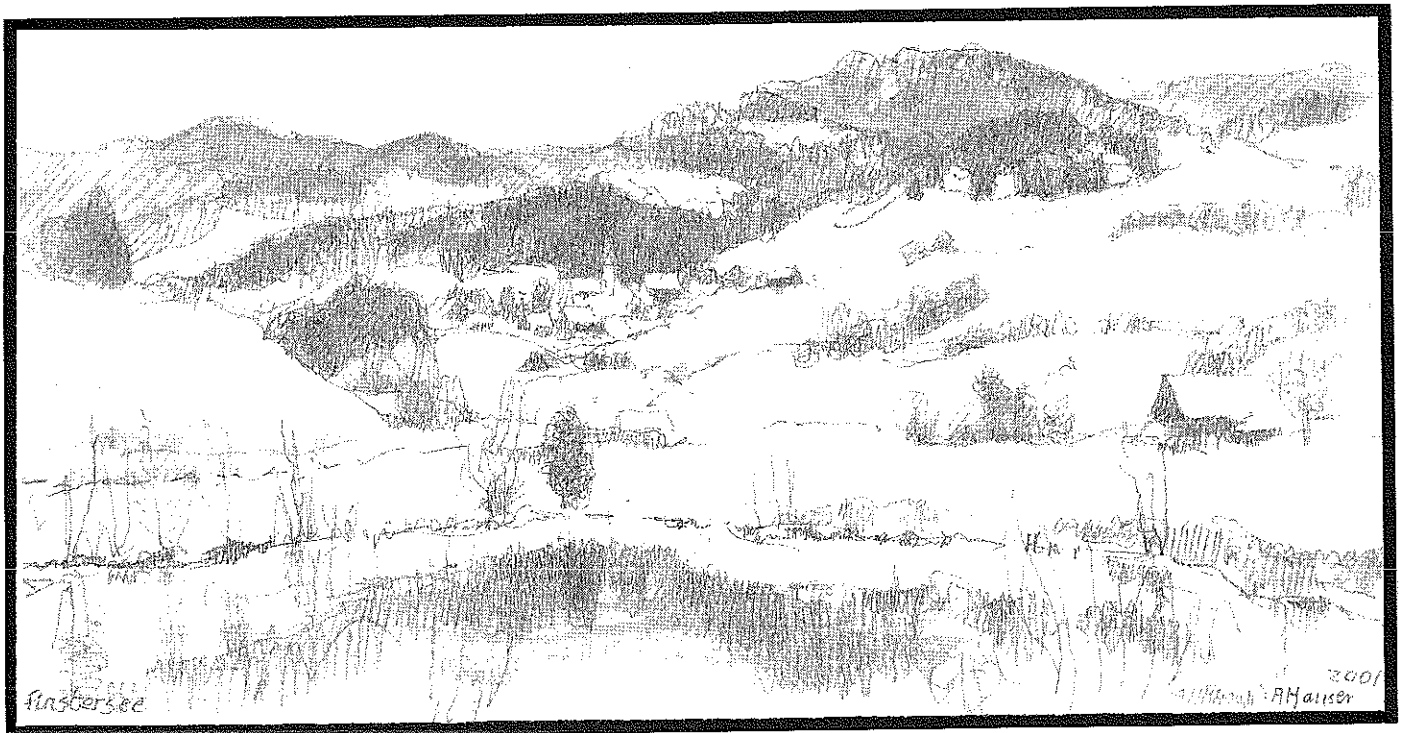
One from among them drew the lott, and was obliged to petition the gods for more land.

"Then clear more land! Cut the trees and dry out the swamps," came back the only answer they got.

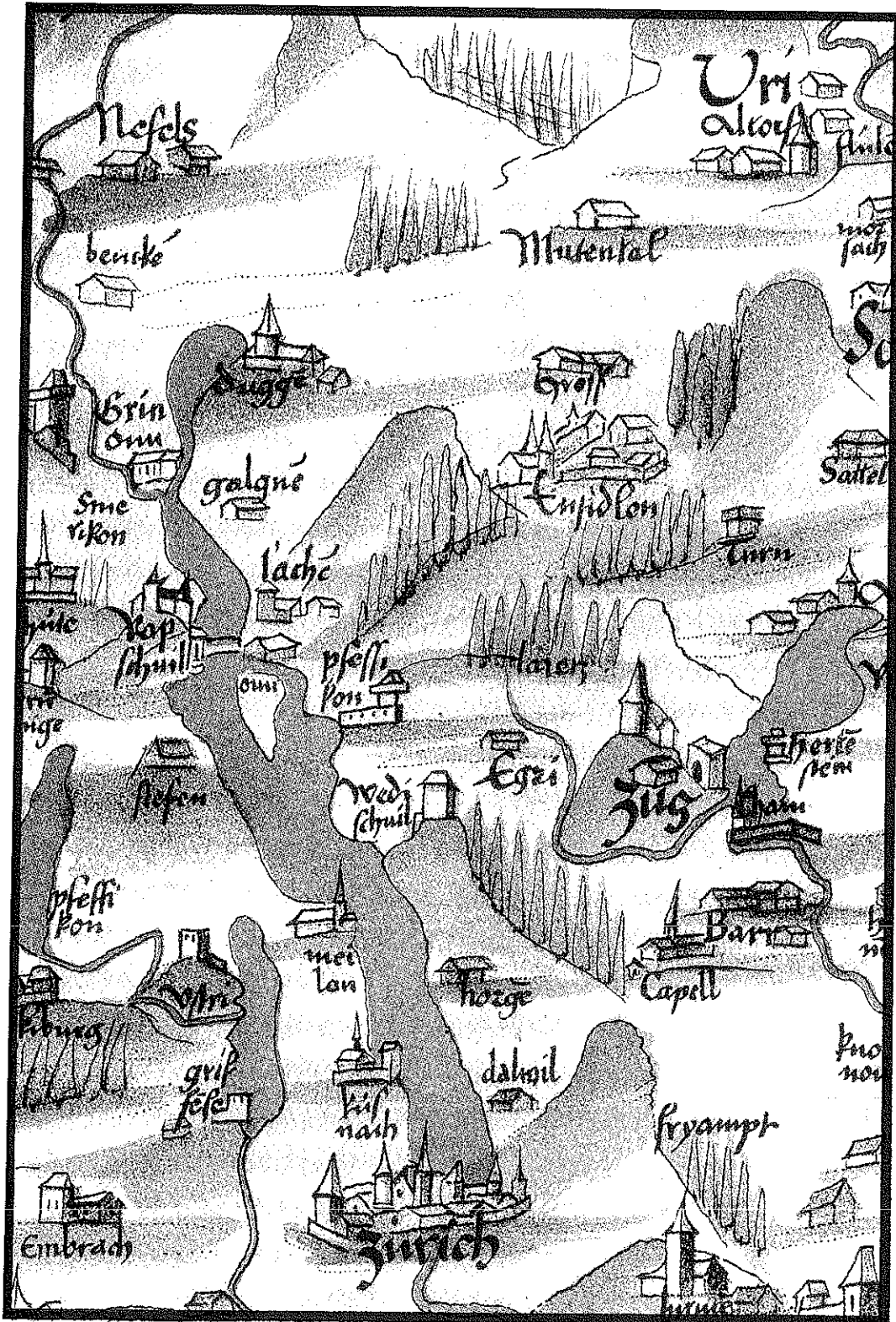
This advice solved their needs for awhile, but when it could no longer, another envoy went out looking for the king of the devils, ready to make a deal with him.

He was glad to hear their pleas and promised to fulfill their wishes. He sent a whole troop of little devils to the top of Gottschalkenberg, where they tunneled inside it, and with their shoulders, lifted up.

The settlers of Finstersee hugged each other, drank



A WINTERSCAPE LOOKING EASTWARD ACROSS LAKE WILEN TO FINSTERSEE  
OVERSEEN BY THE TOWN'S CHURCH STEEPLE AND GOTTSCHALKENBERG MOUNTAIN, AS DEPICTED BY ALBERT HAUSER



NOTABLE DETAILS OF NORTHERN SWITZERLAND AS DRAWN BY CONRAD TÜRST SOUTHWARD ON LAKE ZÜRICH PAST "WEDISCHWIL" CASTLE, TO THE RIGHT OVER THE SIHL RIVER TO CANTON ZUG, AND ON TO "EINSIDLEN"

themselves silly and danced with delight, for by stretching new hillsides into the land, more acres belonged to them now and could be put to work. The people swore their thanks and fidelity to the devil, but only learned later how much harder the work would be in every way for every day of the rest of their lives. <sup>526: 173-175</sup>



*Finstersee*  
1359

When any meadow made a pond that only seemed to come and go with heavy rains, Swiss countryfolk called it the *söllsee* or a *finstersee*, literally their own tiny "dark lake." Just such a damp spot sat on the way up the

mountains south of Lake Zürich. <sup>170: 327</sup> East of the old convent at Menzingen, the name first appeared in the year 1232 as Vinsterse, and within eight more years as a settlement beside it called Villa Vinsterse. <sup>170: 373</sup>

In 1359, the first mention of a family named Bachmann appeared in the neighboring cluster of houses called Wilen or Wilersee, which belonged to Finstersee. A man there named Ulrich Bachmann received credit for paying his household's ten-percent taxes to the monasteries at Einsiedeln and Saint Blasien.

The Sihl River carved a wild and romantic canyon through the mountains below Finstersee. As of the year 1000 A.D., the village had stood as little more than a church, a school and a few farmhouses, all within the parish of nearby Menzingen. To get from Menzingen across the river to Hütten or Schindellegi, a foot bridge made of raw wooden beams arose in the 14<sup>th</sup> Century.



AUSTRIAN INVADERS ARE CRUSHED BENEATH A SWISS AMBUSH  
AT THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN ON 15 NOVEMBER 1315

Every pilgrim heading for Einsiedeln relied upon it, as did the traveling merchants going to and from Zürich. <sup>189:</sup>

<sup>94</sup> See map on page 258

Throughout the Old Zürich Wars and especially during the Battle of Kappel in 1531, the Swiss Confederation flew a little banner flag over the bridge. The birth of Canton Zug had depended on every wooden plank that held it together. The bridge enhanced in 1646 had to be replaced in 1734 due to high-water flooding. Another new wooden one in 1859 became an all metal bridge in 1957. Because of the unforgiving lay of the canyon, the old wooden bridge had to be built on a dramatic curve, and as such was the first curved roadway bridge in all Europe. <sup>189: 95</sup>

Earl Ulrich from Kiburg, brother of the Earl Eberhard and kinsmen of Abbot Hermann from Winterthur, governed the region including Menzingen from 1052 until 1065.

The holy records at Einsiedeln dating between 1217 to 1222 described a village of Méincingin.

Agidius Tschudi (1505-1572), writing in the *Book of Heremi*, offered a clear account of how the parish of Mentzenhein participated when the Schwyzer army attacked the Einsiedeln monastery in 1314. A transcription from 1332 makes certain that this referred to the very same Menzingen. Tschudi made an alphabetized inventory of all of the monastery's possessions for "Maentzingen, part of Zug." <sup>526: 22</sup>



### *An Early Skirmish for Swiss Independence 1388*

Between 1256-1273, when the knights of Wädenswil joined the struggle for home rule against the Austrians and the Holy Roman Empire, many ended up on the bridge over the Sihl River at Brättigen. In the Winzwiler Forrest, a knight from Wildenburg brought along his farmhands to support him in a gory battle. The fighting poured out to Lake Egel, and to the marshlands, where one mounted knight in his heavy armor sank into the swamp.

As he and his horse slipped deeper and deeper into the muck, he called to God and promised to improve himself with penance and atonement at the monastery in Menzingen, if only his life might be spared.

Suddenly, the knight found solid ground beneath the mud and felt sure he was now safe. He ridiculed his earlier oath, promising that the monastery held nothing for him now; but immediately, the horse ran off, and the knight from Wildenburg disappeared below the swamp.

Still long afterward saw around one the leech-sea minds and on the nights of the silvery new moon, a

struggling horseman can be heard calling, "Hup, hup, hup, hup!"

And if the little children stall from their bedtimes, the mothers caution, "Be quiet, or else the Knight of Lake Egel will come and get you. Don't you hear him? Just listen, 'Hup, hup!'" <sup>526: 177</sup>

As a matter of fact, Swiss monasteries benefitted immensely from the knights who rode off for the fight. <sup>441: 93</sup> Many feared death while out of Europe at the Crusades, and consequently gave land to the Church so that special prayers might be said for their souls. Almost every house in the important Cistercian Order received at least one farm during the course of the 12<sup>th</sup> Century.

Throughout the Confederation Wars, especially each Sunday on the Feast of the Assumption, an honor roll of valiant dead soldiers rang out, and every time the final words pronounced: "...when they come down from the mountain."

There came utter silence from the pews, even amongst the young boys, who felt so proud of their Menzinger ancestors.

For a battle on Christmas Day during 1388 in Canton Zug, nine men descended from the mountain around Menzingen. They marched to the field of Totenhalde near Hünenberg, and the ranks included their leader Hans Spillman of Finstersee, along with Hans Bachmann, Heini Bucher, Heini Elsiner, Martin am der Rein, Felix Gründeler, Hans Hegglin, Heini Kepf and Hans Zürcher in the Placki. Forty-two of their fellow Zugers, including their commander Hans von Hospental, died while forcing the invading army of Hapsburg knights give up their plunder. <sup>716</sup>

The men of Menzingen also fought 21 strong at the Battle of Arbedo in 1422; at Belagerung in 1444, joining up with 18 fellow citizens and others from Zürich; at Marignano in 1515, where 37 Menzingers joined 163 others from across Canton Zug. Two men went to the Battle of Kappel in 1531; and 23 from Menzingen crossed the Sihl River in the Villmergen War in 1712 to attack Bachmann the blacksmith and his family in Hütten. <sup>526: 35</sup>



### *The Calling to Serve*

Sixty miles southwest from Lake Zürich, as a crow might fly it, the most famous soul in medieval Switzerland lived the hermit's life.

In 1417, the farmer Heinrich von Flüe and Hemma Ruobert named their new son Nicholas, who became better known as Klaus. As a young man, he attained the military officer's rank of *rottmeister* with the Swiss

Confederacy, and participated in several campaigns during his early twenties.

Returning home, Klaus lived on a cleared rock plateau on the far side of Lake Sarnen, in the Swiss Canton Obwalden. His surname, von Flüe, means literally “of the Rock.” He married Dorothy Wyss in 1447, built a large house, eventually fathered five sons and five daughters and served as a delegate to several Swiss arbitration courts.

In 1467, after a repulsive encounter with political corruption, Klaus refused election to the office of governor, called the *landammann*. Klaus knew no peace. After working a long day on his farm, he would awake in the middle of the night and find no other choice but to stay awake praying.

On the 16<sup>th</sup> of October, Klaus decided to leave behind all that he knew and loved for a new life as a pilgrim. He thought that the secret to leading a good life would come from walking to Spain, specifically to Santiago di Compostela, a site of purported miracles.

He never arrived there, and in fact stopped short at Basel of even leaving Switzerland. Instead of seeking

answers in the outside world, he realized that the searching he needed to do was all inside. Klaus walked back to a spot only ten minutes along a footpath from his family’s home, but it seemed to others as the very edge of the world, a steep canyon by the Melchaa River.

Brother Klaus focused first on the vision of a brook originating from the foundation of a house. Out of the depths of its source, up bubbled wine, oil and honey. In this meditation, the house could be appreciated as his own heart, while the brook represented the gift of God. Wine symbolized the Father, the creator; oil stood for the anointed Son; and honey became all love coming from the Holy Spirit.

Likewise, the vision of a peculiar wheel became fraught with higher meaning. Three of the spokes pointed out from the center like triangles, while three more pointed in from the wheel rim. This Sachsler Meditation Picture served as an architecture for prayer, with the outward responsibilities and inward pressures of leading a Good Life.

“There is rumor around him,” wrote Albrecht von Bonstetten, dean of the Einsiedeln Monastery during a later visit, “that first he had to eat dried pears and beans, herbs and roots as well as water from the nearby brook, until [eventually] he should have abstained from all temporal food. This information spread gradually over the valley inhabitants: Nicholas has become a hermit and takes neither food nor drink.”

The governor and councilors, as soon as they learned of it, ordered sworn guards to watch all day and night, to see if it was true, or if someone would secretly bring him food and drink. With the highest certainty after the strict watch lasting over a month, they now knew the rumors were true.

“He lived in such manner no more than two years when many people came into the wilderness and began to build a chapel and adjoined a small room. There lives Brother Klaus.”

To consecrate the chapel built beside Brother Klaus’ hermitage on 27 April 1469, Bishop Thomas of Agathopolis paid a visit at the instruction of Bishop Hermann of Constanz.

“Glorious God,” wrote Bishop Hermann, “has kept and keeps continuously this Nicholas alive without human food and without earthly nourishing, all alone with heavenly refreshment, in a wooded area or canyon. These rumors increase and spread so strongly that people of either sex from the environs, clerics as well as laymen, believe it and visit daily or by right occasions this Nicholas and his cell. He is very popular because, they believe, he would be a saint...”

Bishop Thomas hoped to test the hermit and asked, “What virtue is most pleasing to God?”

“Obedience,” replied Brother Klaus.

Thomas immediately produced the bread and wine he



BROTHER KLAUS THE HERMIT

BORN AS NIKLAUS VON FLÜE, BUT DESTINED FOR SAINTHOOD



had specially brought for the purpose, broke the bread into three pieces and ordered Brother Klaus to eat it. Klaus did not want to disobey the Bishop's command, but he feared the difficulty of swallowing after such a long abstinence and begged to be allowed to eat just one of the three pieces. He could only manage to swallow even this with a struggle, and could hardly get down a small sip of the wine. Much distressed, the Bishop declared that the test had been fully satisfied.

The bishop's report met full approval in Rome, where 16 cardinals endorsed a letter of perpetual indulgence for Bruder Klaus, to be enhanced by a gift of money for a chapel fund and two six-foot high bronze candlesticks.

The following description came from Albrecht von Bonstetten during a visit to the hermit's hut on 31 December 1478.

"This is how the place is situated: We came through the forest to a village called Kerns, towards [the mountain] Brünig. Shortly before leaving the village we left the broad track and bore more to the left towards the icy, lofty, snow-covered Alps, and after climbing these mountains and hills about half a mile, we came to a plateau through which a rapidly running stream flowed out of the mountainside with great whirling and roaring. From there we went down to the bottom of a steep slope and from there upstream about 500 paces. On our right, only a stone's throw from the stream lay the hermitage at the foot of the gorge.

"...Really, my hair stood on end and my voice failed me.

"Why have you come to this remote gorge in this wild place?" asked Brother Klaus. "Just so that you could see me, a poor sinner? I am afraid you will find nothing in me worthy of a visit from such people as you."

"He is tall, very thin, brown and wrinkled, with uncombed hair, black mixed with gray, not very thick. His beard is about a thumb's length. He has medium-sized eyes, with very clear whites, well-preserved teeth and a nose that goes well with his face. He is not talkative, and reserved with strangers. I judge him to be about 60. If you touch him, his skin is cold. He is bareheaded and barefoot and wears nothing on his bare body but a gray robe...

"I will now tell you briefly what I heard from trustworthy people. They said it was now the fourteenth year that Brother Klaus had eaten nothing... They also said that he sleeps half standing, leaning against a wall. At the beginning of his hermit's life, the Evil One had afflicted him grievously, so that he was often found lying half-dead. Every day, especially in summer, he goes to a cave about three hours away, in order to pray."

With civil war a distinct possibility in 1481, the Swiss nearly tore themselves apart at the Council of Stans

over the acceptability of Freiburg and Solothurn joining the confederation. The quarrel seemed hopelessly locked until both sides agreed to seek counsel from Brother Klaus.

The rivals met for barely one hour in private with the hermit, and left with everything straightened out. Brother Klaus insisted that his peace-working advice must not be made known to the public. On 22 December 1481, a whole new understanding of cooperation could be committed to paper, with the outmoded Town Rights eliminated. From now on, no city or canton could make secret alliances with the outside world, and all foreign policy had to be crafted from a common dialogue. Every canton affixed its seal to the Stanser Treaty, which became by oath an alliance.

"Great joy now runs through all the country," wrote Diebold Schilling in his famous *Chronicle of Luzern*, "with bell ringing and rejoicing because of the agreement. Indeed, everywhere the people tolled in joy and song."

A year later, Brother Klaus wrote a letter of advice to the Council of Bern, including the essence of scripture deserving of the highest priority: "There is no peace without justice." "Take widows and orphans into your protection." The further instruction amounted to: "Listen to each other" so as to truly understand the ideas, requests and worries of the other. Criticism must be allowed, but self-criticism is then just as required. Unspeakable things must be exposed openly, including most especially all envy and arrogance, which certainly drives intrigue.

In gratitude for this counsel, Bern donated 40 pounds to guarantee the future of the hermit's chapel.

Not every visitor to the hermit arrived with an open heart. Many wanted only to prove that believers were foolish and that the hermit was a fake. A greedy abbot from Würzburg arrived in October 1485 and demanded to know, "Are you the one who boasts not to have eaten for so many years?"

"Good father," replied the hermit, "I have never said – and do not say – that I eat nothing."

"What is avarice?"

"Why do you ask me – an uneducated man who owns nothing – about avarice, when you – learned and rich as you are – not only know better than I do, but have had personal experience of what goes on in an avaricious man's heart? The year before last, in a craze for speculation, you bought 27 measure of the best wine for a derisory price and then last year resold it for a huge profit. But your Bishop confounded you cupidity and through his own greed punished yours; in spite of your protests he seized the whole lot by force... and removed it to his own cellar and he didn't pay a penny for it and never will. The marks of greed are written on your face and are footed in your heart, and to your mortification have now become obvious."

At these words, the abbot was dumbfounded and

confused and did not reply. Trithemius, the German historian, learned of this account from a second abbot who had come along on the pilgrimage.

The hermit died on 21 March 1487. On instruction from the Vatican, priests from the church of Sachseln placed Klaus first beneath a stone sepulchre next to the chapel, and later beneath their altar, where a silver sarcophagus makes the spot unmistakable.

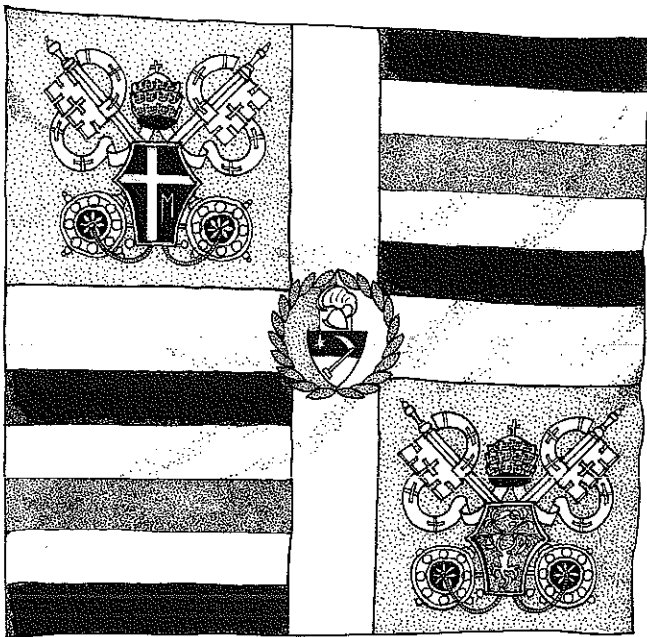
In 1648, Brother Klaus received Beatification from Pope Innocence X, and was canonized three centuries later by Pope Pius XII.<sup>609</sup>



During the Burgundian Wars in 1474, King Louis XI of France witnessed a battle near Basel, Switzerland, when disciplined ranks of 1,500 Swiss pikemen held off 20 times as many attackers. Before long, both he and the king of Spain hired Swiss soldiers to instruct their own officers on exactly how it had been done.

In 1495, a hired corps of Swiss mercenaries saved the day for – as well as the life of – King Charles VIII of France. Two years later, the Holy Roman Empire's Pope Sixtus IV anticipated the day when he would need his own corps of mercenaries, and so, with considerable foresight, made an alliance with the Swiss Confederates. His successor, Pope Julius II gave to this command of Swiss Guards the honorific title, "Defenders of the Church's Freedom." As part of their special accommodation, the pope ordered barracks built for them along the Via Pelligrino, next to their own chapel which still stands.

During this era of transition from Medieval ways to



THE FLAG OF THE VATICAN'S SWISS GUARD  
SWORN TO SACRIFICE THEIR OWN LIVES IN DEFENSE OF THE POPE

the dawn of the Renaissance, Switzerland's cantons had become overpopulated and underemployed. Out of half a million people spread across the Swiss Alps, 15,000 of its strongest men were organized into a kind of guild for very well-paid but highly dangerous summer work. The Confederation served as their broker, contracting for bulk commercial payments in corn, salt or other commodities, and sent their sons to fight alongside or against depleted French or Spanish legions.

The Swiss assembled for duty in such numbers that they could fill out their own regiments, functioning as sovereign allies, flying their own flag, speaking Swiss German, living under their own laws and remaining free to withdraw from battle as they saw fit. When the weather turned cold, mercenaries preferred to returned home and there embellish the tales of heroism.

Seasoned Swiss soldiers often took part in brief, glorious wars, and brought back as much booty as they could carry, on top of their regular pay. Such was the case for Rudi Bachmann from Richterswil who fought for the winning side during the 1513 War in Milan alongside France's King Louis XII. Two years later, a Bachmann from Richterswil fought and lost against the new French king, Francis I, at the Battle of Marignano, in Italy, quite close to Milan.<sup>63: 46</sup>

This tradition of ultimate service persisted among the Bachmanns for at least another two centuries. At the base of the Lion of Luzern, the famous memorial carved in a sandstone cliff by Bertel Thorwaldson, linger all the known names of the 700 Swiss guards who defended the Tuileries Palace of King Louis XVI. His Swiss guard fought loyally to the death against a mob of thousands of rebels, unaware that their royal employer had already slipped away. Second from the top of that list is a Lieutenant Colonel Bachmann.

On the far side of this great cultural earthquake, Hans Bachmann, also of Richterswil, gave voice by 1523 to the need for revolution within the church, at the same time that Martin Luther and Ulrich Zwingli tried to spell out their Protestant Reformation in detail.<sup>64: 29-30</sup>

A deadly civil war broke out within the Swiss cantons that pitted northern reformers against southern loyalists. Ironically, just as the Lake Zürich critics initiated the fight, it was other warriors from Switzerland who made the crucial difference in preserving the status quo.

In 1522, a German monk named Paul Bachmann rose to the office of Abbot of Altenzelle. He had been born around 1466 in the town of Chemnitz in Saxony, and eventually served Rome as professor in the Cistercian academy in Leipzig. At the outbreak of the Reformation, Bachmann helped to form a nucleus of Catholic scholars counterattacking Luther. Monastic life did need an overhaul, Bachmann concluded, but the cure would come from renewed veneration of the Saints.

Bachmann wrote his devotions in the form of essays, poems and hymns. While these inspired the already

faithful, he quarreled with the Protestants through a war of pamphlets, matching them line for line with bitter, vulgar satire. Many of the Cistercian monks from his own order defected, but Paul Bachmann spent the rest of his life helping to stop the total erosion of Catholicism in German-speaking lands.<sup>49</sup>

When Protestant troops from Germany and Spain sacked Rome on 6 May 1527 during one of the most violent episodes in the Reformation, 147 Swiss Guards died while protecting the life of Pope Clement VII. A secret corridor allowed the escape of His Holiness to the safety of the Castel Sant' Angelo, but meanwhile, only 42 of the Swiss Guards survived. The exact spot, which was then near the German cemetery at the high steps of the altar at the Basilica, has been marked at the foot of the obelisk in Saint Peter's Square.

Eight days of plundering Rome left irreplaceable artworks and relics gone forever. The bulk of the Vatican's silver and golden treasures disappeared. Pope Clement negotiated his own continuation of authority over the church, but with heavy concessions of money and land. Only a faithful dozen of the Swiss Guards received permission to join his new retinue.<sup>714</sup>



*A Final Account from Court Records  
Involving the Neighbors of Greta from Old Castle*

In the year 1600, Klaus Müller of Richterswil wanted to cut down six oak trees, and thereby profit from them. However, in a dispute with his neighbor, the barrel maker Schmid, it could not be agreed upon who had hereditary right to that particular spot of land and the trees upon it.

It is important to know how mindful they all had been of a local legend. It seems that if any one should have spoken falsely about a landmark stone, especially a missing one, or one that might have somehow been moved, accidentally, of course, then God and all his angels and some demons, too, would carry out the most unimaginably, horrible curse on the perpetrator.

Such a criminal would end up for all eternity as a wandering soul, becoming nothing more than a flickering light, lost and roaming as a sort of will of the wisp.

So all the people involved decided to go to the judge, who was Fritz Bachmann of Wädenswil. Judge Bachmann brought along four jurors to inspect the land, but they did not have any better idea of what to do, even after having taken the trouble to handle this in the most careful and proper way.

So Bachmann and one of the jurors ordered the barrel maker Schmid to say where the border was. Schmid began to quiver, and full of fear said, "No, ask Klaus. I

will be happy with any decision that Klaus will make."

But then Klaus told Schmid that he too would prefer not to choose.

If the barrel maker Schmid believed in such a story, he should have no reason to fear, counseled Judge Bachmann.

So they asked Müller to decide, and he declined, but not because he believed in the devil or any witches.

That left Bachmann and the jurors to finally decide. The highest slopes would belong to the barrel maker and not to Müller. Everyone turned quite relieved with the decision.

After both parties had accepted, the marker stones were readied and special pieces of marked glass and ceramics, of number and kind known only to the jury, were buried beneath each base.

And when this was finished, Müller went to the barrel maker Schmid and told him that he would like to buy the six oak trees from him. And for those he paid 19 gold crown coins! No one had ever paid so much for trees like this. People in Wädenswil and Richterswil and all around the Reid Bach were astonished.

Klaus wasn't afraid of witchcraft, and so asked every body there to come to his house, which was very close by, and invited them to share some of his most special wine from 1599.

They all did, but no one spoke a word.<sup>405</sup>

Klaus was an enlightened man, perhaps 200 years ahead of his time. The superstitions of common country folk meant little to him, and the rules of his local priest meant little more. Not long thereafter, Klaus Müller married a Catholic widow from Einsiedeln, and for this crime against his Protestant state reformed church, was sent to prison.



About the same time, another jurist in Europe would not let go of his fear of witchcraft. Judge Pierre De Lancre sought to explain why so many witches were being reported among the Basques.

"This is apple country: the women eat nothing but apples, they drink nothing but apple juice, and that is what leads them to so often offer a bite of the forbidden apple," decided the judge.

Referring particularly to Aryans, and the residents of mountainsides, he said, "Wandering Bohemians are part-devils. I say these nationless long-hairs are not Egyptian, nor from the Kingdom of Bohemia, and are born everywhere while passing through countries, in the fields and under a tree, and dance and juggle like at a witches' sabbath."<sup>339: 95</sup>

By March of 1611, the judge and all of his like-minded Inquisitors found that among the 390 people in the little Basque town of Zugarramurdi, 158 were

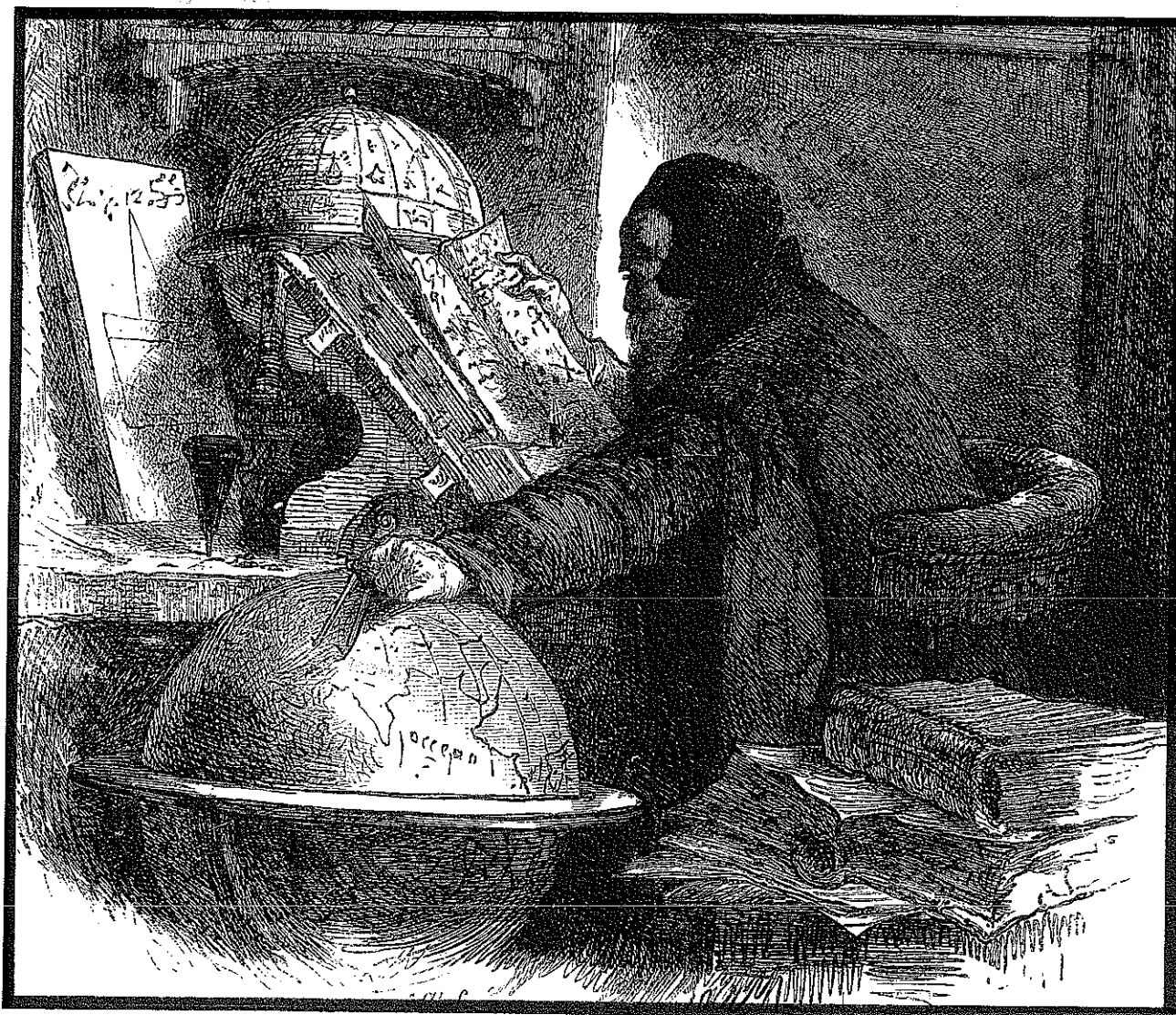
witches, and another 124 were under suspicion. Throughout the neighboring Basque towns, their grand total came to 1,590 witches. <sup>339: 100</sup>



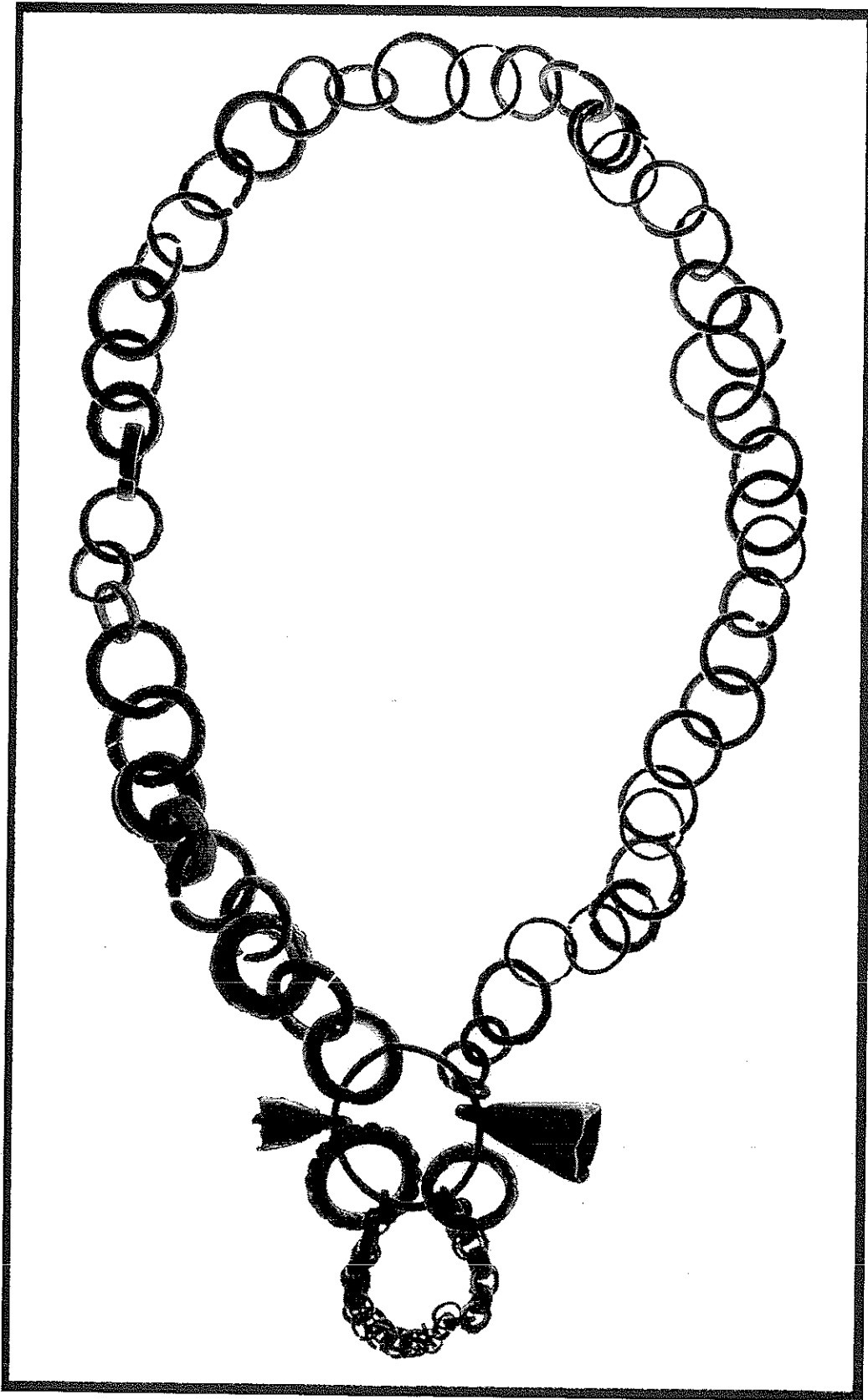
The most well-known Basque man of the cloth, Ignatius Loyola, chose a subterranean site beneath a hill, said to have pagan significance, for the founding of the Jesuits on 15 August 1534. He was fiercely loyal to the pope, and led the Counter-Reformation which tried to reclaim Protestant populations wholesale. During their mission work, particularly in Latin America, the Jesuits pursued a progressive, humane vision of Christian socialism. <sup>339: 77-78</sup>

Jodok Bachmann of Canton Zug was born 12 December 1613 to Caspar Bachmann of Luzern. Raised a Catholic, Jodok entered into the Jesuit Order in Rome in 1638. The following year, he became a priest in Seville, Spain. There, he volunteered for a mission assignment at Buenos Aires in Latin America, arriving there by 1640.

Jodok Bachmann adopted the name Diego de la Palma, becoming the first of the Jesuits to enter the state of La Plata. In the Paraguay province, he was active as a missionary and in the nursing of the terminally sick among Indians and black slaves. He died in Buenos Aires on 28 April 1656 while serving the needs of a patient who had the plague. <sup>559: 513-515</sup>



A MEDIEVAL VIEW OF THE WORLD STRUGGLES FOR ENLIGHTENMENT



ODDLY DIFFERENT LINKS OF COPPER AND BRONZE HOLD TWO SMALL BELLS ON A CELTIC NECKLACE RECOVERED FROM A BURIAL SITE IN BRITAIN, CIRCA 500 B.C.



THE SONG OF A SWISS MERCENARY  
BY URS GRAF, 1521



MOUNTAIN CHALLENGES NOT ONLY the legs of all those living around it, but also the very breath of life. The earliest people to live in the Alps needed to call to each other and to their animals. With a distinctive holler, they could recognize a neighbor and know if all was well, or if it was time to come running. A youngster lost in the woods might howl for help, just as the wolves had taught. When distress

or death came to an isolated mountain home, the rest of the community could be summoned with a simple call.

When two or more in the Swiss mountains yelled back and forth, the trill and harmonies of birds crept into their voices. Such voices could be heard for miles.<sup>295</sup>

Many such motives may have led the Swiss to yodel, that peculiar form of falsetto singing where the rushing breath cracks between chest and head.<sup>358</sup> The verb itself stems from the German word *jodeln*, which according to the lexicographer Max Pieter Baumann, descends from the Middle High German *jölen* meaning "to call or to sing... without text or words... in a succession of individual, nonsensical, vocal-consonant connections."<sup>447: 10</sup>

Common yodeling requires coordinating two different sets of respiratory muscles, making notes that start low in the lungs and effortlessly leap up three octaves into the throat, or for upper tones inside the skull.

Even though other quite different people around the world have their own versions, too, the Swiss may have been especially encouraged to yodel by a landscape that offered natural echo conditions. Perhaps just as importantly stood the visual and visceral inspiration of towering cliffs beside valleys laced by brooks.<sup>447: 12</sup>

Others believe that a yodel merely converted joy into music; but as a matter of fact, the oldest known yodels, called *Naturjodel* or *Zäuerli* by the Swiss, unwind slowly, without lyrics, and are full of a pentatonic, minor-key melancholy.<sup>358</sup> Sometimes, the Swiss cried out in short, sharp bursts known as *juchschrei*, or particularly around Lake Zürich, as the *juchzä*.<sup>447: 308</sup>

From a purely spiritual viewpoint, some historians think that pagans used voice to consecrate meadows and forest, or even as an exorcism to chase away evil spirits.

On a much more earthy level, herdsmen used the yodel to call to their bulls, mimicking the sliding moan that all cattle make.

By tradition, the Swiss treated their livestock as

equals of people, having one-sided conversations with them, observing all their manners and needs with keen intensity. They groomed them carefully and then dressed them with hats and decorative wreaths.<sup>447: 22</sup> They bestowed upon their animals human names, and this calling of the names became a trance-like incantation for man and beast. The old Swiss dairymen also believed that their cows gave better milk when serenaded with song.<sup>447: 36</sup>

Singing and bell-ringing always followed, along with the annual *Alpaufzug* when cattle quit the mountain meadows upon the arrival of colder, autumn winds.<sup>358</sup> The three grandest cows wore large bells carefully chosen to harmonize. Younger members of the herd jangled along behind them.<sup>447: 52</sup>

Circles of people held hands or, even more tightly, linked arms over shoulders, putting their heads together. The melismatic calls then uttered, called *löckler*, would stay on a single note, with some voices droning and others using the syllables "lo-bah, lo-be-lah."<sup>447: 309</sup>

The Old Swiss made their musical accompaniment out of the simplest things at hand. Blades of grass pulled taut between two thumbs became a musical reed. Blowing across them inside of a cupped hand gave plenty of squeaky melody. Wooden sticks or bones could be fanned and clacked between the knuckles. The Swiss *trümpi* employed a small metal spring mounted on a bracket and held up to the mouth. It was sung across and plucked much the same as the Jew's harp made its curious twang. For the *Talerschwinge*, an earthen bowl with a coin inside would be waved in steady circles to give a whirling, jingling drone.<sup>447: 39</sup>

The small and large bells meant for collaring to their animals also rang for a musical performance, swung by people slowly to and fro. Vigorous foot-stomping, sometimes while seated but also in dance, provided the rhythm. In Canton Aargau, they also add hand clapping, thigh slapping and table drumming.

Herdsmen carved the simplest of flutes out of long bones first hollowed of the marrow. An elderberry branch might be shaped into a shepherd's one-handed flute.<sup>447: 45</sup>

The *hackbrett*, a little triangular wooden box topped off with several stretched strings, served as one of the earliest formal instruments. It was hammered and strummed with sticks the same way as a dulcimer or zither.

An *Alphorn*, one of the most ancient of mountain instruments, came from the trunks of young, specially

chosen, mountain spruce trees. Climbers searched long and hard for the perfect specimen, and mustered considerable courage and skill to harvest one.

Success led to the sheer face of a mountain side where a spruce seed had taken root, begun to grow horizontally but then corrected itself at a right angle to grow skyward. That natural curve at the bottom formed the all-important mouth of the horn's bell, so crucial to the sounding of deep bass notes.

The tree would need to have matured sufficiently to allow a finished horn from four to fifteen feet long. The tree trunk was split, carefully hollowed out by hand and then glued back together. Ninety hours of labor brought the horn that far.<sup>221: 53</sup>

Thin mountain air makes breathing all the more difficult, but especially with the force required for a good volume on the *alphorn*. The peculiar musical scale of the instrument runs C-D-E-F#-G and most players can only achieve 11 different notes. The fondest challenge came from sending a note bouncing off a far mountain just for the pleasure of harmonizing with the echo.

These heirloom horns, lovingly decorated, could also call the cattle home, or double as a long-distance signal to the neighbors. Notes from an alphorn have been heard at a distance of six miles.<sup>221: 53</sup> During the Peasants' War of 1653, alphorns summoned the citizen-soldiers of Switzerland to arms. The horns also partook in rites of the setting sun, and the best folk musicians could haunt a town with low, rumbling songs.<sup>408: 79</sup>

All combined, these musical elements make what the Swiss have for thousands of years called their *Ländlermusik* – literally, country music.

The Roman Emperor Julian wrote *Act of Martyrs* in 397 A.D. and, having heard pagan yodeling in person, described “the wild, shrieking songs of the barbarians north of the Alps.”<sup>447: 15</sup> The early Christian empire could not stamp out yodeling, but converted it instead to a call for the Holy Trinity, to the Virgin Mary and other approved saints.

Proper church bells arrived in Switzerland not long after 720 A.D. when the monk Gallus built his retreat in the Alps that became the monastery of Saint Gall. Lush streams of carillon bell-ringing evolved soon thereafter.<sup>546</sup>

The Swiss sing differently than many other Europeans. Ethnologists point out how their throats are relaxed, the tunes particularly simple, harmonies common, especially with parallel thirds or triads, and the facial expressiveness awakens as quite lively and animated.

Pockets of these very old qualities appear to skip across from the Caucasus Mountains in the east to Scandinavia to the north and to Scotland in the west, almost always in highland elevations.<sup>408: 48</sup> These include

the *joiking* calls from Saami women in the Arctic Circle of Finland and Sweden, to the *krimanchuli* cries of mountain folk in the republics of Georgia and the Balkan peninsula. Singers from the old Eurasian style, or even newer, blended styles from the lowlands, are often high-pitched, strident, harsh and marked with rigidly controlled or sad moods of performance.<sup>447: 85-104</sup>

Before Christianity had fully taken hold, folk songs often marked the turning seasons of the year, and were matched to favorite farming festivals. Pagan songs of the Winter Solstice, such as “Oh, Tannenbaum,” evolved into Christmas carols. The cumulative “Twelve Days of Christmas” makes another persistent example. Monks converted the tunes of Whitsuntide into Easter songs.<sup>408: 53</sup> Other durable old songs known to come from Pagan times carry on as lullabies or today still celebrate children's play.<sup>408: 56</sup>

Folk dances might accompany such music, and two of the oldest involve circling around a Maypole and another called the “Hey” in which two lines of dancers weave in and out of a circle.<sup>408: 55</sup>

Certain other secular melodies have survived from the 13<sup>th</sup> Century, including one style called a Trope that the Codex of Beromünster recorded. As the power of medieval princes began to rival the holy seat in Rome, this trend matured in the unending ballads performed by *Minnesingers*, the German-language traveling minstrels and troubadours. A guitar-like lute frequently supported their songs, or the rebec, a popular three-stringed forerunner of the violin.

Switzerland divided angrily during the Reformation, in its music as well as its politics. The Swiss composer Ludwig Senfl fully represented this split. Catholic royalty continued to underwrite his fine art compositions, but he simultaneously corresponded with Martin Luther and wove folk music into all of his work. Those Protestants swayed by Zwingli and Calvin spoke out against everything that reminded them of splendor in the old church, including any music “composed solely for the pleasure of the ear.”<sup>546</sup>

In 1688, the doctor Johannes Hofer wrote a medical treatise on melancholia that focused on Swiss shepherds employed far from home. Those who happened to hear “*Cantilena Helvetica*,” a nostalgic ballad from the Alps, suffered acute homesickness.<sup>447: 40</sup>

When mercenaries roved throughout Europe, many of the Swiss carried along Soldiers' Songs, one of the oldest of folk music traditions. There was a report that one French king, who relied exclusively on mercenaries for his personal protection, strictly banned the playing of any Swiss airs. It seems that on one occasion, his whole palace guard deserted.<sup>491: 107</sup> Upon hearing a certain song from their canton in the 17<sup>th</sup> Century, some Swiss soldiers became so homesick that they became deranged and even died.<sup>408: 1</sup>



Although snatches of Swiss country music were eventually quoted in classical compositions ranging from Beethoven's *Symphonie Pastorale*, through Mozart, Schubert and the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz,<sup>447: 57</sup> outsiders still held a low opinion of the yodel even through the 18<sup>th</sup> Century, when one lowlander called it "generally an ugly yelling and screaming."<sup>408: 51</sup>



### The Early Transcriptions

In 1556, Urban Weiss committed the oldest surviving example of Swiss folk music to paper. The simple melody first voiced by a flute grew with help from a hammered dulcimer and house organ into a country dance much enjoyed by the mountain families in the Simmenthal Valley, where many Anabaptists found refuge. The tune carried all the way to Strasbourg where it became immortalized in a bound collection.<sup>363: 7</sup>

The earliest yodels did not use those syllables "Yoduh-lay-dee-who" made famous during the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries. Authentic Swiss yodeling does not often use the long eee sound. In their chests they form "a, o, la, lo, ya and yo." In the upper registers of the head, they form "oo, u, loo and lu. Jo-lo-lo-lo Ho-uu-huu."<sup>447: 18</sup>

The yodeling in northeastern Switzerland blended several influences. True aficionados recognize the Zürich style of *zungenschlagjodeli*, literally the tongue-stroke-and-blow yodel.<sup>447: 45</sup> In the cantons of Zug and Schwyz, singers leaned towards deep, horn-like melodies, requiring tense vocal chords with descending glissandos and zig-zagging tunes.

A 16<sup>th</sup> Century German folk song named "Dadd Drive" arrived in Pennsylvania with the yodeling refrain, "ei de ei, ei di Oh." An 18<sup>th</sup> Century Swiss-American song named "A Young Hunter Went A-Hunting" rounded off with the words "Hei lie, Hei loo."<sup>447: 49</sup>

The fact that those Anabaptists fleeing to America loved to sing finds proof in their common hymnals. A later-day Mennonite minister named Walter Geiser yodeled well and felt sure that his love reached far back into the traditions of the Swiss brethren. Although sedate in outward appearance and manner, the Germanic refugees of Pennsylvania and the Shenandoah Valley "were in the habit of singing work songs from the old country."<sup>447: 164</sup>

Some of the more traditional Mennonites of Lancaster County still pass along the "Rigi Lied"—complete with yodeling—that had first been sung about the mountain looming above Lake Luzern in Switzerland. Later annotations became well-known from the village of Küsnacht near the border between the cantons of Schwyz and Zürich. Plain folk found it to be an

acceptable, wholesome entertainment, and one that helped to differentiate them from the English-speaking world.<sup>447: 179</sup>

When Anabaptists felt unobserved by the authorities, they enjoyed loud singing, as if, one outsider observed, "God was hard of hearing."<sup>360: 71</sup>



### The Fruit of the Vine

By at least 6000 B.C., a happy accident led to the discovery of wine, probably when a few grapes got nicked or crushed in the bottom of an earthen crock. After several days, the juice given off by these grapes fermented, degrading naturally into alcohol.<sup>441: 3</sup>

The early wines that came from wild grapes had only about half of the alcoholic content if compared to later, carefully chosen, cultivated varieties. Without sealed containers, it remained quite unstable and aged poorly, almost to the point of being undrinkable by modern standards.<sup>441: 11</sup> Early vintners flavored their wine with herbs, spices, sea water and up to 50 percent honey, making it almost viscous.<sup>441: 49</sup>

The earliest evidence of intentional wine-making comes from a narrow part of the Fertile Crescent, specifically, along slopes of the Taurus mountains of eastern Turkey and the Caucasus between the Black and Caspian seas. Compared to their non-drinking neighbors, the Stone Age peoples who consumed wine every day prove with the evidence in their graves that they lived healthier and longer lives.<sup>441: 7</sup>

Cuneiform tablets discovered in the ruins of Ur include the first written mention of wine from around 2750 B.C., and offer a drinking song and lists of tools and ingredients for making wine and beer.<sup>441: 15</sup>

That the love of wine spread out from one heartland finds support in the parallel spread of language. The Indo-European root word *woi-noi* became *wijana* amongst the Anatolians, *wajnu* in proto-Semetic, *wino* in Kartvelian, *vino* in Russian and Italic, *wein* in Old German.<sup>441: 9</sup>

Stone Age explorers arriving in Europe would have very likely brought along their own intimate knowledge of wine-making, but that Phoenician traders did so by 1000 B.C. remains absolutely certain.<sup>441: 17</sup>

The tomb of one Celtic princess included jewelry, statues and other luxury objects, but most dramatically, pitchers and a massive bronze wine vat. It bore elaborate decoration, stood over six feet high and could have held a thousand liters of wine.<sup>441: 34</sup>

In southern Germany, other Celtic graves contained cups that bear inscriptions such as "I'm Thirsty," "Fill it up, boss. Pour it," and "Rejoice, I'm full of joy."<sup>441: 76</sup>

The German toast *Gar aus!*, meaning “Completely out,” evolved over time to become the English word “carouse.”

The Celts perfected barrel-making that proved much more stable for storing wine than clay amphorae. They used staves from their sacred oak trees, which only seemed to improve the fragrance and longer life of each vintage. <sup>285: 75</sup> Without an effective storage seal, wines made in ancient times soured by the May or June that followed each Autumn harvest. <sup>285: 87</sup>

Amongst the country folk of Central Europe, dating all the way back to Celtic times, one thatched-roof hut in each village sported a traditional long pole in front from which an evergreen bush hung. Such a sign promised plenty of wine or ale for sale inside. These became known as taverns or wine houses, a most welcome sight for travelers. <sup>183: 26</sup>

Word of an exceptionally tasty wine spread fast, and the saying among Celts was that “Good wine needs no bush,” so as to say that it wasn’t necessary to advertise. Quality speaks for itself. <sup>275: 292</sup>

“As soon as a passenger comes to an inn, the servants run to him and one takes his horse and walks it around

until it be cold. Another servant takes him into the chamber and kindles the fire; the third pulls off his boots and makes them clean... While he eats, if he has company especially, he shall be offered music, which he may freely take or refuse... At parting, if he gave some few [coins] to the Chamberlain and Ostler, they wish him a happy journey.” <sup>183: 27</sup>

The ordinary yeoman wanting to make wine faced many important decisions: Where should the vines be planted? (A hillside with plenty of exposure to the southern sun works best. Sunshine promotes sugar content inside the grape.) Need the leaves be thinned out? (Prune out as much shade as possible.) How far apart should the rows be spaced, and do the vines need to be trained? (Only for the convenience of the harvesters.) Must they require special irrigation or fertilizers? (Dry heat tricks the grapes into storing extra juice. A sandy, well-drained soil will keep the roots from rotting.) <sup>441: xvii</sup>

The sweetness desired brought many more choices. Grapes grown close to the soil have much more sugar than, say, a vine hanging five feet above it. The farther



THE SWISS VINTNER TENDING TO HIS STAKES  
DURING THE ASTROLOGICAL SIGN OF PISCES, IN MARCH 1663, AS DEPICTED BY CONRAD MEYER

north or the cooler the climate for the vine, the longer it could remain unharvested. To foster *Edelfäule*, a late-blooming mould called “the noble rot,” grapes would be left on the vine until New Year’s Eve. It seems that this particular ally *Botrytus cinerea* reduced the moisture content of the grapes and caused the sugar-content to spike from its normal 25 percent up to 60 percent. If the temperatures at harvest time dip below freezing, the taste turned all the more memorable and the whole vintage took the name *Eiswein*.<sup>285: 84-85</sup>

It took two or more years for the new vines to produce fruit, and proper care required year-round attention.<sup>441: 5</sup> Three-thousand-year-old murals unearthed in the Mideast offer clues on the steps taken next.<sup>441: 19</sup>

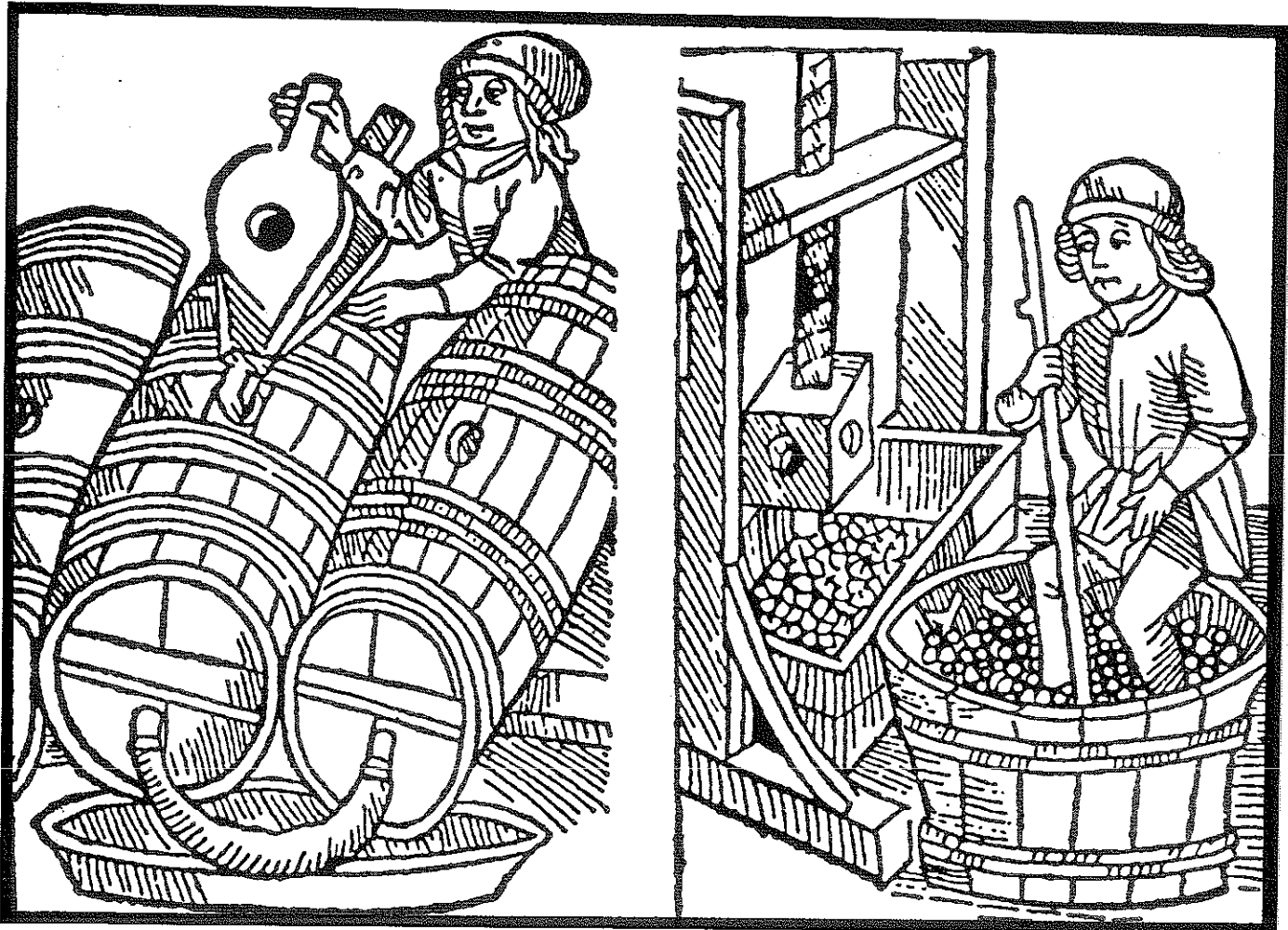
In the temperate climate of the Swiss highlands, the grapes were usually picked in August.<sup>441: 21</sup> Any grape juice that could be retrieved at this point, without further squeezing, tended to keep the longest, and was often set aside for making into medicine.<sup>441: 38</sup> Another part of the plant was also used for medicine. For example, if a young man was impatient to appear older, he might

squeeze out some of the sap from the freshly cut grapevine. By smearing it on his upper lip and chin, the Swiss thought that the beard would grow in faster.<sup>207: 270</sup>

Regarding the division of labor, strong men found hoisting the large wicker baskets onto their backs no problem, women with a keen eyes seemed better suited for choosing the ripest, best grapes. The blacksmith made special knives for the harvest customized to each worker with curved blades best for slicing into the vine.<sup>285: 85</sup>

The clusters of grapes filled large, open vats where four to six men would enter and stomp on the fruit with their bare feet to extract all the juice. An overhead pole allowed them to grab hold of dangling leather straps, the better to keep their balance in the slippery mash.<sup>441: 19</sup> Sometimes the rising alcoholic fumes or carbon dioxide gas could overwhelm a worker, making them light headed and all the more likely to swoon and stumble.<sup>285: 92</sup> To keep that from happening, treaders often worked to the cadence of their own singing or to musicians recruited for the harvest festival.<sup>441: 19</sup>

All juice, whether from a dark purple grape or a



SWISS VINTNERS ASSIST FERMENTATION AND STOMP ON MORE GRAPES  
FROM WOODCUTS ATTRIBUTED TO HANS SCHÖNSPERGER, PUBLISHED BY FROSCHAUER, 1507

greenish white grape, began as a light-colored, clear beverage. Only by aging along with its sediment and crushed skins did purple grapes yield a deep red liquid. <sup>441: 40</sup>

Peculiar local recipes required the addition of a secret ingredient or two, everything from a new grape to a raisin, to beets, radishes, grass and even human blood for extra color. <sup>285: 100</sup>

So vital to everyday life, wine became part of the daily ration for slaves and Roman soldiers alike. One useful version, although barely qualifying as punch, took the name *Posca*, a dilution of 20 percent sour wine mixed into water. The writer Cato proposed that even while in chains, a slave should receive five liters of *Posca* per week, not for enjoyment, but to keep up his strength. The needs of a bed-sick slave, one who could not work, got cut in half. <sup>441: 47</sup>

A soldier on active duty deserved seven liters a week. At the time of battle, he might not only fortify himself internally with wine, but on the outside as well. Someone discovered that linen, when soaked in wine and salt and then dried, could become a layer of hardness that resisted swords in a fight.

Another lesser version of wine was called *Lora* or sometimes *Piquette*, which came from soaking more water into the solid residue that remained after all of the juice had been squeezed out of the grapes. <sup>441: 42</sup>

When the juice from grapes developed into a sparkling, effervescent champagne, the original name given was Quick Wine, where the older use of the word meant “alive.” <sup>275: 559</sup> Ordinary folks consumed most wine within a year of its making. Within three or four years, the remainder could be saved for making vinegar. <sup>441: 21</sup>

The following history of wine and other drinks around Lake Zürich came in a conversation with Dr. Werner Koblet, retired Chair of the Department of Viticulture, Swiss Federal Institute of Technology. At the time of this interview, which took place in Au at the Weinbau Museum am Zürichsee, Dr. Koblet resided next door in Wädenswil. <sup>335</sup>

“Dating back at least to Roman times, and probably much earlier as well, *Elben* and *Reuschling*, also known locally as *Elbling*, were the two main ancient varieties of grapes grown around Lake Zürich. They perform best in cooler climates, even in stony soil, and are therefore perfect for the Alpine highlands. <sup>495: 76</sup>

“Swiss mercenaries, who had fought in the Burgundy region of eastern France and throughout the Thirty Years’ Wars, rescued Pinot Noir grapes which they brought home and renamed *Clevner* or *Chesselas*. The earliest description of vine cultivation mentions this grape rated as noble or superior as native to hills around Tyre and Sidon, in the southern part of modern-day Lebanon. Phoenician traders brought the variety into Europe, and

besides the grape’s high yield, it was soon appreciated for giving a supple, dry and fruity drink, with only a trace of aroma. <sup>138: 189</sup>

“In those days, there was not the appreciation yet for a classic, distinct white or red or rose wine, but instead all of the varieties and methods were mixed together.

“Between the first known record in 1413 at Meierhof (for 37½ acres), and in 1488 at Old Castle (½ acre at first, and then 2½ acres by 1660), the Bachmanns always set aside land for vines, and remained rather dedicated vintners for at least three centuries. <sup>63: 44-50</sup>

“For even two centuries earlier, we know that wine culture in the vicinity of Richterswil warranted much effort. Written records describe not only the boundaries, topography and sun-exposure of each vineyard, but also great love in the grooming and tending of the vines.

“Using clever iron wedges attached to their shoes, the wooden stakes for the vines got gently pressed into the hillside’s cultivated dirt. Unfortunately, the wood decayed within ten or twelve years, so one family was constantly checking and replacing stakes. They did not use connecting wires between the stakes as modern growers do to increase their productivity of each vine. Sulfur-water was the best method they had in those early years for combating ordinary bug infestations.

“In the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> centuries at Old Castle, each family had a half or a third of an acre planted in grapes, and so they could make perhaps a good big barrel from one crop. One square yard of vines could produce one pound, and a little more than two pounds of grapes can be turned into one bottle of wine, with a quality and strength of seven-percent alcohol. The final weight of the liquid is about 75 percent of the weight in fruit needed. Nowadays the yields are better, maybe two or three tons of fruit per acre.

“The castle at Wädenswil would have had one press for all of the grapes growing on Bachmann land. Further out in the countryside, 20 or 40 growers would have formed their own cooperative in order to support a large press.

“Before we had vineyards in the Wädenswil area, this was all a large oak forest. When Zürich needed oak, they would cut the trees here and transport them by boat up Lake Zürich.

“The tree used for this press had started to grow in 1520 during the time of Zwingli and the Protestant Reformation. This press was built in 1761, and the oak tree would have weighed about eight tons. It was used in Zürich on Schaffhauserplatz facing south onto the Limmat River.”

“For home use, which would have been five to six percent alcohol, they mixed in water and sugar to make their daily beverage. Then they would make stronger, higher quality wine called *Gut Edel* – which ran ten to twelve percent alcohol – for special occasions and export.

“Producers like the Bachmanns who could transport their wine to market by boat held a considerable economic advantage over the vintners who had no other choice but a long trip by wagon.

“They would transport the young wine, called *sauser*, while it was still fermenting. To prevent explosive ruptures, they used special oaken barrels with ingenious pressure valves already installed. Wine stored quite well in barrels during the olden days, but beginning in the 17<sup>th</sup> Century, glass bottles solved the problem.”

Up through the 18<sup>th</sup> Century, wine sold most often to the individual customer in small wooden vessel known as a *Mass* or *Massenheit*. By the custom around Lake Zürich, these miniature barrels held about three quarts of wine, but merchants in the cantons of Zug and Schwyz sold containers that held slightly more. A standardized barrel or keg, called a Saum by locals in Zürich, held 90 *Mass*, whereas folks further south expected anywhere between 96 to 100 *Mass*.<sup>335</sup>



### The Purification of Spirits

Ancients in the western world knew how to intensify and purify their drink through the process of distillation. In the 3<sup>rd</sup> Century A.D., Alexander of Aphrodisias described how salt water, for instance, could be trapped in a closed metal container and heated. Then the evaporated steam would be allowed to condense, drip down and collect again as pure water, a more concentrated liquid, free of salt and ready to drink.

But just as other benefits of scientific discovery disappeared from Europe during the Dark Ages, the secret of distillation found safety in the libraries of the Muslim east. During Europe’s rebirth of shipping, trade and culture in the 16<sup>th</sup> Century, distilleries returned.

Up until then, the content of ethyl alcohol in any beverage had hit a limit dictated by fermentation, roughly twelve percent by volume. With distillation, however, the fermented raw ingredients could be boosted from to 20 to 100 percent into what were called Spirits.<sup>183: 5</sup>

For a long time in Medieval Europe, only doctors could legally distill wine into *aqua vitae*, the Water of Life which made the basis of many medicines. Fermented red grape juice could be also be distilled into brandy, so named from the Dutch word *brandewijn*, which referred to the method for ‘burning’ the wine.

Dutch merchants found a crucial and very practical use for brandy. Casks of water taken along for long-range voyages through hot climates often turned putrid, but with a spiking of brandy, the germs and bacteria could be held in check.

Brandy held other advantages over wine, too. Five or

six gallons of wine condensed into one gallon of brandy, yet the newly concentrated liquid had eight times the alcohol by volume. The costs of transportation dropped dramatically. Consumers also enjoyed the immediate feeling of warmth brought on by stronger spirits.

Other kinds of distillation became attractive commercially. Sugarcane first converted first to molasses could then become rum; various grains could be whiskey. During the late 18<sup>th</sup> Century, one of the most delirious drinking discoveries came from the hills of Kentucky: Corn mash turned into white lightning whiskey, and then into bourbon after carefully aging it in charred oak barrels. Vodka and gin became instantly common in country households, distinctive more from the oily process of making it rather than its main ingredient or its place of birth. Slavic vodka often starts with potatoes, but it might also be made with beets, rutabagas, grapes or anything else that ferments.<sup>441: 124</sup>

The wild plant known as wormwood or absinthe could be spiced up with fennel, coriander, mint and anise, then distilled it into a potent, creamy, greenish liqueur. It could rise to 90 percent alcohol, and most importantly, to enough of wormwood’s toxic chemical thujone to cause hallucinations, a pleasant flush, or even tremors and a light paralysis. The recipe for the first commercially bottled absinthe originated in 18<sup>th</sup> Century Switzerland, although its ancient popularity ranged beyond the Alps, reaching from the Spanish across to Czech devotees.<sup>499</sup>

Amongst the Alps, and throughout much of Europe as well, there rose a myth that anyone who became too drunk might spontaneously burst into flames. A related fear explained that any drunk who belched out a heavy burst of alcoholic breath in the presence of lighted candle might also cause an explosion.

“Inflammable eructations are said to occur occasionally in northern latitudes, when the body has been



A PRIMITIVE DISTILLERY  
AS DEPICTED BY EDWARD TUNIS

exposed to intense cold after excessive indulgence in spiritous liquors; and the case of a Bohemian peasant is narrated, who lost his life in consequence of a column of ignited inflammable air issuing from his mouth and baffling extinction.” <sup>183:25</sup>



### The Captive Moon

In the wine-growing region around Lake Zürich may be found the small village of Flurlingen. The folks there thought they could get away with a bold theft, but instead became the butt of all their neighbors' ridicule.

As evening fell each day, the men loved to sit around and socialize. Traditional, home-made wine gave their



COMMON WORMWOOD, A KEY PART OF ABSINTHE  
*ARTEMESIA ABSINTHIUM*

fantasies so much flight that they began to question the very nature of the moon. Might it be possible to trap some moonlight, store it away and keep it available for use at anytime? Wouldn't that be a wonderful way to save on the expense of candles and lanterns?

Because that very night was moonlit, and this seemed like such an irresistibly good idea, some of the men felt moved to get up off their stools.

They dragged out a huge wooden tub and quickly filled it with water. So that their prisoner would not be able to escape, one man tested out a lid.

As soon as they lifted the wide wooden top by its handle, just for one little peek, there swimming in the water was the silvery, full moon.

"We have him!" rejoiced the men, and so being careful about their loot, instantly slammed down the cover. To be extra safe, they waddled and huffed and dragged the tub back into their host's barn. "You will see. Now we'll have moonlight indoors, too!"

Anyone could admire how they pounced on the tub, and whipped off the heavy wooden lid. To their dumbfounded disappointment, the hayloft remained dark and gloomy. Their gleaming, shimmering moon had gotten away.

Word of the failed hunt quickly spread to neighboring Andelfingen and Winterthur, and from there all around Canton Zürich. To this day, every citizen of Flurlingen must live with the nickname "Moon Catcher," or, in fact, so must any other person caught in Switzerland with wine-soaked dreams. <sup>363: 41</sup>



### The Swiss Mountain Calendar

Early residents of the Alps had a particular fondness for celebrations of every kind. If for no other reason, these offered the chance to open a bottle of wine with the old Latin saying, "In Vino Veritas," meaning "In wine there is truth." By being slightly under the influence and undergoing a loosening of public inhibition, people would turn more transparent and truthful. <sup>441: 54</sup>

Another old toast went:

"Drink wine like a king,  
and water like a bull.  
Water makes you cry,  
but wine makes you sing."

Mountain folk kept track of their calendar and oldest agriculture traditions by teaching children to memorize little songs and poems. If the sun came out on Candlemas, every 2<sup>nd</sup> of February, people noticed and knew that there would be six more weeks of Winter. The day before had been Imbolc, one of the four holiest days

for the ancient Celts, and this ancient tradition became the foundation for Groundhog's Day in later centuries.

"Michelmas wet,  
damp autumn we'll get."  
*Auf nassen Micheltag,  
nasser Herbst folgen mag.*

The patron saint of gardeners deserved a feast every 6<sup>th</sup> of February. According to Alpine folklore, she did not always make life easy for those who sought her protection:

"Saint Dorothy,  
snow we shall see."  
*St. Dorothee  
bringt meistens Schnee.*

The approach of each 12<sup>th</sup> of March filled farmers with apprehension. Then they remembered this brief couplet:

"Blows the wind for Gregory,  
forty days windy will be."  
*Weht am Gregoriustag der Wind,  
noch 40 Tage windig sind.*

The Celts knew May Day as Beltane, one of the four pagan sabbaths. Later on, they called the eve before as Walpurgis Night, when whips were cracked and bells rung at midnight so as to keep the evil spirits at bay. People also hid their brooms in order to stop any witch from riding through the air. <sup>447: 53</sup>

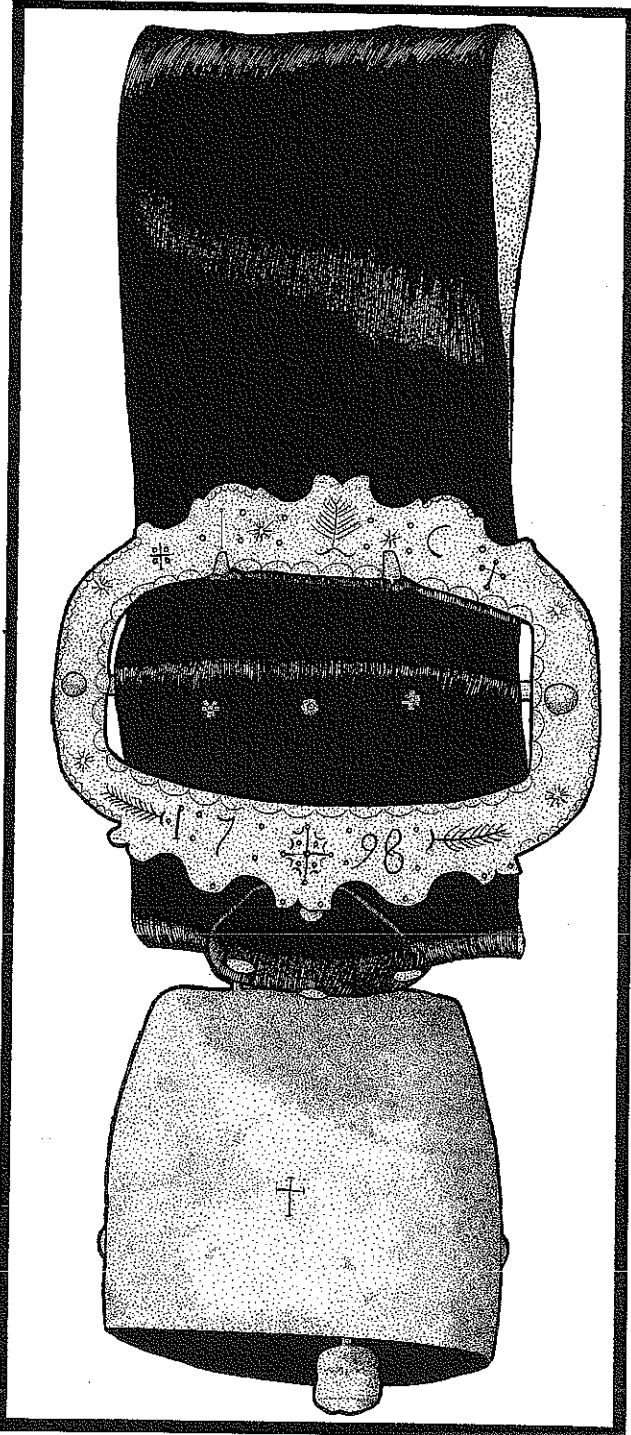
The *Inalpe* Procession marked the end of Spring when cattle were driven up to higher pastures. A breed known as the Alpine Browns or Hérens have robust physiques – sometimes over 1,300 pounds – along with short legs and very aggressive tempers. Even though they lived harmoniously while in confinement through each winter, the warmer weather and open pastures brought out a keenly competitive spirit, causing the cows to rival each other for leadership of the herd.

The duels consisted mainly of cows pushing their broad foreheads against each other, sometimes meshing their horns and using a variety of twisting motions. Rarely was blood ever drawn, but after several encounters, the loser would run away. Many of the dairy cattle would never join the challenge but simply covered on the sidelines.

Humans turned this law of nature into a party, and got the cows a bit drunk by plying their fighting mood with buckets of wine. Bells on the neck of each cow contestant never stopped clanging, and the people who gathered for the spectacle rang more bells. When all of the finalists took their turns, often one or two dozen, the alpha female won the title "Queen of the Pasture." The middle of May still finds this habit culminating in light-hearted national competitions at the Swiss village of Aproz. <sup>697</sup>

The Feast of Saint John, on the 24<sup>th</sup> of June, happened to mark both the Midsummer Solstice and Saint John the Baptist's birthday. A great deal of forecasting depended on whether or not glow-worms actually glowed that night.

"The worms on Saint John do glow and shine.  
We'll dance outside, for the weather is fine.



A SWISS COWBELL FROM 1798  
ITS BUCKLE ENGRAVED WITH THE MOON & TREE OF LIFE

If after Saint John the wee beasties we see,  
the weather not bright or warm will be.”

*Wenn die Johanniswürmchen schön  
leuchten und glänzen,  
kommt's Wetter zu Lust und im Freien zu Tänzen.  
Verbirgt sich das Tierchen bis Johanni und weiter,  
wird's Wetter einstweilen nicht  
warm und nicht heiter.*

The next memorable date fell on the 26<sup>th</sup> of July  
when farmers began to wonder about the coming cold.

“If ants on Saint Ann's abound,  
harsh winter comes around.”

*Werfen die Ameisen an St. Anna auf,  
so folgt ein strenger Winter drauf.*

*Schäferfest* occurred on the last Sunday of July and  
called out the fullest celebration of Swiss farm culture,  
including alphorn and yodeling competitions, wrestling,  
flag-throwing, prayer calls, costume pageants and the  
whole bounty of local wines and sausages. <sup>447: 53</sup>

The first of August marked the holy Celtic season  
fest of Lughnasa, but in later centuries the whole of  
Switzerland celebrated it for the day in 1291 when they  
gained their national independence.

On each 15<sup>th</sup> of August, Catholics celebrated their  
most important festival dedicated to the Virgin Mary, the  
Feast of the Assumption.

“The rest of the autumn will be the same  
as the weather we had when Assumption came.”

*Wie das Wetter an Mariäs Himmelfahrtstag,  
so der ganze Herbst sein mag.*

The 24<sup>th</sup> of August became *Alpabzug*, the best date  
for livestock to quit their summer pastures and come back  
to their stables in the valleys in a glad and grand  
homecoming parade. <sup>340</sup>

The feast of Simon and Jude, on the 28<sup>th</sup> of October,  
provided another marker date for reading and forecasting  
the weather.

“Simon and Jude, this pair,  
oft means snow in the air.”

*Simon und Juda, die zwei,  
führen oft Schnee herbei.*

The highpoint of the Celtic calendar fell on the first  
of November, known as Samhain, named for the Lord of  
the Dead, although the word sounded like *Sah'-wen*. The  
night before required a parade of costumed spirits, meant  
to escort the previous year's worth of dearly departed  
souls out of town and safely on their way to the  
afterworld. <sup>553: 15</sup>

On the 30<sup>th</sup> of November, it would be possible to  
anticipate the general state of weather for the entire next

year.

“The weather on Saint Andrew's Night  
may be cloudy, may be bright.  
Howe'er it be, we need not fear,  
‘Twill be the same throughout the year.”  
*Schau in der Andreasnacht  
was für Gesicht das Wetter macht.  
So wie es ausschaut, glaub's fürwahr,  
bringt's gutes oder schlechtes Jahr.*

December 6<sup>th</sup>, known as Saint Nicholas Day,  
warranted as much folk celebration as Christmas Eve or  
New Year's Eve. All of the males donned large cow bells,  
called *chlause*, around their waists. Depending on local  
custom, drummers, yodelers and wavers of homemade  
lanterns joined along. <sup>447: 53</sup>

A magical and generous figure known as Yule  
deserved remembrance each year at the Winter Solstice  
with a specially prepared log burned in his honor. His  
name derived from *Jolnir*, a nickname for Odin, the  
grandest of all the pagan gods. <sup>374: 99</sup>

The children looked forward to a visit from Old Yule,  
and set a chair just inside the door of the house with gifts  
and food waiting for him. Without a doubt, Yule  
represented the kindly patriarch of the season long before  
Nicholas of Patara became the bishop of Myra in the 3<sup>rd</sup>  
Century and took the name Saint Nicholas or Santa Claus.  
<sup>374: 191</sup>

In the late 18<sup>th</sup> Century, a European boy experienced  
the Yule tradition with his whole family. They cut the log  
from a fruit tree, so as to guarantee fertility for their farm.

“Walking in line we bore it home, headed by the  
oldest at one end and I, the last born, bringing up the rear.  
Three times we made the tour of the kitchen, then, arrived  
at the flagstones of the hearth, my father solemnly poured  
over the log a glass of wine.”

The little ceremony concluded with the prayer:

“God give us grace to see the New Year, and if we do  
not increase in numbers, may we at all events not  
decrease.” <sup>374: 99</sup>

At year's end came the final chance to confirm  
Mother Nature's intentions. <sup>447: 53</sup>

“If rainy tears from the Christ Child run,  
for four weeks more there will be no sun.”

*Wenn Christkindlein Regen weint,  
vier Wochen keine Sonne scheint.*

Silverklausen or Silvesterchläuse occurred on 31  
December or else on 13 January, which marked the New  
Year on the old Julian calendar. <sup>447: 53</sup>

Once again, the leading men wore a special regalia of  
a large cow bell, pine cones, tree bark and twigs, turning  
themselves into monstrous Mountain Ghosts. Lesser  
attendants wore 13 higher pitched bells and the entire  
procession noisily visited from door to door where they



were bribed with wine to go away. <sup>599: 25-28</sup>

On these same evenings, a disguised figure lurked in the darkest corners of every public gathering throughout the Alps. Pity the youth or maiden who wandered too closely by, for the rogue, wreathed in mistletoe, would leap out at them and steal a rough kiss. <sup>374: 88</sup>

“If New Year’s Eve is bright and clear,  
so we shall have a prosperous year.”

*Die Neujahrnacht hell und klar,  
deutet auf ein reiches Jahr.* <sup>441: 58</sup>



*An Excess of Joy*

Even outside the three great monotheistic religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, wine has always been linked to the mystery of death and rebirth. <sup>441: 25</sup>

According to one old tale, a king who lived long ago among the Zagros mountains in Persia loved grapes so much that he commanded them to be stored year-round in earthen jars. When the king discovered some had soured, he spat out a mouthful and marked the jar “Poison.”

It seems that a woman in this king’s harem suffered from a persistent migraine so severe that she wanted to



THE SWISS MERCENARIES' CAMP, CIRCA 1500  
COMPLETE WITH WINE, WAR, WOMEN AND A GAME OF CHANCE

die, and when she found the marked jar, readily drank from it, preferring death to her head-splitting pain. The alcohol in the fermented juice overwhelmed the woman and threw her into a deep sleep. When she awoke, surely surprised to still be alive, the pain was gone. She told the king of her desperation and cure, and so he immediately made more of the magical drink. <sup>441: 4</sup>

In another way, perhaps, the vine itself suggested rebirth, since all the leaves dropped off and the trunk shriveled each Autumn, only to revive again dramatically in Spring. <sup>441: 25</sup> Likewise, when grapes dried into raisins, they symbolically extended the life of the crop. When drunk in just the right amount, wine revived romance, promoted conception and could induce a feeling of transcendence and "other-worldliness." <sup>441: 26</sup>

Ancient Romans complained that the Germanic barbarians to their north had a pronounced tendency towards drunkenness, but the early Christian church kept a very open mind about drinking. <sup>441: 58</sup> Noah, after all, had been a drunk, and most monasteries grew wonderful wines. Jesus turned water into wine at the wedding in Cana, then made his last supper and the first mass with wine. <sup>183: 30</sup>

"I am the true vine, and my Father is the wine-maker," commented Jesus, "I am the vine, and you the branches. He who dwells in me, as I dwell in him, bears much fruit; for apart from me you can do nothing." <sup>441: 121</sup>

The Church actively promoted the growth of vineyards in Medieval Switzerland. <sup>441: 70</sup> When Christianity first started taking over the German-speaking north, beer was banned. The drinking of wine gladdened monks as a sure sign of conversion. <sup>441: 63</sup> When peasants produced wine, it became an excellent commodity for the church to collect as part of the ten percent tithe required from each community. Taxes paid with barrels of wine could be simply consumed by the church leadership or else readily converted into cash in the marketplace. <sup>441: 70</sup>

The earliest scientific minds, however, noted that wine could be dangerous. Pliny made a long list of troubles that include memory loss, identity confusion, narcissistic self-indulgence, anti-social behavior, impaired speech and vision, a distended stomach, bad breath, quivering hands, dizziness, insomnia and sudden death. <sup>441: 59</sup>

"Wine is no drink for monks," noted Saint Benedict, "but, since nowadays monks cannot be persuaded of this, let us at least agree that we drink temperately and not to satiety... [about a half a pint] of wine a day is sufficient for each." <sup>441: 69</sup>

A priest wrote down sanctions and penance in the 7<sup>th</sup> Century that became widely observed and enforced throughout Europe for excessive drinking:

"If a monk drinks till he vomits, he must do thirty days' penance; if a priest or deacon, forty days. But if this happens from weakness of stomach, or from long

abstinence, and he was not in the habit of excessive drinking or eating, or if he did it in excess joy on Christmas or on Easter Days, or the commemoration of some saint, and if then he did not take more than has been regulated by our predecessors, he is not to be punished...

"If a Christian layman vomits through drunkenness, let him do fifteen days' penance. If a priest gets drunk through inadvertence, he must do penance seven days; if through carelessness, fifteen days; a deacon or monk, four weeks, a sub-deacon, three, a layman, one week.

"If a bishop or any one ordained has a habit of drunkenness, he must either resign or be deposed.

"He who compels another to get drunk out of evil hospitality must do penance as if he himself had been drunk; if he did it out of hate, he must be judged as a homicide." <sup>183: 30-32</sup>

Saint Boniface, the missionary known for using force to Christianize German-speaking pagans, decried excessive drinking amongst his new congregations during the 8<sup>th</sup> Century. He pointed out how pagans merely took to toasting the saints instead of their former gods.

Lower clergymen expressed concern about the mass drunkenness and carousing taking place at every saint's day, wedding and funeral. <sup>183: 33</sup> European magistrates made public drunkenness a civil crime for the first time in 1552, punishable by a visit to the stockades instead of a counseling and penance from the church. <sup>183: 34</sup>

In the late 16<sup>th</sup> Century, the differing effects of alcohol merited a whole zoo of human metaphors:

"The first is Ape drunke, and leapes and sings, and hollowes, and daunceth for the heavens;

"The second is Lion drunke, and he flings the pots about the house, calles his Hostesse a Witch, breaks the glass windowes with his dagger, and is apt to quarrell with any man that speaks to him;

"The third is Swine drunke, heavy, lumpish and slepie, and cries for a little more drinke, and fewe more cloathes;

"The fourth is Sheepe drunke, wise in his own conceit, when he cannot bring forth a right word;

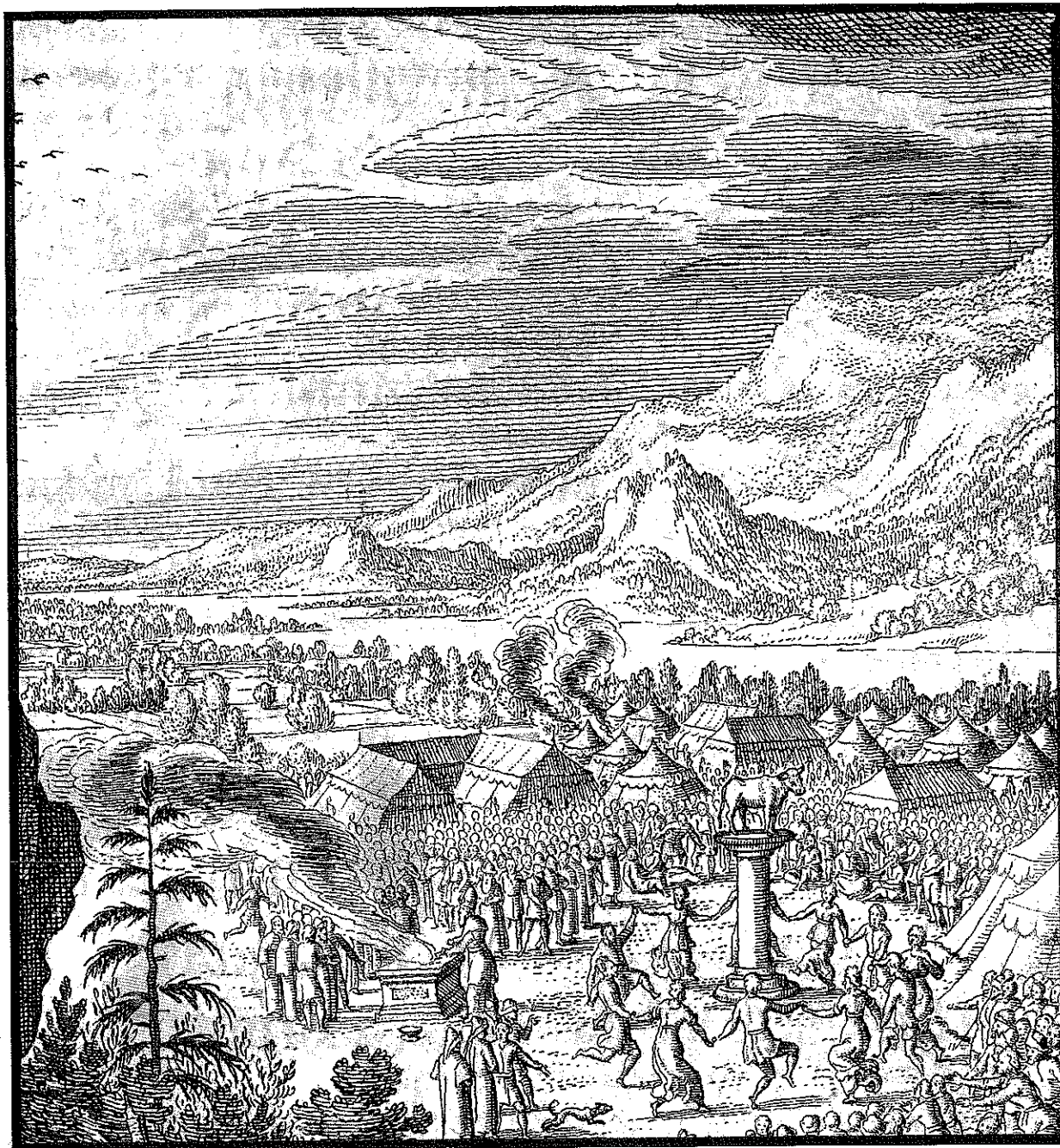
"The fifth is Mawdlen drunke, when a fellow will weepe for kindness in the midst of his Ale, and kise you, saying, 'By God, Captaine, I love thee, goe thy waise, thou dost not think so often of me as I do of thee. I would (if it pleased God) could I not love thee so well as I do', and then he puts his finger in his ere, and cries;

"The sixth is Martin drunke, when a man is drunke, and drinckes himself sober ere he stirre;

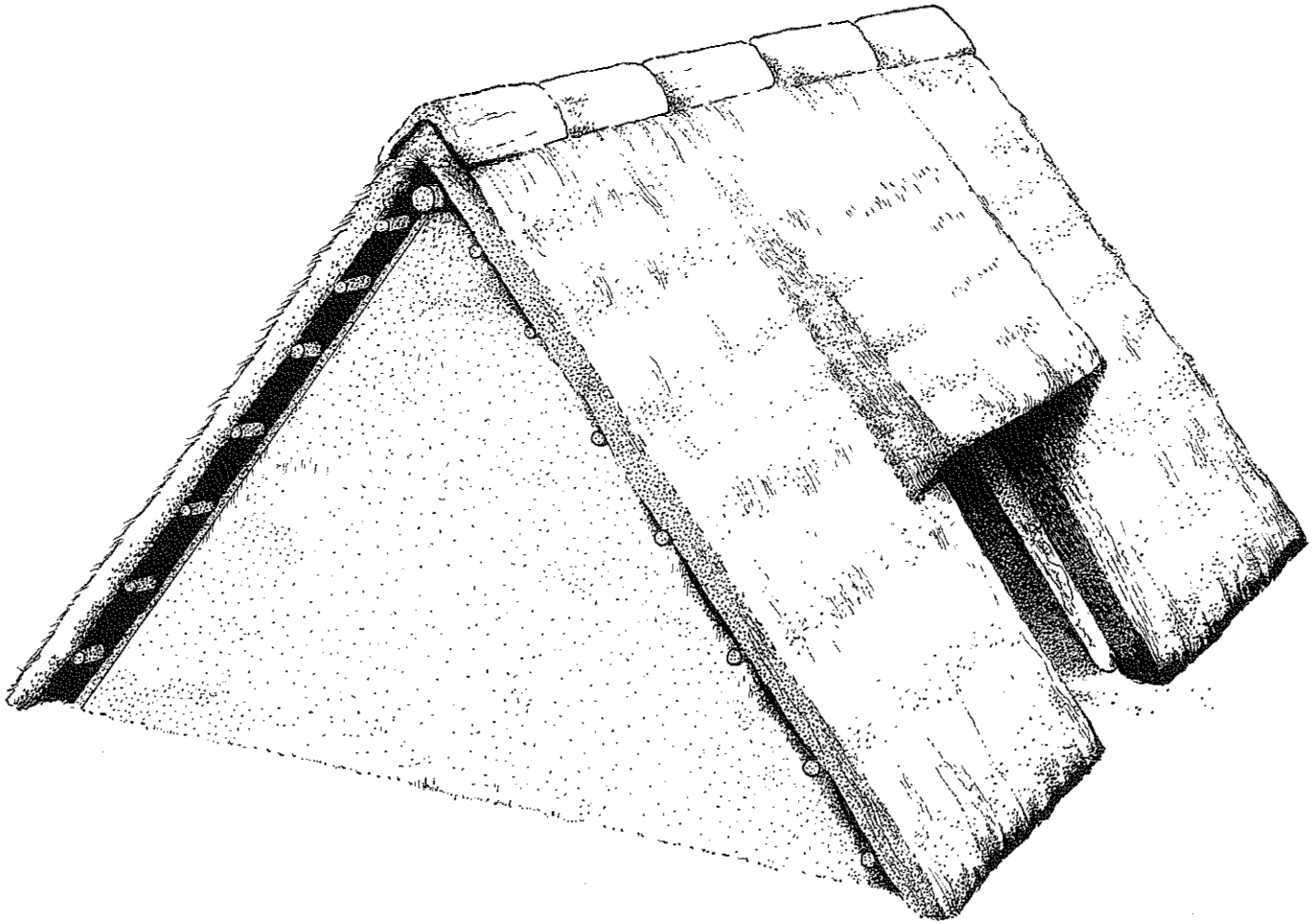
"The seventh is Goate drunke, when in his drunkenness he hath no mind but on lechery;

"The eighth is Foxe drunke, when he is craftie drunke, as many of the Dutch men bee who will never bargaine but when they are drunke." <sup>183: 47</sup>



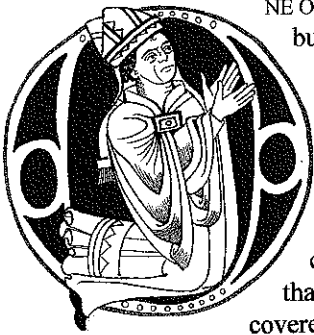


A PAGAN FESTIVAL DEVOTED TO THE BULL  
AS DEPICTED BY MATTHIAS MERIANS FOR THE 1630 STRASSBURG BIBLE FROM LAZARI ZETZNER  
A VOLUME OWNED BY THE BACHMANN FAMILY IN RICHTERSWIL, SWITZERLAND



A SIMPLE SWISS ROOF  
DATING FROM THE IRON AGE, CIRCA 800 B.C.

Chapter 3  
THE ROOF OVERHEAD  
800 B.C. - 1770 A.D.



ONE OF THE OLDEST KNOWN SHELTERS built for a settler in the Alps was little more than a roof. Between 800 to 450 B.C., when the Iron Age gave rise to the Hallstatt Culture, a steep angle for the beams made each hut resemble a mountain peak – a design that could relieve the crushing snows that piled upon it. The straw-covered eaves did not stop until they touched the ground.

Whenever a Swiss mountain family built a roof, the need for their animals' barn always came first, well before a proper house.<sup>66:31</sup> Sometimes these little homes protected the entrance to a mine, or gave the young keepers of cattle or goats a place to sleep safely. No bolt barred the door from inside, as though to protect those huddling inside. A simple latch on the outside kept the weather or wandering animals out when the herdsman left

in late Summer and did not return again until Spring.<sup>491:116</sup>

In the highest elevations, above the tree line, folks stacked up roofs entirely out of stone, with only a few log beams as the rare exception. The thin pieces of shale succeeded like tiles would later.

Leading up to the year 58 B.C., rival German tribes north of the Rhine began to press down on the Helvetii around Lake Zürich, making life unbearable and forcing 263,000 of them, and their allies, to flee westward. To deny the use of their beloved towns, the Helvetii packed everything they could into wagons and burned the rest.

While slowed down in front of the Arar River, the Helvetii lost 20 days while arranging for the first 70,000 of their kinfolk to cross it. At first, 500 Helvetii horsemen managed to keep 4,000 Roman cavalry at bay, but then, the Roman Emperor Cæsar came upon the remaining women, children and wagons and managed to slaughter 30,000, scattering the rest into the woods.

"I should not exaggerate my own ability or despise



ROMAN SOLDIERS BURN DOWN THE HOMES OF THE SWISS HELVETII  
DEPICTED IN A MARBLE RELIEF BY THE VICTORS

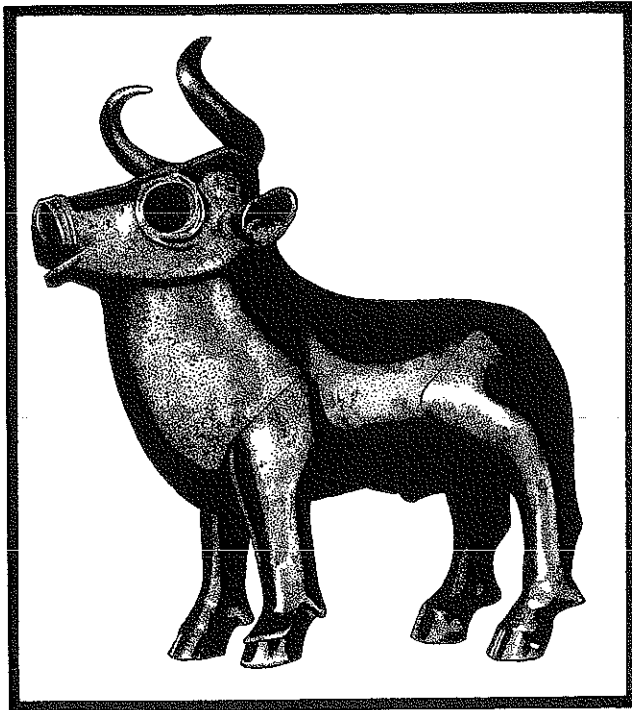
and ancestors was to fight like men rather than resort to trickery and guile."<sup>667</sup>

Low on supplies for his own legions, the Roman commander headed for Bibracte, the historic capital of the Celts in Europe, with the Helvetii in pursuit. Bibracte embraced 330 acres on a hilltop behind a three-mile long, log rampart.<sup>668</sup>

On the edge of Mont Beauvray in Burgundy, it stood as the regional center of religion, electoral politics and commerce, with its own gold and silver currency beginning in the 3<sup>rd</sup> Century B.C. It included scores of artisans' homes and workshops.<sup>672</sup>

The Battle of Bibracte cannot be counted as a glorious victory for Cæsar. The deciding factor for the Roman army had not been tactics or equipment, but rather brute endurance.<sup>240: 156</sup> Cæsar, ordered a line of earthen fortifications to block the Helvetii from crossing the Rhône River in 58 B.C., and just a generation later, Emperor Crassus used the same method to stop a slave army led by Spartacus from escaping southern Italy. Hundreds of miles of linear fortification ran parallel to the Rhine, with block houses every mile or so until the Neckar and Danube rivers could complete the noose. By storming their palisade walls and burning their thatched roof huts, Cæsar finally forced them into servitude and obedience.<sup>132: 16-18</sup>

The Roman troops found tablets written in Greek in one of the defeated encampments showing a census of all the Helvetii, and with these rather thorough lists



A BRONZE BULL EXCAVATED IN THE ALPS  
MADE LONG BEFORE THE ROMANS ARRIVED

concluded that Switzerland held 263,000 Helvetii all tolled, along with another 105,000 of their Germanic allies. His legions burned a dozen principle towns and some 400 smaller villages.<sup>598: 143-145</sup>

Many of the Helvetii returned to their homelands around Lake Zürich in the heart of the Swiss Midlands. The archaeological record proves that they reconstructed their homes and community buildings while under Roman domination. Where the Rhine River makes its double-loop below Schaffhausen, a well-fortified oppida grew. Other centers of authority appeared at Zurzach (called *Tenedo* in the old Celtic tongue), Winterthur (called *Vitudurum* in Latin), and Zürich, which the Romans pronounced as *Turicum*.<sup>598: 146</sup>

Plentiful deposits of gold turned up in their rivers, and the Helvetii began to mint coins at several locations on the Alpine Plateau around Lake Zürich. Distributions fanned out from the present-day cantons of Aargau, Luzern and Zug.<sup>598: 144</sup>

The final absorption of the Helvetic tribes into the Roman Empire by 15 B.C. is proven at archaeological sites across Canton Zürich at Oberwinterthur, in the Old Town of Winterthur and on the Zürich Lindenhof. The strong flowering of their economy and Romanized Helvetic culture can likewise be traced from the middle of the 1<sup>st</sup> Century up to the start of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Century. In Canton Zürich, archaeologists have unearthed 59 Roman Villas, 19 watch towers, six Vicus and five stonework forts.

As was their tactic throughout the empire, Rome inducted Swiss tribes into the army, at first as auxiliary troops, but eventually, under Emperor Trajan, the northern barbarians became the indispensable majority of the Roman army.<sup>132: 16</sup>



#### *Buildings Dedicated To the Old Ways and to Bathing*

Believers in Mithra taught newcomers about the meaning of the universe by taking them into an underground cave, one with a spring running through it and specially decorated with flowers. The cave symbolized the cosmos with all its unseeable power, the place from which Mithra, the child of wonder, had to be born.

Mithra's followers prayed in caves or small, narrow, tunnel-like buildings meant to recreate the site where Mithra finally captured and killed the bull. Interiors of each subterranean chapel often included large murals of the bull and the hunt, as well as benches upon which believers reclined and ate ritual meals, and a pit for initiation ceremonies.

Members stood in the bottom of the pit while a slatted platform above became the altar for a sacrificed bull. The initiate held a ceremonial bowl in which he caught the bull's blood and sometimes the severed testicles. <sup>4: 154-158</sup> After 300 A.D., the pouring blood turned into a symbolic baptism. <sup>4: 216-217</sup> The consumption of the bull's blood and meat eventually became substituted by bread and red wine.

Believers recited the key tenet of the faith at that point, saying, "You saved us by having shed the eternal blood." (*"Et nos servasti eternali sanguine fuso."*)

Belief in Mithra became widespread amongst the Roman legions' cavalry. Senior officers dedicated a dozen of the *Mithraeum* altar buildings around Rome. It appealed principally to small, local congregations of soldiers, treasury officials and merchants. Archaeologists theorized that the design of the historic Long Cellar in Zürich intended for it so serve as a Mithraeum. <sup>240: 113</sup>

The oldest buildings in Winterthur, northeast of the lake, date into the years 4 A.D.- 7 A.D., and were situated along the street called Windisch. On the church square of Oberwinterthur, evidence of Roman baths exist.

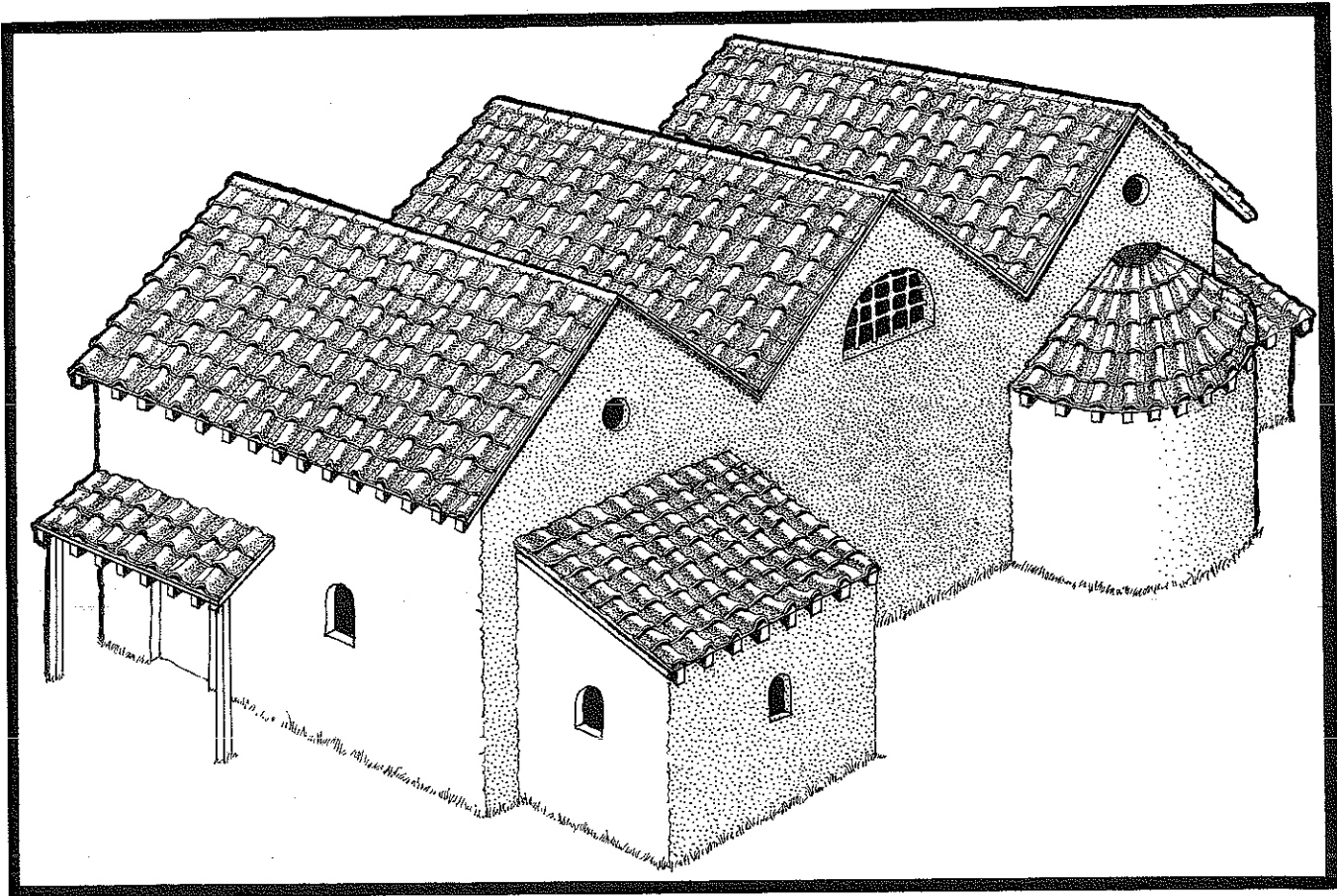
Zürich thrived because of the tolls and taxes

collected where the bridge straddled the Limmat River. A large thermal bath complex developed during the 2<sup>nd</sup> Century at what became the Weinplatz, in other words the Wine Plaza.

The Roman governor's manor house and taxation office stood in Dietikon, the largest in eastern Switzerland. The quadrangle of one-story, wooden and plaster buildings opened on the northwest, centered around a well house and a rectangular reflecting pool for fish. Murals graced most of the walls. All this formed the center of a surrounding estate measuring 13 hectares, just over five acres. <sup>132: 16-18</sup>

Roman legion commanders also built a modest version of comfort that they had always relied upon back home, an indoor thermal bath known as the *Thermae*. Swiss members of the auxiliary guard could also take up the habit, and soon spread the desire for its soothing waters to their wider families.

Legionnaires at the fortress of Vindonissa installed the earliest known Roman bath house in Switzerland around 25 A.D. The wooden walls became waterproof by the addition of lead sheeting. Unfortunately, its wooden construction also made it vulnerable to fire, so often in fact that the emperor eventually banned wood as a



THE BATH HOUSE OF ZÜRICH  
BEGUN BY THE ROMANS BUT ADOPTED AND BELOVED BY THE SWISS

principle building material.<sup>670</sup>

The builders in Zürich placed part of the foundation immediately over a natural spring, and the rest of its bath house architecture was built up around that. The shape of the roof, and the multiplication of rooms inside simply followed the common expectations of those who visited.

The spring poured its mountain clear water directly into a stone pool, three feet deep and often faced with enough white marble to line its 10- by 18-foot interior. A spout carefully designed to drain off the overflow serviced the opposite end. Plenty of floor space surrounded the stone pool so that visitors could first exercise and build up a glowing sweat. This principle room took the name *Frigidarium* because the water's temperature rising up from deep underground often remained cool, or at least equal to the ambient air temperature.<sup>470: 186</sup>

A pipe directed the exiting water into a stack of bulbous bronze boilers, where a furnace well-attended day and night, kept the water in the lowest tank boiling hot. It in turn heated the next tank above to a somewhat lesser temperature. The third tank, up on top and heated only by the second tank, reached a mild warmth.

Troughs of smouldering fire that were buried beneath the floor kept both clay tiles warm as well as other hollowed bricks which took a flow of water. This network was called the *Hypocaust*. The walls also had hollow clay bricks which conducted rising steam like a flue to heat the rooms. The steam was then expelled into each room through holes and vents that opened from the walls.

The whole apparatus had been perfected by the Roman physician Celsus, who spent a great deal of effort guaranteeing controlled temperatures. In honor of his efforts, the scale of degrees on European thermometers bears the name Celsius.

Each room stood with its own gabled roof line, and in the Swiss design, sat side-by-side in a row. Stone benches sat along the interior walls, and decorations of mosaic, statuary and mural paintings often beautified each room. Ingenious doors which closed by their own weight kept cool air from spoiling the hotter rooms.

The warm pool in the next chamber was called the *Tepidarium*. Water in the third room remained almost too hot to endure, and the pool there was called the *Calidarium*. Additional rooms such as the *Lanconicum* might offer sauna-like dry heat, or concentrated hot vapors. The steam built up in this round room with no other escape than through a hole in the roof. The opening could be plugged with varying snugness by a pulley that lifted a bronze bowl into place.

Afficionados did not towel themselves dry, but used a curved blade called the *strigil* to squeegee off the water. A massage with various scented oils finished the ritual.

Celsus and another Roman physician named Galen

disagreed about the best sequence for experiencing the waters, but rarely satisfied themselves with only one pool during one visit. The Emperor Gallienus indulged in full sets of sauna, hot water, steam and a bracing cool bath to close his pores, all repeated six or seven times during the summer and at least twice in the winter, usually following some degree of exertion but before eating.

The charge to the general public was a modest one *quadran* coin, the smallest of all denominations. When once a year the garrison commander wished to reward the local population, the baths opened to all for free. Even if they didn't want to, slaves were made to bathe.

The building opened at 10:30 in the morning, and stayed open until just before suppertime at sunset. If women and children had permission to bathe, the hours usually fell in the mornings, before the water had reached its hottest temperature.

Bathers could not enter into the interior rooms unless naked, having checked their clothes with an attendant. If anyone attempted to steal from the changing room, those who got caught could be punished with death.

Like all Roman baths, the house by Lake Zürich likely serviced a gymnasium for athletic pleasures, and also a community center where politics and philosophy got an airing and a library of scrolls could be enjoyed.<sup>659</sup>



### Northern Europeans in the New World

In a place and time when caves made enviable shelter, when ancestors longed to warm themselves just as hibernating animals do, houses sprang up from the sod.

Norse explorers who crossed the Atlantic Ocean one thousand years ago faced such a choice. On the northern coast of Iceland, at the wide and welcoming inlet they called Skaga Fjord, Thorfinn Karlsefni and his wife Gudrid Thorbjarnardottir needed a home. She had an infant son, named Snorri Thorfinnsson, who had been born in a place they called Vinland due to all of the wild grapes found growing there. This child became legendary in the Viking sagas as being the first European born in the New World, and likewise, his family for being the first to attempt a permanent settlement there.

The life of this tale, thought to have dated back to 1004 A.D., relied purely on oral tradition. The version first written down during the 12<sup>th</sup> Century could never prove itself beyond the shadow of a doubt.

By 2002, however, science was ready to measure shadows buried in the soil around Skaga Fjord. By using ground penetrating radar, archaeologists from the University of California at Los Angeles and the Smithsonian Institution dug up a 95-foot-long sod house, constructed of 5-foot-thick turf walls. Discoveries inside



included raised earthen benches, a packed charcoal floor, loom weights, a spindle whorl and an embroidery tool, all with tell-tale Germanic craftsmanship.

Radio-carbon dating fixed the year of these materials to somewhere between 976 and 1042. The date of the house could be further confirmed by a layer of volcanic ash from the eruption of Mount Hekla in 1104. The house thus draped was swallowed up by centuries of windblown dirt and grass seed until nothing was left but a flat meadow.

The Arctic Ocean does not leave the bay frigid due to the warm Gulf Stream that surrounds it. Although significantly longer than any of the Viking buildings at L'Anse aux Meadows in Canada's Newfoundland, the proportions and peat moss construction methods at Skaga Fjord are the same. The main building served as the hub for numerous out buildings that so far have only been located but not excavated. The complete field of study spans the size of a football field.

If it turns out that the sagas rest on scientific fact, it will establish one of the very few cases in history where property rights were established and protected without a strong central government.

All these results may be seen at the Glaumbaer Folk Museum which, as good fortune would have it, already existed only a couple of hundred yards away near the seaside village of Saudarkrokur.<sup>535</sup>



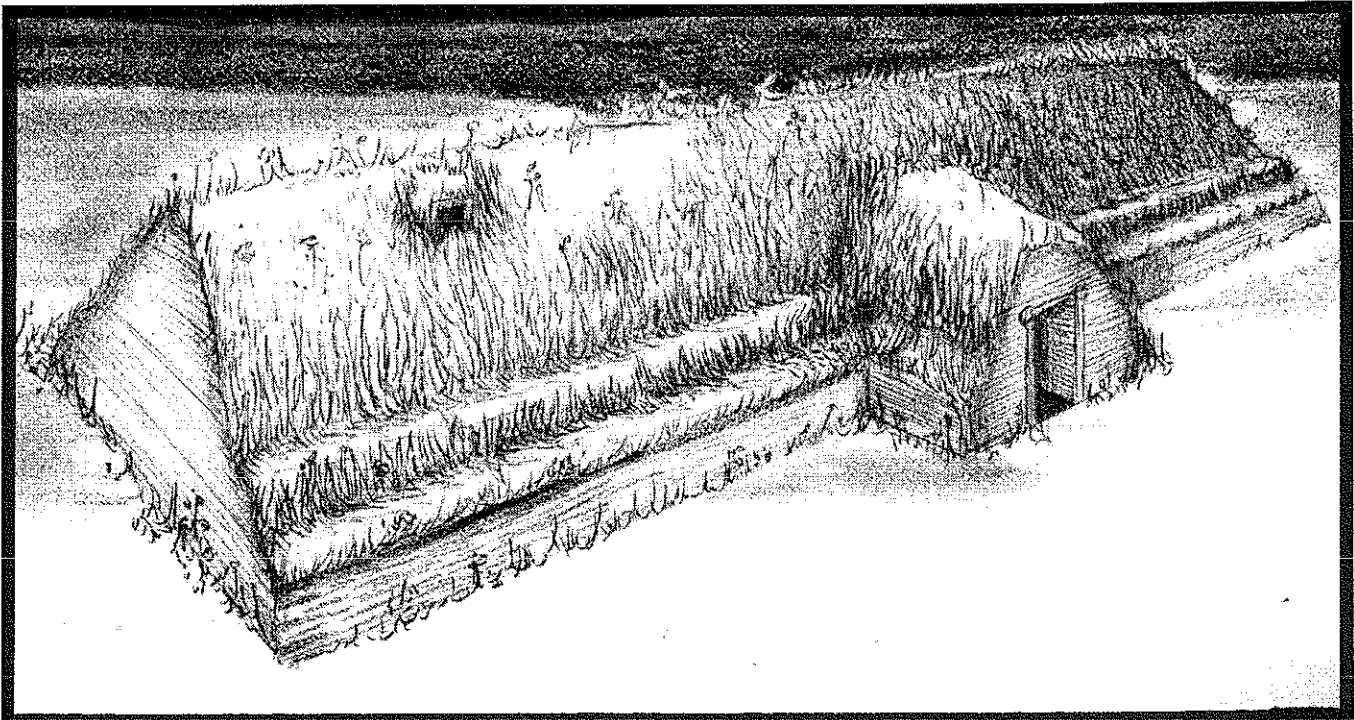
### Safe Keeping

At the end of the Roman Era and leading up to medieval feudalism, strongholds served as the way for people to retreat into safety and defend themselves. Tribes chose the earliest spots for a fort if any natural geographic features might tip victory in their favor. A hidden cave, daunting hill, mountainside, barrier of water or forest could help to concentrate an enemy's choice of attack and set them at a disadvantage.<sup>269: iv</sup> The nearly indestructible, but time-ruined walls of such cave fortresses may still be seen in Switzerland at Kropfenstein and Marmels in Canton Grisons or at Balm in Canton Solothurn.<sup>269: 32-33</sup>

A castle still standing at Valère, above the village of Sion in Canton Valais, dates back to Roman times, and became one of the earliest castle keeps during the 8<sup>th</sup> Century. The large head of a bronze bull excavated from there traces back to the cult of Mithra.<sup>269: 84</sup>

Thus secure, warriors could venture out to patrol the region, offering protection to farmers, waterways and traders.<sup>269: iv</sup>

Lowland communities next built stockades of wood, but improved these beginning in the 11<sup>th</sup> Century with stone-walled towers, known as keeps. These were of extremely simple design, set apart from all other buildings and most often fitted with doors above ground level. Entering the keep required a ladder or drawbridge that could be pulled up for safety during times of attack.



A VIKING LONG HOUSE IN ICELAND  
MEANT TO BE THE FIRST PERMANENT EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT IN THE NEW WORLD

The lowest rooms, usually part of the foundation, became dungeons. To outlast a siege, water from a natural spring or a hand-dug well would prove crucial. Three or more levels, including an armory, living quarters and battle stations, rose above this.

The entire complex surrounding the tower would include stables, a smithy, administrative offices, barracks for the foot soldiers, watch towers, and perimeter walls topped with crenelated slots out of which the defending marksmen could safely shoot. A ditch cut into the surrounding terrain might increase the difficulty of ever surmounting the walls, and depending on the drainage of the land, it could fill with water and become a moat. Within the next 200 years, a network of 3,000 such castles spanned the heights and fertile gorges of the Alps.

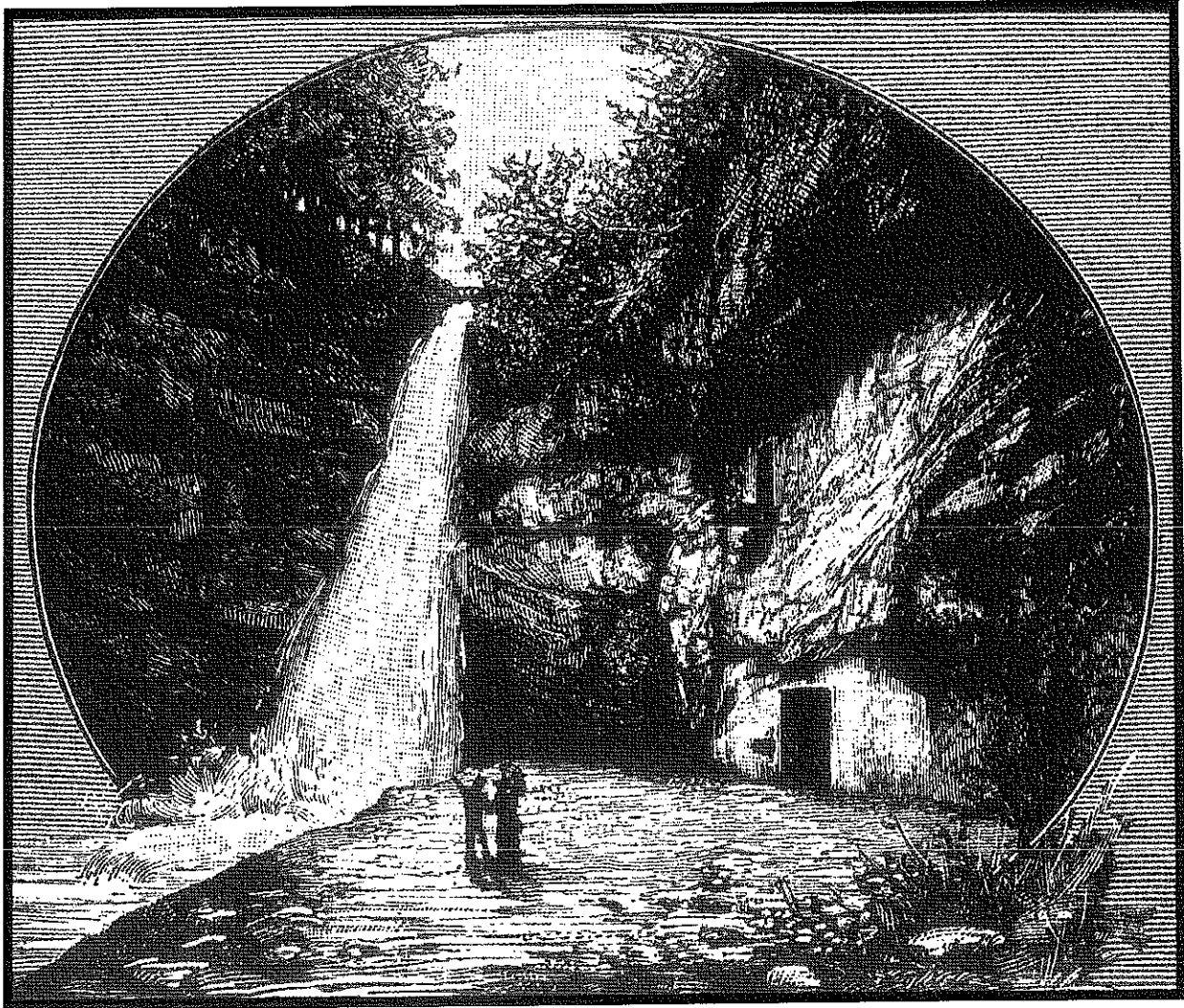
Anyone in a fight along the southern shore of Lake Zürich must have appreciated the 60-foot-high rock outcrops that stood like twins over Reid Brook. They seem to form the very definition of the Germanic word

*Berg*, which depending on context can refer to a rock, a vertical stone cliff or a fortress. The word later evolved into *Burg*, an unmistakable castle along with the town within its walls.

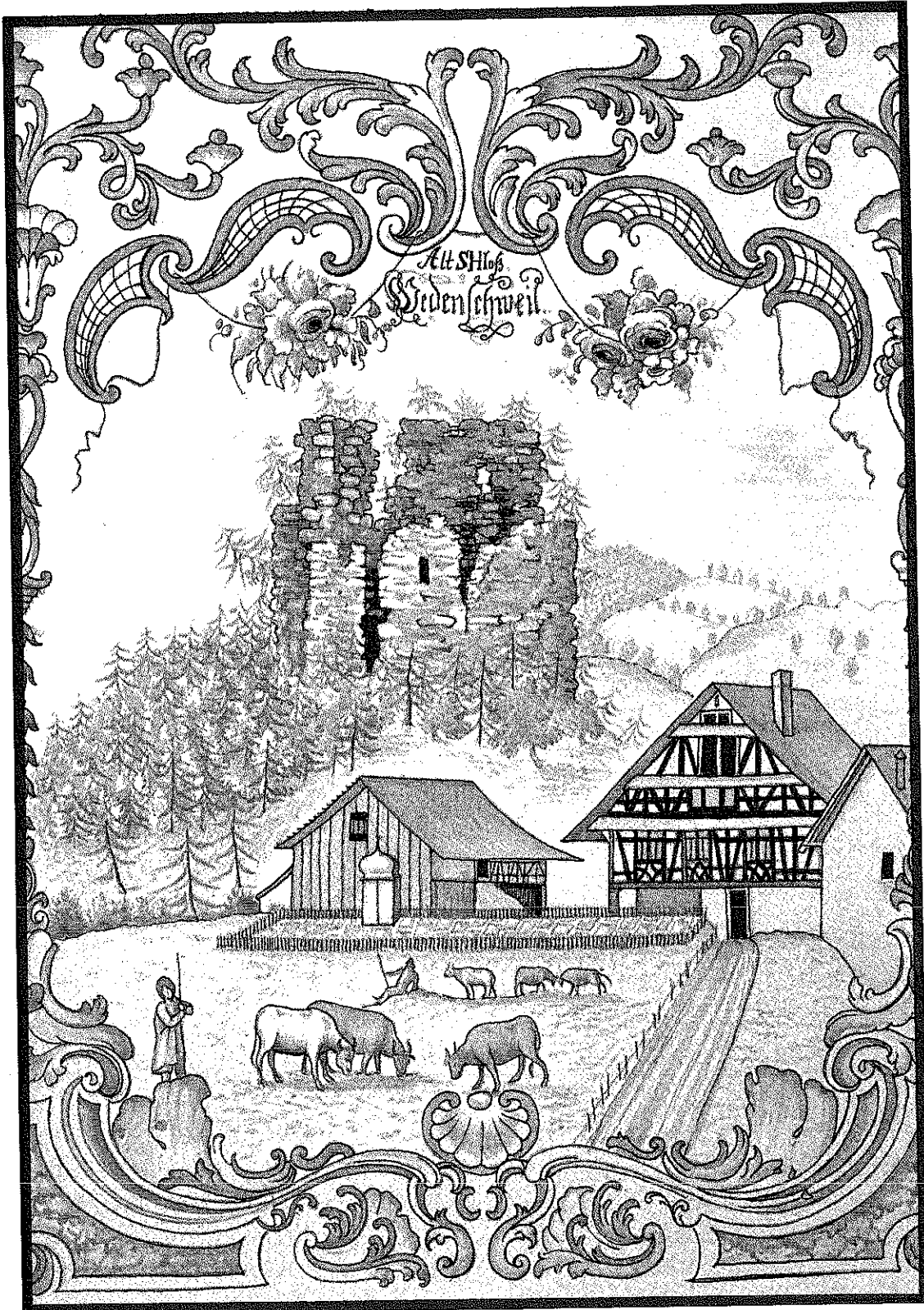
Rudolf, the lord of Wädenswil began to build twin five-story-high castle keeps in 1180 upon these natural stone heights. Putting towers on top of a cliff already high above the lake more than doubled their tactical and psychological power. Throughout the Medieval era, this was the oldest and biggest castle in northeastern Switzerland, as well as the one and only castle to overlook the lake.<sup>89: 61</sup>

Around the year 1250, historical records show that the barons and princes who lived year round in such stone towers began to enlarge them, creating “the residence” for the ladies’ chambers, along with chapels, larger meeting rooms and dining halls.

In 1291, the Swiss won their independence from the Hapsburgs of Austria and chose to severely restrict the



BESIDE THE GIESSEN WATERFALL, A CAVE IN THE CLIFF BECAME A HOUSE WITH A PROPER DOOR  
RIGHT WHERE THE RIED BROOK POURS PAST WÄDENSWIL CASTLE INTO LAKE ZÜRICH, DEPICTED IN AN ENGRAVING FROM 1878



RUINS OF THE TWIN TOWERS AT OLD CASTLE WÄDENSWIL  
DEPICTED ON A BLUE OVEN TILE BY JOHANN JACOB HOFFMAN IN 1755

building of any new strongholds. Noble families went into eclipse, and their castles switched over to the church, to knights such as Saint John's Order or to municipalities such as Zürich, Zug or Bern for use by administrative bailiffs.

On the official land survey completed in June 1900 by the councilman Fritz Weber-Lehnert along and the old community scribe Jakob Höhn, the western, or original, Wädenswil tower was described as a ruin belonging to the Bachmann family of the next-door village Altschloss. The later-built eastern tower, along with the sloping pasture land to the south, belonged to Gottfried Hiestand of Hirzen. <sup>89: 18</sup>

The choice among Swiss farmers for their favorite building materials swayed with the political wind. Bishops near Basel prospered from iron foundries that required huge amounts of wood for heating their furnaces. In a short period of time, they succeeded in the demand that all new buildings had to be made of stone. Gessler, a bailiff to the Austrian Empire less than a hundred miles to the east, issued a humiliating and totally opposite order preserved in the white book of Sarnen, written between 1471-1473.

"I do not want farmers to build houses like gentlemen's," commanded this highest ranking political authority in Canton Schwyz. For that reason, stone



SQUARING OFF LOGS WITH A BROAD AXE  
THE BETTER FOR STACKING AND KNITTING THEM SNUG



THE MYSTICAL BOND BETWEEN A WOODWORKER AND HIS TREE  
EXPRESSED IN A 16<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY WOODCUT

of some houses. Although later generations used these for anchoring the wires or strings used for training plants, the remnants of animals actually harkened back to offerings left in the holy Trees of Life during Pagan times.<sup>300: 105</sup> The skull of a bull or ram might be decorated with foliage of the season, or a blacksmith might arrange bells into a row or on a decorative grid. Every soft breeze would lift a tinkling swell to scare away the evil spirits.  
599: 259

A faint echo of these traditions persist even far away from the Alps, amongst some Bachmann descendants in the Ozark Mountains of America. Down to the present day, wishbones from a dinner-time bird are not snapped in two, as is the far more common English superstition, but are rather dried and carefully saved, then lined up by size across the woodwork trim above interior doorways. The expectation is for good luck and a general blessing for the house, similar in custom to the hanging of an iron horseshoe, which the old Lewis Lafayette Baughman log house showed in 1867, and cousin George Washington Baughman put on his house near the Horseshoe Bend of the White River at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. When the custom first took hold centuries ago, the upturned horseshoe echoed bull horns and the crescent moon.

Rural artisans applied five-pointed stars, called the

*drudenfuss* or druid's foot, over door frames.<sup>599: 74</sup> Out of loyalty across the centuries to family tradition, the Bachmanns freely applied crescent moons, sun bursts and whirling compass stars to their houses and tombstones.<sup>64: 73,93,127</sup>

Outside walls and wooden beams got painstakingly decorated with paint-lettered or carved lines of praise and prayer.<sup>300: 92</sup>

"God preserve all those within,  
going out or coming in.

Keep away from this, our door,  
the tax man and the force of law.

*"Gott schütze alle in diesem Haus,  
auch die da gehen ein und aus!*

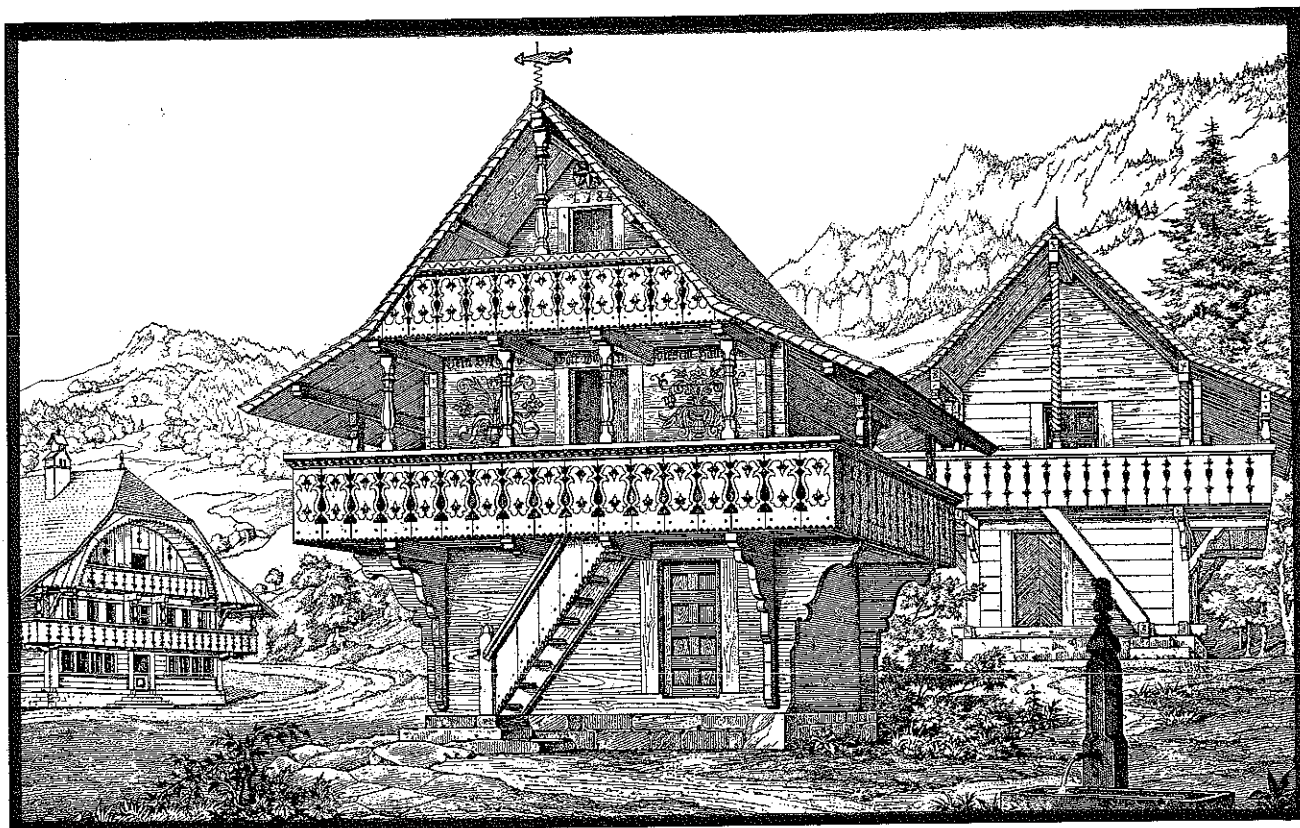
*Nur halt er fern von dieser Tür,  
den Steuerbot' und Gerichtsvollzieh'r.*

"Building this house for me was a pleasure.  
The money it cost I repent at leisure.

*"Das Häuser Bauen wäre eine Lust.*

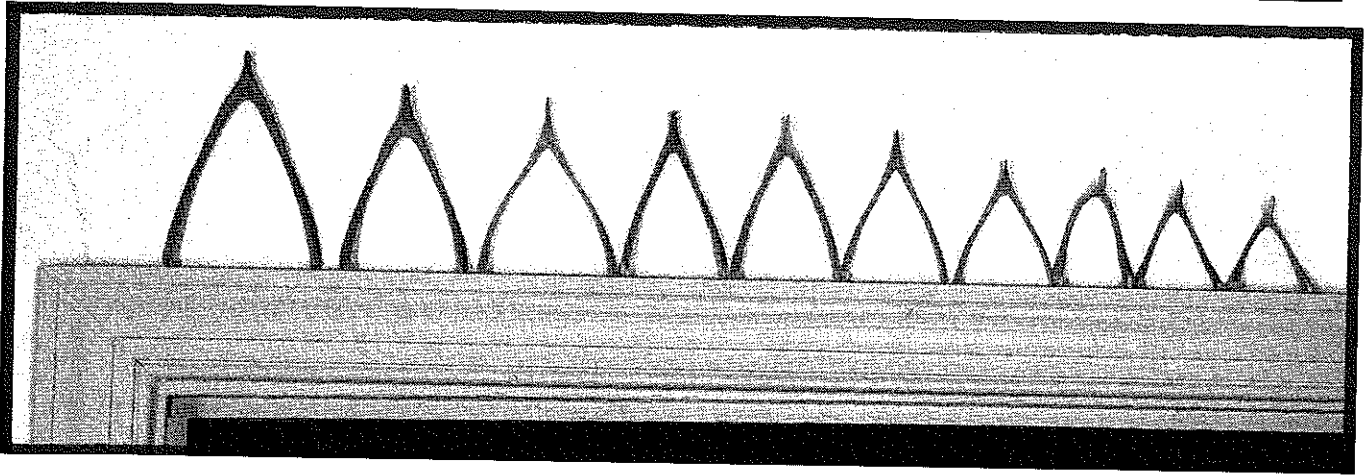
*Dass es so viel kost, hab ich nicht gewusst.*<sup>599: 28</sup>

Out of religious or political bashfulness, many historians discounted the symbolic meaning of folk art. They felt it unlikely that so many Swiss and German farmers would paint hex signs on their barns to ward



A FARMHOUSE IN CANTON BERN

DECORATED WITH A COMPASS ROSETTE, PAINTED FLOWERS, SAYINGS WRITTEN OUT AND THE DATE 1784



off curses, witches or evil spirits. <sup>644: 13</sup>

Others replied with a wider and older appreciation.

"...The signs were like links in a long chain that bound them to the past," wrote the German-American historian Preston A. Barba. "For those early men, the sun was a divine thing. Without the sun there would be no life on this earth!... Today we have little understanding of such things, and yet we should hold the old signs in honor

because our forefathers honored them and viewed them with respect as holy signs... And it would not hurt if we too would today view those old signs for what they were once in earlier times – signs of that mighty power that slumbers in winter, awakens in the springtime, and brings new life to nature, ripens the grain and the fruit in summer – and then goes to sleep again in the winter, in an everlasting circle..." <sup>644: 17</sup>



THE WOODWORK AND TRIMMINGS INDOORS  
INCLUDING A ROW OF WISHBONES IN THE BAUGHMAN HOUSE; AND A NURSING SWISS MOTHER IN HER GREAT ROOM

The home's threshold became a key part of custom and behavior in Old Switzerland. A smitten young man would sneak up to the front door of his sweetheart's family house. He would set a rose in a flowerpot there and then find a hiding place for himself. He had to be far enough away so that no one might discover him; but it also had to be close enough so that he could carry out the second part of his plan.

If the target of his affections appeared at the door and noticed his offering, it would be up to her to claim it – along with his heart – or leave it sitting there to wither. If she picked it up, out he would bound and follow her in through the door, promptly and formally asking her parents for her hand in marriage.<sup>298: 15</sup>

In the more remote parts of Switzerland, the young man used a slightly different symbol of his devotion, but only on the first of May. He planted a small pine seedling just beside his true love's door. In this case, he wanted to be seen, and hoped that her mother and father would invite him to come inside the house. Their young ones' engagement for marriage became automatic, and the seedling would be transplanted into a pot that would sit on their bedroom window sill until the birth of their first child, when it would then go back into the ground beside their balcony porch.<sup>523</sup>

From the outside appearance of a house, it was often difficult to recognize the relative wealth or social standing of the inhabitants. Inside, however, the Swiss loved to indulge in the beauty of fine wood paneling, large hearths and iron appointments, and furniture with fancy carving, contrasting wooden inlay or strikingly painted folk art decorations.<sup>298: 20</sup>



DER SIEBENSTERN  
AN 18<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY DEPICTION OF THE PLEIADES

The typical Alpine farmer's chair consisted of two wooden planks, joined at an angle and perched upon four tilted legs. These *Stabellen* often featured elaborately carved backs.<sup>599: 75</sup>

In the large house of a successful community leader, one room would suffice for meetings with the public. A so-called Judge's Room might likely have the finest carpentry in the entire house, including paneled walls and a similarly coffered ceiling.

Rather than the English habit of placing commodes into separate out-buildings, the Swiss put "earth closets" into the first floor of their homes, complete with the familiar wooden benches and oval lids. Tubs might be arranged to collect the waste below, serviced from the outside; or otherwise, bins were mucked out like any barn stall.<sup>599: 162-164</sup>



### Hospitality in Easton

In the New World of 1736, sons and grandsons of Lake Zürich filled up the wilderness of a colony named Pennsylvania. Thomas and Richard Penn, sons of the founder, had negotiated with the Six Nations Indian confederation to buy a tract of 1,000 acres north of Philadelphia running across the forks of the Delaware River and continuing as far as the Blue Mountains. The Delaware tribe, however, refused to recognize the title, demanding further treaties.

When Northampton County organized around the forks of the Delaware and Lehigh River in 1752, a village there in far eastern Pennsylvania took the name Easton. Soon enough, the village had plenty of roofs beneath which to find shelter. Before the century was out, 60 inns and taverns offered their hospitality to the county seat.<sup>643: ii</sup> Pennsylvania had more inns than any other colony, and Easton had more accommodations than any other community nearby.<sup>643: 1</sup> See map on page 261

A tavern, also known as the Publick House, sold wine, rum, beer and ale, along with cider both fresh and hard. Popular mixed drinks included flip (wine, eggs, sugar and nutmeg), sillabub (wine with curdled milk or cream), toddy (liquor cut with heated water and spicy cloves) and metheglin (a meade made from fermented honey, diluted with cider).

Overnight and longer-term guests also expected three meals a day, usually stews and thinner soups, along with bread and of course their drink of choice.

Accommodations in those days gave no relief from the heat of summer and barely from the cold of winter. Many rooms featured a fireplace or at least the benefit of a warm chimney on one wall. People seldom took off their clothes to retire, depending on them for warmth, and

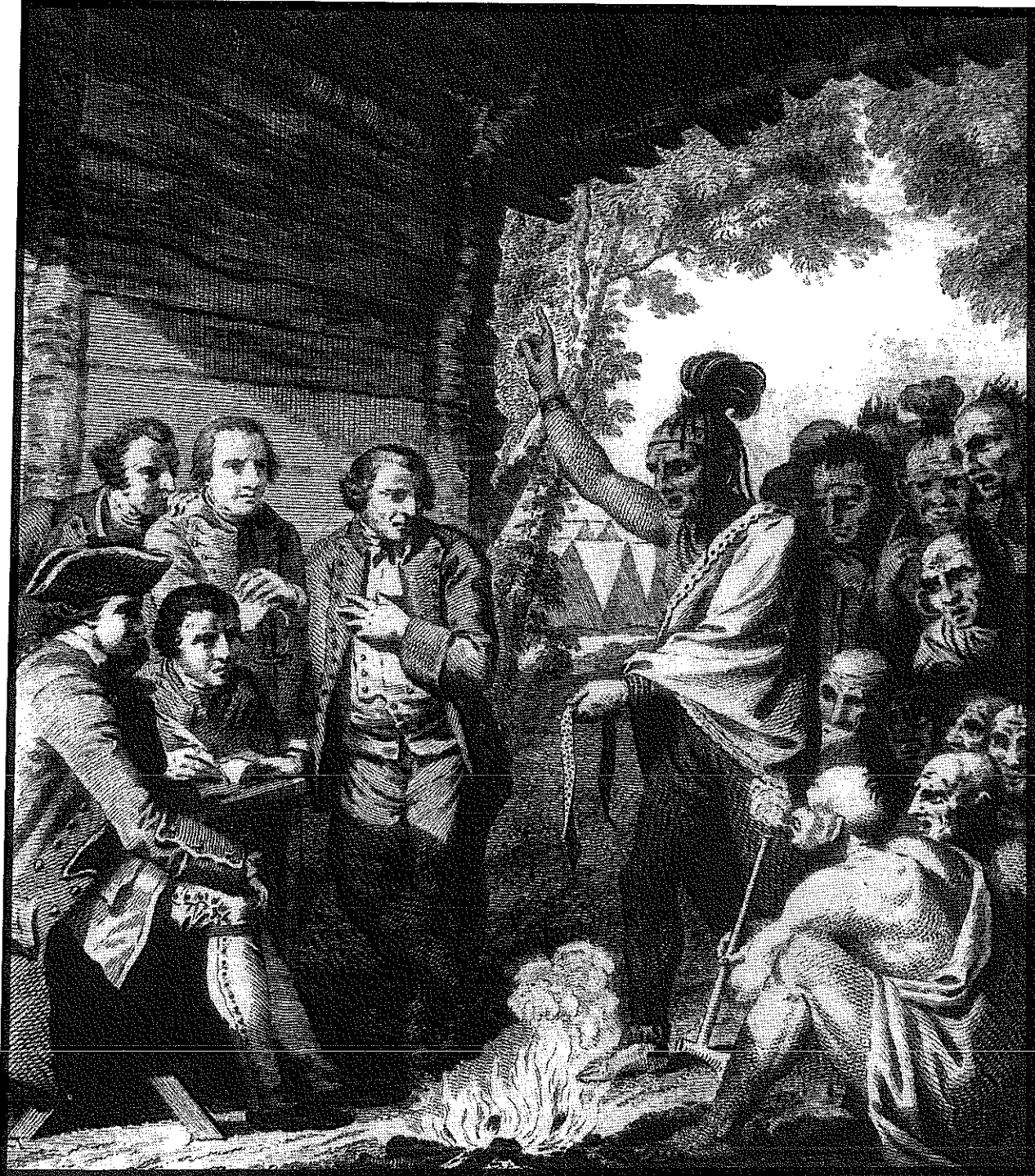


praying that by morning none of their few possessions would have gone missing. Rooms held up to seven bedsteads crammed in next to each other, with barely room enough between for walking sideways. Guests also shared their bedbugs, lice, mosquitoes, horseflies and snoring.

For all this, the typical charge in the mid-18<sup>th</sup>

Century ran from 75 cents up to one dollar.<sup>643:2</sup>

Jacob Bachmann, the first sheriff of Northampton County, along with his wife Katrina Vollmer, built a four-story rock tavern on a 60' by 220' piece of land one hundred paces up the hill from Easton's riverfront on the Delaware.<sup>165</sup> Only 11 other families had settled near that spot before them.<sup>320:6</sup>

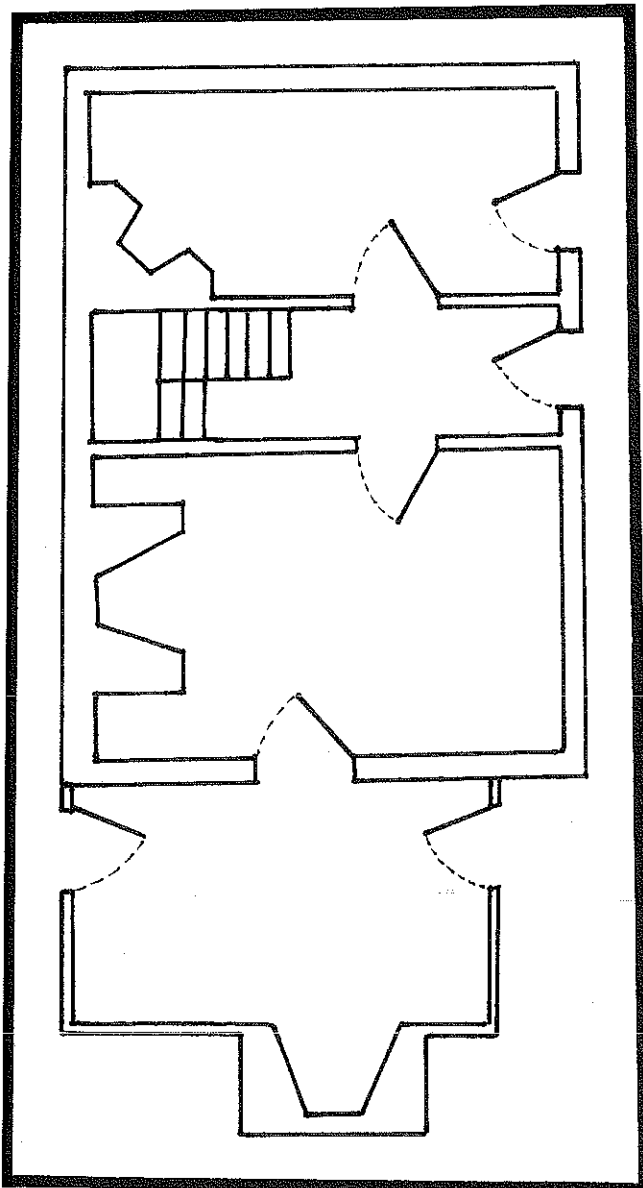


NEGOTIATING WITH INDIANS DURING THE FRENCH & INDIAN WAR  
DEPICTED BY BENJAMIN WEST IN 1765

Jacob located his new venture 21 miles north of Saucon, where Jacob's father Hans Georg had started his own inn called *Der Siebenstern*, meaning in German The Seven Stars of the Pleiades. Philip Bachmann continued as an innkeeper in Lower Saucon Township as late as 1780.<sup>643: 45</sup>

Jacob hired the town's surveyor William Parsons to design the tavern's generous rooms. A stone carved with their names and the date 1753 got pressed high above on the gabled end.

They formalized their right to Lot No. 24, from the corner of Northampton Street and Fermor (later renamed Second Street) back to Church Alley, on 14 March 1754 by purchasing it from Thomas Penn. Shortly thereafter, a license was granted to operate their tavern and sell



FLOOR PLAN OF THE BACHMANN PUBLICK HOUSE  
WITH A FIREPLACE IN EACH LARGE ROOM

spiritous beverages. Their paperwork referred to the spot as being "situated in a very convenient place for the Entertainment of Travellers within the Township of Easton" and so became known officially as The Bachmann Publick House.<sup>165</sup>

Eight months later, on 27 November, Jacob was obliged to take out a mortgage to raise operating funds, a loan of £235-11s-8d from John Potts that he would have to repay within seven years.

Jacob Bachmann pitched in £1 on the first of July, 1755, as part of "a charitable scheme... that each of us will pay the sum of money, and do and perform the work, labor, and service, in building and erecting a school-house, which may occasionally be made use of as a Church for any Protestant Minister..."

Peter Trexler, one of the ring leaders of the plan, helped name this venture the Schlatter School fund. Christian Rinker pledged the same amount as Jacob and signed alongside him, although John Rinker could only afford to contribute ten shillings, and Henry Rinker skipped cash, donating instead some 30 bushels of lime.<sup>320: 7</sup>

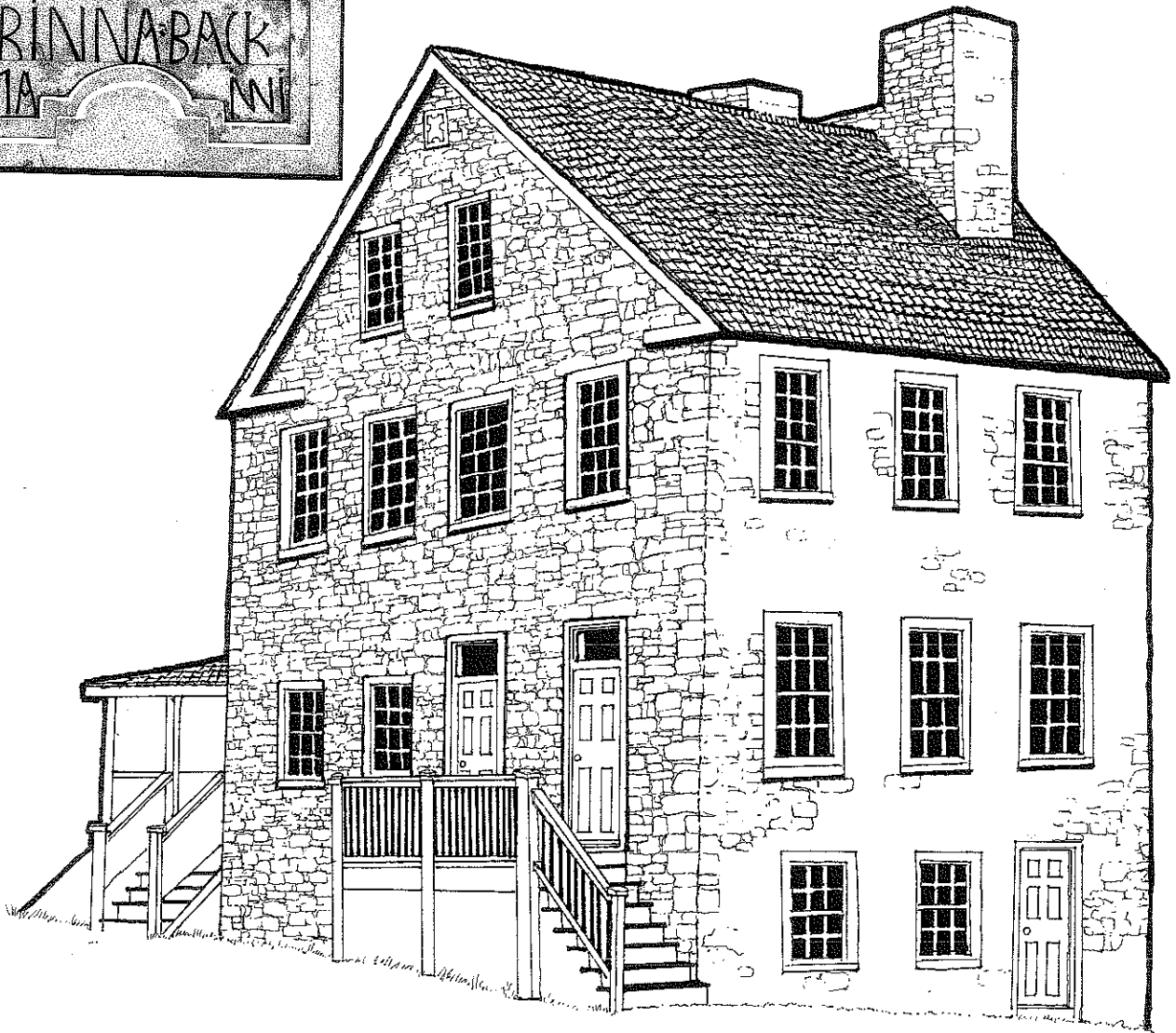
In its early years, the Bachmann Publick House served as the only court house between New York and Philadelphia. It also became host to numerous historic treaty negotiations with the Indian tribes, and frequent overnight guests such as Benjamin Franklin during the French & Indian War.

Just as his father John George welcomed Indians to pray at the Saucon meeting house that they completed in 1735,<sup>373: 421</sup> Jacob Bachmann welcomed Teddyuscung,, chief of the Delawares, to talk peace with the Quakers Israel Pemberton and his translator Charles Thomson, along with representatives of the Penns.

According to the Minutes of the Council at Easton on 26 July 1756, the Penns had misgivings about all of the free-flowing alcohol at the Bachmann Inn. The regulars there had an insatiable "Curiosity, especially when in Liquor, [that] will lead them to go & see the Indians with whom they will either quarrel [or] if it is possible... give them Liquor and make them drunk."<sup>595: 134</sup> It seems that Indians had no problem getting too much to drink, and that sometimes it put their tempers into a fiery spirit.<sup>595: 75</sup>

In mid-October of 1758, over 500 Indians from 13 different nations all convened at the Bachmann Inn. The Iroquois and Ohio Indians emerged the winners by the final meeting on 24 October, having won firm boundaries on the western claims of Pennsylvania. The Susquehanna Delaware, and especially Teddyuscung, fell into bitter eclipse.<sup>595: 182</sup> The Easton Treaty hammered out in 1758 at the Bachmann Tavern proved worthless to all in only three years.<sup>595: 212</sup>

Later guests who spent the night at the Bachmann Inn included signers of the Declaration of Independence such as William Whipple of New Hampshire and William



THE BACHMANN PUBLIC HOUSE OF EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA  
AS IT APPEARED IN 1753 WHEN A MARKER STONE WAS ADDED NEAR THE ROOF

Ellery of Rhode Island. Two American presidents, namely George Washington and John Adams, both dined there as well.

On the first of September in 1761, a tax list recorded all of the local citizens who were assessed “3 pence per pound... Laid on Estates & Inhabitants of Northampton County to pay for Representative Service in the General Assembly & to Defray the charges of Building & for Destroying wolves, foxes & crows.”

Jacob Bachman of Easton paid £4 to tax collector Peter Sipe, while at the same time, another Jacob Bachman lived west of Allentown, in Lowhill Township, and was obliged to pay £9 that same day to John Hartman.<sup>413: 1</sup>

The Bachman land down at Saucon Township, divided 240 acres between Honnes, Samuel, Jorg and Jacob, but its value was not recorded in hard cash.<sup>413: 155</sup>

Unfortunately, Jacob and Katrinna Bachman of Easton were unable to repay the full value of their seven-year mortgage, and so lost the tavern in a sheriff's auction just before Christmas, on 23 December 1761. George Taylor won the building with a bid of only £160, and held onto it for the next 18 years. The stone town house adjacent to the tavern was likely added by Taylor.<sup>166</sup>

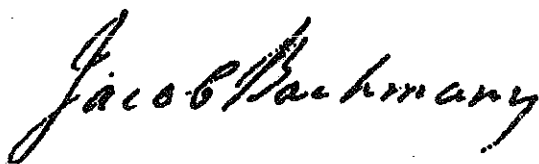
Besides serving as one of colonial Pennsylvania's first iron masters, George Taylor also aided the Revolutionary cause as a colonel and signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776.<sup>192</sup>

Although the Bachmanns' ownership lasted only eight years, their handsome building survived long after their departure.<sup>643: 10</sup>

Elsewhere in the county, Peter Bachmann erected a stone tavern on the extreme western end of Freemansburg during the 1750s. In a story embedded by Bachmann family tradition, Indians on the opposite side of the Lehigh River shot arrows at the stone masons while they were building it. The old stone building remained as late as 1877 when it was mentioned in the papers of the Lehigh & Susquehanna Railroad which had purchased the land.<sup>643: 16-17</sup>

Some of the other early innkeepers in Easton included Henry Shnyder, who died in 1778 after making a success of the Green Tree Inn on the south side of Northampton Street, west of 4<sup>th</sup>.<sup>643: 3</sup>

John Rinker, who later took a turn as County Sheriff,



THE SIGNATURE OF JACOB BACHMANN  
TAVERN KEEPER & 1<sup>ST</sup> SHERIFF OF NORTHAMPTON COUNTY

built his own hotel on the southwest corner of Bank and Northampton Streets in 1754. Isaac Norris and his Friendly Association of Quakers used Rinker's inn for their headquarters from 1757 on into 1758 during the Indian Treaty Conference. In 1767, the hotel became a parsonage run by the local Reformed congregation.<sup>643: 9</sup> John Rinker continued running a tavern in Easton as late as 1776.<sup>643: 44</sup>

Only a few blocks away, next to the old jail on the east side of South 3<sup>rd</sup> Street, Henry Rinker built the Bull's Head Tavern in 1761. He had already won one of the precious seven liquor licenses issued by the county six years earlier. Unfortunately, Henry lost the place to a sheriff's sale in 1766, but then it went to Jacob Meyer.

Around the same time, Christian Rinker took over the oldest hotel in town, which had been built by William Craig and John Anderson, proud holders of a monopoly on liquor sales for a while after receiving the county's very first liquor license on 16 June 1752.<sup>643: 4-7</sup>

To suggest how far a son may wander from his father, the following letter gives insight into the character of Jacob Bachmann, innkeeper, only one generation removed from the Mennonite leader Johann Georg Bachmann:

“Allen Town-Ship June 10 [17]84

“James Biddle, Esquire

“D<sup>r</sup> Sir

“The purpess of this Letter will give you the Necessary Information, in what Manner An Affair lately Happened between Benedict Strome, Plaintiff, & Jacob Backman Defendant – You will be informed from the following, that the aforesaid J.B. was in my company at Col. Beam's Tavern Sometime the Week before last – that I have & shall always entertain a partial Regard for J.B. He has rendered me some Services in going & shewing me the straight Road to Allen-Town, as before mentioned – though in a Bad Cause I would befriend no Man – *Probatum Est - Gent<sup>l</sup> Nes circ non Domine* but to Come down in a Serious Mood -----

“I had three pints of old Lisbon Wine at the Tavern on purpose to entertain B<sup>n</sup> Gett<sup>es</sup>. I forget who, though I remember She lives in Allen Town – I now recollect her Name above alluded to be ett<sup>m</sup> Juliana Shriver.

“It seem while B. & Myself were drinking it – a certain Benedict Strome came into the Rooms, & Without any justification helped himself to both our Wines.

“I found it in my heart to give him a Drubbing for the Same but that my Spirits were Depressed, owing to a Fatal Fall from me Rozinante – & you well know that in Such a Situation, A Man can't exercise his Reason but much less his Spirits -----

“But as the Devil would have it Jacob Backman gave

him a remarkable Flagellation, & Severe Trownsing – & between You & me he richly Deserved it – Now, if this Cause Should come before you, though of a Trifling Nature, I will defend the S<sup>d</sup> B & have to request you would set Accordingly, as my proper Attorney in my behalf & shall give John Okely Orders to transmit you Two Dollars as a fee for the same -----

“P.S.

“If any Attorney Should Speak in B. Stomes behalf I would request of you to procure for me my old Attorney Dan Clymer Esq – to act for me – & please to shew him the Contents of the Serial & request him to be my Attorney & the Fee above Mentioned Shall be his Reward & my Thanks into the Bargain.

“I am Gentlemen  
Your Friend &c.,  
J. O’Brien Bingham”

Some from the Bachmann family persisted in Easton, including Abraham who built a new hotel in 1805 at the corner of a private alley south of Ferry Street, between South 3<sup>rd</sup> and Bank Streets. He sank a heavy wooden post in front, decorated with a life-size painting of the father of our country, and named his place The Washington Hotel. After ten years, Abraham sold the business to John Brotzman for \$2,400.<sup>27</sup>



#### *A Meeting House Near the Shenandoah*

Barbara Bachman moved her children from Canton Zürich to the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia by the middle of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century. Her son, Jacob Rinker became the head of the household for the purpose of receiving a land grant from Lord Fairfax on 9 January 1764 for 386 acres.

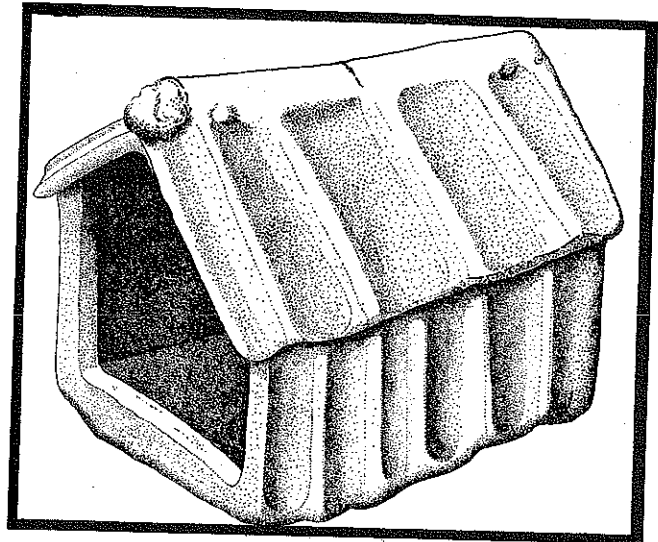
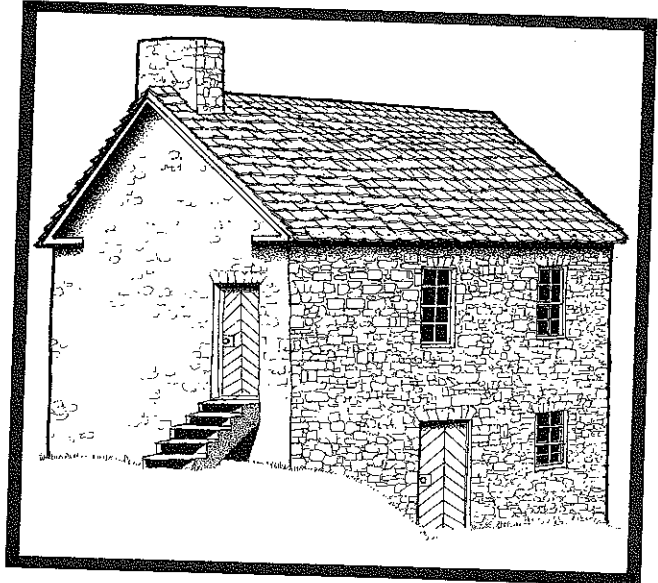
That rich bottomland sits one-half mile west of Conicville, where Route 703 branches off the old Back Road, also known more recently as Senado Road or Route 42. The original family house built by Jacob no longer exists, but within just a few feet of it, he raised up another stone building directly over a spring.

Situated on a gently sloping hill, the lower level had its own entrance way, and a chimney with a generous hearth. The spring bubbled up into a stone trough. The main floor could only be reached from the front of the building by a short stairway of five steps, and another fireplace opened into that room from the same chimney stack. A crawl space just below the rafters allowed another half-story for stooping storage.

In early deeds, it was called The Meeting House. Many families in the area would gather there for prayer

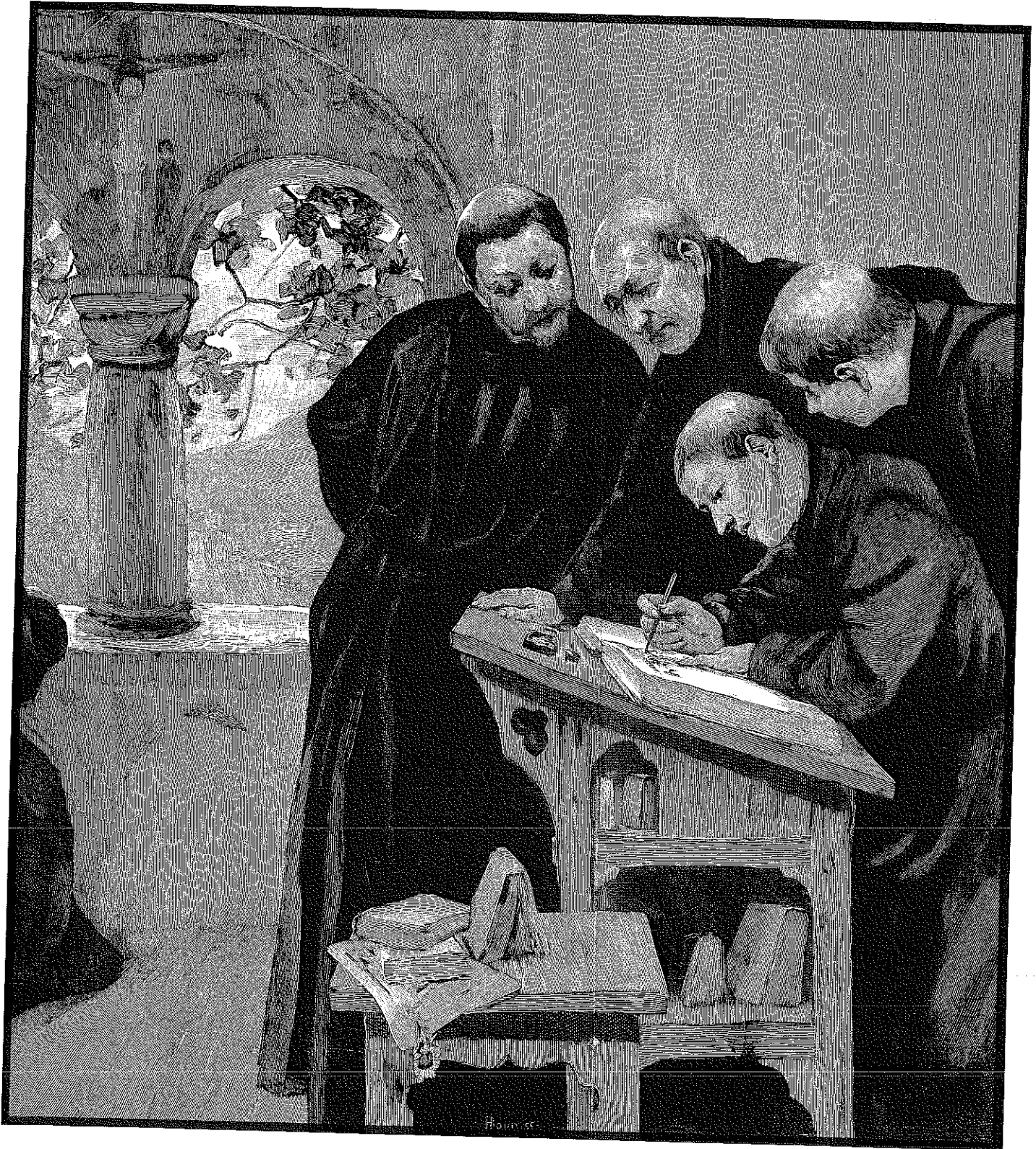
and Bible reading circles, particularly those of like-minded Anabaptist faith.

Barbara’s grandson, George Rinker, built his home 300 yards further south, but in the late 1980s the only remaining thing was a stone chimney that salvagers pulled down and hauled away.<sup>106</sup>



THE MEETING HOUSE IN SHENANDOAH COUNTY  
BUILT OUT OF STONE FOR BARBARA BACHMANN  
BY HER SON JACOB RINKER;  
COMPARED TO A MINIATURE GERMAN HOUSE  
MADE OUT OF CLAY IN 4000 B.C.





A CATHOLIC PRIEST'S TALENT WITH PEN AND PAPER  
CAPTURES THE EYES OF HIS BROTHERS AT A MONASTERY IN SWITZERLAND  
BY HANS BACHMANN



ANTONS SOUTH OF THE SIHL River in eastern and central Switzerland held steadfastly to the mother church in Rome. The celebrated Swiss painter and illustrator Hans Bachmann born 30 April 1852 in Winikon, Canton Luzern, took no exception to this pattern.

Hans Bachmann kept a seemingly innate interest in Catholic symbols and themes: the power gained by sacrifice; the yearning to know, balanced against faith; the search for individual authenticity buffered by obedience; selfishness counterbalanced by shame; and ultimately penance matched to the mysteries of the human body and soul.

His parents, the progressive Judge Johannes Bachmann and Christina Fries, came from a long list of university professors, physicians and public servants.<sup>284:</sup>

<sup>18</sup> One of their ancestors in Winikon had also been a painter of note. In 1633, Johann Bachmann von Säckingen decorated the walls of the Beromünster Church in Canton Luzern and painted the official Seal of the Valley.<sup>559:514</sup> Winikon sat but two miles southeast of the old Bachmann farm at Bottenstein in Canton Aargau.

Hans Bachmann inherited from them a strong interest in everyday folk, along with a clear sense of justice. His depictions of dignity, especially in the face of cruelty, reveal a high degree of understanding and empathy. He never let go of a life-long fascination with state punishment

Moreover, in all the inspirations that he pursued in his art and then assigned himself, and especially in the honors and commissions he accepted from others, he packed more into his scenes than viewers expected or seem to require from other artists.

Topics for each engraving or painting could have been as simple as a young boy's funeral or how a village shared a Christmas carol. But Bachmann's imagination found subtle details of human nature and mannerism to plant in all of his scenes. In the most ordinary circumstances, many more layers of emotion could be appreciated by a keen eye. Bachmann tucked his observations away and retrieved them aplenty for his art.

He knew that through the faces of his subjects, through the postures and gestures shared between them, that all the eternal qualities of admiration, duty, pride, doubt, jealousy, lechery, dread and desire could and should be found tucked into his work.

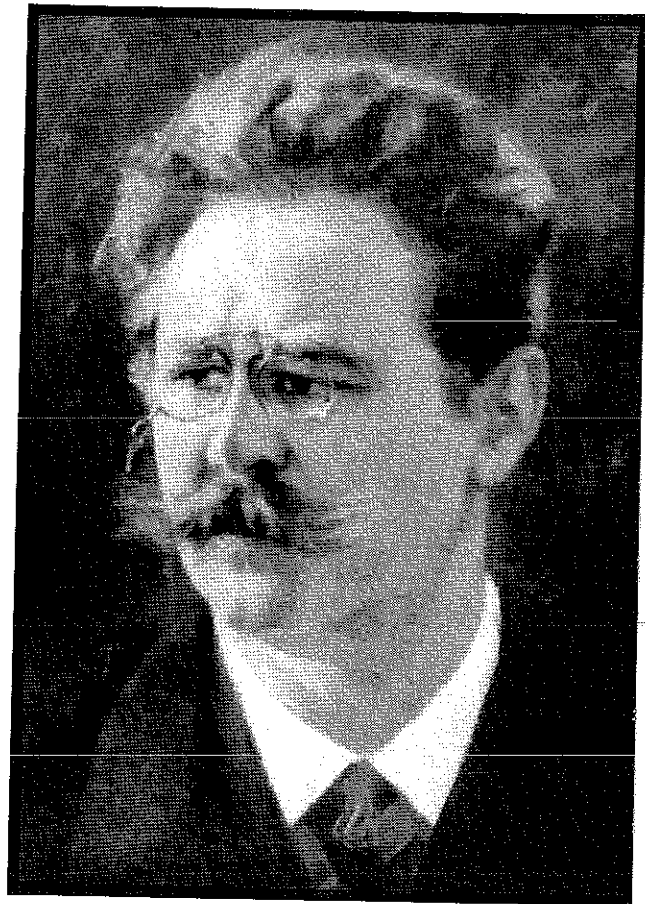
In 1894, Bachmann began delivering the first of

three-years' worth of illustrations to Frédéric Zahn's publishing house in Neuenburg, for a multi-volume series of folk stories written by Jeremias Gotthelf. In 1897, he began eight years of teaching at The Art Schools of Zürich and Luzern. From 1899-1901, Bachmann also received appointment to the Swiss Confederation's art commission. The portfolio of picture details here are extracted from two large volumes:

*Die Gute Alte Zeit: Bilder aus dem Leben unserer Vorväter* [*The Good Old Times: Pictures from the lives of our forefathers*] a 700-page oversized book with text by Heinrich Lehmann (FrédéricZahn, publ., Neuenburg, Switzerland, 1904).

*Das Schweitzerland im Wandel der Zeiten* [*Switzerland in the Wanderings of Time*] a 392-page volume where Bachmann's drawings matched text by Ernst Oberländer (Heimatverlag A. Voegtli, Dornach, Solothurn, 1927).

Hans Bachmann died on 12 November 1917 at the age of 65.<sup>63: 89-90</sup>

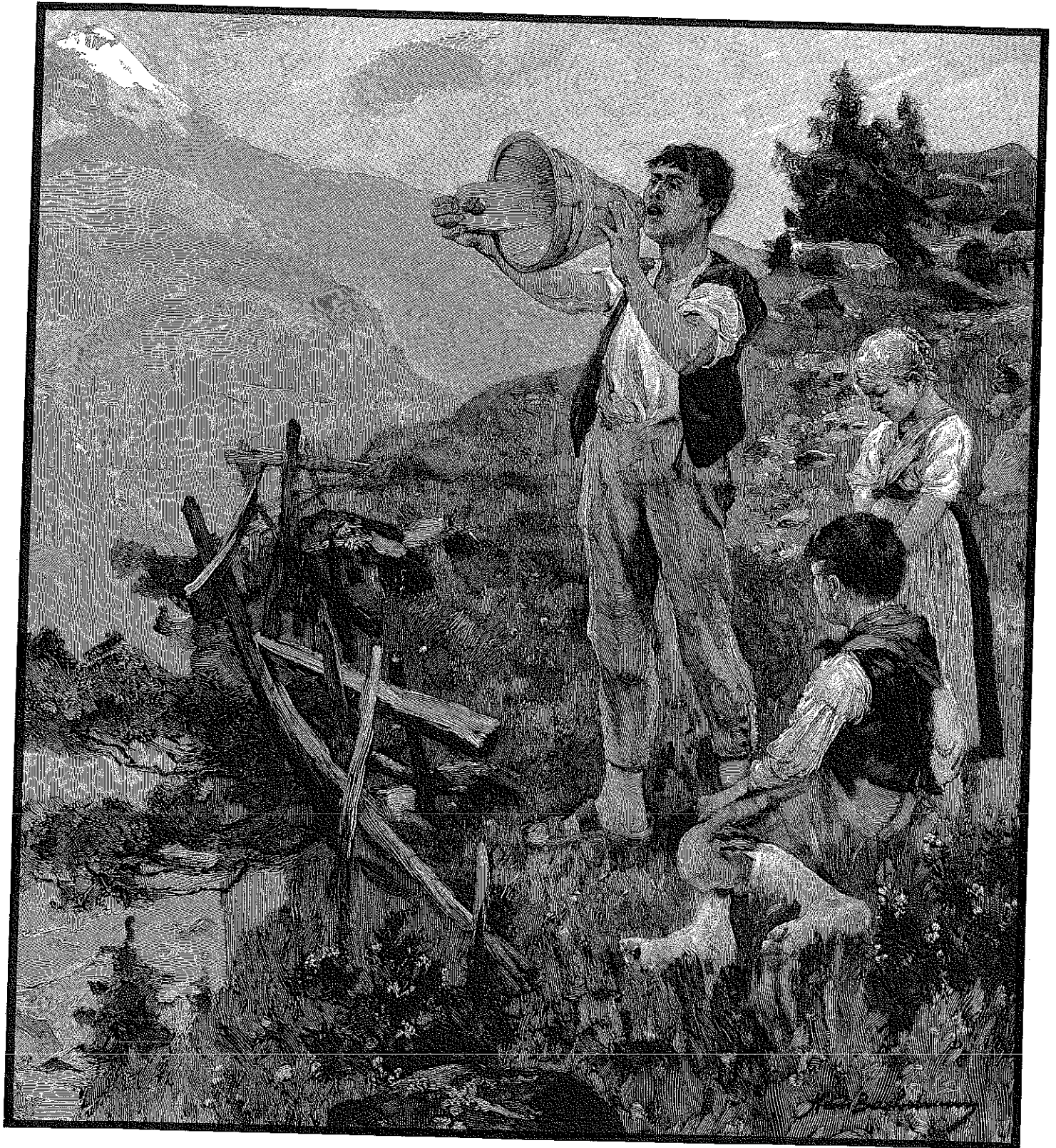


A SELF-PORTRAIT BY HANS BACHMANN

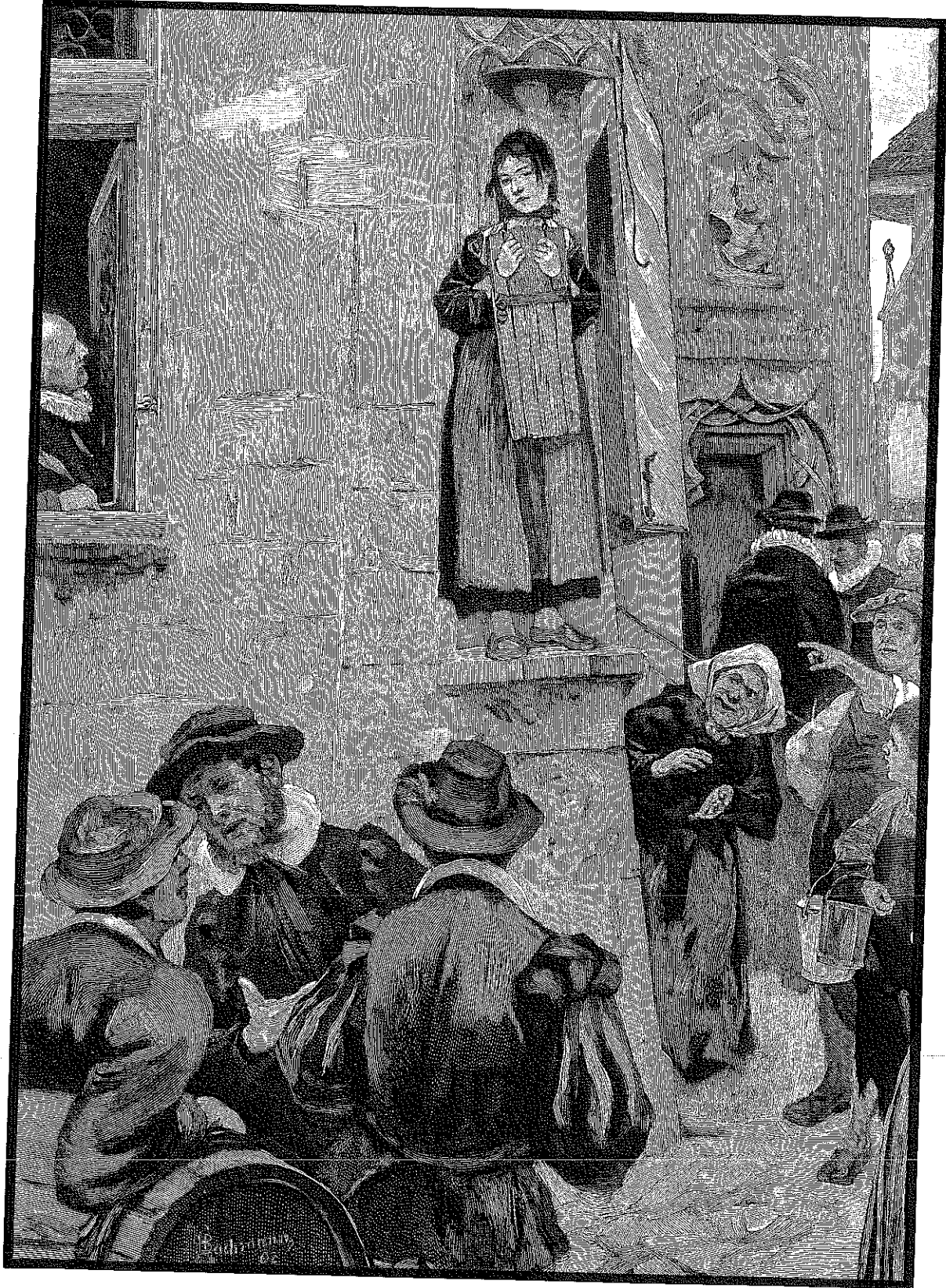


SONG AND DRINK AT THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL  
BY HANS BACHMANN





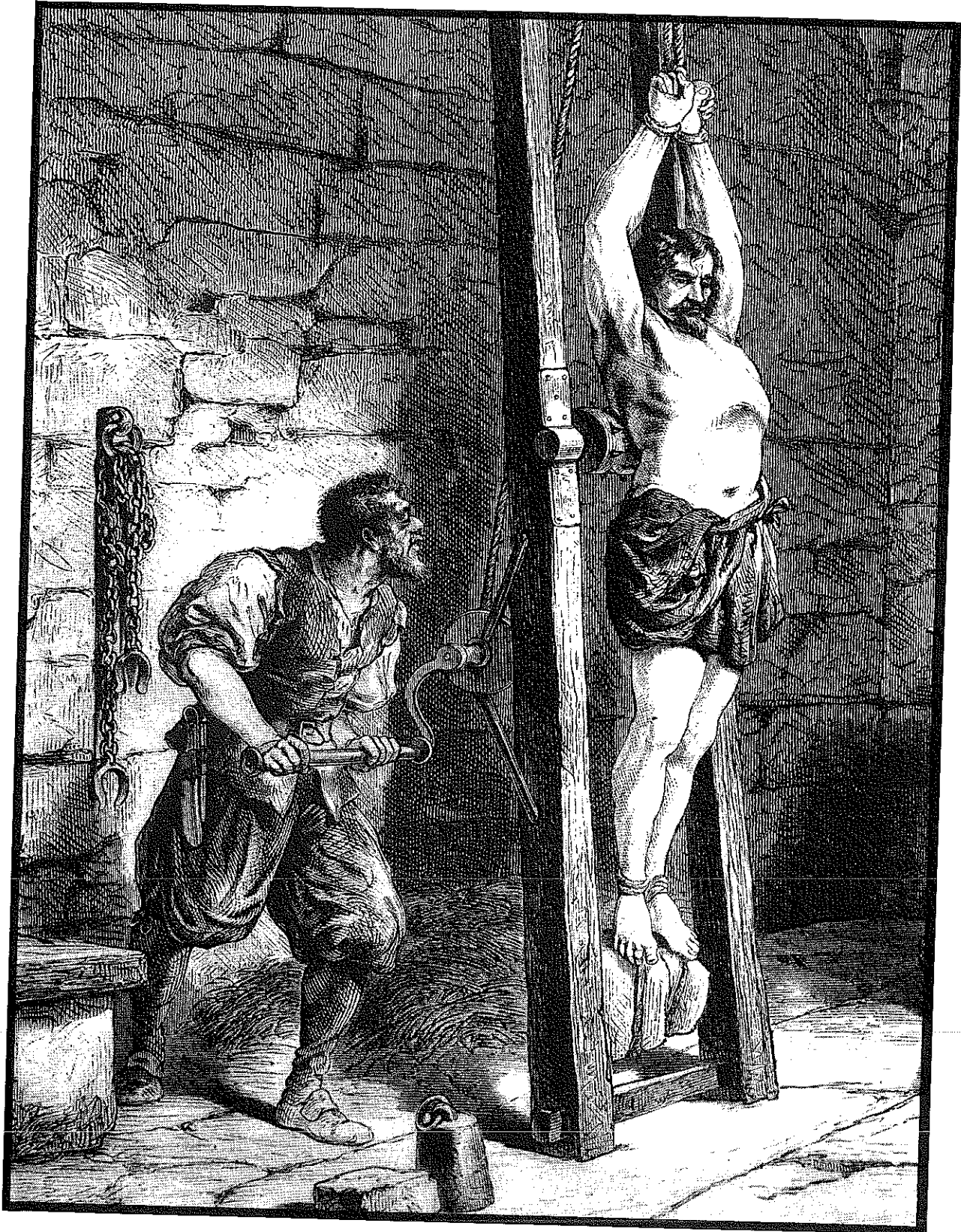
THE YODEL  
WITH THE AID OF AN OAKEN MEGAPHONE  
BY HANS BACHMANN



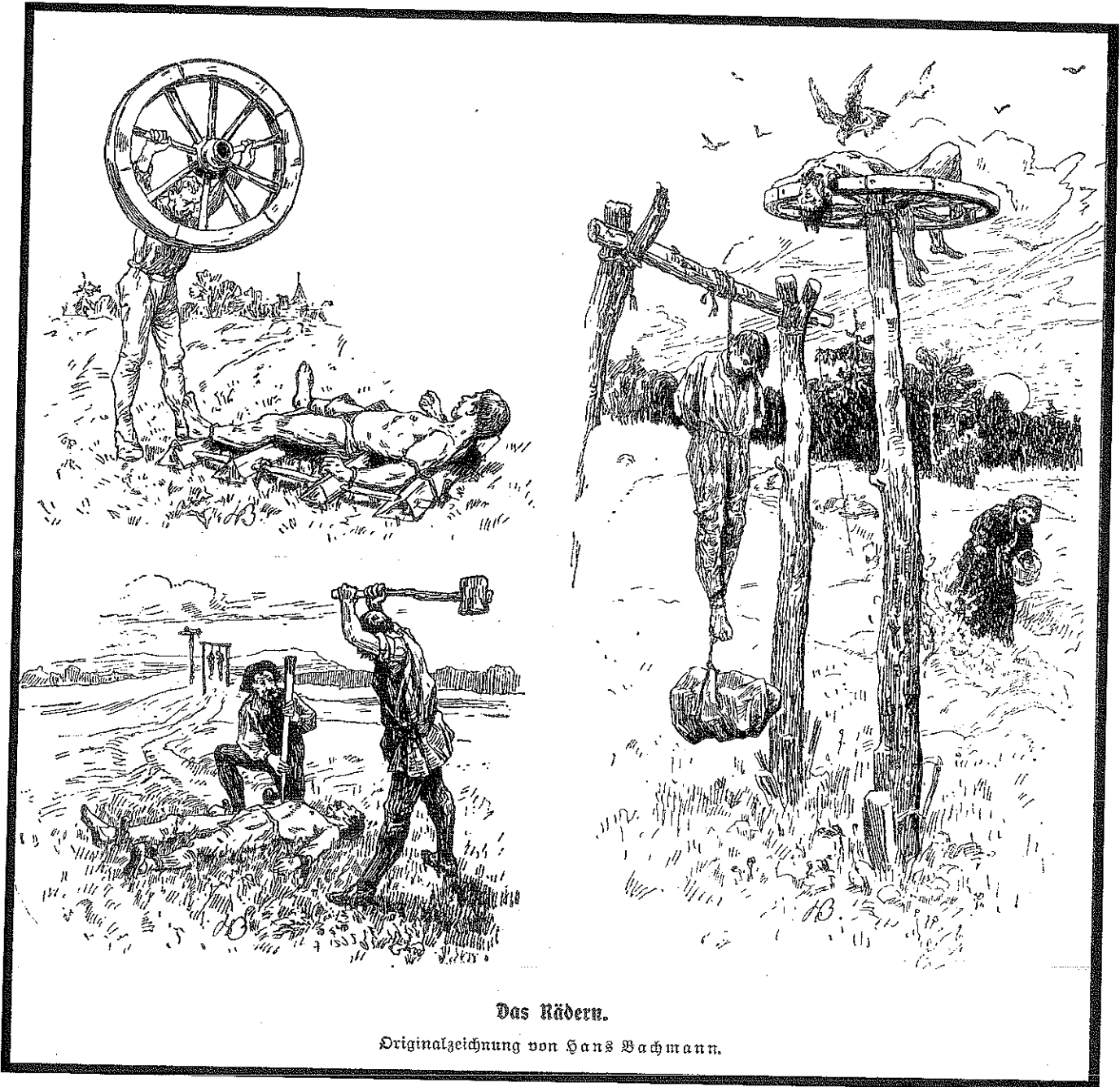
THE PUBLIC HUMILIATION  
BY HANS BACHMANN, 1902



THE STOCKADE  
BY HANS BACHMANN



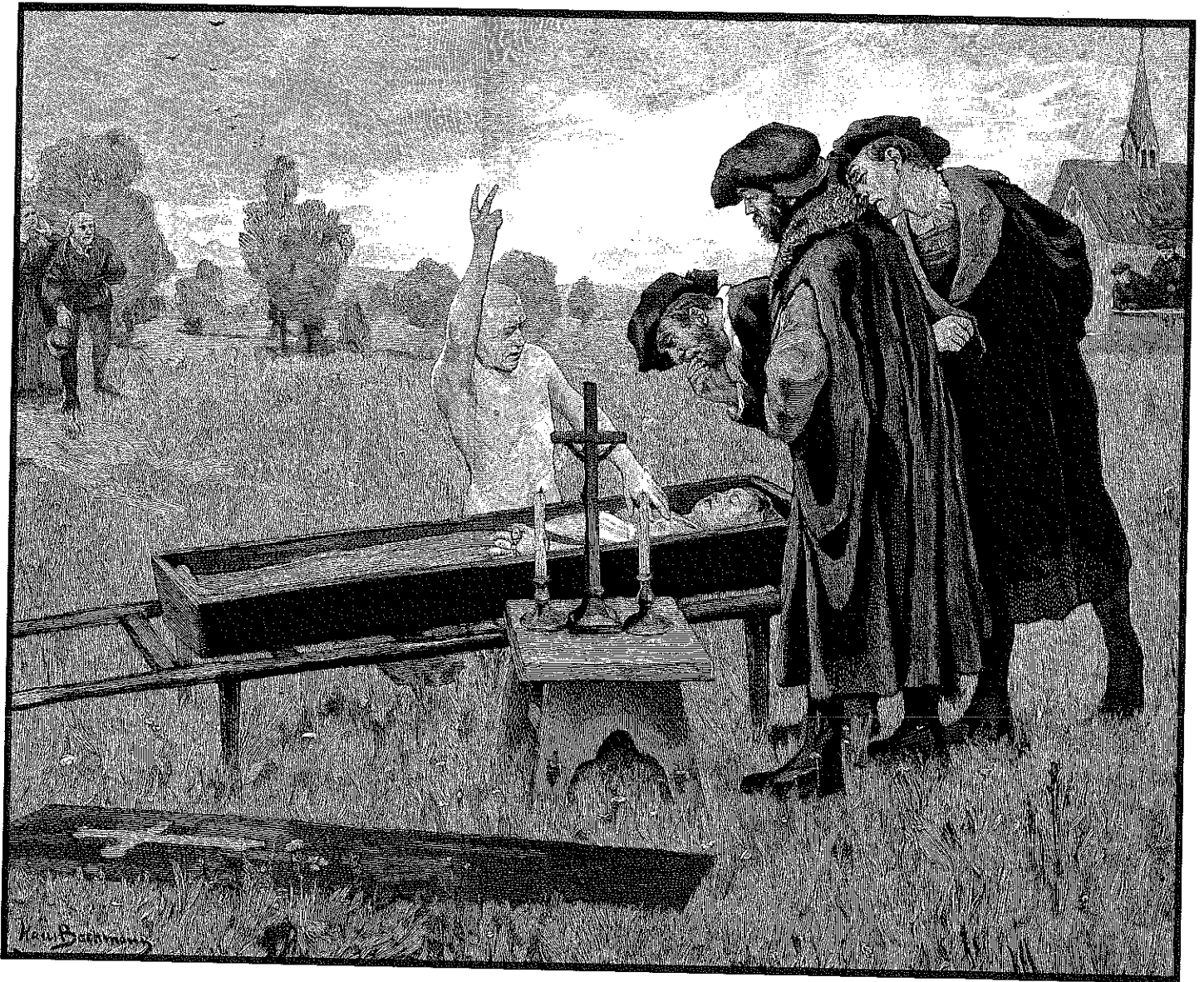
THE STUBBORN CONSCIENCE  
OF CHRISTIAN SCHYBI, LEADER OF THE PEASANT'S REVOLUTION IN 1520  
BY HANS BACHMANN



PUNISHED BY THE WHEEL  
BY HANS BACHMANN



THE MARKETPLACE  
BY HANS BACHMANN, 1907

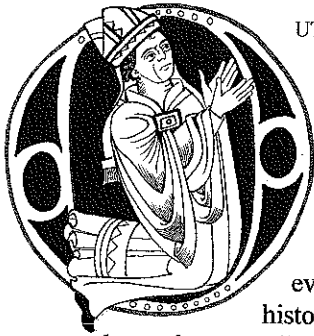


THE UNKNOWABLE HEREAFTER  
BY HANS BACHMANN



A FINAL BLESSING TO A VICTIM OF THE PLAGUE  
STILL TORMENTED BY A WINGED DEVIL





OUT OF THE DARKEST PAST, HISTORIANS can agree that one dynasty of kings ruled Persia from 175 B.C. to 63 B.C., all using the name Mithradates. The word defined them as “the men of Mithra,” paying respect to that god of light who was older than the Persians, even older than the Hindus. The historical details of this dynasty from the settlement called Pontus become less certain after that. They quelled Mongols, Greeks and rivals from Babylon, Armenia, Phrygia and Scythia. For all of their ambition, though, they could never succeed for long against the Romans.

The sixth and last of their line was Eupator, the Great Mithradates, who ascended the throne as a boy of 11. His own mother had tried to kill him, and he survived only by escaping to the mountains, living as a solitary hunter for many years. Upon his surprise return to the capital at Sinope, he threw his mother into prison and put his brother to death.

Following one military campaign after another, the Great Mithradates surrounded himself with the wisest of those whom he had conquered. He mastered 22 languages and impressed friend and foe alike with his supple intellect. At legendary banquets, he gave magnificent prizes to the greatest of poets and the most voracious of eaters.

He also studied snakes and other venomous creatures with keen interest, and spent much of his time practicing arcane science and magic. Out of the fear that someone would one day try to poison him, Mithradates treated himself with small but ever-increasing doses of poison, pioneering the principle of immunization.

After 18 years of keeping the Roman army in check, Mithradates fell into a trap devised by Pompei who cornered him at Panticapæum. When his own troops mutinied, Mithradates tried to commit suicide with poison, but his body had become so saturated from his experiments that none could effect him. In desperation, he ordered a Celtic slave to kill him with a sword.

Out of respect for this greatest of any opponent met in Asia, Pompei took the body of Mithradates back to Sinope for burial in the royal tomb.<sup>652</sup>

Galen (ca. 130-200 A.D.), the next figure of curiosity in our scientific search, started his medical career treating the wounds of gladiators, but eventually served as scientist and imperial doctor for the highest ranks of

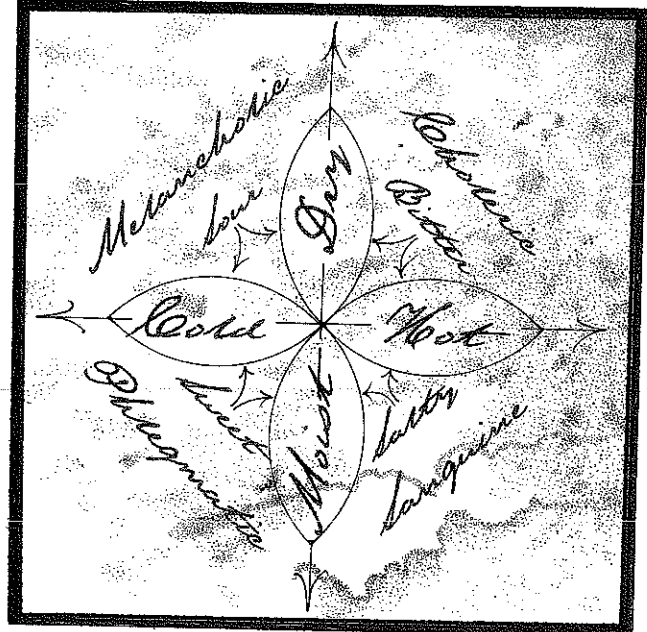
Roman leadership.<sup>433: 36</sup>

Without fully understanding the sterilizing, antibiotic properties at work in alcohol, Galen prescribed wine for the dressing of wounds.

Galen systemized the ancient belief that all human bodies contain Four Humors which ebb and flow beneath the skin like vapors, and were specifically the Sanguine Temper (for saltiness or blood, which must be drained off when in excess), the Phlegmatic Temper (for sweetness, the cause of colds), the Melancholic Temper (for sourness, the controlling of black bile) and the Choleric Temper (for bitterness and the yellow bile, which can lead to jaundice).

When diagramed like the points on a compass, four other opposites straddle the four humors: Cold (covering Phlegm and Melancholy) was opposite of Hot (covering Blood and Yellow Bile); whereas Dry (across Choleric and Sanguine) opposed Moist (covering the Sanguine and Phlegm). Throughout the Middle Ages and up until the 18<sup>th</sup> Century, medical diagnoses and many homeopathic treatments broke down along these eight categories, steadfastly predicting that “This Cures That” without any attempt to explain the Why, or any exploration of underlying and interlocking biological systems.<sup>433: 36</sup>

Our ancestors often sought healing baths, and traveled as pilgrims across great distances. Alemannic tribes believed in the convalescent powers of mineral



THE FOUR HUMORS OF THE HUMAN BODY  
CONCEIVED OF BY GALEN

water ever since the dawn of Europe. In Roman times, the healthful virtues of a warm spring had become even more widely well-known. A high military value accrued as well, leading to large military hospitals for the treatment of the wounded and sick. By the beginning of the 15<sup>th</sup> Century, warm baths again became a booming preoccupation.

<sup>346: 419</sup>

By the beginning of the 16<sup>th</sup> Century, elegant families made the baths into a year-round retreat, most notably along the upper reaches of the Rhine and all of its tributaries.

In 1534, Mayor Diethelm Röust of Zürich sent to one bath spa the gift of a handsome fat bull, complete with a blanket sporting the city arms and colors, and hanging in between its gilded horns, a pouch with 20 gold coins. He also led a procession of 198 citizens from neighboring Canton Zug, all decked out in their best Sunday clothes.

This example soon led every other jurisdiction and assembly of affluent citizens to imitation, until these voluntary donations and gifts degenerated into nothing more than an indirect tax. Even though governments tried to enact mandates against them, the baths remained such an agreeable diversion

At the foot of the Bachtel Mountains east of Lake Zürich, near the community of Hinwil, a spring came out of the earth full of earthy, sulphurous water. This wealth of minerals filled the Gyren Baths, and as early as the 16<sup>th</sup> Century, the elder Heinrich Bullinger paid it great praise as the source of his health's salvation. Zürich's Cantonal Physician, Johann Jakob Scheuchzer, gave it intensive study at the start of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century.

A popular legend gives account of how the spring was first discovered. It seems that a farmer working in his field heard a sudden rustle and flapping in nearby bushes. On closer look, he saw how the wings of a large vulture had become helplessly entangled. The leg of the bird also seemed injured. The farmer freed the great



HEALING BATHS IN SWITZERLAND  
DRAW A STEADY STREAM OF THE LAME AND AILING

scavenger and off it flew with a rasping call.

At the edge of a brook nearby, the bird dropped down for a drink. Because of his lame foot, he could not manage to stand, and so he glided out and simply plopped down into the water. Before long, the bird managed to flutter to shore for a rest

The farmer watched all of this with great interest, because the bird could now stand on both legs. The vulture peered this way and that as his feathers dried in the sun, and before long it leaped up into the air and circulated over the forest as though it had never been hurt.

When the farmer finished his work, he undressed and also slid out into the brook. He wondered if the bath might do him as much good as it seemed to have done for the injured bird. When out he climbed, he felt wonderfully refreshed, and during the walk home, he marveled at how his back didn't ache like it usually did at the end of long day in the fields.

The farmers told all of his neighbors in the village and before long they had all joined together to manage the popular baths. People from all ranks and lands made the Gyren Baths into a most prestigious vice. <sup>363: 32</sup>

While attending the tedious negotiations at the Council of Konstanz in 1417, the papal secretary Poggio, a very refined, educated Italian, fled to this famous Swiss bath, which he likened to the best that Greece or Rome could offer. Zürich's Mayor Hans Waldmann often found a luxuriant retreat there.

In Protestant cantons, the Reformation interrupted traffic because of a general ill-will to anything that had been popular with the Catholic establishment. The custom throughout Zürich, Bern and Basel remained too solid and soon enough reappeared. <sup>346: 420</sup>

In 1665, Mayor Waser of Zürich felt cured at a bath and rewarded them with the meat from a big stag, 40 chickens, 63 partridges, 226 shellfish, a pocket watch and several books. Two poor, Capuchin monks living by the backyard of the bath received two melons as thanks. <sup>346: 421</sup>

The number of visitors continued to swell throughout 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> centuries no matter what affliction the patient might have had or what the doctors' prescriptions might otherwise have been. With the approach of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century, and all of the other heavy taxations that came from war, this old habit drifted to an end. The beautiful old Gyren bath house was renovated in the late 20<sup>th</sup> Century. <sup>363: 32</sup>



Conrad Gesner, born during 1516 in Zürich, developed his innate curiosity into masterworks of natural science, among them the four-volume *History of Animals* published between 1551 and 1558, and *On Fossil Objects* in 1565. His methods stood out among all of his

contemporaries because he cast such a wide web for his source material, including Christian, Muslim, Pagan and even Egyptian hieroglyphic references. He attempted to establish a “universal library” with every book in existence, something that Gesner believed had not been seriously attempted since the great library at Alexandria, Egypt.

Gesner was also the first scholar to believe in illustrating his published studies, including in them beautiful woodcuts that helped to clarify the ambiguous descriptions of earlier authors. To honor his important contributions to biology, the entire family of African violets was named *Gesneriaceae*.

Gesner remained productive to the end, but succumbed to the plague in 1565.<sup>375</sup>



### *Paracelsus the Healer*

Georg Bombast, the grandfather of Paracelsus, had been a commander of crusader knights in the Holy Land, and was later stationed at Cyprus with the Hospitaller Knights of Saint John. Georg returned safely home to Germany but lost his temper in a political brawl, fell from favor and forfeited his entire estate.<sup>433: 17</sup>

Georg’s illegitimate son, Wilhelm, became a medical doctor who settled south of Lake Zürich. An ancient and well-worn path led from Richterswil on the lakeshore to the shrine of Our Black Lady of Einsiedeln. A famous monastery there looked down on the wild, white cascades of the Sihl River and in those days, pilgrims could only approach closer by crossing the Devil’s Bridge. Weary travelers, just before crossing the bridge, often paused at a public inn and tavern run by the Ochsner family.

Young Elsa Ochsner, daughter of the innkeeper, served as a nurse’s aid at the nearby hospital. Wilhelm von Hohenheim (“of the Mountain Home”) settled at the inn to tend to the footsore pilgrims, fell in love with Elsa and married her in 1492. Their son arrived on Saint Philip’s Day of the following year, and received the unwieldy name of Philippus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim, later known to the world as Paracelsus.<sup>433: 18</sup>

Wilhelm took his son on Alpine hikes and taught him the medicinal virtues of plants.<sup>433: 21</sup>

In the medieval world, curing illness was work shared by a wide variety of practitioners, stretching from wise old herbalists, most often women, to shepherds, barbers, bath-house managers, apothecarists, alchemists, astrologers, necromancers, physicks and surgeons. In some places, a surgeon doubled as the local hangman.<sup>433: 51-59</sup>

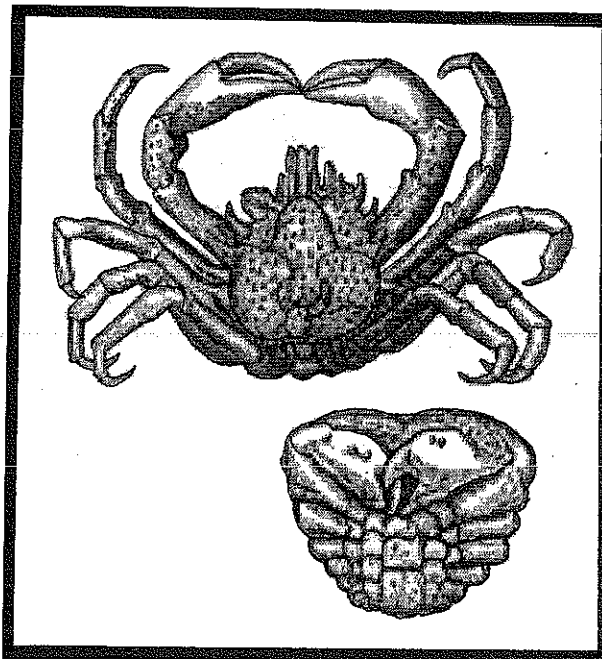
A tradition in Western medicine obliges all cures taken internally to have a most unpleasant taste. Illness

was still believed by many to result from evil spirits residing in the patient, and the best medicines would make the body so uninhabitable that no demon would want to linger there. By drinking wine mixed with bird droppings, dog brains and goat urine, the patient might lose the will to live, but anything so appalling would drive out Satan as well.

“By nature I am not subtly spun,” wrote Paracelsus later on, “nor is it the custom of my native land to accomplish anything by spinning silk. Nor are we raised on figs, nor on mead, nor on wheaten bread, but on cheese, milk and oatcakes, which cannot give one a subtle disposition. Moreover, a man clings all his days to what he received in his youth; and my youth was coarse as compared to that of the subtle, pampered, and over-refined. For those who are raised in soft clothes and in women’s apartments and we who are brought up among the pine-cones have trouble in understanding one another well.”<sup>691</sup>

In his youth, Paracelsus studied under the hermit philosopher Trithemius.<sup>691</sup> In 1515, at the age of 22, Paracelsus joined the Swiss army at the disastrous Battle of Marignano where French artillery mowed down 8,000 of his fellow countrymen.<sup>433: 47</sup> There he saw military doctors treat wounds by padding the site with moss or by scorching the open blood flow with boiling oil. Ointments contained cow dung, feathers and viper fat. Wound fever was thought to be a necessary part of the cure. The specialists known as “fragmentary” doctors were quick to amputate.<sup>433: 49</sup>

Paracelsus dissented bitterly, arguing that wounds had to be kept clean. “If you prevent infection, Nature



A CRAB FROM GESNER’S *HISTORY OF ANIMALS*,  
AN EARLY ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC VOLUME

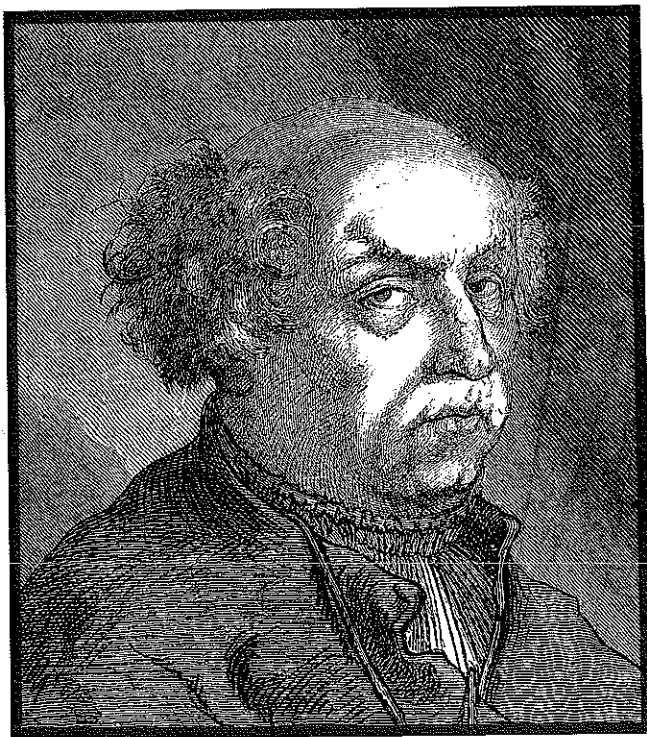
will heal the wound all by herself... <sup>433: 49</sup> Nature heals, the doctor nurses." <sup>433: 213</sup>

"The great world, hence, has all the human properties, parts, and members a man has. A son is different from his father by his soul, but in science they are not separated. Heaven and earth, air and water are in man, and man is one with heaven, fire, earth and water. When we administer a medicine, we administer the whole world, with all its virtues... God has made everything out of nothing. But Man He made out of everything." <sup>433: 129</sup>

Paracelsus expanded this belief to forecast the principal of inoculation, and to employ small enough doses of an erstwhile poison to create antidotes. <sup>433: 86</sup>

Due to watching his father and other healers around Lake Zürich, Paracelsus championed folk medicine that had all too often been overlooked by learned city doctors. <sup>433: 51</sup> He employed frog's eggs as a disinfectant without being entirely ready to explain that the natural iodine in them was what saved his patients. <sup>433: 54</sup>

Paracelsus revived the Hippocratic belief in the Doctrine of Signatures, whereby Nature signaled human beings with the shape, size, color, taste and habitat of powerful cures that by no accident match corresponding sites on the body. This tradition had been kept alive in Europe by folk doctors, and never lost favor in the medical practices of China, India and amongst Native Americans. As just a few examples, nuts and most especially walnuts were recommended as helpful food for headaches; eating beans of the proper shape could help



PARACELSUS

A VISIONARY MEDICAL THEORIST OF THE EARLY 16<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY

cure complaints of the kidney. <sup>353</sup> Medicinal teas made out the lung-shaped leaves of the bluebell plant cured asthma; just as drinks relieved chest pain if it was made from violets with heart-shaped leaves. <sup>66: 35</sup>

Paracelsus became one of the first scientific minds to dismiss miracles and supernatural interventions in the fate of people, emphasizing heredity instead as the basis of biology.

"Suppose a child was born under the luckiest stars and received the richest gifts, but in his character he develops qualities which run counter to these gifts. Who is to blame? The blood which comes by generation." <sup>433: 135</sup>

Paracelsus invented the word Protoplasm and described it as "the cell material which is the basis of all life and the carrier of heredity." <sup>433: 215</sup>

Paracelsus coined the first use of the word Chemistry, and appreciated that doctors would need to master this science. Anticipating the modern periodic chart of chemical substances, he identified groups of reagents based upon the similar reactions they produced. <sup>433: 113</sup>

By studying the miners of coal and other minerals, Paracelsus soon deduced the problems of black lung, as well as lead and mercury poisoning. For his carefully controlled doses of arsenic and other toxic metals in the treatment of disease, he has been called the discoverer of chemotherapy. <sup>433: 274</sup> Paracelsus was the first to understand that an anemic person needed a supplement of iron to strengthen the blood. <sup>433: 86</sup> Although he had no way of harnessing another theoretical treatment, much less describing it with useful detail, he predicted that one day cancerous tumors would be disintegrated by "radiating" beams of light. <sup>433: 75</sup>

"I am not embarrassed to be the first one who dares to write on the diseases of women," announced Paracelsus in his treatise on the "invisible diseases" in obstetrics and gynecology. By stark contrast, Martin Luther wrote "If women die in childbed, that does no harm. It is what they were made for." <sup>433: 212</sup>

To better relieve pain for his patients, Paracelsus became the first to refine opium into laudanum. <sup>691</sup> Mental disease also commanded much of the pioneer's attention, to such a degree that he has been named the first modern psychiatrist. <sup>433: 21</sup> He hypothesized that dramatic dreams are not the work of visiting demons, but rather of suppressed imagination, especially of a sexual nature. <sup>433: 73</sup>

"The Moon," wrote Paracelsus, "is sovereign over farming, navigation, travel, and everything that pertains thereto... Though had the moon never been in the sky, there still would be people who partake of his nature." Paracelsus' reasoning flowed from how the moon puts clock to our seasons, therefore how seasons change the climate, which changes our temperaments. <sup>433: 68</sup> Paracelsus suspected an ethereal connection between the

moon, the color violet, all pearls, quartz crystals and the human brain. Other alignments of astronomy influenced the rest of the body, such as the sun with the heart, Saturn with the bones, Mercury with the lungs, Mars with the blood, Venus with the kidneys and genitals. <sup>433: 337</sup> Nonetheless, Paracelsus warned alongside the astrological notes in his calendar against trusting stars for any detailed prediction of the future. <sup>433: 69</sup>

Paracelsus did keep track of the moon for the harvesting and preparation of herbal medicines. Black hellebore (*Helleborus niger*), also known as the Christmas rose or *Christwurz* in German, blossoms around the time of the winter solstice and should only be collected under the full moon. When taken in the exact amounts that he prescribed for patients over 50 years old, it would alleviate arteriosclerosis. <sup>433: 80</sup>

Paracelsus believed in bringing medicine to the common folk, lecturing and making sure all of his works appeared in vernacular German. He wrote five landmark books and dozens of pamphlets, but most of which never found wide readership until after his death. He developed such a loyal following of students that they transcribed almost every talk that he gave. <sup>433: 200</sup> When the teachings of Paracelsus were removed from the curriculum of a medical school in France, the students rioted. Even a century after the death of Paracelsus, a Dutch doctor named Jan Baptista Von Helment endured arrest for two years after teaching the doctrines of the old Swiss doctor. The courts eventually gave von Helment justice and his complete freedom. <sup>353</sup>

The name that Paracelsus invented for himself derived from the Latin prefix *para*, meaning above or beyond, combined with the name of an ancient physician Aulus Cornelius Celsus, the Roman who considered himself a disciple of Hippocrates. Celsus, like Galen before him, treated every illness as a separate problem that could be unfaillingly treated with a distinct cure. Paracelsus believed that the patient struck down by any problem had to be treated as a complete system: The cell as microcosmos perfectly mirrored the macrocosmos. <sup>433: 56</sup>



### *Paracelsus & Worldly Persuasions*

Off and on during a good bit of the 1520s, Paracelsus lived in Basel in the company of intellectuals such as Erasmus of Rotterdam, Johannes Froben, the publisher, as well as the artists Hans Holbein and Urs Graf. <sup>433: 159</sup>

“He laughs at the doctors and the scribes of the medical faculty,” wrote Sebastian Franck regarding Paracelsus while at the University of Basel during 1529. “He stands alone against nearly the whole medical guild.” <sup>433: 175</sup>

“He is very industrious and rarely sleeps,” wrote Bartholomew Schobinger, the brother-in-law of one of his patients. “He never undresses, throws himself on his bed with boots and spurs, rests for three hours, then gets up and continues to write.” <sup>433: 206</sup>

“Had you seen him, you would not have suspected a doctor in his appearance,” wrote Heinrich Bullinger, the Swiss reformer who conducted the anti-Anabaptist inquisitions around Lake Zürich. “He rather looked like a teamster; and with such people, indeed, he liked best to associate. When he lived at the Stork Inn here... he drank and ate with them, dirty as he was. When he had drunk enough, he would go to sleep on the first bench and sleep himself sober. In short, he was an extremely dirty, unclean man. He did not attend mass, nor did he seem to care much for any other divine things.” <sup>433: 168</sup>

In various episodes of his life, Paracelsus associated with the “Brethren of the Common Lot,” a loose band of philosophers who believed that people can justify their spiritual existence through love alone, not through the faith required by Martin Luther’s teachings. <sup>433: 32</sup> Anyone who lives a truly Christian life needs no special



THE LIFE & HEALTH OF EARLY MINERS  
INSPIRED MANY EARLY THEORIES FOR PARACELSUS

sacraments, Paracelsus often preached. Baptism holds no other value than the symbolic. <sup>433: 108</sup>

During his many years of wandering, Paracelsus often stayed in Anabaptist towns, hosted by the same men who gave the brethren shelter. He even hoped for the day when all Christians, Jews, Turks and Pagans would be united in a world where empires no longer existed. <sup>433: 104</sup>

He further argued for equality in wages and the common ownership of land, with periodic redistribution to meet the instructions set forth in the Bible's book of *Deuteronomy*. "If one earns so much that twenty could be satisfied, that is against brotherly love and against God's institution. It forces others to be thieves and beggars." <sup>433: 105-106</sup>

Paracelsus argued that it was crucial for doctors to treat the poor without any expectation of a fee. <sup>433: 199</sup> Apothecaries denounced Paracelsus and fought his advice since he ignored their most profitable and expensive ingredients. <sup>433: 56</sup> For example, French physicians loved to prescribe fumigation from the smoke of the Guaiac bush imported at great expense from the French West Indies. Among other ills, they claimed that leprosy and syphilis could be cured with it. Paracelsus wrote a pamphlet in 1529 entitled *Essay on the French Disease*:



TITLE PAGE FOR A VOLUME ON ASTRONOMY  
PUBLISHED BY PARACELUS IN 1535

*About Imposters*. It included the best clinical description of syphilis available in its day, but won him few new friends in the monolithic medical establishment that spanned from Paris to Leipzig. <sup>433: 178</sup>

Dr. Conrad Gesner of Zürich denounced Paracelsus as "certainly an impious man and a sorcerer. He had intercourse with demons... His disciples practice wicked astrology, divination and other forbidden arts. I suspect they are survivors of the Celtic Druids who received instructions from their demons... This school also is responsible for the so-called vagrant scholars, one of whom, famous Dr. [Johannes] Faustus, died only recently." <sup>433: 4</sup>

Paracelsus professed belief in the power to make things disappear through the sheer force of the mind, and as well trusted in telepathy, the healing power of charms, divine numbers, spells, special crystals, stones and healing herbs. By rendering a faithful likeness of a person, such a portrait could retain the sensitive properties of the person, such properties of the subject being attracted to the picture, becoming fixed there. Then, according to Paracelsus, sensitive people whose likenesses were mistreated would suffer identical injuries on the matching parts of their own flesh and blood. <sup>342: 109</sup>

To his many critics and rivals, Paracelsus replied, "Some will say this is pagan or superstitious, and witchcraft. As though conjuring could achieve anything! They ask [how my work] might have such power if not through the Devil? To such skeptics I say: my friend, can't you believe that the Lord is powerful enough to give such virtues as roots, metals, stones and herbs? Dare you say that the Devil is more artful than God? Magic is neither white nor black, for Nature has no master." <sup>433: 11</sup> Man needs nothing more than to master Nature and all its gifts; and thus the devil is defeated.

"Man is superior to the stars if he lives in the power of superior wisdom," wrote Paracelsus, "... and magic is not sorcery but supreme wisdom."

With an impetuous attitude, Paracelsus sought nothing less than the overturn of the old order of things. In Basel, he publicly burned the writings of Galen. <sup>698</sup>

Paracelsus declared that Adam's descendants amount to only a tiny fraction of the world's population, and that all of the non-European races descend from an entirely different family tree.

"God could not endure to have the rest of the world empty, and so by His admirable wisdom filled the earth with other men," he argued in *Explicatio totius Astronomie*. <sup>69: 31</sup>

The understandings of Paracelsus did not remain in the scientific or even the measurable world. By 1530, his flashes of insight extended into predicting the future, but these he disguised as symbolic images and deeply cryptic metaphors.

"If All these symbolic figures were to be adequately

described, with complete explanation, how much distress would there be found in them?... They will seek much assistance from strangers, and bind one chain into another, and will erect and again let fall, break and make, and seek hither and thither..." <sup>1: 93</sup>

"I say that then there shall overflow as the waters of a mighty river all kinds of revolts, riots, wars, slaughter, murders, conflagrations and all evil into the northern countries. Then will the Lily be altogether decayed, exhausted and cast down. In the same wise will the Eagle be plucked, dishonored, insulted and despised. Othman will be foremost and the Eagle shall cringe before him... The Spiritual will grow and increase as the Moon... Then those of the East will for a time have a great Victory and exalt the Golden Tower. <sup>1: 105</sup>

"The White will for some time overcome the Black with the Black, and will accomplish great things." <sup>1: 106</sup>

"The people of the earth shall then be in commotion, and no ties of brotherhood, marriage or friendship will be respected." <sup>1: 107</sup> "The Dragon of Sleep will cause the

Eagle to become weary of all magnificence... And a white Eagle will be changed into black..." <sup>1: 108</sup>

"Then shalt thou be afflicted in thine own nest, with thy young, and shalt be forced to give way to him of whom thou hadst supposed that he would give way to thee, and thou shalt have to leave thy eggs and nest. Thus shall happen to thee, that thou and thine shall be ensnared together in the meshes thou has laid for others, and never again shalt thou be what thou wast formerly. And the children that were thine shall no more be thine. Thy robe shall clothe thine enemy, who will despise thee. <sup>1: 81</sup>

"The Bear will lay snares, and the Ox will seek to gore him." <sup>1: 108</sup>

"Then will the Old Art flourish and no heed will be given to the New. Then will the New World begin, and the White and the Black shall disappear." <sup>1: 109</sup>

On 24 September 1541, Paracelsus died at the age of 48, and was buried in a pauper's grave near Saint Sebastian's Church in Salzburg, Austria. <sup>701</sup>



REACHING FOR A KNOWLEDGE OF THE HEAVENS AND ALL BELOW  
SCIENTISTS OF THE 16<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY HOPED TO DISCOVER UNIVERSAL, UNIFYING TRUTHS

### *The Plague Reaches Northeastern Switzerland*

During the 14<sup>th</sup> Century, the plague of the Black Death killed half of Europe's population. <sup>541: 106</sup>

Outbreaks of the Black Plague surmounted the Alps in 1505, 1517, 1542 of and 1564. During 1564 in Canton Zug, 2,596 adults succumbed, including 430 from the parish of Menzingen. Many of her children perished, including 96 in 1593, and 30 more in 1628. <sup>526: 46</sup>

In Switzerland, halfway along the road to Bauma where boulders have been known to crash down from the mountain pass, a pillar of stone remained standing in the forest along the left-hand side. This tooth of rock has been named the Devil's Pulpit, and the people who live in

those parts believe that he preached there once. Exactly what he said or why he chose that spot, nobody can now say for sure. <sup>233:16:80</sup>

In 1634, the Black Plague stormed through the region again. During a mass funeral procession, the wagon tipped over and many of the bodies spilled out. The convoy drivers left the dead where they fell, with only a rhyming couplet as their benediction:

*"Wir Wollen Ihn Dann Morgen Mitnehmen,  
es Wird Wohl Noch Mehr Geben!"*

"Tomorrow, again they'll be bringing,  
since more will surely be given!" <sup>233:15:79</sup>

In 1668, the plague ruled again around Lake Zürich, although strangely enough, with ruthlessness in some



THE DANCE OF DEATH

AS THE BUBONIC PLAGUE SWEEPED THROUGH HALF OF EUROPE AND SEVERAL CENTURIES



places, and indifferently or not at all in others. The worst toll spread through Uster, Grossau, Wildberg and Isikon. From that last parish, all the corpses were brought to Pfäffikon, and for safety's sake, even the oxen were buried at the upper end of High Street. A brave farmhand who cracked the whip along the entire journey did not survive the plague himself. It was out of this time that the custom began to say "Bless you!" or "God help you!" if anyone nearby might sneeze. <sup>233:27:86</sup>

In a sunny little hollow near the village of Fischenthal lies a hamlet called "The Pest," which in the Swiss German dialect was the same way of saying The Plague. A little bird knew each house in that place and would sit at a window to sing its sad, sorrowful call, "Pest! Pest! Pest!"

The family indoors understood the bird with perfect clarity, and within the hour, one of their loved ones would have become a corpse, quickly blackened and turning putrid. By the time that news of the infection spread in an ever wider circle, out of the valley and to the parish church, the sad citizens of the hamlet had already formed a gruesome funeral train with more than 20 blackened bodies.

Pausing at every house along the way, the travelers asked if any more should be added to their delivery, and almost every family answered with sobs and whimpers. At one home they only spoke through an open window. Inside a mother cuddled with her little children.

"No," answered the mother. "Praise God. All of us are still healthy and well!" On their way back from the church yard, the funeral marchers looked in again through the window and saw mother and child lying on the floor, already stiff and blackened

Such a house was never inhabited again. <sup>233:61:102</sup>  
Funerals for victims of the plague around Lake Zürich became the worst attended of all times. <sup>346: 423</sup>



### *The Funeral Art*

In the 14<sup>th</sup> Century, the authorities in Zürich feared that funerals had become mired in excessive extravagance. The city council felt compelled to limit the prideful waste, going so far as to limit how many candles could be used and how much pageantry could accompany the bier and coffin. They also set ceilings on the fees and expenses that could be charged, but at the same time made sure that fair bonuses would be paid to grave diggers for the removal of especially large and unforeseen rocks.

The choosing of specific burial plots for leading citizens also became part of the reform. Officers and clerics of the Holy Empire had honorary preference, and

no one faulted such favoritism. Of greater controversy however were the advantages gained by large gifts to a nearby monastery. These payoffs seemed necessary to guarantee a suitable funeral mass, and the obligatory memorial services at church upon the 30<sup>th</sup> day and first year following the death. <sup>346: 423</sup>

At the end of the funeral, family and friends held a wake or feast of remembrance that often required great expense. Its origin as a triumphant, drunken feast rose up in old Pagan ritual, but Christianity, for many reasons, chose to incorporate it as well.

Starting in the 16<sup>th</sup> Century, many Swiss cities forbade funeral wakes. Only rural villagers kept the tradition alive. The Reformation taught the equality of God's love for every person, so much so that the prerogatives of the rich – at least inside the church – vanished. <sup>346: 424</sup>



### *Legendary Magic High Hopes at the Feast*

Hans Bachman served between 1469-1508 as the ninth in the succession as Ammann or Official Magistrate for Taxation at the Monastery of Einsiedeln. At the foot of the Alps in Rossberg, he also held the title of Governor of the High Council. Out of his home at Finstersee, just outside Menzingen, Hans began a century-and-a-half "dynasty" for later Bachmanns who filled his seat, the longest such succession ever. <sup>13: 28</sup>

Because of an ancient, local custom, the folks of Menzingen always dreaded Andreasfest, the Feast of Saint Andrew. On each 10<sup>th</sup> of November, in combination with the holiday, they also had to give up ten percent of their year's livelihood in tax. On the eve of the feast, many a poor peasant knew no peace, having discovered to his horror that an adequate savings of money had not been set aside. The expression "Andreslen" sprang up amongst these Swiss for all those who ran away, or who simply hoped for a magical deliverance, on tax day.

The proper way to pray for such relief first required a tub of well water. Every one in the house helped lug it upstairs to the uppermost floor, whereupon all gathered around and knelt in a circle. This uncomfortable vigil had to be maintained all night, and the faint-hearted might even try to spur things along by throwing a coin or two into the tub.

At the last possible moment, all hands would thrust into the chilly water and grope for just enough of the miracle money to satisfy the debts. If the ritual somehow worked, meaning that angels must have smiled down on the family, no word of it could ever be spoken. <sup>326: 178</sup>

Another peculiar anxiety of Andreasfest related to all

of the unmarried girls of the village. At bedtime on the eve, a girl would stand in the corner and blindly throw one shoe over her shoulder out into the room. If the top of the shoe leather ended up leaning against the door, a fine young husband would carry her across that very threshold within the coming year. If it landed by her window, she would spend one more year waiting and quietly hoping. <sup>336: 99</sup>

Near Menzingen, it was believed that an industrious dwarf lived in a little cave. Throughout the whole area, folks loved him, but it seemed that he also had one very big enemy.

With as much strength as his little body could muster, he always gladly pitched in with the difficult work of field and stall. He volunteered especially often at the farms around the village of Gschwänd. There a somewhat foolish farmer neglected his many animals and stalls, and so the Little People always found plenty of chores there that needed doing.

This became especially important around the festival time of Fasnacht, the time of the first warm spring breezes, since even the farms with umpteen hired hands had a hard time keeping any one from catching Spring Fever. The Little People, however, could always be counted upon, and would never try to wangle out of work.

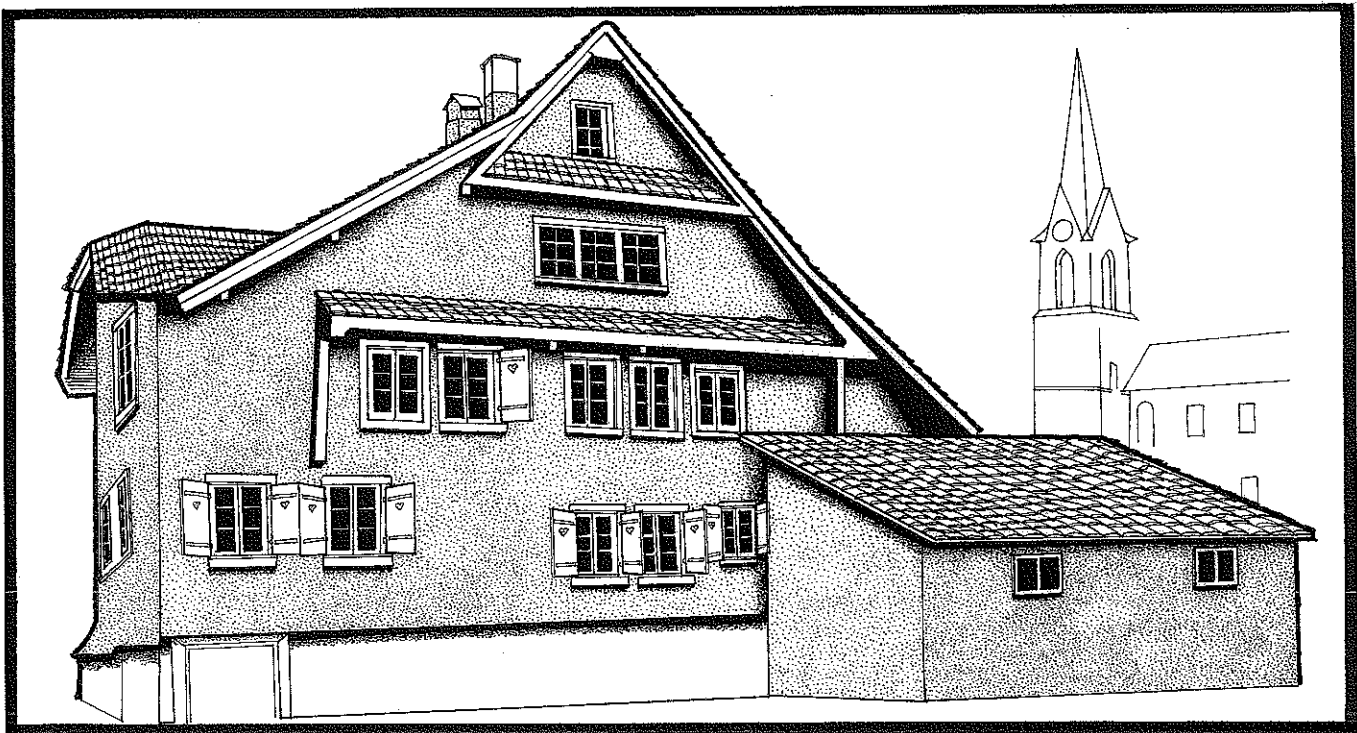
Even the foolish farmer at Gschwänd abandoned his

responsibilities and went dancing at Fasnacht. He gave not one responsible thought to the business at home, but counted on the elves to take care of the livestock and everything else.

By mid-point of the week-long fest, the farmer was so worn out from dance and drink that he went home early. What had been going on – or not going on – in his absence left him dumbfounded. After two days and two nights, all his livestock had fallen into such a miserable condition that they were near perishing, and the barn was a horrible sight.

Full of fury, the farmer rushed over to the cave of the Little People and unleashed his rant against them. What he found though was that the elf was all alone, yet full of sincere apology. The warm spring breeze, his biggest enemy, had broken into the cave, which was usually nice and chilly. It left every tiny bone in his body so brittle that each one would surely break if he dared try to move. <sup>336: 129</sup>

There was once a tale about unholy cursing in Menzingen that started with a gambler from Willisau. Three skilled workers from that little village in Canton Luzern had come north to work, but soon enough gambled away their earnings and most of their war pensions. One player in particular, Hans Schröter, lost everything in one last roll of the dice, and when the final shiny coin slipped through his fingers, his full fury and frustration came out in a blasphemous oath. At the same



THE HOME OF HANS BACHMAN ON DÖRFLISTRASSE IN FINSTERSEE

OFFICIAL MAGISTRATE FOR TAXATION AT THE MONASTERY OF EINSIEDELN; GOVERNOR OF THE HIGH COUNCIL AT ROSSBERG

moment, he yanked out his battle-scarred dagger and flung it toward heaven. Instantly, five crimson droplets of blood sprinkled down on the gambling table.

"You've stabbed the flesh of the Lord," gasped someone, and the three players turned pale. Goggle-eyed, they stared at the blood-red drops, and nearly missed the shadow of some demon that came whizzing through the air. It grabbed Schröter by the neck and flew clean away.

The two remaining gamblers froze, spellbound, but soon vowed to atone for their friend's offense, even though they hadn't done anything quite as bad. They attempted to wash the trail of blood from the table, but could not. Then the two of them began a fight that even over many agonizing years never resolved itself. Of the banished Hans Schröter, the tale of what happened to him became legendary all over Canton Zug.<sup>336: 71</sup>

A long time ago, a farmer's wife from the mountain village of Menzingen took her twelve-year old daughter to the shrine of the Black Maria at Einsiedeln's Monastery. On the way, the child suddenly discovered out from beneath her clothes a sugary heart-shaped treat and ate it straight away, without even knowing who put it there.

As soon as the girl got back home, she saw a tiny old, wrinkled woman walking up to the neighbor's house, carrying a long walking staff in one hand and a big wreath of roses in the other. Besides the child, no one else saw the tiny woman.

That night, however, throughout the whole house came a ruckus of sounds, of something climbing up and down the steps, doors opening and closing, followed by the melody of an eerie musical instrument. All these noises left folks angry and not a little bit scared.

The farmer traced the source of the noise to his living room oven, the large hot-water kind, covered with blue and white tiles that radiate warmth in so many Swiss countryside homes. He suspected a spirit had taken up residence there and so arranged with a priest to utter special blessings and, if necessary, an exorcism.

After a long time passed, the farmer assumed that the musical ghost was gone for good, especially since all of his efforts had cost him 500 guilder up to that point.

Then the same thing happened at the old parsonage in the neighboring village of Neuheim, where a ghost plays the piano all night much to the agony of the sleep-deprived residents of that street.<sup>336: 85</sup>



### *The Mysterious Properties of Wood*

A huge, shady tree presided over Menzingen's village square. His roots reached far in every direction. If a strong wind blew into the crown of the tree, every

house sitting in his proximity would shake.

For the villagers, this was not so pleasant. Some of the closest houses actually cowered beneath its spread, and feared what would happen when it came crashing to earth. That's why one neighbor made up his mind to chop down the grand old tree. Everyone who gathered to watch had advice to offer:

"Cut off the big branches first!"

"Be careful. It's cracked and hollow inside."

"Don't dare try to climb it!"

Luckily for all, a tiny mountain man happened to come down from Gottschalkenberg when he had noticed all of the commotion. He was brave enough and light-weight enough to scramble safely up the trunk and saw the most worrisome branches clean off. The grateful villagers tried to find out how much he wanted to be paid, but the little man only did it for the love of service. At their further insistence, a well-deserved wage was pushed upon him.

The coins hardly had time to clink in his hand before he slipped into the hollow tree trunk and disappeared inside it.<sup>526: 179</sup>

Back in the days when even time was gray, a rich widow lived with her only son at the settlement of Bostadel next to Finstersee. A narrow, swinging bridge offered the only dry way across the Sihl River. If angry thunder came, and waters swelled each brook, the little bridge shook. One dreadful storm arrived from the south, over the Gottschalkenberg mountain. It lifted up whole tree trunks and rolled them down at the Sihl. Only a rare, hasty hiker dared to tread on the dangerous wooden bridge.

On exactly this kind of terrible day, the widow's son decided to make a dangerous journey to Zürich. His mother begged him, in vain, to stay at home and wait for the wind and rain to pass. As he struggled to the middle of the bridge, a huge wave of water came ripping along, and the white foam erased the wooden slats and all trace of the boy.

When word of the widow's loss reached the mothers of Lake Zug, every heart ached. Before long, every farmer's wife donated her family's wood-cutting rights and profits to put up a wide, solid bridge. Ever since, the woods in that part of the canton have taken the name of the Stegholz or "Bridge Wood" Forest.<sup>336: 87</sup>

At one parish in Canton Zug a long time ago, an especially greedy farmer tried to take advantage of his neighbor by swelling his own share of the meadow that separated their homes.

During one pitch-black night, he secretly moved their border fence by at least one fathom. His neighbor noticed this act of fraud one day not long afterwards, but had to remain silent because he could not immediately produce

proof of the crime

After a year went by, with no other discovery of the deception, a plague of illness made its way over the Alps, and threw the greedy farmer onto his deathbed. Though his every breath required a battle, he could and would not surrender. One phrase escaped his swollen lips over and over: "The Meadow. The Meadow!"

His moaning words fell on the ears of the innocent neighbor, who according to rural custom, prayed so that the dying soul could find redemption and the path to relief. The cries of the wicked man went out onto the land, to the fence posts out in the meadow, which miraculously came uprooted and then planted themselves precisely one fathom back to where they had rightfully belonged. <sup>336: 69</sup>



### *Spirits of Uncommon Power*

Many years ago, a wrinkled, little old woman lived in Menzingen who had come out of the German principedom of Swabia. She was called by young and old alike Schwabenhudi, so as to say "Rising Up From Swabia."

In all of the farmhouses around Menzingen, she was a frequent visitor, hired to spin thread and yarn for the people. Whenever a church procession brought the whole town out, she only wanted to be the very last in line.

However, this woman, it must also be said, nurtured a powerful anger drawn from Black Arts, and possessed all of the wisdom that it could afford.

Once she visited a farming crossroads known as Upper Büeltli on the Stör. There an innocent maiden lived, still at home with her parents, who was named Ammili. The darling young thing yearned to catch the eye of a certain handsome and wealthy nobleman. Since Ammili knew Schwabenhudi, a plan was hatched so that this man could be turned into a quick groom.

The maiden accepted this offer and followed the tiny woman into the Lorzen Valley. There they crossed paths with a fine, manorial coach. Sure enough, a young man wearing a gray cloak stepped out of the coach and looking down his nose began to interrogate the girl.

Caught in a glaze of pure wonder, Ammili was unable to answer a single question that he posed, and soon fainted into unconsciousness.

Her parents back at Upper Büeltli soon noticed the girl's disappearance, and sent every relative out searching. Her worried mother strayed into the Lorzen Valley, and was astonished to find the child sitting atop the roof of the valley's covered bridge. Neither Ammili nor anyone had the slightest idea of how or why the little maiden had ended up there.

In her own good time, Schwabenhudi came calling to

Upper Büeltli once again, but was chased away with curses and loud contempt. <sup>526: 178</sup>

Margreth Elsener of Menzingen preserved another account of witchcraft. On the highest mountain peaks near Margreth's home lived a simple farmer named Heinrich Uhr. He worked on his fields and was happy and content.

One day came the witch to his barn and stepped kindly into the dark stall. As soon as she saw the huge bull – Heinrich's pride and joy – she caressed it all over with her hands. The animal became immediately restless, his flesh swelled, and a few days later the animal died. The witch had spoiled him with a mere touch of her hands.

Everyone shunned this witch, not only because of what she could do to the livestock, but because she could inflict her damage on people as well. The young daughter of a certain Rüdi Acklin once walked by the hag a bit too near, and the witch grasped the unsuspecting girl by her beautiful hair. Every last strand soon fell out of her scalp, and the poor innocent girl went quite mad soon thereafter. <sup>336: 109</sup>

In the open meadow at Menzingen, near Finstersee, a witch lived many years ago. Children heard that she had taught the local mice all about magic, a common enough suspicion in those days.

One day, a farmer from the town of Zug appeared. He wanted an introduction to these same Black Arts, so that he could become convinced as to whether or not they held real power, and could deal with the unwelcome bad luck that plagued him.

His first wish, if the spirits could thus truly prove themselves, required a blinding flash of lightning and roar of thunder. Then he wanted a fine rain.

The witch handed him a jug and filled it with clear water.

"Go into the house, and climb to its uppermost floor," she commanded. "Then you must dribble just a couple of little drops of water out the window."

Since the farmer desperately wanted rain, he bolted up the stairs. Out-of-breath and not thinking clearly, he emptied the whole crock of water out the window. Then he watched, astounded and helpless, as a huge cloudburst emptied itself on his fields and washed all of the soil and seeds away.

On a different occasion, the witch took a farmer's young daughter along to the Pagan Sabbath. She spread a scented salve on a wooden branch and sitting astride it, they flew to the secluded lair.

There the Menzingen maiden was laid down upon a consecrated altar.

"Jesus, No," came the terrified cry of the farmer's

daughter, and in one, wild whirlwind, the whole witch ceremony disappeared. Suddenly, the young girl found herself bare and abandoned on the wooden bridge over the brook in the old Lorzen Valley.

“The hail and sleet so cold,  
dashes this green woods.  
With a watery ring, a ripple and snow,  
that neither grass nor earth survive!” <sup>336: 107-108</sup>



### *The Devil Appears in Canton Zug*

A brittle page of handwriting, turned yellow with four centuries of age, tells of ghosts and demons which tormented Canton Zug. Day and night, the citizens there endured a torment of bad luck and unnatural forces. Over a thousand of their prized farm animals had either died or simply disappeared. All sorts of home-made magic failed to expel the angry spirits. Throughout the whole countryside, fear and speculation spread like a wild fire.

On March 5<sup>th</sup> 1574, a widely admired exorcist tried his hand in Baar, pulling out a sword with which he struck the trunk of an old oak tree. Out leaped several terrifying shapes. They barreled around on the street for a moment, startling all, killing four people and making five more terribly sick. Then they fled into the armory.

Now it would be necessary for this entire fortress at

Baar to be exorcized. Visiting experts from Zürich also became excited, and with their own eyes saw two of the devils. Both wore the clothing of men, and had long beards and long hair that gave them the appearance of old billy goats.

Some witnesses claimed to have seen seven devils, and that the exorcist spoke to them through a long tube hollowed out of beech wood.

A careful account of the exorcist's efforts came from Heinrich Schmid, a citizen of Zürich who owned part-interest in a business at Zug, and who later related each detail to Zürich's High Magistrate Heinrich Bullinger and the canton's able historian named Kambli.

On the day that Schmid had arrived in Canton Zug, many people were fleeing in the opposite direction. Schmid asked what was happening, and learned that the exorcist from Chur had cornered devils in Baar.

Meanwhile, the exorcist had turned his attention to a member of the Zug council, a locksmith named Salomon Haberer. The devils had choked him until he lost consciousness, but his fellow councilmen revived him with a splash of cold water.

“I fear I must make a terrible journey,” said the exorcist following his examination of Haberer. “Pray to God for me.”

At ten o'clock that evening, following a late supper, the exorcist walked in the company of the several councilmen when four burning devils appeared on the road. The exorcist jumped into the middle of the gang



FOUR BURNING DEVILS  
MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME

and immediately vanished. The devils took him body and soul. The townsmen kept a vigil on the spot for 24 hours, but not a sign or hint appeared

A special hex mark written on parchment was tacked up on the oak tree where the devils had first appeared. A nosy passerby started to tear the sign down, but immediately the four devils dove out of the tree and hit the citizen of Zug. The severe blow finally killed him after three days. In the following days, many livestock in the community perished. Folks continued their search for the exorcist in vain.

The community raised a special fund so that a man from Basel who possessed even greater powers could be persuaded to come. They would promise him a great reward if he could drive the evil spirits out of Canton Zug and embed them into the jagged rocks of the Pilatus Mountain.

Two trustworthy men from the area, Hans Brandenburg and Jakob Nussbaumer, served as deputies to the exorcist, and, at the same time, made sure the incantation really worked and that the reward had been well-earned.

The evil spirits appeared beside the lake in the form of a pack of dogs. They were dressed in the clothes of well-known citizens who had all long-ago died. The deputies were mighty shocked, and could look at each one and say, "This is that one, and that one this."

The exorcist raised up into the air holding fast to his many leashes, and flew out over the lake and banished them all to remain atop Pilatus Mountain.

Ever since, the community of Zug has remained quiet. <sup>336: 118</sup>



### The Magic Spells

Along the path north to Zürich from the old castle at Wädenswil, the village of Horgen also sits on the lakeshore. There the history and tradition of hexes remains quite strong.

As the legend goes, the herbs growing during the 15<sup>th</sup> Century on Little Watten Hill contained as much magic as Horgen's grapevines contained sweet sugar.

On the eve of the Feast of Saint Andrew's, all the witches in Horgen gathered at the Way of the Cross, smeared themselves and each other with witch hazel and other salves, and made the usual magic with their brooms. While witches high in the Alps had roaring, brute strength, those living in the moderate lakeshore climates employed refined manners, limiting their influence to matters of illness, house, yard and field. The witches around Horgen liked to lift toddlers out of their cradles and leave them on the cold floor, not only to make

mischief on the child's health, but to tempt the patience of the mother who would often let out a curse to redden the faces of the devout.

Young lads feared that because so many families in the area had young witches for daughters that a good, safe bride could only be found very far from home. The witches at Horgen had one spell with a recipe that required a fresh human heart. It seems that the young beautiful sorcerers could convince a man to make the swap by substituting the same size and shape of a thing that had been fashioned out of straw.

In 1417, at least one man thought better of himself and stopped the trade just in time. Then he took the woman to court for attempted robbery. The hysteria about witchcraft, and the persecution of witches, slowly continued to rise for another 200 years.

Part of the folklore predicts that witches are never what they appear to be. A seductive young beauty will convert into a spooky old hag as soon as she has had her way with a victim. Unfortunately, this general reputation of Horgen meant that every gray-haired, old women residing there seemed like a witch.

The God-fearing people of Lake Zürich developed their own means for combating sorcery. It was said that when a witch took her nightly flight, she left her human body behind in bed, face down, colorless and dead by all outward signs. A prompt burial proved the best way to leave the evil spirit homeless, adrift and far more likely to go hunting in another village for a new host. <sup>363: 61-62</sup>



### The Cave by the Meadow

A mysterious place called *Hagheerenloch*, the Meadow Army's Cave, opens up close to the very source of the Devil Brook at a high mountain pass. According to old tradition, ancient tunnels meet up there that connect the castles at Sternenberg and Werdegg at Hittnau. The deepest recesses of the cave have fallen in, but still hide many more secret chambers, vaults and passageways.

By the hilltop castle in the Fischenthal, round tunnel entrances fell straight down into vertical shafts. Whenever knights wanted no trace left of an enemy, they simply pushed their victims down into the holes. Another entrance hid near the old road to Zürich where war had shattered the castle bridge. In the cave opening near Sternenberg, explorers found a stone coffin and inside it a skeleton.

The crucial path, however, remained locked behind an iron door. Every young boy has heard that a grand treasure lies just behind this door, but that no mortal has ever been able to touch it. A long black snake lives wrapped in a knot around the three heavy latches on the

door, and on the other side lives a cruel dragon. Only those whom the devil allows can ever claim the treasure.

Long ago, a poor girl lived by the meadow and she was entrusted with some of these boys' secret whispers. The boys' father disapproved of their closeness with the girl and made no secret of how much he despised her.

One day, the father decided to grab a modest amount of the treasure to provide some of the wedding gifts he would soon enough have to provide as a proper father-in-law. Because of his status and authority, and because his sons already owned her heart, the poor girl agreed to guide the father to the secret spot. He beat back the snake and the dragon, and scooped up an apron-full of the precious gold.

Before they could make good their escape, the dragon regained its footing, snatched the pitiful girl and devoured her. The evil beast could not consume her soul, however, which slipped free from his jaws in the form of a white pigeon. The bird circled three times around the boys' house, long enough for them to see it fly straight up to heaven. <sup>233:17:80</sup>



### *Old Beliefs Persisting in a New World*

In 1613, just six years after the English settled the Virginia colony at Jamestown, William Cranshaw argued that "Satan visibly and palpably raignes there, more than any other known place of the world." Captain John Smith described the chief Powhatan as "more like a devill than a man." <sup>294: 31</sup>

During the next 100 years, Virginians followed the letter of English law, watching for enumerated, punishable clues of "ancient and knowing women" as well as all who practice "Majick."

"They have often pictures of Clay, or Waxe (like a man, &c.) found in their house... If the Party suspected be the Son or Daughter, the man-servant or maid-servant, the Familiar Friend, near Neighbor, or old Companion, of a known and convicted witch; this may be likewise a Presumption; for Witchcraft is an Art that may be learned, and conveyed from man to man..." <sup>294: 15</sup>

Sometimes, the court summoned a jury of women for the purpose of examining every square inch of the witch's body. The type of marks they sought might range anywhere from a scar to a suspicious port-wine stain or birthmark. Moles that grew elongated were thought to offer succor to devilish spirits. One Virginia woman named Grace Sherwood was reported to have these.

"She is not like them nor noe other woman that they knew of, having two Things like titts on her private parts, of a Black color being Blacker than the rest of her Body..." <sup>294: 48</sup>

The judge used a special pin to prick such blemishes or marks. A witch would feel no pain and the wound would not bleed, making proof enough to warrant punishment.

As for the deeds themselves:

"Conjuration, or Invocation of any evill spirit... To consult, covenant with, entertaine, imploy, feede, or reward any evill spirit, is felonie in such offenders... Thereby to declare where any treasure may be found... Or to the intent to provoke any person to love... Or to the intent to hurt any person in their body, though it be not effected... If after Cursing, [then] there follow Death, or at least some mischief..."

Most simple-minded superstitions, so widespread among the people, were after all passive, and did not warrant the persecution that an active witch deserved. A Mary Rookes from Albemarle County, however, was "a Damned Witch and have bewitched my wife," charged Thomas Collings. <sup>294: 54</sup>

The Swiss and Germans of southeast Pennsylvania brought many of their magic beliefs into Virginia.

"Hang a wishbone above your door and the first man to enter will become your husband," promised one old granny's plan, spoken in the Alpine dialect as "*Henk en hinkelgnoche obich di dir un der erscht manskärle as rei kummt gebt dei mann.*"

In a somewhat more urgent frame of mind, she might recommend that the lovesick carry a sprig of cinquefoil in their pocket <sup>207: 63</sup>, or that "You will marry the man whom you think of while swallowing a four-leafed clover." ("*Mer soll enfirblettrich gleblät schlucke un an sei bo denke, no grikt mern.*") <sup>207: 59</sup>

To go out hunting for your true love, "If you would have the admiration of the opposite sex, carry the heart of an owl on your person." ("*Dräk en eilehärzel im säk no wamde fil a gsene sei witt bei de med.*")

But the strongest enchantment required that "Kissing a girl, with the heart of a turtledove in your mouth, acts as a love charm." ("*Wann en mëdel bosscht wann en datteldaubehärz im maul hoscht muss sell mëdel dich gleiche.*") <sup>207: 62</sup>

Making potions, however, called on the real work of witchcraft, and the lovesick could try two of these if all else failed: "A drop of blood taken from the little finger of a man's left hand and put into the water which a girl is about to drink, will cause her to fall in love with him." ("*En droppe blüt aus em linke glêne finger me mëdel ins wasser gedü macht sell mëdel em mann wüs dut nölafe.*") "Sugar which is held in the armpit until warm acts as an aphrodisiac if put into the drink of one who spurns your advances." ("*Wann zum mëdel witt un si will dich net, nimm zucker, du den unich der arm bis er warm is un ire no ins drinke, no losst si dich.*") <sup>207: 63</sup>

Such efforts terrified the pious. God-fearing folk tried to protect themselves with blessed countermeasures.

Glass or ceramic flasks, called Witch Bottles, symbolized the witch's bladder, and so the worried neighbor put urine, nail clippings, stones, pins or any other aggravation with which to torment their suspect.<sup>207: 140</sup> Many such colonial bottles have been unearthed by archaeologists in Virginia and Pennsylvania. Small wooden boxes, fitted with a glass window, also helped to defend the innocent when filled with the right combination of herbs and other tokens. Another tradition in Virginia required a shoe to be concealed up the chimney to prevent a witch from entering that way.

Since everyone knew that witches hated to touch iron or salt, these raw ingredients inspired many defensive superstitions.<sup>294: 5</sup> A horseshoe nailed over a door or window with the ends pointing down discouraged witches from passing beneath it.<sup>294: 8-9</sup> One habit still well known requires that accidentally spilled salt must be rounded out by an extra pinch tossed over the left shoulder. If a witch tried to sneak up behind such a well-guarded person, she'd be stopped dead in her tracks.<sup>553: 30</sup>

Throughout the 17<sup>th</sup> Century and into the 18<sup>th</sup>, a total of 17 women and one man faced trial in the tidewater's Commonwealth, all eligible for the maximum penalty of

execution. In October 1730, the final case of witchcraft appeared before a Virginia judge. It seemed that Mary, a white indentured servant belonging to John Samford of Richmond, used "Inchantment, Charm, witchcraft, or Conjuraton , to tell where Treasure is, or where goods left may be found."<sup>294: 69</sup>

Several neighbors testified against her, but the details of her evil crime warranted only lighter punishment She had not caused harm to property or person, or blasphemed the Heavenly Father. The witchcraft laws on the books required a public confession and a year in jail, but the Virginia court turned to a more prompt, dramatic and socially satisfying punishment:

"...Said Mary is Guilty of what is laid to her Charge, it is therefore ordered that the Sheriff take her and Cary her to the Common Whipping post, and give her thirty-nine lashed on her bare back well laid on."<sup>294: 55</sup>

By 1736, witchcraft statutes championed by the English King James I gave way to the Age of Enlightenment. Even if ordinary colonists in the New World didn't yet believe it, the laws would no longer be enforced.

The following article regarding an incident in the



THE DEVIL APPEARED AS A BEAST,  
ALONG WITH HIS CONSORT, TO PAY A BEDSIDE VISIT



English town of Bedfordshire appeared in the *Virginia Gazette* on 20 January 1738, in the hopes that it would be instructive to isolated, rural readers:

“EXTRACT OF A LETTER  
ABOUT THE TRYAL OF A WITCH

“SIR,

“The People here are so prejudic’d in the Belief of Witches that you would think yourself in Lapland, was you to hear their ridiculous Stories. There is not a Village in the Neighborhood but has Two or Three. About a Week ago I was present at the Ceremony of Ducking a Witch; a particular Account of which, may not perhaps be disagreeable to you.

“An Old Woman of about 60 Years of Age had long lain under an Imputation of Witchcraft; who, being willing (for her own Sake and her Children’s) to clear herself, consented to be duck’d; and the Parish Officers promis’d her a Guinea, if she should sink; The Place appointed for the Operation, was in the River Oust, by a Mill; there were, I believe, 500 Spectators.

“About 11 o’Clock in the Forenoon, the Woman came, and was tied up in a wet Sheet, all but her Face and Hands; her Toes were tied close together, as were also her Thumbs, and her Hands tied to the small of her Legs; They fasten’d a Rope about her Middle, and then pull’d off her Cap to search for Pins, for their Notion is, if they have but one Pin about ‘em, they won’t sink.

“When all Preliminaries were settled, she was thrown in; but, unhappily for the poor Creature, she floated, tho’ her Head was all the while under Water.

“Upon this there was a confus’d Cry, ‘A Witch! A Witch! Hang Her! Drown her!’

“She was in the Water about one Minute and a Half, and was then taken out half drown’d. When she had recovered Breath, the Experiment was repeated twice more, but with the same Success, for she floated each Time; which was a plain Demonstration of Guilt to the ignorant Multitude.

“For notwithstanding, the poor Creature was laid upon the Grass, speechless, and almost dead. They were so far from shewing her any Pity or Compassion, that they strove who should be the most forward in loading her with Reproaches. Such is the dire Effect of popular Prejudice!

“As for my Part, I stood against the Torrent, and when I had cut the Strings which tied her, had her carried back to the Mill, and endeavored to convince the People of the Uncertainty of the Experiment, and offer’d to lay Five to One, that any Woman of her Age, so tied up in a loose Sheet, would float, but all to no Purpose, for I was very near being mobb’d.

“Some Time after, the Woman came out; and one of

the Company happen’d to mention another Experiment to try a Witch, which was to weigh her against the Church Bible; for a Witch it seems, could not outweigh it.

“I immediately seconded that Motion (as thinking it might be of Service to the poor Woman) and made use of an Argument, which (tho’ as weak as King James for their not sinking) had some Weight with the People.

“For I told them, if she was a Witch, she certainly dealt with the Devil; and as the Bible was undoubtedly the Word of God, it must weigh more than all the Works for the Devil. This seemed reasonable to several; and those that did not think it so, could not answer it.

“At last, the Question was carried, and she was weighed against the Bible; which weighing about twelve Pounds, she outweighed it. This convinc’d some, and stagger’d others; but some who believ’d thro’ thick and thin, went away fully assured, that she was a Witch, and endeavored to inculcate that Belief into all others.”<sup>294: 56-58</sup>

Vigilance against the Devil’s helpers did not end then. Yet in 1744, Colonel William Byrd II kept a copy of William Perkin’s book *The Art of Witchcraft* in his library at home.<sup>294: 27</sup>

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, wrote in 1768 that “the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives fables. I am sorry for it, and I willingly take this opportunity for entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe in the Bible pay to those who do not believe it... [for] the giving up of witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible.”<sup>294: 23</sup>



### *Traditions That Crossed an Ocean*

Once that secrets had been discovered from the blooms of meadow and darkest forest, a wealth of rare wild flowers, grasses and herbs showed up in the domesticated garden, used in folk medicine for many healing teas, powders and elixirs.<sup>300: 52</sup>

Lady’s Slippers, sometimes called Noah’s Ark, produced a delicate, single-stemmed yellow orchid, where the lowest pedal ballooned into the shape of tiny soft shoe or boat.

Early settlers of the Shenandoah Valley went hunting for Lady’s Slippers to use as medicine, and at the same time found boneset (*Eupatorium perfoliatum*) to promote sweating cures; along with the highly toxic Nightshade, also known as jimson weed, thorn apple or the Devil’s Trumpet. It worked well for treating burns, but also gained reputation as a hallucinogen. Native American tribes used it for inducing visions.<sup>522: 129</sup>

The fresh root of a Lady's Slipper plant was put to use as soon as possible, for drying it out forfeited all the useful qualities. When four grains of its ground powder was given every three or four hours, the discomforts of typhoid fever would be relieved. It was also prescribed for sleeplessness, irascibility, trembling, depression, hypochondria, hysteria, for slowing down children with prematurely developed mental faculties<sup>185</sup> ...and also for epilepsy, talkativeness and any unnatural playfulness.<sup>131</sup>

They went looking for the flowers from Southern Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium kentuckiense*) from mid-April to late May, and then again when it turned out its fruit in the late Autumn. It is native to the Ozark highlands stretching from Tennessee across to Missouri and Arkansas. As an orchid, it is quite intolerant of human disturbance, and half of its known American habitat had been eliminated within another 300 years due to logging and reservoir construction.

Calalily (*Phlox divaricata*) was nicknamed Blue Moon, and became a prized topical ointment for sore eyes and various skin diseases, or when ingested could be counted upon as a laxative.

Cinquefoil (*Potentilla Reptans*), also known as Five-fingered Grass, became a gargle for curing mouth sores and fever, or when drunk treated jaundice and diarrhea.<sup>22</sup> Cinquefoil also had the reputation from Medieval days for treating wounds, or in the right concoction, as a trance-inducing brew made by witches.<sup>371: 156</sup>

Dutchman's Breeches (*Dicentia cucullaria*), a kind of poppy, was an excellent source of toxic alkaloids.

According to an early German-American guide to folk remedies compiled by Johann Görg Hohman, granny women and herbalists made many uses of the oil derived from flax, also known as linseed oil.<sup>290: 27</sup> Gesner, the well-read physician from Zürich, described *Lein, Flachs* with high praise in his 1555 book *De Raris et Amiranidis Herbis*. The principal virtues, according to this Swiss botanist, appeared in linseed's power to ease, to loosen, to open, especially with breathing, and also to quiet pain. He prescribed taking six tablespoons at a time for lumbago, colic, any coughs or especially asthma. When this oil heated up in a cooking pan and then thinly sliced, overripe apples were fried in it, these could be spaced along a patient's spine while they remained as hot as could be endured. Severe back pains would thus be cured. By boiling flax seeds in water and preparing the decoction as a drink, or else as a shallow bath, midwives had their best way for expelling a stillborn baby.<sup>598: 142-143</sup>

Another powerful plant medicine, Hemlock (*Conium maculatum*)<sup>290: 30</sup>, could be boiled in milk or water, and when applied warm to hardened tumors, would be sure to soften and dispel them.

The renowned Pennsylvania Deutsch publisher Christopher Sauer carefully warned his readers in 1771 about hemlock's resemblance to parsley, especially when

the leaves of *Wütrich* are still young. "If geese eat this herb, they go mad... It has quite often happened already, that by this error, people have lost their lives and that others have narrowly escaped with sickness and violent casting of the stomach."<sup>598: 166</sup>

Growing basil (*Ocimum basilicum*) around the base of a building kept away rats and mice, according to a belief common among Germans in colonial America. Plain sects of brethren, including the Mennonites and Dunkards, called basil "the meetinghouse plant," and carried it in little bunches to their day-long prayer services. They nibbled on it to stave off hunger and pushed their noses in it to relieve the stale odors of indoor life.<sup>598: 54</sup>

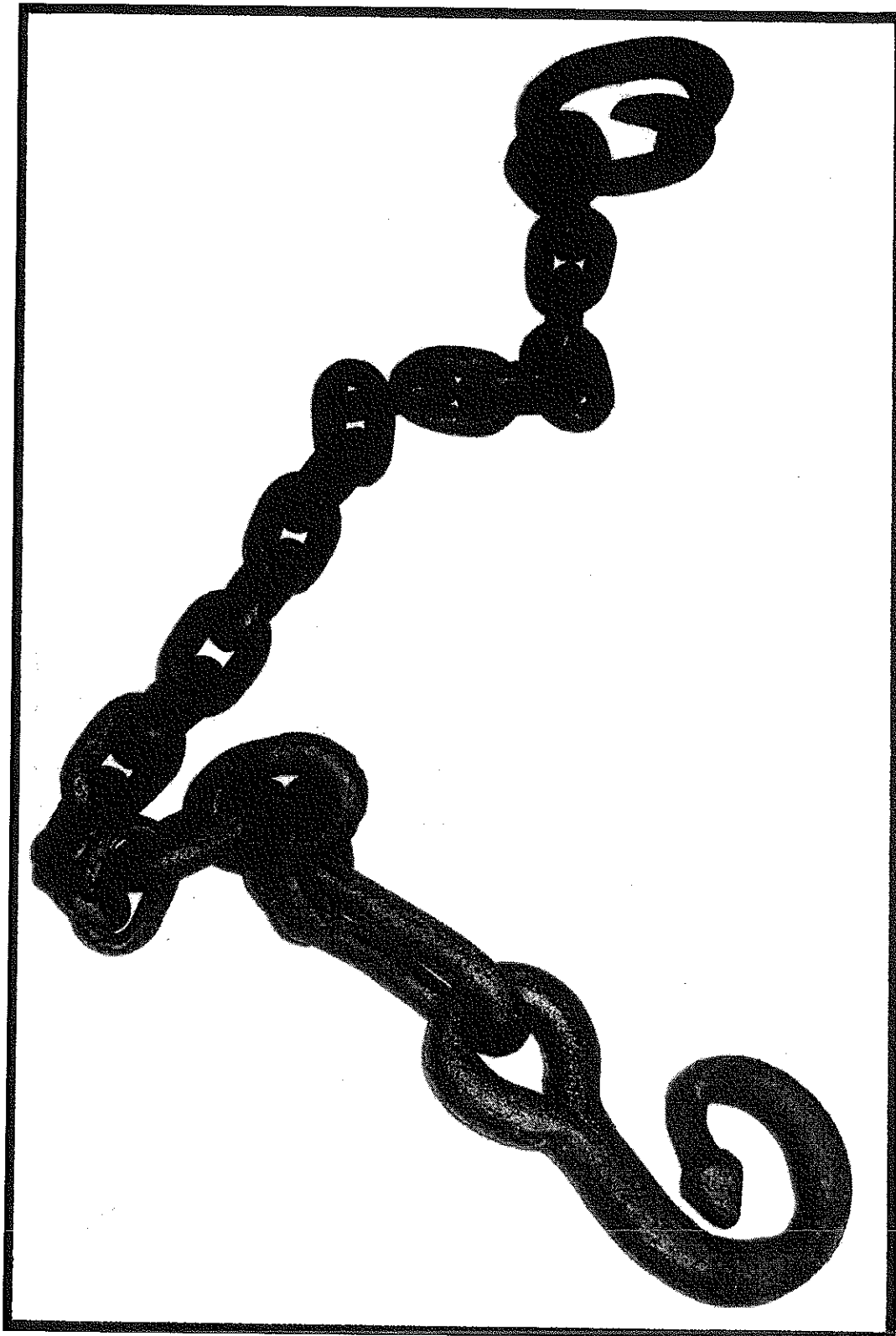
Laurel, bay-leaf berries, or as the Swiss knew them *Loor*, served for healing all wounds. Such powerful qualities may have had something to do with how other cultures turned laurel leaves into crowns for invincibility. Swallow wort (*Celandine*)<sup>290: 31</sup> stopped anger and cleared the eyes<sup>371: 154</sup>. Chick-weed (*Stellaria pubera*) also known to the Swiss as *Gauchneil*, *Rothea Meyer* (red farmer) or *Rother Hühnerdarm* (red hen) has one cure listed for rabies that dates back to 1568. It also fought boils and fevers, and when still growing in the wild could be used to predict the weather according to the Rev. Henry Muhlenberg.<sup>290: 42</sup>

Hypochondriacs who could find no relief with ordinary dosages resorted to the Ash tree or *Eschbaum* (*Fraxinus excelsior*), carving a solid drinking mug out of it. The ancient Celts believed Ash wood held sacred strength, and used its powder as a kind of aspirin, and for a boost to artistic creativity and sexual fertility. Any other medicines allowed to stand for a while in a solid Ash cup became doubly strengthened. Fevers stood no chance when one ounce of Ash bark and one quint of powdered wormwood (*Artemisia absinthium*), also known as absinthe, mixed with two quarts of good wine. The sediments had to be shaken in a lively way, but when drunk on an empty stomach one gill each morning, the cure was guaranteed.<sup>598: 47-48</sup>

As a drink for humans, absinthe could cure a wide variety of stomach ailments, especially in children.<sup>598: 360</sup> It was believed that absinthe added to salt could also stop contagion in a herd of cattle.<sup>598: 360-361</sup>

When Hohman, who lived in Elsass Township of Berks County, Pennsylvania, wanted to publish his 1818 collection as *Die Land= und Haus=Apotheke...* ("The Country and House Pharmacist...") he assembled a list of financial underwriters that included Johannes Bachmann of "Lower Saccona Taunship, Northampton County" as well as Salomon Bachmann of "Durham in Bucks County," Pennsylvania, both of whom would be guaranteed copies of the volume useful "for man and beast."<sup>290</sup>





A CHAIN HOOK IN THE SHAPE OF A SERPENT  
HAMMERED WITH GREAT CARE BY THE BLACKSMITH TO PROMISE A BETTER HOLD THAN ANY ORDINARY CHAIN



A BLACKFEET WARRIOR IN 1833  
AS SEEN ALONG MONTANA'S WESTERN FRONTIER BY KARL BODMER



SWITZERLAND MADE THE ARTIST Karl Bodmer (1809-1893), but he left his home in Zürich when he was only twenty-three. His experience as a promising young painter had until then been limited to familiar, pastoral landscapes. In 1832, however, a German nobleman

by the name of Prince Maximilian of Neuwied (1782-1867) sought out young Karl and hired him.

A few years earlier, the prince had forsaken his castle on the Rhine near Koblenz to explore the tropical rain forests of Brazil. That scientific expedition netted thousands of animal and plant specimens the description of which fit into an impressive, two-volume account.

After returning home, Maximilian came across Bodmer's renderings of the Rhine River and so admired the art that a meeting was arranged. The prince had felt the adventurer's fever rising again, and needed the services of a skilled artist for another exploration, this time in North America.

"He is a lively, very good man and companion," wrote the prince to his family in a letter about Bodmer. "Seems well-educated, and is very pleasant and suitable for me. I am glad I picked him,".

Maximilian's loyal manservant, David Dreidoppel, became the third person in their little party, since he had served the prince well in Brazil as a hunter and taxidermist.

Their adventure in the wild west commenced by boat down the Ohio River, and from there south on the Mississippi to St. Louis, Missouri, where they arrived on 24 March 1833. To go any farther west, a formal permission would be required from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. It turned out to be none other than General Meriwether Lewis, the same man who thirty years before had blazed the trail to the Pacific Ocean along with William Clark. <sup>213: 2</sup>

After the first leg of their trip up the Missouri River, on a steamboat operated by the American Fur Company, a young clerk made note of this "interesting character":

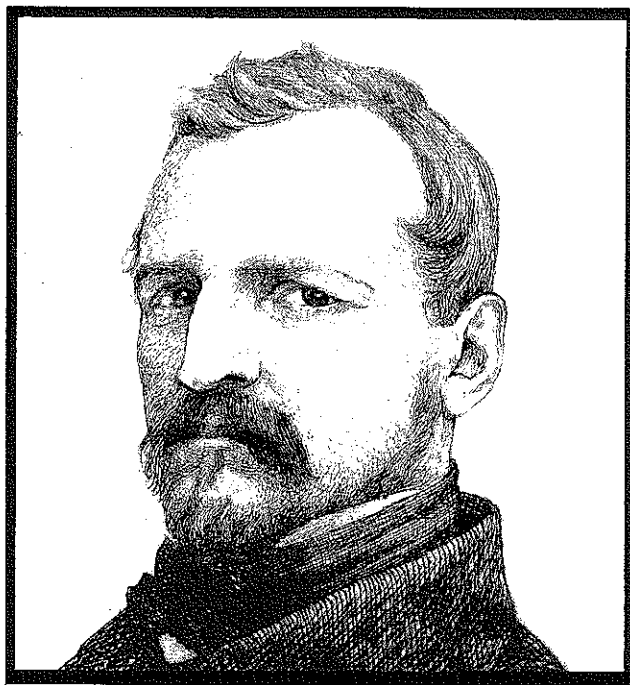
"The prince was a bachelor and a man of science... of medium height, rather slender, sans teeth, passionately fond of his pipe, unostentatious, and speaking very broken English. His favorite dress was a white slouch hat, a black velvet coat, rather rusty from long service, and probably the greasiest pair of trousers that ever encased princely legs." <sup>213: 4</sup>

Where the Missouri meets the Yellowstone River, at

Fort Union, the steamboat could go no further, so a flat-bottomed keel boat with sail and oars made do. Along one stretch of their journey, they did not see a single other human being for two weeks. <sup>213: 24</sup>

On 9 August, four months out of St. Louis, they reached Fort McKenzie in western Montana, and by luck at the peak of the trading season. There they camped for five weeks, and Bodmer painted portraits of several Blackfoot Indians. <sup>213: 12</sup>

A quarrel between differing tribes turned into a pitched battle, and that was when another bit of good luck turned the tide for Bodmer and his fellow explorers. One of the Blackfoot chieftans named Distant Bear came out of the battle amazed that no bullet had touched him. He



KARL BODMER  
A SON OF LAKE ZÜRICH EXPLORING AMERICA

claimed that a magical protection sprang from Bodmer's portrait that had been completed just days ago. In fact the happy coincidence held true for more than just Distant Bear.

"It was striking," noted Maximilian, "that all whom we had sketched had neither been wounded nor killed." If any had been leery of the Swiss painter before, suddenly his work had been declared "good medicine." Many more warriors now insisted that Bodmer paint their likenesses, too. <sup>213: 17</sup>

Their patience sitting for many hours impressed the Europeans, and to entertain them, an ornate music box from Switzerland kept tinkling its tunes. <sup>213: 47</sup> When the Indians recognized a likeness emerging on the artist's paper, they often burst into applause. In the Mandan dialect, Bodmer earned the name *Kawakapuska*, or "The One Who Makes Pictures." <sup>213: 48</sup>

One of Bodmer's favorite subjects, named Yellow Feather, often stayed overnight in their cabin, sleeping in front of the fireplace. At the Indian's request, Bodmer painted a realistic bird on his war shield, and even gave him more paint and art lessons. Rather than depicting simplified stick figures, as was the tradition of most Plains Indian art, Yellow Feather followed Bodmer's inspiration, carefully rendering details of clothing, expression and particularly the eyes. <sup>213: 50</sup>

Near Fort Clark, the Mandan Indians lived in a sprawling maze of large, earthen domes, sixty-five of which had been placed so close together that walking between them proved difficult. <sup>213: 22</sup>

By 22 November, the artist and his patron moved into a two-room log cabin built especially for their comfort.

"The large windows afforded good light for drawing,

and we had a couple of small tables and some benches of poplar wood, and three shelves against the walls, on which we spread our blankets and buffalo skins, and rested during the night," reported the prince. "The room was floored; the door was furnished with bolts on the inside; and firewood, covered with frozen snow, was piled up close to the chimney." <sup>213: 24</sup>

"Mr. Bodmer's colors and brushes froze, so that he could not use them without hot water. Writing, too, was very difficult because our ink was congealed.. And while the side of our bodies which was turned to the fire was half roasted, the other was quite benumbed." <sup>213: 37</sup>

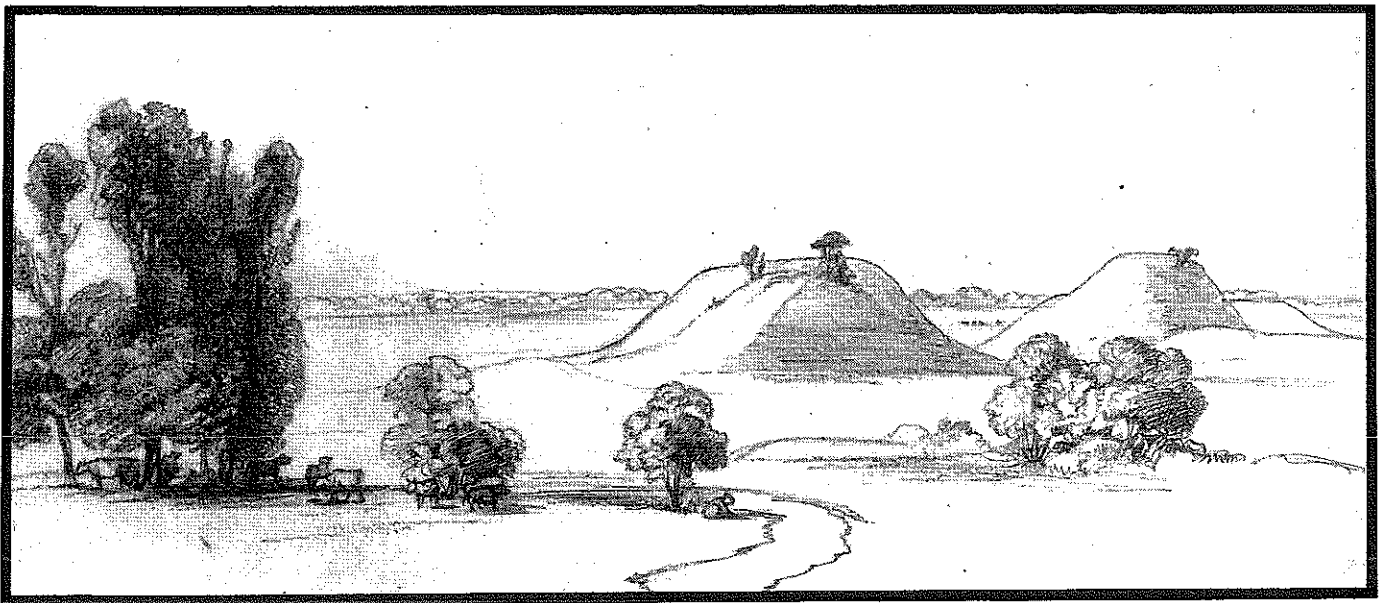
To visit the Hadatsa Indians, Bodmer and company made a one-day hike past withered grass, gentle hills and many skulls of bulls scattered everywhere, sometimes atop stacked piles of stones. <sup>213: 26</sup>

Almost everywhere they stopped, polite manners flowed easily.

"We expressed good wishes in the English and German languages, which the Indians guessed from our motions, though they could not understand our words. If our speech was lengthy, they were especially pleased."

Six of their leaders, dressed as bulls, sat behind the fire, singing and rattling their medicine sticks in time to a drum. Some wore complete heads and fur capes, or else bands of buffalo hide stretched across their foreheads that anchored a pair of horns. <sup>213: 60</sup> Then standing to dance, they would bend forward and leap as high as they could, both feet together, singing and drumming all along <sup>213: 32</sup>

Their women slowly danced into the shape of the crescent moon, and "advanced towards each other, and



A PANORAMA SHOWING THE REMAINS OF CAHOKIA  
THE ANCIENT CAPITAL CITY OF NATIVE NORTH AMERICANS LOCATED EAST

then receded, at the same time singing in a shrill tone of voice... Tobacco, mirrors and knives [were] thrown as gifts into the middle of the circle. With that, the women once more danced in quick time, the musicians forming themselves into a close body and holding their instruments toward the center. This concluded the festivity."<sup>213: 64</sup>

Bodmer produced 400 drawings during their 16-month trip, and upon returning to Europe, supervised a staff of 20 engravers who produced 81 copper plate aquatints. The ultimate presentation of his entire portfolio premiered as a picture atlas, and sold as a companion volume for Prince Maximilian's *Travels in the Interior of North America*.

Between 1839 and 1843, separate editions offered translations in German, French and English. Bodmer's original paintings went to the Wied castle for safe keeping, and remained tucked away and forgotten for over a century.

The painter himself tried for two years to resume his previous life, but realized that he no longer wanted to live in Switzerland.<sup>239: 360</sup> He relocated to Paris, traveled fitfully, but never painted again from such exotic, challenging subject matter. For the last few years of his life, Bodmer turned deaf and stricken by total blindness.<sup>213: 370-372</sup>

The Mandan and Hidatsa cultures that Bodmer recorded for history did not survive very much longer. A sudden epidemic of smallpox in 1837 ravaged their numbers, which dropped from the 1,600 that Bodmer had witnessed down to 130.<sup>213: 73</sup> Across all of North America, millions of Native Americans perished from the pox.<sup>541: 106</sup>

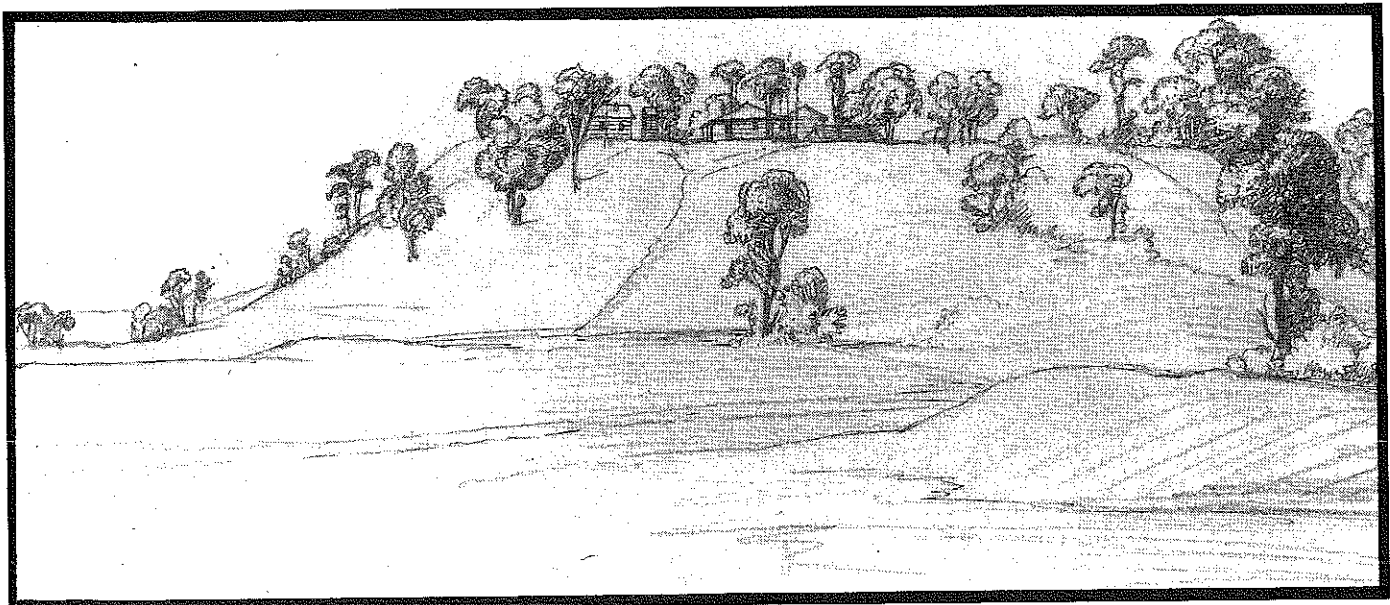
### *Every String of a Boy's Heart*

Little "Johny" Bachman arrived in the world on 4 February 1790 in a humble stone house near the town of Schaghticoke, not too far of a walk from the Hudson and Hoosic rivers in upstate New York.<sup>528: 11</sup> His parents, Eva and Jacob Bachman, had already named older sons as Henry and Jacob, Jr. His only sister, the youngest of the household, was named after his mother.<sup>510: 18</sup> Johny knew that his father's folks had come from Switzerland, had originally settled in eastern Pennsylvania "in two townships called 'Upper and Lower Sackeny,' which are now settled by his numerous descendants... The ancestors on my mother's side were from the kingdom of Württemberg, Germany."<sup>264: 9</sup>

Reference to the two Saucon Townships in Northampton County belonged to a family lore with which John could have been totally certain and intimately familiar. Beyond that, however, must have been far more wishful thinking than reality: The Saucon land grants had indeed come from the Penn family, but only because it had been duly paid for, and with no more special favor than any other immigrant's title.

"My father fought in the Revolutionary War and taught me from my earliest childhood to venerate my country's flag."<sup>510: 216</sup>

There were a few Bachmans who appeared on the 1785 muster rolls in Northampton County's local militia, and among them listed "George, John and Henry Bauchmen."<sup>394: 898</sup> What Jacob may not have wanted to teach his son was how Great Grandpa Georg Bachman had been thrown into prison for traitorous disloyalty to the Revolution. Furthermore, this had not been some



FORMED BY NUMEROUS EARTHEN PYRAMIDS  
OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER ACROSS FROM ST. LOUIS, AS DEPICTED BY KARL BODMER

desperate, personal, secret treason, but instead was a community-wide disobedience, born out of their dissident faith as pacifist Mennonites. <sup>64: 115-117</sup>

Jacob Bachman entrusted his youngest son to a slave named George “whose delight it was to accompany his young master into the woods, and to assist him to entrap animals and birds,” John later recalled. George not only “knew many quadrupeds and birds, but was well acquainted with their habits... [and] was always anxious to aid us in our pursuits...” <sup>510:19</sup>

“Wild pigeons and all the birds of heaven made every string of a boy’s heart vibrate with joy.” <sup>510:19</sup> Among the mountain tops of his homeland, Bachman learned the “music of a thousand warblers” floating upon “the fragrance of flowers.” <sup>510:120</sup> Johnny filled a room with carefully dried and flattened specimens of plant and animal, and even kept a number of wild birds and animals in captivity. <sup>528: 11</sup>

The Jumping Mouse (*meriones americanus* or *zapus hudsonius americanus*) caught his eye in these days. “We possessed many opportunities of studying its peculiar and very interesting habits. We doubt whether there is any quadruped in the world of its size that can make its way over the ground as rapidly, or one that can in an open space so quickly evade the grasp of its pursuers. The ploughman in the Northern and Middle States, sometimes turns up this species from under a clod of earth, when it immediately commences its long leaps... the little creature darts off with great agility, pursuing an irregular zig-zag direction... [and] alternately rises and sinks like the flying-fish at sea...”

“We experienced no difficulty in capturing this species in box-traps, and preserved a female in a cage from spring to autumn; she produced two young a few days after being caught... We placed a foot of earth at the bottom of the cage, in this they formed a burrow with two outlets. They used their feet and nails to great advantage, as we observed them bury themselves in the earth in a very short time... Every thing that was put into their cage, however great might be the quantity, was stored away in their holes before the next morning... They were usually very silent, but when we placed a common [house] mouse in the cage, [the jumping mice] squeaked with a loud chattering noise, like some young bird in pain...” <sup>40: 184</sup>

At the age of twelve, John moved to Philadelphia to further his education. The urban landscape could not have been more different than everything he had known so far. Three-story, red-brick townhouses sat chock-a-block from the Delaware River all the way to Schuylkill Creek, and the streets were paved with pebble stones swept far cleaner than any city in Europe. The atmosphere held the voices of “old, fat, huckstering, independent, sturdy dames looking out keenly for their pennies” alongside “one-horse carts filled with churns of milk, and eggs, butter, chickens, and vegetables.” <sup>510:20</sup>

While still in his teen years, John taught himself to identify all the birds of the Delaware and Hudson river valleys by sight as well as song, a talent practiced by very few European or American naturalists at that time. <sup>510: 23</sup> He also discovered a seeming genetic talent for marksmanship with a rifle, another gift that proved most useful when bringing back birds and animals which had not yet been scientifically studied. <sup>510:155</sup>

Bachman managed to tag along with imminent Philadelphia luminaries such as the portrait painter Charles Wilson Peale, the ornithologist Alexander Wilson, the botanist William Bartram, the naturalist George Ord and the engraver Alexander Lawson. At fourteen, he got invited to their private parties where the skeleton of a huge mastodon, eleven feet high at the shoulder, glimmered beside the candles. <sup>510:24</sup>

The most important thing he learned from those days was not to collect for the sole sake of collecting, but rather to understand Nature’s processes and to make thorough and vivid notes in his journals. <sup>510:26</sup>

By the age of 18, Bachman aimed at serious scientific questions that had so far eluded careful explanation: How do certain animals change the color of their fur from winter white to dark in time for Spring? (By molting the white, he concluded, which are replaced by fine, new brown hairs...) <sup>510:110</sup> Must hibernating animals such as the groundhog store great quantities of food to sustain them through the winter? (No, they rise periodically to forage.) <sup>510:33</sup> By what calendar and compass, or by how far and fast, do birds migrate? (Innately, sometimes throughout a long night, and for favorite and plentiful food, not warmth.) <sup>510:7032,104</sup>

In fact, an autopsy of southern ducks performed by Bachman in New England revealed that newly consumed and undigested rice still remained in their stomachs. The nearest wealth of rice could only be found on plantations about 960 miles due south. After any more than one day, the rice would have begun to digest. Therefore, Bachman reasoned with the help of basic math, a non-stop flight at forty miles per hour would have been possible before the clockwork of digestion had been completed. <sup>510:103</sup>

Bachman didn’t have to rely on his imagination to know about birds migrating at night. With his own ears, he knew of midnight flights of the Great Whooping Crane that crested “over the highest mountains of the Allegheny.” He raised several hatchlings in complete isolation, but as soon as they could fly, they took off instinctively in the same direction of the migration. <sup>528: 22</sup>

From his life-long desire to study different species of rabbits and retrieve them live from their warrens, Bachman figured out how to recruit a tethered weasel as his hunting partner, after first filing down the bold little predator’s razor-sharp teeth. Together, they bagged twelve in one morning, and nearly fifty in three weeks. <sup>510:27</sup>





### *A Beehive of Activity*

Around the age of twenty, Bachman had a spiritual awakening while walking through the forest. His earnest prayers for direction led him to a calling for the ministry. The Lutheran pastors Anthony Braun, Frederick Quitman and Philip Mayer mentored him through his religious studies; but in the midst of this new devotion, Bachman happened to capture an exotic star-nosed mole, and it re-awoke his love of science. <sup>510:29</sup>

He attempted to be a Lutheran school teacher for awhile, but did not care for trying to control the unruly behavior of his students. <sup>510:30</sup> Preaching suited him better, and so he accepted the pastorate of the Gilead Lutheran church near Rhinebeck and his boyhood home. Following a bout with tuberculosis and recuperation on the island of Jamaica, Bachman took over the vestry of St. John's Lutheran Church of Charleston, South Carolina. <sup>510:34</sup>

One of his female parishioners recorded the first impression he made:

"His height was medium; his figure slender; his complexion fair; features regular and eyes blue. He looked very young – though in his twenty-fifth year. His voice was strong clear and sweet. When the services were ended, we stopped to be introduced, and his bright smile immediately won our hearts." <sup>510:36</sup>

Others described the young man as "warmhearted, sturdy, blond..." <sup>469:351</sup>

Just a year later, on 23 January 1816, John Bachman married Harriet Martin, also of Germanic ancestry, and they moved into the parsonage on Cannon's Bridge Road. In so doing, he sealed himself all at once to his new home, city and state.

Their house packed 15 rooms into three floors, with open galleries on the upper floors facing out to Pinckney Street. From the outside, it sported brick columns, with everything painted white. Trees filled the garden along with a backyard aviary. <sup>469:352</sup>

In addition to love, Bachman also gained a great deal of property and money from Harriet's endowment. Along with her mother, her sister, a dozen slaves, duck pens, chicken yards and eight new Bachman babies that arrived every fifteen months on average, the home became a beehive of activity. <sup>510:40</sup>

The patriarch Jacob Bachman died on 11 March 1824. <sup>510:24</sup> John did not get the chance to settle the estate and pay a nostalgic visit to the "deserted home" of his youth until 27 June 1827. <sup>528:16</sup> During a steamship voyage up the Hudson River that August, Bachman contracted a fever of the "typhoid form," so severe that it left him "yellow as a pumpkin" and temporarily blinded.

"My eyesight was gone – the whole world was shut up

in darkness... The conviction flashed over my mind – here your earthly pilgrimage is to be brought to a close."

His sister-in-law, Maria Martin, found one of the most skilled physicians in New York City who believed that cupping was required for a cure. Since Bachman's head held the most excruciating pain, small cuts were made into his forehead. Over these a heated glass cup was put in suction, having been emptied of oxygen by a flame. Bachman's blood slowly filled up the vacuum. In three weeks, relief came and his vision eventually returned. <sup>510:44</sup>

Illness plagued the pastor's home. During his absence that summer, new twins he had not yet seen died a month apart. <sup>528:16</sup> Cholera, fever, neuralgia, consumption and tuberculosis claimed nine of his 14 children, as well as one wife and ultimately another. <sup>528:217</sup>

Bachman's power in the pulpit and as a leader among his peers caused his election twice as president of the South Carolina Lutheran Synod, where he convinced many that the Bible, rather than being a literal account of history, should be subject to interpretation. <sup>510:150</sup>

Simultaneously, he accepted the invitation of the College of Charleston trustees to be their professor of natural history. <sup>528:54</sup> Bachman helped to found Newberry College, and served as First Chairman of its Board of Trustees. The Pennsylvania college at Gettysburg bestowed upon him an honorary Doctor of Divinity. <sup>528:59</sup>

Because of the quality of his scientific work, he became celebrated by Senator Daniel Webster who advised him on publishing, by President John Tyler who put U.S. Navy vessels at his disposal for exploring the coasts of the American continent <sup>510:188</sup>, and by President Millard Fillmore who met with him privately to discuss the inevitability of the Civil War. <sup>528:215</sup> The King of Prussia asked to meet him during a visit to Germany, but Bachman, ever the democrat and revolutionary, refused the invitation. <sup>510:163</sup>



### *Provided We Join Our Names Together*

John James Audubon, illegitimate son of a French sea captain named Jean, was born on 26 April 1785 as the only white child among half a dozen mulatto children fathered by the adventurer in Haiti. <sup>439:744</sup> As an investment, Jean Audubon bought a farm in eastern Pennsylvania by Perkioming Creek, and that was how his young son came to be an American. <sup>510:50</sup>

His earliest ally was the Swiss artist George Lehman of Philadelphia (ca. 1800-1870) <sup>469:350</sup> who met Audubon in Pennsylvania during 1824 when both were still struggling to make a living in art. <sup>439:749</sup> They would tramp through the forests together, or raft down the Ohio River, with George painting perfect blossoms, branches or finishing the backgrounds to whatever creature had caught

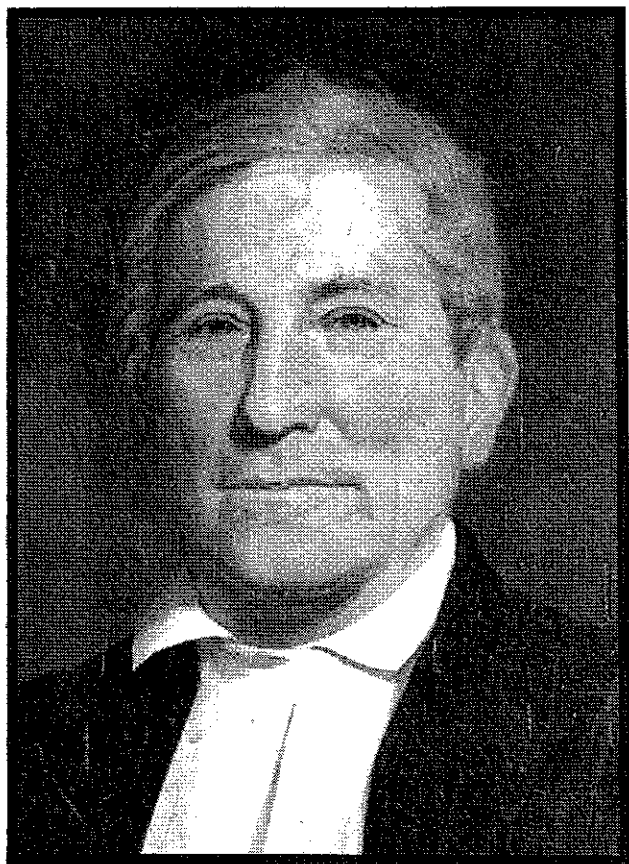
Audubon's interest.<sup>510:3</sup> By 1831, Lehman matured in his style well enough to add full harbor scenes, cityscapes or salt marshes behind the birds. George completed Audubon's well-loved depictions of the ground doves, kinglets and a yellow-crowned night heron.<sup>510:16</sup>

Audubon's impulsive nature made him jump off a horse one day when an interesting bird happened to fly across the road in front of him. He simply left the horse behind, which was loaded with money bags, and much preferred to dash after the bird.<sup>510:53</sup>

On 23 October 1831, Audubon met Bachman almost by accident during a visit to Charleston.

"Upon my being named to him," recalled Audubon later on, "he leaped from his saddle, suffered his horse to stand at liberty and gave me his hand with a pressure of cordiality that electrified me."<sup>469:351</sup>

The pastor invited the naturalist and George Lehman to stay at his house for as long as they might find creatures



*John Bachman*

JOHN BACHMAN  
NATURALIST & LUTHERAN PASTOR

of interest in the area to study.<sup>528:17</sup>

"Bachman always goes with us, is an excellent shot and full of Life and spirits; we laugh & talk as if we had known each other for Twenty Years."<sup>510:74</sup>

Finding new varieties of animals was the sacred quest of every naturalist. After Bachman made notes on a sweetly singing warbler, and sent them to a doubting Audubon, no reply was forthcoming until a second, more prodding note was sent along with a specimen:

"Now take a seat along side of me, deliberately and patiently go over with me the description & history of this beautiful bird. I have a secret to tell you... softly my friend. I have the male, it is fairly drawn, it is in full plumage. I have the skin well put up & if Maria's drawing does not suit you, you may draw it over."

Audubon relented, and named the striking new beauty "Bachman's Swamp Warbler, *Helinaia Bachmanii*."<sup>510:105</sup> Further rewards came with Audubon's official naming of Bachman's Pinewood Finch, Bachman's Sparrow;<sup>510:115</sup> and when the pastor confirmed twenty other never-before-known distinct species,<sup>510:118</sup> including the Marsh Rabbit,<sup>510:187</sup> the Rice Meadow Mouse<sup>510:118</sup> and a freshwater King Rail.<sup>510:119</sup>

Audubon's growing reliance on the pastor showed up in the second volume of his *Ornithological Biography*, where Bachman's name appeared on almost every page. When Bachman chided him for this indulgence, Audubon blustered back how his own jugular vein might as well be cut more easily than his praise.<sup>510:133</sup>

In December 1833, Bachman and Audubon took up a long-postponed challenge to decipher the ways of vultures. Do scavengers find their food by sight or smell? Do they prefer fresh or putrid meat? To witness the test, reputable physicians and other men of science and letters received invitations to visit the pastor's back yard.

Bachman spread a whole wheel-barrow-full of animal intestines beneath a frame and dusted it with leaves and brush. Even as air could freely circulate around the flesh and disperse the odor, the sight remained obscured. Within a few hours, a hundred vultures glided over the yard, but none would land. Only when Bachman dragged one length of entrail into plain view did the large birds find the garden worth visiting. While several fought over the single piece of food, the far larger trove of meat, only a few feet from their beaks, went undisturbed.

For an ingenious variation on the test, Audubon painted a life-size likeness of a dead sheep, its stomach opened and spilling out. The first vulture passing by rushed down. It studied the front of the canvas, then the underside, and soon retreated to a fence post for a further contemplation of the artwork. After a while longer, it waddled back for a final, and disappointed, inspection.

"Here is proof," wrote Bachman in his notebook, "that our vultures are attracted to their food by sight & not by smell." The editor of *Louden's Journal* in London

cheerfully published his final scholarship on the matter, and Bachman's proof was read before several scientific and philosophical societies throughout Europe and America. <sup>510:124-126</sup>



### Nature – Truth & No Humbug

Audubon followed his landmark work on birds with an attempt to log and illustrate every wild, four-footed mammal in North America. In 1840, he wrote to John Bachman about how much he needed his partnership on the project.

“Such a publication will be fraught with difficulties innumerable, but I trust not insurmountable, provided we join our names together, and you push your able and broad shoulders to the wheel. I promise to you that I will give the very best figures of all our quadrupeds that ever have been thought of or expected...” <sup>439: 746</sup>

At full speed, Audubon painted the animals life-sized and without interruption for fourteen hours a day. <sup>510:187</sup> Within three more years, it was not hard to see why Audubon knew he could not do it alone. At the age of fifty-eight, he could barely cope with the stiffness and fatigue in his arms and legs, his failing eye sight, early Alzheimers, <sup>528: 55</sup> surly habits of gambling <sup>510:152</sup> or a

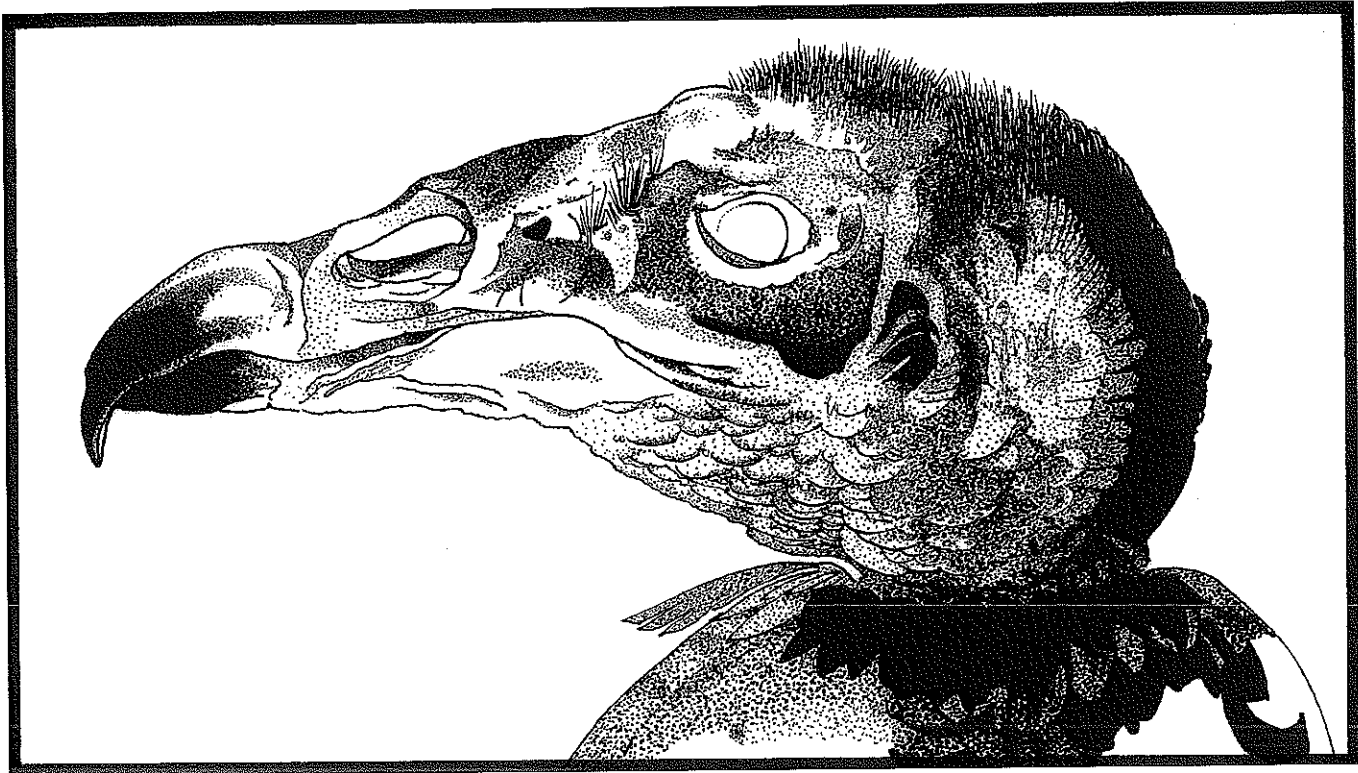
rampant alcoholism. <sup>510:180</sup> In a letter dispatched from Missouri on 23 April 1843, Audubon confided to his wife that “my last upper tooth fell out of my mouth the other day, and now I must soak my biscuits &c.” <sup>439: 748</sup> He often told people that he was much older than he actually was, only so that he wouldn't seem to be so prematurely worn-out. <sup>510:189</sup>

Audubon wanted to venture in places that had “never been trodden by white Man previously” but settled on the same route and vistas already taken in by Bodmer, and before him Lewis and Clark. <sup>439: 749</sup>

For *The Quadrupeds*, Bachman and Audubon tackled a project of daunting scope. By their own preliminary account, it would include at least 190 “true American species, all fully described and provided with scientific names.” <sup>510:186</sup>

On Mondays and Tuesdays, his days off from responsibilities at church, Bachman handled the largest share of the project: As a scientist, he researched all of the existing literature; visited the leading museums and private collections; conducted and published careful experiments; found creatures in the wild and observed their behavior for copious scientific notes.

Bachman refused to let any obvious question go unanswered in his research, or to pad his writings with fables or untrustworthy rumors. Audubon, on the other hand, often tried to finesse a sentence or two if he lacked enough facts. Bachman had to chastise his partner, urging



THE HEAD OF A VULTURE  
AS DEPICTED BY KARL BODMER

him to stop the endless search for new species and find out more about the ones already at hand. <sup>528:22</sup> Bachman's motto and guiding principle became "nature – truth & no humbug." <sup>439:752</sup>

As an outdoorsman packing his own rifle, Bachman hunted the animals, then either skinned or preserved them in small kegs of rum, catalogued them and finally shipped them to Audubon. New specimens of humble sparrow and warbler made the dearest gift he ever sent his friend. <sup>510:81</sup> The complete descriptions averaged several hundred words, but in each case, Bachman managed to include entertaining and informative details on humanity's involvement with nature.

When the Mexican War raged in 1847, Bachman wrote up lists of animals and the bounty rewards he would pay, and managed to recruit whole companies of army infantry to do his hunting in the southwest. <sup>510:205</sup>

Bachman described how these men would form deadly circles during their breaks from battle, and "kill all the game they could in their immediate vicinity; and by surrounding a space of tolerably open ground, especially if well covered with high grass or weeds, and approaching gradually to the centre, numbers of these Hares were knocked down with clubs as they attempted to make their escape, as well as occasionally other animals which happened to be secreted within the circle.

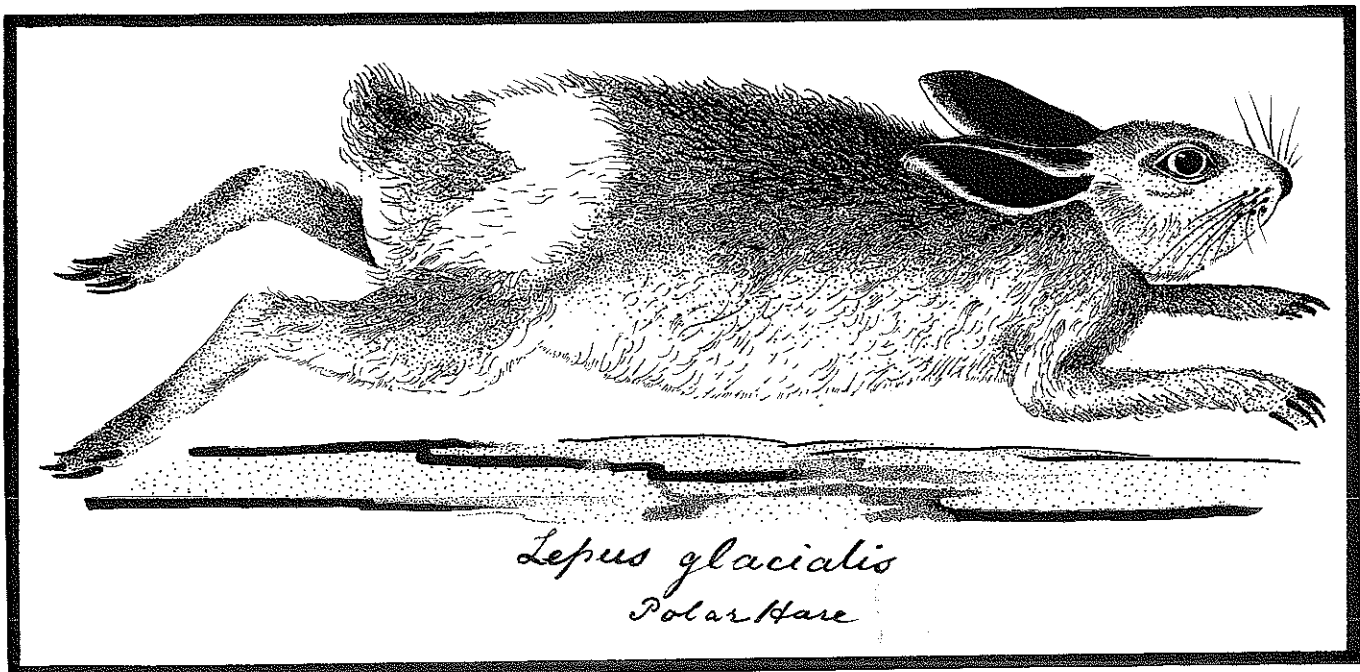
"We were told that a raw German recruit, who had once or twice before been made the butt of his comrades, having joined only a few days, was invited to partake of the sport, and as the excitement became quite agreeable to him, was amongst the foremost in knocking down the

unfortunate Hares, as they dashed out or timidly squatted yet a moment, hoping not to be observed; when suddenly one of his companions pointed out to him a skunk, which, notwithstanding the din and uproar on all sides, was very quietly awaiting the course of events. The unlucky recruit darted forward: – we need say nothing more, except that during the remainder of the war the skunk was, by that detachment, known only as the "Dutchman's rabbit." <sup>440:24</sup>

As for the true American Skunk (*mephitis americanus*), Bachman judged that "there is no quadruped on the continent of North America... which is more generally detested than that of the Skunk... He elevates his tail over his back, and by a strong muscular exertion ejects it in two thread-like streams in the direction in which the enemy is observed. We have on several occasions witnessed the manner in which this secretion is discharged. He appears to take an almost unerring aim.

"We were once requested by a venerable clergyman, an esteemed friend, who had for many years been a martyr to violent... asthma, to procure for him the glands of a Skunk; which, according to the prescription of his medical advisor, were kept tightly corked in a smelling bottle, which was applied to his nose... For some time he believed that he had found a [cure] for his distressing complaint... Having uncorked the bottle on one occasion while in the pulpit during service, his congregation finding the smell too powerful for their olfactories, made a hasty retreat, leaving him nearly alone in the church..." <sup>40:246</sup>

The Northern or Snowshoe Hare (*lepus americanus*) also caught Bachman's attention. "A living individual of this species, which we have in Charleston in a partially



A HARE IN FULL FLIGHT  
AS DEPICTED BY JOHN BACHMAN, IN ONE OF HIS FEW SURVIVING SKETCHES

domesticated state, for the purpose of trying to ascertain the effect of a warm climate on its changes of colour, is particularly cross when approached by a stranger. It raises its fur, and springs at the intruder with almost a growl, and is ready with its claws and teeth to gratify its rage, and inflict a wound... It reminded us by its attitudes of an angry racoon." <sup>40: 38</sup>

Then came along the Polar Hare (*lepus glacialis*) which afforded one of the rare Bachman sketches to have survived the years. The pastor praised it as "perhaps the finest of all the American hares... covered in the long dark winter with a coat of warm fur, so dense that it cannot be penetrated by the rain, and which is an effectual protection from the intense cold of the rigorous climate... The specimen we procured in Newfoundland weighed seven and a half pounds; it was obtained on the 15<sup>th</sup> of August, in the midst of summer, when all hares are lean. It was at period of the year also, when in that island they are incessantly harassed by the troublesome moose-fly... Even men suffer very much in consequence of their attacks. The Indians we saw there, although tempted by a high reward, refused to go in search of these Hares, from a dread of this persecuting insect." <sup>40: 40</sup>

When writing about the Long-nosed Shrew (*sorex longirostris*), Bachman admitted "we possess very little knowledge in regard to the habits of this little Shrew. The first specimen we saw was obtained in the swamps that border the Santee River... whilst digging through grounds nearly overflowed with water. Another was obtained in a singular manner. [A] huntsman brought in some wild ducks, and among the rest a hooded merganser. There was a protuberance on the throat of this bird, appearing as if it had not fully swallowed some article of food at the time it was shot. On opening the throat, it was found to contain this little Shrew, which was fresh, and not in the least mutilated." <sup>40: 4</sup>

When Bachman found the Fox Squirrel (*sciurus niger niger linnaeus*), he called it by another name. "The Cat-Squirrel is rather a rare species, but is not very uncommon in the oak and hickory woods of Pennsylvania; we have seen it near Easton and York; it is found occasionally in Maryland and Virginia... In the northern parts of [New York] is exceedingly rare, as we only saw two pair during fifteen years' close observation. At certain seasons we have found these squirrels tolerably abundant in the markets of the city of New-York, and have ascertained that persons who had them for sale were aware of their superior value, as we were frequently charged 37½ cents for one, whilst the common gray squirrel could easily be purchased for 12½ cents." <sup>40: 104</sup>

Regarding the Canada Porcupine (*hystrix dorsata*), Bachman wrote, "In its movements it is the most sluggish of all our species... Under such circumstances the inquiry arises, what protection has this animal against the attack of the wolverene, the lynx, the wolf, and the cougar? and how

long will it be before it becomes totally exterminated? But a wise Creator has endowed it with powers by which it can bid defiance to the whole ferine race, the grizzly bear not excepted. If the skunk presents to its enemies a formidable battery, that stifles and burns at the same time, the Porcupine is clothed in an impervious coat of mail bristling with bayonets.

"We kept a living animal of this kind in a cage in Charleston for six months, and on many occasions witnessed the manner in which it arranged its formidable spines, in order to prove invulnerable to the attacks of its enemies." <sup>40: 186</sup>

Even the ferocious mountain lion, also known by the names of cougar or panther, got the worse for one encounter with a porcupine. One had fled to a barn in upstate New York, and was surprisingly easy to dispatch. "He showed no fight whatever. His mouth was found to be filled with the spines... probably the cause of his diminished wariness and ferocity, and would in all probability have finally caused his death." <sup>40: 260</sup>

Bachman's pet porcupine "was occasionally let out of its cage to enjoy the benefit of a promenade in the garden. It had become very gentle, and evinced no spiteful propensities; when we called to it, holding in our hand a tempting sweet-potato or an apple, it would turn its head slowly towards us, and give us a mild and wistful look, and then with stately steps advance and take the fruit from our hand. It then assumed an upright position, and conveyed the potato or apple to its mouth with its paws... It ate



A CONTENTED PORCUPINE  
AS DEPICTED BY KARL BODMER

almost any kind of vegetable we presented to it...

"If it found the door of our study open, it would march in, and gently approach us, rubbing its sides against our legs, and looking up at us as if supplicating for additional delicacies. We frequently plagued it in order to try its temper, but it never evinced any spirit of resentment by raising its bristles at us; but no sooner did Dog make his appearance, than in a moment it was armed at all points in defence. It would bend its nose downward, erect its bristles, and by a threatening sideway movement of the tail, give evidence that it was ready for the attack...

"We occasionally heard it during the night, uttering a shrill note, that might be called a low querulous shriek...

"The Indians residing in the North make considerable use of the quills of the Porcupine; moccasins, shot-pouches, baskets made of birch bark, &c., are ingeniously ornamented with them, for which purpose they are dyed of various bright colors."<sup>40: 186</sup>

Bachman had less luck turning an American Wild Cat (*lynx rufus*) into a house pet. "We once made an attempt at domesticating one of the young of this species, which we obtained when only two weeks old. It was a most spiteful, growling, snappish little wretch, and showed no disposition to improve its habits and manners under our kind tuition.

"We placed it in a wooden box, from which it was constantly striving to gnaw its way out. It, one night, escaped into our library, where it made sad work among the books, (which gave us some valuable lessons on the philosophy of patience, we could not have so readily found among our folios,) and left the marks of its teeth on the mutilated window-sashes. Finally, we fastened it with a light chain, and had a small kennel built for it in the yard. Here it was constantly... catching the young poultry, which it enticed within reach of its chain by leaving a portion of



THE COMMON DEER  
UNFAZED BY THE CRACK OF A HUNTER'S GUN

its food at the door of its house, into which it retreated until an opportunity offered to pounce on its unsuspecting prey..."<sup>40: 268</sup>

"The Raccoon (*procyon lotor*) is a cunning animal... It will adroitly pick its keeper's pockets of anything it likes to eat... No Negro on a plantation knows with more accuracy when the corn is juicy and ready for the connoisseur... [If] the stalks are too weak to bear the weight of these marauders, they generally break them down with their fore-paws, tear off the husks from the ears, and then munch them at their leisure... It generally visits the corn fields at night, sometimes feeds on the green corn during the day; we have seen it thus employed during the heat of summer, and it will occasionally enter a poultry house at midday, and destroy many of the feathered inhabitants, contenting itself with the head and blood of the fowls it kills..."<sup>40: 222</sup>

As part of one cool-headed, scientific description, Bachman recounted a particularly unnerving night on the trail. "The panther (*felis concolor*), or 'painter' as the Cougar is called, is a nocturnal animal more by choice than necessity... It steals upon its intended prey in the darkness of night, with a silent, cautious step, and with great patience...

"When the benighted traveller, or the wearied hunter may be slumbering in his rudely and hastily constructed bivouac at the foot of a huge tree, amid the lonely forest, his fire nearly out, and all around most dismal, dreary, and obscure, he may perchance be roused to a state of terror by the stealthy tread of the prowling Cougar; or his frightened horse, by its snortings and struggles to get loose, will awaken him in time to see the glistening eyes of the dangerous beast glaring upon him like two burning coals.

"Lucky is he then, if his coolness does not desert him, if his trusty rifle does not miss, through his agitation, or snap for want of better flint; or well off is he, if he can frighten away the savage beast by hurling at him a blazing brand from his nearly extinguished camp-fire. For, be sure the animal has not approached him without the gnawing hunger – the desire for blood, engendered by long fasting and gaunt famine..."<sup>40: 260</sup>

"In our boyhood, whilst residing in the northern part of New-York, forty-eight years ago, on our way to school through a wood, a Cougar crossed the path not ten yards in front of us. We had never before seen this species, and it was even at that early period, exceedingly rare in that vicinity... A small terrier that accompanied us gave chase to the animal, which, after running about a hundred yards, mounted an oak and rested on one of its limbs about twenty feet from the ground. We approached and raised a loud whoop, when he sprang to the earth and soon made his escape. He was, a few days afterwards, hunted by the neighbors and shot."<sup>40: 262</sup>

"The Virginian, or as we wish to designate it, the Common Deer (*cervus virginianus*) is the only large

animal, if we except the bear, that is not driven from the vicinity of man by... the crack of the hunter's rifle." <sup>40: 282</sup>

Referring to American Elk (*cervus canadensis*), Audubon wrote, "When we first settled (as it is termed) in the State of Kentucky [in 1810], some of these animals were still to be met with; but at present [1847] we believe none are to be found within hundreds of miles of our then residence." <sup>40: 274</sup>

"The Black Bear (*ursus americanus*) is a capital climber, and now and then houses itself in the hollow trunk of some large tree for weeks together during the winter, when it is said to live by sucking its paws... [In actuality, it] feeds on so many nuts and well-tasted roots and berries, that its meat is considered a great delicacy, and in the city of New York have generally found its market price three or four times more than the best beef per pound. The fore-paw of the bear when cooked presents a striking resemblance to the hand of a child or young person, and we have known some individuals to be hoaxed by its being represented as such." <sup>40: 212</sup>

The Buffalo (*bos americanus*) in the form of a large bull, "will generally weigh nearly two thousand pounds... Although large, heavy, and comparatively clumsy, the Bison is at times brisk and frolicsome, and these huge animals often play and gambol about, kicking their heels in the air with surprisingly agility, and throwing their hinder parts to the right and left alternatively... their heels the while flying about and their tails whisking in the air..."

"The scrapings of the skins, we were informed, are sometimes boiled with berries, and make a kind of jelly which is considered good food in some cases by the Indians. The strips cut off from the skins are sewed together and make robes for the children, or caps, mittens, shoes, &c. The bones are pounded fine with a large stone and boiled, the grease which rises to the top is skimmed off and put into bladders. This is the favourite and famous marrow grease, which is equal to butter. The sinews are used for stringing their bows, and are a substitute for thread; the intestines are eaten, the shoulder-blades made into hoes, and in fact nothing is lost or wasted..." <sup>40: 294</sup>

While describing the Black Footed Ferret (*putorius nigripes*), Bachman allowed himself a bit of political complaining:

"It is with great pleasure that we introduce this handsome new species; it was procured by Mr. [Alexander] Culbertson [partner in the American Fur Company at its trading post in Fort Union in eastern Montana] on the lower parts of the Platte River... not observed by any travellers, from Lewis and Clark to the present day... There has never yet been a Government expedition properly organized, and sent forth to obtain all the details, which such a party, allowed time enough for thorough investigation, would undoubtedly bring back... Nor do we think it at all probable that Government will attend to such matters for a long time to come. We must

therefore hope that private enterprise will gradually unfold the zoological, botanical, and mineral wealth of the immense territories we own but do not yet occupy." <sup>40: 238</sup>

As Audubon's business agent, Bachman stored the precious, original paintings in his home; dispatched them to the engravers and publishers in London; used these samples to extract a minimum of \$300 advance payment from well-heeled subscribers; <sup>510:87</sup> kept up the account books; represented Audubon in court; <sup>510:122</sup> set aside a room for him to use as his studio while in the South; bought art supplies and forwarded them to Audubon while he was away on expedition; lobbied politicians and other patrons; smoothed ruffled feathers amongst Audubon's rivals in Philadelphia; shipped out early portfolios; and arranged on behalf of many clients for the pages' eventual binding into book form.

*The Birds of America* sold in 87 sets of five plates at a time. Because Audubon insisted on drawing life-sized such large birds as the bald eagle and the wild turkey, the paper sheets measured 39" x 26" and were nicknamed "double-elephants." Compared to most efforts in publishing, the pages stood out as gargantuan, but also resembled the fanning ears of an elephant every time one was turned.

Sets got packed into tin boxes and went out to subscribers at a steady pace, even though it took 11 years to complete the entire edition. The minimum price to each client, without even a portfolio case to hold all the prints, came to \$1,050, a small fortune in its time. <sup>398</sup> One of the earliest complete sets of the birds sold to John Jacob Astor, the German immigrant who had settled in New York and made a fortune in the fur trade. <sup>469: 410</sup>

In 1839, John Bachman urged Audubon to make editions of both the birds and the animals that would be affordable to ordinary people. These were printed on imperial folio paper, and the designation Royal Octavo refers to the eight 10¼" x 6⅞" panels folded and trimmed out of the special, oversized sheets. <sup>547</sup>



THE AMERICAN BUFFALO  
FROM THE FIRST DEPICTION IN EUROPE, 1651

John Woodhouse reduced Audubon's drawings using the camera lucida method. Its state-of-the-art optical lens gave perfectly accurate reproductions that left little room for misinterpretation. John Bowen concentrated on the lithography, printing and coloring at his Philadelphia publishing company, although the lithographers Nagel and Weingartner were called upon to contribute a few of the images. By November 1839, Bachman reviewed the work and loved it. <sup>469: 410</sup>

The Royal Octavo Birds, also nicknamed by Audubon as "The Birds in Miniature," sold out briskly at \$100 per set, less than one-tenth the price of the original giants. <sup>683</sup>

The book of animals was produced in three volumes, specifically in 1845, 1846 and 1848. The first Royal Octavo volume was issued in 1849, while the third and final reached the public in 1854. <sup>547</sup>

As coach and art critic, Bachman had to constantly nag Audubon to do his best. This proved especially difficult when managed by slow and unreliable long-distance letters.

"You must hammer away at the squirrels and set traps for the mice. Aye, my friend, you must turn mouse catcher. Remember they run about at night." <sup>510:190</sup> Too often, Audubon completed a set of animal portraits only to fail showing the features that set the species apart. <sup>510:198</sup> "The ever varying Squirrels seem sent by Satan himself to puzzle the Naturalists," felt Bachman, in consolation. <sup>40: ix</sup>

Bachman also wrote many long, informative and inspirational letters to Audubon. <sup>510:81</sup>

"I am just thinking had I the wings of your great eagle and could go at the usual rate of a mile a minute, I would just be in time to pounce down upon you all at breakfast... What a treat to shake you all by the hand and look over your drawings..." <sup>510:102</sup>

Whenever together, the patient pastor gave his partner bird-song lessons, but always doubted whether or not they became engraved on the memory. <sup>510:115</sup>

For all these labors, Bachman took no salary or any part of the profit from the subscriptions. <sup>510:78</sup> What he did want was pure scientific knowledge, and the undisputed claim of authorship.

After working with Audubon for nearly two years on *The Quadrupeds*, Bachman felt a momentary temptation to quit. South Carolina College offered him \$3,000 a year, a princely sum, to become its president. Bachman declined, saying that preaching and nature made staying in Charleston still too enjoyable. <sup>40: xii</sup>

"Our American zoology is very defective," Bachman joked in a letter to Audubon's son. "A new Rat! a new Bat! – God bless us! I am almost crazy!... Possibly the only way that I shall ride to immortality will be on the back of a mole or rat." <sup>510:111</sup>



### The Rewards of Discipline

Although Audubon could find no friends or admirers among Pennsylvania's scientific elite, Bachman published separate studies of rabbits, mice, shrews and squirrels that were highly esteemed throughout the intellectual community. Even Charles Pickering of the Philadelphia Academy praised Bachman's work "as the most important contribution to North American Mammalogy that has yet appeared." <sup>510:129</sup> George Ord, a long-time nemesis of Audubon, heaped praise on Bachman's paper "Changes of Color in Birds and Quadrupeds" and quickly accepted it for publication by the American Philosophical Society. <sup>510:151</sup>

During a visit shortly thereafter to Europe, Bachman labored for sixteen days non-stop in London at the British Museum, making definitive descriptions of several rare animal skins in their collection that had long been overlooked. After giving a formal evening lecture at the Museum of the British Zoological Society on 14 August 1838, Bachman received a high honor from the society's curator George R. Waterhouse who unveiled the newly named *Lepus Bachmani*, or "Bachman's Rabbit." <sup>510:161</sup>

Bachman crossed over the English Channel to the Continent on 16 August. With his "shattered and declining health" in 1838, Bachman believed that he would soon die. <sup>528: 34</sup> This scientific expedition to the museums of Europe would be his last chance to visit both the homeland of the German language and of his forefathers in Switzerland. <sup>510:162</sup>

While Bachman was growing up, his parents spoke English in the house, and only the many Lutheran parishioners at his new home in South Carolina made learning German inevitable. In fact, his late-blooming fluency impressed hosts throughout Prussia and Bavaria. <sup>510:163</sup>

Throughout the entire trip, Bachman kept a journal but it was later destroyed by the federal rape of Charleston during the Civil War. <sup>528: 33</sup> Beginning in Hamburg on 17 August, Bachman made his way to Berlin and then Prague. Even though Switzerland's larger natural history museum might have merited a visit at the capital in Bern, Bachman preferred to concentrate entirely on Lake Zürich.

The horseback ride from Munich brought him there by six a.m. on 15 September. He and a travelling companion, Christopher Happoldt, immediately checked in for some much-needed rest at the *Goldenes Kronenhof*, what they translated as The Golden Crown Inn.

Bachman, however, could not rest until he tracked down a leading professor of natural history at the Zoological Museum, located in the city's back district on Augustiner Alley. Begun in 1634 as an outgrowth of a library and chamber arts gallery at the landmark Wasserkirche, the *Naturforschende Gesellschaft* owed its renown to the 18<sup>th</sup> Century naturalist Johannes Gessner,



who had made it into one of the notable cultural institutions of central Europe.

When Bachman arrived, a recent inventory of the entire collection by the University of Zürich tallied 500 stuffed mammals, 2200 birds, 400 reptiles, 4,000 insects, 300 crabs, 1,500 mollusks and 100 skeletons.<sup>712</sup>

Unfortunately, Bachman had to settle for speaking to the professor's assistant, P. Ocen, who explained that the convening of 600 naturalists in Freiburg had lured his superior away only days earlier. The two Americans toured the gracious Botanical Gardens, and remained beside Lake Zürich for another two days before heading off to Freiburg for the conference.<sup>409: 174</sup> Richterswil and Old Castle sat due south, only a short boat trip or wagon ride away.

As the only American naturalist in attendance, Bachman was invited to speak on "the progress and present state of Natural Science in the United States." He teased his audience with the news that thirty new species

of animals awaited in the pipeline of scholarly publication, even though he new personally that the number was far – almost unbelievably – higher.<sup>510:162</sup>

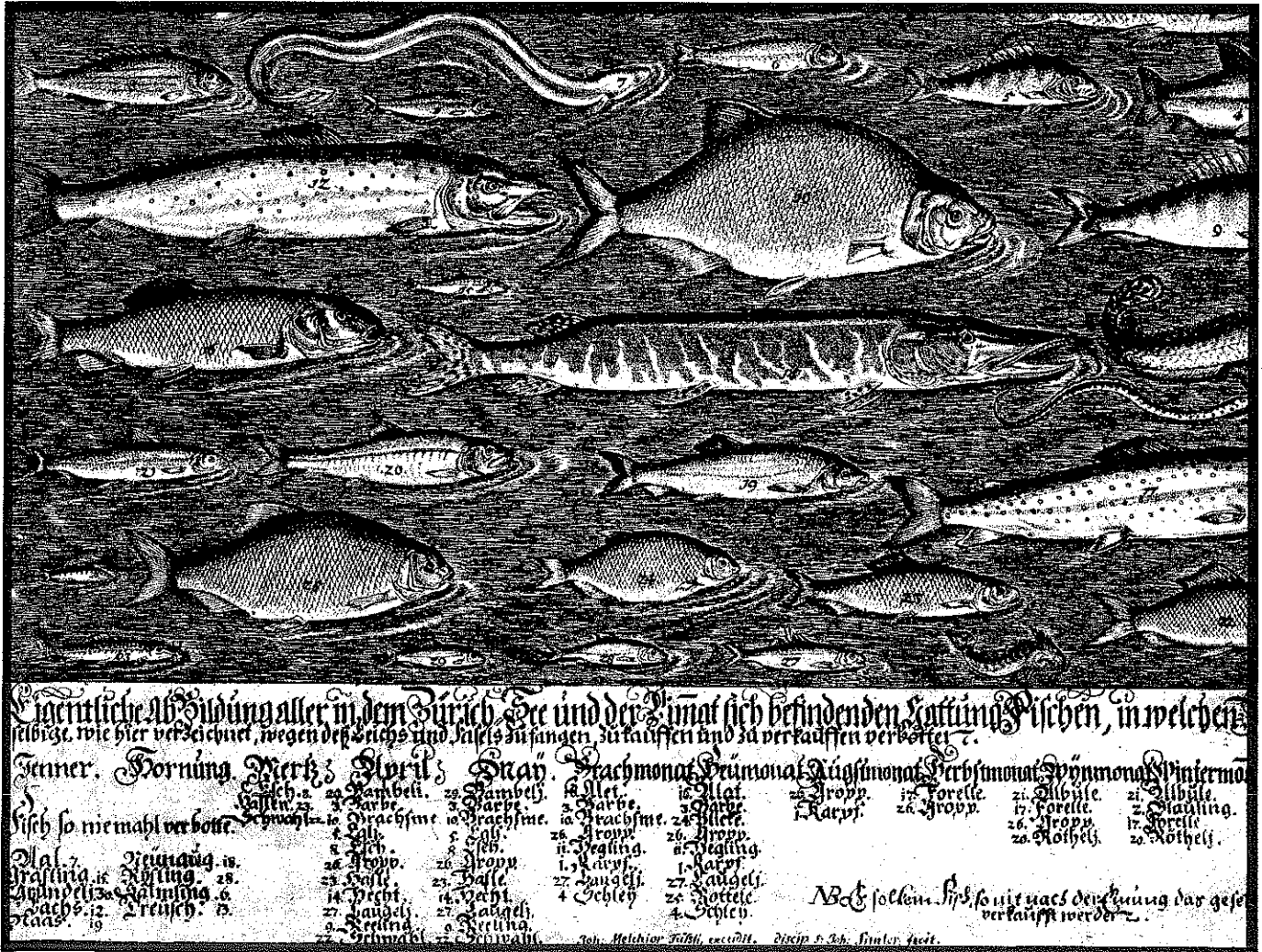


The Water's Healing Powers

Back in America, the splicing of their two families became so complete that a pair of Bachman daughters married Audubon's sons, with Pastor Bachman himself performing the ceremonies in June of 1837 and December of 1839.<sup>510:152 & 172</sup>

His most strikingly beautiful daughter, Julia Bachman, kept a noble apartness from the fashions she saw in New York whenever the family went to visit the Audubons.

"You should see the Ladies in Broadway," she wrote to her sister back in South Carolina, "all dressed off in the



THE FISH OF LAKE ZÜRICH  
AN 18<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY INVENTORY OF EVERY SPECIES KNOWN

most splendid style. They seem to turn up their noses at everything but Silks or Satins." They were "the most tasteless set of people" that Julia had ever seen. "Oh dear, I have no patience with them." <sup>510:195</sup>

In the summer of 1847, Julia fell ill with consumption, and it was decided by the family that the mineral waters of Red Sulphur Springs in western Virginia might give her relief. <sup>528: 36</sup>

A widely circulated pamphlet written by the proprietor William Burke boasted of the water's healing power in Monroe County, near the traces of old Fort Baughman by the Greenbrier River. Since construction fifteen years earlier, accommodations at the resort had been much enlarged, including space for 220 visitors along with their servants and horses. All in all, families were promised to find Burke "a humane and considerate entertainer."

"In that species of pulmonary disease attended by hemorrhages, unless the energies of life are completely exhausted, it never fails to afford relief. Sometimes, when the pulse beats 110 to 115, and the emaciated figure of the patient too plainly indicates the ravages made by repeated hemorrhages, and the unavailing efforts of physicians to arrest them, he comes to the Red Sulphur, drinks about four quarts of the water in twenty-four hours, lives upon plain farinaceous articles of diet, takes all the exercise his case will admit, and at the end of that brief period, his pulse falls to eighty or eighty-five; his spirits revive, he continues daily to improve, and almost invariably, to gain a pound in weight every day. At the expiration of fifteen days, he becomes renovated, and pours forth his gratitude, by extolling the virtues of the waters on every occasion.

"In the early stage of genuine physical consumption, it will arrest its progress; and, by repeating the visit annually, and using the utmost self-denial, life may be protracted for many years, and rendered comparatively comfortable; but in the later stages, it is vain to hope for relief from any earthly remedy; and it is therefore unwise to remove from the consolations and comforts of home the unfortunate patient, whose approaching dissolution is apparent to all except himself and his nearest relatives." <sup>605</sup>

The name of the waters derived from "a peculiar sulphur compound which is held in solution. It is separated in the form of a jelly by atmospheric air and also by acids. Mixed with a small quantity of common water and raised to a temperature of eighty degrees, this compound decomposes and gives off a powerful odor. But the spring water itself is colorless and transparent." <sup>403</sup>

"Wending his way around a high mountain, the weary traveller is for a moment charmed out of his fatigue by the sudden view of his resting-place, some hundreds of feet immediately beneath him. Continuing the circuitous descent, he at length reaches a ravine.. surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains. The south end of this enchanting vale, which is the widest portion of it, is about two hundred feet in width... [and] is the chosen site of the

village. The Spring is situated at the southwest point of the valley, and the water is collected into two white marble fountains... The water of the spring is clear and cool, its temperature being fifty-four [degrees] Fahrenheit." <sup>523</sup>

Her father and her sister accompanied Julia by coach. John wrote after the first leg of their journey, "I am just looking out of my windows on the grand, beautiful, romantic & lovely scenes around me in this sweet valley surrounded with mountains covered to their highest peaks with rich & varied foliage but alas how different in the scenes in the building round me...How terrible is consumption – Holding on with a deadly grasp... & relinquishing only its fatal power when life is extinct. How sad this beautiful garden of earth – deformed with graves & monuments of the dead." <sup>510:206</sup>

"Our family has suffered so much... One by one my children have been attacked and swept to the grave." <sup>528: 52</sup>

When Julia succumbed after another couple of days, John Bachman wrote, "In the whole of my long ministry I have never witnessed so triumphant a death." <sup>510:206</sup> Julia Bachman was buried in a little Virginia cemetery just a couple of miles out in the countryside from the resort.

Six months before *The Quadrupeds* could be completed, Audubon died. Bachman persevered through 26 March 1852, when he could report "the last animal on hand was described five minutes ago. I threw my hat to the ceiling, kicked books, papers, rabbit and squirrel skins and bats about the room, and felt that the nightmare of some years was off my breast." <sup>510:210</sup>



### *Blood Intermingled in the Ozarks*

Gideon Baughman, the son of John Baughman (1774), youngest brother of Henry (1809) and uncle to Peter (1830), relocated to Crooked Creek in 1840, some seven miles east of, or "below," the present site of Harrison, Arkansas. Gideon loved to tell stories, and was one of the favorite interview subjects of Ozark newspaperman and life-long friend Silas Claborn Turnbo. Following are extracts from several different tales that they shared in the company of Pete as the 19<sup>th</sup> Century gave way to the 20<sup>th</sup>. <sup>560</sup>

Gideon Baughman was nearly twenty years old when he first saw Crooked Creek with its then beautiful prairie, valleys and nutritious grass. His principal occupation was hunting, and some of his experiences on this famed water course are interesting.

"There were a few scattering Buffalo here when I come but I never saw any. What were seen here by others were traveling westward.

"There were plenty of elk horns lying scattered around in the woods. I had the pleasure of killing one elk on

Crooked Creek about four miles below where Harrison is. He carried a very large set of horns. The beams were the size of a man's arms, with ten points on each beam. The elk ran a short distance after I shot it before it fell."

Peter Baughman, the old pioneer citizen and hunter of Boone County, Arkansas, said that on a certain occasion while he and Isaac Carter were hunting together on Crooked Creek, he had seen Carter shoot a deer.

"When it fell, Carter run to it with knife in hand and cut its throat, severing the wind pipe entirely. In a moment, after he did the work, the deer leaped to its feet and run a quarter of a mile and fell, but it was not dead when we got to it. It died in a short time afterward," said the old timer and hunter.

"It was customary among the hunters to go out just before daylight and lie in wait for deer on their passway, and many fat bucks have been slaughtered in this way," said Gideon.

"One morning in the early fall season I rose out of bed before daybreak and took my gun and went out south of the creek to kill a deer. Finding a spot where I could obtain a good view around me I seated myself and waited for a deer to show up. But none approached me.

"Soon after daylight I heard a lot of wolves howling a few hundred yards distant. Of course it was common to hear wolves howl then at any time almost, but there seemed to be lots of them that morning. The country was not covered with brush then like it is now and one could see some distance around. When I first heard them I thought of going back to the house but I changed my mind and remained longer. The wolves kept howling and their noise grew louder and I knew they were approaching me. Directly, I saw them come in sight of me. I felt then like I wanted to be up a tree, but concluded I would try to kill one first and then climb a tree if it was necessary.

"The wolves continued to approach me until I could see them all plain, and I counted eighteen. They were about equally divided between black and gray. When they had all advanced in about sixty yards of my position, I shot and killed a black one. At the report of the gun, the others ran and scattered and I heard nothing more of them. But mind you, I did not stay there long enough to find out whether they would return to interview me again or not; but after scalping the dead wolf I went back home at a faster gait than I was used to traveling.

"As to bear," said Gideon Baughman, "there were



THE BAUGHMAN FAMILY HOME IN PROTEM, TANEY COUNTY, MISSOURI, CIRCA 1870  
HENRY (BORN 1809), HIS SECOND WIFE REBECCA, PETER W. (1830), PETE JR. (1864) AND ESTHER (1844)

plenty of them here, too, which roamed up and down the creek and across the beautiful prairie hollows. What little land was in cultivation was mostly planted in corn and Bruin generally made his appearance in time to consume a part of the crop. If there were any hogs nearby he would sure mix a little pork with his corn. Like saving sheep from wolves, it was hard to save hog and hominy on account of the bears.

"I well remember an incident relating to a bear which occurred here a long time ago. My brother, William Baughman, settled on the creek one mile above me. After he put up a log cabin and had moved into it, he cleared and fenced a small piece of ground and planted it in corn. The fence was poor, not fitten to turn anything away when they wanted to go in.

"William owned a fine sow which brought ten beautiful pigs which thrived and growed fast until they were fine shoats. The corn crop was not disturbed until about the first of July when some of the shoats took to the field. By roasting-ear time the entire bunch invaded the patch of corn and commenced destroying it. About this time, a bear began to visit the corn also and commenced



A DISCOURAGED PIONEER OF THE OZARKS  
DEPICTED BY THE GERMAN EXPLORER FRIEDRICH. GERSTÄCKER

killing the shoats as well as devouring roasting ears. Bruin soon reduced the number of shoats down to three. William said he tried to shoot the bear on a few occasions but it was too wild. My brother grieved hard over the loss of his hogs.

"One morning I went up to his house and found him in the 'mullygrubs.' He was down in the mouth as the old saying is, and I could not cheer him up; but he said, 'Gid, I am going to kill that bear in the morning.'

"That night, the bear returned and killed another shoat which left him the sow and only two shoats. Bill was now exasperated as well as down-hearted, and he determined to waylay Bruin late in the afternoon and shoot it while it was on its way back into the field. So in the afternoon, he loaded his gun with a heavy charge of powder and ball and went up on the hillside above the field where the bear passed back and forth. Bill stationed himself behind a black oak tree and waited a long time for the appearance of Bruin.

"The evening was cloudy and misting rain. It was just the sort of weather for wild animals to be poking their noses into something where they had no business. Shortly before night, Bill caught a glimpse of Bruin coming toward him and he hugged the tree, on the opposite side from the bear, pretty close. When the bear was in thirty steps of him it snorted loud.

"Bill thought the bear had seen him and had snorted to signal him that he was coming, and to get out of his way or he would devour him on the spot. My brother's imagination got the better of him and, throwing down his gun, he left the tree and fled toward the house. As the man left his concealment, the bear saw him and Bill heard him utter several more loud snorts.

"Bill ran like a deer until he reached the creek where he stopped and wondered what made him run so, and thought if he was back at the tree he would not run again. But he dared not go back, and went on to the house.

"Next morning, he ventured back and recovered his gun which was wet with rain. The bear finished up the remainder of his hogs before it quit. I and Peter Baughman and Bill Wilson had all the fun out of my brother we wanted about running from the bear."

"Gideon said that when him and his father come here nearly all the Indians were gone, but a big Indian story was going the rounds of the settlers. The substance of which was that there is a mine on Buffalo [River] which the Indians called the Silver Cave. The Indians reported that there were two leads of silver ore in this cavern, that one lead had been worked thirty feet and the other twenty. The Indians claimed that the mouth of the cave was so well concealed that it was hardly possible for the whites to discover it.

"Two Indians of the names of John and Alpherd proposed to reveal the exact locality of this mine to two white men named John Smith and William Ashbrand

provided the chief who lived in Shawneetown [present-day Yellville in Marion County] gave his consent." When the Indians asked the chief refused, saying, "If you reveal the whereabouts of this cave I will put you both to death and I will also slay the two white men."

"I am not vouching for the truth of this tale, but tell it to you as I heard it when I come here in 1841," said Pete.

Gideon began digging a mine across from the old Milam burial ground. From Gideon's feverish dream, the place became known as Silver Valley.<sup>360 & 64: 149</sup>



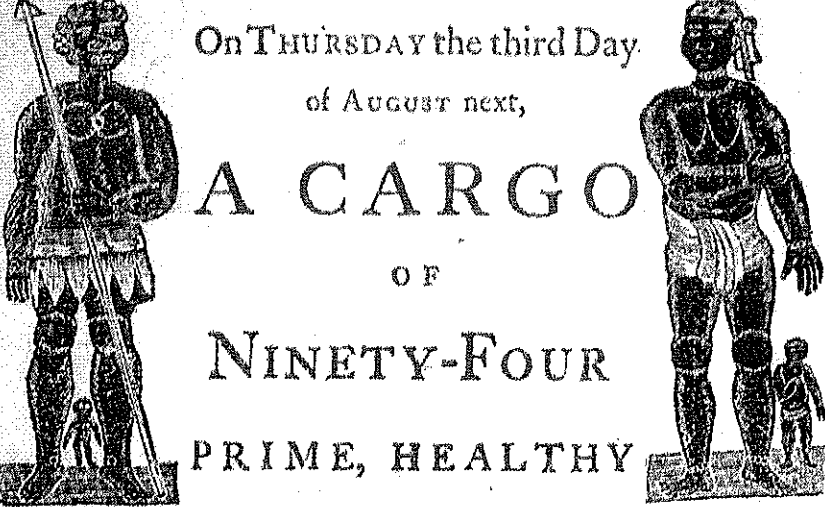
LONG JAKES, DEPICTED BY CHARLES DEAS IN 1846

*Charlestown, July 24th, 1769.*

T O B E S O L D,

On THURSDAY the third Day  
of August next,

A C A R G O  
O F  
N I N E T Y - F O U R  
P R I M E , H E A L T H Y



N E G R O E S ,

C O N S I S T I N G O F

Thirty-nine MEN, Fifteen BOYS,  
Twenty-four WOMEN, and  
Sixteen GIRLS.

J U S T A R R I V E D,  
In the Brigantine *DEMBIA*, *Francis Bare*, Master, from SIERRA-  
LEON, by

D A V I D & J O H N D E A S .

THE TRAFFIC IN SLAVES DURING COLONIAL TIMES  
WHEREIN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, FILLED WITH MORE BLACKS THAN WHITES



JOHANNES AND A GEORG BACHMAN came to America at the beginning of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century, and brought with them a deep and abiding disdain for war. For just such stands, the civil authorities in Europe punished their Mennonite brethren in many ways.

These uncompromising values caused the first formal protest against American slavery, which had also come from Mennonites.

As a long persecuted faith, the

Mennonites knew well about chains, having been locked away in prisons and clamped to oars as galley slaves. Pointing out hypocrisy in the governor's own church turned out to be a very untactful way of introducing themselves, but on 18 February 1688, they presented their views in writing before a Quaker assembly in Germantown, Pennsylvania.<sup>594: 13</sup>

"This is to ye Monthly Meeting held at Rigert Worrells. These are the reasons why we are against the traffick of mens-body, as followeth:

"Is there any that would be done or handled at this manner? Viz. To be sold or made a slave for all the time of his life? How fearful & fainthearted are many on sea when they see a strange vassel being afraid it should be a Turck, and they should be tacken and sold for Slaves in Turkey. Now what is this better done as Turcks doe?

"Yea, rather is it worse for them, wch say they are Christians for we hear, that ye most part of such Negers are brought heither against their will & consent, and that many of them are stollen. Now tho' they are black, we cannot conceive there is more liberty to have them slaves, as it is to have other white ones.

"There is a saying, that we shall doe to all men, licke as we will be done our selves: macking no difference of what generation, descent, or Colour they are. And those who steal or robb men, and those who buy or purchase

them, are they no all alicke?

"Here is liberty of Conscience, wch is right & reasonable, her ought to be lickewise liberty of ye body, except of evildoers, wch is an other case. But to bring men hither, or to robb and sell them against their will, we stand against.

"In Europe, there are many oppressed for Conscience sacke; and her there are those oppressed wch are of a black Colour. And we, who know that men must not commit adultery, some do commit adultery in others, separating wifes from their husbands, and giving them to others and some sell the children of those poor Creatures to other men.

"Oh, doe consider well this things, you who doe it, if you would be done at this manner? And if it is done according to Christianity? You surpass Holland and Germany in this thing.

"This mackes an ill report in all those Countries of Europe, where they hear off, that ye Quackers doe here handel men, Licke they handel there ye Cattle; and for that reason some have no mind or inclination to come hither.

"And who shall maintaine this your cause or plaid for it!

"Truely we can not do so except you shall inform us better hereoff, viz. That Christians have liberty to practise this things. Pray!

"What thing in the world can be done worse towarts us then if men should robb or steal us sway & sell for slaves to strange Countries, separating housband from their wife & children. Being how this is not done at that manner we will be done at, therefore we contradict & are against this traffick of mens body. And we who profess that it is not lawfull to steal, must lickewise avoid to purchase such things as are stolen, but rather help to stop this robbing and stealing if possible and such men ought to be delivered out of ye hands of ye Robbers and set free as well as in Europe.

"Then is Pensilvania to have a good report, in stead it



A COLONIAL PRINTING SHOP'S ENTICEMENT  
 TO BUY FROM "A CHOICE SELECTION OF SERVANTS"

hath now a bad one for this sake in other Countries. Especially whereas ye Europeans are desirous to know in what manner ye Quackers doe rule in their Province & most of them doe loock upon us with an envious eye. But if this is done well, what shall we say, is don evil?

“If once these slaves (wch they say are so wicked, and stubborn men) should joint themselves, fight for their freedom and handel their masters & mastrisses, as they did handel them *before*; will these masters & mastrisses tacke the sword at hand & warr against these poor slaves, licke we are able to believe, some will not refuse to doe? Or have these negers not as much right to fight for their freedom, as you have to keep them slaves?

“Now consider well this thing, if it is good or bad? And in case you find it to be good to handel these blacks at that manner, we desire & require you hereby lovingly that you may informe us herein, which at this time never was done, viz. That Christians have Liberty to do so, to the end we shall be satisfied in this point, & satistie lickwise our good friends & acquaintances in our natif Country, to whose it is a terrour or fearfull thing that men should be handeld so in Pensilvania...” 472: 5-7

Anxious to avoid such a complicated issue, the Quakers did not react to the Mennonites’ plea. 594: 13

“Having inspected ye matter above mentioned & considered it we finde it so weighty that we think it not Expedient for us to meddle with it here...” 472: 8



### *Bound in Service*

The first cargo of African slaves had arrived in America by 1619, being 20 shipped to Jamestown, but such labor would not be part of an economically profound force for another 60 years. 69: 32

From their very first though, colonists worried about mixing between the races. An early court record in Virginia, circa 1630, reads:

“Hugh Davis to be soundly whipt before an assembly of Negroes and others for abusing himself to the dishonour of God and shame of Christianity by defiling his body in lying with a Negro, which fault he is to acknowledge next Sabbath day.”

Mulattoes were already being recorded as being of an “abominable mixture.” 69: 33

The practice importing German indentured servants created a problem of legal definition for Virginia’s landowners. Should the purchase of Africans ever be considered temporary, as it was with Europeans? In 1670, the first clarification on slavery stipulated that “all servants not being Christians” who were brought into the colony by sea were to be slaves for the rest of their

natural lives. 69: 33

Some slaves were bought back into freedom by relatives or interested outsiders, but it was also legally possible for slaves to amass their own earnings from private initiative. In North Carolina, they could keep their own garden patches for corn or other crops, and keep the profits from selling it at market. 69: 36

Caswell County, a slave named Millie who belonged to Nathaniel Lea, sold eggs, chickens, butter, ice cream and various quilts and linens that she stitched together herself for a savings of over \$1500. The North Carolina Supreme Court ruled that Master Lea had allowed the system to develop beyond the desired extent. 69: 37

Freed slaves often remained in the area where they had previously lived in servitude. They purchased land, businesses, became cultured and some of them even owned slaves. Until 1723, they could freely vote in Virginia, up until 1799 in Kentucky, and until 1835 in North Carolina. Free Negroes helped shape the state constitution of Tennessee in 1796. 69: 42

According to one piece of well-liked, common wisdom, slavery was milder in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia than anywhere else in the colonial south. In this version of history, Germans avoided slavery altogether, due to their own unhappy history with enchainment; and since most English and Scots-Irish farms remained modest-sized, any African servants there worked side-by-side with their owners and became best friends. 360: 114

The African population among German Mennonites remained lower than among the English. Beyond the Blue Ridge in Virginia during the 1750s, it never rose above four percent. Certainly the intermingled Scots-Irish accounted for some of this slave ownership, but the Germans did, too. 360: 17 A century later, however, the black population turned into 20 percent in the Valley, and 50 percent in Virginia east of the Blue Ridge. 360: 115

One of the most exceptional of these people from the era of the French and Indian War was Edward Tarr, a free black man from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He could read German without difficulty, and his white wife had been born in Scotland. In those early days, his blacksmith shop along the Great Wagon Road served as the only place for repairs between Staunton and Lexington.

One unhappy day, the county court in Augusta, Virginia, ordered that the severed head of a rebellious slave be displayed on the road that led to Tarr’s shop. Soon thereafter, Tarr moved his business and family to Staunton.

In 1763, the Shenandoah Valley pioneer and Presbyterian minister John Craig got into trouble for kidnaping a free black and holding him in bondage. The county court gave leave for the man to return to his home county to gather evidence, and he came back with a deposition identifying him as the son of a free white



woman, that he had by then turned 21-years-old and was therefore free.

Even the influential Henkels of New Market, Virginia, partook in slavery, with Samuel renting an African for a whole year, and the Lutheran pastor Socrates Henkel buying a 12-year-old black boy to be his servant. <sup>360: 128</sup>

During the Revolution, religious outsiders in Virginia suffered harassment, fines, beatings and imprisonment if they insisted on being pacifists or in opposing slavery. Any white man who refused to take an oath – which was a particular problem for Mennonites and Methodists – automatically brought his honor into question. <sup>360: 63</sup>

The Brethren pastor John Kline observed that worldly desires blinded “seemingly good and reasonable people” who attempted to justify the owning of slaves with quotations from Scripture. Mennonites and other Anabaptists did not so much rail against their neighbors habits, emphasizing avoidance over reform. <sup>360: 145</sup>

Many examples exist of plain families who had to leave their community’s fellowship if they persisted in owning slaves. <sup>360: 141</sup> Joseph Funkhouser bought and sold a black child to a slave trader, but also received “an interesting session” of reprimand from his Frederick County neighbors. <sup>360: 145</sup> In one case, a whole family of slaves became part of a woman’s inheritance, but arrangements had to be pledged for their eventual emancipation if the preacher Layton J. Hansberger still wanted to be formally ordained by the Methodist church’s leadership.

Methodist circuit riders detested slavery and were eager to minister to blacks. <sup>360: 68</sup> Baptists welcomed blacks into fellowship, called them “brothers and sisters” and did not keep them from sitting with full equality in all business matters before the church. <sup>360: 130</sup>

In the minds of most Germans, what sense did it make for the English colonists to shout “Liberty or Death!” while keeping 750,000 Africans in chains? <sup>635: 221</sup>



### *The Virginian Line*

In the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, the Dunmore County Militia tallied its men on 29 May 1775, and among them were the father Henry Bouckman and his two sons Henry Bouckman, Jr. and John Bouckman. <sup>635: 221</sup>

In January 1776, the Dunmore Militia became integrated into the 8<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment, under the command of Colonel Peter Muhlenberg, Lt. Colonel Abraham Bowman and Major P. Helfenstein, who had all been given their ranks by Virginia during the previous month. By 13 February 1776, the whole unit became commissioned for Continental service.

The Boughman’s original militia commander (and next-door neighbor), Captain Jacob Holeman, called a meeting for all 112 men at his house on 26 February 1776. <sup>65: 112</sup>

John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg (1746-1807) had been born in the village of Trappe, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, half-way between Philadelphia and Reading. As the son of a prominent Lutheran pastor, he returned to be educated in Germany. Muhlenberg quickly tired of the academic life and instead joined a unit of German cavalry. He rose to become secretary of the regiment but his parents disapproved and they were able to secure him an early release.

Muhlenberg returned to America where he resumed his theological studies, becoming an ordained Lutheran pastor. Muhlenberg was also ordained in the Anglican Church and served a congregation of German immigrants in Virginia. Muhlenberg was a firm supporter of the American cause, and at the outbreak of the war, called upon his parishioners to join the revolution.

Muhlenberg based that farewell sermon on *Ecclesiastes* 3: “For everything there is a season and a time for every matter under heaven... a time for war, and a time for peace.” <sup>360: 50</sup>

“There is a time to preach and a time to fight, and now is the time to fight!” With those words, Muhlenberg pulled open his pastor’s robes to reveal the uniform of a Continental colonel. Three hundred members of his parish promptly enlisted. These men joined him as members of the 8<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment, made up primarily of German-Americans. <sup>700</sup>

Muhlenberg’s volunteers, the first to be sent out of the state, suffered heavy desertions during its march south to defend Charleston, South Carolina. <sup>360: 51</sup>

Meanwhile, a disturbing report on British tactics arrived with four redcoat deserters at the American headquarters in Cambridge, Massachusetts. On 3 December 1775, the British began forcing carefully selected, disloyal citizens to flee from Boston, only after having deliberately infected four of them “with a design to spread the Small-Pox among the Troops.” Seven days later, full-blown symptoms broke out in two families that had recently been evacuated. A youth named Thomas Francis later testified that at his master’s orders, he had departed Boston harbor after being inoculated with the disease, with the implication that he had helped spread the often fatal epidemic. <sup>198: 89</sup>

Well-documented outbreaks came home on leave with the Continental troops east of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, <sup>198: 109</sup> as well as in southeastern Pennsylvania, around Bethlehem, in upstate New York, and New London, Connecticut. <sup>198: 105</sup> Army outbreaks in January 1777 caused Washington to write “We should have more

to dread from it than from the Sword of the Enemy.” The British repeated their experiment with biological warfare in New Hampshire in April 1777.<sup>198: 92</sup>

To quarantine living victims of the pestilence, South Carolina had long ago established a “Pest House” on Sullivan’s Island just outside Charleston. There all incoming passengers remained for awhile, especially consignments of slaves from western Africa.<sup>198: 30</sup>

Back in Virginia, the commonwealth ordered the enrollment of all Mennonites and other religious dissenters for militia service in May 1776, and stipulated fines for noncompliance. The penalties grew even stiffer with new proclamations the following year for all who refused to drill or provide a substitute.<sup>360: 53</sup>



### *The Fight in South Carolina* 1776

A first campaign took the 8<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment south through the Carolinas and Georgia. On the 31 May 1776, 20 British ships appeared off South Carolina. Charleston was America’s fourth largest city, the Crown’s richest possession in North America and the only target of any consequence south of Philadelphia.

By the time the fleet appeared, the rebel fort on Sullivan’s Island which guarded the harbor was far from complete. In desperation, South Carolinians in the Continental Congress asked for reinforcements and a general to be sent to their state to assist in the defense. Troops under General Charles Lee were dispatched, but Lee was to serve only in an advisory role.

Lee was a veteran of European wars, and quite outspoken. When he saw the condition of the harbor defenses, he told South Carolina President Rutledge (the state’s chief executive) that the fort on Sullivan’s Island was untenable; “a slaughter pen” he called it. Rutledge refused to accept that judgement, writing William Moultrie, commander of the fort, “General Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort. You will not without an order from me. I will sooner cut off my hand than write one.” Workers forged ahead on the fort. By the end of June, the walls fronting the channel stood complete, but the rear was far from ready for an attack.

The American force within the fort came to 425 men, mostly of the Second South Carolina Regiment and a detachment from the 4<sup>th</sup> Regiment. Gunpowder was in short supply for the Americans. General Lee, thinking that the fort had little hope of surviving the British guns, limited the amount of gunpowder in the magazines. What powder remained was saved in preparation for a desperate defense of Charleston.

When the British fleet loosened their sails on the morning of the 28<sup>th</sup>, the patriots had only 28 rounds for each of their 26 guns. For this reason Moultrie ordered his men to wait 10 minutes between firing each round and to concentrate only on the ships nearest the fort. On the north end of the Island waited another 750 enlisted men and officers, making a total for the rebels of 1,175.

The British attacked with ten warships bristling with 262 cannons, another ten vessels to provide supplies and transportation, and just under 3,000 land troops. The British commander, Admiral Peter Parker, pressed local men familiar with the bay to guide their deep hulls into position. Poor timing left them run aground during low tide

The rebels’ fire was having a terrible effect on the ships. Every person on the quarterdeck of the *Bristol*, the flagship of the fleet, was killed or wounded. Lord William Campbell, South Carolina’s royal governor who manned a gun on that ship, was slashed by shrapnel, a wound which festered for two years and finally killed him. Commodore Parker was also wounded by a splinter which tore off his pants and “left his posteriors quite bare.” Another flying piece from an explosion wounded his knee and left him unable to walk without aid. The other ships also suffered a number of casualties.

A landing by Royal Marines turned back when deadly fire hit them point-blank, causing heavy casualties at the water’s edge. Three British vessels had become hopelessly marooned on the sand, and one of the Royal Navy’s newest and finest ships, the *Acteon*, had to be burned to keep it from falling into rebel use.

The battle of Sullivan’s Island was the first victory of the Patriot cause. A sizeable British fleet and army had been drubbed in a decisive way and British pride was seriously wounded. Word was rushed to Congress in Philadelphia by a single horse-borne messenger in a manner reminiscent of the battle of Marathon. As news spread throughout the nation, it fired the imagination and spirits of the revolution.

After seven more years and 214 battles, South Carolina had not been able to pay the highest per capita war debt in America, nearly five and a half million dollars.<sup>662</sup>



### *The Health of Men on the March* 1777

In early 1777, the 8<sup>th</sup> Virginian Regiment hoped to join Washington’s army in the north. Muhlenberg was promoted to brigadier general and given command of all the Virginia regiments, known in the army as the Virginia Line.<sup>700</sup>

The norm of American medicine during the 18<sup>th</sup> Century “was very uniform – bleeding, vomiting, blistering, purging, anodyne, etc. If the illness continued there was *repentendi*, and finally *murderandi*.”<sup>176: 8</sup>

To relieve the patient of an excess of bad blood and ill-defined bodily gasses called “humours,” doctors believed it vital to intervene. Pushing or drawing bad blood into one part of the body would at least get it away from the site of severe illness or injury.

One process called cupping would press a heated, air-tight vessel over the patient’s skin. The most common such cups consisted of thick, hand-blown glass, completed with an additional rounded glass lip. As air inside the vacuum cooled, it would pull up the skin, causing it to redden and swell, dilating the underlying blood vessels. A trained healer could then carefully massage the pooled blood off to other corners of the body without breaking the skin. Cupping had been a popular treatment in ancient Rome and throughout Asia, and became widely used once again amongst Europeans between the 17<sup>th</sup> to 19<sup>th</sup> centuries.<sup>607: 117</sup>

The slicing of a patient’s arteries with specially designed blades called fleams might come next. Bleeding off 20 to 40 ounces into a bowl stood as normal treatment, and it was not uncommon to drain much more.<sup>176: 9</sup>

The preferred sites on the patient’s body for bleeding included the backs of the hands, arm, ankle, jugular and those veins beneath the tongue. It was common to drain up to a pint of blood every 24 hours – for two days running or more. After surviving two wars and two terms as president, George Washington complained of an infected throat to his physician who then bled him of nine pints of blood in a 24-hour period.<sup>608: 10</sup>

Surgeons tried to keep their scalpels, saws, clamps and bullet extractors “clean, bright, in good order and in a drawer by themselves” and to carry “crooked needles of all sizes with shoemakers’ thread... and pins aplenty.”<sup>608: 62</sup>

Tooth decay was often not treated until complaints other than oral pain became too great. Tooth extraction, therefore, also served as a kind of cure for rheumatism, dyspepsia, epilepsy and fevers. George Washington’s lone remaining tooth was his lower left molar which served to help anchor different sets of false teeth that he had made.<sup>608: 40</sup>

A physician’s traveling medicine chest during the war might include calomel, mercury, opium, ipecac, rattlesnake root and Jesuit’s bark.<sup>176: 9</sup> To arrest tremors, physicians took a chance on deadly extracts from the roots and leaves of Nightshade, also known as Belladonna. Bitter Apple (*colocynth*) could purge the intestines. The bark of Prickly Ash (*xanthoxylum*) fought toothaches, colic and rheumatism. A dried fungus from rye grain called ergot treated cramps. The dried

seeds nicknamed Quaker Button came from *strychnose max vomica*, a source of strychnine.<sup>608: 23</sup> Prescriptions also commonly called for human urine.<sup>176: 8-9</sup>

Dosages might seldom be more consistent or accurate than “enough to lie on a penknife’s point,” “the bighth of a walnut,” or “a pretty draught.”<sup>176: 9</sup> After grinding the active ingredient into a fine powder with mortar and pestle, the medicines easiest to make, called Infusions, required boiling for ten minutes in water, and then a careful straining. If boiling destroyed the medicine’s potency, a slow simmering produced a Decoction. Resins and powders from oily plants might not dissolve readily in water and so were mixed with alcohol to produce Tinctures, distilled Spirits or sweetened Elixirs. Mixtures that proved insoluble by any other means were swallowed with spoons-full of honey.<sup>608: 25</sup>

A Swiss physician named Theodor Zwinger (1658-1724) wrote very influential books on herbal medicines at the close of the 17<sup>th</sup> Century, including *Theatrum Botanicum*,; *das ist, Vollkommenes Kräuter-Buch*. The early American publisher Christopher Sauer II drew heavily from it for several volumes of home remedy he published in Germantown, Pennsylvania, just outside Philadelphia.<sup>598: 5</sup>

On the treatment of stomach worms, typhoid fever or for any seizures, including those of epileptic strength, Zwinger, Sauer and the English author John Colbatch all agreed that the poisonous, parasitic vine Mistletoe (*viscum album*) should be administered in subtle but effective doses. In the warmer climates of the American South, it could be harvested most readily from its clinging to the upper branches of apple trees, although it was believed that powerfully different varieties grew on oak, willow and fir trees. Sharp-eyed hunters who ran out of luck in search of fur or fowl would salvage an empty-handed afternoon by shooting sprigs of mistletoe from otherwise leafless winter branches.

“Take mistletoe from an oak tree – stems, leaves and berries – and dry them gently in a bake oven. Grind them into a fine powder and give a full-grown adult as much as will fit upon a sixpence each morning before breakfast and each evening upon going to bed. But children should be given less according to their size or strength of constitution. Administer this three days before and three days after a full moon, and continue in this fashion for several months. This treatment has already helped many people, though they must first purge the stomach well with a good emetic. Furthermore, before being treated, the plethoric abounding in an overplus of blood should not neglect being bled. When a child has worms, give it mistletoe of oak in fresh milk in the morning before breakfast. Repeat this several days before the light of dawn.”<sup>598: 214</sup>

It has been employed in a wide variety of complaints derived from a weakened or disordered nervous system,

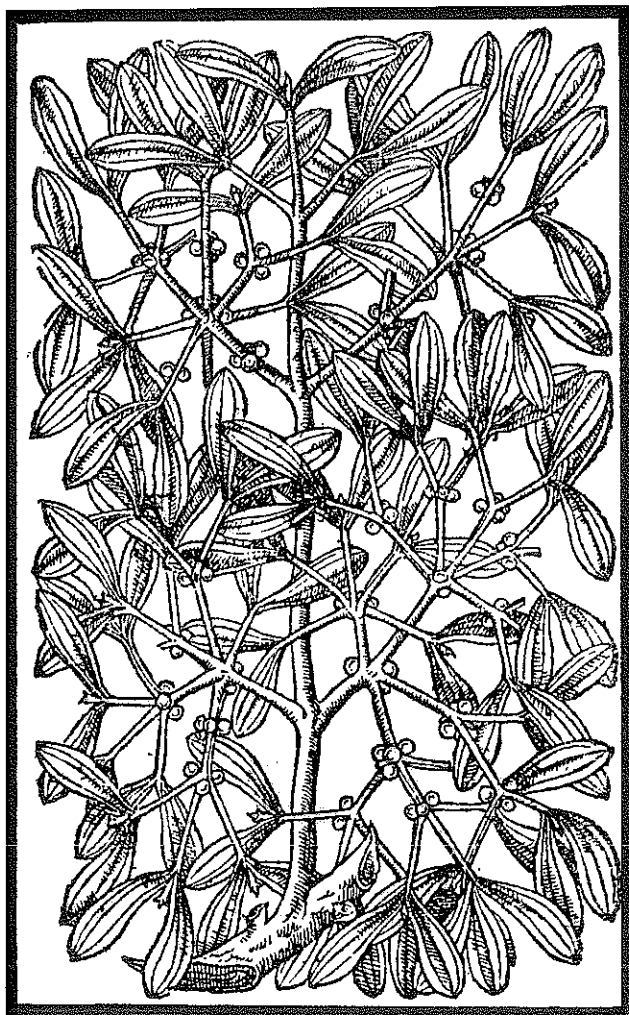
as well as headaches from high blood pressure.

“Besides the dried leaves being given powdered, or as an infusion [Pour a cup of boiling water onto 1-2 teaspoonfuls of the dried herb and leave to infuse for 10-15 minutes. Take three times a day.], they might be made into a tincture with spirits of wine, a decoction may be made by boiling two ounces of the bruised green plant with ½ pint of water, giving one tablespoonful for a dose three times a day. Ten to 60 grains of the powder may be taken as a dose, and homœopathists give five to ten drops of the tincture, with one or two tablespoons full of cold water. Mistletoe is also given, combined with Valerian Root and Vervain... cayenne pods being added in cases of debility of the digestive organs.

“Fluid extract: dose, ¼ to one drachm.

“Country people use the berries to cure severe stitches in the side... [or] as an application to ulcers and sores.” 250: 548

Anywhere near a big town, such as Charleston,



MISTLETOE  
FOR CALMING NERVES & KILLING STOMACH WORMS

internal medicines came from the apothecary in small glass bottles big enough for one dose each. The reason was purely commercial, since the highest possible cost of a shilling or two each could be charged. 608: 22

One Virginia doctor tried out 32 drugs to cure a single patient, 18 of which were purgatives. “The Virginians have but few Doctors among them,” wrote John Oldmixon, “and they reckon it among their Blessings, fancying the Number of their Diseases would increase with that of their Physicians.” 176: 8-9

The Carolinas frequently had a problem with yellow fever, sometimes called “Black Vomit,” an infectious tropical disease spread by one particular breed of mosquito (*stegomyia fasciata*). Victims showed high temperatures and flushed red skin at first which turned lemon-yellow within a week. Death often resulted from damage done to the kidneys, but the likelihood ranged widely, anywhere from 12 to 80 percent of those infected. 176: 138

Typhus outbreaks took the name Hospital Fever since shared blankets or clothing often passed along the contagion. Body lice were the culprits, and poor hygiene, scarce food and excessive fatigue didn’t help. Fever came first, followed by a yellowish green crust covering the tongue. Deafness, failing sight, a balding scalp, peeling skin and death came next. 608: 14

Contaminated bodily filth on clothes and skin spread the bacteria that caused dysentery or flux, with a abdominal cramping and diarrhea that could turn deadly. One bit of intuitive sense required wine or any other alcoholic drink to be poured directly onto bandages covering a wound.

Scarlet fever, very akin to diphtheria, also resulted from a bacterial infection. A swollen, white-flecked throat preceded delirium, weakness, and a tough slime that eventually suffocated many victims.

The German Moravians in North Carolina knew of little else to treat the pox and recurring malaria fevers than the bitters or herbs that they added to their beer. 176: 212

George Washington himself contracted smallpox while on the road. It had felled him in 1751, even while he was in the bloom of youth and good health. It was possible that direct contact with an infected child may have been the cause, but even scabs and dried-out secretions can still transmit the *variola* virus. The first symptoms resembled a bad flu, with fever, aches, malaise and vomiting all common. A rash quickly covered the skin, even the insides of the mouth and eyelids, and became a thick, blistering layer. 198: 15

While people with a low threshold, such as the American Indians, often died before the skin eruptions, others succumbed only after the bleeding from gums, nose, eyes and other orifices becomes lethally severe. Sixty percent of those sufferers who reached this stage

died soon thereafter. <sup>198: 16-18</sup>

For some reason, those of Washington's men who had been born in the colonies were most susceptible to the epidemic, the Europeans having already picked up some immunity. <sup>198: 82</sup>

Some soldiers who had enjoyed good health throughout the campaign became desperately ill during home leave. "I knew one instance of a militia captain," wrote Dr. Benjamin Rush, "who was seized with convulsions the first night he lay on a feather bed, after sleeping several months on a mattress, or upon the ground." His body's constitution had been acclimated to a constant state of danger, and he had come to need the invigoration. <sup>608: 56</sup>

During the Revolution, eight rebels fell to disease and other sicknesses for every one taken down by actual combat. Washington lost two thirds of his entire army by the time he reached winter encampment at Valley Forge in 1776. <sup>202</sup>

In February 1777, the Virginians began their march north, and by this point, however, Henry Baughman, Sr. had not fared well. On 15 July, back at home in the Shenandoah Valley, he wrote his last will and testament, "being in a lo state of Health but in Perfect mind and senses..." <sup>630 & 66: 60</sup>

On 1 September 1777, the 15<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment gathered in Alexandria in anticipation of battle. Disease had since already become their worst enemy, so along with the 9<sup>th</sup> North Carolina Regiment, all of them rolled up their sleeves for Dr. William Rickman and his staff to get small pox inoculation shots.

For the rest of the Shenandoah Valley militiamen, two quick fights in succession made up for all of the seasons of waiting. On 11 September they found themselves in the thick of action in Delaware. <sup>198: 81</sup>



### *The Baughmans of Pennsylvania & Delaware 1777*

Early Bachman historians often clung to a very appealing legend of how William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, brought Georg Bachman along as his personal secretary... but this remains unsupported by a careful search of the historical record. Penn entrusted very few different secretaries, the most prominent being James Logan. Penn made his final journey to America in 1699, when Georg would have been 13 years old.

During the Revolutionary War, several Baughmans saw action, including George Baughman, Jr. (1724-1806), his brother Heinrich (1717-1792) and his brother's son, George (1756-1834).

The case of George Baughman's Bounty Land Warrant No. 9062 issued 11 February 1791 (No. W.4632):

George Baughman served as a private "in the artillery of Pennsylvania," with the company of Captain Shores, within the regiment of Colonel Dunlap, for nine months. His widow Barbara Bachman, who married George in June 1781 by justice of the peace George Weigart at a tavern house in or near Springfield or Quakertown, Northampton County, Pennsylvania, received her late husband's annual Pension (Ohio 7970) of \$30 on 4 March 1831, issued 24 April 1833, after it was delivered to G. & J.R. Swan of Columbus, Ohio:

"arrears of \$60 on 4 March 1833  
arrears of \$15 on 4 Sept. 1833  
\$30 per annum on Mar. 1848"

Barbara filed at the age of 86. Her maiden name was suggested to be Steele by historian Bertha McKinney in 1935. George Baughman, resident of Mifflin township, Franklin County, Ohio, appeared for application to obtain the benefit passed by Congress on 7 June 1832.

Baughman was born 14 October 1755 at Upper Socken [Saucon] Township in Northampton County, Pennsylvania. A record of his age exists in the old family Bible in possession of his brother Henry at Canton, Stark County, Ohio. George died 13 April 1834 and was buried in the Riverside Cemetery in Franklin County, Ohio.

George Baughman enlisted two weeks before the Continental Army's flying camp was destroyed at Long Island, 1776, for nine months under Captain Weigner. He joined his unit at Morris County Court House in Morristown, New Jersey, but it never fully formed. He then joined the militia under Colonel Keiger, and in the descending chain of command, a Captain John Roberts, Ensign Jacob Rumfell, Sergeant John Stull, Adjutant Stephen Polgaar. Baughman was stationed 6 or 7 miles from New York, and was discharged 26 December 1776/77 near Brunswick, New Jersey.

Baughman saw action on Raritan River from the British light horse cavalry. He volunteered the following summer for a three months stint to guard British prisoners in Easton, New Jersey, under Captain Shores, and during this time took command of a prisoner exchange with the British at Elizabethtown.

In 1777, he volunteered for three months with the rifle company of Captain Wagoner. They spent two weeks in Allentown, then marched to Philadelphia, to Chester, to Wilmington, Delaware, and then to join the fighting.

"They started the same evening and arrived at dusk near where the British were, and the [rest of the] American force," reported Baughman during his pension application. "The next morning early, the Battle of Brandywine commenced [on 10 September]. The

riflemen lay in a hollow between two fences and the Enemy's and American's cannon were fired over them. The riflemen were placed there to prevent the British from advancing... [and because they did not]... the riflemen had no orders to fire and did not fire. After the battle, they went to Valley Forge and lay about two miles [from there] until [their enlistment] time expired."

Colonel Dunlap, their commanding officer, was "a very smart man," and above him was General Potter.

"George Baughman returned to Upper Saucon in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, until 1785 when he moved to Shearmans Valley, Cumberland County for six years; then on to Washington County, Pennsylvania, on Ten Mile Creek for four years; then to Franklin County, Ohio, first at Big Lick in 1807, and then at Mifflin Township since 1813.

"He has no documentary evidence and knows of no person... who can testify to his service. The pension case of George Baughman, attested to by their son Samuel Baughman, a resident of Plain Township, Ohio.

"Applicant stated that his first cousin, George Baughman, also served with him in Captain Wagoner's company during the Revolution."

Application supplement: "the two leaves of family record hereto attached which was kept by her husband in his own handwriting and written near the times of the births and deaths of her several children on the blank leaves in an old family German Prayer and Hymn Book."

[Translated by Fred J. Braendle, 23 July 1919:]

"1756 on the 14<sup>th</sup> of October  
is born to us into this world George Bachman.  
And his godfather was George Treysbach and his  
godmother Mariele Buchedren.

"A boy is born to us into this world  
on 10<sup>th</sup> of October 1781 Samuel Bachman

"A boy is born to us into this world  
on the 5<sup>th</sup> of November 1787 named Henry Bachman

"1783 – A daughter is born to us into this world  
January 27<sup>th</sup> – named Johannah Bachman  
– died on the 5<sup>th</sup> day of March 1789.

"1779, on the 15<sup>th</sup> of November is born to us  
George Bachman and his godfather was Jacob Treysbach  
and his godmother [not legible.]

"1789 and the 27<sup>th</sup> of June is born to us into the  
world a little daughter named Annalie Bachman [Mollie]

"1795 on the 27<sup>th</sup> of March is born to us in this world  
a little daughter named Susana Bachman

From this same family in Pennsylvania, a few other Bachmans appeared on the 23 May 1785 muster rolls in Northhampton County's local militia, and among them listed "George, John and Henry Bauchmen." <sup>394: 898</sup>

"Pension Application of Paul Baughman, a waggoner driving teams in the service of the United States, enlisted

in early March 1777 under Captain George Bush, of Colonel Thomas Hartley's Regiment, and later named corporal.

"Baughman was wounded at the Battle of Brandywine [11 September 1777] by a musket bullet in left leg. Conveyed first to hospital at Kensington, thence as a result of retreating before the British to Trenton under the care of a physician for a considerable time as a cripple bound up and on crutches, then to Princeton. By mid-November, he rejoined his unit at Whitemarsh.

"In March of 1778, he was stabbed with a bayonet in his upper chest by rioters in the town of Little York, in Pennsylvania, and after recovering, "was promoted to the rank of Sergeant as a reward for his conduct."

"In 1778, he was appointed to a company of horse [cavalry] under Captain Henry Carberry which later that year became infantry again as part of the 7<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Regiment until 28 January 1781, his term of enlistment expired and he was discharged to his homeplace near Wilmington, Delaware, and his wife and four children.

"His wounds, well-healed, were no impediment to his labor for many years, but eventually became very painful and sensibly felt by him... so as to render him unable to support himself by manual labor.

"Several childhood friends testified on Paul's behalf that he was a 'sober, discreet man of strict veracity,' including Isaac Henrickson, Peter Brynberg, on 31 October 1805 when Paul was aged 48."

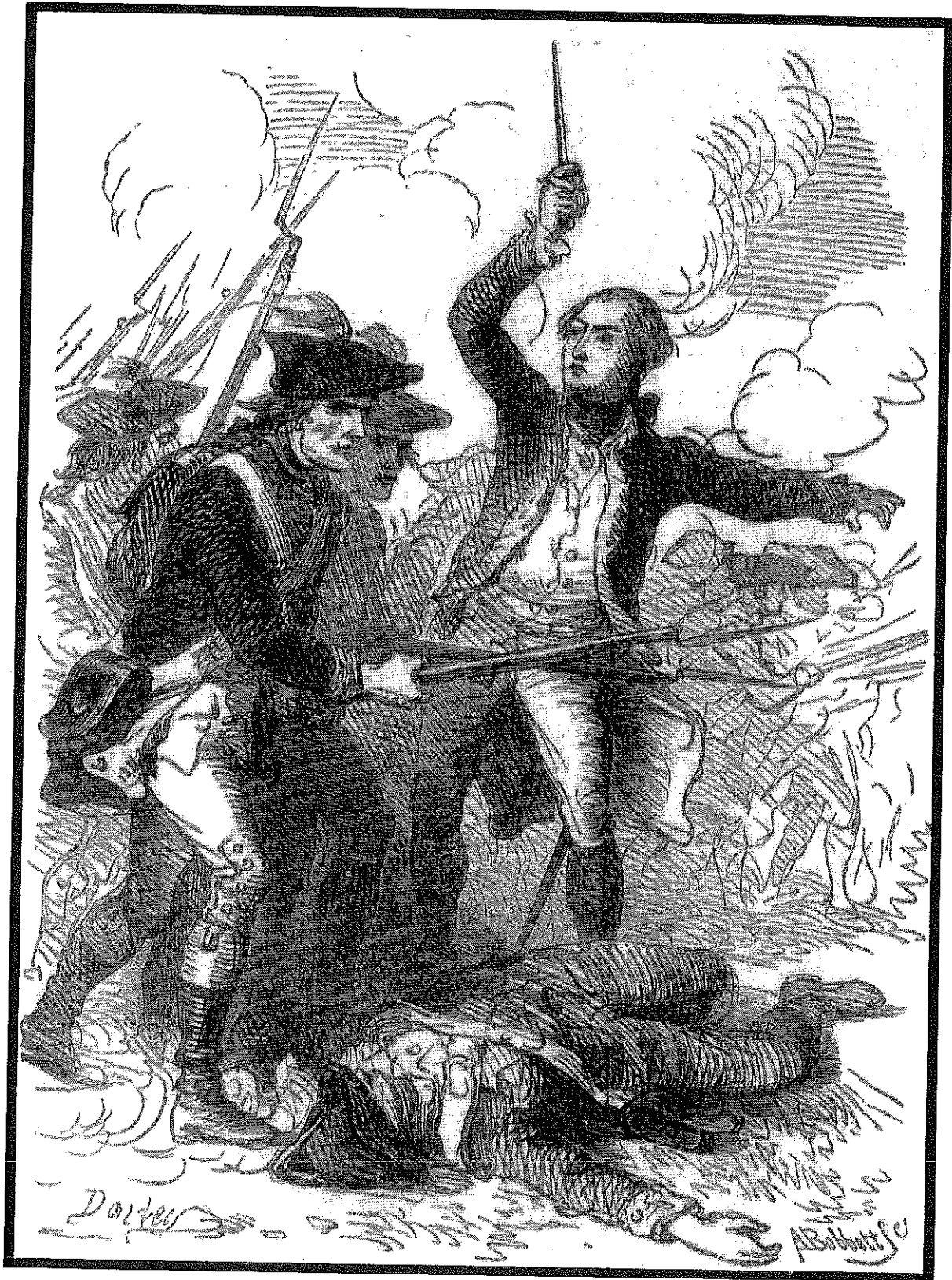
"Pension Application for John Boughman, of New Castle County, Delaware, a sergeant under Captain Thomas Kean, Colonel Samuel Patterson, Lieutenant George Bush.

"He enlisted for six months, 15 days in the Flying Camp, part of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Regiment of Delaware Militia, 1776, under horse [cavalry] of Captain Ogle; then attached to Pennsylvania troops near Princeton, at the tavern of Captain Ogle.

"Born 6 July 1752; resides at Christian Hundred, near Mill Creek Hundred, in New Castle County, Delaware."

Another Revolutionary War veteran worth note, whose name may possibly have been a variation on Bachman or Baughman, was George Buchman, mustered in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and who was also deployed to Frederick County, Maryland. His wife's first name was Eve, and George's death followed at Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania in 1833."





FIXED BAYONETS AT THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE, 10 - 11 SEPTEMBER 1777  
WHERE GEORGE BAUGHMAN TOOK A WOUND IN HIS LEFT LEG FROM A BRITISH MUSKET BALL

*Battling Along the Mid-Atlantic  
1777 - 1778*

In the meantime, Washington withdrew General Nathaniel Greene's 1<sup>st</sup> Virginia Division from where it was being held in reserve for General Wayne and sent it to help the northern flank. The Virginians ran to the north and covered the four miles in 45 minutes. They arrived just as the right flank collapsed. While the Colonials withdrew through Greene's division, the Virginians were completely outnumbered. They were forced to form a line and perform a fighting retreat until nightfall when the fighting came to an end for the day.

During the evacuation of Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, from 21-22 September, 1777, the Continental Army was comprised of General George Washington's 1<sup>st</sup> Division, which included Brigadier General Muhlenberg and his 1<sup>st</sup> Virginia Regiment along with 10 other brigades and regiments from the same colony. Major General Adam Stephen commanded the 2<sup>nd</sup> Division with 10 more Virginia regiments, including Brigadier General Scott 8<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment.

Less than a month later, on 8 October, Muhlenberg's German American troops advanced further into the Battle of Germantown, north of Philadelphia, than any other American unit. The British were about to be overrun, and they fled into the mansion of an exiled Tory, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania Benjamin Chew.

About 200 members of the 40<sup>th</sup> Regiment made it to safety inside the mansion. Generals John Sullivan and Wayne continued past the house in hot pursuit of the retreating British, but then something amazing took place. Washington, acting on the advice of General Henry Knox, halted half of the advancing Colonial army. Knox had told him that it was "unmilitary to leave an unguarded 'castle' to our rear." Instead of leaving a small force to keep the British in the house bottled up, hundreds of men laid siege to the mansion.

After bombarding the men inside the house with little effect, the Americans sent Lieutenant Bill Smith of the 11<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment under a flag of truce to ask the British inside to surrender. Their response was to shoot Smith. Later, the British said they feared what the Colonials would do to them if they surrendered after the massacre at Paoli. Next, the Americans tried a frontal assault on the house, but the Colonials were picked off from first storey windows. Fifty-six were wounded and dead, including four on the front steps. Frustrated, Knox fired cannons at point-blank range into the house. One cannon ball is said to have crashed through the front door, bounced down the main hallway, and banged out the back door.

Eventually crack British troops, including the Black Watch Highlanders, arrived and forced the besiegers to retreat. And things were going equally poorly on other

parts of the battlefield... The Ninth Virginia Regiment was escorting some 100 British prisoners of war to the rear when they ran into a group of Hessians in the fog and were taken prisoner themselves.

In 1778, the 8<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment joined the Battle of Monmouth. By May, after the Colonial victory at Saratoga, France pledged its military support. The British feared a world war with France in addition to the conflict in the Colonies. To prepare for this possibility, General Sir Henry Clinton was ordered to abandon Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and detach 8,000 of his roughly 10,000-man force to the West Indies and Florida. The rest of his men were to be evacuated from Philadelphia to New York by sea.

However, Clinton opted to move his entire army overland to New York. From there, he dispatched his troops to the south. The Redcoats left Philadelphia on 18 June, 1778. General George Washington and his army immediately surged out of Valley Forge and occupied the city. From there, Washington's troops began their pursuit of Clinton's forces across New Jersey towards New York.

On 26 June, Washington finally decided to attack the marching British troops as they headed toward New York. His plan was to send almost half of his army as an advance force under the command of General Charles Lee to strike at the rear of the British forces as they continued their march.

Early in the morning on 28 June, Lee made contact with the British rear guard at Monmouth Courthouse, New Jersey. Fearing a rout by a superior force, he ordered an immediate retreat. As more Colonial troops followed Lee's advance force, they also began to retreat. They were uncertain what caused Lee to take to flight. It is said that General Wayne prevented a total disaster by refusing to allow his men to run and threatening to fire into the retreating Colonials.

Washington personally took charge of the troops to prepare a defensive position to meet the British counterattack.

The Americans repelled attack after attack by the British. They even stood their ground and repulsed a British bayonet charge, and inflicted heavy losses on the Redcoats. During the fighting on the hot summer day, the legend of Molly Pitcher was born.

Temperatures hit 90 degrees Fahrenheit, and many Continental troops turned up dead on the battlefield without a scratch anywhere on them. "Emotions" had excited one of the victims to such an extent that an unbearable heat inflamed both ears. <sup>608: 56</sup>

The shooting stopped at sunset, and Washington and his generals began to prepare for further fighting the next morning. However, during the night the British army quit the field, gaining a six-hour head start over their pursuers.

Realizing he could not push his men further,





A GERMAN AMERICAN ALMANAC TRUMPETED A GIFT FROM ABOVE  
WASCHINGTON, DES LANDES VATER

Washington gave his troops a rest while the British were able to reach the ocean at Sandy Hook, New Jersey. Once there, the Redcoats set sail for New York. American casualties totaled 69 killed, 161 wounded, and 37 dead from "sunstroke." The British reported 65 killed and 170 wounded. Lee was court-martialed for disobeying orders and suspended from service.

The Virginia Germans proved their usefulness and loyalty to Washington over and over, long before his fate or the fate of the new nation could be known. A German language almanac readied for the year 1779 became the first printed example of that well-known praise to his name, calling him *Waschington, Des Landes Vater* – literally, the Father of the Country.

All the men of the 8<sup>th</sup> Virginian Regiment eventually headed south again to help defend Charleston. Muhlenberg, however, did not go with them. He was ordered to assist Baron von Steuben with the defense of Virginia. During the Yorktown Campaign, Muhlenberg served as a brigade commander in Lafayette's Division. He was breveted a major general before he retired from the army in November 1783, whereupon he returned to Pennsylvania and continued to serve his nation in a

civil capacity.<sup>700</sup>

Through the following year, the Virginia Line made up part of the reserves at Stony Point. When the British General Leslie invaded Virginia in 1780, the 8<sup>th</sup> Regiment operated against him, and they also took part in the siege of Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered.<sup>472: 80</sup>



### The Wilderness of Kentucky

Following the Shawnee Indian siege in August 1755 at Fort Baughman in Greenbrier, Virginia, and their murder of Henry Baughman, his widow Anna Marie took her three sons Jacob, John and Henry Baughman to make a new life near Staunton with a dear family friend from Switzerland, Johann David Wölper.<sup>65: 106-107</sup> See map on page 259

For Henry's sacrifice during the French & Indian War, his family received as thanks from Virginia a military warrant for 50 acres where Gilbert's Creek and the Big Fork of Paint Lick Creek meet the Dix River in



SETTLERS MASSACRED IN COLONIAL VIRGINIA  
AND OFTEN KILLING THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WHO SEEMED TO SURVIVE

Kentucky. The paperwork for this was not made official for another 25 years.<sup>180: 31</sup>

On 9 March 1769, the eldest son Jacob sold his father's 780 acres on the Greenbrier River for £100, and for a few years lived together with his brother John and their aunts Susannah and Margaretha Baughman, married respectively to Valentine Cook and Jonathan Ferrill, at the Indian Creek Settlement in western Virginia.<sup>354: 151</sup>

In 1774, owing to European encroachment onto their hunting grounds, the Shawnee turned warlike throughout western Virginia and the Kentucky frontier. Virginia's colonial governor, Lord Dunmore, ordered a militia to be mustered at Botetourt County.

Jacob and John Baughman, the sons who had survived Greenbrier's massacre, signed up on 10 September with Captain John Lewis' company. They pursued the raiders north up the Kanawha Valley until a confrontation could be made along the Ohio River. Although the Battle of Point Pleasant did not allow a clear victory for either side, the Indians could not mount another attack until the British recruited them to fight the Americans later on during the Revolutionary War.

On 17 March 1775, Col. Richard Henderson purchased a large tract of land from the Cherokee that later became the bulk of central Kentucky.<sup>210: 10</sup> Jacob and John Baughman teamed up with Col. Benjamin Logan, surveyor John Floyd and about 30 other pioneers to explore this land.<sup>354: 151</sup>

By tradition, 1 May 1775 marks their founding of the town of Saint Asaph on Dick's River near the present-day county seat of Stanford, Lincoln County, Kentucky. The construction of nearby Logan's Fort began in 1776 and concluded by the following February.<sup>210: 11</sup> A British colonel named Henry Hamilton, captured during the Revolutionary War, provided the following description of Fort Logan on 19 April 1779:

"It is an oblong square formed by houses making a double street, at the angles were stockade bastions. The situation is romantic among wooded hills. A stream of fine water passes at the foot of the hills, which turns a small gristmill. They had been frequently alarmed & harassed by the Indians. Captain Logan, the person commanding here had his arm broken by a buckshot in a skirmish with them. The people here were not exceedingly well disposed to us and we were accosted by the females especially in pretty coarse terms. But the Captain and his wife were very civil..."

"The difficulty of marching through such country as this is not readily imagined by a European. The Canes grow very close together, to the height of 25 feet... As they are very strong and supple the rider much be constantly on watch to guard his face from them as they fly back with great force... The soil where they grow is rich and deep so you plod thro in a narrow track like a cow path, while the musketoes are not idle."

On 13 October 1779, the Virginia Land Commission opened their first office at Logan's Fort. A week later, Benjamin Logan received a "preemption and settlement" after proving that he had successfully raised a crop of corn and settled the land, entitling him to an immediate 400 acres and a certificate for a thousand more in the near future.<sup>210: 12</sup>

Jacob Boofman served as a chain carrier in 1775 for John Floyd, and he was the first to settle the region of Boone's Creek, near present-day Boonesboro in Fayette County.<sup>427: 170</sup>

John and Henry "Boffman" proved that they had done likewise during 1776 on Dick's River and Boone's Creek, and were rewarded by the commission equally.<sup>317: 150</sup>

John Baughman settled 400 acres on Dick's River about two miles above the mouth of Gilbert's Creek. The waterway and general region took the name Boofman's Fork,<sup>354: 151</sup> but later became known as Baughman's Station, sitting along what is now Preachersville Road.<sup>307: 73</sup> In 1777, Jacob was killed at Fort Boonesboro, leaving his land to brother Henry. Sometime soon after he appeared on the muster roll of Captain John Holder's company at the same fort, a similar fate befell brother John, although his land went to his daughter Christinah.<sup>157: 173</sup>

A lawsuit turned up during the Spring of 1785 with a James Hickman regarding overlapping land claims. Leading up until then, Baughman's Station had consisted of a cabin, no fencing and some 1,400 acres. In a more careful survey of the Baughman land to settle the lawsuit, it was discovered that five or six cabins had been built, three or four acres of timber had been cut but not cleared, and the acreage totaled 2,060 acres.<sup>427: 170-171</sup> See map on page 262

In the Autumn of 1782, Henry Baughman returned from Kentucky to fetch more of his kinfolk back in Virginia. While camped just eight miles from their destination, Indians attacked in the early morning of 12 October at Crab Orchard beside Negro Creek. The Indians had first surrounded the camp, stringing grapevines between the trees and turning the enclosure into a killing pen.<sup>67: 150</sup> A Mrs. Hammons stepped out into the slaughter in her linsey-woolsey nightshirt and was shot in the head with an arrow. The Indians scalped Henry and his mother, although by family legend, Henry's wife, Mary, hid their six-year-old son Henry (III) in the hollow of a tree.<sup>180: 31</sup>

The next morning, a few neighbors including William Whitley came to their aid. He found young Henry and their inside the boy's pocket a 50-acre grant made out to Jacob Baughman.<sup>354: 150</sup>

Young Henry had been the smallest of six children born to Henry and Mary Wooley Baughman; and the others were named Nancy (who later married Alexander

Gilbreath), Ticia (Benjamin Duncan), Polly (William McGill), Jacob and John. Mother Mary Wooley Baughman later married William Hamilton, and they lived in a homestead on the elder Henry's original land grant. Henry and Patience lived on Jacob's grant which was situated on Dick's River above Taylor's Mill.

It is from young Henry the survivor, later grown into manhood, that all of the Baughmans of Lincoln County, Kentucky, have descended. Henry (III: 1776-1865) married on 17 May 1802 to Patience Owsley, sister of the next-door neighbor William Owsley who became the 16<sup>th</sup> governor of Kentucky between 1844-1848 and Chief Justice of the state Court of Appeals. <sup>67: 150</sup>

Henry and Patience had ten children, including Hamilton (born 5 August 1803), William O., Rebecca (born 6 February 1805, and who later married Mr. Shanks), Jacob, John (28 March 1811), Henry, Samuel O., Nancy, Mudiget and Joel T. (4 March 1825). Many of them went on to have large families of their own. <sup>308</sup>

Petitions from Boonesboro signed later by Catherine Shirley Baughman, John's widow, list Jacob and John as killed in defense of Fort Logan. Jacob had died without heirs, so his land passed legally to Henry (III). <sup>317: 150</sup>

Henry eventually stood out as a tax collector and assessor of property for Lincoln County, a successful farmer and an active member of the political party known as the Whigs. <sup>180: 32</sup>

As a new name on the map of America, Lincoln County, Kentucky, appeared for the first time in 1780, born out of the original Kentucky County, Virginia. It included much of the central part of the state, with the town of Stanford as its seat. <sup>190: 87</sup> Five years later, the western part became most of Mercer County, centered around Harrodsburg, which had been the first permanent settlement in the state by 1774. <sup>190: 82</sup>

Enough settlers spread out around Danville by 1842 to justify the creation of Boyle County. <sup>190: 85</sup>



### Trafficking in Human Souls

Jacob Baer, the slave-owning son-in-law of Joseph Funk, "seems to get along in the world fast, but [is] too much attached" to it. Baer's slave rose up one day and nearly beat his master to death, then tried to flee but was recaptured and finally sold south. "How much better it is never to meddle with slavery," continued the elder Funk, a prominent Mennonite leader and hymnist, when recalling the whole affair. <sup>360: 140</sup>

Jacob Gruber, a Methodist, told of a local minister who whipped his slaves on Sunday morning, leaving them strung up in the cellar while he went off to preach. <sup>360: 136</sup>

When Gruber himself preached against slavery during 1818 in Washington County, Maryland, the authorities arrested him for encouraging rebellion. Gruber won release with the help of Roger B. Taney, the future chief justice of the U.S. Supreme Court and namesake of Taney County, Missouri. Taney persuaded the court that the mere handful of blacks in attendance at the revival could hardly have attempted a revolt, outnumbered as they were by 3,000 whites surrounding them. <sup>360: 144</sup>

Another notorious tale from the Shenandoah Valley told of a slave driver who took an African-American woman, tied her to an apple tree, stripped her naked, whipped her till he was exhausted and then washed her down with salt water. <sup>360: 136</sup>

Henry's cousin, Abraham Baughman, stands out in our Virginia family history as the first – at least known of up until that point – for having an African-American male living in his house. The one in this case was over the age of 16, and lived with them for the three years between 1809 and 1811. In the 1810 census for Shenandoah County, Virginia, when Abraham owned six horses, he was taxed the expected amount plus an additional 44 cents. From 1812 to 1814, no trace of this black man was recorded. Speculation about the nature of this relationship could range from a sheltered runaway to a temporary hiring to an outright slave ownership.

Out of an unpublished trove of miscellaneous court and chancery records recently organized in Shenandoah County, another glimpse comes to light:

"Commonwealth [of Virginia] vs. John Holeman (free man of color) for rape of Susanna Baughman. He was arrested in Rockingham Co. On March 10, 1816 at the home of Abraham Bockman in the said County, John Holeman of the County aforesaid did feloniously ravish and carnally know her the said Susanna. CC 1816.06 ND." By 1818, Abraham and his family left Virginia for eastern Ohio. <sup>64: 129</sup>

Beginning in 1810, Virginia became the leading exporter of slaves to the western states of Kentucky and Tennessee. During the next 50 years, it sent 441,684 Africans south through the Cumberland Gap. To attract some of this overland traffic, the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad offered to ship small slave children at no charge.

In Winchester, Virginia, a newspaper mentioned that itinerant slave traders could be found in the middle of town "with labels on their hats exhibiting in conspicuous characters the words 'Cash for Negroes.'" Full-time resident agents appeared within a decade or two to maintain "large lots of the choicest Negroes" for a steady export to New Orleans. <sup>177</sup>

Before the auction began, sellers often ordered the male slaves to strip off all their clothes, the better that buyers might inspect them for muscular strength, scars or

other clues of disability or disease. Auctioneers also drew attention to the slave's virility, boasting that one man had bred "over a hundred young'uns."<sup>69: 203</sup> One newspaper announcement offered up two slave women for sale, each one 20 years of age and each one the mother of two children. The women could be purchased with or without their children, "as the purchaser may prefer."<sup>360: 120</sup>

At the beginning of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, the typical slave could be bought for \$200, but the demand and inflation during the next half a century pushed the price up to a range of \$1400 to \$2000.<sup>69: 49</sup> By the time of the war, Southerners had invested \$3 billion in their slaves.<sup>69: 51</sup>

The wholesalers doing the greatest traffic in human souls included J.M. Saunders of Fauquier, Newton Boley of Winchester, Thomas Hundley of Amherst and George Kephart of Frederick, Maryland.

At the far southern end of the Great Wagon Road, African or mixed-blood slaves could be bought from the Cherokee nation. The Cherokee Chief James Vann made regular wagon or boat trips to Charleston and Savannah to buy and sell slaves.

A small but significant four percent of slave records in the Appalachian Mountains describe "blackbirding," whereby free individuals fell victim to kidnap. Ruffians then sold their prisoners into slavery. A kidnapper in northern Georgia named Buck Hurd boasted that he "had got slaves to run from one master, and after selling them to another, would induce them to run from him, and then sell them to a third... He had been known to sell the same [slave] three or four times over."

An eyewitness to one procession in Maryland saw "hundreds of colored men and women chained together, two by two, and driven to the South."

Jonas Graybill, a Valley elder with the Anabaptists known as Dunkers, described the south-bound slaves as "handcuffed on the sides of a chain forty or fifty feet long" with each prisoner "given room enough to walk and to lie down at night to sleep."<sup>360: 119</sup>

Three or four white men frequently took charge of 150 blacks, especially when a single long chain strung the whole lot together. One camp of 300 slaves required a caravan of nine wagons and single-horse carriages for the white overseers "and any of the blacks that should fall lame."

In 1829, a preacher in Menefee County, Kentucky, came across "a company of slaves, some of them heavily loaded with irons, singing as they passed along." Their handlers explained that they whole group would soon be on the auction block at Lexington, Kentucky, and the songs served as "an effort to drown the suffering of mind they were brought into, by leaving behind their wives, children, or other near connexions and never likely to meet them again in this world."

In a statistical check of slave censuses, very few had

been brought along when their masters first emigrated across the Appalachians. Some 84.7 percent had been purchased only after the families had become established and their businesses prospered.

The biggest Kentucky slave dealers in Lexington, such as Lewis C. Roberts and William F. Talbott, sent more than 6,000 blacks every year on to Memphis, and thereafter to Natchez, New Orleans and Galveston. Mississippi river boats loaded up with slaves in order to satisfy the need at cotton and sugar cane plantations for cheap labor. Thus grew the expression of being "sold down the river," suggesting the combination of betrayal and a life-time prison sentence with no chance of reprieve. Between 1820-1860, ten percent of all Kentucky and Tennessee slaves ended up being sold and removed to the lower south.<sup>177</sup>

The institution of slavery had an immediate impact on politics among the whites of the nation. The English and Scots-Irish of Virginia, far and away the most frequent slave-owners, tended to be Whigs, while the Germans, be they Mennonites, Baptists or Lutherans, tended to concentrate with the Democrats.

On top of that, western Virginians turned keenly resentful of how legislative votes always turned in the favor of the tidewater plantations after slaves got factored into apportionment.<sup>360: 121</sup>

In the 1830s, Valley delegates to the Virginia house decided that the whole state would be better off if all blacks were returned to Africa, and supported a plan to remove free and manumitted slaves as soon as possible. Virginia's senate killed the idea.

The Presbyterian minister Henry Ruffner wrote a pamphlet in 1847 declaring that slavery was more of a plague on whites than it was on blacks. Honest labor from free men had been demeaned, for their wages could not compete with the slaves.<sup>360: 123</sup>

Powerful Virginian politicians such as James Madison, James Monroe and John Marshall pushed for the establishment of the colony of Liberia in western Africa, but by 1830, only 259 free blacks had resettled there.<sup>360: 125</sup>

Major slave uprisings broke out along the same path where the Baughmans took their slaves, most notably in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1810.<sup>475: 1786</sup>

Charleston, South Carolina, became the first and only colony with a majority population of African-Americans, the vast majority of which were slaves. A Swiss visitor wrote that the colony "looks more like a negro country than like a country settled by white people."<sup>360</sup>



*John Bachman & The Unity of Man*

Audubon's partner, John Bachman, though often seen as half-theologian and half-scientist, remained ever loyal to the biblical account of the curse of Ham, and the splitting off of the races.<sup>528: xiii</sup> According to Bachman's reading of the Apostle Paul, it was the duty of a slave to be content with his station in life. John's father, Jacob Bachman, had owned slaves in New York as a side-effect of his marriage. His wife, Harriet, inherited four slaves in 1810 as part of the settlement of the estate of her father, Jacob Martin.

When John arrived in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1815, the city's total population of 25,000 included nearly 56 percent who were black. By far, most were slaves, but free blacks numbered 1,400. The presence of many



THE REV. JOHN BACHMAN OF CHARLESTON  
AS A SILHOUETTE TAKEN IN LIFE

mulattoes showed how frequently the races intermixed.

Purely sexual relationships, something frowned upon by Charleston's white leadership even though often initiated by them, had not yet been declared completely illegal.<sup>528: 3</sup>

Maryland had become the first American colony to outlaw marriage between the races in 1664. By 1750, all of the southern colonies had joined in, as well as the legislatures of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.<sup>703</sup> As a body of legal precedent, these orders later took the name Miscegenation Law, a term coined in 1863 by the joining of two Latin roots, *miscere* meaning to mix, and *genus* for race. More accurately, the laws meant to be anti-miscegenation – opposing the mixing of the races – but the intent and language of the statutes were unmistakable.<sup>638</sup>

“All marriages between a white person and a colored person shall be absolutely void,” declared the Virginia law in Code Ann. A7 20-57, “without any decree of divorce or other legal process.”<sup>703</sup>

By each nightfall, blacks were forbidden from appearing on the streets of Charleston, and a police force larger than any comparable city in the north kept up the necessary night patrols to enforce the law. “Uppity” slaves – those who remained up and about after dark – got 19 strokes of the lash.<sup>528: 4</sup>

By his second year as pastor of the Saint John's Lutheran Church, Bachman brought blacks into the sanctuary to pray at the same time as whites. He also encouraged promising young black men to enter the ministry. Leading up to 1837, Bachman performed baptisms on 300 blacks, as well as on more than 500 whites there on Archdale Street.

That his conscience in this matter met with the approval of his townsmen can be seen in the membership figures for the church, which jumped from 62 up to 425. Bachman established both a synod and a Lutheran seminary in South Carolina, and served for 13 years as its president.<sup>528: 14</sup>

Regular attendance at the rest of Charleston's houses of worship remained low even though citizens could choose from nearly two dozen, including churches for Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Unitarians, Quakers, French Huguenots, Catholics and a temple for Jewish congregants.

Once he had settled in and become a pillar of the community, John Bachman's family owned a dozen slaves, among them tall, austere Old Tom, one called Sambo and another named March, all of whom would carry guns along with John on the hunt.<sup>510: 174-176</sup> Sam, “our little servant,” almost blinded John while heating a pot of mange cure on the fireplace that turned explosive.<sup>510: 145</sup> Nevertheless, Bachman believed that slaves were equally God's children,<sup>510: 211</sup> and were after all “a portion of our household... the nurses of our

mothers and wives, and the playmates of our children.” <sup>528: 181</sup>

Bachman handled all of his duties as pastor from Wednesday through Sunday. He fit an equally amazing amount of work into Mondays and Tuesdays. <sup>469: 352</sup> Along with all of his other pursuits, Bachman served as president of Charleston’s Literary and Philosophical Society. Between 1836-1837, he launched an ambitious and controversial series of lectures, including one he delivered on God’s laws in the insect world called “The Morals of Entomology,” one on animal intelligence, and another “on the negro race.” <sup>528: 31</sup>

As a naturalist, Bachman’s cardinal rule remained how cautious one must be not to think that every newfound variety of living thing is a whole new species. Taxonomy remains a useful science only by keeping a clear head about differences, cataloging sets of obvious traits along with the hidden ones. Among a long list of qualities, it is fundamental to ask: Does the creature nurse its young with milk, or get hatched out of an egg? Does it have wings? A tail? Separate or webbed toes? What number of bones? What of its skull and teeth? <sup>528: 31</sup>

The final, crucial question regards reproduction: Can a pair of such creatures create offspring, which in turn, also reproduce? If not, the result at best is a hybrid, such as occurs when a horse and a donkey create a sterile mule. The inability of a whole class of creatures to reproduce successfully with another is the most basic proof that the two groups are different species.

Bachman held mixed feelings about the view of an ancient earth, filled long before the arrival of humanity with vast numbers of animals. The fossil record made it terribly difficult to argue against this scenario, but when pushed into purely religious debate, Bachman held steadfastly to the Old Testament account of Adam, created by God only 6,000 years ago. <sup>528: 32</sup>

Louis Agassiz, a Swiss scientist who had recently accepted a professorship at Harvard, believed that God created animals in successive acts, with each belonging to its own natural zone. <sup>510: 212</sup> The different human races, he wrote, surely constituted separate creations. <sup>528: 53</sup>

In 1795, the German anthropologist Johann Blumenbach had divided humanity into the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American and Malayan races. A skull from the Caucasus Mountains served as the perfect archetype for all Europeans, which included subtypes he called the Alpine, Nordic and Mediterranean peoples. Blumenbach claimed that the Caucasus area was the home of a hypothetical race of Indo-Europeans to whom many languages may be traced. <sup>275: 135</sup>

The French writer Joseph Arthur de Gobineau, another of Bachman’s contemporaries, compared the development of healthy societies to the same laws governing viable single-cell organisms. Some parts did the sensing, others provided the locomotion, did the

defending, the ingesting or whatever other dirty tasks needed doing. He claimed that in human beings, the metaphor extended to morality, so that the highest organs were forever endowed with a heritage of good, Caucasian ethics. Somewhat lower were the Asians; and at the bottom were blacks. <sup>528: 158-159</sup>

John McCrady claimed, as a Southern man, to have studied “the subject of slavery calmly, thoughtfully, and as much without prejudice as men have ever examined a subject in which they were personally so interested.” According to McCrady, naturalists and zoologists had proof that the “physical structure of the Negro... [is] so very inferior, so decidedly lower in type” that no one could argue “the Negro and the white man could possibly have descended from the same origin.” He went on to describe how only a Teutonic embryo from Northern Europe – excepting, of course, “Irish laborers at the North” – could give rise to an Ideal State. McCrady believed his philosophy held the truly scientific basis for slavery. <sup>528: 159</sup>

Samuel George Morton offered an amended definition of species, so as to include any living thing that has a “separate origin and distinctness of race, evinced by the constant transmission of some characteristic peculiarity...” <sup>528: 168</sup>

Agassiz and Gibbes spent eight days together preparing their opinions for the scientific debate on race. Gibbes had even taken his guest around to several plantations just to examine slaves known to have originated from distinctly different tribes in Africa. They even engaged a local photographer to take daguerreotypes



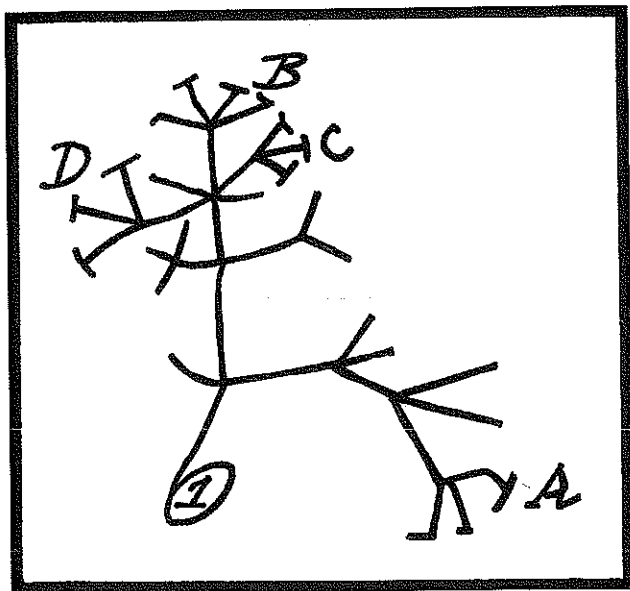
A SLAVE’S IDENTITY TAG  
FOR MOVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF CHARLESTON IN 1833

of their survey, requiring men and women alike to strip off their shirts. Agassiz “found enough to satisfy himself” that indeed the races were different from one another. <sup>528: 174</sup> “The differences observed between the races of men are of the same kind as... the different families, genera, and species of monkeys.” <sup>528: 200</sup>

Bachman, often times standing alone, debated bitterly against them. As a minister, he was offended by the way they dismissed the origin of Adam and the holy account of all his descendants. As a scientist, he was perhaps even more offended by the way they disregarded the testimony of Nature. The scientific method for classifying all living things – to which Bachman had devoted himself and with which all of his critics also subscribed – required an even hand. When human beings were measured by the same rigorous definitions, it was clear that there was only one species. McCrady and Agassiz recognized the shortcomings of their own ideas, but insisted on “refining” science until it could explain their preferences about race. <sup>528: 165</sup>

On the scientific front, it turned into a duel of books, with Bachman’s own *Doctrine of the Unity of the Human Race Examined on the Principles of Science* appearing in March 1850. His opponents arrayed against him *Crania Americana*, Morton’s study of skulls, and *Types of Mankind*, an anthology of articles assembled by Josiah Nott and George Gliddon. <sup>528: 195</sup> Knott also forwarded a journal article he had completed for Bachman to have read aloud at the next evening event, entitled “An examination of the Physical History of the Jews, in its bearing on the Question of the Unity of the Races.” <sup>528: 173</sup>

When the pastor’s learned critics wrote notes among themselves, they would imagine intellectual “pummelings



DARWIN’S FIRST SKETCH OF THE TREE OF EVOLUTION  
NURTURED IN PART BY THE IDEAS OF JOHN BACHMAN

of the Old Hyena,” <sup>528: 192</sup> of wanting to “smash up old Bachman,” “take time to skin Bachman,” and to see “old Bachman... cut into sausage meat.” <sup>528: 186</sup>

On the other hand, Bachman’s theory earned the respect of a few notable admirers. Young Charles Darwin, freshly back from his voyage on the *Beagle*, met the pastor in London and later quoted Bachman’s criticisms of Agassiz to buttress his own ideas about species and evolution in *The Descent of Man*. <sup>510: 216</sup>

The wider southern community never bore Bachman ill will, or questioned his loyalty, for he believed in two things with all his heart: that the power of Scripture reigned supreme; and that the authority of his adopted state came before all others.

The Charleston pastor believed that slavery had been invented and sanctioned by God. When Lutheran leaders at a meeting of the General Synod at Philadelphia in 1839 considered excluding slave-owners from communion, Bachman used all his powers as outgoing president to smooth over the argument and prevent the northern and southern wings of the church from splitting apart. The General Synod rewarded Bachman for his courage by electing him as their president for two terms during and following the war. <sup>510: 165</sup>

Bachman even advocated that all Native Americans should be enslaved, since “the process of slavery would have implied labor, and labor, in turn, implies morals, strength, improving intellect, and the true erectness of manhood.” <sup>528: 166</sup>

To Bachman’s great distress, the greater public’s trust eroded easily regarding amazing animals and scientific discovery. A purported mermaid arrived in Charleston by 16 January 1843, promoted with an advertisement in the *Charleston Gazette*. Alanson Taylor, a traveling huckster who happened to be the uncle of the future showman P.T. Barnum, sewed the head and torso of a small monkey onto the tail of a fish and put the whole monstrosity into a large jar of preservative. Bachman took quick satisfaction in exposing the fraud. Then mesmerism, the early name for hypnosis, also became a brief, fashionable, but hysterical fad in Charleston in 1846. <sup>528: 46-47</sup>

Bachman kept his strong opinions on science and religion apart from the political argument in America, but the growing issues about slavery and the Missouri Compromise of 1850 ended his silence. <sup>528: 214</sup> In August of 1851, prominent South Carolinians recruited Bachman to journey to Washington, D.C., and there to have a private audience with President Millard Fillmore. The Chief Executive asked Bachman what could be done “to satisfy the South.” The pastor replied that the White House would have to follow “the letter of the Constitution,” instead of, for example “the case of Texas, where a state had been threatened with a Federal army.”

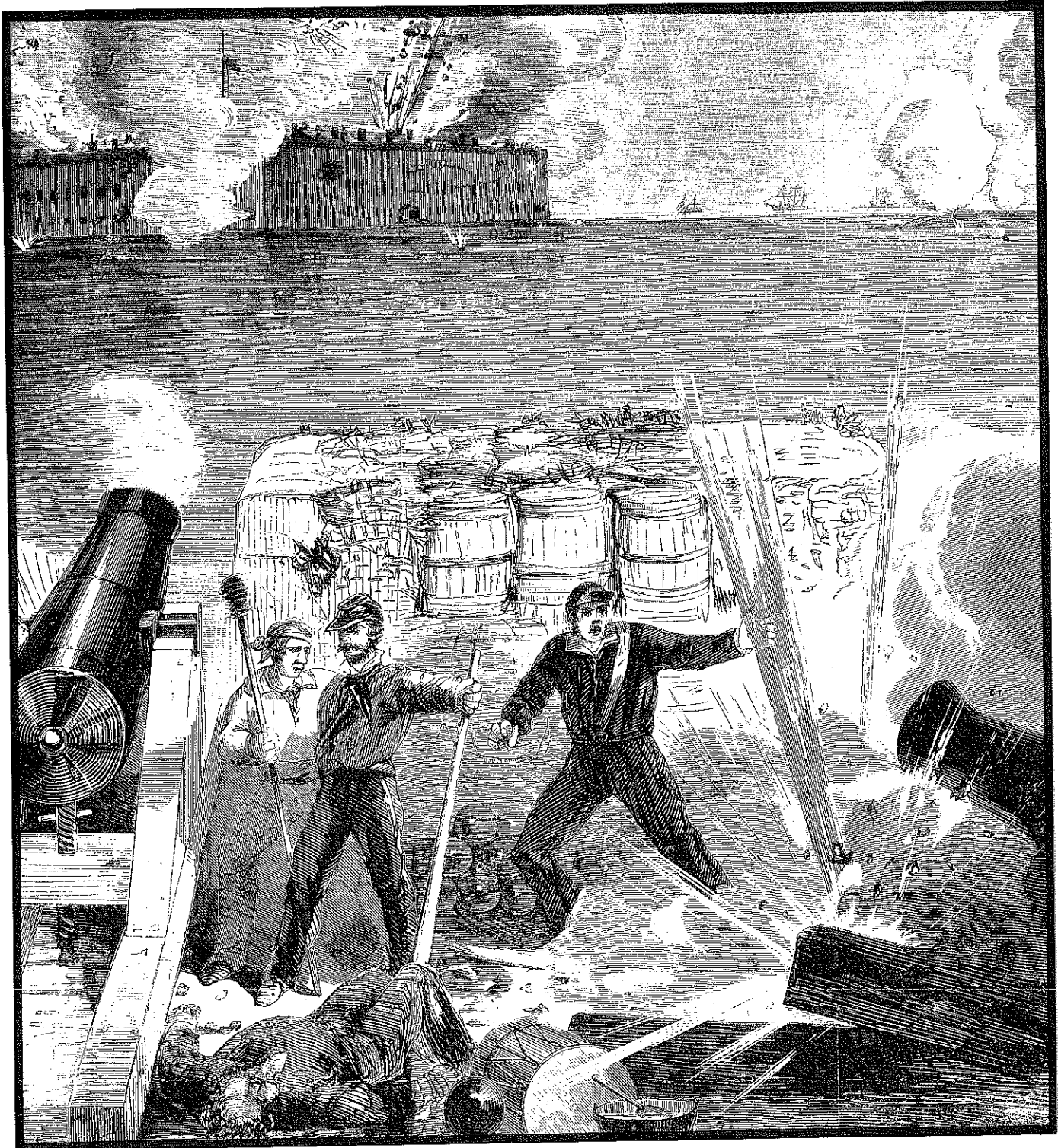
“Our course can best be promoted by battling for our rights,” summed up Bachman shortly after the meeting.



“The evil day may be staved off another year... [although] I am growing every day less attached to the Union as it now exists; and if South Carolina declares for secession, I will, for weal or woe, go with her.”<sup>528: 215</sup>

By the end of 1860, Bachman openly preached rebellion from his home church pulpit.<sup>528: 217</sup> “My

religion bids me forgive, [but] God help me I would rather have them hanged first and forgive them afterwards.”<sup>528: 216</sup> When the War Between the States began at Fort Sumter out in Charleston’s harbor, John Bachman and his family immediately answered South Carolina’s call.



SHOTS EXCHANGED WITH FORT SUMTER IN CHARLESTON’S HARBOR OPEN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES



*Theodore Baughman, the White Yankee*

In the small township of Venice, near Attica, located in Ohio's Seneca County, Joseph Baughman and his wife Elizabeth began having their nine children in 1845 with a son named John C.L. Baughman. Two years later, on July 30<sup>th</sup>, the mechanic from Pennsylvania became a father for a second time and named the child Theodore Henry Baughman. Other siblings arrived by the names Jacob W. (1849), Romansa (1851), George (1854) and Lucy E. (1857). The family had \$400 to its name.<sup>114&115</sup> In 1858, they moved to the Kinderhook Township, near Coldwater, in Branch County, Michigan.<sup>71: 9</sup>

When he was only 15, Theodore tagged along with his older brother and they both tried to enlist into the 19<sup>th</sup> Regiment of Michigan Infantry. On account of his tender age, Theodore had to turn around and head back home to the hay field. John Baughman joined Company C, but pretty soon thereafter briefly became a prisoner during the fighting at Spring Hill, also known as Thompson's Station, near Nashville, Tennessee.<sup>71: 11</sup> Theodore successfully enlisted the next August, and still got to join his brother's regiment, although in Company A.

"We were marching for Chattanooga... toiling through the mountains [and] being thirsty, I dropped out of the ranks to hunt a spring, which I was fortunate enough to find, and with it a spring house. I returned to the column with my canteen filled with a sparkling water, a nice roll of butter in my haversack, and a ham swung on my gun. That night brother John and I had a royal feast.

"Much of the scenery through this country is the most magnificent the eye ever beheld. Mountains towered up in terrible grandeur on every side, while lying between them were valleys as delightful as any poets have ever sung. It frequently made my heart sad to see so fair a country laid desolate by the unrelenting storms of war, but the southern people would have it so. We went out to save the Union, and were bound to do it, no matter who suffered..."<sup>71: 16</sup>

In Theodore's very first taste of action, his regimental commander, Col. Henry Gilbert, along with Captain Calmar, both died while trying to lead their boys up the ramparts at the Battle of Resaca, in northwestern Georgia.<sup>71: 24</sup> Gilbert had been mounted on a splendid tan horse that his troops had captured from a butternut guerrilla in the mountains. "Bushwhacker" became the new name for the horse, and Gilbert had been killed while sitting on top of him. The horse survived the remainder of the war, and even marched in the Grand Army victory parade in Washington, D.C. Following the war, Bushwhacker took a train ride back to Michigan and became a sentimental gift from the men of the 19<sup>th</sup>

Regiment to Gilbert's widow.<sup>71: 46</sup>

On 16 May 1864, the boys from Michigan crossed the Coosawattie River, the heart of the old Cherokee nation, and the site of its old capital at Etowah.<sup>71: 24&98</sup> During a lull in action a bit further along, Theodore wrote again:

"During our stay there, being detailed on picket duty, I one day swam over the Chattahoochee River, and had a little friendly confab with the rebs. I swapped a rubber blanket for a plug of tobacco. I got from them, also, a copy of an Atlanta paper, which I sent to my father at Coldwater [Michigan].

"Our next fight was at Peach Tree Creek. We took our station in the corn-field and calculated to have dinner there, but the enemy appearing, we were ordered to advance, and move up the hill to get a position near an old cotton gin... At many parts of the line, there was a hand-to-hand struggle.

"My brother John was in Company C, which I knew had been in the thickest of the fight, and I was consequently extremely anxious to know if anything had happened to him.

"Without stopping to eat, I commenced the search over the field where our regiment had been engaged. I turned over more than twenty corpses, fearful that each one would prove to be my brother.

"I came across a man on his hands and knees. I pulled him into the moonlight and discovered at once by his beard that he was not my brother. A musket ball had passed from one side of his forehead to the other, tearing a gash through which his brains were oozing. He didn't utter a word nor even a groan. When I let him go he crept back into the brush again. I had no other thought but that he would die, but afterward he was seen in Nashville.

"At last, I found a little fellow lying in a ditch unhurt. He told me my brother had been taken back to the hospital with a wound in the head.

"I went to the division hospital and found him sitting on a log with a wet towel on his head. He was as much worried about me as I had been about him... His wound did not prove very serious."<sup>71: 50-51</sup>

Theodore and John Baughman marched with General William T. Sherman to Atlanta, and witnessed up close the very definition of total warfare waged on enemy soldiers and civilians alike.

"Georgia's state library, consisting of several thousand volumes, was ransacked by the soldiers of literary tastes, and cartloads of books were taken away;" and although Sherman's orders to apply the torch "was confined strictly to the public buildings... some of the men would slyly set fire to other buildings," Baughman confessed.

Some southern civilians, especially ministers, did not spare General Sherman a tongue-lashing, if that remained the only punishment that they could dispense. One such

assault from a reverend prompted Sherman to reply in a letter, which Theodore quoted in his memoir in its entirety:

“Atlanta, Ga., September 16, 1864

“Dear Sir,

“Your letter of September 14 is received. I approach a question involving a title to a horse with deference for the laws of war. That mysterious code, of which we talk so much but know so little, is remarkably silent on the ‘horse.’ He is a beast so tempting to the soldier – to him of the wild cavalry, the fancy artillery or the patient infantry – that I find more difficulty in recovering a worthless, spavined beast than in paying a million of greenbacks; so that I fear I must reduce your claim to one of finance, and refer you to the great board of claims in Washington, that may reach your case by the time your grandchild becomes a great-grandfather.

“Privately, I think it was a shabby thing in that scamp of the 31<sup>st</sup> Missouri who took your horse, and his colonel or brigadier should have restored [it]. But I cannot undertake to make good the sins of omission of my own colonels and brigadiers, much less those of a former generation.

“When this cruel war is over and peace once more gives you a parish, I will promise, if near you, to procure out of Uncle Sam’s corrals a beast that will replace the one taken from you so wrongfully, but now it is impossible. We have a big journey before us, and need all we have and I fear more, too.

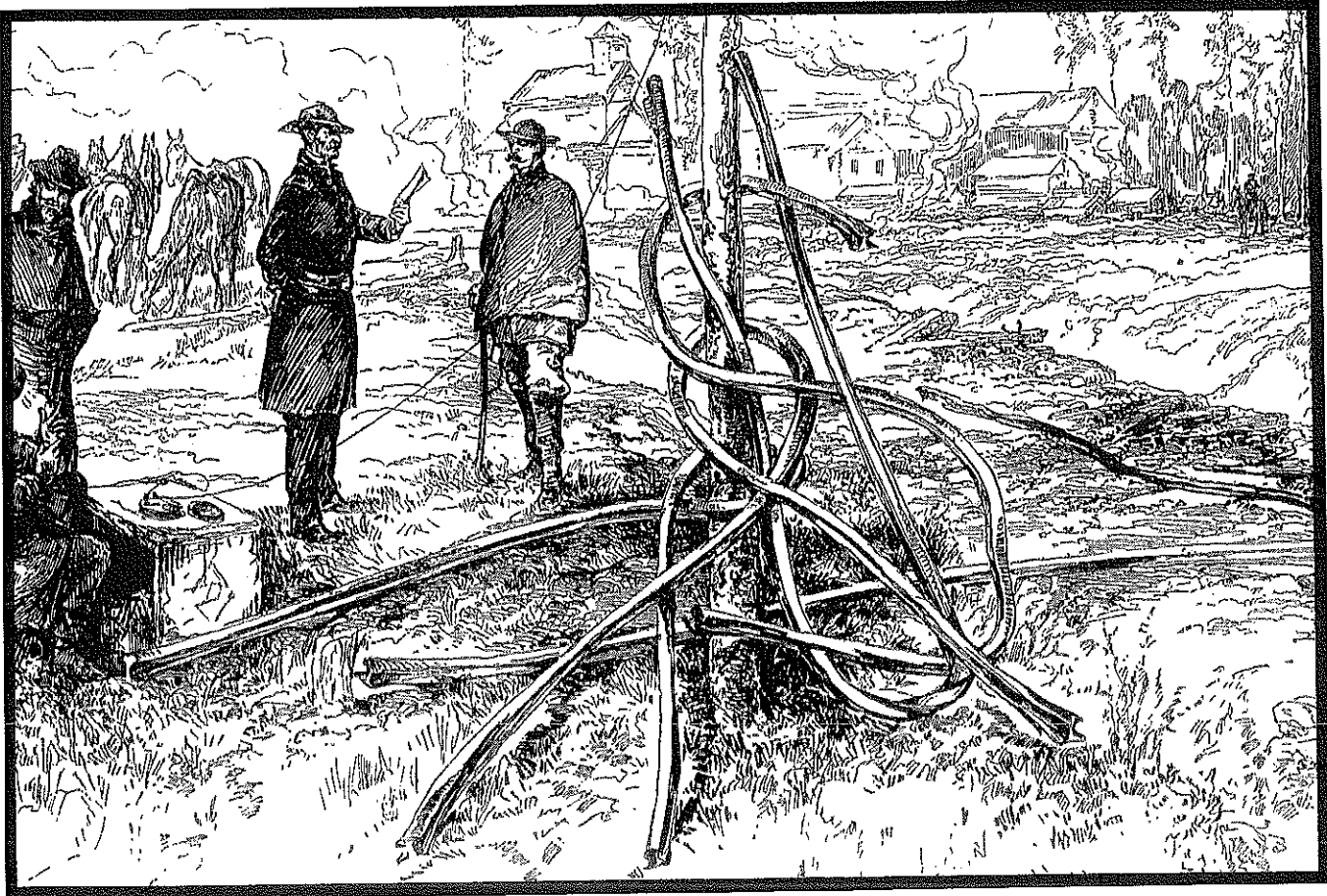
“So look out when the Yanks are about, and hide your beasts, for my experience is that old soldiers are very careless in a search for a title. I know that [Confederate] Gen. Hardee will confirm this, my advice. With great respect,

Yours truly,

W.T. Sherman, Maj.-Gen. Comdg.”

“I did not go to Charleston,” said Theodore Baughman, “being engaged... in destroying the railroad. Our method of rendering railroad iron useless was to place the bars on a pile of ties and set fire to it. When red hot, we twisted them around trees like bracelets.

“The burning of Columbia was an awful spectacle. The horrors of war as seen upon the battlefield strewn thick with the bodies of the dead and dying, we had in a certain sense become hardened to, but the sight of a



GENERAL SHERMAN INSPECTS SOME OF THE DAMAGE FROM HIS TOTAL WARFARE IN THE SOUTH INCLUDING MELTED RAILROAD TIES BENT INTO THE LETTERS U.S.

whole city full of helpless women and children burned out of their homes on a winter night, and filling the streets with their cries of lamentation, touched every heart that was not dead...

"I was in the city, but had no disposition to exercise my 'burning' talents that night. I did all I could to protect the women and children." <sup>71: 80</sup>

Theodore's final route along his way to engagements at Averysboro and Goldsboro, North Carolina, took him to the border by Cheraw. .

"Some rebels lying in ambush on a little creek we had to cross, fired on us. My horse was shot through the shoulders and fell on me. I received severe injuries, from which I have not yet recovered." <sup>71: 81</sup>

"I was discharged from military service the 1<sup>st</sup> day of August 1865... I went home that very day, and found everything pretty much as I had left it. Of course father and mother and all were glad to see me, and to be once more at the old homestead was a pleasure as great as any I have ever felt. I also found brother John at home, he having previously been mustered out.

"Thus closed my career as a soldier for Uncle Sam. I have served the old gentleman for many years since, but in a different capacity..." <sup>71: 84</sup>



#### *More Bachmans and Baughmans at War*

South Carolina, the first state to secede, gave birth to 29 Baughman volunteers for the Confederacy, the largest concentration of any state in the South. Eleven joined her very first regiment of infantry, which was known successively after the names Hagood and McCreary, its battlefield commanders. They arrived early on in the war and carried through to the end, partaking in the killing at Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness Campaign, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg.

The honor roll of other Civil War battles where Baughmans fought included Harper's Ferry, First Manassas, Pea Ridge, Corinth, Iuka, Prairie Grove, Vicksburg, Antietam, Murfreesboro, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Winchester, Front Royal, Opequon, Shiloh, Resaca, Ringgold Gap, Atlanta, Bentonville, Fredericksburg, and Appomattox. At nearly every turn, Northern Baughmans and Bachmans shot back and forth with Southern Baughmans and Bachmans. <sup>700</sup>

The path of Theodore Baughman from Ohio crossed fatefully with that of pastor John Bachman, the naturalist from Charleston, South Carolina.

William Bachman, John's son, had snuck out to join the Confederate bombardment of Fort Sumter in the first

few hours of the war. He went on to survive 17 battles and won his father's admiration for a severe abdominal wound sustained during a battle in northern Virginia. <sup>528: 174</sup>

John himself volunteered three hours every day at Charleston's military hospital, sometimes even burying the dead. He traveled up the length of the Shenandoah Valley to resupply field hospitals, one on the banks of the Potomac River. <sup>528: 221</sup>

By mid-February of 1865, Union troops reached Charleston after Sherman's long march through Georgia. They ripped the tops off the crates stored at the Charleston Museum, hoping to find treasure, but quit the plunder upon discovering Bachman's animal specimens. All of the books there, however, and at the pastor's home, were burned. <sup>528: 224</sup>

Bachman and a few of his children had already escaped to the northeastern corner of the state, where the railroad line paused for Cash's Station near Cheraw.

When they found refuge at a farm for three days, Union troops eventually caught up. A captain and his company rode up and promised that no harm would be done to them, but returned the next day convinced that buried treasure could be found.

Bachman denied any knowledge of such a treasure, prompting some of the federals to lead him behind a stable and threaten to shoot him.

"They cocked their pistols and held them over my head," reported Bachman. Then he was kicked to the ground over and over. Bachman begged them to shoot him if they wished, but to stop battering "a defenseless old man." The captain then struck him hard on both arms, and Bachman felt sure from the excruciating pain that the left one had been broken. Another soldier pointed a pistol to the old man's chest, but his daughter Kate threw her arms around her father to protect him. Finally, the Yankees left.

Four months later, after the old pastor returned to his pulpit, the left arm remained useless. <sup>528: 226</sup> While at home on 24 February 1874, John Bachman suffered a stroke and died. Adoring parishioners buried his remains beneath the center aisle, directly in front of the altar at Saint John's where he had preached for nearly six decades. <sup>528: 260</sup>



#### *Theodore Becomes a Cavalry Scout*

Theodore H. Baughman's mother died in Michigan shortly after the war, leaving his widowed father and eight motherless siblings ready to leave home. In 1867, they relocated to Platte County, Missouri, near Parkville,

and the following spring headed off for little-claimed parts near in Sheridan, part of Ottawa County near Topeka, Kansas. Brothers Joseph and Edward Baughman appeared in the 1880 U.S. Census as both being 26 years old and single, while sister Lucy, at 22, was also not married. A brother named Mosway Baughman was only 13. <sup>71: 105</sup>

The tall grass stopped west of Fort Riley, and the cavalry commander there warned them that the Indian attacks had become very bad. There were but three white families settled west of that spot along the Solomon River in Kansas, and they had built a stockade to protect themselves.

"They would take our stock even if they spared our scalps, which was not pleasant news to us tenderfeet.

"We built our cabins, dug wells and did the necessary breaking of the land, but I sold out my claim before I proved it up." <sup>71: 110-111</sup>

"We [had] passed through the town of Abilene... which had a few houses and a blacksmith shop, a hotel and a small yard for shipping cattle. In the spring of 1869, the McCoy brothers opened up a trail from there to Texas. They had a contract with the drovers to receive \$3 per car, and \$5 per car from the Kansas Pacific railroad for all cattle shipped over the road.

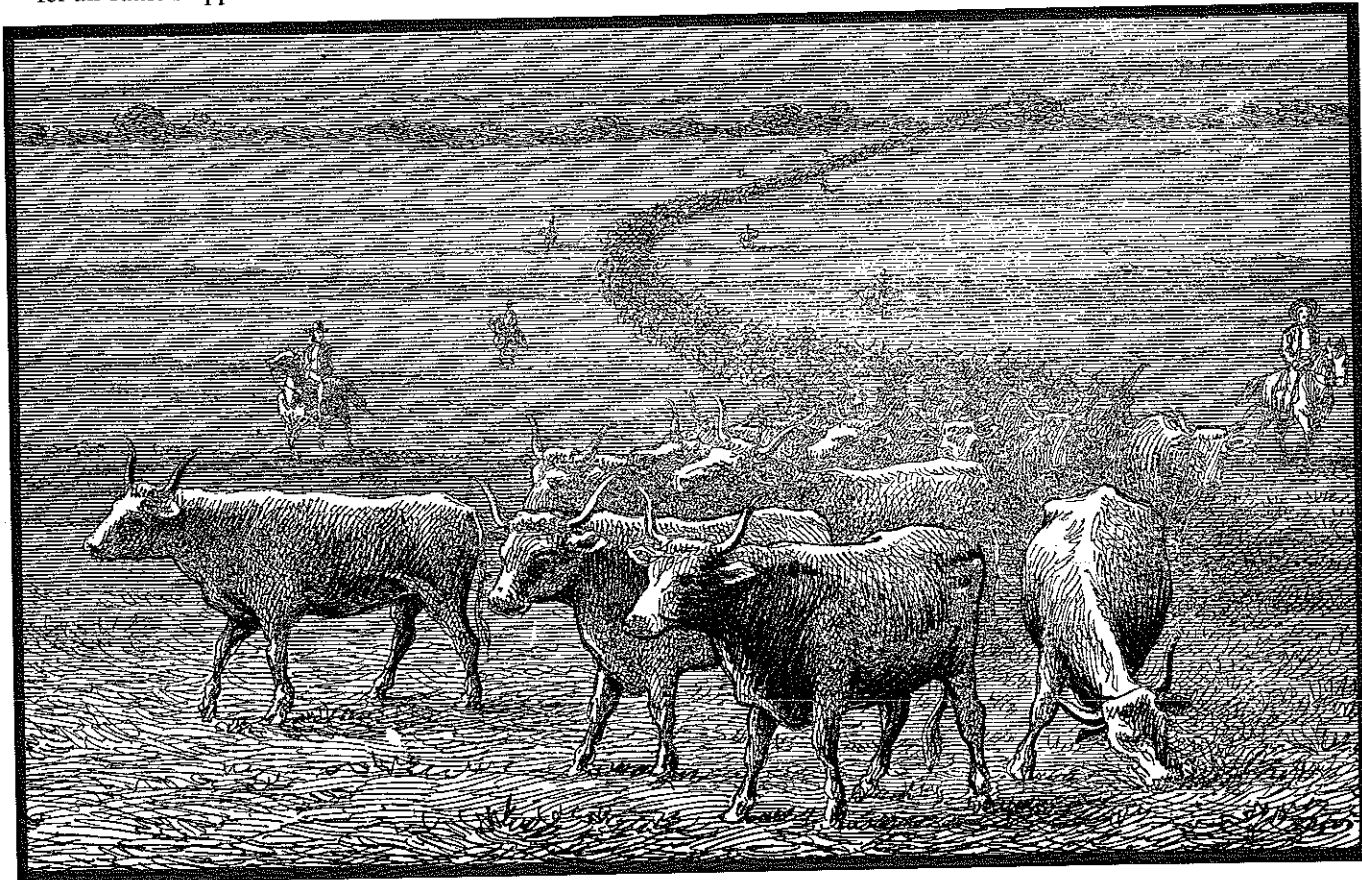
"Out of this contract, the McCoy brothers made \$265,000 in one year. The drive between Abilene and Texas was about 1,200 miles." <sup>71: 107</sup>

"Neither the cattle nor the cowboys of that day can be compared to their representatives of the present [1886], for it is safe to say that the cowboys of today would not get through with the mess wagon and the stake ropes." <sup>71: 109</sup>

"I went first to Abilene and there joined an outfit to look for cattle in the southern part of Kansas and the Indian Territory. We traveled the Chisholm Trail, but in the meanwhile scouring the surrounding country for cattle." Abilene, Texas, in the very heart of the state, sits 360 miles northwest of Victoria. <sup>71: 111</sup>

At Fort Sill, Theodore learned of a cattleman's scam that had been perpetrated by Philander Buckley, one of their unscrupulous competitors. Buckley was to turn over his herd to an agent named Laurie Tatum, a trusting Quaker woman.

"Buckley had the cattle rounded up close to a large hill and had men stationed at different points with directions to keep the cattle moving constantly around the hill, and by this means induced the agent to count the same cattle twice, and I think they would have been counted a third time if night had not come on...



A CATTLE DRIVE STRETCHING BACK AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE  
ALONG 1,200 MILES OF THE CHISHOLM TRAIL FROM ABILENE TO TEXAS

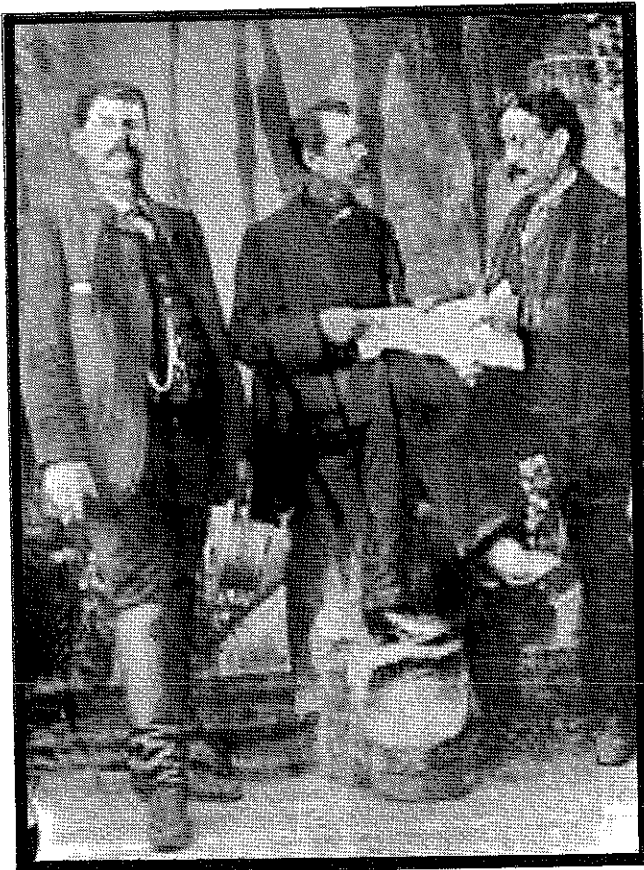
"Buckley... magnified one herd into two, causing a long-suffering government to pay for two... where it only received one." <sup>71: 112</sup>

Turning the romantic ideal of driving cattle proved a trickier business than Theodore had expected.

"I managed to control them pretty well till I reached Marshall, on the head of the Ninisqua. On reaching that town, I rode through it and asked the citizens if I could drive the herd through the village. They assented, and I requested them to keep the dogs indoors, as the cattle were very wild and especially afraid of dogs. This they promised to do...

"But the women of that village, like all others, were extremely curious, and unable to restrain their desire to get a look, opened the doors, when out jumped the dogs, and a scene of indescribable confusion, excitement and devastation ensued.

"The cattle trampled over the vegetable gardens, tore up the fences, broke down all the fine young cottonwood shade trees and scared the women nearly out of their senses. Having finally got the herd beyond the limits of the town (there were four house in it) I dismounted and asked the man who appeared to be the acting mayor how much was to pay for the damage done. One said \$15 and



THE BAUGHMAN COWBOYS  
ELDER BROTHER JOHN, FRIEND WILLIAM COUCH & THEODORE

another \$10. I gave them a check for the amount on the First National Bank of Wichita. The bank had been defunct for over two years..." <sup>71: 143-144</sup>

Back in Abilene, the boys discovered that in their absence, "the city marshal, Tom Smith, had met with a fatal accident, by having his head chopped off by a couple of homesteaders whom he had gone to arrest. Life in Kansas in those days was in every respect lively." <sup>71: 113</sup>

"During my [first] trip to Fort Sill in search of cattle... I passed through the present flourishing county of Sedgwick, and that most ambitious and wide-awake of Kansas towns, Wichita.

"In 1872, Wichita became the principal headquarters in Kansas of the Texas cattle business." Two million dollars and 350,000 head changed hands there that year, making it "the liveliest town between the two seas."

"Large sign boards were posted up at the four conspicuous entrances into town bearing this device, 'Everything goes in Wichita. Leave your revolvers at police headquarters...' " <sup>71: 115</sup>

"Here are always to be found a number of characters, both male and female, of the very worst class in the universe, such as have ceased to feel the last sting of shame – men who live a soulless, aimless life, dependent upon the turn of a card for their means of living.

"When darkness of night has come to shroud their orgies from public gaze, these miserable beings gather into the halls of the dance house and trip the fantastic toe to wretched music, ground out of dilapidated instruments by beings fully as degraded as the most vile. In this vortex of dissipation, the average cowboy plunges with great delight. Few more wild and reckless scenes of abandoned depravity can be seen... than a dance house in full blast...

"A more odd, not to say comical, sight is not often seen than the dancing cowboy. With the front of his sombrero lifted an angle of 45 degrees, his huge spurs jingling at every step or motion, his revolvers flapping up and down like a retreating sheep's tail, his eyes lit up with excitement, liquor and lust, he plunges in and 'hoes it down' at a terrible rate, in the most approved awkward country style, often swinging 'his partner' clear off the floor for an entire circle, then balance all, with an occasional demoniacal yell, near akin to the war whoop of the savage Indian. The more he dances and drinks, the less common sense he will have, and the more completely his animal passions will control him. Such is the manner in which the cowboy spends his hard-earned dollars." <sup>71: 168-171</sup>

"The next spring, Karnes, McDowell and myself went to look for horses up the Solomon River. McDowell was in the lead. We saw him dismount and lead his horse down the hill. He motioned us to come to him, which we did as quietly as possible. He told us there were four

Indians sitting around a fire just over the hill. They were cooking some meat. Karnes wanted to kill them. So it was agreed that we should all creep upon them, and that one should count 'One, Two, Three...' when all should fire. But before the word was given, one of the guns went off accidentally, which caused the others to fire.

"The result was that neither of us killed an Indian. We were obliged to return home, not having found any horses. The Indians had driven them off." <sup>71: 118</sup>

"About the 18<sup>th</sup> of August [1871], I in company with five others left our homes on the Solomon River to kill buffalo for their tallow, for which the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company was paying fifteen cents a pound to use on their trains as grease.

"It was an immense herd. The earth shook under their tread, and the noise was heard like the roar of distant thunder for miles. Some idea of their number may be gathered from the fact that they were four hours passing our camp, and there was no telling how wide the column was. Before dark, we could see buffalo in every direction as far as the eye could reach... The country was black with buffalo... We were compelled to sit up late at night shooting into the herd of buffalo in order to keep them from stampeding our stock."

"The next morning, McDowell and myself, who did all the hunting, killed 18 by 11 o'clock. The tallow has to be cut from the carcass shortly after it is killed to keep it from souring. After doing this, I told McDowell I was going to camp, being extremely thirsty and on the verge of sunstroke. McDowell was so thirsty he drank some blood.

"Indians had been attracted by the firing, and had seen the men.. hauling off the meat and tallow... By this time, the Indians made a rush for our camp. They had their war paint on, were naked to their waists, and it was sight to see them coming at full speed on their fleet ponies with the regular Indian whoop...

"As they rushed into camp, they goaded our horses with spurs to make them break loose. One fellow, with a light gray blanket, passed near me and thrust his spear into the hip of one of the horses... I gave him a couple of shots with my revolver at close range, not more than two feet. I could see that the powder blackened his blanket. His pony carried him off, as they generally tied themselves on their horses before going into battle...

"The situation was mighty lively for a couple of hours. The Indians kept circling around us, clinging to the side of their horses opposite from us... We had only muzzle-loading guns...

"One, more bold than the rest, tried to creep up on us. He was in the act of rising to his knees to shoot when he got the contents of McDowell's gun in his breast. When the bullet struck him, he lunged forward, and I thought at one time he was coming into camp. But he had his death wound, and after rolling five or six feet down the bank,

remained quiet.

"His comrades rushed in on their horses, and grabbing him by the belt and hair, dragged him off... We got the spear, gun and blanket of the Indian [that] McDowell had shot. These were trophies. I took the lance, one of the Doty boys the gun, and I don't remember what became of the blanket. This happened about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the Indians were not so brave as they had been...

"Finally, the Indians ceased their attacks and disappeared." <sup>71: 121-126</sup>

"In the spring, I concluded to try my luck on wild horses. In 1876, I received from the Indian agent power of attorney to collect, sell, and otherwise dispose of all horses, ponies and mules that are found in the state of Texas, Kansas and New Mexico. For this purpose, I came to Caldwell and obtained a herd of 287. Wild horses are a peculiar animal to handle, and a greenhorn had better let them alone...

"When a herd of horse is to be driven, they are handled similar to a herd of cattle. They are not rounded up at night, but are allowed to scatter... and in the morning all hands are in the saddle to make the round up. It is a hard life, and the boys must be skillful riders... One



COPING WITH THE HEAT & HORSEFLIES  
OF INDIAN TERRITORY

meal a day is often all they receive, and they are constantly in the saddle from daylight till sundown.

"Sometimes [horses] will stampede and scatter so far in an hour's time as to take all day to close them up again. If they are likely to do it at any slight scare, the most unruly ones are roped and 'kneed.' The kneeling process consists in cutting the cord that sets the foot forward. This of course only applies to stock horses on the range. This prevents them from running, but they can trot. Another method is to tie a block of wood to their foretop, which pounds them in the face when they run..."

"Indians are constantly on the lookout for stray animals, which they steal when they have an opportunity. When horses are found in their possession, they demand \$5 each for them."<sup>71: 146-147</sup>

The next stop in Theodore's checkered life found him working for the Wells-Fargo Express Company,<sup>71: 128</sup> and having the bad luck to be rail passenger outside of Muncie, Indiana, in 1873 when armed train robbers swooped down upon the whole lot of them.

"Out of curiosity, I stuck my head out of the window, when some fellow halloed, 'Take it in or I will shoot it off.' I complied with his request. McDaniel was one of the parties connected with this robbery. He was arrested and taken to Lawrence. He escaped from jail, but was killed by an old German who discovered his hiding place and was trying to arrest him. The name of the conductor on the train was Jake Brinkerhoff..."<sup>71: 129</sup>

"In 1882, a commission was sent out by the Cherokee government of Tahlequah... for the purpose of collecting the tax due that nation for herds grazing on the Cherokee reservation. The commission, on account of my knowledge of the location of all the herds, as well as of my acquaintance with the owners, employed me to collect the taxes... I had a little experience in this line helping Gov. Brownlow to collect the state revenue in Tennessee during war.

"I was kept very busy... engaged in the business two years, and was constantly on horseback... visiting personally all the herds that crossed or entered the [Cherokee land]."<sup>71: 150</sup>

"My second trip as a guide with Lieut. Hyle rendered me so familiar with the creeks and hills that I could now find my way through the Cherokee country as readily in the dark as by daylight. There is scarcely a square mile of ground in that section [of Oklahoma] on which at some time I have not pressed my own or my horse's feet."<sup>71: 141</sup>

Theodore's impressions of D.W. Lipe, treasurer of the Cherokee Nation, were similarly approving. "Mr. Lipe was a splendid specimen of manhood. He was finely educated, and his manners and address were those of a cultivated gentleman... and [he new] how to treat a man white every time.

"I found the pursuit... both agreeable and profitable, and only gave it up because more important business

called me elsewhere."<sup>71: 151</sup>

White settlers coveted the hilly lands of eastern Oklahoma between the north fork of the Canadian and the Cimarron rivers. A treaty dating back 50 years had promised that the Cherokees would not be disturbed at this place, some 14 million acres laid out in a rectangle 60 miles long and 46 miles wide. A certain Captain Payne stirred up his followers and they constantly tried to colonize the territory, in flagrant disobedience to federal law and Indian preferences.

"June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1884, I received verbal orders from Gen. Hatch to proceed to Rock Falls, on the Cherokee Strip, where Capt. Payne had established a settlement, and ascertain as nearly as possible the number of boomers there, and also at Pearl City, some 20 miles further down..."

"We started with Payne and seven or eight other veteran boomers who were there to be turned over to the United States Court for the western district of Arkansas for prosecution... While I was packing up and the troops were getting ready to march, a United States deputy marshal and one of his posse, from Wichita, Kas., appeared on the scene and demanded the prisoners. Lieut. Gardner informed his majesty, the deputy, that he could not have the prisoners unless he licked his outfit and took them by force. It is hardly necessary to say we resumed our march [to Fort Smith] with the prisoners."<sup>71: 177-178</sup>

Not long after 7 April 1885, Theodore Baughman became well-known locally because of his friendship with a correspondent of the *Kansas City Times* name John Bacon; and once more on a national scale because of an article published in *Leslie's Illustrated Magazine* called "The Oklahoma Scout" which celebrated his exploits.

"The city gentleman may take pride in showing his country friends the sights of a great metropolis," wrote Theodore in his memoirs. "The sturdy farmer may fill himself with satisfaction as he welcomes his city friends to his home of peace and plenty and quiet. The European and American may exchange places, and visit and revisit the great centers where men have reared huge structures and piled up immense fortunes, but all these are tame and common compared with a rough and ready reception in the wild west.

"Together we have lain on the grass and counted the turkeys and deer killed during the day after they were strung up on long poles placed in the forks of the trees. The evening was also the favorite hour for swapping stories."<sup>71: 207</sup>

"The laugh was at the expense of the good-natured Bennett one day when he used two small bars of dynamite to try to blow fish out of a stream. He secured, as the result of his scientific feat, two little fish no longer than a pipe stem, which, however, he declared he would cook and eat, as the experiment cost him about three dollars,



beside his valuable time.” 71: 209

“The lamps were all put out and then came those never-to-be-forgotten camp-fire chats. Many a merry tale was told, many a loud and boisterous song was sung; all sorts of yarns were spun, some of them truthful enough, and many of them not any too truthful. Ghost stories, love stories, hunting stories, war stories, all sorts of stories. Sometimes a sort of home sickness would strike the boys, and then they would sing songs of home, and of their early days.” 71: 202

“But my conclusion from a long experience is that a man is his own best friend, and that the help of friends or relatives can never serve as a substitute for a sturdy self reliance. I make no pretensions to being a saint, never did

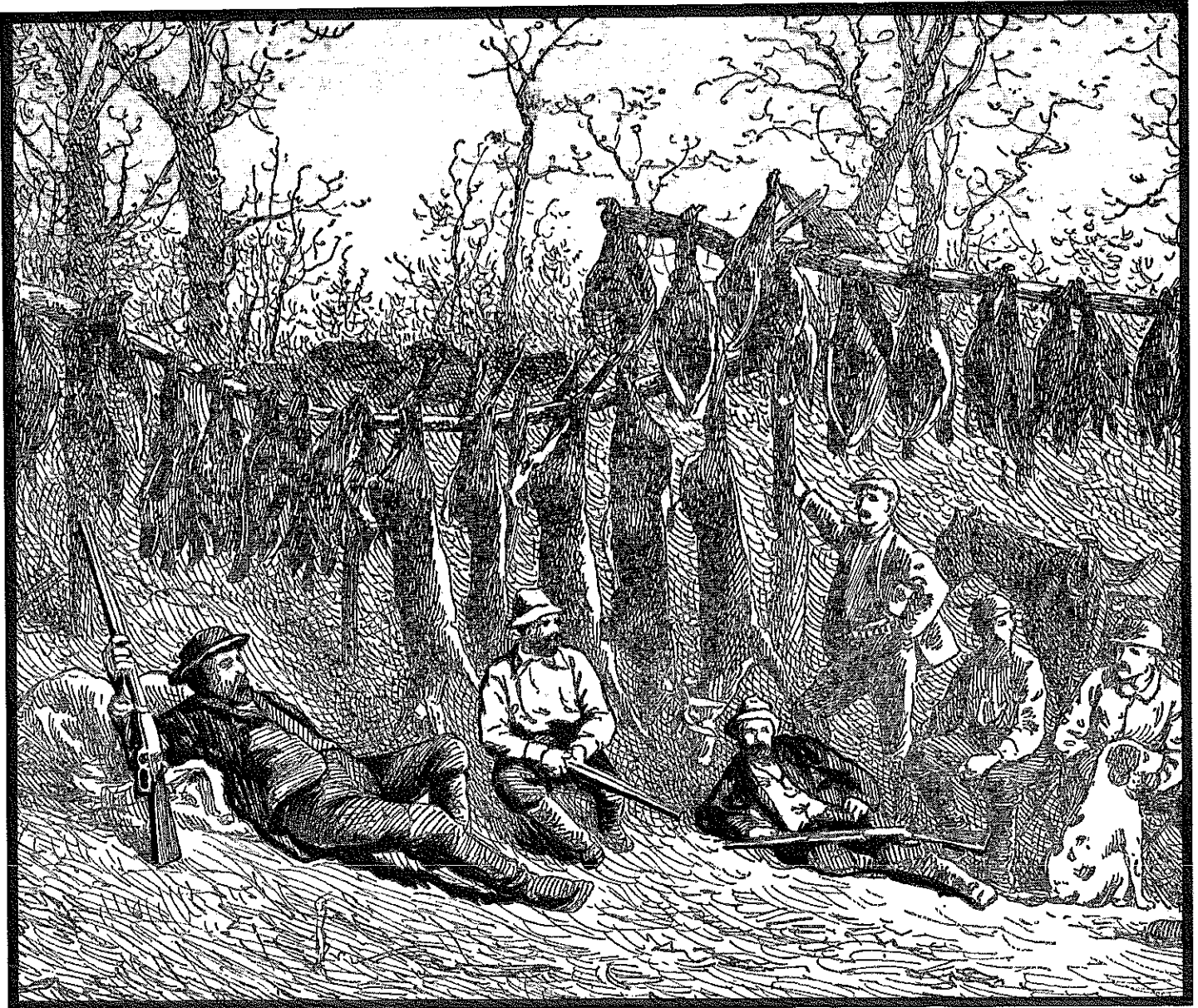
and never expect to.” 71: 214

Theodore Henry Baughman died in 1926 at the town of Leavenworth, in Leavenworth County, Kansas, at the age of 80.



### *Some Baughmans Who Were Indians*

J. Henry Baughman was born on 15 April 1874 in Carroll County, Arkansas, to Peter William Baughman (1855-1928). As the first male child, he was named in honor of his father's father, Joseph Henry. The younger



THEODORE BAUGHMAN SQUIRING A PARTY OF HUNTERS  
SHARING ALL SORTS OF STORIES

Henry served later in life as a U.S. Marshal in Oklahoma and resided in Muskogee County.

On 20 November 1911, at the age of 36, he married a young half-blood Cherokee from Fort Gibson, 16-year-old Addie Lela Vanslyke, but spent the rest of his life trying to keep her heritage a secret from his folks back home.<sup>62</sup> Their children included a son, Olin Noble Baughman, born in 1913; a daughter, Ruby L. (1915); William (1917); Walter R. (1918); and a daughter named Sister (1920).<sup>122</sup>

Henry was fractionally Cherokee as well, (being 1/32<sup>nd</sup>) since his great, great, great, great grandmother had been Betsey of Ooltewah, Tennessee, the Indian bride of John Sutton, Sr.<sup>65: 135</sup>

Marshal Henry Baughman lived until 31 March 1945, and his body was buried in the Cherokee Cemetery at Fort Gibson, also known as the Citizen's Cemetery, although it is thought that no marker remains at his grave. His widow survived him until Christmas Eve of 1957 when she passed on at the age of 61.<sup>704</sup>

During three quarters of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century and into the first decade of the 20<sup>th</sup>, laws in Missouri prevented any Indian from owning property. Many Cherokees had already settled in the area, instead of completing the government-ordered Trail of Tears exodus into Oklahoma. Many intermarried with whites, and due to legal and social discrimination, simply ceased to identify themselves as Indian.<sup>8: 53</sup>

Credit for the Native American Data / Indian Census Rolls belongs to the staff of the Southwest National Archives in Fort Worth, Texas, that compiled the names from the Dawes Enrollment Cards (1896-1914) for its NAIL research site.<sup>665</sup>



THE BADGE FOR A U.S. MARSHAL  
SERVING IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY OF OKLAHOMA

#### CHEROKEE ROLLS

Dora Baughman, (Cherokee) Record Type: enrollment; Age: 1; Sex: F; Enrollment Type: M (Minor) Blood %: 1/4; Card No.: M2683; Roll No.: 2871

John Baughman, (Cherokee) Record Type: enrollment; Sex: M; Enrollment Type: P (Parent); Card No.: 5237

N.S. Baughman, (Cherokee) Record Type: enrollment; Sex: M; Enrollment Type: P (Parent); Card No.: M2683

Nannie Lewellan Baughman, (Cherokee) Record Type: enrollment; Age: 3; Sex: F; Enrollment Type: M (Minor); Blood %: 1/4; Card No.: M2683; Roll No.: 2870  
CAMPBELL

Temperance Baughman, (Cherokee) Record Type: enrollment; Sex: F; Enrollment Type: P (Parent); Card No.: M2683

A pair of Baughman brothers from Crooked Creek moved into the Indian Territory of eastern Oklahoma and married local women. Several of the following members of the Creek Nation were enrolled due to their mother, a half-blood named Sarah Anne Lynch, who married George Lafayette Baughman on 1 October 1901 at Muskogee. She was born in 1879 near the same place, while George was born on 28 October 1873 at Harrison, Boone County, Arkansas, to Isaac Nicholas Baughman. Their seven children included, amongst those registered listed below, Fannie, William LaFayette and Gold Coin (born 21 January 1905).<sup>62: 38</sup>

Others in the tribal registry trace to Mary Lou Chapman, born as a quarter-blood on 5 March 1882 in the same neighborhood, who married on 18 March 1900 to William Bert Baughman, younger brother of the above George Lafayette. Their nine children included, amongst those listed below, Jefferson Euel (born 2 May 1902) and Gay Leonard (born 8 December 1903).<sup>62: 39-40</sup>

#### CREEK ROLLS

Bert Baughman, (Creek) Record Type: enrollment; Sex: M; Enrollment Type: P (Parent); Card No.: NB17

Fannie Baughman, (Creek) Record Type: enrollment; Age: 1; Sex: F; Enrollment Type: BB (By Blood); Blood %: 1/4; Card No.: 3523 Roll; No.: 9504

Fayette Baughman, (Creek) Record Type: enrollment; Sex: M; Enrollment Type: P (Parent); Card No.: 3523

G. L. Baughman, (Creek) Record Type: enrollment; Sex: M; Enrollment Type: P (Parent); Card No.: NB203

Gay L. Baughman, (Creek) Record Type: enrollment; Age: 1; Sex: M; Enrollment Type: NB (Newborn); Blood %: 1/8; Card No.: NB17; Roll No.: 14

Gold C. Baughman, (Creek) Record Type:

enrollment; Age: 1; Sex: M; Enrollment Type: NB (Newborn); Blood %: 1/4; Card No.: NB203; Roll No.: 245

Jefferson Euel Baughman, (Creek) Record Type: enrollment; Age: 3; Sex: M; Enrollment Type: NB (Newborn); Blood %: 1/8; Card No.: NB17; Roll No.: 13

Malvin W. Baughman, (Creek) Record Type: enrollment; Age: 2; Sex: M; Enrollment Type: NB (Newborn); Blood %: 1/4; Card No.: NB203; Roll No.: 244

Sarah Baughman, Sarah (Creek) Record Type: enrollment; Sex: F; Enrollment Type: P (Parent); Card No.: 3523



### *Blacks at Sundown*

In Missouri, just before the Civil War broke out, very few slave owners had settled in the Ozark Mountains. It was not a geography conducive to the production and marketing of large-scale cash crops, as the fertile, river valley lowlands were, but was more attractive to rugged, self-sufficient individualists who pursued hunting, fishing, logging, mining, subsistence farming or cattle ranching. In the generation leading up to the Civil War, most of the area had less than two people settled per square mile, and even along the well-traveled White River it never got much over six people to the mile.<sup>459: 56</sup>

Out of Taney County's total population of 3,576 people, barely one-third of one percent were black.<sup>116</sup> By comparison, the remainder of Missouri held 114,427 slaves,<sup>248: 27</sup> about 10 percent of the state's population.<sup>459: 58</sup> In Taney County during 1860, for instance, 23 white families owned and accounted for the entire registry of 82 slaves. Five African-Americans who were listed as "free colored" all lived in the remote and mountainous Washington Township.<sup>8: 57</sup>

In the Ozarks of northwestern Arkansas, S.C. Turnbo wrote of a "colored man" named David Hall, who had moved from North Carolina and resettled on the White River, seven miles below the mouth of the Little North Fork before Arkansas had even become a state. Hall was a mulatto, and his wife, Sarah, was "near white." Together, they ran the area's first whiskey still and trading post for deer hides. Several of Hall's brothers came to join him in Marion County, and their extended community of 80 free black people made up a third of the Little North Fork Township, living peaceably for years beside 178 whites with their 19 slaves.

The General Assembly of Arkansas in Little Rock was less comfortable with the arrangement, however, and on 1 March 1843, passed a law stating that no other free Negro or mulatto could immigrate to the state. They

followed that up in 1859 with a law entitled, "An Act to Remove the Free Negroes and Mulattoes from the State," although it was never formally enforced, and was repealed outright in 1863.

Between 1842 and 1860, the free black community in Marion County, which had reached a high population of 129, evaporated into a puddle of eight souls. Many may have fled to the Federal garrison in Springfield, Greene County, Missouri, where a Freedmen's Bureau was later established. The black population there swelled during the same time period from 1,677 up to 2,156.<sup>459: 59</sup> It required another century and a half to double their population again.

The politics of slavery in Missouri were, however, ambiguous at best. In 1860, not one single vote from Taney County added into the national election victory of Abraham Lincoln. A war was required to fully polarize the people, and only then did the Republican Party become dominant, which it has remained ever since.<sup>8: 63</sup>

Wayward, runaway or rebellious slaves gave Missouri the gravest concern as early as 1823, when the state legislature authorized each county to set up Slave Patrols. Any travel by slaves after sundown without the written permission of an owner could be punished summarily with 39 lashes by a local Justice of the Peace. This was the same penalty meted out to anyone who offended the public peace or disturbed a church service by "noise, riotous or disorderly conduct."

Slave owners and the patrollers would call each other for assistance with a pattern of loud blasts sounded from a horn, but without such a meeting before the owner or an official justice, the patrollers could at their discretion deal out ten lashes.<sup>248: 38-39</sup>

For another century and a half, the tradition persisted in some Taney County towns whereby a loud horn was blasted at six p.m. each evening. After such a long passage of years, these sirens meant little more than supper time, or could also be used to call the volunteer fire department or remind others of a civil defense drill in wartime. If there was any doubt though, handmade signs mounted at the city limits of a few Ozark towns announced: "Nigger, don't let the sun set on your heels here."<sup>459: 60</sup>

Statistically speaking, lynchings in the South before the war had not targeted blacks in particular. Between 1840 and 1860, somewhat over 300 victims were hanged or burned by mobs, but blacks' murders amounted to no more than ten percent of these, roughly proportional to their numbers in the general population.

Immediately after Reconstruction, though, all hell broke loose for African-Americans.<sup>69: 94</sup> For six years in the middle of the 1880s, one tally put the death toll from lynchings at 595 whites and 440 blacks.<sup>69: 159</sup>

During the 40 years between 1889 and 1929, American mobs killed 3,693 victims, according to a

thorough compiling of news accounts by *The Chicago Tribune*. Almost 38 percent of this revenge befell convicted murderers; while 614 of the lynchings (16.7 percent) happened to those convicted of rape; or else the 247 (some 6.7 percent) charged with attempted rape. Fully 24 percent were killed for a broad category of “all other offenses” which included transgressions such as “inciting racial troubles, bringing suit against white men, frightening school children... and trying to act like a white man.” <sup>69: 163</sup>

Many black families began to flee from the Ozarks, in such numbers that a few counties became 100 percent white. It didn’t quite happen in Greene County, Missouri, but each generation in Springfield endured lynchings, including infamous ones in 1859, 1871 and 1906. *The Springfield Republican* carried a seven-column banner with numerous subheads on its front page:

THREE NEGROES LYNCHED BY MAD MOB  
INFURIATED MOB OF WHITES TAKE AN ALLEGED MURDERER  
AND THE ASSAILANTS OF A BOLIVAR GIRL FROM THE COUNTY  
JAIL AND STRING THEM UP TO THE ELECTRIC TOWER IN THE  
PUBLIC SQUARE  
JAIL DOORS ARE BATTERED DOWN WITH HEAVY TIMBERS  
AND THE PLEADING BLACKS ARE HALF-CARRIED,  
HALF-DRAGGED TO THE SCENE OF EXECUTION  
WHEN LIFE IS EXTINCT, THE MOB IN ITS THIRST  
FOR VENGEANCE APPLIES THE TORCH  
HOWLING, SURGING MASS OF HUMANITY CROWDS THE PUBLIC  
SQUARE AND APPLAUDS THE LYNCHERS <sup>459: 60</sup>

Some stout-hearted families of African-Americans chose to return to or remain in the South during the difficult post-war period.

In the U.S. census of 1870, seven years after emancipation, a 30-year-old African-American woman named Celia and her 16-year-old son Francis, both of whom had belonged to the former Confederate captain Enos William Baughman, remained with him near Crooked Creek, Arkansas, and also kept his surname. <sup>64: 148</sup>

All this happened against a backdrop of severe upheaval. In order to protect the radical Reconstruction governments installed throughout the South, officially designated black militias sprang up. White women accused these militiamen of rape, and the worst numbers of assault in any southern state occurred in Arkansas.

In December 1868, four Negro militiamen raped two white women near their unit’s camp at Helena. Their arrest and court-martial followed immediately, with the firing squad consisting entirely of fellow blacks. <sup>69: 91</sup> That year, Little Rock declared martial law in 13 counties and sent more militiamen into the area to preserve the peace. <sup>69: 155</sup>

General Catterson personally oversaw the arrest of another black militiaman on charges of raping a white

woman, and then tried, convicted and promptly executed him. <sup>69: 91</sup> Arkansas’ Governor Powell Clayton reluctantly admitted in an interview with the *New York Tribune* on 9 January 1869 that there were several cases where Negro militiamen had violated white women. This caused Arkansas to pass a Ku Klux Klan law similar to ones passed by Alabama and North Carolina, where “the fact of man’s hiding his face and wearing a costume was prima facie evidence of guilt.” The Federal Ku Klux Klan Act of 1871 put an end to the most visible of the local chapters. <sup>69: 155</sup>

In response, though, many states gave birth to their own species of white supremacy movement. In Tennessee, they named themselves The Pale Faces; while South Carolina saw the rise of the Invisible Circle. Societies that straddled borderlands included the Council of Safety and the ‘76 Association. <sup>69: 150</sup>

The single bloodiest encounter of the entire Reconstruction occurred on 14 September 1874. The White League threw everything they had against Louisiana’s Black Militia in what became known as the “Second Battle of New Orleans.” <sup>69: 92</sup> Even later still, a klansman fired both barrels of his shotgun into a captain from the local Negro militia in Marion, Arkansas, in 1875. The assailant then emptied five more shots from a revolver into the body and calmly rode away, neither bothered nor pursued. <sup>69: 153</sup>

According to the 1880 U.S. Census for the outlying Bellefonte section of Harrison, Boone County, Arkansas, Fannie Baughman, a 22-year-old mother of Annie, 6, and James H., 1, were all described as blacks residing there. While both of her children had been born in Arkansas, Fannie came from Tennessee. <sup>117:1:ED18:7:48</sup>

By 1920, there were no more Baughmans identified as black in the Boone county census, although a mailbox along Highway 65 south of the neighboring town of Leslie, just past the dividing line where blacks frequently lived, bore the name Baughman up until 1980. It has disappeared since then.

Allowing for some variant spellings that appeared for the first time in 1920, there appeared the following African-Americans elsewhere in Arkansas:

Oliver Bauchman, 38, lived on North College Street, in Stuttgart, Arkansas County, Arkansas, along with his wife Allice, also 38. They had both been born in Tennessee. <sup>117:1:ED7:19:12</sup>

Henry Bagman, 45, who resided on Carter Street, in the town of Cotton Plant, Woodruff County, had been born in Arkansas. His wife Sarah, 35, had been born in Mississippi, but their 17-year-old son Robert T. had also been born in Arkansas. <sup>117:66:ED241:7:51</sup>

Mollie Bagman, 38, born in Arkansas, lived alone in Pulaski County.

Malinda Bokeman, 27, born in Arkansas, appeared

along with 13-year-old daughter Elizabeth Butler, in Jefferson County.

Census descriptions in Texas offered one more bit of detail, attempting to describe the fractional mix of African and Caucasian ancestry. A person who had one black and one white parent, or who had classic African features combined with a more pale complexion, were described as Mulatto

In 1880, Lewis Baughman, a ten-year-old Mulatto boy, lived in the town of Wharton, in Wharton County, as a boarder with Phoebe Middleton.

By 1900, Theo. Baughman, described as a 27-year-old black, appeared in the town of Victoria, in Victoria County, along with his wife Rosalie, also 27. This man, born in Texas during April 1873, became a successful newspaper editor in Texas and later in Oklahoma. <sup>121, 123, 124: 107; ED86: 23: 45</sup>

Allowing for variant spellings, there also appeared Lee C. Boogmen, 24, then residing in Precinct 6 of Waller County, and noted as a Prairie View Normal School pupil. He had been born during November 1875 in Texas.



### *Bull Creek Dave and the Bald Knobbers*

Several soft, treeless hills rise up south of the White River in Taney County, Missouri. Compared to the steep cliffs and surrounding hollows of the Ozark Mountains, this stony hills became known by local folk as the Bald Knobs. Five of these hills huddled along the main Springfield-Harrison Road near Harrison Snapp's farm. At the spot where northbound travelers from Kirbyville branched off to the right towards the Taney County seat of Forsyth, the Oak Grove Church sat. <sup>501: 8</sup>

Self sufficiency long served as the highest virtue in this heart of the Ozarks, as Pete Baughman from nearby Cedar Creek proved when he single-handedly built the entire Bald Knob School, and only charged the community \$50 for doing it. This feat of hard work and humility earned him the fond praise and memories of his neighbors over 40 years after his death.

When General Robert E. Lee surrendered his Confederate forces unconditionally to the Union commander Ulysses S. Grant in April 1865, the Civil War was far from over. The violent fevers it had induced along the western borderlands of Missouri and Arkansas did not subside for another 28 years.

By the early 1880s, Taney County, Missouri, still struggled with the effects of the war. Animosities left over from neighbor fighting neighbor had recently caused

over 40 unsolved murders. Graft and corruption left a monumental debt of \$42,000 that kept the local government paralyzed. Farmers could not afford to pay their overdue taxes with hard cash, and so had to bring in smoked bacon and hides to barter with the Clerk of Courts, or else resort to the hard labor of clearing forests and building roads on a county crew. <sup>263: 93</sup>

By the autumn of 1884, the many men who lived thereabouts had run out of patience. Familiar names amongst them trace all the way back to the Shenandoah Valley, including Baughman, Cline, Cobble, Estep, Funk, Garber, Hensley, Hull, Hursh, Inman, Krekel, Leathers, Rhodes and Snapp. Also in it up to their eyebrows were kin and cousins from the Berry, Everett, Haworth, Mitchell, Oliver, Thurman and Walker clans. <sup>66: 84</sup>

Their anger sprang from some of the same injustice that gave birth to Missouri's Honest Men's League, the Regulators and the Anti-Horse Thief Association, one of the nation's earliest vigilante organizations. <sup>263: 71</sup> Not all of them had decided what to do it about, though.

Ozarkers condemned not only the capital crimes and felonies, but decried the general moral erosion of their fellow townspeople, naming especially those men and women who dared to live together without the sanctification of marriage. <sup>263: 68</sup> The other targets for revenge included drunks, gamblers, two-timers, adulterers, deadbeat parents, horse thieves or anyone who complained about Sunday School. <sup>263: 79</sup>

Those who had gathered on top of Snapp's Bald Knob hollered their loyalty to the cause and then followed instructions to form in circles of 13 men each. They swore to this oath in unison, their voices rising up across the hills:

"Do you, in the presence of God and these witnesses, solemnly swear that you will never reveal any of the secrets of this order... [and] report all theft that is made known to you and not leave unreported any theft on account of his being blood relation of yours; nor will you willfully report anyone through personal enmity. You shall recognize and answer all signs made by lawful brothers and render them such assistance as they may be in need of, so far as you are able or the interest of your family will permit; nor will you willfully wrong or defraud a brother or permit it if in your power to prevent it.

"Should you willfully and knowingly violate this oath in any way, you subject yourself to the jurisdiction of twelve members of this order, even if their decision should be to hang you by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead.

"So help me God." <sup>567: 16</sup>

Early on, they seemed genuinely interested in justice. They tacked a note to the home of man who stole corn from a poor widow, ordering him to return twice as much

as the quantity he took. The man was unaware that his neighbor belonged to the legion, and when nothing was done about the penalty, and on top of that, the offender even made offensive remarks about the group and what they could do with their warning, another visit came soon. The avenging citizens beat him severely, took corn out of his crib and delivered it themselves to the widow. <sup>263: 147</sup>

Soon enough though, their new leaders proved that they were less interested in morality and the public good, and more in building their own power, somewhat on the order of the Ku Klux Klan. The Taney County vigilantes called themselves The Law and Order League, or interchangeably, the Citizens Committee. Because some of their earliest and most dramatic meetings took place on the Snapp Bald Knob by the Oak Grove Church, their critics, and eventually they themselves, took a liking to the name Bald Knobbers.

Although Knobbers tried to place their members into key positions of public trust – from trial juries to the sheriff's office and even judgeships – their reputation solidified as night riders appearing beneath the moonlight in hideous horned masks, delivering threats and warnings in the form of bundled sticks. <sup>263: 99</sup>

By counting the number of sticks in the bundle, the victim knew how many days of grace would be allowed to either make amends for the offense, or be gone. <sup>263: 71</sup>



“BULL CREEK” DAVE WALKER  
HEAD OF THE BALD KNOBBERS IN CHRISTIAN COUNTY

Vigilante officers signaled members from all around to meet by building huge bonfires atop the hill, and on top of that by blowing huge hunting horns. <sup>263: 70</sup> They eventually became bold enough to place ads in the local *Home and Farm* newspaper to call the vigilantes together:

“The citizens committee of Taney County will meet on Bald Knob, one and one-half miles south of Hensley’s ferry, on Tuesday, October 20, 1885, at an early hour. All commanders are expected to be present with their entire force, as business of importance is to be transacted. Come early. By order of the chief.” <sup>263: 89</sup>

Soon the Law and Order League spread to adjoining Stone, Barry and Douglas counties as well. <sup>567: 69</sup> One of their key leadership spots went to Dave Walker, who kept a modest farm on Bull Creek north of the Taney County line in Christian County. His parents, John and Mary Walker, crossed the Mississippi into Missouri at the same time as William and Dollie Walker, who settled in Kirbyville by the Bald Knobs and there intermingled with the Thurmans. <sup>66: 132-133 & 65: 271</sup>

Bull Creek Dave gained a reputation for steely nerve during the Civil War while fighting alongside the 72<sup>nd</sup> Missouri Union Infantry. <sup>567: 71</sup> However, at 5’10” and sporting a sandy blond, walrus mustache, he didn’t stack up so well to another and much better known Knobber chief, the 6’5” Nat Kinney.

Hill folks described Kinney as 300 pounds of solid muscle, besides being a dynamic preacher, a full-throated singer, and the proud owner of the first piano to be carted into the Ozark Mountains. Instead of owning the typical sorry-looking hound dog, Kinney ran with a huge greyhound and several other pure-bred dogs. Even his large chestnut saddle horse could amaze people because it wouldn’t flinch when the Kinney fired a shot while on its back.

In comparison, Walker was so mild-mannered that many were surprised when word got out that he belonged to the vigilantes, much less that he was their elected leader. <sup>567: 40</sup>

At the town of Chadwick, 20 miles north of Forsyth, prostitutes and gamblers loved the two “blind tigers,” what locals had nicknamed any unlicensed drinking hall. Many a neighborhood husband fell to temptation there, forfeiting virtue or at least his wages. <sup>263: 139</sup> The most notorious one, owned and run by John Rhodes, spilled fistfights and stabbings onto the dusty street, clogged with overland freight wagons, roaming pigs and cows. <sup>263: 148</sup>

Walker called the first meeting of the Chadwick legion of Bald Knobbers in a cave along Bull Creek two miles from his house. He invented his own ceremony for inducting new members, wherein a candidate stood before the chief, placed his left hand over his heart and raised his right arm toward heaven.

Then a noose was dropped down around the man’s neck, as if to hang him, and the muzzle of a revolver

pressed into his chest.

"In joining this organization, you adopt our previous actions, you sanction our future conduct... You can take no backward step now; for you, it is face forward, shoulder to shoulder, until such time as the evildoer shall have vanished from our midst. I salute you, brother Bald Knobber!"

To shield their identities at every meeting or during any mission, members wore their coats inside out and wore long, big socks to cover their boots. Then each new member chipped in 25 cents to buy the mask that finished their uniform. A black cambric skull cap covered the top of the head down to the eyebrows, and supported two black cambric cones, stiffened with real horns or cork or plugs of wood. A loose sleeve of cloth hung down to the chest, cut with holes for eyes, nose and mouth. White stripes and tassels decorated the entire thing as each group preferred. <sup>567: 59</sup>

The vigilantes, originally to be recruited from among the leading landowners and taxpayers, saw their numbers grow to 1,000, but not in an entirely voluntary spirit. John H. Haworth, a Baptist minister and kinsman of the Thurman and Walker homes nearby, <sup>66: 133</sup> wrote of a recruiter, Billy Mitchell, who came calling at his house:

"He brought a petition with several names on it, wanting me to join... I refused. Some of the men's names on the petition were good characters and some were the worst in the country. Some of them were, or had been, in the penitentiary. In fact, every ex-convict in the county was on the petition." <sup>263: 34-35</sup>

"You'll either join the band or leave the land," Mitchell pressed harder, but Haworth replied that would do neither. "You'll wish you had," came back the chilling threat. <sup>263: 62</sup>

Anyone who questioned Bald Knobber methods, or even dared to make light of them with jokes or songs, became marked for execution. <sup>263: 96-102</sup> The Knobber style of justice included intimidating signs, psychological terror, forced expulsions, house burnings, impromptu beatings and ritualized whippings of up to a 200 strokes. <sup>263: 74</sup> John Rhodes found 300 masked men at his blind tiger tavern, and they promptly crowded into his place to smash furniture and pour 50 gallons of whiskey and 100 gallons of beer onto the ground. <sup>263: 148</sup> On other occasions, men were strung up for hangings only to be spared, but many others were shot or simply made to disappear.

Knobbers rode hundreds strong to the county jail, and forcibly extracted a prisoner for immediately lynching. They were even the number-one suspect in gutting the new three-story Taney County courthouse by fire on 19 December 1885 so as to prevent a state auditor from uncovering their financial crimes. <sup>567: 97-128</sup> Some felt sure that Knobbers had killed well over two dozen men and four women, without even being called to account for

a single one. <sup>263: 94</sup>

As word of their notorious deeds spread outside the Ozarks, newspaper editors at *The Springfield Herald*, *The Jefferson City Tribune*, *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, *The Kansas City Star* and *The New York Sun* turned the Bald Knobbers into towering national figures. <sup>567: 249</sup>

A new faction, made up primarily of Democrats, ex-Confederates and free thinkers, rose up to counter the Knobbers. They became known alternately as the Slickers or the Militia and were led by the Snapps and the Haworths. Their numbers never rivaled the masked men, but included ministers, doctors, businessmen, postmasters and prosecutors. <sup>263: 68</sup>

The Thurman family believed nothing could be more important than turning a cheek to vigilante violence, in the hopes of applying Christian principles to war, and to staying altogether out of the scrape. <sup>66: 85</sup> Unfortunately, another important group argued to put the names of Bald Knobbers into a hat, pull them out one by one and hunt them down.

Robert Snapp tried to calm that anger.

"Men, if we do that, we'll be on the same level as the Bald Knobbers," countered Robert. "Now, you know I'm not a coward, but... I am against doing that. There has got to be a better way."

"It was so quiet, you could hear a pin drop," one of



THE BALD KNOBBER'S HOOD  
FINISHED WITH A PAIR OF HORNS

the Snapps later recalled. "Tension filled the air. No one knew who their neighbor was supporting, no one knew who to believe. No one was killed, but it was worse than the Civil War."<sup>263: 109</sup>

When the North finally released its political grip on the South, allowing ex-Confederate officers to hold political office again, Missouri elected the former General John S. Marmaduke to be their governor. He, in turn, dispatched a no-nonsense ex-Confederate cavalry officer, Carson Jamison, to stand face-to-face with the giant Knobber chieftan Nat Kinney, who dressed as and long pretended to have been a captain in the Union army, even though he had only been a private.<sup>263: 116</sup>

Missouri put the Citizens Committee on notice, quoting state statutes to the effect that "Any organization without state charter is unlawful." Jamison looked around him at both the Knobbers and Slickers in attendance. "I see two unlawful organizations operating in the county."

"But he said if we would disband," recalled the Bald Knobber Joe McGill, "go home and go to work, the state would make no more trouble about it – just let it all drop. If we did not, the state would be compelled to send the state militia, at our expense, to bring about peace and order."

"I am going to give you 24 hours to disorganize this thing," said the Adjutant General Jamison.

"I can't do it," Kinney said.

"It's strange to me that it could be *organized*, but it can't be disorganized," answered Jamison.

"Could you give us 48 hours?"

"Yes, sir..."

So shortly after the noon hour on Saturday, 10 April 1886, in time for Jamison's deadline, an army variously described between 300 to 500 unmasked mountain men rode into the village square at old Forsyth.

"Since peace and quiet now prevail supreme," Kinney announced, the Bald Knobbers had already won the "great struggle against the forces of evil."

Kinney's troops could barely believe their ears. A couple of weeks passing proved that they needn't. Some in the Law and Order League took the order to disband seriously, but Kinney and most of the others simply went underground.<sup>263: 118</sup> Walker seemed to make a more sincere attempt to disband his followers, but another cycle of murder and revenge pulled him back in as well.

On 21 August 1887, a grand jury in Christian County handed down indictments against 80 Bald Knobbers, including Dave Walker and his son Billy, charging them with 250 various crimes, including murder, assault and arson. After languishing all winter in jail, Walker received a trial and guilty verdict on 9 March 1888.<sup>263: 180</sup>

As violence continued unabated, many in Taney County left so they wouldn't have to associate with Kinney's "Sunday School Crowd." The reputation of the

Bald Knobbers had spread so far and wide that no one wanted to invest in land near the White River, much less live there. Some who couldn't sell moved anyway, hoping that the taste for blood would be forgotten in a year or two.<sup>263: 129</sup>

The war resumed in earnest one month later in Kirbyville when a Knobber gunned down an unarmed Sam Snapp for humming the tune to a satirical folk song. At the Snapp Cemetery, directly across the White River from Forsyth, the Slickers convened for the funeral. Even the gravediggers kept their guns handy, and Preacher Jurd Haworth wore his six-shooter while he delivered the graveside service.<sup>263: 134</sup>

On a particularly hot Sunday afternoon, 19 August 1888, when Nat Kinney decided to straighten up the inventory in his Forsyth store, a young gunman with a grudge named Billy Miles cornered and outdrew him.<sup>263: 214</sup> Before daylight on 10 May 1889, Dave Walker, Billy Walker and John Matthews endured a hideously bungled hanging, but eventually all succumbed.<sup>263: 238</sup>

Without their leaders, the remaining Bald Knobbers began to run out of steam. Kinney's widow, Maggie, still had a score to settle against her husband's killer. She sent \$1,500 to a hired gunman in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, named Ed Funk. On 4 July 1889, Funk set up a very public showdown at Kirbyville's crowded holiday picnic.

With children running about the temporary wooden dance floor, enjoying fried chicken, watermelon and homemade ice cream, pistols were drawn at the town spring and the shooting began. Funk and the Sheriff Galba Branson died instantly, while Miles and his two brothers made a quick getaway.<sup>263: 252</sup> The surrender of one Miles boy, who had been shot in the groin, took place at an old isolated cabin at Thurman's Bend.<sup>263: 257</sup> Billy Miles turned himself in shortly thereafter. On Saturday, 22 March 1890, a jury of twelve acquitted Miles in the murder of the Bald Knobber chief Nat Kinney, and on 5 September, the charges relating to the Funk and Branson killings were dismissed.<sup>263: 269</sup> and never expect to."<sup>71: 214</sup>

Theodore Henry Baughman died in 1926 at the town of Leavenworth, in Leavenworth County, Kansas, at the age of 80.



### *In the Hot Pursuit That Pushed Some Baughmans Away*

Peter William Baughman (1830-1904) relocated often during the difficult times in the Ozarks between 1860 and 1880, first at Crooked Creek, then at Protom, Cedar Creek, and back to Lead Hill. Part of his problem may have been the loss of the family house, but then there



was also a financial panic in 1873, followed by a grasshopper plague that made its way into the Ozarks the next year.<sup>8: 63</sup>

Even when Pete tried to melt into the landscape, it is an oft-repeated family tale how he had been interrupted at his shoemaker's bench by night riders, and that he had to flee out into the snow just a few steps ahead of them with but one boot on. They could not see well enough in the pitch dark night to trail him, but before the sun came up the next day, his wife snuck out with a tree branch and brushed away his tell-tale foot prints so that his hiding place would not be given away.

The Ku Klux Klan dated back to 1866, when six dejected Confederate veterans in Pulaski, Tennessee, decided to take up night-time revenge against those that disrupted the old Southern way of life. One of the six, John Kennedy, was an educated man of 25 who knew a bit of the ancient Greek language. He suggested translating *The Circle*, their club's favorite name, into *Kuklos*; and because all six fellows were descended from Scots-Irish families, that they should add the word *Clan*.

At first they spread the rumor that angry, vengeful ghosts of the Confederate dead had returned. Their handiest disguises came from bed sheets and pillow cases, which they decorated all over with crescent moons and stars. To conjure up the look of mysterious power, cardboard cones eventually fit inside the pillow cases, which also served to exaggerate the intimidating stature of a Klansman.<sup>368: 56-57</sup>

To imitate the aura of an ancient authority, which was the fashion among all secret men's societies of that time, the klansmen invented flamboyant titles and ranks for all their members. The supreme leader, an office occupied briefly by General Albert Pike of Pea Ridge fame, held the role of Grand Wizard of the Empire. He was surrounded by ten counselors and bodyguards called the Genii. The Grand Dragon of the Realm led regionally, often at the state level, attended by his eight Hydras. A Grand Titan of the Dominion ran operations on the scale of a county, assisted by six Furies. A Grand Giant of the Province actually ran townships or towns, with his four enforcers known as Goblins. A Grand Cyclops of the Den, with his two Night Hawks, formed the smallest neighborhood klavern. Other officers, all considered Grand, included the Magi (or chaplain), the Exchequer (treasurer), the Turk (provost marshal), the Scribe (secretary), the Sentinel (sergeant-at-arms) and the Ensign (standard bearer).<sup>69: 150</sup>

By 1870, a little gang of frustrated rebels had grown into a highly visible paramilitary force numbering in the tens of thousands. President U.S. Grant became so concerned that special legislation effectively banned the Klan from wearing disguises, gathering publicly or conspiring "to deprive anyone of his constitutional

rights."<sup>368: 58</sup>

The early American film *Birth of Nation* derived from a best-selling novel entitled *The Clansman*.

"It is like writing history with lightning," said U.S. Supreme Court Justice Edward D. White in 1915, "and my only regret is that it is all so terribly true." Movie houses played it to sold-out audiences from coast to coast. Projectors in New York City kept it running for 47 straight weeks. For a new generation, the Klan awoke again, growing to over a million members.<sup>368: 61-62</sup> This time it appeared not only in the South, but also spread to places such as New Jersey, Michigan and Oregon.<sup>237: 45</sup> As a rising political force, the KKK published lists of the candidates they liked at the state and local level.

"Mayors, city commissioners, sheriffs, district attorneys and many other city and county office holders were either klansmen or Klan supporters were elected, and reelected, with regularity," observed one Oklahoma historian.<sup>237: 47</sup>

The following paid political advertisement appeared across several columns and took up most of a page in the *Harrison Daily Times*, Friday, August 8, 1924 (No. 6) Harrison, Boone County, Arkansas:

MR. VOTER -- WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

E.G. Mitchell says on page 3 of his printed address delivered at Harrison, Ark., April 15, 1924, "Harrison is the hottest bed of radicals and cowardly klansmen to be found in the known world. If I do not possess the courage to say here at Harrison that I am the enemy of the masked men, and especially of those who actually beat streams of blood out of the widow Woods and her half-witted daughter, then burned her home and hog pen, or of the masked men who went to another widow woman's home, lied to her and then beat four boys until the oldest one became hopelessly insane, or of the masked scoundrels who went to old man Swafford's, whose wife was bedridden, and beat him nearly to death, or of the men in black masks who hanged Gregory, etc., etc."

Before the recent Grand Jury, E.G. Mitchell swore to the following statements and signed them –

STATEMENT OF E.G. MITCHELL

E.G. Mitchell states on oath: "I don't believe the official Klan whipped the Sansing boys. \*\*\*I don't believe the official Klan was connected with the Sansing whipping, Woods or Swafford whipping. \*\*\*I don't know any evidence that would connect the Klan with any whipping or any violation of the law. It is only politics the reason I refer to lying preachers. I do not mean to slander them by saying it. The widow Sansing never talked to me since the whipping."

(Signed) E.G. Mitchell

Now, Mr. Voter, E.G. Mitchell swears, "I don't know any evidence that would connect the Klan with any whipping or any violation of the law" and yet he prints 16 pages of the most vicious, malicious, slanderous accusations against the Klan in support of his anti-Klan candidacy on an anti-Klan ticket. A man who plays politics with truth can't be trusted in Washington.

ANTI-KLANNERS DISAGREE

The following testimony is taken from the printed report of the findings of the recent Grand Jury sitting at Harrison, Ark.:

Anti-Klan Virgil Willis swore: "As for saying who did the whipping, I do not know. I will say that Walk Hayes, Slim Jones, Lewis Dowell, Dot Fancher, Vance Holt, E.G. Mitchell, Colonel Crump and many others have told me that it was the Klan."

Anti-Klan Lewis Dowell swore: "I never did tell Virgil Willis, or any one else that the Ku Klux Klan whipped anyone in Boone County."

Anti-Klan Vance Holt swore: "I did not tell Virgil or any one else that the Ku Klux Klan whipped the Sansing boys. \*\*Colonel Crump told me in the presence of Matt Starkey and Harry Ransom that Kleper said, "That whipping was only a personal affair, and that he did not care to spend any time in court with such."

(Signed) Vance R. Holt

Anti-Klan Colonel Crump swore: "I never told Vance Holt that J.H. Klepper said, 'that whipping was only a personal affair...'"

(Signed) Geo. J. Crump

EVIDENTLY SOMEBODY'S LIED, MR. VOTER.  
TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

LEWIS DOWELL CHANGES HIS TUNE

In publishing his announcement as candidate for Sheriff on the anti-Klan ticket, Lewis Dowell states with all the assurance of one who possesses the facts, that "The Ku Klux Klan permits and protects its members to don the mask and roam in groups under the cover of darkness, swoop down upon their poor, unfortunate and helpless victims, then beat, bruise, maim and torture living humanity without respect to age or sex in the defiance of the law of God and man."

On oath before the Grand Jury, Dowell says:

STATEMENT OF LEWIS DOWELL

Lewis Dowell on oath states: "I never did tell Virgil Willis, or any one else, that the Ku Klux Klan whipped any one in Boone County. I never said either publicly or privately that the Ku Klux Klan or any members has ever whipped anybody in Boone County, Arkansas. I have

said both publicly and privately that masked bands have whipped people in my opinion in Boone County, but that I did not know whether they were Klan or anti-Klan. I had never heard of masked men going around whipping widow women and orphan children until the Ku Klux Klan was organized in Boone County, or whether some other masked set of men did it on the credit of the Klan."

In other words, Dowell knows positively all about Klan lawlessness and enters the race as an anti-Klan candidate for sheriff on an anti-Klan ticket, based on that knowledge, but when he gets a chance to tell the world and the voters of Boone county on oath, what he really knows, his testimony proves that he doesn't know anything about it.

READ WHAT THE GRAND JURY FOUND OUT  
ABOUT THE FAMOUS WHIPPING FROM THE LIPS  
OF THE MEN WHO HELPED DO THE WHIPPING.

STATEMENT OF SPINK JONES

Spink Jones on oath states: "The report is about the political talk that the Ku Klux Klan whipped Bett Woods, and her half-witted daughter till the blood run down to their heels. Young Walter Hayes came down to my barber shop Saturday before the whipping that night, and asked me and my brother, Jim Jones, if we would help clean out the Woods outfit, that they had broken up Lee Hayes' home, and Lee had gone to the Woods house on two occasions with a gun to kill the boy. We wouldn't let Lee go with us when we whipped her for fear he would kill somebody. \*\*\*\*"

"The Woods outfit kept whiskey and a red light district all the time, and the neighborhood reports were that she plied her trade in front of her two young daughters. When we whipped Mrs. Woods, she had her dress on and no shoes or stockings. Jim Jones held her dress drawn tight around her legs and did the whipping with an ordinary sized switch. Her half-witted daughter was not whipped, for I stood guard at the door and saw that the girl stayed in the house. The house was not burned that night, but I have been informed it was burned about one week later.

"Some of the men had on red handkerchiefs for masks, but I didn't have on any mask. These are names of the crowd that whipped Mrs. Woods: Spink Jones, Jim Jones, Lester Green, Walter Baughman, Dave Jackson, Walters Hayes Jr., W.M. Capps, Harve Nichols and John Nichols, and none of these belonged to the Ku Klux Klan at the time of the whipping to my knowledge."

(Signed) Spinks Jones

This testimony is also corroborated by Walter Baughman as follows:

## STATEMENT OF WALTER BAUGHMAN

Walter Baughman, on oath, states: "On or about July, 1922, I went with Sam Dickson, Dave Jackson, Jim Jones, Spinks Jones, Lester Green, Willis Capps, Walter Hays, Harve Nichols and John Nichols to where Bett Woods lived. Bett Woods and her son, George, were whipped with an ordinary switch like a ten-year-old boy would be who needed it. They were not injured nor maimed in any way. \*\*\*\*\*"

"None of the parties who whipped these parties belonged to the Ku Klux Klan. It was simply a group of some of our best citizens who lived in that vicinity, and who felt that in justice to the community and their families they could not tolerate such outrageous conduct any longer. My information now is that the Woods family lives somewhere in Missouri."

(Signed) A.W. Baughman

Mr. Voter, do you want to elect to office any man whose greatest recommendation for the place is his ability to peddle slander and falsehoods? If you have been listening to some of the candidates in the vicious assaults upon the Klan, you have been listening to men who can't be trusted with the truth. Any man who can't be trusted with the truth can't be trusted with office.

Signed --  
Kerr-Harrell Klan No. 101  
Realm of Arkansas  
Knights of the Ku Klux Klan  
Harrison, Arkansas

The remainder of Walter Baughman's statement, all being part of his "True Bill for Assault and Battery" before the Grand Jury, is as follows:

"We did not intend to do more than we did. Bett Woods and her daughter were considered common prostitutes in this community. Their boys were considered thieves and had been caught with a stolen hog. The citizens missed many things. These people were in the habit of going to church, disturbing the people, tearing up the church property and were into all kinds of devilment. These people were a nuisance in this community, and we who had boys and girls to raise tried to get Bett Woods and her family to stop such conduct and live right. They kept up this immoral and improper conduct until it became unbearable. I talked to Bett one time myself and told her she would have to do right and she denied everything. We told her the night she was whipped that they had to do better or we would not stand for them to stay there. We did not burn any of the buildings and did nothing but whip her and her son."

According to a Statement by Virgil Willis: "The men who did the whipping wore the same kind of masks as those worn by the Klan. In my opinion, which is based entirely on hearsay, I believe some of the men were

Klansmen."

According to a Statement by Mrs. Ada Sansing: "The men I identified were Peel Barham and John Ohmie. From my knowledge from what I have heard others were Bill Hildon, Arthur Norvell, Bob Middleton and Pete Dees. They tell me that Bob Middleton was a klansman at that time. Mort Lazarus sent me word that Bill Hildon said they would get plenty of help from Harrison."

According to a Statement by W.C. Morgan: "On or about the 1st day of May, 1922, about fifteen or twenty masked men came to my house... They were wearing robes and masks like Ku Kluxs I saw wearing later and before. They told my daughter they were not going to hurt me, you needn't worry. They told me to get in their car which I did. They took me to the ball park and told me I had to leave town in three days. They said we will whip your old ass if you don't leave. You are not a desirable citizen. They said we will give you a week. After I told them it would take thirty days they said you could do like the rest of the damn strikers.

"The masked men said I had been keeping bad women. A man owed me ten dollars, and it is my opinion that he worked up this assault. He hadn't been here over a month or six weeks. His wife told me her husband was jealous of me and her. I think he was a Ku Klux. These men told me I was an undesirable citizen and I had better leave town. They told me some little girls had told I had been monkeying with them. They also told me I had been keeping bad women around my place. I deny that I ever put my hand up under one of the little girl's dress, and tried to catch her older sister, and I deny that I ever offered them candy not to tell it."

When things quieted down, the Klan paid a visit one night to Amos Walter Baughman, offering him a similar ultimatum about leaving Boone County. He high-tailed it to northern Texas, where his family took root and prospers to this day.

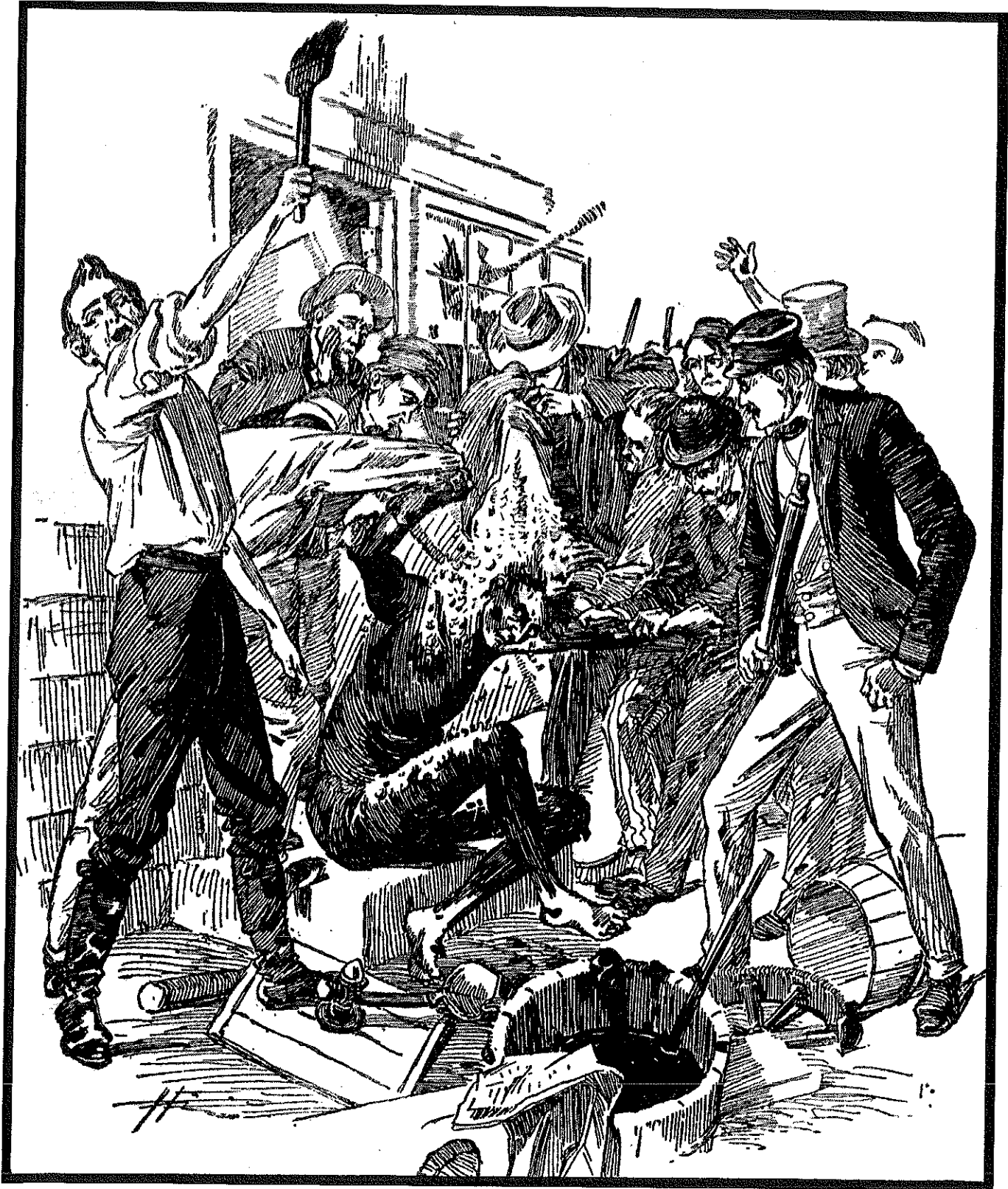


*Fraught with the Despair of Doom*

A small pamphlet-sized publication called *The Midget Magazine*, dating from April 1924, was tucked into the family Bible of Beatrice Thurman Baughman. The following legend appeared in its pages.

"Deep in the tangle of vine-clad Ozark hills, and sheltered by tossing forest trees, an ordinary appearing cave opens invitingly to the passer-by. But once inside the cave, the adventurer finds that he has suddenly stepped from the prosaic into a mystic atmosphere which envelopes him in its sinister cloak as a fantastic nightmare enfolds in its horror.

"Something – an indefinable THING – has him in its



VIGILANTE ACTION WITH HOT TAR AND FEATHERS  
AFTER ALL FAITH IN LAW AND ORDER BROKE DOWN

grip, and he seems irresistibly drawn to further exploration. Then the lights suddenly cease to reflect from walls and roof, and one finds himself in an immeasurable chamber, the bounds of which seem to be receding farther and farther. It is at this moment that one hears from an echoing distance, a wailing note, high and keen beyond human comprehension. Beginning on an unbelievably high key, it ascends and ascends until it is lost to the keenest ear, yet one feels that it is going on and on, higher and higher, until the listener dashes panic stricken from the place.

“While the sound may be readily explained, a legend has grown up about the spot. Here is the tale.

“A few years before the Civil War, a southern planter bought a slave, a young quadroon, who possessed a wonderful voice, a voice of such rich and vibrant quality that when he sang, the air seemed to have become suddenly liquified, and to be dripping golden trickles of sound. The young slave chafed under the yoke of slavery, and planned to escape to the north. One stormy night he started. He fled through tangles of southern woods and into the Missouri Ozarks before his master, with a pack of blood hounds, overtook him.

“The young slave had lain down to rest, when he first heard the musical note which froze him with terror – the baying of the hounds. He glanced despairingly about. The trees, swaying above, afforded no refuge. The valleys offered only momentary shelter, but with the desperation of the hunted he plunged into the valley thicket, and came upon the cave. Without thought, he dashed in its labyrinthian passages – never to emerge.

“The planter, riding up, found the hounds whimpering about the opening. Whipping them aside, the man sprang into the cave. Suddenly he stopped short. The *THING* had him in its grip, and cold sweat of terror started from his body, as from within he heard a sound – a high keen note, so fraught with despair of doom that the very air went cold under its vibrations. The man recognized the sound as the liquid, golden voice of his slave, but in it was a new note, an indefinable undertone – the tone of madness.

“The master dashed from the cave, and did not stop riding until the hills were far behind him. The story goes that the slave, seeking a way out, got hopelessly lost, and has wandered all the years through the mazes of the cave. It is his golden voice, singing, which strikes terror to the heart of the listener, and holds him in its sinister grip.”<sup>555</sup>



### *The Unwritten Rules*

Not so far from where C.T. Baughman was born in June of 1922, the Ku Klux Klan recruited 100 townspeople of Branson, Missouri, to start a klavern

there, promising in its announcement flier that all were “peaceful and law-abiding citizens.”<sup>8: 155</sup>

By 1925, Bea Thurman Baughman relocated for awhile to a little house on Vernor Highway in Detroit, along with her young son C.T. and her elder sisters Bernice and Mil. The place happened to be on a stretch of the main road that divided Detroit’s sprawling River Rouge industrial center from its neighbor to the south, the town of Dearborn.

Henry Ford had bought 2,000 acres there to build the largest factory complex in the world. By 1919, he erected everything on the site needed for turning raw iron ore into a finished Model T automobile.<sup>326</sup>

Ford paid his workers the best factory wages in the world – an unheard of five dollars a day – but expected strict loyalty in return. No tobacco was allowed anywhere in the factory.<sup>136: 67</sup> Twice in the years between the wars, he ordered his army of private security men to fire machine guns into angry crowds of his workers, killing 5 and wounding 19.<sup>326</sup>

Bea and Bernice and Mil were following their brothers, Bus and Woody Thurman, and 11 million other Americans who made up the one of the largest relocations of people in the nation’s history.<sup>260: 175</sup>

They were the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the Civil War generation, and after the South had been stripped of its economic power and vitality, they had no other choice but to move north in search of work.

The Thurmans and the Baughmans chose Detroit, but the northern families already living there resented these new arrivals. “No Southerners need apply,” mentioned several job listings. Some restaurants didn’t apologize for refusing to serve “hillbillies.”

Within a generation, Wayne State University surveyed Detroit’s white neighborhoods to ask which groups amounted to “undesirable people” who were “not good to have in the city.”

Respondents could write in any category of people that came to mind, or they could choose from, among others, “drifters,” “criminals,” “negroes” or “foreigners.” The group held in the greatest contempt were the “poor southern whites” and “hillbillies,” picked on by 21 percent of those polled.<sup>260: 176</sup>

As for Henry Ford, he had no such qualms.

“History is bunk,” pronounced the independent-minded captain of industry. “I’m going to start up a museum and give people a *true* picture of the development of our country. That’s the only history that is worth preserving. We’re going to build a museum that’s going to show industrial history, and it won’t be bunk.”<sup>136: 108</sup>

After arriving in Detroit, Bea and Bernice started to keep a snapshot album that included many pictures of the neighbors and various menfolk in their lives.

Scattered across the last few pages of the album was the likeness of a man whose face had been scratched out in several different views. In one photographic print where he was wearing the full robe and conical hood of a Ku Klux Klansman, the face was carefully sliced and peeled away.

Another photo showed two young men wearing bow ties and three-piece suits. Both fellows handled stout wooden walking sticks by their sides. One man wore a big smile and a stylish, flat-brimmed straw hat. The other man, with his face scratched out but a trim bowler hat up above, wore a large paper pennant pinned to his chest. Each corner of the triangular sign bore a large letter K, and the following verse in the middle:

UNITED WE STICK,  
DIVIDED WE'RE STUCK.  
THE TIGHTER WE STICK,  
THE BETTER WE KLUX.  
100%  
AMERICAN

The Klan drew as many as 50,000 supporters to their rallies in Detroit. They burned a cross at City Hall and in 1924 even put up their own write-in candidate to be mayor of Detroit. And he won. Only by defrauding the Klan during the recount did the Democratic Party steal the office back from them.<sup>563</sup> In those years, the black population throughout the entire metropolitan area added up to about two percent.<sup>561: 24</sup>

In September 1925, an African-American doctor named Ossian Sweet moved with his wife Gladys and their small child to the previously all-white Dearborn. They chose a small, two-floor cottage on Garland Street.

Even though Dr. Sweet had been educated in Vienna, Austria, and by Madame Curie at the Sorbonne in France, and had much to offer his community, many of the neighbors felt that he wasn't good enough to fit in.

The night they moved in, the ugliness around them began to grow. Crowds gathered. Fliers called for neighborhood action. Sweet managed to get his two brothers – one a dentist, and the other a college student – and a few of their friends into the house, along with a bundle of guns and ammunition.<sup>561: 25</sup>

Crowds gathered again. Rocks broke windows. Someone inside the house fired shots that left one white man dead and another wounded.

The trial that followed to defend Dr. Sweet enlisted Clarence Darrow, fresh from his fight at the Scopes Monkey Trial, and the thousands of contributions that created from scratch the Legal Defense Fund of the National Association to Advance Colored People.<sup>563</sup>

Darrow managed to persuade the all-white jury that it was reasonable for blacks in America to fear for their lives when surrounded by an angry mob. Sweet recounted how in his youth he had witnessed a white mob

douse kerosene on an African American man, set him alight, and celebrate as he burned to death.

"I realized I was facing the same mob that had hounded my people through its entire history," testified Dr. Sweet during the trial. "I had my back against the wall. I was filled with a peculiar fear, the fear of one who knows the history of my race."

"I know," concluded Darrow before the jury, "that back of me and back of you is an infinite ancestry stretching a way back at least five hundred thousand years, and we are made up of everything on the face of the earth, of all kinds and colors and degrees of civilization, and out of that come we. Who are we, any of us, to be boastful above our fellows?"

"I know that nature takes time, infinite time, and the adjustment of races, the adjustment of religions, and the understandings of human beings by each other is the question of infinite time. I see no way that we can help it... I ask you on behalf of yourselves, on behalf of our race, to see that no harm comes to them. I ask you gentlemen in the name of the future, the future which will one day solve these sore problems, and the future which is theirs as well as ours, I ask you in the name of the future to do justice in this case."

With his command of history and psychology, Darrow "held his audience spellbound" in the packed courtroom, wringing tears from many eyes, including Judge Ira Jayne. The jury could not agree on a verdict, and so stood hung.<sup>718: 294-296</sup>

A second trial put Dr. Sweet's younger brother Henry alone up on murder charges, and Darrow came back with an eight-hour closing statement that Judge Frank Murphy later called "the greatest experience of my life. That was Clarence Darrow at his best. I will never hear anything like it again." Henry Sweet was fully exonerated.<sup>561</sup>

Within a few more years, Bea took her little boy back home to the Ozarks. He returned there after World War II to begin his career with Ford Motor Company. All three of his children – including J. Ross Baughman – were born in Dearborn.



C. T. Baughman offered a reminiscence shortly after his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday:

"When I was like 15 or so – that would have been in the late Thirties, say 1937 – I worked at a little hamburger restaurant called Sam's. It was right there on the [southeast] corner of Main and Highway 65 in Branson. The owner's name was Sam Shoenick.

"Sam used to tell me to make sure that Tom Grinstead, the night sheriff, got a free cup of coffee whenever he came by, and maybe even once in a while a bowl of chile, just because Sam liked having him around to make sure things were safe.

"Well, one evening a man and a woman came into

Sam's for their supper, and they took out a hamburger for their black chauffeur to eat while he waited for them in the car, which was parked right out front.

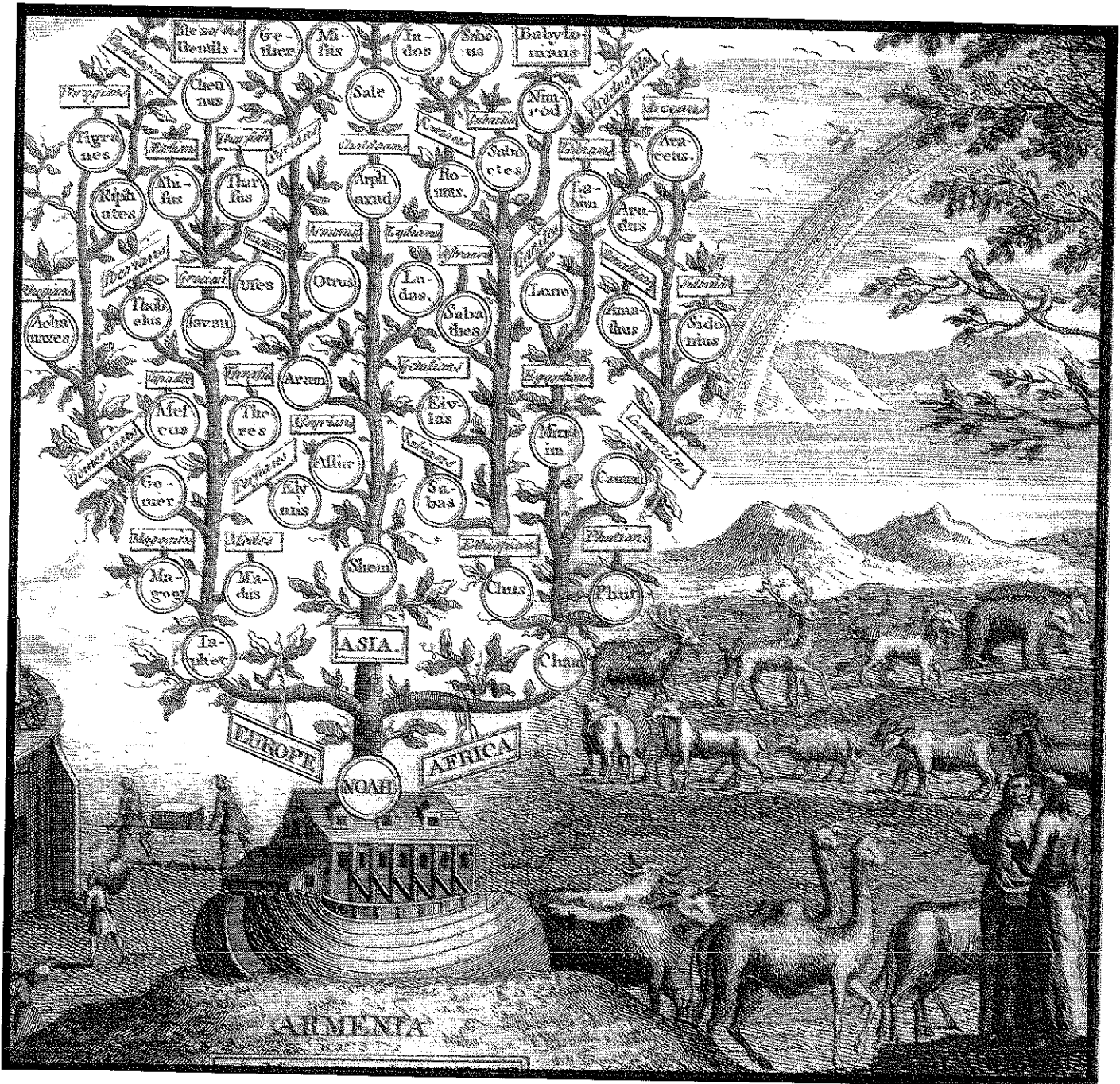
"Tom happened to come by and saw the man sitting by himself in the car. So the sheriff steps into Sam's and asks the strangers, 'Is he with you?'"

"'Why, yes,' they said. 'He's our chauffeur, and we're just having a bite to eat.'"

"'Let me give you some advice. Come sundown, you

all better be out of here.'"

Even after another generation had come and gone, the oral tradition spread amongst Branson school children in 1964 that the town's siren horn blast at 6 p.m. marked the time when all blacks had to get off the streets and go back to their homes, even though they rarely lived in, worked near or visited the area.



THE FAMILY TREE OFFERED BY THE BIBLE'S OLD TESTAMENT WITH ALL THE RACES OF HUMANITY DRAWN FROM ONE ROOT



AFRICAN-AMERICANS WALKED TO THE NEAREST FEDERAL STRONGHOLD HOPING FOR FREEDOM  
AS DEPICTED IN A WAR EDITION OF *HARPER'S WEEKLY*



Chapter 8  
THE ROAD FROM KENTUCKY TO OKLAHOMA  
TAKEN BY SLAVES  
1860 - 1980 A.D.



COMPARED TO THE HUNDREDS OF Baughman households across America in 1860 that did not own slaves, it is certain that nine did. Specifically, these included Charles, Joel, John, Hamilton, Henry and Samuel Baughman in Kentucky, Daniel Bachman in Tennessee, John Bachman in South Carolina and Enos William Baughman in Arkansas. A clear look at some of their slaves

can come from a study of Camp Nelson, in central Kentucky, during the final year of the Civil War. See map on page 263

By reaching Camp Nelson, literally tens of thousands of African-Americans gained their freedom. Some were runaways, and some had been gathered up by Union troops simply as contraband property from the defeated Southerners. Others were sold to the Union Army in a program designed to deplete white farms in the non-seceding states of their slave labor.

As a non-seceding border state, Kentucky was not affected by the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863. Many thousands of slaves in Maryland, Missouri, the western territories and in isolated pockets of the north also remained in a precarious position. Any issues touching on slavery were sensitive ones during the war years, and many white Union leaders in Kentucky were against the army's recruitment among, or simply the emancipation of, slaves.

In rare, earlier circumstances, a few slaves and free blacks were pressed into Union Army service, and Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas did authorize some enlistments from western Kentucky in 1863. However, Lincoln and the Federal government were hesitant to push recruitment of ex-slaves in the state, always sensitive to threats of secession. President Lincoln's own wife, Mary Todd, came from a slave-owning family just north of Lexington.

Kentucky tried to "make emancipation as gradual as possible," claimed the abolitionist Rev. John G. Fee, like the "surgeons who cut off the dog's tail inch by inch."<sup>500: xliii</sup>

In the Spring of 1863 the new Army of the Ohio had been organized and placed under the command of Major General Ambrose E. Burnside with explicit orders to invade East Tennessee. To assist this campaign, Burnside, who had his headquarters in Cincinnati, Ohio, ordered his engineers to find a suitable forward location. Ninety miles due south in central Kentucky, they

discovered the ideal spot for the construction of a large fortified supply depot and encampment.

The locale chosen in June 1863 was a high plateau above the Kentucky River, five miles south of Nicholasville. The depot and encampment established there was officially named Camp Nelson on 12 June 1863, after the late Major General William "Bull" Nelson, who had founded Camp Dick Robinson, the first Union recruitment camp in Kentucky.

Only when the Conscription Act gained congressional passage in February 1864 did the enlisting of slaves and free blacks begin on a large scale. Officers would venture from Camp Nelson to county seats in central and eastern Kentucky, as well as eastern Tennessee, setting up recruitment offices. Pro-Union slave owners, although they did not have to take an oath of allegiance, were supposed to be compensated, and all able-bodied slaves and free blacks were eligible to sign up.<sup>500: 57</sup> It was understood that following military service to the Union, all veterans would gain free and full citizenship.

False rumors spread that Negroes recruited at Camp Nelson had to be burned with a red-hot cattle brand



A POPULAR ABOLITIONIST QUESTION  
TURNED THE TIDE IN THE LAST FULL YEAR OF THE WAR

marked "U.S." <sup>500: 70</sup> When Union authorities found out that owners had thus intimidated their slaves from leaving, a fresh General Order No. 42 was issued on 14 May 1864: "Provost marshals... are directed to arrest... any persons who may discourage volunteer enlistments, and to forward them [for] trial by court-martial." <sup>500: 63</sup>

"The holding of slaves at all, though still legal in this state, has been a very risky and unpopular business," said the Quaker activist Joseph Simpson, "and it must in time be rendered practically impossible..." <sup>500: 225</sup>

Two weeks later on 28 May 1864, the prosperous 46-year-old farmer Samuel O. Baughman of Boyle County, Kentucky, brought in his 21-year-old slave Walker Baughman to Camp Nelson. Samuel accepted the standard bounty of \$100 after turning Walker over to a Colonel Thomas D. Sedgewick for an enlistment of three years. The new recruit was described as a native of Boyle County, 5'8" tall, with black hair, black eyes and a black complexion. Walker seemed to be a notch above his fellow soldiers in Company E of the 114<sup>th</sup> Regiment, so he was promoted to corporal in less than two months.

Two days later, another white slave owner, Samuel's 53-year-old brother John Baughman from Stanford in Lincoln County, came in to see the same officer, also turning over his slave, 25-year-old Elijah Baughman, for a three year hitch in the army. Elijah, nicknamed Lige, had been born in neighboring Garrard County. He stood 5'9" and his hair, eyes and skin coloring were all noted as black. Elijah landed in the same company as Walker, and later on made such a good impression that his superior, 1<sup>st</sup> Sergeant B.P. Heydenberk "had the honor to nominate [Walker] for a furlough... [on account of him being] the cleanest soldier on company inspection." Close to the end of his tour of duty, Elijah also earned a promotion to corporal. By the middle of June, at least 1,000 slaves became recruits in much the same way. <sup>500: 71</sup>

Later that Fall, the pattern more than repeated itself. First came the same Samuel Baughman on 24 September, bringing with him 18-year-old Anthony Baughman. The young slave had been born in Boyle County, and was described as 5' tall with black coloring. His assignment as a private in Company E of the 124<sup>th</sup> Regiment took him to garrison duty at the Second Military Depot in nearby Nicholasville, the seat of Jessamine County.

Two days later on 26 September, John Baughman received \$100 apiece for his two slaves, although Lewis, at 48 years old, and Anderson Baughman, 46, were considerably older than most new enlistees.

If the numerous Baughman slaves were related to one another, then it is notable that the oldest, namely Lewis Baughman, gave his birthplace as Culpeper, Virginia, in 1828, suggesting a line of origin similar but later than the white Baughmans who had come from not so far away in the Shenandoah Valley. The arrival of this particular family of slaves may therefore be deduced from the U.S. Census discussed later as having taken place between

1828 and 1830 when the next known Baughman slave was born in Kentucky.

Captain N.C. Kinney wrote down the height of Lewis as 5'8" and his hair, eyes and skin as all black. As part of Company H in the 124<sup>th</sup> Regiment, Lewis also became a corporal before the war's end, due to R.S.O. N<sup>o</sup>. 52 on the following 18<sup>th</sup> of February. He eventually received an additional \$31.32 in supplementary pay. Anderson Baughman, at 5'7" and with black coloring, gave his birthplace as Lincoln County, Kentucky. He became part of the 123<sup>rd</sup> Regiment, also in Company H. A payment of \$13.38 became his due upon discharge.

The eldest brother among the white Baughmans, 62-year-old Hamilton of Lincoln County, sold 16-year-old Edward Baughman to the army on 8 October 1864. Captain N.C. Kinney described the youth as Kentucky-born, 5'5" tall with black hair, eyes and skin. Edward Baughman became a private in Company D of the 123<sup>rd</sup> Regiment.

The farmer John Steel of Jessamine County owned a slave named Monroe Baughman, born 22 years before in Lincoln County. On 12 October 1864, the Deputy Marshal and Superintendent of Colored Enlistment at Camp Nelson, John C. Randolph, gave Steel the standard \$100 bounty and put the young, black, 5'4" man into Company C of the 6<sup>th</sup> Colored Cavalry.

Morgan Baughman, who had been owned by John Baughman, became a private in Company A of the 6<sup>th</sup> Colored Cavalry; while Green Baughman, owned by Charles and Thomas Baughman of Jessamine County, became a private in the same unit's Company D.

The slave owner Samuel Baughman came looking for one last deal at Camp Nelson on 7 March 1865. He delivered 22-year-old Thomas Baughman, born in Boyle County, 5'6" tall, to become part of Company I in the 124<sup>th</sup> Regiment. Thomas sometimes spelled his own surname as Bachman. <sup>140</sup>

By the Autumn of 1864, 2,000 black enrollees were at the camp, although in little over one year, 10,000 men – or 40 percent of Kentucky's African-American soldiers – had passed through Camp Nelson, making it the most important recruitment center for blacks in Kentucky.

The eight colored regiments formed there also happened to make it the second largest such recruitment center in the country, and included the 114<sup>th</sup>, 116<sup>th</sup>, 119<sup>th</sup> and 124<sup>th</sup> U.S. Colored Infantry; the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Colored Cavalry; and the 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> Colored Heavy Artillery Units. The 115<sup>th</sup>, 117<sup>th</sup> and 123<sup>rd</sup> Colored Infantry were also stationed at Camp Nelson for a time. African-American men continued to be enlisted at Camp Nelson as a means of emancipating them until December 1865, when the 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was ratified.

Some of these soldiers took shelter in barracks but the spill-over made do in tents. Most did guard and garrison duty around the camp, while others ended up temporarily

assigned to places such as Louisville, Danville or Camp Wildcat.<sup>537</sup> Later, as Camp Nelson was being downsized, they were housed in the Recruiting Rendezvous, in the Soldiers' Home, and even on spare beds in the camp's hospital wards.

Life in camp for these African-American troops could be difficult. Measles spread widely, and one cold January night, some 18 of their teamsters, along with a few shoeless rebel prisoners, froze to death.<sup>500: 38</sup> Another 20 blacks tried to walk back to Boyle County, willingly ready to return to their former lives in slavery.<sup>500: 84</sup>

"I can stand this said I... this is better than slavery," recalled Sergeant Elijah Marrs of the 12<sup>th</sup> Heavy Artillery, "though I do march in line at the tap of a drum. I felt freedom in my bones, and when I saw the American eagle with outspread wings upon the American flag, with the motto *E Pluribus Unum*, the thought came to me, 'Give me liberty or give me death.' Then all fear banished."

Placing Camp Nelson at the southern tip of Jessamine County, part of Kentucky's rolling Bluegrass pasture land, happened for a number of strategic and logistical reasons:

First, the site had a natural geography perfect for defending in battle. An area of approximately 4,000 acres was surrounded on the western, southern, and eastern sides by the deeply entrenched Kentucky River and Hickman Creek. Vertical limestone walls, called the Palisades, enclosed both of these streams, and extended up to 500 feet in height. The only exposed portion of the camp was its northern end, and here lines of eight earthen fortifications and entrenchments were constructed. Soldiers and civilians alike often commented on the defensive nature of the camp's location as "one of the most impregnable points in the country."

"All strike the individual with wonder and delight and leave an impression that there is a great and powerful being which created this universe and formed these things," wrote Sergeant Oliver Haskell of the 71<sup>st</sup> Indiana.

Of secondary importance were already-established routes of transportation. As a military supply depot, goods needed to be shipped in and out as easily as possible, and on this spot converged the Lexington and Danville Turnpike (roughly following present-day U.S. Route 27) with the Kentucky River and the only dry, reliable means of crossing it in the region, the Hickman Bridge.

One terminus of the Kentucky Central Railroad was at Nicholasville, six miles north of the camp. General Burnside ordered that a spur line be laid to Camp Nelson, but it was never finished. Throughout the war, goods had to be carried down from Nicholasville by wagon.

When completed, Camp Nelson became a bustling town, made up of more than 300 wooden buildings and countless tents, with anywhere from 3,000 to 8,000 troops

on duty spread across 800 acres. Most of these buildings served the quartermaster and commissary depot, recruitment center and headquarters.

They needed 20 warehouses to store two million items of food rations, clothing, and equipment. Then there were the stables, cribs, barns and corrals to house thousands of horses, mules and their feed. Six industrial-sized work shops included a 16-forge blacksmith shop, a shoeing shop, a wagon shop, a harness shop, a woodworking shop and a sawmill. Two ordnance warehouses and a large powder magazine were filled with cannons, rifles and ammunition.

Then there was a large prison which housed troublesome Union soldiers and civilians, as well as Confederate prisoners en route to permanent Prisoner of War camps in the north.

As one of the primary medical treatment centers for the Army of the Ohio, Nelson General Hospital sat on the southwestern edge of the camp, and consisted of 10 large hospital wards, a laundry, offices, nurses' quarters, surgeons' quarters, dead houses and a convalescent camp of tents. Camp Nelson also contained dozens of cook houses and mess halls, a large bakery, three permanent sutler stores, two taverns and a post office.

Because the cliffs down to the river were so daunting, getting water up to the camp was initially quite a problem. The army solved it with a powerful steam water pump on the riverbank which sucked 150 to 175 gallons per minute 470 feet up the palisades to a 500,000-gallon reservoir. From the reservoir, water was pumped to the warehouses, sheds and barns for fire prevention and to the hospital, Soldiers' Home and headquarters, which had indoor plumbing, including water closets.

Only one depot grew larger in the Army of the Ohio and that was at Cincinnati. To operate Camp Nelson, build roads and haul supplies, a staff of supervisory officers proved necessary, including the chief quartermaster Captain Theron E. Hall of Holden, Massachusetts, and more than 2,000 tradesmen and other civilian employees.



### *Whole Families Made into Refugees*

Black women and children followed their men to Camp Nelson, eventually in such numbers that they attracted the attention of the American Missionary Association, an abolitionist society founded prior to the Civil War. Many mothers escaped from their masters by night, and occasionally retrieved their children by returning with squads of Yankee troops.<sup>500: 276</sup>

After Elijah and Walker Baughman signed up at the end of May, their regiment known as the 114<sup>th</sup> Colored Infantry remained at Camp Nelson into December. Then

for the month of January, they became attached to the Military Department of the Ohio at Louisa, Kentucky.

During this same Autumn, Camp Nelson became an early battlefield in the American struggle for equal civil rights. The rising number of dependant women and children in the camp posed difficult problems for the War Department in Washington. No clear national policy existed for the treatment of refugees, and it was not even clear whether the families should be allowed to stay there.

On 6 July 1864, Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas finally ordered Camp commanders to eject the African-American dependents, and return all Negro women and children unfit for camp work duty back to their owners.

<sup>500: 93</sup> Irate reports reached Washington, and the response caused Thomas to back down.

Once again, the families fell to the mercy of each commander, who set his own policy. In the summer and fall of 1864, Brig. General Speed S. Fry, the commander of Camp Nelson, began harassing and expelling refugees from the camp and cooperating with slave owners to return their slaves. New refugees kept arriving, however, and old ones kept returning.

Finally in November 1864, Fry decided to expel all the refugees and, to frustrate any hope of return, destroy their shanties. Hundreds of refugees died of exposure or disease in the cold November weather or soon after as a result. In many parts of Kentucky, the wife and child of a colored soldier could not even receive a Christian burial.

<sup>500: 219</sup>

“CUMBERLAND GAP,

November 29, 1864

To: Hon. E[dwin].M. STANTON, Secretary of War

“A large number of colored women and children have accumulated at Camp Nelson. Many of them are wives and children of our colored soldiers. There will be much suffering among them this winter, unless shelters are built and rations issued to them. For the sake of humanity, I hope you will issue the proper order in this case as soon as possible.

S[tephen].G. BURBRIDGE, Brevet Major-General”

Fry was severely criticized by the northern press, the U.S. Sanitary Commission and by the missionary to the refugees, Rev. Fee. Fry’s actions also enraged the African-American recruits and undermined the recruitment of further Negro troops in Kentucky.

An African-American woman named Martha Cooley swore an oath before the notary public of Jessamine County to describe her mistreatment at the hands of her owner.

“I am a widow woman. My husband Simon Cooley was a Soldier in the 5<sup>th</sup> U.S.C. Cavalry and was killed at the Salt Works during Genl. Burbridge’s last raid. My

master’s name is John Nave and lives in Garrard County Ky. I have four children who belong to said Nave. About three weeks ago I told my master that I wanted to go to Camp Nelson. He said, ‘I will give you Camp’ and immediately took a large hickory stick with which he commenced beating me. He gave me more than thirty blows striking me on my head and shoulders and breaking one the bones of my left arm. I have not the right use of it now. I told him I wanted my children. He said I could neither have my children nor my clothes. My master beat me for this request. I watched for my chance and ran away. I had to leave my children with my master. I have been in Camp about two weeks and am very anxious to get my children...”<sup>500: 186</sup>

Because of the complaints and reactions, Washington directed Fry to establish a camp for the refugees within Camp Nelson. A direct result of Fry’s actions at Camp Nelson and the uproar which followed was the passage into law, in February 1865, of the act which freed the wives and the children of the ex-slave enlistees. When word of this spread, the human tide from the rest of the border states came faster than ever. The government actually had to keep hundreds of blank Certificates of Freedom on hand to legitimize the state of all the new arrivals.<sup>500: 220</sup>

Assistant Quartermaster Captain Theron E. Hall was appointed superintendent for the refugees and immediately began building barracks to house them in the southwestern part of the camp. By June 1865, their community had 97 dormitories, along with numerous tents and shacks, that provided housing for 3,060 women and children. The refugee camp also included a school house, a hospital, a mess hall, a laundry, a lime kiln, teacher’s quarters and offices.

Missionaries from the American Missionary Association assisted the army in caring for the refugee families. They provided teachers for the school, ran church services, provided clothing and administered the camp. Some African-American soldiers, most notably Gabriel Burdett from Garrard County, also helped teach in the school.

Rev. Fee, the founder of Berea College, came to Camp Nelson in 1864 to teach and minister to the refugees. Fee believed passionately in the equality of the races and he sought to educate the freedmen so they could become independent, self-reliant members of an integrated American society.

Following the war, Fee split his time between Camp Nelson, where he founded Ariel College, and Berea, Kentucky, where he founded and ran Berea College, one of the first – if not *the* first – integrated school in the South.



*The Call of Battle*

Camp Nelson was the staging ground and supply center for Major General Stephen G. Burbridge's October 1864 Southwestern Virginia Campaign; and also for a second attempt he made in December as part of Major General George Stoneman's drive.

On 2 October 1864, Burbridge's force was defeated at Saltville by the Confederate army of General John C. Breckenridge, due in large part to the recall of Major General Jacob Ammen's forces, which were supposed to but never did unite with Burbridge.

A second Southwestern Virginia campaign under Stoneman occurred two months later and ended with far different results. Stoneman advanced from East Tennessee, while this time, Burbridge led another wing out of Central and Eastern Kentucky, with many originating from Camp Nelson. The Union troops were victors in both the battles of Marion and Saltville,

Virginia, and then destroyed the King Salt Works, the South's largest, along with a big lead mine and many iron furnaces.

The 5<sup>th</sup> U.S. Colored Cavalry – including the troopers Green, Monroe and Morgan Baughman – was involved in both ventures, and took the highest casualties of any unit there in October, with about 45 of its wounded and captured soldiers being murdered by Rebel soldiers after the battle. The 6<sup>th</sup> U.S. Colored Cavalry was also involved in the victory at the second battle of Saltville.

While stationed at various posts in Kentucky, the Camp Nelson U.S. Colored Troops were involved in several bloody engagements. The 12<sup>th</sup> Heavy Artillery fought off raids at Big Springs and at Ft. Jones on the L&N Railroad; and the 119<sup>th</sup> Infantry was involved in skirmishes at Glasgow and Taylorsville. The 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Cavalry saw even more action in skirmishes at Harrodsburg and Simpsonville, and at Smithfield, respectively.



U.S. COLORED TROOPS FIGHT HAND-TO-HAND WITH REBEL TROOPS  
IN SOME CASES WITH THE VERY FAMILIES THAT FORMERLY OWNED THEM

On those occasions, perhaps without either side even being aware of it, the black Baughman cavalymen faced off against Private Henry Baughman of Company H, the son of their former master, along with the rest of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Regiment, also known in Kentucky as Morgan's Cavalry.

Two Camp Nelson infantry regiments, the 114<sup>th</sup> and 116<sup>th</sup> Colored Infantry, were transferred to Major General Benjamin Butler's Army of the James by December 1864. On 3 January 1865, the 114<sup>th</sup> was placed in the all-black 25<sup>th</sup> Corps, Department of Virginia, as part of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade, 1<sup>st</sup> Division. An attempt was made to integrate the 116<sup>th</sup> into the 10<sup>th</sup> Corps, but it was soon transferred to the 25<sup>th</sup> Corps. Both regiments partook in action at Hundred Front until March, then Hatcher's Run during 29-31 March, the siege operations against Petersburg and Richmond on the Bermuda, followed by the Battle of the Crater and the fall of Petersburg, Virginia, on 2 April. Then they stayed with the Army of the James in March for the pursuit and final surrender of Lee at Appomattox Courthouse on 9 April 1865.



### *The Last Gasp of the Rebellion*

Across the whole of the Union, some 200,000 able-bodied colored men had been enlisted in the armed forces.<sup>69: 65</sup> While most Colored regiments had their soldiers discharged and sent home in 1865 or early 1866, Walker and Elijah Baughman, along with other soldiers of the 114<sup>th</sup> and 116<sup>th</sup> Colored Infantry, were sent to Brownsville, in the Rio Grande Valley. They became part of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Brigade, 1<sup>st</sup> Division, 25<sup>th</sup> Corps and Department of Texas, and were not let go until 2 April 1867. The announced strategy for their deployment predicted that an American build-up led by General Phil Sheridan would discourage French military ambitions in Mexico.<sup>557</sup>

Sergeant-Major Thomas Boswell of the 116<sup>th</sup> Infantry described the general morale seven months after the end of the war from Roma, Texas:

"We are in high hopes of being mustered out soon, but it seems that they have slighted us. Our corps is pretty much all gone home; but it is said we are retained because we are 'slave State troops.' Is this a good reason for our retention? No. We earnestly hope that the Government will not be guilty of this great wrong toward us, as we have tried to do our duty. We are Kentucky boys, and there is no regiment in the field that ever fought better. We can boast of being heroes of eight hard-fought battles, and this we deem sufficient recommendation for our discharge..."

Brownsville had not been used to seeing blacks up until then, let alone as soldiers. Slave owners had been reluctant to buy land so close to the Mexican border, for

fear that plans of escape would be too tempting and too easy to accomplish.

General Sheridan noted that white Texans "who, recently their masters, now seemed to look upon [the blacks] as the authors of all the misfortunes that had come upon the land."

Even during the war, fighting did not stretch all the way to the Mexican border. This was part of a calculation to avoid involving Mexican and French forces from across the Rio Grande, and so as not to interfere with fleeing Confederate forces who wished to quit the South.

In spite of this informal understanding, the Union commander at Brazos Santiago, Texas, Colonel Theodore H. Barrett, ordered an expeditionary force to attack reported Rebel outposts. He chose 250 men of the 62<sup>nd</sup> U.S. Colored Infantry Regiment and 50 men of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Texas Cavalry Regiment under the command of Lt. Colonel David Branson, to proceed on 11 May 1865.

At 2:00 a.m. on 12 May, the Yankees crept up on what they thought would be a Rebel camp at White's Ranch, and surrounded it. To their exhausted disappointment after an all-night march, the enemy had disappeared. Branson sent his men into the weeds on the river bank and told them to sleep.

Around 8:30 a.m., people on the Mexican side of the river warned Confederates about just what the Union force had been up to overnight. His hand forced by the sudden activity, Branson raced his troops off to attack the next reported Confederate camp, at Palmito Ranch, scattering the men they found there. This spread of land in Cameron County sits by a hill 12 miles east of Brownsville.

A considerably larger Rebel force chose to reply that afternoon, forcing Branson and his expedition to retreat around 3:00 p.m. to the previous night's camp at White's Ranch. A runner got word to Colonel Barrett, who reinforced Branson at daybreak on 13 May with 200 men of the 34<sup>th</sup> Indiana Volunteer Infantry. With Barrett taking over command, the now larger force fought its way back to Palmito Ranch.

At a bluff at Tulosa overlooking the Rio Grande, a large Confederate cavalry force arrived within the hour, including detachments from Gidding's Regiment, Anderson's Battalion of Cavalry and numerous other southern sympathizers, all commanded by Colonel John S. "Rip" Ford. Rebel artillery pounded the Union line and threw Barrett into retreat. The Yankees reached Boca Chica after four hours and got back into boats for the return to Brazos Santiago at 4:00 a.m. on 14 May. Union casualties, including the wounded and the dead, added up to 118. Confederate losses remain unknown.

Even though The Lost Cause had already been lost a month before at Appomattox, the rebels persisted for this, the final battle in the Civil War, and won. Native, African and Hispanic Americans were all involved in the fighting.<sup>653</sup>



### *Belated News*

By the second week of June, more than two months after General Lee surrendered in Virginia, the first Yankee regiment arrived in Galveston, Texas. Most folks there had not heard of the war's end, or President Lincoln's death, or even of the Emancipation Proclamation nearly two-and-a-half years earlier. On 19 June 1865, Union General Gordon Granger delivered this news and gave belated, official notice that 250,000 slaves in Texas were free.

In trying to account for this delay, an often-told story describes a messenger who was murdered on his way to Texas. Another theory held that federal troops dallied for weeks on purpose before going to enforce Lincoln's executive order, just so slave owners could reap the profits from one last cotton harvest.<sup>690</sup>

Whatever the full reasons, this is what Granger read aloud:

"General Order Number Three: The people of Texas are informed that in accordance with a Proclamation from the Executive of the United States, all slaves are free. This involves an absolute equality of rights and rights of property between former masters and slaves, and the connection heretofore existing between them becomes that between employer and free laborer."<sup>690</sup>

Thereafter, individual plantation owners read the proclamation to their bondsmen, and so the earth-shaking news spread rather slowly from county to county. Some slaves learned of Juneteenth, as it came to be known, on their own, since many former masters had long before disappeared or crossed the border into an exile in Mexico.

Before the war, there had been laws on the books in many parts of the South that prohibited or limited styles of clothing for the enslaved. During the first few days of celebrating, there were accounts of former slaves tossing their ragged garments into the creeks and rivers, and then adorning themselves with dresses and suits taken from the plantation houses that belonged to their former masters.<sup>690</sup> That gave rise to the Juneteenth tradition of great, flamboyant promenades. At the same time, political rallies taught African Americans about their voting rights.

At the state capital of Austin, Juneteenth was first celebrated in 1867 under the direction of the Freedmen's Bureau and became part of the calendar of public events by 1872. Some of the early emancipation festivities were relegated by city authorities to a town's outskirts; in time, however, black groups collected funds to purchase tracts of land for their celebrations. In Houston, for instance, a deed for a ten-acre site for this use was signed in 1872.

At one time, 30,000 blacks gathered at Booker T. Washington Park in Limestone County, known more popularly as Comanche Crossing, for a three-day

Juneteenth reunion full of family history, both under slavery and thereafter. In Brenham, large, racially mixed crowds witnessed the annual promenade through town. In Beeville, black, white, and brown residents have also joined together to commemorate the day with barbecue, picnics, and other festivities.<sup>2</sup>

No Baughman families — slaveholding or otherwise — lived in Texas leading up to or during the war. Following their discharge from the federal garrison at Brownsville, many of the Negro troops stayed on, not ready to head back to their former surroundings. The first mentions of the Baughman surname on the 1870 U.S. Census in Texas came from those men.

"We used to call them 'wildcat niggers,'" recalled one elderly white resident of Brownsville, "and occasionally one of them was found dead in the brush, but nothing was thought about it. Of course, in those days we could do just as we liked with niggers."



### *Looking for Home*

The African-American Baughmans who managed to survive battle did not always fare so well afterwards. After six days of sickness in the camp's main ward, Thomas Baughman died of typhoid fever on 7 March 1865. Anthony Baughman became severely ill on 2 August 1865 and remained hospitalized at Camp Nelson until his honorable discharge.

In June 1866, the army began to dismantle the larger parts of Camp Nelson, ending the military occupation of the area. Several buildings in the refugee camp remained, however. The school and other administrative buildings were purchased by Abisha Scofield, Rev. Fee and Gabriel Burdett of the American Missionary Association, and a number of cottages continued as the only home to those African-American families.

That same year, the main Camp Nelson burial ground was designated as a National Military Cemetery. The present sections A to D hold the original plots for 1,615 servicemen, including 837 African-American soldiers. In the summer of 1868, 2,203 Union dead from Perryville, Richmond, Frankfort, London and Covington were re-interred alongside them.

In 1868, Rev. Fee bought 130 acres, including the refugee camp land plus additional farmland, and sold or leased lots back to the African-American residents. The refugee camp became the community of Ariel, later renamed Hall after Captain Theron Hall. The Hall community is still in existence today, although it began to decline in the mid-20th Century. In the first few years after the army left, Hall experienced a number of raids by night riders. These attacks scared one of the white missionaries, Abisha Scofield, into fleeing but the

African-American citizens remained for a while longer. The remainder of Camp Nelson except for the cemetery returned to its residential and agricultural use.



### Former Slaves

#### Along with Their Children Born into Freedom

In 1880, the following African-American Baughmans had gathered in Stanford, the seat of Lincoln County, Kentucky. According to the U.S. Census taken that year, all of them listed Kentucky as their birthplace, except for the few otherwise noted. Although they had been scattered during the era of slavery amongst several white Baughman families, their reunion in Stanford hints at the strong bond of siblings or at least cousins. <sup>118:19:E.D.65</sup> Several of their contemporaries reappeared in the same districts later on, and are specifically noted as part of the 1910 census.

- Elijah Baughman, born during 1840 in Boyle County, formerly the slave of John Baughman and later a Civil War veteran, went on to live at Lancaster Street with his children Patsy (1868), Annie (1874), John (1876) and his mother-in-law Darcus Whitley (1805).
- Lewis Baughman, born during 1828 in Culpeper, Virginia, formerly the slave of John Baughman and later a Civil War veteran, lived with his wife Nancy (1835) and children Hannah (1870), Catharine (1872) and Frank (1875).
- Mary Baughman, born in 1859, who also resided on Lancaster Street, lived with her daughter Harriet (1872).
- Monroe Baughman, born during 1830 in Lincoln County, formerly the slave of John Steel and later a Civil War veteran, lived in Stanford's Precinct No. 1, along with his wife Dinah (1835), Martha (1859), Susan (1865), James (1867), Hannah (1873), Len (1875), William (1877) and Rebecca (1879).
- Thomas Baughman, born during 1840 in Boyle County, formerly the slave of Samuel Baughman and later a Civil War veteran, lived in Stanford's Precinct No. 1 along with his wife Sarah (1843) and their children Sallie (1877) and Sam G. (1879). Also living with them were step-children George T. Middleton (1862), Melia McRoberts (1865), Henry Anderson (1867) and H. Williams (1874).
- Walker Baughman, born during 1843 in Boyle County, formerly the slave of Samuel Baughman and later a Civil War veteran, went on to live in Stanford's Precinct No. 1 along with his wife Martha (1854), daughter Alice (1880) and mother Isabella (1810). Also living with them were young people of no blood relationship named Sallie Todd (1860), Jeff (1861)

and George (1868).

Frank Baughman, born in 1846, appeared in the 1910 Stanford census along with his wife Mary (1861).

The life of John Baughman, son of the pioneer and patriarch Henry, spanned from his birth near Stanford, Kentucky, on 28 March 1811 up to his demise in 1888. John had married on 28 July 1834 to Catherine Ann Smith, born 1819, who in 1880 kept home for a variety of step-children and in-laws, including Vina Walker (1856) and Joe Sutton (1859).

According to his obituary on 18 December 1888, John Baughman "during his long life by industry and frugality, amassed a large fortune, of which he has had the pleasure of distributing among his children more than \$100,000. He still has \$60,000 in bank stock and good notes, besides other property, not withstanding he lost more than \$50,000 worth of negroes by emancipation."

[At an average price of \$1,600 each for slaves just prior to the Civil War, this may have accounted for at least 35 individuals.]

"This would have made an estate worth considerably over \$200,000, the most of which was made in farming, stock raising and money loaning. He never speculated, being content with the slower but surer methods of making a fortune... for he lived his almost four score years absolutely blameless and above reproach." <sup>164</sup>

Another gathering of black Baughmans lived in Boyle County's Third District. <sup>118:3:E.D.11</sup>

Pauline Baughman, born in 1835, lived on Third Street in Danville, along with her children, Reuben (1854), Martha (1864), Stephen (1867), John (1868), Lizzie (1872) and William (1878).

Richard Baughman, born in 1851 lived with his wife Ellen (1856), their children together, Mary (1877), William (1878), Richard Jr. (1879), and a step-son James Hill (1873).

John Baughman, born in 1840, only reappeared in the Boyle County census of 1910, living with his son John H. Jr. (1890). <sup>118:8:E.D.25</sup>

Lizzie Baughman, born in 1856, also reappeared in Boyle County by 1910, living with her son Robert (1892), daughter Ollie Mitchell (1885), daughter Mattie Briscoll (1886), son-in-law Richard (1880), and grandsons James W. and Richard E. <sup>118:8:E.D.26</sup>

John H. Baughman, born in 1879, appeared in the 1910 Boyle County census along with Nan E. Baughman, born in 1880. Both had been born in Boyle County, and were enumerated with the white household of John Henry Gray. <sup>118:8:E.D.23</sup>

They had been owned by John's younger brother Samuel O. Baughman who was born on 13 July 1817 in Kentucky and died on 9 March 1890. He still lived nearby in the Third District with his wife Mary (1831) and children William (1858), Thomas (1861), Jennie (1865),



Zou (1867), John (1870) and Thomas (1873).

A second white household there included a John Baughman born in 1849 along with his wife Lizzie (1857) and children James (1874) and William (1878). Another minor living in the house was not their child, Henrietta (1864). A third white household included James H. Baughman, born in 1845, living in District 2, and included wife Mariah (1849) and their three children.

Also returned to Boyle County by 1910 was James H. Baughman, born 1845 in Kentucky, also white, along with his kin Deira (1867), Mariah I. (1868), and two un-related females Lula Bottoms (1888) and Amilia (1888).

In Bryantsville, part of Precinct No. 4 in Garrard County, another cluster of black Baughmans lived near to each other. <sup>118:9:E.D.44</sup>

Isaac Baughman, born in 1855, along with his wife Harriet (1855) and their son William S. (1875).

Kate Baughman, born in 1851, who stands out from all the other former slaves of this name for being listed as mulatto. Living with her were daughter Ida (1868), Benjamin (1874) and Virgil (1878).

Harnette Baughman, born in 1860, appeared in the 1910 Garrard County census along with a son Price (1890) and daughter Susie B. (1893).

A white Baughman family lived nearby at Brandy Spring in Garrard County, headed by Joel T. Baughman who was born in 1850. With him were wife Sallie (1852), and children Virgil (1873), Bernice (1874) and Bessie Lee (1880).

Only one other African-American Baughman family appeared in the 1880 Kentucky Census, living in Nicholasville, Jessamine County: <sup>118:17:E.D.108</sup>

James Baughman, born in 1841, lived with his wife Lucy (1840) and their children Mary H. (1865), James E. (1867) and Charles (1876).

In the 1910 Kentucky Census for Louisville, in Jefferson County:

Morgan Baughman was listed as black and born in 1862. Living with him was a son Louis (1890).

In the Kentucky state capital of Frankfort, in Franklin County, during 1910 lived a black man:

Samuel Baughman, born in 1850, who was enumerated along with a white household of Albert Van Dyke.



#### Brownsville, Texas

A long, sad chain of events pulled the African-American community out of their political loyalty to Republicans, which had been after all "The Party of Abraham Lincoln."

As soon as he moved into the White House in 1901, President Theodore Roosevelt invited Booker T. Washington, the famous educator and businessman, to have an intimate family dinner.

Conservative America was appalled.

"The most damnable outrage which has ever been perpetrated by any citizen of the United States was committed yesterday by the President, when he invited a nigger to dine with him..." wrote the Memphis, Tennessee, *Scimitar*.

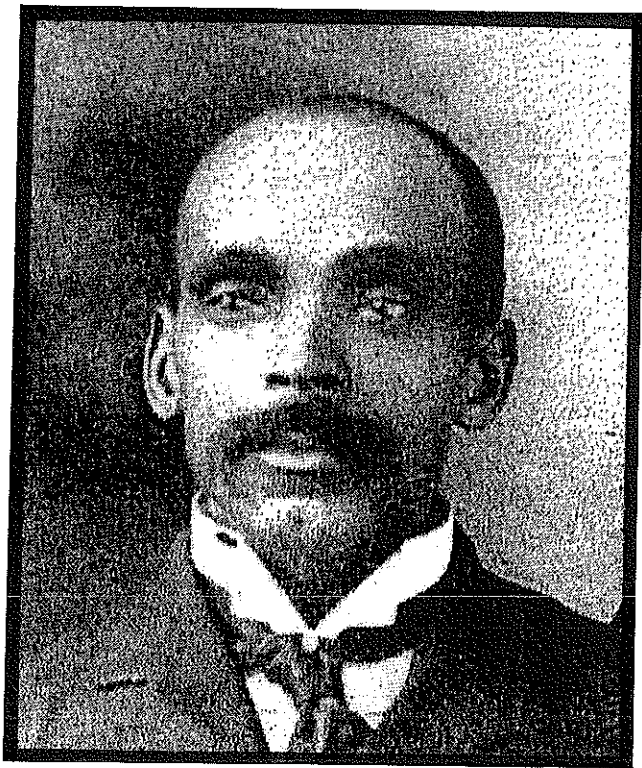
*The Times* of Richmond, Virginia, believed that "it means the President is willing that Negroes shall mingle freely with whites in the social circle — that white women may receive attentions from Negro men."

"The action of President Roosevelt in entertaining that nigger will necessitate our killing a thousand niggers in the South before they will learn their place again," offered "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman of South Carolina.

Even though Roosevelt countered with a promise to have Dr. Washington "to dine just as often as I please," a further such hospitality never reoccurred.

"The colored fellows will have to behave themselves or we will get rid of them," pledged one of the police officers in Brownsville, Texas, "and all that we will have to do is to kill a couple of them."

On 12 August 1906, a white woman in Brownsville vaguely described a black man in uniform as someone



MORGAN BAUGHMAN, DEACON & TREASURER  
OF THE CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH IN LOUISVILLE

who had tried to sexually assault her. By her own statement to the police, she hadn't gotten a very good look at him since back-lighting through a door way had left her attacker in silhouette. Nonetheless, by late afternoon, *The Daily Herald* hit the streets with a headline reading:

INFAMOUS OUTRAGE  
NEGRO SOLDIER INVADED PRIVATE PREMISES  
LAST NIGHT AND ATTEMPTED TO SEIZE  
A WHITE LADY

A local mob, inflamed by the rumors of rape, got into



A BLACK VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR  
DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED FOR HIS SILENCE

a ten-minute shooting spree that night with the garrison of 170 black soldiers at Fort Brown on the outskirts of town.

The only casualties came from the white community – a young bartender died and a police lieutenant suffered a wound. The soldiers signed affidavits that they did not know how it started, but were accused by the War Department of a “conspiracy of silence.”

If they were innocent, as American law presumes, they had nothing to tell. But for not telling it, they were thrown out of the army with dishonorable discharges on orders from President Theodore Roosevelt and his Secretary of War William Howard Taft. Two years later in his bid for the White House, Taft received none of the black votes that his Republican predecessors had enjoyed.



*The Promised Land in Tulsa*

At the western foothills of the Ozark Mountains, Creek Indians found the end of their Trail of Tears during the 1830s. They had brought some black slaves with them, while other blacks, fleeing Missouri and Arkansas, escaping even before the Civil War, also headed for the Indian Territory. There, the administration of white men's laws faltered, and many described it as a land of hope, a place to start anew.<sup>237: 39</sup>

*Tullasi*, in the Creek language, meant “old town,” and up until 1905, cowboys and Indians used Tulsa,



PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT  
RIDICULED AT A PRESS CORPS DINNER IN JANUARY 1907

Oklahoma, for a dusty cattle stop and trading post. On 22 November that year, a monumental oil gusher changed everything. Overnight, the little town became the energy capital of America, and thousands of speculators flocked there, many quickly becoming millionaires.<sup>368: 33</sup> Ordinary folks, such as George and Rosie Baughman from Taney County, Missouri, sold off their hardscrabble farms just for the chance to come to this new Promised Land.<sup>66: 174</sup>

In terms of equal opportunity, however, African-Americans were largely barred from employment in both the oil industry and the manufacturing industries.<sup>237: 43</sup> By 1920, however, nearly every white family in Tulsa had black chauffeurs, butlers, maids, cooks, nannies and gardeners. Black shoeshine boys and bellhops, who were only paid \$5 a day, routinely pocketed twice or four times as much in tips.<sup>368: 18</sup>

Many African-Americans there had shaped their success by following the teachings of Booker T. Washington, who believed that the quiet path to respect from – and equality with – white America came by way of education and useful trades.<sup>368: 10</sup> John B. Stradford, for instance, appeared as a short, dapper, mustachioed man. By training, he had become a lawyer, even though he had begun life as the son of a Kentucky slave. Stradford made a fortune with investments in Tulsa, notably the 54-room luxury Stradford Hotel.<sup>368: 8</sup>

Another young African-American came to the attention of Booker T. Washington early on, namely the newspaper editor Theodore Baughman from Texas. The first mention of him, in a letter from Washington's personal secretary regarding President Theodore Roosevelt, was as follows:

From Emmett Jay Scott  
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. April 21, 1905

Dear Mr. Washington:

As I tried to indicate to you a day or two ago, a large number of my friends have written from Texas to the effect that Ferguson is the only man whom Lyon, the State National Committeeman, is disposed to assist in any way, and in assisting him he is only disposed to send him out of the country on a diplomatic mission. Ferguson and all of his friends say that the only thing that has kept him out of a Presidential appointment has been the Tuskegee influence; this he has acknowledged on numerous occasions. I believe that it is the old game of the white bosses to claim to Ferguson that he cannot be appointed in the state because this influence is against him, and then since he refuses to take a diplomatic position leave the Negroes high and dry without any appointment.

Mr. [Robert Lloyd] Smith seems not to make any headway with the machine, and so I am disposed to ask if it will at all be possible for you to in any way help the Negroes of the state to getting a Presidential appointment in view of the present aspect of things. I very much

dislike to see them relegated to the rear, and even if I have no love for Ferguson I should like to see him rammed down the throats of the Lily white bosses since I appreciate so well what their real position is.

I should like to have a moment to go over the matter with you before leaving if you are disposed to consider the matter. I hand you herewith a clipping from the *Victoria Guide*, of which Mr. Baughman, whom you met, is the editor.

Yours truly,  
Emmett J. Scott<sup>596</sup>

This particular Baughman family hailed from Victoria, Texas, sitting about 200 miles due north of Brazos Santiago, near Brownsville at the mouth of the Rio Grande. That spot happened to be where Corporal Elijah Baughman, the only nearby African-American Baughman veteran of the Civil War, was discharged on 2 April 1867. This theory may strain likelihood since Elijah returned to Boyle County, Kentucky, and fathered three children there between 1868 to 1876. It is perhaps a greater possibility that the father of Theodore Baughman, the black writer, was Theodore Baughman, the white writer, who made frequent trips into Texas, particularly Abilene, which was 360 miles farther northwest.

In either case, young Theodore was born in April 1873, and when asked if he knew where his father had been born, the only reply was "Don't know." His mother, he was sure, had come from Alabama.

According to the neighbors, Theodore grew to be an unwieldy man, awkward in his bearings at six feet tall. His skin was quite light, but because of the distinctive features of his face, and the fact that his hair was not straight or thin, he would never be mistaken up close for a white man.

On his wedding day in 1893, Theodore was 20 years old. At least a month or two older, his bride Rosalie was 21. Rosalie's father had been born in Georgia, and her mother was a native Texan. According to the U.S. Census in 1900, Theodore Baughman still resided in his hometown of Victoria, Texas. Theo and Rosalie went on to have a daughter named Eunice, born in 1902. Eunice was several shades darker than her father, with a more or less café-au-lait complexion.

Most African-American newspapers at that time never survived for more than a year or two. Theodore Baughman had a plan with a different measure of grit and determination. From 1895-1910, he published the *Texas Guide*, a black weekly newspaper of Republican political loyalty. It circulated every Saturday to 850 subscribers around Victoria, and when it first appeared, each of its 12 pages measured 11"x18". By the end of its existence, the *Guide* upgraded to a larger "broadsheet" page size that most modern newspapers use (15"x22") in exchange for publishing only eight pages. One dollar paid up the

annual subscription.<sup>42</sup>

During the next ten years, Theodore made up his mind to open the Sun Publishing Company in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and began producing *The Oklahoma Sun* as a weekly newspaper on 30 June 1920. A year's subscription cost \$1.50.<sup>44</sup> Baughman situated his offices at 101½ North Greenwood Avenue, the very gateway of the black community beginning one door away at the corner of East Archer Street.



All this was according to their life-long neighbor John Hope Franklin, who was born in 1915, and grew up at 107½ North Greenwood. John's father was a lawyer who kept his office beside *The Oklahoma Sun*.

Segregationist Jim Crow laws in Oklahoma, and much of the rest of the nation, hemmed blacks into a very restricted choice of streets for finding or making a home. They were not even allowed to use the same telephone booths that whites used, and were banned from shopping in white stores.<sup>237: 46</sup> For fellowship and commerce, the African-American community in Tulsa could turn to nowhere else but itself.<sup>237: 43</sup>

That's why just a few doors away from Baughman's office on Greenwood Avenue – what some people called the “Black Wall Street of America” – neighbors prospered with grocery stores, pharmacies, barbershops, tailors, dry cleaners, dentists, restaurants, an ice cream parlor, a Y.M.C.A. and two movie theaters.<sup>368: 8</sup> An all-Negro hospital and library materialized nearby on Archer Street. The sounds of Victrola record players and children taking violin lessons drifted from upstairs apartment windows.<sup>368: 25</sup> See map on page 265



#### *You Push Me, and I'll Push You*

During the same era, four white Baughman households could be found on the other side of the tracks in Tulsa.

Emilius A. Baughman held the position of Vice President at the Downs-Randolph Company, a firm specializing in surveying and mapping, and resided at 1337 South Trenton.

# THE OKLAHOMA SUN

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THEODORE BAUGHMAN, NEWSPAPER EDITOR  
AND THE OKLAHOMA SUN THAT HE FOUNDED IN TULSA

Laurence H. Baughman, born during 1885 in Kansas, served as the office manager of the G.D. Morrow & Son Company, a building construction firm. In 1915, he married a Kansas woman named Belle M. Hall. She was a year older and worked as a saleslady in a millenary shop. Eventually, her mother Harriet E. Hall, a native of Iowa, came to live with them. They owned the house at 332 South Zunis Avenue, which had been appraised at \$5000, and listened to their own radio set.<sup>124</sup>

Albert Baughman, a carpenter, lived at 314½ West 1<sup>st</sup> Street, and an F. Baughman, who worked at the lab of the Hinderliter Tool Company at the corner of Madison Avenue and Admiral Boulevard, kept his home at 1104 East 2<sup>nd</sup> Street.<sup>129</sup>

Throughout these prosperous, boomtown years, Tulsa counted 90,000 people within the city limits. Blacks amounted to roughly ten percent.

Around the nation though, the mood about race turned as hateful as it had been since the Civil War some 60 years earlier. Two dozen race riots erupted in 1919 alone, tearing apart Houston, Atlanta, Washington, D.C., and even northern cities such as Duluth, Minnesota. In Chicago, a black boy swimming in Lake Michigan drifted toward a part of the beach reserved for whites, and ended up being stoned and drowned. A fight broke out between the black and white folks there that led to weeks of rampage, dozens of murders and scores of black homes being burned.<sup>368: 23</sup> In Oklahoma alone, over two dozen blacks had been lynched in the last 14 years.<sup>237: 24</sup>

At the eye of the storm in Tulsa stood another black newspaper editor, Andrew J. Smitherman, a onetime-lawyer described as “a bulldog of a man.” From the helm of *The Tulsa Star*, he supplied an uncompromising, authoritative voice to his neighbors in the Greenwood community. He saw his first edition roll out in 1913 and continued to operate the daily newspaper for eight more years, certainly forming the most serious rivalry to Theodore Baughman’s first year in operation across the street.

Smitherman’s newsroom, in a two-story, brick building at 126 North Greenwood Avenue, became a beehive of activism and a meeting place for all of the businesses and families up and down the thoroughfare. Smitherman’s paper covered everything from family reunions to back alley brawls, and he had personally intervened when nearby towns had tried on more than one occasion to lynch black men. Smitherman was known to pack a pistol, and the belligerence he projected showed up early in one of his banner headlines: “YOU PUSH ME, AND I’LL PUSH YOU.”<sup>368: 8</sup>

Smitherman’s true enemy, Richard Lloyd Jones, sat on the opposite side of Archer Street, looking down on the Greenwood neighborhood from his sixth-floor office as editor of a leading newspaper in the white community, *The Tulsa Tribune*. After cutting his teeth in the world of

Chicago journalism, Jones showed up in Tulsa in 1920, the same time when Baughman arrived from Texas.

Even though Jones liked to see himself as the inheritor of Abraham Lincoln’s progressive social vision, and he even went to so far as to purchase, restore and turn Lincoln’s birthplace at Hodgenville, Kentucky, into a national historical landmark, his political stance in Tulsa could not have been more opposed to the Great Emancipator.

In a front page article on 4 February 1921, Jones promoted new Ku Klux Klan meetings in Oklahoma that would guarantee “supremacy of the white race in social, political and governmental affairs of the nation.”<sup>368: 32</sup> To disguise their national affiliation, and keep their image above reproach, the local Klan took the official name of the Tulsa Benevolent Association.<sup>368: 232</sup>

Before the end of the year, membership in the secret society included thousands, along with those who were already or would soon become Oklahoma’s governor, a U.S. Senator and a variety of judges, law-enforcement officers and other politicians.<sup>368: 32</sup> Doctors, carpenters, oilmen, farmers, bankers and office clerks all marched side by side in their parades and rallies.<sup>368: 64</sup>

In two more years, three of the five members of the Oklahoma House of Representatives from Tulsa County openly spoke of their Klan membership.<sup>237: 47</sup> Tulsa klansmen even built a handsome brick auditorium for their gatherings and named it Beno Hall – shortened from “Benevolent.” Within a few years, 100,000 people in Oklahoma proudly wore their hoods.<sup>237: 46</sup>

Hilltops all around Tulsa glowed with initiation ceremonies and cross burnings.<sup>368: 233</sup> Women formed an auxiliary called the Kamelia and boys aged 12 to 18 could join the Junior Klan. The younger children made white robes and hoods into the most popular Halloween costume at school.<sup>368: 232</sup>



### The Burning

Jones’ editorial in the first edition of the *Tribune* on 31 May carried the headline “TO LYNCH NEGRO TONIGHT,” and he did more than any other single person to ignite the riot that began a few hours later.<sup>368: 28</sup>

A local shoeshine boy named Diamond Dick Rowland sat in the top floor of the city courthouse after being accused of raping Sarah Page, a white teenaged girl who worked nearby him as an elevator operator in the Drexell Building.

Smitherman had written with great interest about the fate of earlier prisoners at the same jail. One case had been about a white man, albeit a leftist labor organizer, who disappeared in the middle of the night while being transferred from his cell. Fifty men wearing black robes,

black masks and calling themselves The Knights of Liberty, intercepted the prisoner, bound him hand and foot, and tortured him with alternations of whip and boiling tar. The Chief of Police, easily recognizable even beneath his disguise, regulated the number of blows. <sup>368: 38</sup>

During the waning months of World War I, the Knights of Liberty in Tulsa had also attacked Mennonites, accusing them of being unpatriotic for speaking German and refusing to take up arms. <sup>237: 50</sup> A petition circulated and signed by many upright citizens pledged to prevent further settlement of Germans in the county. <sup>381: 78</sup>

"These long-whiskered geezers," fumed an editorial in the neighboring *Mayes County Republican*, didn't realize "that they are in danger of being handled without gloves by their neighbors." <sup>289: 67</sup> One of the more steadfast Mennonites, Jacob Janzen, found himself drafted into the U.S. Army, then court-martialed and imprisoned at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for refusing to fight. Another Mennonite nearby was kidnaped from his home, only to reappear three days later, so intimidated that he would not speak of what had happened. <sup>253: 177</sup>

On 24 July 1918, an arsonist received \$5 to burn the Eden Mennonite Church south of Tulsa at the little town of Inola, and did so. The 60 souls in this congregation of pacifists suffered no physical injuries, and moved their weekly prayer meetings to a barn owned by elder G. J. Voth. On the night of 8 September, both the barn and another church that the Mennonite Brethren had used got burned. The display of an American flag at their next gathering spot protected this church from also being burned down. <sup>381: 78</sup>

The Knights of Liberty abducted another white man, who had been accused of murder, right out of the jail and promptly lynched him. A roaring crowd then ripped the cadaver's clothes to shreds to make keepsakes.

"This lynching," wrote Smitherman, "explodes the theory that a prisoner is safe on the top floor of the Courthouse from mob violence." <sup>237: 53</sup>

A crowd of apprehensive blacks gathered out in front of Smitherman's newspaper on 31 May. The demands that something should be done to protect Dick Rowland soon grew into a fury that no one person could harness. Seasoned combat veterans from World War I and plain, ordinary neighbors ran home to fetch shotguns, pistols, garden hoes and axes. <sup>368: 93</sup>

A car caravan full of armed, angry blacks crossed the Frisco railroad tracks and cruised the one mile down to the courthouse by 9 p.m. One plan called for a human chain to encircle the building, so that Klansmen or the Knights of Liberty could not get at Rowland. The cars stopped, Smitherman and his followers offered to help the police guard the courthouse, but they were turned down. No one fired shots during those first anxious minutes. All of the blacks drove back to the vigil in Greenwood, but more than just a physical thresh hold had been crossed.

The sight of dozens of angry blacks driving around in cars with guns sticking out of the windows had never before been seen. Many Tulsans later swore it looked like a "Negro uprising." <sup>237: 62</sup>

By 10:15 p.m., when some 75 blacks marched single file back to the courthouse, a large black veteran named O.B. Mann faced off against the insults and provocation of a frail, elderly white man. The two struggled over Mann's pistol. It went off, the old man slumped dead, and within seconds, a hundred other shots rang out around the intersection of Second Street and Cincinnati Avenue. <sup>368: 102</sup>

The new sheriff, William McCullough, instantly deputized 500 whites, passed out as many badges and ribbons that he had to that effect, and instructed all to arm themselves. <sup>237: 64</sup> Folks ransacked every Tulsa pawn shop, hardware and sporting-goods store by midnight. Blacks who hadn't been cut down at the courthouse fled back north along Main and Boulder Avenue.

The burning of the Greenwood neighborhood began along Archer Street, at the corner of Boston Avenue, by 1 a.m., for the supposed tactical reason of clearing out black snipers. <sup>81</sup> The newspaper offices belonging to Theodore Baughman, not even a year old, also caught their attention and became another of the first targets to be gutted by fire. <sup>368: 119</sup>

Before the night was over, 10,000 men joined up with the mob, along with a few women and some boys as young as 10. <sup>237: 76</sup> They chased one black man into a back door at the Royal Theater during a showing of "One Man in a Million."

"He saw the stage door and dashed inside," recalled a white teenager named William Phillips, "...hurried forward in the darkness hunting a place to hide. Suddenly he was on the stage in front of the picture screen and blinded by the bright flickering light coming down from the operator's booth... After shielding his eyes for a moment, he regained his vision enough to locate the steps... just as the pursuing men rushed the stage. One of them saw the Negro and yelled, 'There he is, heading for the aisle!' As he finished the sentence, a roaring blast from a shotgun dropped the Negro man by the end of the orchestra pit." <sup>237: 65</sup>

A few other Negroes, cornered alone downtown, were shot to pieces and slashed again and again with pocket knives. <sup>237: 63</sup> During the next few hours, it became common to see Negro corpses, bound in rope, dragging behind cars. <sup>368: 121</sup>

At 5:08 a.m. on Wednesday, 1 June, beneath a sliver of a crescent moon, an oddly timed factory whistle went off. <sup>368: 125</sup> Across a wide front of city blocks, thousands of white vigilantes let loose a rebel yell and the invasion of Greenwood began. <sup>237: 73</sup>

A .30 caliber Browning machine gun mounted atop the Middle States Mill granary on First Street began a blistering cover fire down the length of Greenwood

Avenue, supported by at least one cannon.<sup>237: 71&107</sup> Then at least three biplanes on loan from the Sinclair Oil Company appeared out of the eastern sunrise, with police department riflemen taking the second seat so as to shoot anything below that moved. They also dropped homemade bombs of turpentine and dynamite along the roof lines, starting many fresh fires.<sup>237: 105-106</sup>

In the middle of the battle, an unknowing railroad engineer pulled his passenger train into Tulsa, and all of the riders clawed for safety as gunfire raked both sides of the car.<sup>237: 66</sup>

O.B. Mann retreated to the second-floor of *The Tulsa Star*, and along with several other men, poked their rifles and shotguns out the windows and made the newspaper office into a fortress.<sup>368: 132</sup> Other black gunmen holed up inside the Booker T. Washington High School. The white mob set up its skirmish line to make a quarantine all along the length of Detroit Avenue.<sup>368: 176</sup>

Thomas Higgins, a white man from Wichita, Kansas, happened to be visiting Tulsa that day.

"I saw men of my own race, sworn officers, on three occasions search Negroes while their hands were up, and not finding weapons, extracted what money they found on them. If the Negro protested, he was shot," said Higgins.<sup>237: 76</sup>

Some white rioters bragged of their deeds afterwards. One young man broke into the home of an elderly couple, and found them already kneeling by their bed, saying their prayers. He shot both of the old people "in the backs of the heads, blowing their brains out and spattering them over the bed." Then he pillaged the home and set fire to it.<sup>237: 66</sup>



### *When the Smoke Cleared*

In the one terrible 24-hour rush, the mob burned 34 blocks – roughly one square mile – of Tulsa's African-American quarter south of Standpipe Hill. That included 1,115 homes and 76 public buildings,<sup>368: 221</sup> a half-dozen churches, an elementary school, along with the black hospital and library.<sup>237: 23</sup> Gigantic columns of dark smoke rose hundreds of feet over the north end of the city; and because of atmospheric conditions throughout the day, it did not dissipate.<sup>237: 81</sup>

Tulsa's Salvation Army kept careful track of 120 graves that they dug in the next few days for dead Negroes.<sup>237: 86</sup> Tulsa fire department officials estimated that 185 died, with many incinerated inside their homes. An old file at the police department never made it into an official report, but contained a rather careful accounting of 250 corpses, identified by gender, age and race. Whoever did that work stopped when the ratio hit twice as many blacks as whites. Hidden mass graves only recently

uncovered seem to corroborate the memory of lines of trucks hauling piles of black bodies throughout the city.<sup>368: 223</sup>

The Red Cross treated survivors with serious injuries in the days immediately afterwards (484 blacks and 48 whites), including emergency surgeries on 163 of them.<sup>368: 222</sup> Approximately 9,000 blacks had been left homeless by the thoroughness of the flames.<sup>237: 22</sup>

On Thursday morning, 2 June, the front page of *The New York Times* described what was left in Tulsa as "a smoldering heap of blackened ruins" and the site of "one of the most disastrous race wars ever visited on an American city."<sup>368: 219</sup>

On the other hand, the Tulsa City Commission seemed pleased with the new outlook, announcing their intention to abolish the Negro Section of Tulsa and turn the land into a wholesale and industrial center. That lingering attitude enraged other whites, including the city's mayor.

"Tulsa can only redeem herself from the country-wide shame and humiliation into which she is today plunged by complete restitution and rehabilitation of the destroyed black belt," promised Mayor Loyal J. Martin. "The rest of the United States must now know that the real citizenship of Tulsa weeps at this unspeakable crime. And will make good the damage, so far as it can be done, to the last penny... We have had a failing of police protection here, and now we have to pay the costs of it."<sup>368: 225</sup>

Within days, even before the smoke and smell cleared out, Tulsa authorities singled out Smitherman and Stradford as ringleaders, indicting them for conspiracy to cause the riot.<sup>368: 229</sup> Stradford evaded arrest, fled the state and avoided further steps to extradite him from Kansas and later, Illinois. Smitherman disappeared for quite a few months, but turned up in Buffalo, New York, where he edited another black newspaper.<sup>368: 230</sup>

Sarah Page, the white girl whose accused of rape had set off the riot, left Tulsa suddenly. The authorities never pressed charges against Dick Rowland, and simply released him.<sup>710</sup>

Within a couple of days amidst total ruin, Theodore Baughman succeeded in getting out a little daily newspaper that included long lists of survivors looking for their lost loved ones, and served as a channel for reuniting them. It is not clear, however, that Baughman had full editorial control of this effort. The Tulsa Chamber of Commerce's Executive Welfare Committee picked up the tab for printing costs and reported that "a negro publication resumed to quiet the negroes."<sup>188: 74</sup>

Baughman's fully resurrected paper, *The Oklahoma Sun*, made note of the deplorable conditions when over 60 days had lapsed since the Great Disaster. Hundreds of black people in Tulsa were still destitute – lucky at all to be sleeping in a tent, but still without food, clothing or prospects of work. Many donations collected for the people by charities had simply disappeared.

Baughman wrote editor's notes for 10 August 1921 that revealed insights into his bearing and patience, something required of the entire African-American community through the long summer after the devastation of home and neighborhood.

"About ten brick business houses in the burned area will, in the next few days, be completed and occupied by our group, as drug stores, cafes, pool halls, groceries, etc. Though we had severe set-back, each colored businessman is determined to come back.

"Hundreds of houses are also being erected by the Colored people in Tulsa, and while a great many are being erected in the burned area, the different Additions are coming in for their share, as scores of nice buildings are going up...

"*The Sun* is informed that gas and electricity are being held from those among us who are building houses in the burned district in violation to the recent fire ordinance passed by the city... Regardless to this as well as arrests, the hammer and saw can be heard in every direction, as our people are building houses on every hand.

"Those among us who have been arrested for building houses... will be tried August 15, and at this time the validity of the law will be thoroughly tested and the decision reached will go a long ways toward governing Colored People's course in Tulsa. Something definite should be reached as winter is rapidly approaching, and will be nothing less than murder for it to catch our people in their present condition.

"The Welfare Committee favors the rebuilding of Dunbar School, destroyed May 31, further north on Lansing Street, and this Committee will meet with the Board of Education during the week to perfect plans for the erection of said building. We trust a modern, up-to-date School building will be given us, regardless to where it is located.

"The Curfew law in Tulsa, it is said, will be strictly enforced, and the zero hour will be 9:30 p.m., unless children under the age of 16 years are accompanied by their parents. A great many under-age boys and girls of our city are late frequenters on the streets, and the enforcement of the law should help wonderfully. It is no bad thing to know where your children are at all hours.

"A Colored newspaper is expected to fight the Race's battles and it should, but there are times when silence is golden, and when it doesn't pay to put too much 'pep' into a sheet. The fellow who is everlastingly grumbling about the colored editor not 'bawling out' the white man, never puts a thing into the Negro newspaper man's hands to help, even keep the paper alive. 'Cursing out' the other fellow will not get you any where.

"*The Sun* has always believed in the 'Survival of the fittest' and if we can't do our stuff, we don't feel hard-boiled against the members of the group who can.

"...So may it be." <sup>73</sup>

Baughman had some better news to report two weeks later. The Oklahoma Supreme Court had eventually declared unconstitutional the Tulsa fire ordinance that banned private house-building. <sup>237: 88</sup>

"There are fully 500 new houses of all sizes that have been completed, or are in course of construction, in Tulsa by Colored people. Lift the ban and watch us step.

"The Drake and Walker Co., consisting of 23 people, have been playing at the Dreamland Airdome this week, and delighting large and appreciative crowds. Mr. J.W. Williams says he expects to give the public the very best attractions from time to time.

"It is claimed that the Republican party is so intoxicated over its success that it has about kicked the Colored wing of said party overboard. We have always been a Republican and when men get at the head of the party and mistreat it, get rid of the men." <sup>74</sup>

Some of the few remaining samples of Baughman's thinking in print may describe what Booker T. Washington found worthwhile years earlier. Baughman chose this to appear on the front page of *The Oklahoma Sun* beneath a six-column, banner headline :

#### "UNDERSTANDING THE NEGRO

"The statement is frequently made that 'the Negro should stay in the south because the Southern white man understands the Negro.' Now we doubt not that the bulk of the Negro race should stay in the South. But he should stay more because of geographical and economic reasons rather than because of that old fabrication of him being understood by the Southern white man. The white man of the South understood his slaves. He understands his bootblack and perhaps his cook and valet, but so far as any sympathetic understanding of that multitude of intelligent, independent-thinking and in many instances learned Negroes who are rapidly becoming the warp and woof of the black race in America is concerned, he is as ignorant as a new-born babe, and what is more, he does not care to learn.

"The overlooked and meaningless phrase was given birth in ante-bellum days when the Southern white slave owner did understand Negroes. But he understands only a type, that type generally composes the lowest strata and the most makeshift element of the whole race. The cultured and gentlemanly Negro, who comes in close contact with the white man of average intelligence, is as much of a curiosity as would be an Australian bushman on Fifth Avenue. He just cannot conceive of such a things as the natural order and attributes these qualities in the black man not to ability, but to what he elects to term 'a nigger putting on airs.'

"The white man, or the general run of them, who has bailed two or three Negroes out of jail for shooting



scrapes, or paid fines in the police courts for others committing offenses of the trifling and trashy Negro, puts himself down as a friend to the race who understands it, and he places the whole race in the same category with the good-for-nothing element that it has been his misfortune to come in contact with exclusively. He knows nothing of the black man who is his moral and mental equal. And as a consequence the thought of the Negro being above the level of childish dependency never enters his warped and restricted mental sphere.

"So long as the average white man holds this narrow view of the Negro race, the conflict of racial emotions and ideals shall continue. The real crux of the race question in the South and in America no longer rests with that class of Negroes whose childishness and ignorance gave to the Southern white man the erroneous impression that he was dealing with an inherently inferior species of humanity. The perplexity of the future is of an entirely different nature. The black people are progressing rapidly in self-consciousness and ambition. In reference to it, the white man still holds his age-old ideas born in slavery and a period shortly thereafter and therein he deludes himself.

"To understand the Negro race requires a field of study broader than the kitchen, the stable or the police court habitues. There is a higher and more compelling element of the black people that is clamoring for recognition. But the average white man shuts out this din and listens only to the whining of the Negro who counts for nothing to the race or to himself. This is the one great mistake of the south and the nation – it knows only the Negro only as it wants to know him, and refuses absolutely to know him differently.

"The white South claiming they know the black man deliberately closes its eyes to the facts and the logic that will acquaint it with him as he really and truly is as a race, and not as an individual. And to hold to this theory, it has enlisted the most powerful agencies of civilization.

"But to kill a fact is as impossible as it is to stem the rising tide of the sea. That the black people with whom the final adjustment of the race problem rests are the highest and not the lowest is a fact; that they are influenced for good or evil by their environment is another fact, and finally they must be permitted to adapt themselves to their surroundings or their surroundings must be changed to suit them. That is, if America eases ahead, the Negro is going with it; if it tries to hold him back by willful blindness and self-deception, for the good of all concerned it would be profitable for the white man to understand the black one as he is, and not as he would have him be."<sup>74</sup>

The next chapter of life in Tulsa wasn't easy either. In May 1922, klansmen kidnaped John Henry Smitherman even though he was a respected black Deputy Sheriff in Tulsa County, and released him only after slicing off one of his ears.<sup>237: 47</sup>

Meanwhile, the *Sun* continued in print from offices at 317 North Elgin Street until 1924, when Theodore folded it into another paper he had acquired. In an act of solidarity, after Andrew Smitherman fled the state under threat of arrest, Theodore Baughman purchased the name *Tulsa Star* and what was left of the newspaper operation. Then he named his wife Rosalie as publisher and relaunched his new enterprise as *The Oklahoma Eagle*.

Out of respect for those who had survived such difficult times, Baughman tried to make the paper more appealing by lowering the annual subscription rate to one dollar, and at the same time, dropping all official ties to the Republican Party. The folks on North Greenwood looked forward to the paper each Saturday for community news, church notices and for the advertising about merchandise on sale.<sup>43</sup>

By 1930, the family lived at 320 North Greenwood Avenue and paid \$50 in rent for it each month. Theodore's daughter Eunice Baughman had been married seven years earlier, but then came back to live with her folks and work at the newspaper as a stenographer. Rosalie Baughman worked as a postmistress with the U.S. Post Office. They also rented out a couple of rooms: one to a 23-year-old printer from Georgia named General Lowe, who worked for the family newspaper, and another to Joseph Franklin, a 47-year-old man from Georgia who worked in the neighborhood Baking Store making bread.

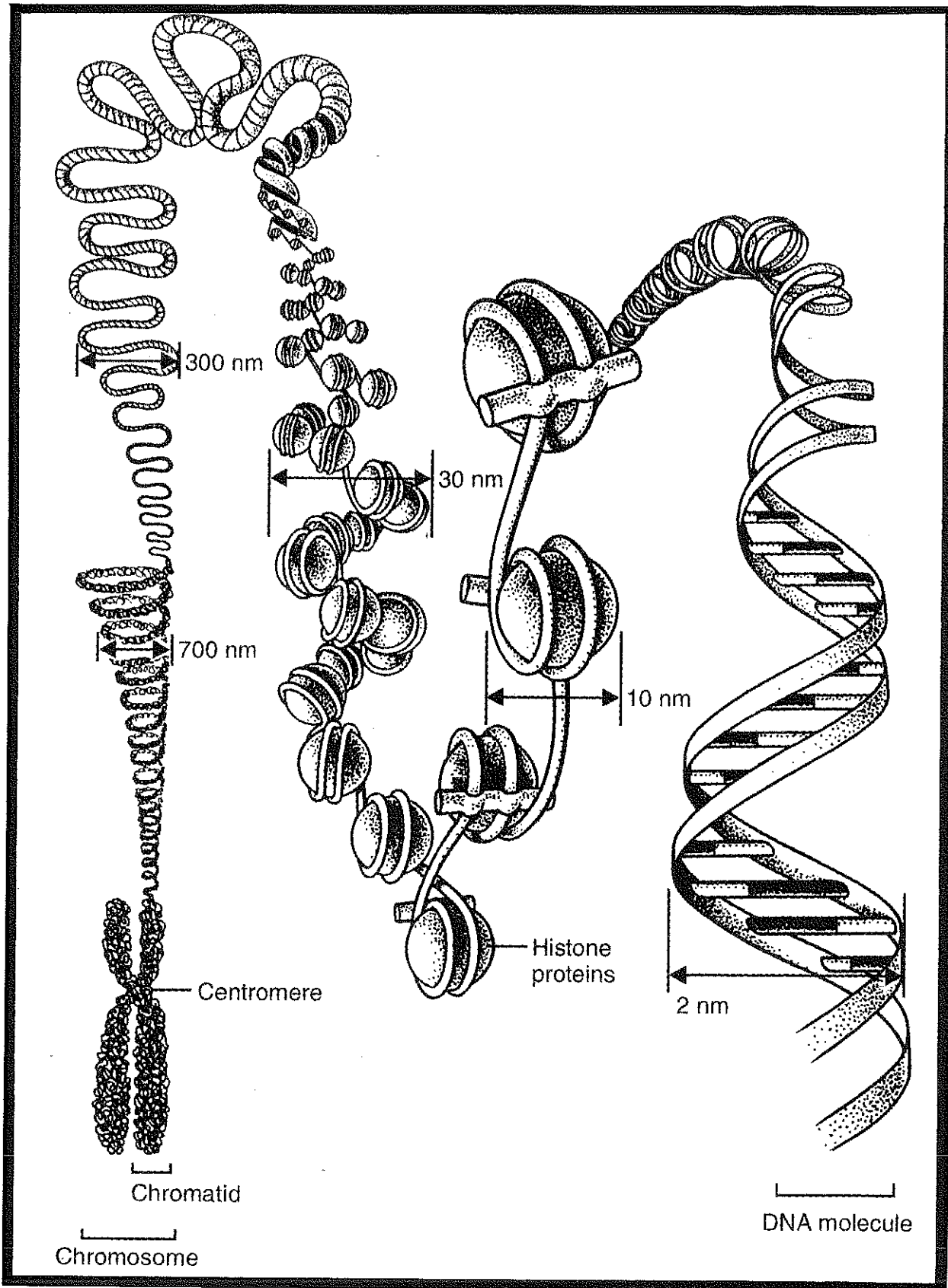
Baughman ran the *Eagle* until 1937 when he turned 65 years old, whereupon he sold it to Edward Lawrence Goodwin, Sr. At that point, *The Oklahoma Eagle* operation was located at 122 North Greenwood, two doors down from the site of the original *Tulsa Star*. *The Oklahoma Eagle*, still operated by the Goodwin family, has its current headquarters at 624 East Archer Street.

The fortunes of Greenwood rose and fell again over the following decades. Only a single block of the original buildings remains standing today.

The All Souls Unitarian Church of Tulsa, which the newspaperman Richard Lloyd Jones had helped to start, held a special inter-racial service on Monday, 1 June 1998, in time for the 77<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Greenwood's burning. "The white ministers led whites in seeking forgiveness for the actions of their forefathers," wrote one eyewitness, "and black ministers led a smaller crowd of blacks in pardoning them."

At the Unitarian Universalist Association's General Assembly held in Cleveland in July 2001, a resolution called for "direct payment of reparations to survivors of the Tulsa Race Riot of 1921," as well as a scholarship fund for students, the economic redevelopment of historic Greenwood, and the reburial of any human remains found in the search for unmarked graves of riot victims.<sup>143</sup>





THE STRUCTURE OF DNA  
TRACING THE FOUR BASIC PROTEINS UP THE LADDER TO A CHOMOSOME



STYLE OF WRITING KNOWN FOR millions of years only by God, but which was read by humans for the first time only fifty years ago, can now spell out precisely where many of the Bachmanns and Baughmans originated.

For several branches of the Baughman family in America — and as well in the Alps of Europe where the Bachmann tree first took root — a single heritage of DNA

runs through them all, spanning not only the borders of several Swiss cantons, but even an ocean.

During a Baughman family reunion held in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley in 1994, a sample of hair follicles was carefully sealed in archival sleeves and placed inside a time capsule. The hope was that when descendants opened the cylinder in the year 2194, they would be able to test those specimens and, with the sure-to-be sophisticated methods of the future, learn much about us. Back in 1994, it didn't seem feasible or affordable or even worthwhile for ordinary folks to attempt such analysis.

When the first such testing was announced in 1995, it was only applicable to mitochondrial DNA, a very specific fragment of unchanging chromosome passed on from grandmother to mother to daughter. Unfortunately, because of naming traditions in western culture, this test would have only pointed to each maiden's father's name, so often the most difficult to find and worst documented by family historians.

Within another three years, geneticists began their headlong pursuit of analyzing the entire human genome, and on the way, stumbled upon the same unchanging quality in the male Y chromosome. When any father has a son, he passes on the genetic instruction for maleness through this gene. All of the men who are part of that chain inherit the same unique genetic code. What makes the Y chromosome special though is that it does not reshuffle when sperm meets egg. It does not become a blend of the father and mother, as all of the other genetic traits do. Its telltale structure remains intact, more descriptive than a signature or a fingerprint.

Upon the announcement of this scientific breakthrough, the idea for this project took hold, which was probably the most difficult part of the whole process, that is having the nerve and the faith to want it to happen. Then, many other challenges took form:

How tricky would handling the DNA samples be? Would a doctor have to draw blood, or would more

strands of hair be enough? Would the DNA all have to be prepared at that same time? Would such specimens degrade in transit? Where would we find a scientist willing to analyze such specimens? How much would it cost? Would we have many choices in this? How accurate and reliable could the tests be?

Besides the concern of "Can it be done?" many more questions followed: What exactly did we hope to learn? Who all would volunteer to be tested? How could we find descendants who would help fill in the many blank spots in our traditional research so far? Where should we begin searching? How should we approach total strangers? How can participants keep their privacy and sense of control over the project? Should we keep expanding the project's scope, even after our basic curiosities are satisfied? Should we try to help Baughmans and Bachmanns from other lines? How long should we continue welcoming new participants? What surprises remain out there for which we should always remain open and continue searching in new ways?

Dr. Ueli Bachmann of Richterswil in Switzerland became an early advocate for the study, and during a visit by J. Ross Baughman to his office in October 1998, drew and froze a blood sample for future study, without even being sure at that point how it would be handled.

Professor Bryan Sykes, a geneticist at Oxford University in England, astounded the world in 1993 with his test of the Ice Man of the Alps. Through a test of the mummy's well-preserved DNA, Sykes established that the 5,300-year-old man was the direct ancestor to 75 percent of all living northern Europeans.

To bring his findings to life, Sykes cut through the scientific anonymity of one test subject, an avid amateur historian named Marie Moseley, who shared the exact same DNA trace markers as the Ice Man. What surprised even the professor was how emotionally moved Marie became, how connected she felt to her newfound ancestor. The stirring that Miss Moseley felt in her bones, and described to the world's press, inspired Bryan Sykes to reorient his academic study of human ancestry through men and women alive today.<sup>544: 6</sup>

In later celebrated cases, Sykes found the living descendant of a cave man's bones in Cheddar, England, and helped establish the paternity of President Thomas Jefferson to a line of children born by the slave Sally Hemming. He also positively identified the remains of the last Russian emperor, Czar Nicholas and his family, as well as colorful desperados such as Jesse James, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.

In May of 2000, Sykes took his laboratory's services

into the private market under the name Oxford Ancestors. A wealth of updated information can be seen on his website [www.oxfordancestors.com](http://www.oxfordancestors.com), so no exhaustive effort will be made in this report to repeat all of it.

His method for harvesting samples was very simple and much less painful than drawing blood through a needle or yanking out hair follicles. A sterile, pencil-thin brush was rubbed on the soft epithelial cells inside the cheek, catching and collecting hundreds of them on the short, soft bristles. The whole brush was slipped back into its sterile packing sleeve and shipped off in the self-addressed envelope.

The first correspondence amongst Baughman and Bachmann family members to undertake such a project occurred in December 2000 placing them in the vanguard of these private efforts. The first Baughman specimen dispatched to Oxford bore the postal date of 1 July 2001.

By 1 November 2002, due to a relatively expensive costs per-person, only 150 families in the world had yet attempted such studies. By 15 May 2004, worldwide DNA surname projects had mushroomed to 293.

One group of Layman donors working with Sykes numbered 34. Two descendants of Benjamin Layman who died during 1788 in Shenandoah County, Virginia, are of greatest interest to Baughman research, namely John Reese Layman and Paul Edward Layman. Their great<sup>6</sup>-grandfather, Benjamin Layman married Barbara Baughman, daughter of John Baughman from Hempfield Township, Pennsylvania. Mary Layman, their eldest daughter, married Henry Baughman, Jr. <sup>65: 49-58&267</sup> The Layman men's most basic Y-line chromosome reads out as 15-12-22-11-11-14-9-17-14-11. <sup>345</sup>

The largest such study at Oxford brought 57 far-flung members of the Kay, Kaye and Key families together through his laboratory. The genetics department at Leicester University, also in Great Britain, has gathered specimens from 100 members of the Clare family, although they are relative latecomers to this frontier of scientific research. <sup>450</sup>

An alliance of Canadian Mennonites formed in July 2004 to gather DNA on 21 surnames, including Funk, Landis, Light, Miller and Stahly.



### *Deciphering the Blueprint*

In the broadest view, the new science of genetic genealogy makes it possible to know which tribes and families arrived first in any given territory and which managed to survive the difficulties of life during the Stone Age. The pattern of chromosomes passing from every Bachmann father to his son yields a sequence which also happens to profile the Aurignac, the first modern

humans to inhabit central and western Europe. <sup>579</sup> The name Aurignac derives from an archaeological site in the Pyrenees Mountains on the southern edge of France where the culture first came to light. <sup>37</sup>

The arrival of these Paleolithic hunters from the ancient Fertile Crescent seems to date back 40,000 years, shortly before the last Great Ice Age. A competing human species, the Neanderthals, already lived there, dating back for 300,000 years. They co-existed with the Aurignac for some 16,000 years. A study of Neanderthal DNA proves that they slowly died out, contributing nothing fresher to the family tree of modern Europeans other than a distant cousin some half million years earlier. <sup>579</sup>

DNA, more formally known as deoxyribonucleic acid, writes the blueprint that allows life to reproduce itself. The alphabet of every DNA secret contains only four letters. The initials A, G, C and T symbolize the proteins adenine, guanine, cytosine and thymine, which pair off into rungs on a long stringy ladder. These four letters are just as versatile, subtle and accurate as the binary code of zeroes and ones used by computers. Three billion of them line up to make the design code for each human being. <sup>133: 11</sup>

Protein sequences of varying lengths add up into groupings similar to words, and these are called genes. So far, only about 30,000 of these genes have functions that are recognizable to scientists. There is a chance that the rest are worthless junk, or perhaps these sequences hold other yet unknown instructions for how we turn out.

Scientists learned how to tinker with genes, at first in hope of arresting inherited disease, but on the way they bumped into DNA switches for a surprising range of outcomes. <sup>476</sup>

*The Bad Hair Gene:* By eliminating one out of the ten genes that control the patterns and alignment of hair follicles on mice – a gene nicknamed Frizzle6 – research scientists at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine in Baltimore drastically changed the appearance of their test subjects. On normal mice, most hair follicles grow in parallel patterns, giving the appearance of smooth, well-groomed fur. Without Frizzle6, the whorls and swirls crop up in random, chaotic patterns, giving the mice a chronically mussed and unhealthy appearance. According to Dr. Jeremy Nathans, one of the study's authors, humans share the same ten genes in common with mice. <sup>211</sup>

*The Obesity Gene:* Nine hundred people in the Salt Lake City area with a gene dubbed HOB1 have a far greater propensity for heart disease, Type 2 diabetes, high blood pressure and obesity than the general population, according to Steven Stone and a team of researchers at Myriad Genetics based in Utah. <sup>241</sup>

*The Alcoholism Gene:* When twins share the CHMR2 gene in a region of chromosome 7, their

heightened risk for alcoholism is significantly higher, according to a study by the psychiatric geneticist Alison Goate of the Washington University School of Medicine.<sup>30</sup>

*The Depression Gene:* The gene known as 5-HTT holds the code for a protein that escorts serotonin through the brain and sweeps away leftover chemicals that would otherwise clog the receptor sites. Both anxiety and depression can thus be managed by the healthy neuro system, but people who have an ineffective or mutated 5-HTT gene are much more prone to suffer from long-term unemployment, debt problems, physical violence, interpersonal problems and homelessness.<sup>174</sup>

*The Mothering Gene:* By toggling off a single gene, either mother or baby mice will lose all interest in bonding. According to a study crafted by Dr. Francesca d'Amato at the National Research Council Institute of Neuroscience in Rome, the gene in question controls how or if the brain responds to naturally occurring brain opiates, and without this connection, they will cease to bond as normal mice do. The exchange of maternal caresses are not just psychologically soothing for both the giver and receiver, but physically therapeutic as well.<sup>509</sup>

*The Promiscuity Gene:* Researchers at Emory University in Atlanta inserted a single gene responsible for a social-bonding hormone into the brains of notoriously promiscuous meadow voles. All on their own, the voles' bodies began to produce the hormone. They immediately started cuddling with their mates and ignored other females. "This shows that a single gene in a single part of the brain can have a profound impact on social behavior," said Dr. Larry Young, the study's author and one of Emory's leading neuroscientists.<sup>592</sup>

*The Race Gene:* A Dr. Tony Frudakis and Dr. Mark Shriver of Pennsylvania State University have identified genetic markers called SNPs that are diagnostic of a person's ancestral continent of origin,<sup>581</sup> thereby sealing the controversial concept of race determined on a genetic basis rather than as a social construction.<sup>574&348</sup>

*The Political Gene:* Researchers from the University of California - Los Angeles scrutinized C.A.T. scans of neural activity for Republicans and Democrats while they watched campaign ads for their favorite candidates.

Although the self-declared political preferences were at first kept secret from the scientists, an unmistakable difference in two kinds of thinking appeared immediately.

One group showed active limbic systems, signifying emotional, "gut responses." Their perceptions registered in a part of the brain called the amygdala, on a level below the level of conscious control.

Another clear population remained cerebrally cool, unperturbed by messages or images of real or imminent violence.

The limbic voters turned out to be Democrats, while the unflappable voters were Republicans.<sup>311</sup>

*The God Gene:* The gene located at site VMAT2 controls the flow of mood-regulating chemicals called monoamines in the brain, a crucial measure of people's capacity to reach out beyond themselves, to see everything in the world as part of one great totality," according to the molecular biologist Dr. Dean Hamer of the National Cancer Institute.<sup>333</sup>

Another important concept of DNA and behavior describes how the 30,000 genes work, not as simple determinants but rather as an intricate trellis or lace-work of "if-then" relays. When a first set of conditions exists, a second trigger and effect may cascade from it. This arrangement promises much more than a laundry list of characteristics, but rather a compounding range of predispositions or outcomes.



Every human cell contains 46 chromosomes that are organized in pairs, a mixture from which half were contributed by the mother and half from the father.

It so happens that the 23<sup>rd</sup> pair of chromosomes will determine the gender of the individual. The mother always contributes an X chromosome, while the father can contribute either an X or a Y. If this contribution turns out to be a Y chromosome, the fertilized egg becomes a male, but a second X chromosome from the father guarantees the fertilized egg will become a female.

The male-determining Y chromosome consists of about 60 million DNA protein pairs, making it the largest block in the human genome. When a cell is ready to divide itself and reproduce, the long strands of DNA come apart just like a zipper. This process leaves exposed, split rungs upon which free-floating proteins in the cell's cytoplasm will bond, turning the two halves of DNA into two new whole strands, enough to outfit a separate cell.

Because the Y chromosome never splices with each new generation from a mother's family inheritance, in a scientific process referred to as "recombining," it remains virtually unchanged even across hundreds of generations.

The rate at which Y chromosome DNA pairs accidentally change, or mutate, allows scientists to start a slow but very reliable clock for tracing ancestry.<sup>37</sup> The discovery in 1997 of an ingenious way of reading DNA with chromatography, called the y polymorphism test, caused a revolutionary explosion in genetic research. In effect, a new metronome allowed the history of every living thing to be mapped out and compared.<sup>220</sup>

When all the chromosomal numbers between two individuals line up exactly, DNA confirms matching genetic identity with an extraordinarily high degree of certainty, defeating chance by a measurement of many millions to one.

For example, one of the Y chromosome rungs named DYS19 consists of various lengths identified as 11, 12, 13, 14, and so on. A spontaneous copying error might happen at any time, but because the reproductive role of the Y chromosome is so simple and unchanging, the odds of a 12 mutating into a 13 is only about once in every 25 generations, or roughly 625 years.<sup>175</sup>

While DNA can prove a match between two individuals, it does a much less precise job of excluding or defining degrees of difference between two other people. The reason is the wide range of time during which a change, or mutation as scientists call it, might occur. It may have happened 625 years ago, on average, or possibly at that most recent moment of conception included in the study.

Because of thousands of years of intermixing in Europe, it is very rare to find an individual who matches all two dozen of the defining markers held by Aurignacs. Out of a recent, very well-organized and scientifically random sample of 340 people, only one individual provided a perfect match.<sup>544: 212</sup> Eleven percent of modern European males do, however, share at least some small trace of the connection.

The DNA profile that an entire group holds in common is called their haplogroup, while the particular code for any single family line is called a haplotype.<sup>220</sup> The Bachmann/Baughman genetic markers, or haplotype, match perfectly to eighty percent of those belonging to the original haplogroup of Aurignacian migrants.

As can be seen through the project's collated DNA chart on page 181, several Bachmanns have a definitive Y chromosome fragment, also known as a microsatellite, located on the DYS426 marker. When this spot reads out at a value of 12 and a nearby marker DYS392 is any other value than 11, the easiest rule of thumb indicates that an ancestor arrived into Europe with the Aurignacian haplogroup. When the DYS426 marker reads at 11, which it does for a couple of branches of the Bachmann tree, their direct paternal ancestor arrived in Europe thousands of years later with the next wave of migrants, known as the Gravettians.<sup>175</sup>

Aurignacs migrated from the Fertile Crescent across Turkey, the Bosphorus and on into Europe. Their name derives from a Basque village in southern France halfway between Toulouse and the Spanish border where the first proof of their existence came to light in 1860.

This slow progress westward took generations to achieve, and whenever the climate cycled back into frigid temperatures, they retreated towards the Middle East. The Alpine mountain chain became a better final destination. Its overall elevation and snug valleys happen to shelter a stable and very mild micro-climate. For reasons not entirely understood yet, by the time that these

modern humans arrived near Lake Zürich, Neanderthals had become a rare sight.

The Aurignacs stood slightly taller than the Neanderthals and had a much slimmer build. Thousands of years had adapted their bodies to the Middle Eastern warmth, where the ability to disperse heat rather than conserve it gave them an evolutionary edge.

A quarter million years of colder Europe favored those Neanderthals who were stout and compact, better able to survive the lingering Ice Ages. The large Neanderthal nose could better warm up cold air before the lungs took it in.

These physical differences cannot alone explain why the Neanderthals died out. No evidence has surfaced of a pitched battle. They did not yet have the weaponry or mobility for military ambition. Survival must have been their first preoccupation. It required another 16,000 years before the last of the old breed perished in southern Spain. Higher levels of communication and social organization likely favored the newcomers.<sup>544: 208</sup>

Although the Aurignacs' population never likely rose above several hundred, they thrived by gathering wild plants and hunting animals. They could make fire, blades of sharpened stone or ivory, and leather clothing. Their rudimentary calendars made accurate note of the moon's phases. They believed in the value of long-distance trade and formal funerals for their dead. They expressed themselves with jewelry, beadwork and other body ornamentation, along with monumental painting, etching, sculpture and instrumental music. Their little carvings of bulls, humans and other creatures provide the oldest existing proof of human creativity.

The Aurignacs became the first successful modern humans to colonize Europe. As a testament to wanderlust and endurance, this same culture appeared almost simultaneously in northern Asia, and from there a group migrated on to the Americas, although the precise route they took is unclear.<sup>220</sup>

The minimum chromosomal requirements for inclusion in the Aurignacian haplogroup embrace 90 percent of the Basques, the oldest group of Europeans. They arrived in the Pyrenees Mountains and have long retained their headstrong, private ways and a language quite unlike any other in Europe.<sup>542</sup>

The incidence of this haplogroup forms an intriguing trail of DNA bread crumbs across ancient Europe and the Fertile Crescent. Traces of it can be found among 30 percent of the mountain folk in the Urals and southern Caucasus, also with 20 percent of the Saami of northern Scandinavia, and among 17 percent of the people living in the Taurus Mountains of northern Iraq.<sup>542</sup>

In the nomenclature of research scientists, the Aurignacians carry the name HG1 (the first haplogroup, also known as R1b, or by its genetic variation codes M173 and Eu18). A later wave of Caucasians, namely

the Gravettians (HG2, also known as I or M170), arrived from the Middle East about 26,000 years ago.<sup>542</sup>

Gravettians brought along several technological advances, including much-improved spear points of flint, and cupped wooden sticks for launching spears with greater accuracy and strength. They lived near the favored migration routes of bison, and for many weeks out the season would follow them from one temporary camp to another.

The Gravettians are known for their statuary of women, such as the Venus of Willendorf found in Austria, or for the jewelry they fashioned from shells, and the many uses they made of mammoth bones. The Gravettian haplogroup appears at its most frequent and concentrated occurrence amongst 40 percent of the Saami people of northern Scandinavia.<sup>542</sup> It has been hypothesized that Aurignacians and Gravettians lived side by side in Central Europe for a few thousand years, maintaining their separate cultures despite intermittent exchanges.<sup>544: 214</sup>

Six percent of today's Europeans can trace their parents back to the Gravettians.<sup>544: 220</sup>

Other Neolithic farmers (HG3; also as R1a) followed into Europe some 8,000 years ago, and their genes appear most frequently among people rooted along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea.<sup>504: 1156</sup>

Beginning 24,000 years ago, the last Ice Age sent mile-thick glaciers across most of Europe, pushing back the Aurignac and Gravettian tribes eastward from Central Europe into Austria and the northern Balkans. Those who had settled in northwestern Europe retreated to Spain, and the easterners went to the Ukraine. When the glaciers melted away 16,000 years ago, all of these Paleolithic people spread back across the land.<sup>37</sup>



### *Many Seeds Thrown from One Root*

Fortunately, another vital key to Bachmann and Baughman genealogy also appeared in writing, although in the far more customary style through pen and paper. As soon as he found his footing in the New World, Hans Georg Bachman sent a letter back to his father in Richterswil, Switzerland. For many reasons, such letters were rare in the 18<sup>th</sup> Century. Across the thousands of immigrant families that made the trip, it is even more rare in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century to know with absolute certainty about the existence of such a letter.

Three centuries ago, most ordinary people could neither read nor write. Without organized governmental post offices, the sending of any letter, even over a short distance, was a chancy, informal business. The cost of sending a letter was also quite dear, and anywhere from

two months to twelve months delay would have been usual. It is also understandable why many migrants, especially those hounded into leaving, might prefer to never think of their old lives again; and on top of that, most of the letters sent from America that encouraged families to desert the homeland got confiscated by the authorities. In the case of the Bachman family and many other Mennonites, it was actually a crime to pursue such contacts or for the recipient to keep such an indisputable piece of disobedience to the state.

Given all of these hurdles in the short-term life of a letter, it is also amazing to think of how easily that fragile paper can become soaked, soiled, faded, torn, burned or lost. Add in the unreadability of cramped, medieval styles of handwriting, with crude, irregular spelling and forms of words and folk expressions that even Swiss experts can't readily translate into modern German. If such a letter had ever been saved in America, it would also be understandable for later generations who couldn't make out what it said to then devalue it. One generation discards what the next generation would have treasured.

Hans Georg Bachman's letters apparently no longer exist, but the simple fact that they were written has been preserved in the official state records of Canton Zürich. When ordered to make the best census possible of all who had left his parish, Pastor Felix Vogler of the Reformed Church mentioned these letters in enough detail to imply that he had seen them himself.<sup>196</sup>

Besides their rarity, these letters are even more valuable to Bachmans and Baughmans interested in family history, because they provide the crucial link between a family well-documented thereafter in America with exactly where their parents had originated.

When small populations of people are isolated from the outside world, perhaps by rugged geography or their own choice of social values, it becomes interesting to measure how inbreeding could threaten the long-term genetic health of the group.

Mennonites and Amish communities in Europe began from very small set of perhaps 200 families.<sup>396</sup> After a dozen or two dozen generations, they are beginning to see disturbing numbers of children with the Ellis-Van Creveld Syndrome which typically expresses itself through extra digits on the hands and feet, and in dwarfism.<sup>245</sup> Another point mutation triggers the Crigler-Najjar Syndrome, promising jaundice and brain damage.  
63: ix

A researcher from the University of Chicago, Dr. Carole Ober, predicted that she would find even more collisions of genetic disadvantage by studying another tightly knit Anabaptist community still thriving today.

Stated in a more down-to-earth way, how have young singles among the Mennonites or Hutterites chosen their mates? When it comes to finding a balance between

comforting familiarity versus the new and exotic partner, how were such fine distinctions made without better clues to go on than instinct.

Ober discovered that spouses read the genetic suitability of their partner through a keen trust of smell. An ingenious test proved that a person's fragrance attracted partners on a chromosomal level.

The genes she zeroed in on produce proteins that dictate the body's immune reactions. Familiar cells are accepted readily in the body, while, for the sake of self-defense, foreign cells are immediately attacked. Biologists refer to these controllers as the MHC genes. Ober's experiment proved that Hutterite women could smell the difference in men's MHC status.

All the men in the test avoided pets, deodorants, spicy foods or sexual activity, in fact anything that might cause or foster distracting smells on their bodies. Then they wore t-shirts non-stop for two days and placed the shirts in boxes where they could be smelled but not seen.

The women had no idea of the purpose of the test, but were asked to compare ten scents tucked into identical boxes that ranged from clove to damp cardboard, as well as the test t-shirts, bleach and other common household odors. The women were asked to rate each scent on four key attributes: familiarity, intensity, pleasantness and spiciness. They were finally asked, "Which box would they choose if they had to smell it all the time?"

Despite the fact that the odor from the t-shirts remained extremely faint, women readily distinguished the scents of one man from another, and rated their favorites as "very pleasant."

The MHC genes that a woman preferred came close to matching her own genetic father, but not so close as to be identical. These subtle increments could be charted and double-checked by counting the number of alleles on each t-shirt donor's Y-chromosome. No woman was attracted to the scent of a man genetically drawn from her mother's side of the family.

These results validate the theory on how both extremes of inbreeding and outbreeding are avoided. Marrying a close relative risks creating a child who might inherit two recessive copies of a troublesome gene. Outbreeding has often been stereotyped as the healthier direction, but can also carry disruptive, unknown health risks. Just as a fingerprint can positively identify an individual, Ober's research revealed the existence of odor-prints for every person's genetic signature.<sup>305</sup>

The Y chromosome DNA test can confirm whether or not specific individual men share a common ancestor. Men with a matching surname, even those who shared a common geographic or familial setting, may not share a single genetic ancestor for a wide variety of reasons.

A direct line of paternity may have been blurred by combined households of unrelated people, especially

before the 15<sup>th</sup> Century when surnames became common.

Conversely, while a single ancient grandfather gave the same Y chromosome to several sons during the era before surnames, they might have easily split off to begin differing households with different surnames based on geographic designators, such as Heinrich by the Brook, or Hans at the Hill. Today, that could lead to men of differing last names, each with long, well-documented pedigrees, having exactly the same Y chromosome.

"When a son bears the surname of his father but does not carry his genes, there are only a few explanations available," wrote Sykes in his second book, *Adam's Curse*. "The most straightforward, and innocent, is that the son has been adopted and taken the surname of his adoptive father. Of course, the same happens to adopted girls, but they will most likely not transmit this name to their children and they will certainly not pass on a Y chromosome either. Y chromosomes are only ever passed between father and son. Women just don't have them.

"The second explanation is that the entire family adopts a new surname. This was not a common practice in medieval [times]... That leaves us with the third and final explanation for the discordance between surname and Y chromosome – infidelity by, or possibly rape of, the woman.

"If a young girl is old enough for romance, but not for marriage, or if a match does not meet with a family's full blessing, she may have remained in the household with her new baby, and her maiden name for both of them.

"If a woman has a child with a man other than her husband," Sykes continued, "the link between name and genes is broken. If the child is a boy, he will inherit his father's surname but not his Y chromosome. That will have come from his mother's lover, or from her assailant, and not from her husband. When he has sons of his own, it will be this man's Y chromosome that is passed on. Even if there are no non-paternity events in later generations, the link between the Y chromosome and the original surname cannot be rescued."<sup>541: 12</sup>

Sykes mapped out 48 modern individuals into several lines of his own family, all originating from Yorkshire, what would have originally been a quite small settlement in northern England. He calculated the divergence of "non-paternal events" at 1.3 percent per generation. Of course, this only represented the average for one family over the course of seven centuries.<sup>541: 14</sup>

A 1999 study by the American Association of Blood Banks hoped to estimate how many newborns in the general public had been exposed to the HIV/AIDS virus. One of the more surprising results from the report showed that out of the 280,000 cases, 30 percent of the fathers whom women named on birth certificates could not possibly have been the genetic father of their new babies.

<sup>444</sup> A study cited two years later by the National



Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws restated these findings to somewhere between five and ten percent.<sup>350</sup>

As an interesting coincidence for the Bachmann family, the root word for Professor Sykes' surname, namely "sike," happens to also mean "brook." At first, Sykes guessed that many distinct genetic lines could easily happen to have this same ordinary surname. It turned out, however, that in the geographic center of his study, at the village of Flockton on the River Colne, there was only one original haplotype. It was the oldest, dating back to 1286, and it was his.<sup>541: 17</sup>



### *Interpreting the Project's Results*

During the 1990s, some of our most rigorous family historians quite properly urged cautiousness over speculation.

"I couldn't be persuaded by anything other than hard, documented records," maintained veteran researcher James C. Baughman. His idealism kept him hoping that one day a long-lost family Bible would be discovered with a list of names, dates and places. Meanwhile though, what to make of such a common name in the German language? Bachmanns appeared in just about every Swiss canton and every valley in southern Germany. Old oral traditions in the family overflowed with romanticized, self-replicating rumors.

Were other Bachmanns related to our core group who came to America in the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries and who all turned into American Baughmans? Many circumstantial clues and coincidences suggest a family tie.

Not to be ignored, for example were those uncanny bridging of names from Switzerland to Pennsylvania, including Saucon Township neighbors like the Pughs, the Laymans, the Stricklers and others who traveled along to Virginia.

DNA findings prove that sometime before the 15<sup>th</sup> Century, descendants from a single Bachman grandfather trace back in his earliest appearance to 1359 in the mountain village of Finstersee in Canton Zug. His sons spread out to the parishes around Lake Zürich named Wadenswil, Richterswil and Hinwil.

These became the Lehenhof Bachmanns of both Reid Brook and Hinwil, appointed as bailiffs for knightly castles and headquarters; as well as the Ammann Bachmanns of Einsiedeln, entrusted with the treasure of medieval Switzerland's leading monastery.

DNA mirrors quite well how one ancient Bachmann coat of arms became peppered amongst differing shields assigned to the same surname. A further surprise, however, is just how intermingled these genetically

contrasting clans became, sometimes even sharing the same house with each other.

Anabaptist families from this same genetic branch left Switzerland and settled in Alsace<sup>64: 59-69</sup>; then moved on to Ibersheim near Worms along the Rhine.<sup>64: 70-72</sup> In America, some emigrated to Lancaster County,<sup>64: 77-92</sup> or some found their future beside a swamp in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania;<sup>64: 94-96</sup> Shenandoah and Botetourt<sup>65: 41-58</sup> counties in Virginia; Charleston in South Carolina. Today, our families from all over use both versions of the Bachmann and Baughman surnames.

A second branch, differing by only one mutation on three chromosomal markers, lived in Canton Aargau at Zofingen.<sup>64: 57-58</sup> Those Bachmanns sent a grandson to Greenbrier County in present-day West Virginia;<sup>65: 106-107</sup> and then to Kentucky. Although these Kentucky Baughmans owned slaves, one branch of African American Baughmans from their household show no trace of shared DNA.

This is the same as what happened at the Lake Zürich household known as Breiten, where two branches of the family shared one house but were not blood related. In Lancaster County, Michael Baughman<sup>64: 81</sup> had no direct blood tie to nearby John.

Hans Georg arrived in 1715; Heinrich Bachman arrived in 1739; Johannes Bachman arrived from Alsace circa 1830. The written, historical records for all these men stop short of a traditional, genealogically proven, blood tie, although 21<sup>st</sup> Century science has proven that they all inherited an identical male chromosome from a single great grandfather — sadly unnamed — who had to have been common to them all.

As a matter of interest, the principle line of Baughmans in Virginia all have a double dose of Bachmann DNA. Besides Henry Baughman at Holman's Creek, another grandfather, John Baughman of Hempfield Township and Saumsville, also has historical facts and patterns which tie him to Lake Zürich, particularly with the line of Hans Georg of Saucon Township.<sup>65: 258&267</sup>

Another nagging riddle about the family can be put to rest with DNA: Did the Mennonites and Amish in Alsace named Bachmann hail from Bern or Zürich?

One family there headed by a Johannes Bachmann lived for generations near Tagney, east of Metz on a farm called Bistrot. The earliest known of their line was Jacob Bachmann, born in 1755. They lingered near the Rhine for a century longer than the many emigrants who sailed for Pennsylvania while it was still a British colony.

In 1838, the American ship *Erie* docked in Baltimore and let off Alsatian families from the Christian Augsburger Settlement at Markirch bound for Butler County, Ohio. In America, they formed a rather liberal branch of the Amish known as the Hessian Mennonites.

Four generations later, their direct descendant named Kenneth E. Baughman turned out to have the identical Y-chromosome with the American and Swiss descendants from the village in Canton Zürich named Richterswil.

Baughman family research enjoys the efforts of several keenly motivated and highly qualified participants. One is Philip Ritter, PhD, a staff researcher at the Stanford University School of Medicine who also happens to descend from the Lake Zürich Bachmanns. He offers the following context on his website, which summarizes and clarifies the background given so far in this chapter.

“Since surnames tend to be inherited in the same manner as Y chromosomes (from father to son, or patrilineally), Y chromosome testing lends itself particularly well to surname studies. The Y chromosome is inherited more or less unchanged from father to son to grandson, indefinitely.

“The term ‘unchanged’ must be qualified by ‘more or less’ because mutations occasionally occur. If it were not for these accidental variations, all males would have identical y-chromosomes, making their examination quite useless for genealogical purposes. By looking at specific

locations on the Y chromosome (known as markers among genealogists), we can compare individuals and support or disprove suspected genealogical relationships.

“This science has great usefulness for the genealogist. One approach is to use Y chromosome testing to focus on certain well-defined puzzles or hypotheses. Several ancestral Bachmanns lived in the same area of the same village in 17<sup>th</sup> Century Switzerland. A reasonable supposition would be that they might share a common ancestor from which they inherited their surnames. By comparing the Y chromosomes of descendants of each of the ancestral Bachmanns, we should be able to substantiate the hypothesis of a common Bachmann ancestor.

“Another approach can broaden the study, whereby any interested male sharing the surname is invited to add a specimen of DNA. Our Bachmann / Baughman study has evolved in this direction. The testing companies encourage this approach by giving discounts to surname groups and publicizing the fact that specific surname groups exist. As the number of participants grow, some who share a surname will be found to have previously unknown link to each other through a (possibly unknown)



THE ANCESTRAL BACHMANN HOME AT BREITEN, IN THE PARISH OF RICHTERSWIL, SWITZERLAND  
AS DEPICTED BY ALBERT HAUSER

common ancestor.

“This approach is particularly useful when you have a combination of individuals with deep patrilineal lineages and others with fairly shallow knowledge (say to about the year 1800) but hopes of finding connections. Even if the results are negative, knowing that two branches sharing the same last name do not share a common ancestor may result in less time wasted searching for possible connections that do not exist.

“Because females have no Y chromosomes in their own bodies to examine, they cannot participate directly in studies such as this one. However, if they wish to research their father’s patrilineage, they can help sponsor their father or a brother or any other patrilineal relative of their father.

“There are a number of different kinds of mutations, being the changes in the genetic code referred to as markers, that can occur when DNA is copied within a cell and passed on to the next generation. Short-tandem repeats, called STRs or microsatellites, are the markers tested in y-chromosome studies. They occur at specific places on the y-chromosome, which are often referred to as loci, and are given names such as DYS391. STRs occur when short segments of DNA sequences get repeated over and over along a portion of a chromosome.

“For example, the DYS391 marker is made up of repetitions of the sequence G-A-T-A. Once an STR is present, it may change by adding or subtracting one or two repeats when they replicate. The frequency of change ranges from an estimated two mutations per 1000 generations up to nearly four mutations per 1000 generations for each STR.

“Over a long period of time, individuals will have at least some differences in the patterns of repetition. By looking at 25 markers, there is about a 50 percent chance you will find at least one mutation across 9 or 10 generations, or at least one change that differs between 4<sup>th</sup> cousins. When tested, the DYS391 marker shows values that range anywhere between 7 and 14 repeats, with a reading of 10 or 11 being most common among Europeans.

“As of the year 2004, over 200 STRs have been identified on the Y chromosome, but not all are variable enough to be distinctively useful for the genealogist. Testing companies currently gauge from 10 up to 43 different STR markers.

“While individuals must check STR markers to find their haplotype, larger populations define their haplogroup through slower, broader mutations called SNP, referring to base substitutions called Single Nucleotide Polymorphism. Compared to STRs, these mutations are extremely rare, and are believed to occur only once in all of human history. SNPs allow the archaeologist and anthropologist to trace ancient migration patterns.

“Even though most of the Richterswil Bachmann / Baughman families are close to the most common values of the Aurignacian haplogroup R1b, the differences are unusual enough that they have no exact matches among the 22,560 people in the FamilyTree DNA database. There are three people that are one step away and 25 that are two steps away.”

The one marker that makes the Richterswilers so rare is the DYS389ii-i site with a rating of 15. Searching for people who vary by only one step away, for example those with a rating of 14, turns up a much larger population of 148 test subjects in the FamilyTree database.

“This is pretty good evidence that the DYS389ii-i is what makes [Bachmanns] distinct from much more frequent haplotypes in the R1b haplogroup. That is reassuring, since it means that if someone with the name Bachmann/Baughman showed up matching other Richterswil Bachmanns, including the same value for DYS389ii-i, it is most likely because of the common ancestry and not convergence to the same haplotype.”

Two more Bachmann / Baughman markers from the expanded FamilyTree test, namely DYS385 a & b, further deepen the rarity amongst all other descendants of the Aurignacs. The Bachmann reading for DYS385b comes out at 15, but by looking one step over at those who rated 14, we find a much larger group of 576 matching individuals.

“The Layman set of values is 11 steps away from the modal Richterswil Bachmann values. The 14 at DYS425 is also very unusual and the values are only five away from the Hans Heinrich descendent (0954 in the on-line chart) who has 14 at DYS425.

“That is still too far for common ancestry, but may indicate a common haplogroup. Unfortunately, 0954’s haplogroup could not even be guessed using Thit Athey’s haplogroup predictor. The Layman subject does a little better with the haplogroup predictor, which points toward G as the most likely, but with E3a the next possibility. According to FamilyTree DNA, G may have originated in India or Pakistan, and then dispersed into central Asia, Europe and the Middle East, probably with the spread of agriculture. E3a is an Africa lineage, and is less likely.

“Our Hamman project has a large set of confirmed G2 haplogroup descendants, while the African American in the Bachman project is almost certainly E3a. The Layman values are 7 steps from Gregory (0657) in our Bachmann project. I would go with G, but only as an estimate.

“The markers on the Y chromosome used for family history studies are unrelated to any physical or medical traits. This means there is little danger if the privacy guarantees of the testing companies were somehow breached. The single largest potential risk of Y chromosome tests is the possibility that a participant will

discover that he is not biologically related to someone else in the way expected. Unexpected non-matches can occur, and some people may find this disturbing or even traumatic, especially if a 'non-paternal' event may have occurred within recent generations.

"Not every genealogical puzzle can be solved with DNA, and it is important that participants in such studies realize that there is no guarantee that the results will be as desired or expected. However, under the appropriate circumstances, genetic or molecular genealogy can be a powerful tool to substantiate or disprove hypotheses where traditional documentation is weak or non-existent."



### *The Professor's Postscript*

"The Bachmann DNA chart shows exactly what you would and must expect, what you will find for a study of this size and scope," said Professor Sykes during an interview on 1 May 2004 in Washington, D.C. "The sequence in your core group of 10 individuals stands as the original Bachmann haplotype south of Lake Zürich. This core branch has, all tolled, just three mutations, and this certainly falls well within the rates of chance.

"Because of this detailed, matching genealogy you have, we can be sure that one of these mutations happened within the last 122 years. That's only four generations, the blink of an eye in terms of DNA. Similarly, the change for the donor from Finstersee could have happened at any time during the past 500 years or so. Such minor changes could not possibly be an 'extra-paternal event' because the odds of them coming out so close in every other way from the expected paternal DNA would be totally remote.

"The second branch, although still within the same haplogroup, shared a common male ancestor many centuries earlier, perhaps as much as 1,000 years ago. But they are still quite closely related.

"Then we see a group of three individuals from the Gravettian Culture, or what we call the Wodan Haplogroup. They differ from the first group by a total of 12 allele variants spread across six different markers. There would have to be some 24,000 years of separation between them and the core members of the first haplotype.

"Elsewhere on the chart, several of the dissimilar individuals had different paternal ancestors belonging to a set we call Haplogroup 2, which arrived in Europe much later from an Anglo-Saxon / Germanic DNA stock.

"One of those individuals, the Hans Bachmann who traces his roots to Hinwil, has an extremely rare combination of three chromosomes, namely the markers that turned up 21, 14 and the final 10. His ancient

paternal ancestor is not even European, but more likely Asian. In all of the 10,000 individuals I have tested so far, no one else matches that combination.

"Another test subject, this fellow [Steven R. Baughman], also has a very rare combination. This mutation [from the specimen donor Richard J. Baughman, descended from Christian] is noted on the chart because the DYS425 marker had a double-peak. We don't guess which one it should properly be. It's neither one nor the other.

"The African-American participant [Martin J. Baughman] has two markers that are quite rare, the first 16 and the 21, which when combined with the rest of his profile places him in Haplogroup 8, which is exceptionally rare. If he has European paternal ancestry, he doesn't match any of the 3,500 English-rooted surnames in our research so far, from which many of the slave-holding households of early America would most commonly derive. The only other person in our entire data bank that he matches is a British citizen who traces his origins to Kingston, Jamaica."<sup>152</sup>

"I suspect that we'll find many, many behavioral traits that are hiding in what has been so far dismissed as mere junk DNA. Before too long, the research community will give us much more complete sequences, and the complexities of inherited traits will be revealed.

"I must say, I really enjoy seeing this kind of rarified science being used for truly practical, family history research. If I hadn't applied it to my own family, on a whim, it never would have received notice and become such a popular notion. Your study was among the first to follow mine, and the parallels have turned out remarkably."



The charts connected to this chapter will be updated as new donors step forward to test their DNA. Two sites on the internet will showcase the expanding results in slightly differing formats:

<http://bachmannhouse.org/BachmannDNA.html>

<http://www.stanford.edu/~philr/Bachman/BachmanResults.html>

Also of future interest may be the Layman study:  
<http://home.lightspeed.net/~slaymon/LaymonLinesFrame1Source1.htm>

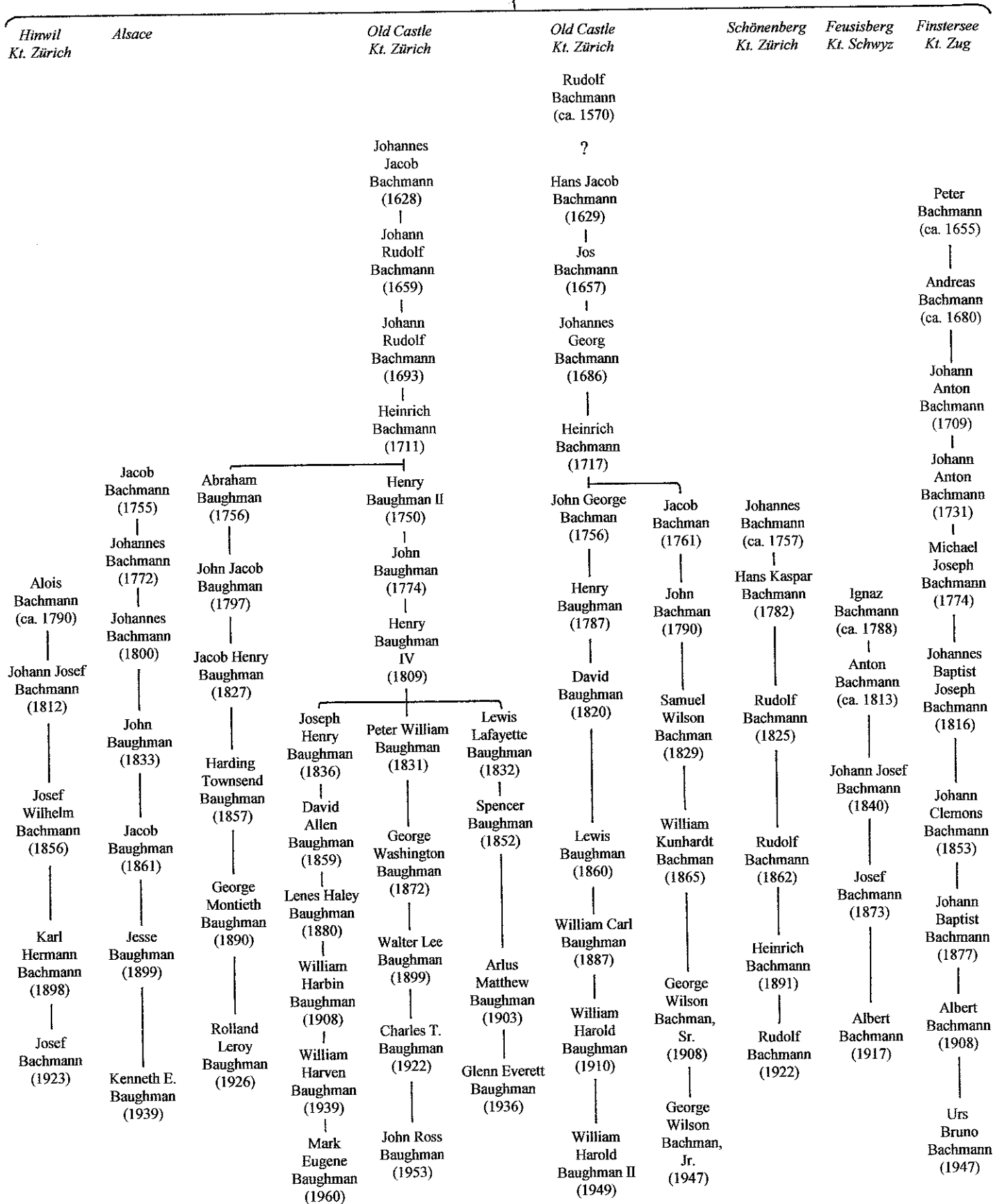
The Mennonite DNA project may be reviewed at:  
<http://www.mmhs.org/int/reimer.htm>  
Or contacted through group administrator Amelia Riemer:  
[reimer@canada.com](mailto:reimer@canada.com)

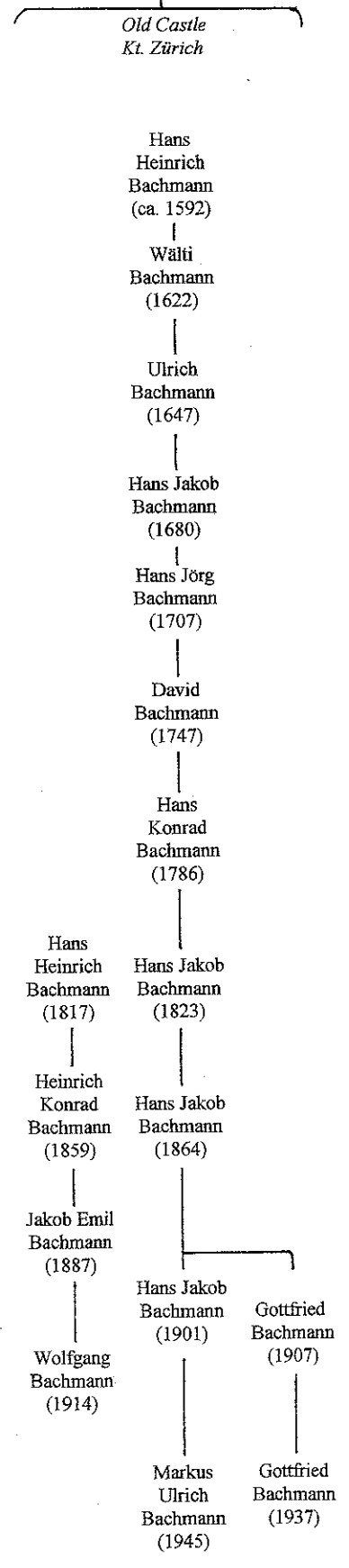
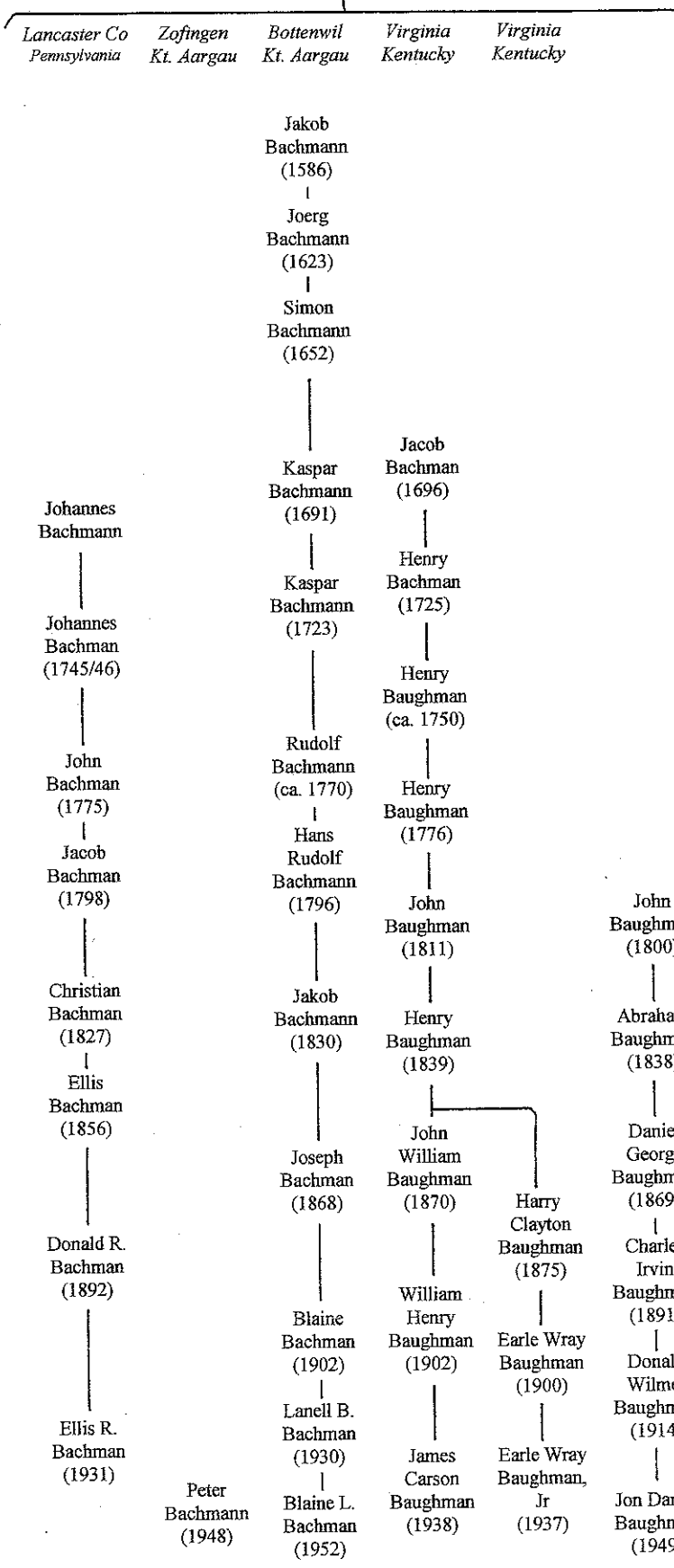


	DYS19	DYS388	DYS390	DYS391	DYS392	DYS393	DYS389i	DYS389ii-i	DYS425	DYS426
AURIGNACIAN / OISIN HAPLOGROUP										
George W. Bachman, Jr. <i>(Hans Jacob, Old Castle, Kt. Zürich)</i>	14	12	24	11	13	13	10	15	[12]	13
Albert Bachmann <i>(Feusisberg, Kt. Schwyz)</i>	14	12	24	11	13	13	10	15	12	13
Josef Bachmann <i>(Hinwil, Kt. Zürich)</i>	14	12	25	11	13	13	10	15	12	13
Rudolf Bachmann <i>(Schönenberg, Kt. Zürich)</i>	14	12	24	11	13	13	10	15	12	13
Urs Bruno Bachmann <i>(Finstertsee, Kt. Zug)</i>	14	12	24	11	13	13	11	15	12	13
Glenn E. Baughman <i>(Heinrich, Old Castle, Kt. Zürich)</i>	14	12	24	11	13	13	10	15	12	13
J. Ross Baughman <i>(Heinrich, Old Castle, Kt. Zürich)</i>	15	12	24	11	13	13	10	15	12	13
Kenneth E. Baughman <i>(John, Alsace)</i>	14	12	24	11	13	13	10	15	12	13
Mark E. Baughman <i>(Heinrich, Old Castle, Kt. Zürich)</i>	14	12	24	11	13	13	10	15	12	13
Rolland L. Baughman <i>(Heinrich, Old Castle, Kt. Zürich)</i>	14	12	24	11	13	13	10	15	12	13
William H. Baughman II <i>(Hans Jacob, Old Castle, Kt. Zürich)</i>	14	12	24	11	13	13	10	15	12	13
Blaine L. Bachman	14	12	23	11	13	13	10	16	12	12
Ellis R. Bachman <i>(Zofingen; Johannes, Pennsylvania)</i>	14	12	23	11	13	13	09	16	12	12
John Bachman	14	12	23	10	13	13	10	16	[12]	12
Peter Bachmann <i>(Zofingen, Kt. Aargau)</i>	14	12	23	11	13	13	09	16	12	12
Earle W. Baughman, Jr. <i>(Zofingen; Kentucky)</i>	14	12	23	11	13	13	09	16	12	12
James C. Baughman <i>(Zofingen; Kentucky)</i>	14	12	23	11	13	13	09	16	12	12
Jon D. Baughman	14	12	23	11	13	13	09	16	[12]	12
Edward W. Baughman <i>(Martin, Pennsylvania)</i>	14	12	24	10	13	13	10	16	12	12
Richard J. Baughman <i>(Christian, Pennsylvania)</i>	14	12	24	11	13	12	10	16	*M	12
GRAVETTIAN / WODAN HAPLOGROUP										
Gottfried Bachmann <i>(Hans Heinrich, Old Castle, Kt. Zürich)</i>	14	15	23	10	11	12	10	17	12	11
M. Ulrich (Ueli) Bachmann <i>(Hans Heinrich, Old Castle, Zürich)</i>	14	15	23	10	11	12	10	17	12	11
Wolfgang Bachmann <i>(Hans Heinrich, Old Castle, Zürich)</i>	14	15	23	10	11	12	10	17	12	11
David J. Bachman <i>(Michael, Pennsylvania)</i>	14	14	22	10	11	13	10	16	12	11
Fritz Bachmann <i>(Hans Rudolf, "Östi," Breiten)</i>	16	12	24	11	13	13	11	16	12	12
Hans Bachmann <i>(Hinwil, Kt. Zürich)</i>	15	12	21	10	11	15	09	17	14	10
Martin J. Baughman <i>(African-American, Kentucky)</i>	16	12	21	10	11	13	10	17	12	11
David E. Baughman	15	12	23	10	13	11	10	18	[12]	11
J. Noral Baughman	15	13	23	10	12	15	10	16	12	11
Steven R. Baughman	15	12	24	11	13	12	10	16	12	12
* Peter John Baughman										
* Ross W. Baughman										

\* DNA lab results not yet posted as of May 2005

THE BAUGHMAN / BACHMANN  
ILLUSTRATING SHARED GENETIC CHAINS OF Y-CHROMOSOME DESCENT  
A SINGLE GRANDFATHER IN COMMON





York Co.  
Pennsylvania

Breiten  
Kt. Zürich

Hinwil  
Kt. Zürich

African-  
American  
Kentucky

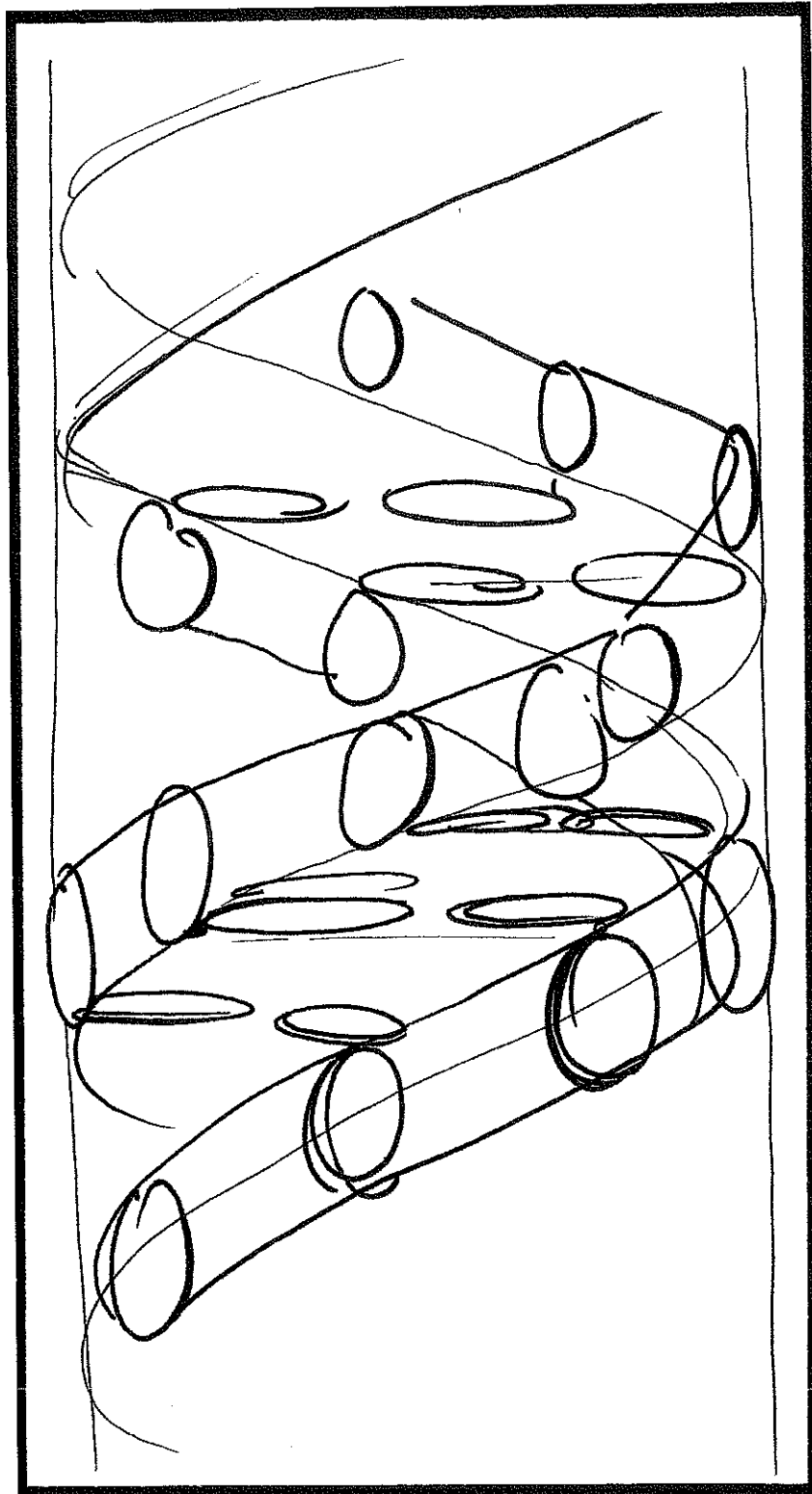
Lancaster  
Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania

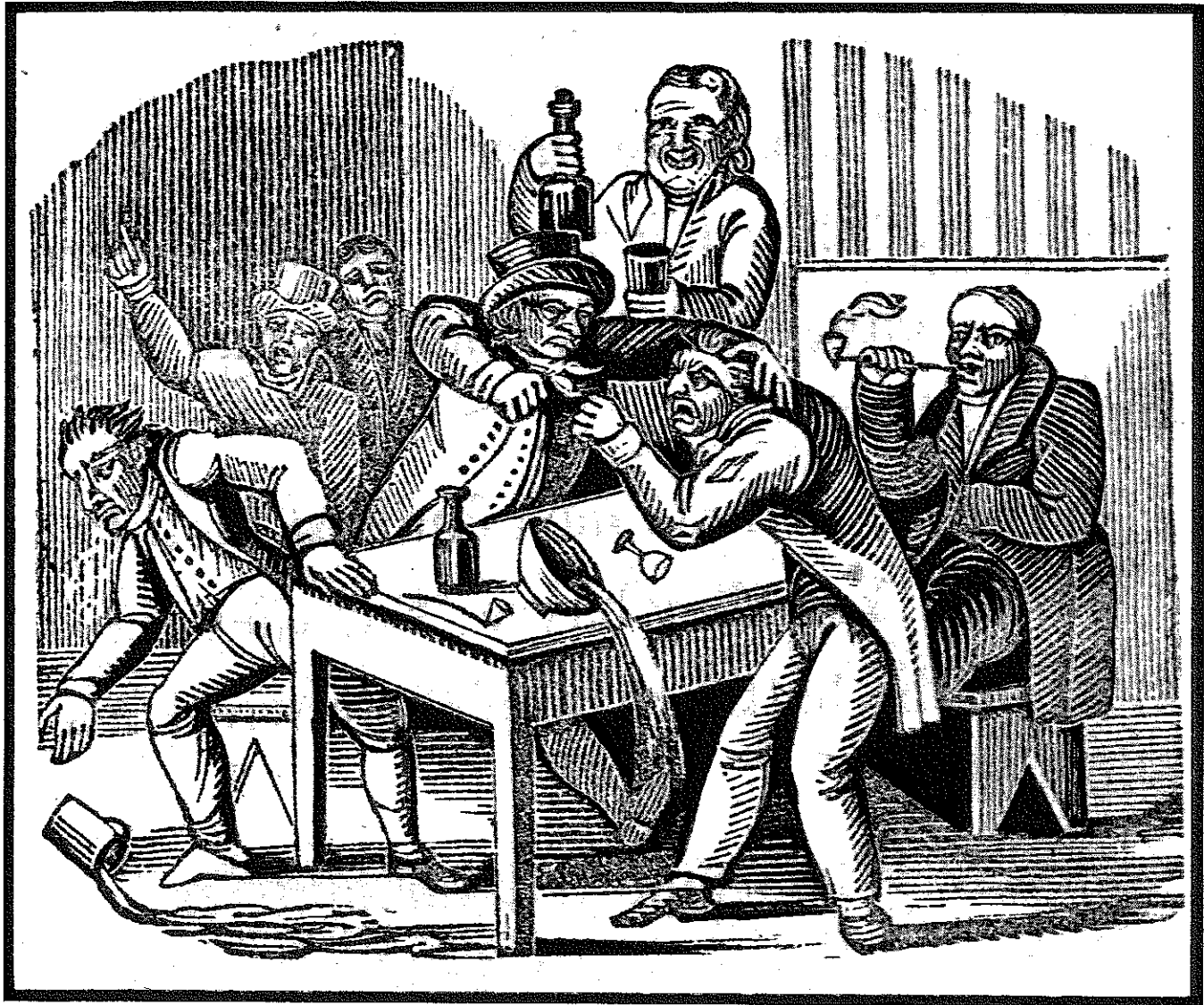
Lancaster  
Pennsylvania







THE SECRET OF LIFE  
FRANCIS CRICK'S EARLIEST SKETCH OF DNA, IN 1953



THE EXCESSES OF TAVERN LIFE  
FROM THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT'S POINT OF VIEW, CIRCA 1832



ACHMANN FAMILY LINKS DISCOVERED in Medieval Europe did not break apart there, but most certainly continued underground through the 19<sup>th</sup> Century and up until the present day. What follows are the mostly modern updates to the first nine chapters of this book, offered roughly in the same order linked together so far.

The Bachmann family still occupied their main house at Finstersee in Canton Zug through 21 December 1765, with the building and household split between two distinct branches of the family. <sup>526: 135</sup>

At the Finstersee community gathering on 7 October 1821, Town Council President Johann Peter Bachmann chaired the meeting that included Chief Counselor Dominik Bachmann, Karl Joseph Schoen, Anton Trachsler and Klemen Weber. <sup>526: 63</sup>

By 1847, out of 2,364 people registered in Menzingen, 61 were Bachmanns, while other leading families included the names Arnold, Elsener, Hegglin, König, Leimbacher, Lehman, Meier, Schoen, Staub, Strickler, Trachsler, Trinkler, Weber and Zürcher. <sup>526: 120</sup>

By the dawn of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, no more Bachmanns lived in Finstersee, although the last man born therewith the family name had moved across the border and prospered in neighboring Canton Schwyz.



*New Appreciations of Song & Drink  
1840-2004*

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft visited the “semi-Alpine region” of the Ozark Mountains during 1818 and 1819 and wanted the whole world to know about what he’d seen. He recalled colorful pioneers who “pursue a similar course of life with the savages, having embraced their love of ease, their contempt for agricultural pursuits... [and] their mode of dressing in skins.” <sup>459&64: 136-138</sup>

Minstrels in the early 19<sup>th</sup> Century snatched up a humorous tale that came from the same area and made it a mainstay of their traveling musical shows. It seemed to carve the mountain folks’ personality in stone: tough, independent and good-humored, but also ornery, self-satisfied and crafty.

It seems that while traveling in roughly the same terrain during an 1840 campaign, an frontier candidate for

governor turned his encounter with a backwoods family into “The Arkansas Traveller,” an entertaining and highly popular piece of American folk culture.

Colonel Sandford Faulkner, presumed author of the tale, had lost his way through the southwestern edge of the Ozark Mountains during a heavy rainstorm, and came upon a homesteader equally lost while concentrating on a melody for his fiddle. Riding alongside Faulkner were U.S. Senator Ambrose Sevier and soon-to-be Governor Archibald Yell. Later, at the inaugural ball in Little Rock, Faulkner embroidered upon their little experience. <sup>661</sup>

The mountain man seemed unable to recall how the tune ended, and so remained cross and testy with the strangers who only hoped for shelter and a few straight answers.

Traveler: “Sir! Where does this road go to?”

Squatter: “It don’t go anywhar. It stays right here.”

Traveler: “Have you any spirits here?”

Squatter: “Lots uv ‘em; SaI seen one last night by that ‘ar old hollar gum, and it nearly skeered her to death.”

And so it continued, back and forth dozens of times, a snippet of fiddlin’ followed by another curious, grinning exchange.

Traveler: “Now, the way it seems to me, you’d better mend your roof.”

Squatter: “I couldn’t mend it now. It’s a rainy day. And my cabin never leaks when it doesn’t rain.”

The mountain man was at best indifferent, or perhaps antagonistic to the politician. Faulkner couldn’t be sure if the man was a fool, or if he was making a fool of Faulkner.

Traveler: “Why don’t you play the rest of that tune?”

Squatter: “Don’t know it.”

In total exasperation, the traveler yanked away the fiddle and played the end of the famous song himself. The homesteader was so grateful that he invited the traveler in for food and drink. <sup>260: 26</sup>

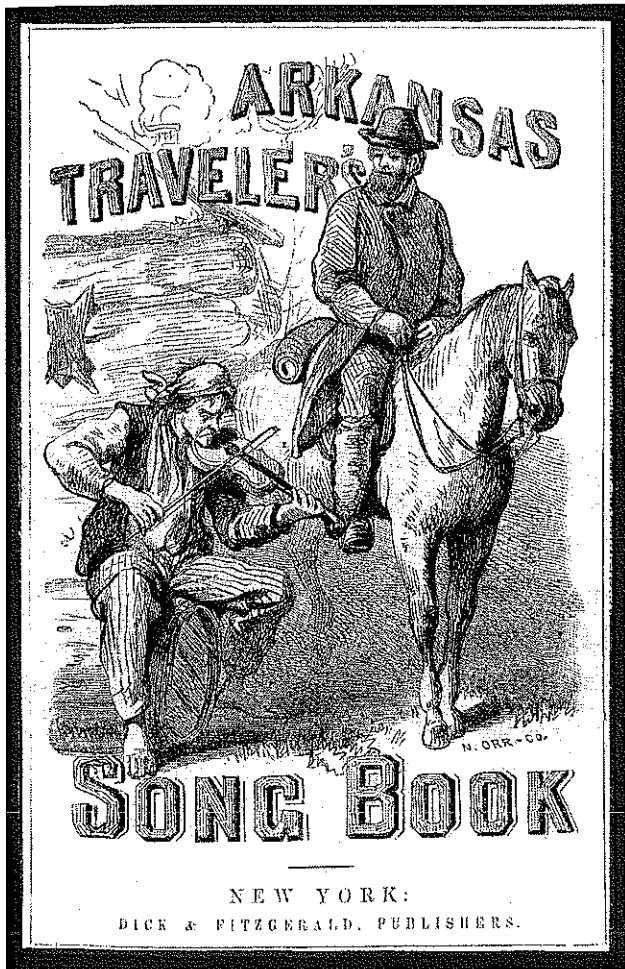
This all-American ditty became so much in demand that sheet music publishers back East released a version by Mose Case in 1847. <sup>64: 157</sup>

*On a lonely road quite long ago,  
A trav’ler trod with a fiddle and a bow;  
While rambling through the country rich and grand,  
He quickly sensed the magic  
and the beauty of the land.  
For the wonder state we’ll sing a song,  
And lift our voices loud and long.  
For the wonder state we’ll shout hurrah!  
And praise the opportunities we find in Arkansas. <sup>661</sup>*

Edward Washbourne finished a popular painting of the encounter by 1859, and the New York engravers Currier & Ives made two different editions of it in 1870.  
 260: 26 The *Arkansas Traveler's Song Book* published in New York during the peak of the Civil War in 1864 took the story into new territory, sharing "an Eastern man's experience among the inhabitants of Arkansas" that proved so upsetting that he "has never had the courage to visit Arkansas since!" 260: 28

Yodeling, that ancient singing tradition from the Alps, survived and thrived among the mountains of the New World. Beginning in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, and reoccurring more and more with the passing of each decade, yodeling won the loyalty of performers and listeners, according to the current leading authority on Swiss folk music, Professor Barbara Bachmann-Geiser. 447: 179

Daniel Decatur Emmett, who lived from 1815 to 1904, most often gets credit for writing "Dixie," but also set his minstrels to yodeling Wilf Carter. 447: 183 He had a



THE SHEET MUSIC PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK TO HELP SINGERS JOIN THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER

Swiss Baptist minister for a father but wanted more than anything to be a yodeling cowboy. His first big hit was "Swiss Mountain Lullaby." 447: 194-195 Vernon Dalhart and Gideon Tanner made popular yodeling records in 1924. 447: 186 Ethel Delaney, born during 1926 in Crescent, Ohio, 15 miles from the West Virginia border, became famous as the "Swiss Miss Yodeler." The first song she wrote herself was "Echo Mountain." 447: 200-202

Elton Britt was born James E. Baker to a champion fiddler dad and a Cherokee mother from the Ozarks. He performed at the White House in 1942. In 1960, he ran for president in the Democratic primaries against John F. Kennedy. 447: 192-194

Later on, other yodelers of note included Roy Acuff, Patsy Cline, Iris Dement, Jim Eanes and the Shenandoah Valley Boys, Woody Guthrie, k.d. lang, Dave Matthews, Bobby McFerrin, Roger Miller, Meredith Monk, Bill Monroe, Patsy Montana, 447: 311-312 Moon Mullins, Klaus Nomi, The Ozark Mountain Daredevils, Dolly Parton, Leon Redbone, Riders in the Sky, 447: 221-222 Roy Rogers, 447: 239-240 Pete Seeger, Bruce Springsteen, Tiny Tim, Mason Williams and Dwight Yoakam. 447: 218



### Showmanship in Branson

Even though they loved the seclusion of the Ozark Mountains, Baughman ancestors polished up their best hospitality to cope with the flood of tourists. By 1914, George W. Baughman and his sons often gathered up visitors at the new train station in Hollister and delivered them by horse and wagon to secret fishing holes along the White River. George's son Walter loved to tell them a bawdy joke, or could otherwise offer warm feelings out of a jug-full of his own home-made moonshine.

Visitors also wanted to see the cave described in the nationally best-selling book *Shepherd of the Hills*, and George would load 'em up at his livery stable for the big tour. He loved to mingle with the folks from Springfield, St. Louis and Chicago.

"Granddad was a big talker. Granddad was a good mixer. He liked to go to town and sit on the street corner and whittle and chew and spit," recalled his granddaughter-in-law, Teresa, recalling some of the social customs surrounding story-telling and loose tobacco. 66: 174

"He would take them for tours in the hack out there and show 'em all of the places in the book, and then take 'em through that cave, which is now called Marvel Cave. He took 'em down on rope ladders with nothin' but coal oil lanterns. There was a lake back in there that he had found years ago. We went through [the tour] several times, but even today they haven't developed it far enough back as Granddad must have gone." 66: 100

The family of Walter's future bride, Beatrice Thurman Baughman, owned and operated the main hotel in the neighboring village of Branson, and that's where lots of local folks like to congregate, just to watch all the comings and goings. <sup>65: 243</sup>

Excursion boats plied the twists and horseshoe turns of Lake Taneycomo, and Hobart McQuerter kept them entertained with an eight-man brass band camped up on one of his boat's sun roofs. That tradition continued all the way up through the 1920s. <sup>261: 47</sup>

Bea's young son C.T. Baughman, born in 1922, got his first job helping out Jim Owen, an entrepreneur of such persuasive energy that he became Branson's mayor in 1935, just two years after arriving into town. C.T.'s father, Walter Lee Baughman, had left the family and took out for Oklahoma ten years before, so the young boy just naturally took a shine to this dynamic new figure in town.

Owen built The Hillbilly Theatre in 1936, one of the very few privately owned structures put up in Branson during the Great Depression. He offered double-feature matinee movies for ten cents, complete with newsreels

and cartoons. In 1937, for example, he made a special point of choosing picture shows such as *Captains Courageous* and *Snow White* that would thrill all the kids. Every body loved it when Dopey, the quietest of the seven dwarves, broke into yodeling. <sup>447: 181</sup>

Owen convinced the movie star Gene Autry to make a personal appearance right before one of his popular cowboy movies shone on the screen. <sup>8: 138</sup>

C.T. sold tickets and ran the popcorn machine, and of course got to memorize all the movies. He especially liked the Buck Rogers science fiction adventure series, but also the comedies and the musicals.

In addition to his theater business, Owen also perfected float fishing trips along the many Ozark rivers, and hired outstanding local guides and cooks to regale his visitors. As the name implies, no real effort powered the boats, just the downstream current, but the some say the origin of the term simply combined the two words flat boat.

Some of C.T.'s fondest memories of growing up came from taking those same kinds of trips. He always knew where the best water melon patches grew on either



GEORGE WASHINGTON BAUGHMAN AND HIS FAMILY IN 1905  
 PETER W. (1894), GEORGE (1871), TRUETT (1901), WALTER (1899), ROSIE (1876), JESSE (1904) & SILAS (1897)

bank, promising a reward or two for the taking.

Just as important as the fishing, however, was the entertainment provided by Jim's employees. Their boss taught them how to dress and talk like hillbillies, how to tell the best tall tales around the campfire each night, and how they should sing and serenade the tourists with harmonicas or banjos.

When it came to strange little words and turns of a phrase, people from the Ozark had a long tradition at hand, and probably needed no coaching on how to speak in a thoroughly entertaining and memorable fashion.

*See an extended glossary on page 286*

Professor Ernest W. Baughman, originally from Indiana but transplanted to the faculty of the University of New Mexico, became one of the premier scholars of Ozark stories, partnering up with the legendary folklorist Vance Randolph.

Baughman came across tall tales along the Missouri/Arkansas border that had been handed down through the generations with almost every theme and plot-turn faithfully preserved from *Beowulf* and *The Canterbury Tales*. The way that ol' boys along the White River liked to tell them, though, these turned into "Tobe Killed a Bear" and "Asa Baker's Dream." Baughman became the first academic in American cultural studies to recognize those medieval classics still in popular circulation. <sup>460: 133</sup>

"Even the most cautious folklorist will be tempted to speculate about how and when these stories and *Beowulf* got to the Ozarks," wrote Baughman in the notes to one of Randolph's books. "Did they come in with the original English settlers – and so represent a centuries-old unbroken tradition in English oral literature – or were they left in the Ozarks by some wanderer with book-learning who, knowing no oral tales, told what stories he knew when it came his time to contribute a tale? These stories come from localities more than sixty miles apart; they are not all from one small pocket. Regardless of how they arrived, Vance Randolph found them, and here they are, wonderfully told."

The first story came to Randolph's notice in Pineville, Missouri, when an old timer named Pete Woolsey recalled a tale he had first heard thereabouts in 1898.

"One time there was a fellow named Tobe that lived up on the Cowskin, and he was the stoutest man ever come to this country. He was near seven foot tall, and weighed three hundred pounds. Tobe was a good worker and a terrible fighter, but not very smart. He would do whatever you told him, so long as he didn't get mad, and then he was liable to do most anything. One Sunday he threw a fiddler pretty near half-way across the river. The fiddler would have drowned sure, only some of the boys swum out and got him.

"The country was full of bears in them days, and a great big bear got to using around the Widow Tarkey's smokehouse. It would bust in the door, and gobble up everything in sight. The widow lived all by herself, and she was scared pretty bad, so she asked Tobe to come over and kill the varmint. He come over all right, but he didn't bring no gun.

"The bear ain't got no gun, has he?" says Tobe. "That makes us even, and I aim to fight him fair."

Tobe was one of them fellows that goes to sleep whenever he sets down, and that's what happened on the widow's porch. But when the bear busted the smokehouse door it woke him up, and he run out there. Him and the bear fought something terrible, and the Widow Tarkey figured Tobe would get killed sure. But after while he come back up the path.

"Did you kill the critter?" says the widow.

"I reckon not, ma'am," says Tobe, "but he won't bother your smokehouse no more," and with that he throwed about fifty pounds of bear-meat down on the porch. Tobe had tore one of that bear's legs right off, just pulled it out by the roots!

"Next day the boys follered the trail down the river bank, and they found the bear in a cave, but he was dead. One of his front legs was gone, all right, tore off right at the shoulder. The varmint had spilled a barrel of blood, and that's what killed him.

"Mostly the folks figured it was a lie, because everybody knows there ain't no man stout enough to pull a bear's leg off like it was a June bug. They seen the leg all right, nailed up over the smokehouse door, with claws a-sticking out four inches long.

"That don't prove nothing," says West Galbraith, "they got elk horns nailed on the tavern at Pea Ridge, but nobody claims they tore 'em off a live elk bare-handed."

"There was considerable talk about it. Tobe says this is a free country, and folks can believe whatever they want. But if anybody calls him a liar he will pull their arms and legs off one at a time, right in front of the courthouse. Wes Gailbraith and them Rutledge boys didn't have no more to say after that.

"Nobody ever did find out just what happened, and Tobe's been dead for fifty years. But there's old settlers around her yet that believe Tobe did pull the bear's leg off, just like he told the Widow Tarkey." <sup>460: 17</sup>

"I know of nothing among American or English tales," argued Baughman, "which is as close to... the killing of the monster Grendel. For example, *Beowulf* was supposed to have been dull as a child... and makes clear that he always kills with his hands... the monster heads for a cave... and Grendel's arm was hung on the wall. Finally, the name 'Beowulf' is thought to mean bear." <sup>460: 140</sup>

The next tall tale came in 1929 from another neighbor in Pineville, this time from Ed Wall. The story

follows unerringly along the story that the character Chanticleer gave in Chaucer's "Nun's Priest's Tale."

"One time there was a fellow named Asa Baker, and he had a terrible nightmare. The other people couldn't get no sleep because Asa hollered so loud, so they give him some whiskey with medicine in it. Next morning Asa says his brother George showed up in the dream, and he was all covered with blood.

"Listen, Asa,' says George, 'I am dead now because a man named Grover has bushwhacked me with a shotgun. It's a Wesley Richards ten-gauge. The hammers a little different, because the left one got broke and the gunsmith put on a hammer he got somewhere else. And I want you to kill the son-of-a-bitch,' he says.

"The folks all told Asa that dreams don't mean nothing, and they always go by contraries anyhow, so it is better not to pay no attention. But he says my brother George lives in a tough neighborhood west of Fort Smith, and I have got to go see about it. Maybe a little trip will do me good, says he, because I am getting kind of nervous here lately.

"When Asa got to Fort Smith he found out that George was dead, and they showed him the grave that still had flowers on it. George had been shot in the back with buckshot, on the same Saturday night that Asa seen him in the dream. Nobody could tell you who done it, but the marshal says it must be them tough characters from Sallisaw that are always roaming around like a bug on a hot night. Asa didn't take no stock in this, because the marshal's name was Grover. Also it looked like Grover has been carrying on with George's wife behind his back, and maybe they wanted to get rid of George.

"It was several days after that when Asa borrowed the marshal's shotgun, as they was going to shoot prairie chickens. It was a Wesley Richards ten-gauge, and the hammers was a little different, as the left one didn't quite match. There wasn't many Wesley Richards guns in the Territory, and everybody knowed who this one belonged to. So then Asa give him both barrels right in the belly, and left Marshal Grover a-laying dead on the prairie.

"There was considerable talk about it at the time, with George Baker's widow a-hollering for the law to arrest Asa, but nobody ever done nothing. Lots of people around Fort Smith didn't like Grover much, so there wasn't no telling which one killed him. The folks figured it must be some of them tough characters from Sallisaw that are always roaming around like a bug on a hot night." <sup>460: 125</sup>

A final tall tale, "Old Man Jordan's Bull" came from John F. Dunckel of Springfield, Missouri, as he recorded it some time around 1908.

"One time there was a fellow named Burtle that set up to be a horse-doctor, and says he can cure any animal no matter what's wrong with him. So then old man Jordan's prize bull got into the green corn, and eat so

much that he swelled up like a bass drum. Burtle say, 'We got to let the gas out,' so he grabbed the dinner-horn and stuck it under the bull's tail.

"The gas come out all right, but the horn blowed so loud it scared the bull pretty near to death. The brute busted through that five-rail fence like it was a spider web, and off down the road he went, with the horn going toot-toot-toot at every jump. Old man Jordan and Burtle run after him, but they didn't have no chance.

"When they got to the river, the bridge man thought it was a steamboat blowing for clearance, so he pulled the lever. The bull come a-tooting up the ramp, and run right off into forty foot of water. There was bubbles big as wash tubs a-coming to the top, but the prize bull was gone forever.

"Old man Jordan was going to sue the bridge tender, because it was him that opened the bridge. If a feller can't tell a bull from a steamboat, he shouldn't have no important job, or even be let out of the house, says old man Jordan. But the bridge man claims there is a law against bulls running loose on the highway. It is a menace to the traveling public, he says, especially if they have got a dinner-horn stuck in their ass.

"Next the old man says Burtle has got to take the loss and he will carry it plumb to the Supreme Court. But everybody knows Burtle ain't got a pot to cook in or a window to throw it out, so how could he pay for the bull? So after a while, old man Jordan just give up the whole business and went back home. And that' all there is to the story, and probably it is a lie, anyhow." <sup>460: 131</sup>

"I first became acquainted with Vance Randolph's work about 1932," recalled Ernest Baughman, "when as a college student I happened upon his *Ozark Mountain Folks*. I remember my reaction to the book – that American folklore and folkways were being terribly neglected. This was before I had any notion of becoming a folklorist." <sup>460: 134</sup>

Jim Owen invited newspaper and magazine editors from all over the country on his little excursions, and they in turn recommended Branson to all their readers. <sup>8: 180</sup>

Earning the trust and appreciation of Branson at the ballot box, Owen was elected five more times as mayor. He also found time to help his father, John, run the drugstore at the corner of Main and Commercial; and in 1949 became the president of the Peoples Bank. <sup>8: 202</sup>

During that same era, Bea Thurman Baughman remarried, to the town's dentist Dr. John Ross Wise, and began assembling quite a few blocks of real estate and rental homes in downtown Branson, and a choice piece of property along Highway 76 heading west out of town.

While growing up, C.T. Baughman loved to read the comic strip *Li'l Abner*, and the rest of America agreed.

From 13 August 1934 and carrying on strong for the next 43 years, it was always in the Top Ten most popular

features in 1000 daily newspapers around the world.<sup>260: 124</sup> Sixty million people followed what Al Capp wrote day-in and day-out, making him the highest paid cartoonist ever.<sup>111: 124</sup>

A few of his biggest fans included President Franklin Roosevelt, New York Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, the actor Charlie Chaplin and the writer John Steinbeck.<sup>460: 5</sup> Those last two wrote forwards to a published collection of Li'l Abner strips, and Steinbeck even recommended Capp for a Nobel Prize in Literature.<sup>460: 234</sup>

Abner showed up on the cover of *LIFE* magazine, and fathered a Broadway musical, two popular Hollywood movies, a radio show and a theme park named after Dogpatch, his imaginary back-country hometown. This fictional world of Ozark hillbillies started a national phenomenon called Sadie Hawkins' Day, where women got the chance to – in fact were required to – make the first move for a guy that had caught their fancy.<sup>460: 120</sup>



© 1934 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

Without any comment among his characters or explanation to the readers, the whole town of Dogpatch – buildings and all – mysteriously picked up and moved from Kentucky out to the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas.<sup>260: 127</sup>

Al Capp had not stumbled upon Dogpatch and all its citizens in the natural way. In fact he had been born Alfred Caplin, a Connecticut Yankee, and had little more to draw upon than a teenage hitchhiking trip from Boston to Memphis, and a favorite deadpan vaudeville act in New York City put on by four or five singing hillbilly comedians.<sup>260: 125</sup>

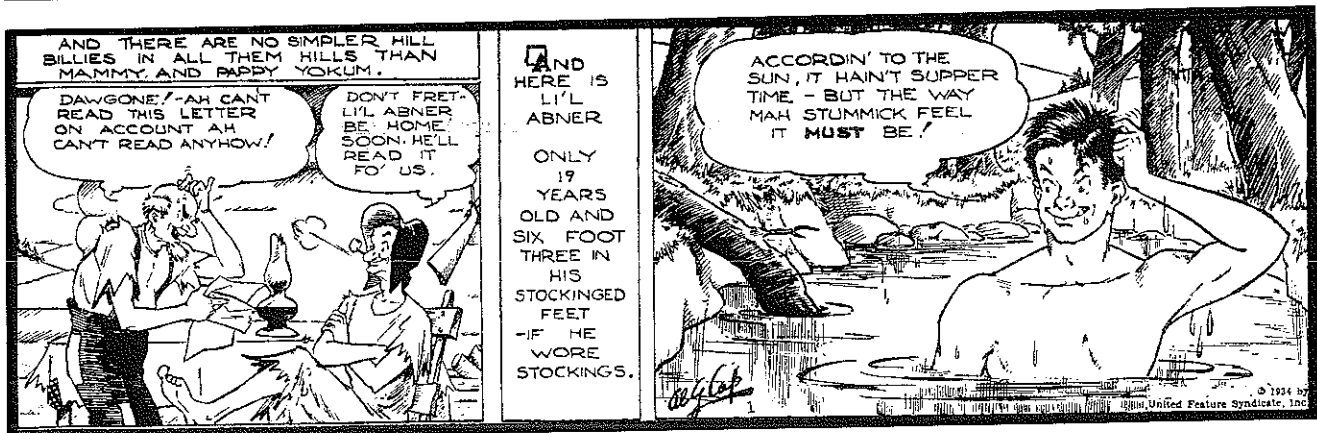
Capp's secret of success involved drawings and stories that both amused and worried his loyal followers. He maintained a level of "suspense continuity."

"My family of innocents is... trusting, kind, loyal, generous and patriotic," wrote Capp midway in his career. "The problems that face the Yokums are monstrous enough to worry readers... enough to get 'em to rush out and buy the paper to find out what happens next, and that makes publishers happy. The characters' naive solutions... provide comedy that makes *me* happy."<sup>111: 5</sup>

Capp also intended that his fans would see something of a modern-day Adam and Eve in his two lead characters – bait for discussions on perfected health, the eugenics movement, the miracles of social engineering and Hitler's superman myth of the *Über-mensch*.

Capp admitted to shameless methods of suspense-building. One time, Abner took a bullet in the chest on a Saturday, just to leave readers hanging on to find out if he survived until the following Monday.<sup>460: 12</sup>

During the 1950s, Branson had a tourist spot called Jesse James' Mystery Hill out west of town on Route 76. It astounded young boys and girls with specially constructed rooms that tricked the eye. The laws of gravity did not apply to gutters where water ran uphill, and visitors struggled to lean the right way as they walked. Souvenirs and knick-knacks, including Davy



SELECT PANELS FROM THE 1934 DEBUT OF AL CAPP'S NEWSPAPER CARTOON STRIP LI'L ABNER  
COURTESY OF THE UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE



Crockett coonskin caps, bull whips, Indian bows with rubber-tipped arrows, filled the shops on Old Highway 65.

Branson's first permanent musical show started in 1959, and was named the Baldknobbers' Hillbilly Jamboree Show, founded by the Mabe Brothers. The half-dozen musicians specialized in wild square-dancing fiddle tunes spiced up with ripe old jokes from "The Arkansas Traveler." They liked to stage it all beside the lake straight down the hill from Main Street. At the town festival held each spring, they headlined at the band stand downtown by the baseball field.

One of their original group members, Stub Meadows, kept up the oldest continuously running musical show for over 45 years with his routine as a moonshiner named Droopy Drawers. Besides the mandatory banjo and guitars, their band also relied on a singing saw blade and a rhythm section outfitted with clacking spoons, a washtub bass, a whistling jug and a mule's jawbone.

The Baldknobbers were among the first of the Branson showmen to pay tribute to military veterans in the audience. At the end of each performance, their band would strike up the anthem from each branch of the service and then ask those people in the audience who had worn the uniform to rise and be thanked with applause.<sup>564</sup>

Usually held on the third weekend each May, a festival in Branson called Plum Nelly Days blended qualities of the ancient pagan May Day and Sadie Hawkins' Day in most folks' minds. It featured pie-eating contests, three-legged races, the fastest folks at catchin' a greased pig and nearly blind outhouse races.

The Chamber of Commerce put it together during the early days, but after townsfolk let it lapse in the late 1960s, the Downtown Branson Main Street Association revived it back to full health in 1972.

Back in 1964, the Elementary School Marching Band recruited every young musician they could find to march the day-long, three-mile route. They even sent one young

boy out with a bass drum that was bigger than he was.

Phyllis Van der Naald, a spokesperson for the Main Street Association, claimed that there really never had been such a thing as a Hillbilly, that the idea had been invented by East Coast writers. According to Van der Naald, the word dates back to highlanders living in Scotland who wore red kerchiefs and kept their loyalty to King William during Britain's Middle Ages. Their affectionate name for their king was Billy, and so they became known as the Hill Billies.

The first known use of the word in print came in a 1900 article in the *New York Journal*. A "Hill-Billie," according to the writer Julian Hawthorne, was "a free and untrammled white citizen... who lives in the hills, has no means to speak of, dresses as he can, talks as he pleases, drinks whiskey when he can get it, and fires off his revolver as the fancy takes him."<sup>260: 49</sup>

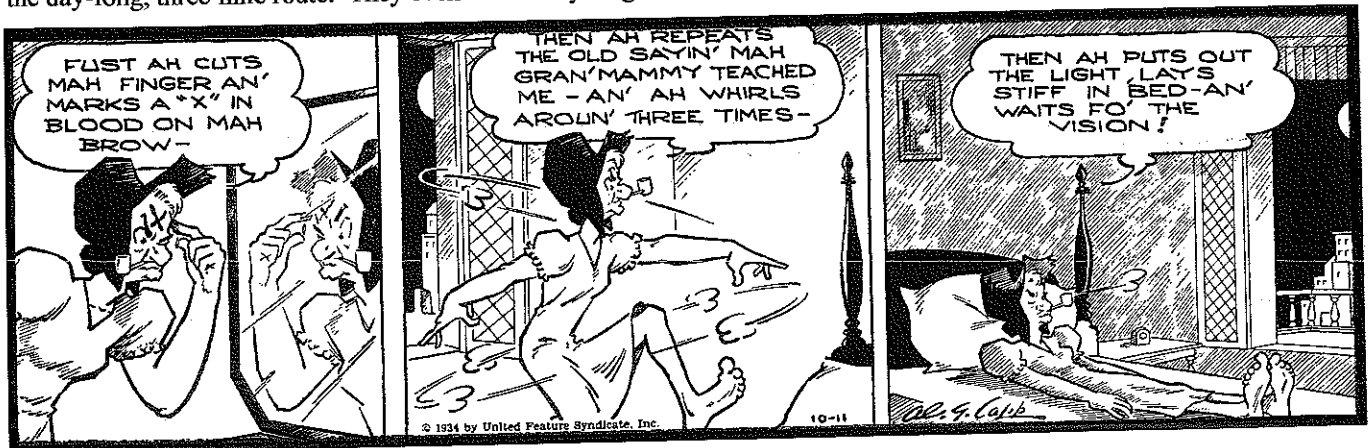


From the very start of its run between 1962 and 1970, *The Beverly Hillbillies* turned into television's number one show. Soon enough, every body could recite the words written by the show's creator, Paul Henning, for its catchy theme song:

*Come and listen to a story 'bout a man named Jed,  
A poor mountaineer barely kept his family fed.  
Then one day he was shootin' at some food,  
And up through the ground come a 'bubblin' crude.  
Oil that is, black gold, Texas tea.*

*Well, the first thing ye know, ol' Jed's a millionaire.  
Kinfolks said, "Jed, move away from there."  
Said, "Californy is the place you ought to be,"  
So they loaded up the truck and moved to Beverly.  
Hills, that is. Swimming pools, movie stars.*

*Well now its time to say g'bye to Jed and all his kin,*



ABNER'S MAMMY YOKUM TRIES OUT A BIT OF CONJURING  
PRESERVING CUSTOMS OF THE MAGICAL ARTS FROM OLD FOLKS IN THE OLD COUNTRY

*And they would like to thank you folks  
fer kindly droppin' in.  
You're all invited back again to this locality  
To have a heapin' helpin' of their hospitality.  
Y'all come back now. Y'hear?* <sup>696</sup>

The lightning-fast banjo and guitar work from the show's signature tune delighted the public, and led to a general resurgence in Blue Grass music. For performers Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, it even paved the way for the wider appreciation of folk music during the later 1960s and '70s.

The show's cast included veteran character actors Buddy Ebsen and Irene Ryan as poor, backwoods folk who discovered a wealth of oil on their family property and decided to move into a California mansion to try out the American Dream. Their kids, Jethro and Ellie Mae, were the spittin' image of Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae, while Granny Clampett herself stood as a perfect copy of Mammy Yokum.

Henning admitted that the idea for the show had come together from two different places.

First was his own visit in 1959 to Lincoln's birthplace in Hodgenville, Kentucky. The television producer wondered what kind of conversation he might have had with the 16<sup>th</sup> president if, by some miracle, Lincoln had been deposited a century after his life into the car seat next to Henning. What a lot of explaining there would have to be.

The second inspiration came from a newspaper item Henning found about a little town in the Ozark Mountains that had rallied to stop the construction of a new road. Henning guessed that they valued their privacy much more than what every body else thinks of as progress.

Unnecessary modern conveniences provided the show's longest-running gags. For instance, Jed thought he could walk up to a phone receiver still lying in its cradle and strike up a conversation by shouting at it.

Each week, untrustworthy strangers tried to take advantage of the suddenly rich, innocent country folk, and got nothing more than frustration for all their efforts. A banker named Milburn Drysdale debased himself with any errand or humiliation to keep the Clampett's \$95 million deposited in his vaults. <sup>260: 195</sup>

In an episode called "The South Rises Again," Granny thought the Civil War had started up again when she came across actors recreating a battle for the sake of a Hollywood movie. She donned a rebel uniform, shot and captured the man portraying General Ulysses S. Grant, but made amends with him before the end of the show and even shared her canteen full of moonshine.

Shortly after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, the nation needed the comfort and escape of such a show. On 8 January 1964, two-thirds of the entire American viewing audience tuned in to see Granny

mistake a kangaroo for a giant jackrabbit. That particular show has remained ever since the highest rated half-hour program in the history of television. <sup>260: 193</sup> Seven more of its episodes rank in the all-time top 50. In foreign syndication, it gained enormous audiences everywhere from Britain to Japan.

"More people in the world today know *The Beverly Hillbillies*, it is safe to assert, than know President Johnson or even the Pope," concluded a television host from London. <sup>260: 190</sup>

Serious commentators, such as Robert Lewis Shayon writing for the *Saturday Review*, appreciated its many hidden values that were, after all, so unusual for a commercial goldmine. In the world of *The Beverly Hillbillies*, material belongings fell into insignificance before a simple sense of belonging. <sup>260: 196</sup>

In short, the Old Time beliefs celebrated in the show matched what had been practiced for centuries in the Ozark Mountains, the Shenandoah Valley and all around Lake Zürich: Make do. Clean up. Shoot straight. Keep smiling. Honor your elders. Never say die.

Henning's hit spawned two more similarly themed shows, *Petticoat Junction* and *Green Acres*, before the public overdosed on the same kinds of corny jokes week after week. As war abroad and riots at home served to polarize America during the latter 1960s, the CBS sitcom formula seemed increasingly out of touch with what young viewers wanted.

In their final years, the cast and crew took the Clampetts on the road, hoping that visits to Buckingham Palace, Washington, D.C. and New York City could freshen things up. Briefly, they took over the antique mountaineer village called Silver Dollar City, outside Branson, but most of the audience had already deserted. Henning donated their trademark hillbilly car to the museum at the College of the Ozarks at Point Lookout, just south of Branson, <sup>260: 201</sup> and a large parcel of land that became the Ruth and Paul Henning State Forest. Paul Henning died in Burbank, California, on 25 March 2005 at the age of 93. <sup>279</sup>

Exactly 40 years after that successful debut, CBS had run out of ideas for prime time shows and so announced it would try out a new show called *The Real Beverly Hillbillies*. They chose John "Dub" Cornett, a documentary film maker from the town of Appalachia, Virginia, as one of the key creative people for the project. His previous movie work had focused on moonshine and hillbilly dancing. He also produced the soundtrack of old-time country music for the hit film *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* <sup>260: 224</sup>

The third-place network hoped to create more of the same success it had pioneered with the hit series *Survivor*. It seemed that television viewers loved the formula of seeing unscripted game shows where real people faced a

pressure cooker of physical, mental and social challenges, and the chance to win \$1 million. Besides the good ratings and advertising rates that all the networks could grab, the shows were much cheaper to produce than filling a comparable hour with Hollywood dramas or comedies.

So CBS sent an army of casting agents into mountainous, rural areas of Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia in search of a “multi-generational family of five or more – parents, children and grandparents – who will be relocated for a least a year” to Beverly Hills, California. They were hoping for someone lovable and “relatable.”

“If you look at the [original] *Beverly Hillbillies*, Jed was the one guy you had any respect for, not the banker,” said Cornett. “On the other hand, if somebody is a stereotypical swing-from-the-trees hillbilly who shoots the lights out and parks cars in the front yard – hey, it happens.”

The family would be given lots of expense money to hire maids, personal assistants, to buy cars, designer clothes and nights out at the hottest restaurants and clubs in Los Angeles.

“We’re looking for a family from a very rural area that hasn’t been exposed to big-city life or luxuries in any way,” said CBS spokesman Chris Ender.

Station owners, media critics and the public hated the idea from the very first announcement. Southerners were especially offended

“This is going to backfire,” said one Hollywood executive who proudly hailed from the South but preferred anonymity. He predicted that CBS affiliates in southern markets would outright rebel and refuse to broadcast the show.<sup>159</sup>

The *National Review* writer, Rod Dreher, equated the proposal to a “minstrel show,” where CBS wanted nothing more than to “ship the toothless poor white trash in..., set them down amid immense luxury, and watch the dopes make inadvertent fools of themselves in front of the rich and the beautiful.” Other critics pointed out how such an idea used on any other ethnic group would have met certain and instant condemnation.<sup>260: 224</sup> Moreover, the show’s producers would certainly censor even more explosive traits not unknown in small, rural southern towns: rabid Pentacostalism, anti-semitism, homophobia, extra-marital sex, divorce and drug use.<sup>260: 225</sup>

After a few more weeks of gathering storm clouds, CBS backed away from the idea and then finally cancelled the show.

But that did not discourage UPN, a little-sister network to CBS also owned by Viacom, from announcing a very similar premise to air for ten weeks beginning on Wednesday, 28 July 2004. Chris Ender pushed through his “insight, guidance and particularly his knowledge when it comes to dealing with reality shows” to help

create *Amish in the City*. This time, America would see five young Amish adults transplanted straight from their Midwestern family farms into Hollywood, where they would live in a mansion outnumbered by six wild city kids as their roommates.

Cameras would record the shock as well as the temptation that the Amish would surely be feeling for the first time in their lives. The dramatic tension would hinge on whether or not the Amish kids would be changed, or if their values would rub off on the city kids.

This show’s premise had an actual basis in reality, but this was the first time in the history of television or the Amish faith that anything like this had happened.

Amongst all Anabaptists, young children are never automatically baptized into church membership. Mennonites and Amish believe that young people can only join the church from a position of willing, informed choice. During their later teens and early twenties, young people are encouraged to taste the world outside of their families and small towns. In Pennsylvania Dutch, this period of experimentation is called *rumspringa*, or the time of “running around.” Only then can they can find out in their own hearts whether or not they want to happily rejoin their community. Most do.

A serious documentary film in 2002 called *The Devil’s Playground* showed Amish teens breaking away from their families, and slipping into lives of alcohol and drug use.

Of course for this brand of reality, the two Amish girls would be given fashionable haircuts, complete with highlights, and then encouraged to get a pierced belly button. And what would “this real journey of discovery” be if they weren’t coaxed into bikinis for a game of volley ball at the beach.<sup>327</sup> Even the most homespun Amish guy endures having his chest shaved, just so he’ll look fashionably proper in his swim trunks.<sup>322</sup>

UPN also scheduled them for volunteer work with the mentally ill, and for maximum contrast, a walk down the red carpet during a Hollywood movie premier.<sup>160</sup>

In February, UPN received a letter signed by 51 member of the U.S. Congress, including both senators from Pennsylvania, urging that they not produce a show that would insult such a devout religious community as the Amish.

“We know of no other reality series that singles out the beliefs and practices of a specific group of people as a subject for humor. For almost three centuries, the Amish [in America] lived the way they do out of Christian piety and conviction, not out of ignorance. If, by producing this show, you fail to respect that, you will be opening yourselves to charges of bigotry.”<sup>600</sup>

Leading up to the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, the Amish population in the United States has grown from 5,000 to about 180,000, due in part to the large number of children that they have in each generation.<sup>483</sup>

UPN's response took the production into deep secrecy through the next few months, leaving all their critics with the clear impression that the show had been cancelled. The premier in late July was a shock.

Les Moonves, the CBS chairman who also runs UPN, had pulled the plug on *The Real Beverly Hills*. He decided to follow through with the Amish show because they "don't have quite as good a lobbying effort."<sup>600</sup>

In the end, the Amish kids showed plenty of strength and the far greater reserve of sensible behavior. In everyone's eyes, they won.

In one episode, for instance, the producers tried to pack in as much culture shock as possible. The Amish received professional make-overs, attended a red-carpet Hollywood movie premier as the guests of honor, joined a charismatic African-American Sunday church service, visited a gay pride parade, and flew inside a vertical wind tunnel.

"*Amish in the City* sounds disrespectful of humble country folk, but of course it isn't," decided a review of the series in *The New York Times*. "In this clash of cultures the three Amish men and two women are the sensible and likable ones. They are so unworldly that they marvel over a blender and weep at their first glimpse of the ocean, yet they have much to teach their hip, patronizing house mates.

"Sometimes the lessons are pretty basic. Ariel, 19, a lovely and spacey vegan, lectures her Amish housemates about the cruelty of eating meat or dairy. She tells Mose, a burly 24-year-old Amish farmer and self-styled inventor, that eating eggs is a 'chicken abortion.' When Mose retorts that Abraham Lincoln ate eggs, Ariel says, 'Yes, and I bet he died at 35.' Mose stares at her and replies quietly, 'But not from eggs, though.'"<sup>600</sup>

As the summer rounded up, none of the five Amish young people felt ready to go home to faith and family. Three did seem willing to keep it open as an option.



In 1983, Roy Clark's run on the popular and long-running television variety show *Hee Haw* translated neatly into a stage show at Branson. The business model was also very appealing to the performers. Why remain under the thumb of Nashville recording labels, traveling on the road, accepting only appearance fees? Instead, they decided to build their own theaters, sleep on their own pillows every night, let the audience come to them and keep all of the profits.

By 1987, defectors from the Grand Ole Opry began stacking some 49 theaters chock-a-block down four miles of Route 76. This plan, or lack of plan, guaranteed traffic jams just before and after show time. Seemingly overnight, it took a half-hour just to drive two miles through this little Southern town.

Not every country singer who gambled on a theater won. Roy Clark and Glenn Campbell didn't stick around. But Dolly Parton, Wayne Newton, Barbara Mandrell, the Osmond Family, Tony Orlando, Bobby Vinton, Boxcar Willie, Mel Tillis, Jim Stafford and Yakov Smirnoff have done better.

All tolled, there were 75 different productions offered at any given time, with each theater scheduling three shows a day, seven to nine months a year.<sup>292: 30</sup>

Branson's year-round population had stabilized through much of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, and remained steady during 2002 at 3,389 residents. The daily rush of visitors had grown beyond all prediction. According to the Branson-Lakes Area Chamber of Commerce, the 49 musical theaters drew 3.8 million visitors in 1989, then 5.3 million in 1992, then 5.8 million in 1994, and some 7 million in 2002.

Visitors could choose from over 200 establishments to settle into one of the area's 22,500 rooms, from modest cabins to Victorian bed & breakfast inns to elaborate four-star resorts. There are also 1,467 campsites spread around seven commercial campgrounds.<sup>564</sup>

Branson single-handedly accounted for 20 percent of all growth in Missouri's economy from 1990 to 2000.<sup>292: 30</sup>

In May 1992, Andy Williams opened the 2,000-seat Moon River Theater, right across on Highway 76 from the 3,812-seat Grand Palace. Although Williams was a native of Walled Lake, Michigan, he felt so home in Branson to make it his new permanent year-round address.

Williams preferred love songs, ballads and soft pop standards for his hugely popular television and recording careers during the Sixties, but lately he has also begun to yodel in that same smooth, soft trademark style.

The Lawrence Welk Show had also reached its golden years on American television during the Fifties and Sixties. The new Welk Champagne Theater revived the old big-band favorites, but have added an alphorn solo to cap off the world's biggest Oom-pah band festival ever put together.<sup>292: 95</sup>

Dr. David Stauffer, host of the "The Grand Old Gospel Hour" salts preaching, music, comedy and soul-saving throughout his Sunday program. The passion play of Jesus Christ runs daily at the Will Rogers Theater.<sup>292: 86</sup>

At the Dixie Stampede, audiences stomp and holler during the barbecue dinner, trick riding and critter races. An applause meter decides after the Civil War re-enactments whether the Yankees or Rebels will be the winner each night.<sup>292: 91</sup>

Long gone are the heavily patched overalls and hillbilly twang. Instead, tuxedos, sequins and indoor fireworks dazzle the golden-ager tourists. Some tour buses stop by just to see one theater's million-dollar rest rooms. They all expect to see the Waltzing Waters, bungee jumping, magical disappearing tigers, amphibious tour wagons and helicopter rides. Monumentally-scaled

improvements on Mount Rushmore feature 115-foot-high likenesses of John Wayne, Elvis Presley, Marilyn Monroe and Charlie Chaplin.

During the peak season of summer, visitors who want to float along and fish can reserve the fanciest boat on the lake for \$4,500 per week. The 65-foot luxury cruisers feature three state rooms with queen-sized beds, two complete bathrooms, a shaded top deck, a wet bar, a water slide and a hot tub. Avid skiers can add a tag-along speedboat. The marina keeps three of the luxury cruisers ready and another nine houseboats that are just as nice but nine feet shorter.<sup>564</sup>

Plenty of the original Branson still exists. Native-born citizens can still run an errand at Dick's Five-and-Dime Store on Main Street, or have an energetic evening at Skate World, or special dinners up at the Candlestick Inn.<sup>292: 16</sup>

One of the few rivals to Branson-style entertainment for Middle America has become legalized gambling, and one of the main venues for that has been on Native American reservations. That was why when Branson announced its hope of investing hundreds of millions of dollars in a new lakefront convention center, up stepped Mike Munniger of the Native American Group. His backing came from John Dietrich, an American Indian who pioneered tribal casinos in California and Arizona, and they were ready to underwrite the entire \$269 million scope of the Branson Landings proposal after an Australian company could not complete its financing.

Dietrich envisioned a 4,000-seat convention center, an adjoining hotel with 300 rooms, parking for 1,000 and a 10,000 square-foot restaurant. A boardwalk would surround premier retail space and a "Fun Zone" with amusement rides.<sup>98</sup>

Munniger spoke along with five other developers to a crowd of about 100 interested citizens gathered at Branson City Hall.

The Sansone Group, a St. Louis construction company, teamed up with local developer named Rick Huffman to propose a convention center anchored to a Wal-Mart Supercenter and a Home Depot, expanding on the current Branson Mall.

"We are not familiar with all the local politics," said Munniger, "and we see that as an advantage. Keep it simple. A lot of the schemes [from other groups], you're going to be here till 2020 waiting for them to be completed."<sup>99</sup>



### *The Newest Link in Our Music*

Dallas "Fritz" Wayne descends directly from the Baughman family of Taney County, Missouri. His mother is Nita Jo Stacey Albers, the author of many articles and

books about local history and mountain life. His great-great grandfather was Peter William Baughman, born in 1830, famed hunter and blacksmith of the pioneer Ozarks.

Wayne recorded his 2005 album *I'm Your Biggest Fan*, in Springfield, Missouri, and in the liner notes offered this:

"Coming home... falling asleep in my mother's house while looking at old photos of people and eras that have long passed, waking up in the morning to the fresh smell of coffee and biscuits hot off the oven, where country radio stations that are proud not call themselves "new" or "hot" play the songs that made you fall in love with music in the first place. Hell, when you are working in a studio across the street from the hardware store where your great-grandfather met your great-grandmother, with folks you feel like you've known all your life, you can't help but smile.

His professional biography follows:

"Dallas Wayne considers himself lucky to be able to make a living doing something he loves. Some people might say it has more to do with talent than luck. But in a twenty-eight year career that has taken Dallas around the world as a songwriter, singer, actor and radio deejay, he claims he's never had a real job.

"A native of Springfield, Missouri, Dallas began performing professionally in 1975, and by the age of 18 he had toured throughout the entire U.S. and Canada. After moving to Nashville, he further developed his vocal style singing demos for many of the top publishing houses in the music industry.

"While touring Europe in 1991, Dallas met the Managing Director of Texicalli Records in Finland and was invited back to record an album. So he returned to Finland at the end of that year, never suspecting that one album would become six. After dividing his time between two continents, Dallas finally packed up and moved to Scandinavia in 1996, where he was soon contracted as a staff writer for Warner/Chappell Music.

"After four years living and touring in Europe, Dallas returned to the U.S. and settled in northern California. Within one month of his return, he signed a record deal with HighTone.

"One of the reasons I chose to move to the San Francisco Bay area was because of the vibrant music scene here. And HighTone is a prime example of that. This label has been the leader in quality Americana/Roots music for a long time and I'm proud to be part of it."

"The album *Big Thinkin'*, released in September 2000, marked Dallas' debut as a HighTone recording artist. Co-produced and co-written with Robbie Fulks, these stone-cold country originals bring to mind classic country the way it used to be. This project firmly established Dallas as the 'Real Deal' in American roots music.

"Dallas' position in the Americana/Country community was further solidified with his second

HighTone release in August 2001, *Here I Am in Dallas*. A mix of strong, reverent originals and classic covers, this hardcore honky-tonk album was hailed as “pure country bliss.”

“Now Dallas has just recently moved from California to Austin, Texas.”

In the Autumn of 2001, Wayne toured with a band made up of fellow HighTone recording artists named the TwangBangers and drew glowing critical praise:

“The TwangBangers might be the best roots-rock ensemble on the road at the moment... Wayne’s

impressive baritone came through loud and clear,” wrote *The Washington Post*.

“In a country-music world obsessed with slick good looks and pop-crossover capabilities, the TwangBangers exist in some other royal stratosphere. In this twangy, hardscrabble world, road-house honky-tonk is kind and Dallas Wayne, Bill Kirchen, Redd Volkaert and Joe Goldmark are the crown princes,” offered the *Chicago Sun-Times*. In 2002, Albers signed a new recording contract with Time Warner Records.

“Dallas has shared the stage with a variety of artists including George Thorogood, Jerry Jeff Walker, Jerry Lee Lewis, Hank Williams Jr., Emmy Lou Harris, Merle Haggard, Tanya Tucker, Dale Watson, Bellamy Brothers, Alvin Lee, Tower of Power, Bill Monroe, Alison Krauss, Randy Meisner of the Eagles and Donovan.

“Commercial voice-overs for radio and television: United Airlines, Delta Airlines, Oldsmobile, Chevrolet, Ford, Suzuki, McDonald’s, Nintendo, Russell Athletic, MTV Music Television, Nokia, Miller Brewing Co., Old El Paso and Avis Rental Cars.

“Acting Credits: National touring company of Harry Chapin’s *Cotton Patch Gospel*; Portrayed “Stanley Sanders” in critically acclaimed musical *Smoke on the Mountain*; Performed as “Eddie” with original Broadway cast of *Pump Boys and Dinettes*; Movie narration in award-winning satirical documentary *The Joy Boys Story*.” See Appendix B on page 274 for the lyrics to four of his songs.



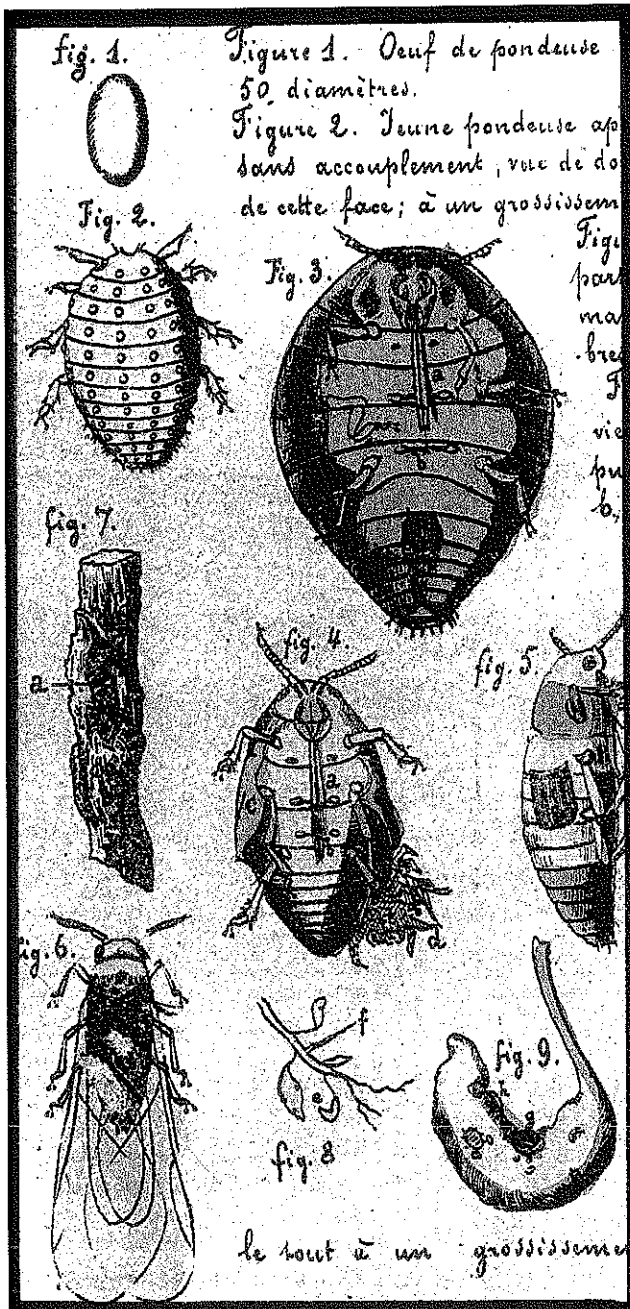
*Wine, Devastation and Rebirth*

The first American wine made in substantial quantities for the commercial market came in 1799 from a Swiss migrant to Kentucky. Ten thousand vines, representing 35 varieties, became Jean Jacques Dufour’s first crop on behalf of a joint stock company called the Kentucky Vineyard Society.

By 1808, his operation moved to the Indiana Territory and they turned out 800 gallons. By 1820, production peaked at 12,000 gallons. At the winery, local folks bought a gallon for a dollar, although transportation and middle-men costs raised the price to two dollars in Cincinnati. <sup>441: 248</sup>

In the early 19<sup>th</sup> Century, the heritage of wine making in Europe faced near total destruction. The source of this calamity came from the New World, seeded by those very same Europeans.

“We got the *Phylloxera vastatrix* louse from native American-grown grapes, such as *Vitis La Brusca* and *La Magziazeener*” relayed Dr. Werner Koblet, retired Chair of the Department of Viticulture, Swiss Federal Institute of Technology. “The plants grew around Lake Huron and



PHYLLOXERA, A BUG FROM THE NEW WORLD THAT NEARLY DESTROYED EVERY VINE IN THE OLD ONE

Lake Michigan in America and were able to thrive despite very cold temperatures. They were brought in 1830 to Europe, first as a curiosity, but they were infected with the diseased aphids even though they did not suffer themselves.

“The disease jumped over to the European vines in Zürich by 1880. These small yellow bugs would feed on the sap from the root of the vine, but in doing so, each site of infestation became swollen in the same way and with the same fatal results that the bubonic plague infected human beings. The sap ceased circulating, the infected wood withered, the green leaves turned yellow and dropped off. The roots soon disintegrated.

“Hundreds of eggs come from each female, and up to seven generations fill each summer. It spread throughout Europe just as quickly as a plague, and all of the vineyards had to be destroyed and the ground burned in an effort to kill the disease. The louse lived up to its name, which means ‘The Devastator.’ It spread worldwide. Vineyards as far away as Peru and New Zealand died, too.

“The solution was to wait ten years, then bring over the louse-resistant roots from America and graft them onto the classic European varieties. Within 20 more years, the new American root stocks were replanted and the wineries were reborn. Today, about ninety percent of successful vines in the world are spliced onto American roots. The Agricultural Research Station in Wädenswil was established just to find out more of these possibilities.<sup>335</sup>



Consumption of hard spirits shot up between 1800 and 1820 in frontier America, especially when farmers saw how much more economical it could be to transport a jug of distilled drink rather than the bushels of grain that had gone into making it.<sup>360: 91</sup>

Our nation’s founders led the way. After retiring from the presidency back to Mount Vernon, George Washington reluctantly agreed to try his Scottish foreman’s advice for converting excess grain into whiskey. The commander in chief wrote that hard spirits were “the ruin of half the workmen in this Country.” The experiment went forward nonetheless. Mount Vernon’s early recipe for a 20-gallon batch required 607 parts rye, 357 parts corn and 57 parts malted barley. The hurry for profits put aging the stuff out of the question.

The Washington whiskey sold so well that he ordered his slaves to build a new 75' x 30' distillery that held five copper stills. Within two years, he was turning out 11,000 gallons a year, making his one of the largest operations in the whole country. The best of it sold at one dollar a gallon, which included the price of the jug. The lesser quality turned half the price.

As Americans began to drink more often, the price of whiskey dropped to lower than that of coffee or tea. During that era, the volume consumed per person each

year stood at five gallons, whereas Americans in the early 21<sup>st</sup> Century average only 1.8.<sup>499</sup>

Many Americans felt that drinking alcohol liberally would guarantee better health, or at least that it was healthier than drinking water. Many a hip flask carried “medicinal” tonics that ran to a strength of 100 proof. The net effect was lost discipline, economic waste, poverty and crime. The religious revivalism that took root in the 1820s and 1830s rose up as a backlash to excessive drink.<sup>360: 92</sup>

Some Anabaptists claimed that drinking in moderation was fine and only drunkenness was wrong. Others found all alcohol unacceptable as drink. A few even claimed that the temperance movement itself was part of the sinful world.<sup>360: 9</sup>

The American Sunday-School Union, one of the earliest temperance societies, created little picture books for children in 1832 intended to save them from a life of bleary waste.

“James: ‘What are these men doing, mother?’

“Mother: ‘They are drinking and smoking. Do you not see the glasses in their hands, and the bottle on the table? One of the men has a pipe in his mouth.’

“Jane: ‘See! One of them is so drunk now that he cannot lift his cup to his mouth without spilling it.’

“Lucy: ‘What have they been doing?’

“Mother: ‘They have been at the tavern half the day, drinking, smoking, and singing foolish songs.’

“Jane: ‘Have these men families, Mother?’

“Mother: ‘Yes, they have. But they think more of the bottle than of their wives and children.’

“James: ‘Who supports their families?’

“Mother: ‘Their wives support themselves and their children, by their hard work. These wretched men spend all their own earnings at the tavern and grog-shop; and they often take the money their wives have earned, to buy whiskey, while their children are crying for bread...’<sup>80: 11</sup>

“John: ‘How large some of them look, Mother. I think they must have enough to eat themselves, if their children do cry for bread.’

“Mother: ‘Eating is not what makes them appear so large. They are bloated with spirits. But drunkards are generally gluttons. They go without eating while their drunken frolics last, and then eat a great deal at a time. This irregular way of eating destroys their stomachs, while the liquor they drink is like a fire within them.’

“Jane: ‘Look! There is a man, falling over the steep bank into the river. How frightful...’

“Mother: ‘He was not considered a drunkard; but he was in the daily habit of drinking strong drink. He had been out on business, and drank freely. He was returning home late at night in a pleasure wagon. The spirits he had taken made him incapable of managing his horse. Though the road was plain and smooth, he drove out of it, and ran his horse over this frightful precipice. He fell with his horse and wagon a great distance down the bank among

the trees, and they were all dashed in pieces. Here, my dear children, you see the dreadful effect of intemperance, even when a man does not get entirely drunk..." 80: 31

"Most of the people who become crazy, and are sent to the mad-house, bring this terrible affliction upon them by drinking. The daily use of spirits, even when people never get intoxicated, weakens the mind, and strengthens all the evil passions and wicked dispositions of the heart.. Almost every drunkard could tell the time when he only drank *a little*... The effect of drinking a little is to create an appetite for more. This increases insensibly upon them till they habit is fixed. Then they cannot conquer it..." 80: 45

Even though they stood against strong drink, Mennonites distrusted the highly popular Sons of Temperance societies, considering them wrong for being so secretive and for taking an almost church-like control of members' lives. 360: 92

In legislative terms, the state of Maine led the American temperance movement in 1851 with the prohibition of all intoxicating liquor. Twelve more states and territories followed by 1855, along with many individual counties, towns and cities.

Virginia passed laws limiting individuals to one gallon of beer, wine or spirits per month.

During the 1870s, the National Prohibition Party and the Women's Christian Temperance Union were born, followed in the 1890s by the Anti-Saloon League. 441: 282

Branson, Missouri, flipped back and forth trying to discourage alcohol. As early as the 1880s, men throughout Taney County voted 425 to 295 to abolish the

sale of spirits by the glass. In 1907, the county struggled over granting any more licenses to open new saloons. The state of Missouri required a fee of \$25, but Taney County stiffened the discouragement by charging \$300 for a license that had to be renewed every six months, and only if the saloon keeper kept clear of any other legal troubles. On top of that, a \$2000 bond had to be posted before the license could be issued. 8: 37

"A saloon in our town is a public nuisance, and a factor in lowering the morals and social character of citizenship, since on almost any day we see young boys and men drunk and engaged in the most degrading street riots, and hear the most profane and indecent language on our streets... forcing upon us an evil which two-thirds of the tax payers of Branson oppose..." 8: 38

The saloon had to close.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union tried to hold a meeting in Branson around that time, but no one would allow them a place to gather. It took three months for Mrs. Lora LaMance to organize the ladies in town, but arrangements finally succeeded in April 1907 for a lecture at the school house, and it was very well attended.

A Dr. Gonce, who had been "pretending to run a drugstore for some time," had a neighbor turn him in with a tip to the county's prosecuting attorney in 1908 because "his real business was selling red-eye" whiskey.

Those in favor of allowing at least some kinds of alcohol kept control of the town and county government through the 1909 election, but by 1912, 711 men voted to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating



AN EARLY AMERICAN WARNING ABOUT THE DANGERS OF DRUNK DRIVING  
FROM *SCENES OF INTEMPERANCE*, AN 1832 BOOK AIMED AT CHILDREN



beverages throughout Taney County. Some 297 men opposed this total prohibition, but lost out.<sup>8: 34</sup> The political candidates supported by the temperance movement turned powerful enough by 1919 to have 33 out of 48 states ban sales of alcohol within their borders. By then they were ready to push a national agenda. Prohibition became federal law with the Volstead Act in 1920.<sup>441: 281</sup>

No attempt to restrict the consumption of alcohol, including the era of national Prohibition, ever banned the production and sale of wine.<sup>441: xix</sup> A special loophole allowed individuals to bottle as much as 200 gallons of wine per year at home for their own use.<sup>285: 107</sup>

Everything turned around by December of 1933.

“Prohibition Repeal Ratified at 5:32 P.M.; Roosevelt Asks Nation to Bar the Saloon; New York Celebrates with Quiet Restraint

“Crowds Swamp Licensed Resorts but the Legal Liquid is Scarce. Marked by Absence of Undue Hilarity and Only Normal Number of Arrests

“To Delegate S.R. Thurman, a repeal leader of Salt Lake City... fell the honor of being the last to record his vote,... his “Yea,” placing the Twenty-First Amendment to the Constitution in effect... The Volstead Act, for more than decade, held legal drinks in America to less than one-half of 1 percent of alcohol and the enforcement of which cost more than 150 lives and billions in money...

“[Roosevelt] improved on the occasion to address a plea to the American people to employ their regained liberty for all for national manliness.

“Mr. Roosevelt asked personally for what he and his party had declined to make the subject of Federal mandate – that saloons be barred from the country.

“‘I ask especially,’ he said, ‘that no State shall, by law or otherwise, authorize the return of the saloon, either in its old form or in some modern guise.’”<sup>457</sup>



### Science and the Vine

Those who love wine the most hate to be at a loss for words when describing it. Up through 1780, the French agronomist M. de Maupin struggled to write about the tradition and flavor of particular wines with just 40 very careful adjectives. By the dawn of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, the official vocabulary of wine critics and competition judges had grown to more than a thousand.<sup>400</sup>

Growers and connoisseurs obsessed over the parentage of vines, trying their best to make the taste of each year’s crop more reliable. Among them was the patriarch of modern Swiss winemaking, Dr. Hermann Müller who came originally from the canton of Thurgau but lived much longer as a citizen of Wädenswil on Lake Zürich. In 1882, he thought he had succeeded in

crossbreeding the *Riesling* and *Sylvaner* grapes. The two very popular and noble strains then combined their best traits, thriving in cool climates with bountiful yields.<sup>468</sup>

Müller-Thurgau unveiled his new Grape No. 58, which some nicknamed *Rivaner*, in front of an audience of fellow scientists at Geisenheim University in Germany. The wine it produced arrived “pale yellow with reflexes of green.” The taste was delicate, slightly aromatic and endowed with a rich bouquet. Its light, pleasing character spread the vine throughout Switzerland, Alsace, northern Italy and as far away as Oregon. After Müller-Thurgau’s death, the wine community agreed to name the new variety in his honor. Ironically, the doctor also believed strongly in the temperance movement, and at their behest created a full-bodied, fermented wine without the alcohol. It never caught on despite the favorable political climate of the day.<sup>687</sup>

“Regarding the blending of *Reisling* + *Sylvaner*, Mr. Müller-Thurgau was a very serious, methodical man, and wrote down everything,” reported Dr. Koblet. “But only recently [in 1994], a geneticist named Dr. Ferdinand Regner determined conclusively that *Sylvaner* could not be the genetic ‘mother’ of today’s *Sylvaner* strain. The true contribution came from *Gut Edel*, a rather less sophisticated strain [sometimes called *Chasselas* or *Madleine Royal*.<sup>464</sup>] It really shook up our world to have such a respected authority as Müller-Thurgau questioned in the first place, and then even more so to have new science prove that he was wrong. Now we have to think, ‘Well then, here we are. What else might have to be thrown out?’”<sup>335</sup>

During the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> Century, the philosopher Rudolf Steiner developed a holistic theory called Biodynamics that he applied to humans and every other living thing.

Steiner had been born during 1861 in a remote Alpine village in Austria, a world where family farms remained little changed from Medieval days. Steiner believed that peasants held clairvoyant understandings of nature, and that everything about their lives depended on the changes of the seasons and “the breathing of the earth.”

While growing up, Steiner’s mentor was a licensed herbalist who gathered curative plants for pharmacies in Vienna as well as for the university’s medical school.

Steiner wrote of his great teacher as “a soul from ancient times... It was possible to talk about the spiritual world with him as with someone who had his own experiences of it... According to the usual conception of ‘learning,’ you would have to say that you couldn’t ‘learn’ anything from this man. But if you yourself were able to perceive a spiritual world, you could obtain very deep glimpses... through someone who had a firm footing there.”

Steiner skipped the chemical explanation of nitrogen in the life of a plant and instead referred to the nitrogen

process. Botanists should be able to visualize the whole life of a plant from it being a seed through to its final giving of seeds, and on the way see the nitrogen on its path from the air into the soil and the plant and back again. Steiner could see potassium, sulfur and calcium contributing in their own ways, too. Being attuned this way also strengthened the human soul, and prepared the farmer for understanding the needs of plants.

As a doctoral student, Steiner was asked to be the first academic to edit the scientific writings of Johann Wolfgang Goethe, and to compound these with studies of medicine and natural history. Steiner also designed the Goetheanum, a visionary example of modern architecture in Dornach, Switzerland, dedicated to Goethe, where students still learn his philosophies on everything from mathematics to theology.<sup>709</sup>

When applied to agriculture, Steiner's theories on Biodynamics have particular meaning for winemaking.

In hopes of developing their own signature flavor, leading vineyards from around the world are trying it out, places spread all the way from California's Napa Valley, across to Spain and along the Rhine, including Alsace. So many, in fact, that a major tasting in New York City convened on Monday, 14 June 2004 that drew 74 top winemakers.

Just like a homeopathic doctor, the biodynamic vintner must first analyze all the unique problems at hand:

the setting, the soil, the nutrients, the intentions. Only organic fertilizers are allowed, and chemical insecticides are strongly discouraged. According to Steiner's teachings, the more self-sufficient a farm is, the healthier it will be.

For the necessary transferring of the juice from one container to another, known as the "clarifying" of it, the biodynamic winemaker must wait until the waning of the moon. The opposite time of the month, namely the full moon, would pull up the sediments just as surely as the ocean's tides pull themselves up. The waning moon leaves the sediment behind, or so the hand-me-down stories guarantee.

During Spring, the biodynamic vintner takes a hollowed cattle horn and crams it full of manure. This must be buried until the Autumn equinox, by which time it will have evolved into an almost magically rich fertilizer.<sup>23</sup>

By the year 2000, the demand around Lake Zürich for high quality local wines far exceeded the supply. Switzerland also benefits from, but staggers beneath, the highest governmental quality-control standards in the world.

Across the German-speaking eastern and central Switzerland, namely the cantons of Zürich, Aargau, Schaffhausen, Thurgau and Grisons, only 7,410 acres of vines are in production, compared to 34,580 for the rest of the nation.<sup>138: 189</sup>

The oldest wine-growing areas in Richterswil lie in Hirtenstal, so named long ago for the many shepherds there. The parish register of 1440 especially mentions the "wine in Hiltistal."<sup>610: 115</sup>

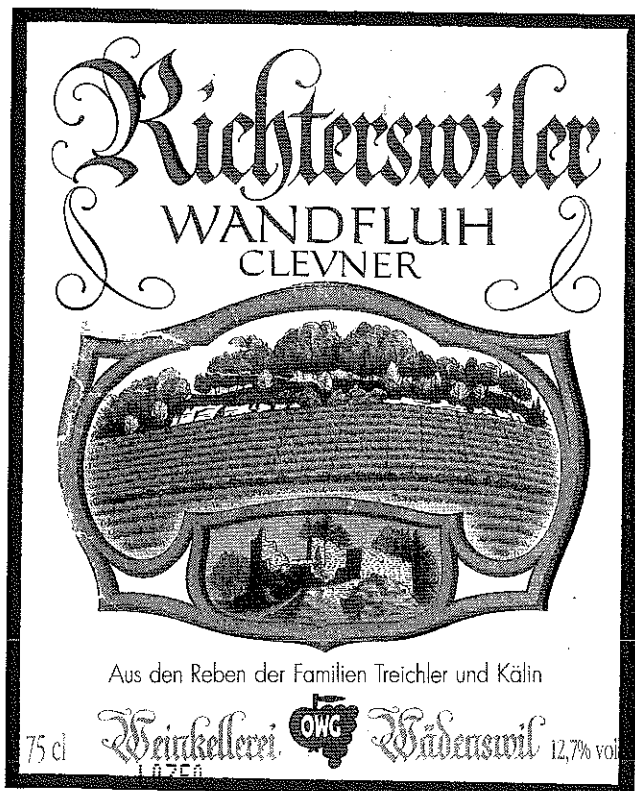
The parasite infestations of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century also wiped out the memories and traditions of growing wine by the Old Castle, but beginning again in the late 1980s, vines sprouted on the hill side just south of the ruined towers. The Treichler and Kälin families turned out a commercial label through the company OWG Wine Cellar Wädenswil for their Wandfluh Clevner wine, rated at 12.7 percent alcohol by volume.



Thanks to bioengineering and the warm, dry climate in southern California, highly potent wines appeared in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century that surpassed Nature's own ceiling on fermented grape juice.

"The old concept – my wife and I can split a bottle of wine with dinner – is no longer true," said Andrew Murray, a vintner from Santa Barbara County. A 2002 syrah from the Garretson Wine Company in Paso Robles, achieved nearly 17 percent alcohol by volume, which delivers over 30 percent more of a kick compared to traditional wines.

Around 1990, many California wineries left vines unpicked beyond the point when grapes peaked on the



THE RICHTERSWILER VINTAGE  
FROM THE NEW WINE AT OLD CASTLE ON LAKE ZÜRICH

Brix scale for sugar content. Instead, they waited for the seeds to turn from green to brown, and for the skins to soften. Viruses which used to prey on aging vines now face super clones. Photosynthesis continues far later in the season because leaves don't turn red.

Some critics denounce these new creations as "wine on steroids," devoid of elegance and subtlety, unable to mature or deepen with age.<sup>28</sup>



During the summer of 2004, the most advanced technology companies in the world converged in Detroit, Michigan, to dream out loud about a wireless network of sensors and how it could enhance the ancient art of wine-making. The roll-call of participants included Hans Mulder of Intel, Tom Reidel of Millennial Net, Kristofer Pister of Dust Networks and other start-up companies such as Crossbow and Pedigree Technologies.

"As a revolution, it's not here yet, but as an idea it's everywhere," said Robert Birdsey, a development manager for Dresser Instruments.

Low-cost nodes, the size of postage stamps, could monitor every vine in the vineyard, above and below ground, continuously chattering amongst themselves about the temperature, moisture and chemical health of the grapes. Whereas human inspection could never be as thorough, prompt, inexpensive and un-invasive, the wireless network could serve as an almost organic central nervous system for the vineyard.

The grandest plan described sensors no bigger than grains of sand, nicknamed Smart Dust, meant to be sown loose just like seeds throughout field or forest. Such technology could be strewn in seconds (unlike comparable networks requiring hours or days to install) and then lapse into hibernation, conserving all its battery power until needed for a drought, a deluge or an attack of pests.

"There's a whole ecosystem of hardware, software and service guys springing up," said Reidel.

They used the example of the vineyard for just one kind of real-world application. The Pentagon approached some of the same companies at the conference, foreseeing networks of smart, restless land mines, automatically shifting position if an exploding twin left a gap that needed to be filled.<sup>197</sup>



In January 2005, a new law took effect in Switzerland that re-legalized absinthe, the powerful hallucinogenic alcoholic beverage. Nearly 100 years before, an infamous mass murder thought to have been fueled by the drink had triggered a nation-wide ban.

Yves Kübler, the great-grandson of the biggest absinthe producer in western Switzerland, received the first exemption back in 2001 to produce an extract that

had much gentler qualities, but of which tourists could not buy enough. Because Kübler's commercial experiment had gone so well, many more distillers joined the race to make enough of "the green fairy," as it was known during the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, to meet the lucrative, pent-up demand. Beautifully boxed \$35 gift sets held only a half-liter of absinthe, but sold very well as Christmas gifts.

This rebirth happened to coincide with another step in the evolution of ideas about alcohol. What if, instead of actually drinking absinthe, brandy or even wine – in fact any of the aromatic intoxicants – drinks could turn into a mist and simply be inhaled? Might this not spare the stomach and liver from the long-term damage of drink?

It turned out even better than that, since vaporized drinks also skipped the carbohydrates and calories of fermented drinks and even made hang-over headaches impossible.

A European inventor named Dominic Simler adapted an oxygen machine, which he had already been marketing for cardio exercise, with a diffuser capsule filled by anyone's favorite alcoholic drink. Oxygen bubbles passing through the capsule absorb the alcohol, and the mixture is then inhaled as a vapor through a second tube.<sup>499</sup>

He formed a company called Spirit Partners and renamed the machine AWOL, initials that stand for Alcohol Without Liquid.<sup>302</sup>

The apparatus sells to wealthy individuals, or more often nightclubs, for \$3600 each. For a special occasion, it can be rented for \$300 a night.

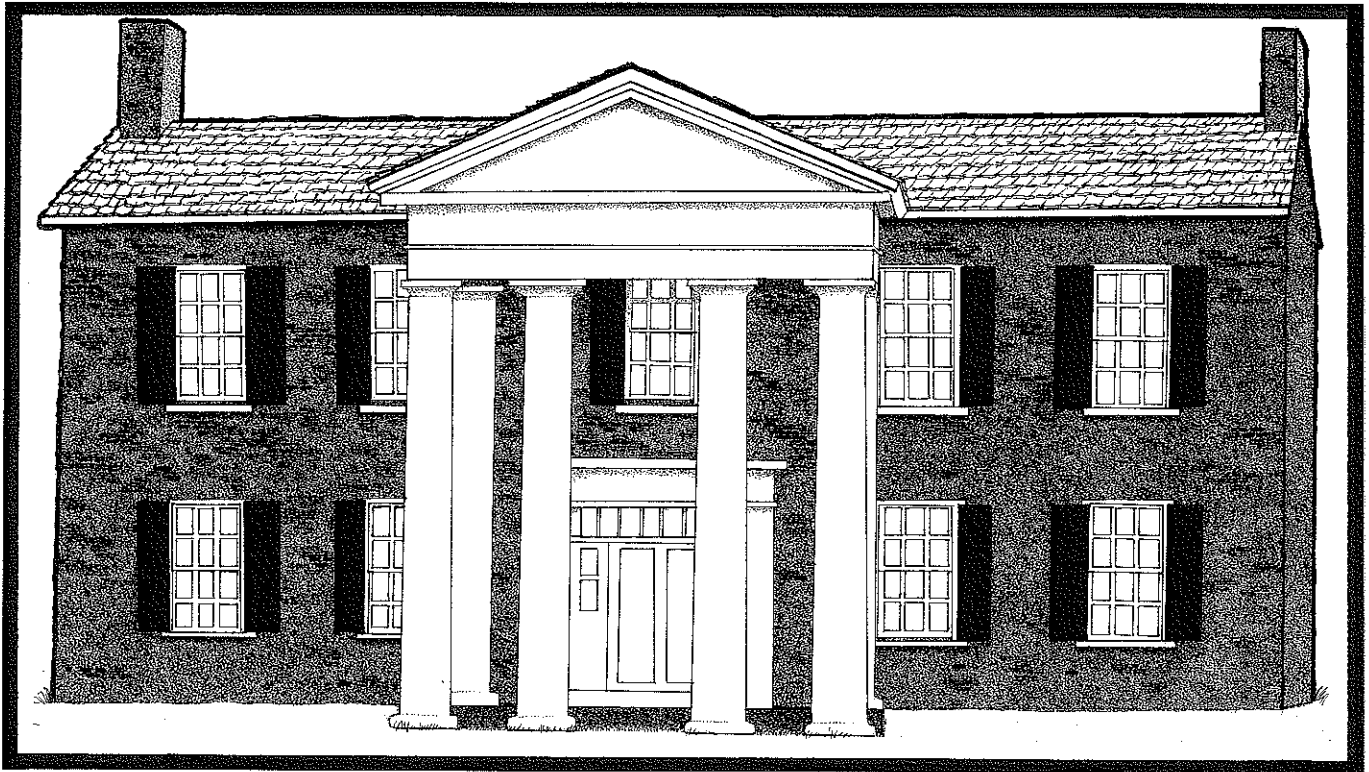
Simler favors topping off his own capsule with absinthe, although any alcoholic beverage will work, with varying strengths and reactions. The vapor absorbs straight into the bloodstream, delivering a much faster euphoria and one that is said to be ten times more powerful than would be reached by drinking the same amount of liquid.

At a typical charge of \$10 or \$20 in a nightclub, patrons inhale for up to 20 minutes on their own sterile, white-plastic tip hooked up to a hand-held machine.<sup>156</sup>

Users in Britain and Australia discovered its use in early 2004, and the first of the new "ultimate party toys" gained notoriety in the U.S. by 2005.

Legislators and police feel less enthusiastic about the AWOL machines because the current generation of anti-drunk-driving breathalizers can't measure the drunkenness it can deliver. They can detect nothing at all in a person who has merely inhaled their drink.<sup>517</sup>





SEAT OF THE JOHN BAUGHMAN PLANTATION  
IN LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, 1847



AS OUTSIDERS, ANABAPTISTS gathered wherever they could during the long centuries of persecution in Europe. Early on, a cave or a barn served as their only shelter. Over time, this lack of formality matched well with their own theological preference for the stark and simple. Even their meetinghouses, once they could build them without fear in America, remained austere.

Rough-hewn logs stacked up into neat little rectangles. Floors remained earthen, benches only backless. Such humble shelters spoke in perfect harmony with the spirits inside. <sup>360: 96</sup>

Plain people, they preached, should focus on basic pleasures, such as books and intelligent conversation. Simplicity in all aesthetics of person and home would help to conserve valuable resources, while industriousness would strengthen the community's economic life in general. "Pride, luxury and extravagance" merely aped "the manner of lords and ladies." <sup>360: 100</sup>

One key disagreement between Mennonites and Methodists was over the topic of time. Mennonites held on firmly to contemplation. They did not trust quick results, be these in instant salvations brought on by Methodist camp revivals, or in new-fangled designs in building construction.

The fact that plain meetinghouses began to evolve into distinctive churches seems to go hand-in-hand with the splintering of the Anabaptist community. Settlers wandered farther and farther away from their elders, and the market economy created a new appetite for status.

The architecture of the basic four walls did not change so quickly, although bricks or stone or framed construction became the preference.

What did change was the awareness of ordinary American communities for the glories of ancient Rome and Greece. The addition of porticos, balconies and large doric columns added little to the function of the buildings. Churches added bell towers and steeples, in direct imitation of the catholic and state churches of Europe. This amounted to a seismic shift in attitude for American congregations about where they wanted to, and how they wanted to *appear*, while they were praying. <sup>360: 110</sup>

The itinerant Methodist preacher Francis Asbury noted how the faithful in western Virginia had built a church where, he noted with his own underlining, "two chimneys" appeared. He expected to keep plenty warm there, as well as being in a place which passers-by would surely notice. <sup>360: 99</sup>

One newspaper editor of the day suggested that poor congregations could do perfectly well in a plain, log church, but that wealthier flocks should aspire to something better and more beautiful. <sup>360: 100</sup>

In the blooming market economy brought on by the Industrial Revolution, homes and the things that filled them became cheaper, more plentiful, for the first time fashionable and harder to resist. <sup>360: 109</sup>

By the time of the Civil War in Kentucky, John Baughman and his family lived in a Greek-Revival mansion two miles south of Stanford on the Old Somerset Pike. Pillars at the front gate entrance to their 600 acres of land came from the original Stanford court house. Rows of stately maple trees stood guard on either side of his long drive up to the house. Exotic fruit trees filled an orchard all around. *See map on page 262*

Originally, John's family built a log house on that spot, but had plenty enough slaves by 1847 to mold and fire all the bricks needed to build the very high-ceilinged, eight-room, two-story manor house.

He ordered up double front doors to be made of cherry wood, and framed them with narrow window panes of frosted and etched design. The rest of the window sills came from limestone that his servants and field workers quarried on the plantation, and Kentucky Walnut provided the hard wood needed for assembling each sash. Floors throughout the home relied on tongue-and-groove planks of White Ash cut six inches wide.

A broad, winding stairway ascended from the front hall and dining room. Both front rooms enjoyed fire places with wide ornamented mantels and built-in closets on either side. The fine wood paneling extended from floor to ceiling.

Cooking took place in the kitchen on a four-foot-wide fireplace. Water had to be carried to the house from a nearby spring.

The black Baughmans of Lincoln County built at least two other large brick mansions, including one in the year 1790 where Baughman's Station sat on Preachersville Road, later called the Grimes Farm. Then in 1800, they chose another spot about six miles south of Stanford where Hamilton Baughman remained for a long time.



#### *A Mansion in Kentucky*

The *Semi-Weekly Interior Journal*, published every Tuesday and Friday for the region around Stanford, Kentucky, printed the following article entitled "Death's

Doings" in its 15 June 1888 edition:

"The death of Henry Baughman, which occurred at noon Wednesday, is in the nature of a calamity to the section in which he lived and moved. No individual man has done more to build up and beautify this locality and no one could be more sadly and generally missed than he will be.

"Public spirited and ever engaged in enterprises that gave employment to large numbers of his fellow mortals and always paying them fair prices, withholding from none his just dues, but paying the last farthing promptly at the time agreed upon, that class sustains a loss that it will feel.

"No man in the community gave more liberally to church and to every worthy cause than did the deceased, but he did so unostentatiously and few are aware how much he did give. The Christian church here... owes in a great measure its very building to him, and he ever sustained it with his means...

"Mr. Baughman was the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Baughman, who at the ripe old ages of 76 and 70 respectively, survive him. He was married some 20 years ago to Miss Latimer, of Georgia, and she with five children, two boys and three girls, ranging in ages from 5 to 19, are left to feel a loss which to them can never be repaired.

"For more than 20 years he had been a member of the Christian church and those who know him best say that a truer one never lived. He had held the office of deacon for some 15 years and was faithful and prompt in the performance of every duty.

"He was a peculiarly conservative and deliberate man and his counsel and advice has steered his church clear of many a breaker. Conversing with Mr. D.W. Vandever about him yesterday, he said that the last time he attended church, which was Sunday before last, Elder W.L. Williams preached, and after the sermon Mr. Baughman came to him with tears rolling down his cheeks and said, 'Bro. Vandever, I have never had a sermon to do me the good that that one has. It seems like message from God Himself.'

"His illness, which was caused by uremic poisoning, was of short duration and he lapsed into unconsciousness before any fear of a fatal termination was thought of, consequently those last words of hope, so highly prized by sorrowing friends, were not spoken. But they were not necessary. The preparation for that hour had not been deferred till the last moment, and his life gave evidence of what his end would be.

"A good man, an honest man and a useful man has fallen and the community joins with his relatives in deploring it.

"The funeral sermon was preached at his late residence yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock by Rev. John Bell Gibson, and then the remains were conveyed to Buffalo Spring Cemetery, followed by one of the largest

processions of sorrowing friends ever seen in Stanford.

"Mr. Baughman was in his 49<sup>th</sup> year. His entire life was spent here, save the years he gave the "Lost Cause" in service with John Morgan's cavalry. His estate, the most of which he amassed by his own exertions, is estimated to be worth from \$60,000 to \$75,000.

This particular Henry Baughman served as a private in Co. H of Kentucky's 2<sup>nd</sup> Regiment of Cavalry. His mother and father died within six months of their son.



The following extracts have been taken from an article by Mrs. M.H. Dunn of Stanford, Kentucky, which appeared under the headline "Historic Homes." The type face used in the design of the article seems to be from the early-to-mid 20<sup>th</sup> Century. No further identification about the publication is available.

"STANFORD – Situated about one half mile south of Stanford on Highway 27 stands this old brick home. It was built in 1870 by Henry Baughman.

"Henry Baughman was born in 1839 and died in 1888. His children were John William, Harry, Alyce, Dora and Anie. John William Baughman inherited the part of the plantation on which the house stood, and his only son William Henry is the present owner.

"This house is made of brick that was kilned on the place, not far from where the house now stands and the sand used in the building was hauled from the Hanging Fork Creek...

"The walls, including the inside walls, are 13 inches thick and the original wide plank poplar floors are still in use upstairs, the first-floor floors have been replaced by modern hard wood. The tall ceilings measure 11 feet.

"A stairway leads from the back of the front hall to the two large front rooms and a spacious hall on the second floor.

"These rooms were reserved for the girls' bed-rooms and there was no connecting doors between them and the other upstairs rooms.

"The room over the dining room was the boys bedroom and was reached by a closed stairway leading from the dining room.

"The room over the kitchen was built for the servants and reached by still another stairway on the outside of the house, with no connecting door to the boys' room.

"Fireplaces were the order of the day and were the only means of heating this large structure. The present owner has installed a modern furnace...

"Mr. Baughman had to make frequent trips to Hot Springs to get relief from rheumatism, so decided to put a bath room in his home. A part of the dining room and a part of the kitchen furnished the space...

"A wooden tank, lined with lead was placed in the upper part of the closet in the servants quarters and pipes connected to the cistern.

"This tank held 200 gallons of water and every day at noon while the family ate, the servants took turns pumping water into the tank. Gravity provided the pressure.

"Mill stones, one higher than the other, were used as a step to get into the buggy, which was the usual mode of travel. The stones now serve as a base for a modern gas light at the front gate.

"A wide brick walk laid in a zig zag [herringbone] pattern leads from the front gate to the front porch."



In the Sunday edition of the Lexington, Kentucky, *Herald-Leader* from 24 December 1995, the following article by staff writer Bettye Lee Mastin appeared as the cover story of the *Blue Grass Today* real estate section.

The cover headline reads: "House has stayed all in the family. Baughman home is Lincoln landmark."

The inside two-page spread opens as "125 years of Baughmans. Family's house was built in 1870."

"STANFORD – The Baughmans will spend Christmas where other Baughmans have lived for 125 years: in a landmark house with a landmark tree.

"Katy and Jim Baughman's home, built by Jim's great-grandfather in 1870, is a tall brick house with a tall pine near the Stanford city limits in Lincoln County.

"The view, about 14 miles across, includes Hall's Gap, with is 7 miles away. In another direction, Jim could spot the house and pine from where he was tearing down a barn 5 or 6 miles away.

"The pine has been there as long as the house as far as Jim knows. 'It looks as big as it does now in a picture my mother has of my father when he was about 5.'

"When Jim and Katy completed remodeling in June, they gave a 125<sup>th</sup> birthday party for the house.

"Builder Henry Baughman 'was a farmer, really, and a contractor, I guess,' Jim said. 'He built the sanctuary of the Christian Church and St. Asaph's Hotel, which is now Gaines' Furniture Store in Stanford.'

"That Henry Baughman, who died in 1888, descended from a Henry Baughman who was six when American Indians killed his father, grandfather and two uncles. Little Henry lived because his mother hid him in the trunk of a tree.

"The house and 300-acre farm, both owned by Jim and brother William Henry Baughman, Jr., have artifacts that are often lost by other families.

"Horse shoes, mule shoes, singletree hooks and hoe blades are hold backs for curtains Katy made, often while traveling with Jim.

"Jim, a Disciples of Christ minister who retired in 1988, is a professional tennis umpire.

"'We were gone three weeks, then home one week, because I do the U.S. Open and all the major tournaments at least on the East Coast, and sometimes I do Palm Springs, Calif.'

"A farm tennis court, built in 1952 with a barn as a backstop, was a first for Lincoln County.

"The county's first bathroom went in at the house about 1885, three years before Henry Baughman died...

"Jim and Katy moved one wall for one of the current bathrooms. They moved 10 doors and removed six other doors that 'we didn't need with new central heat,' Jim said.

"'There was no heat upstairs in all of my mother's life here, and she lived here 60 years.'

"Parents Mary Carson Baughman, now of Louisville, and the late William Henry Baughman 'always kept everything in good repair, so what Katy and I did were decorating things.'

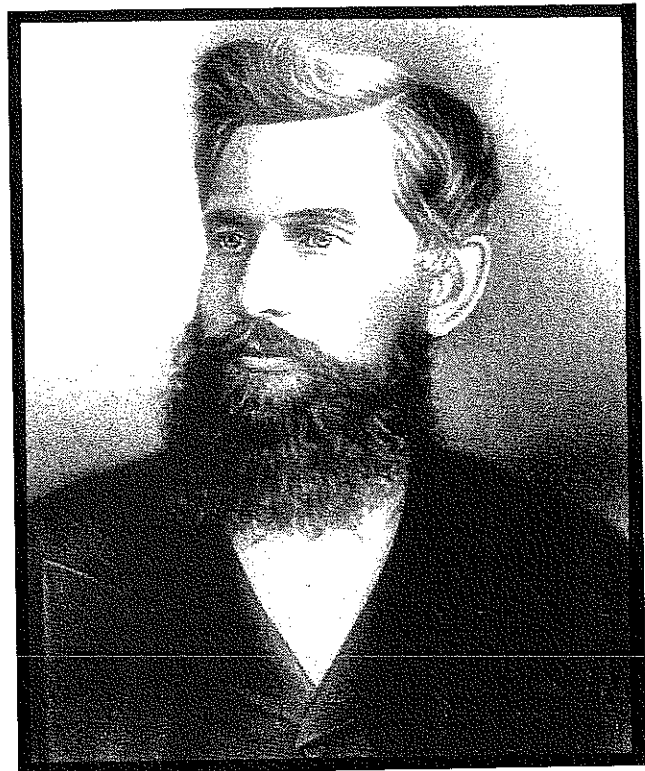
"'We 'grandchildren-ized' the house. I have three children, four grandchildren and two more to come.'

"'Decorating things' included removing woodwork, even the scrolls on the ends of the front hall stairs, and exposing the grain of the wood.

"'That hall alone took 720 hours of sanding,' Jim explained.

"He found an inside use for a massive door from Lincoln County's first brick jail, another building by great-grandfather Baughman.

"Long-ago, the three-inch-thick iron door found its way to the farm but was always outdoors.



HENRY BAUGHMAN  
OF LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY  
(1839 - 1888)

“I can remember it sitting on the ground upside down. All my life, we used it to get out of the car on.”

Accompanying the story were five color photographs by M.A. Pember. The captions were as follows:

“For 125 years, Baughmans have gathered at Jim and Katy Baughman’s house near Stanford. Jim’s great-grandfather built it in 1870.

“Henry Baughman’s large photograph hangs on the staircase landing in the house he built in 1870.

“Katy Baughman found quilts and even an 1846 sampler in the house of her husband’s family.

“Recent gift shows permission for the future governor’s sister to marry a man who survived an Indian attack.

“Carefully saved dress worn by William Henry Baughman and photos of him in the gown.”

A separate box entitled “Free Advice” explained, “The 1870 stand seam tin roof survives at Jim and Katy Baughman’s house. ‘We re-tar it every five years,’ Jim said.”



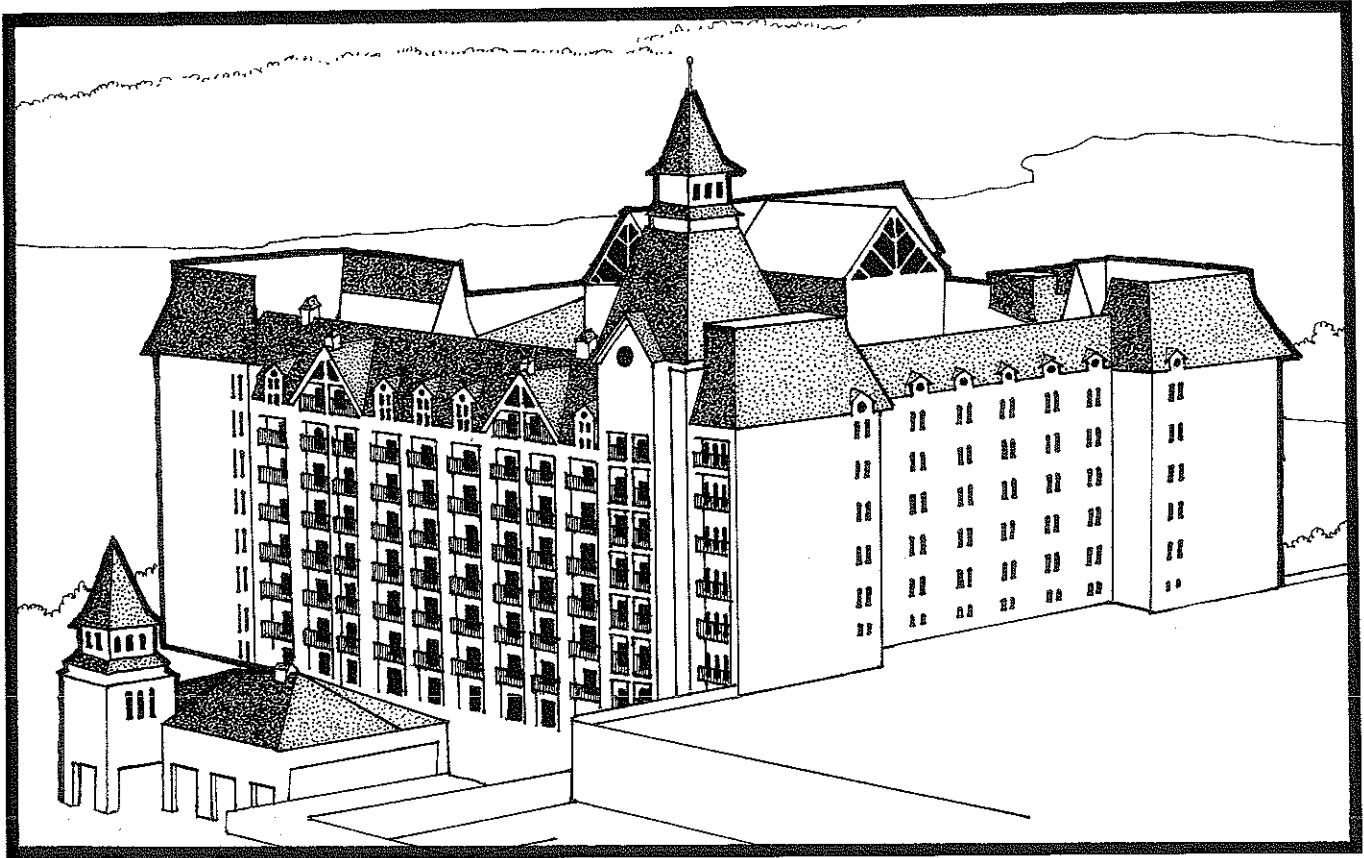
### *The Enchantment of a European Castle*

“BRANSON, Mo.— 28 May 2002 – John Q. Hammons Hotels, Inc., traded on the American Stock Exchange as AMEX: JQH, today announced that its award-winning Chateau on the Lake luxury resort is celebrating its 5<sup>th</sup> anniversary of adding significant hotel and convention space in the finest European traditions.

“Located five miles from Branson, the Chateau on the Lake is an entertainment center high atop a mountain overlooking Table Rock Lake, and features 301 graciously appointed rooms and suites... Balconies with spectacular views of the lake, resort marina and bounteous gardens enhance guest accommodations. The property’s 32,000-square-foot ballroom makes Chateau on the Lake the largest convention facility in Branson...

“According to Mr. John Q. Hammons of Springfield, Mo., his vision 27 years ago of building a renowned resort property amidst the greatness of the Ozarks predates Branson’s becoming the ‘Live Entertainment Capital of the World’ and a top group destination. Hammons now owns 56 hotels in the upscale, full-service sector.

“Looking back to 1976, I recall thinking how our nation had become famous for impressive resort properties, with the exception of the beautiful Ozark



A LUXURIOUS HOTEL IN THE OZARKS OVERLOOKING TABLE ROCK LAKE  
DESIGNED AS A REMINDER OF EUROPEAN CASTLES



region. I snagged the best spot on Table Rock Lake and held on to it for years until the time was right to build a masterpiece that mirrored the enchantment of a European castle or chateau,' Mr. Hammons said.

"A Native Missourian, Hammons grew up during the Great Depression near Joplin. He earned his degree from Southwest Missouri State University in nearby Springfield and began his professional career as a junior high school teacher in Cassville.

"Hammons entered the hotel industry in 1958 and joined with Roy E. Winegardner, to purchase the first 10 Holiday Inn franchises from founder Kemmons Wilson. Over the years, John Hammons has developed more than 134 hotel properties in 40 states.

"Today, John Q. Hammons Hotels, Inc. operates properties nationwide under the Embassy Suites, Renaissance, Radisson, Marriott, Holiday Inn brands, as well as its own signature Plaza brand. By 2002, the company was considered to be the leading independent manager of hotel meeting space in the country.

"Memorable touches of European style abound throughout Chateau on the Lake. Ten hand-painted murals grace the 27-foot-high ceiling of the 32,000-square-foot Great Hall, which has become a frequent setting for weddings. The 46-foot tree surrounded by waterfalls in the 10-story atrium is always an eye-catcher.

"Hammons credits the resort's unparalleled guest services for its high level of repeat business, referrals and celebrity guests. During the peak summer season, room rates start at \$154 per night."



### *Castles Sold in Germany for a Song*

Many a stone tower that ruled over Germans for a thousand years could be bought at the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century for one German mark, little more than 58 cents in American money.

Take the Gaussig Castle in Saxony. Please. It's nicely appointed with a Gothic chapel, a ballroom, a library stuffed with musty, leather-bound books and a hunters' hall lined with antlers.

There's a little catch, though. Many repairs must, by law, get fixed by the new owner, of course all according to museum standards. The leak in the roof has weakened the top floor so badly that it's ready to collapse. Many rooms have been gutted down to the rocks and timbers. Forget about the kitchen and the plumbing. The contractor's estimate runs to \$7 million. According to the government's experts in Berlin, it is too costly to keep up but too historic to tear down.

The communist philosophy that ruled east Germans between 1945 and 1990 held no special regard for its

medieval history. The government vehemently tried to wipe out all traces of royal privilege, and anyway, they couldn't find enough money to preserve the hundreds of ancient castles that were crumbling from neglect.

So when the Iron Curtain finally fell down in 1989, the new officials just in Saxony, for instance, discovered that they owned almost 100 castles.<sup>18</sup> Departments of Preservation in the states of Brandenburg, Thuringia, Saxon-Anhalt and Mecklenburg-Vorpommern woke up to the same problem.

The noble families who had been dispossessed received invitations to reclaim their property. Many, however, could not be found before the deadlines lapsed, or else they had fled to new lives elsewhere in Europe or America and had no desire to return home.<sup>19</sup>

At first, the government poured \$300 million into trying to stabilize them all, but barely made a dent. With enormous debt piling up in the Spring of 1997, and so many other demands facing the unified capital in Berlin, they had no choice but to find private investors.

Slightly smaller, but thoroughly lavish manor houses, including three acres of land, could be had for \$200,000. Generous tax breaks would be no problem. Americans, Canadians, Australians and most Europeans could own real estate in Germany without restriction. Interpreters, drivers and contractors were standing by.

The Colditz Castle, for instance, some 30 miles west of Dresden, had been an infamous prisoner of war camp for high-ranking British officers during World War II. Anyone who wanted the place would be free to re-invent it as a residence, a private museum, a hotel, a country club with golf course or a restaurant. Unavoidably, though, it needed at least \$60 million in repairs.

The Mikel Castle featured stately round towers, and royalty buried in a nearby mausoleum, but the floors were badly warped and the dungeon regularly flooded.

One more crucial rule required the new owner to invite the public in twice a year for a look around, perhaps for something as simple as a benefit or a musical concert.

And one other last thing: there were 11 families already living there, including the kindly widow Schmidt who had called it home for 30 years.

"We all hope that if someone buys it," said Elsa Schmidt, "they let us stay..."<sup>18</sup>



### *Visions of the New Swiss Roof*

In accepting the challenge to design something surprising for Swiss Expo '02, two New York architects created a castle of mist, a cloud that would crouch mysteriously on Lake Neuchatel in western Switzerland no matter what the weather.

Scaffolding assumed the height and shape of a castle

tower, but actually, it was no more than an architectural skeleton studded with a thousand high-pressure fog nozzles. Visitors could wander out on a peninsula jutting out on the lake and right into the middle of the 300-foot-long cloud of impenetrable fog. They did not design a building in the conventional sense of walls with a roof overhead, but instead wanted to make a reminder of Switzerland's mythical past. Their goal was to make people think about buildings in an entirely new way.

The husband and wife team of Elizabeth Diller and Ricardo Scofidio dubbed their structure the Blur Building. In 1999, the two had become the first architects to ever receive the MacArthur Foundation's grants given annually for ground-breaking genius in a wide range of the creative arts. In the past, the couple had worked with similar ephemera, namely mirrors, moving monitors, computer animation and story telling that one critic called suitable for a "highbrow fun house."

"We struggled with the question of what a building on the water should be," Diller said. "Then we decided the building material should *be* water... And that's when we began to think about using mist."

As for the cloud, the practical problem was how to sustain the condensation of water droplets in the thin mountain air for the entire five months of the exposition. At any one time, 400 people would have to be able to enter the cloud. Visitors would don specially programmed "braincoats" that would steer them according to a questionnaire they had already answered before entering the cloud. The coats would glow a special shade of red whenever the wearer approached another visitor who had expressed similar preferences. At a special refreshment stand, various bottled waters would be served.

Plenty of dry runs quickly ate up \$7.5 million dollars. Finally, it all worked perfectly.

"We looked at the cloud..." said Jill Medvedow, director of the Institute for Contemporary Art in Boston, "Who could look at that building and not have your breath taken away?"<sup>369</sup>



#### *The Swiss Envoy to America*

On 4 February 2004, the Swiss unveiled a \$10 million-dollar plan to tear down their current ambassador's residence in Washington, D.C., and replace it with another building of just about the same size.

The Swiss architect Justin Russli collaborated with a New York colleague Steven Holl to re-imagine the 14,000- square-foot modernist compound. According to the Ambassador Christian Blickenstorfer, the old house could no longer meet both his needs for family privacy and the 21<sup>st</sup> Century needs for diplomatic hospitality.

The original residence at 2920 Cathedral Avenue in Woodley Park, a neighborhood of the district's northwest quadrant, had been built in 1926 for Henry Wallace, the future vice-president of the United States.

The decision to tear down the current building was not taken lightly. Many plans attempted to reconcile the split roles of the building, and it was not a simple process to receive permission from the District for the demolition.

For the initial inspiration and key to their design, Russli and Holl depended on the very distinctive site, which commands a hill on Embassy Row and enjoys a unimpeded view of the Washington Monument. Upon entering the new building, visitors will be able to see through the austere steel and glass facade right out onto the impressive backyard view.

The ambassador's family will be able to enjoy the same view from the balcony off their private quarters on the second floor.

The residence sits next door to the Swiss chancery at 2900 Cathedral Avenue, which was designed in 1959 by the modernist Swiss architect William Lescaze.

That building has been described as "rational, straight-forward... and neat as a pin." The new plans also share a clean, austere shape, but are "an affair of many layers, colors, textures and lights."

Holl drew inspiration from his first visit to Switzerland many years ago when he took a train ride through the mountains.

"I looked out the window at the white snow and the charcoal-colored stone peeping through," recalled Holl, "and even today, when someone says Switzerland, I have this feeling of charcoal and white."

Russli and Holl have planned for an "almost ice-like" effect on the north wall, with slate-grey, textured concrete sheathed in planks of glass. With other sleight of hand, the very simple lines combine "the dark with the light, the opaque with the transparent, the mysterious with the rational."

When viewed from above, the new residence reveals a flattened roof covered in self-sustaining green plants, and the whole shape has been configured in the shape of the well-known Swiss cross.

The scheduled date of completion is 1 August 2005, Switzerland's National Day and the 714<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Swiss Confederation's founding.<sup>208</sup>



#### *The Bachmann Tavern Revived*

In 2003, to fully celebrate the 250<sup>th</sup> birthday of Easton, Pennsylvania, the city reopened a building that was equally old, The Bachmann Publick House. Even after 13 different owners, many generations of wear and tear, checkered professions and slow deterioration, the

stone building had somehow managed to outlive every other colonial building there of equal vintage. Just prior to being condemned for demolition in 1984, the last owner had put it to work as a brothel.

Today, it ranks as one of America's oldest taverns; and all that has been certified at the National Register of Historic Places in Washington, D.C.

When the restoration was undertaken, a remarkable 80 percent of the original structure still stood with strength; and a half-million-dollar gift from Mrs. Sadie Stauffer allowed the roof and the floors to be made sound again. The Pennsylvania State Initiative Grant program contributed a further \$170,000.

Off came centuries of plaster, allowing the originally carved year and names of Jacob and Katrinna Bachmann to be revealed.

Thanks to the generosity of the Northampton County Bar Association, the room that served as the King's Court has been restored to its colonial era appearance.

After debating how best to invite the public back inside, the parent organization known as the Easton Heritage Alliance, dedicated it as a living history learning center. Tavern-style dining and refreshments came back to the bar and dining room, and unlike the hushed, "hands-off" philosophy of most museums, the interactive demonstrations and exhibits invited everyone to "Please touch."<sup>679</sup>

The following article by Jeff Schogol appeared on the Local & State section front of *The Express-Times* newspaper for Monday, 11 October 2004 in their Lehigh Valley edition. It described events that took place during the previous weekend, on Saturday, 9 October:

"BACHMANN KIN GIVES  
GIFT TO FORMER TAVERN

"A man related to the original owner of the oldest-standing building in Northampton County has donated an engraving of George Washington to the 1753 Bachmann Publick House, said Mary Gallaher of the Easton Heritage Alliance.

"J. Ross Baughman, who works for *The Washington Times* in Washington, D.C., presented the engraving at a ball Saturday evening, Gallaher said.

"The engraving was done in 1790 in London, said Easton Mayor Phil Mitman, who attended Saturday's ball.

"J. Michael Dowd, honorary chairman of the ball, said the engraving will be displayed in the Bachmann building, which in colonial times was the Bachmann Tavern.

"Where in the tavern is subject to discussion," Dowd said.

The engraving is worth an estimated \$5,000, Gallaher said.

"We were just overwhelmed. It was actually our first acquisition," she said.

Gallaher said Baughman's donation came as a surprise. She said Baughman had learned about the Bachmann Publick House through the Internet.

After talking to a staff member on the phone, he decided to stop by during Saturday's fund-raiser, she said.

"We're just thrilled and it is serendipitous that he found us, and he's happy to come back," Gallaher said.

Mitman said he expects Baughman to bring more 18<sup>th</sup> Century antiques to the Bachmann house.

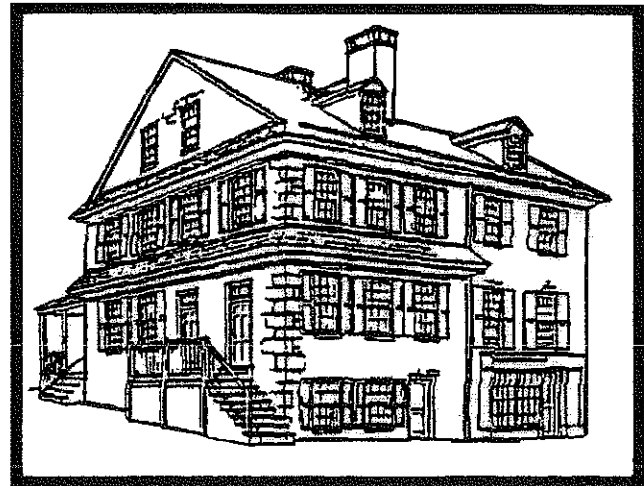
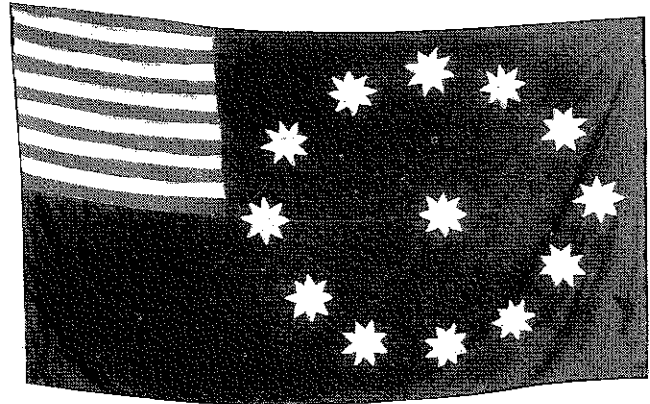
"He was very pleased with what he saw, and he's very pleased to be connected with it," said Mitman.

Baughman's family has its own family museum in Virginia and will donate family artifacts to the Bachmann Publick House, Gallaher said.

"His history will shed light on our history," she said.

The Bachmann building has great historical significance, Gallaher said. In the 18<sup>th</sup> Century, the Bachmann Tavern served as the only federal courthouse between New York and Philadelphia and was the site where 65 treaties with American Indian tribes were signed, she said.

Mitman led an effort in the 1990s to restore the



EASTON'S FLAG FROM 1776;  
THE BACHMANN PUBLICK HOUSE MADE INTO A MUSEUM

building, she said.

For two-and-a-half years, the Bachmann Publick House has been open as a living history museum where re-enactors showcase colonial skills such as weaving, sheep-shearing and cooking.

Gallaher said she hopes Baughman's donation is the beginning of a partnership.

"We hope to have him lecture and do a number of programs with us," she said.<sup>494</sup>

An accompanying photograph by Jim Middlekauff showed Mayor Phil Mitman along with Baughman during the presentation of the gift, both supporting the matte and frame large enough for the 22" x 31" engraving. The print was based on a painting by John Trumbull, Esquire, and was published by A.C. de Poggi of N<sup>o</sup>. 91 New Bond Street, London. Mitman and Baughman wore 18<sup>th</sup> Century-era clothing during the event, as did most guests at the Colonial Ball.

The Northampton County Council held its annual reorganization meeting by candlelight at the Bachmann Publick House in Easton on Monday, 3 January 2005. The meeting, in which J. Michael Dowd was re-elected as Council President, was followed by a tour of the house and explanations of the museum's growth since remodeling began in 1990.<sup>437</sup>

On Saturday, 19 February 2005, the following greeting was read to 50 visitors crowded into the Hearth Room of the Bachmann House.

"On behalf of the Swiss Government I would like to extend my congratulations on this day as you unveil the hundreds of heirlooms and artifacts from the Bachmann & Baughman Collection.

"While you celebrate what Swiss immigrants contributed to Northampton County, Pennsylvania, back in 1753, you also perform a wonderful service to history. I am very much looking forward to visiting your living history museum and thank you for strengthening public understanding of the pages in history we share. The Bachmann and Baughman family reunion that you have planned for July, when cousins from all across America will meet the Bachmanns from Lake Zürich, sounds very exciting.

"In the same spirit, we have planned for 2006 a nationwide program named "Discover Your Swiss Roots." Our goal is to motivate other Americans to accomplish what you are already achieving so well: to discover the cultural traditions of their ancestors and their homeland; and to get in touch with their Swiss relatives. We hope that you will join us in this effort.

"With best wishes to you and all your relatives  
 "THE CONSUL GENERAL OF SWITZERLAND  
 "Raymond Loretan  
 "Ambassador"



### *The Fate of Holman's Creek*

For 275 years, many of the lands first settled in America by the Bachmanns and Baughmans remained as open fields and deep forest, just as they had been found. The land along Virginia's western frontier, in the Shenandoah Valley north and south, stopped being farmland forever at the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century.

Dudley Rinker runs an apple orchard in Virginia that has been in his family for three generations, but he hopes that his two daughters won't want to keep it going.

His neighbors around Winchester in Frederick County have already begun to bulldoze their fruit trees and subdivide their farms. New houses are sprouting up all around him. In 1977, orchards amounted to 13,500 acres in his immediate vicinity. By 2000, it had dropped to 7,000. According to the Virginia Agricultural Statistics Service, half of all apple growers quit during the last quarter of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century.

A new housing subdivision in Botetourt County has the name Apple Tree Village because it sits on what used to be the Crumpacker Orchard, but no apple trees remain there.<sup>93</sup>

Just as the marginalized Swiss German immigrants of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century settled in the Shenandoah Valley, the fate of Holman's Creek has been taken up by recent immigrants once again, including a growing population of Hispanic fruit pickers who work hard for their money, and the organized criminal street gangs that don't.

They are attracted by jobs with Hardy of Virginia that don't require much of an education, much training thereafter, or anything like perfect fluency with English. The fast-food industry gave birth to poultry and beef farming on a corporate scale, and the recipe seems to require people to work without unions and at the lowest possible wages.

On the spot where Henry Baughman the immigrant built his Swiss barn back in the 1740's, the tell-tale bank of earth now supports a rude, two-story cinder block dormitory for the men who pick apples all around the Baughman family burial ground. In 2004, the Franwood Farms turkey coops on the south side of Holman's Creek folded to make way for tract houses and condominiums.

An old-fashioned covered bridge still straddles the North Fork of the Shenandoah at Meem's Bottom, one of the few remaining such wooden structures in all of Northern Virginia. Historic markers along the Old Valley Pike between Mt. Jackson and Edinburg point the way so that sight-seers can enjoy it. Enforcers for MS13, a gang from El Salvador, dragged a police informant there in 2003 for execution.

To underline their dominance, gang members spray-paint their initials and cryptic symbols on many bridges

and barns. This particular gang stays active in 31 states, according to an F.B.I. report, sprawling from Alaska to the Carolinas, as well as the loyalty of tens of thousands of members back in Central America. They have tried out every corner of criminal enterprise but specialize near Holman's Creek in the production of illegal intoxicants, particularly methamphetamine, also known as Crystal Meth or crank. <sup>97: 40</sup>

In the summer of 2004, the Shenandoah County sheriff's office teamed up with a task force of F.B.I. tactical units and agents from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. In the middle of the night, 130 of them started kicking down doors in Woodstock until they had arrested 47 members and supporters of MS13, including those who nearly decapitated the informant by the bridge, along with a half-million dollars of home-made meth.

Since then, however, the rest of the gang simply drifted south to Mt. Jackson, closer to Holman's Creek, where they have regrouped and resumed their former line of work. <sup>97: 43</sup>

A feud developed in Shenandoah County over half a lifetime between Blair Zirkle and the gentleman farmer next door, Gordon D. "Sonny" Bowman II, president of Bowman Apple Products, Inc. It seemed that Bowman had been damming up Holman's Creek to keep his own pond full, leaving the downstream cattle ranch kept by Zirkle often dry. Bowman didn't have any compunctions about pouring out chemical waste into the land which drained along the old creek bed.

Taking language from the federal Environmental Protection Agency, Blair Zirkle pursued an injunction order against Bowman to cease and desist.

Blair died on 9 August 2003, and that's when Bowman moved against the Zirkle's pride and joy, the Zirkle Family Mill which had stood near the center of Forestville since the French & Indian War.

The early overshot mill's existence finds documentation on 27 February 1784 when the construction of a public road was ordered to be built between Abraham Zirkle's Mill as far as Abraham Durst's property. It was likely built shortly after the first settlers filled out along the waters of Holman's Creek, around 1757. <sup>232: 326</sup>

Glen Hofecker was the carpenter who rehabilitated the Zirkle Mill and used it from 1980 through 1996. His resides in Franklin, West Virginia; phone (304) 358-7893

The following article by Christina Bellantoni appeared on the front of the local news section of *The Washington Times* on Friday, 10 December 2004.

VIRGINIA: HISTORIC MILL ON THE MOVE,  
RESIDENTS FIGHT TO KEEP IT  
FROM BECOMING 'ANOTHER PILE OF LUMBER'

"FORESTVILLE, Va. – Furniture maker Glen Hofecker holds us the gnarled stump of his index finger, his personal cost in restoring the town's centuries-old gristmill, which history lovers are fighting to preserve.

"I didn't do it for me. I didn't need this mill,' Mr. Hofecker says, clutching a yellowed newspaper clipping about his life's work. 'I did it for the people in Forestville and Shenandoah County and for history. This mill was there before this country was a country.'

"Mr. Hofecker and other residents are banding together to persuade the Frontier Culture Museum to abandon its plan to move the mill 50 miles south to re-created 1850s village tourist attraction in the spring. The state-run historical center in Staunton bought the mill this fall.

"Mr. Hofecker, 75, worries his work in restoring the old mill – in which he accidentally cut off part of his finger – will be wasted and that, in transport, the mill will be damaged beyond repair.

"It destroys all of my work and the history of the thing,' he says, choking back emotion. 'Moving it down there, it becomes nothing. It's not the mill anymore. It's just another pile of lumber.'

"The Zirkle Mill Foundation – a cross-generational group of farmers and preservationists – eyes keeping the mill in town and opening it as a community center.

"It's importance as a historic landmark cannot be overstated,' foundation President Bill Wine says.

"Lisa Zirkle's German immigrant ancestors built the mill... Her parents, both devoted historians, have showcased it to Zirkle descendants around the world.

"It's just so heartbreaking to see that all end,' Miss Zirkle says. 'The history can't die on our watch. As a Zirkle, if it leaves here, I haven't done my job.'

"To the residents of this 12-house, one-stop sign town, the mill is not just about the Zirkle family – it's about the history of the commonwealth.

"Maj. Gen. Philip Sheridan and his Union troops marched through Virginia in 1864, burning everything in sight. The mill's owner quickly flew a Union flag and greeted the troops warmly, even though he was Confederate sympathizer.

"It was the only mill left standing that day,' Miss Zirkle says.

"The mill's salvation has been the subject of many historical works, including best seller 'The Burning.'

"Foundation board member Leslie Meaux says preserving the mill will honor the town.

"If they move it, it will have little historic significance, if at all,' she says. 'You are pulling apart the fabric of Forestville and the heart and soul of the Zirkles.'

"Foundation members lament that the mill is no longer in their hands.

"Mr. Hofecker, who bought and restored the mill in the early 1980s, auctioned it in 1996 to local business owner Sonny Bowman. This year, Mr. Bowman rejected

the foundation's offer of \$230,000 to buy back the entire property and instead accepted the museum's offer of about \$100,000 for just the mill.

"Mr. Bowman did not return calls to his office. An assistant for Mr. Bowman said he does not give telephone interviews and that he was too busy for an in-person interview.

"Museum Executive Director John Avoli says the mill will be the focal point for a re-created 1850s village that will triple the size of the museum.

"It's a wonderful preserved mill,' says Mr. Avoli, who is also mayor of Staunton. 'It's pretty stable at this point.'

"Mr. Avoli says he is not concerned the mill could be damaged in the move because preservationists and historians would take pains to treat it with 'tender loving care.'

"The entire project will cost about \$1.2 million, with about \$1 million coming from private donations and not from tax dollars, Mr. Avoli says.

"The mill, which is on state and federal historic registers, will lose its status on those lists if it is moved, said Kathleen Kilpatrick, Virginia's historic preservation officer.

"Historic buildings are more than old objects of artistic worth,' she said in a letter to Mr. Avoli that discouraged moving the mill.

"Foundation members say they will keep trying to persuade the museum to change its plans. One proposal is to keep the mill in Forestville and operate it as a satellite site of the museum.

"If foundation members fail, they envision holding many community rallies or perhaps even forming a human chain around the mill to stop trucks from carting it away.

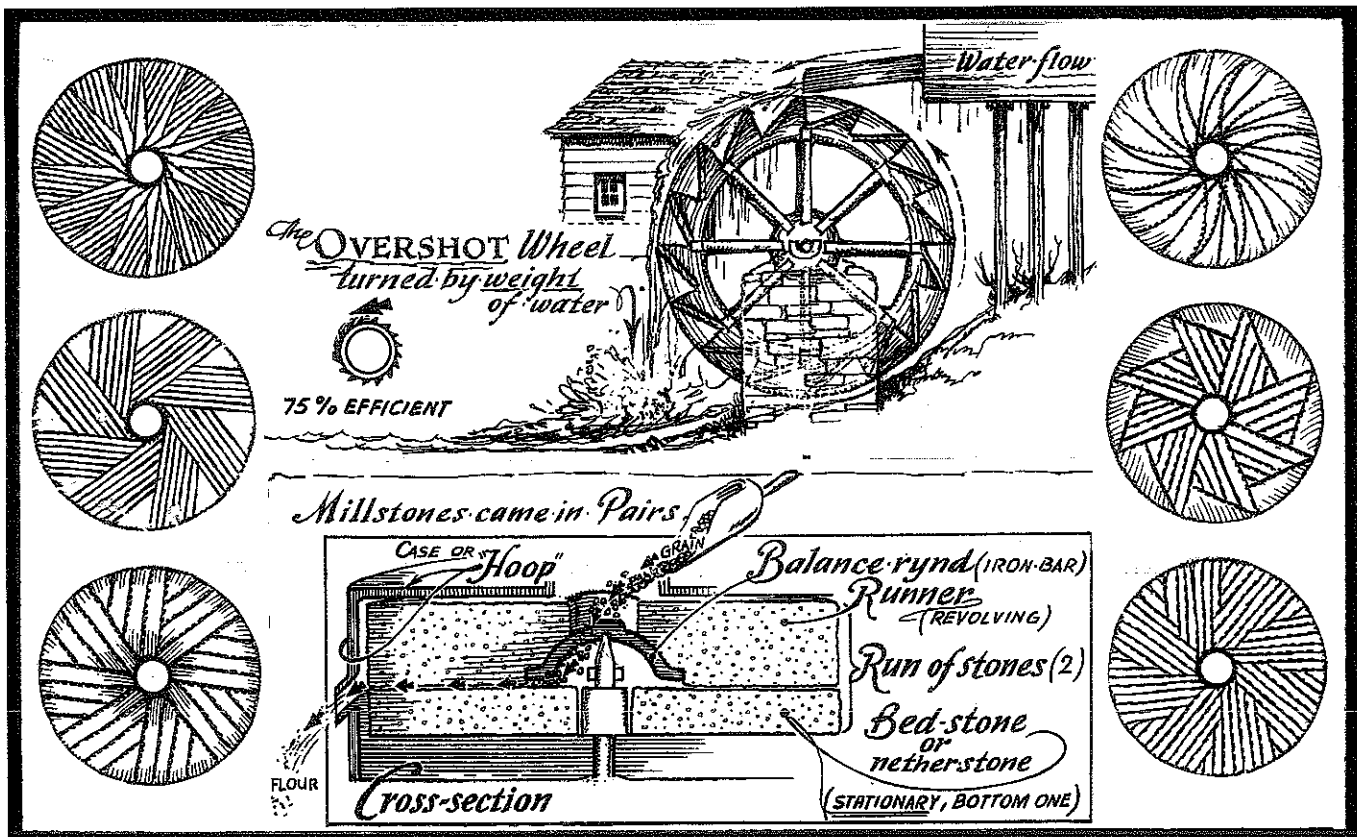
"We're not giving up,' Donna Haldane says. 'Until the last nail is removed and gone, we will not give up.'"

Three photographs at the top of the story by staff photographer Rodney Lamkey Jr. matched these captions:

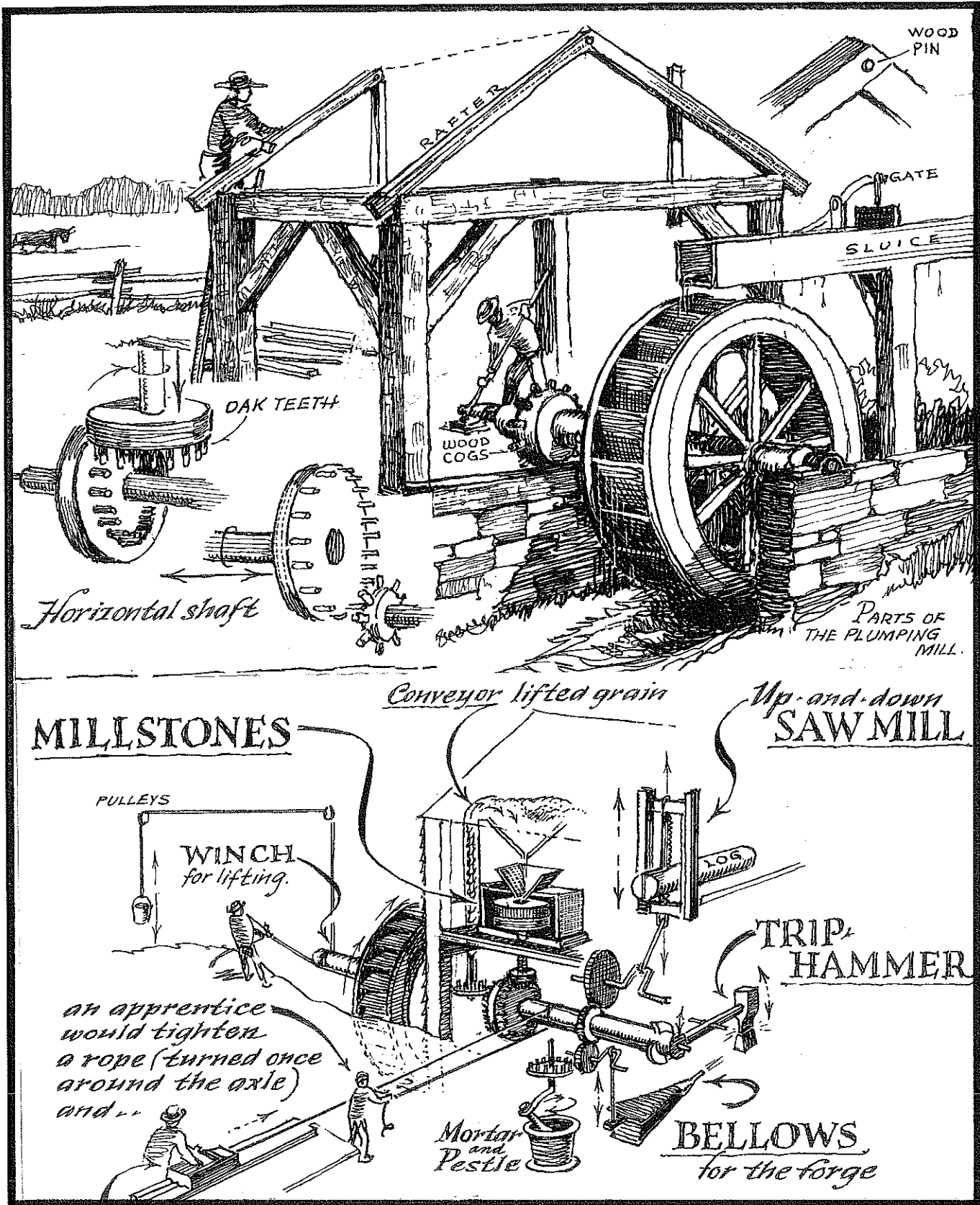
"After losing part of his finger in restoration work on the mill for Forestville and the sake of 'history,' Glen Hofecker is fighting to keep it in its current site."

"The center of a wheel is seen from a centuries-old grist mill."

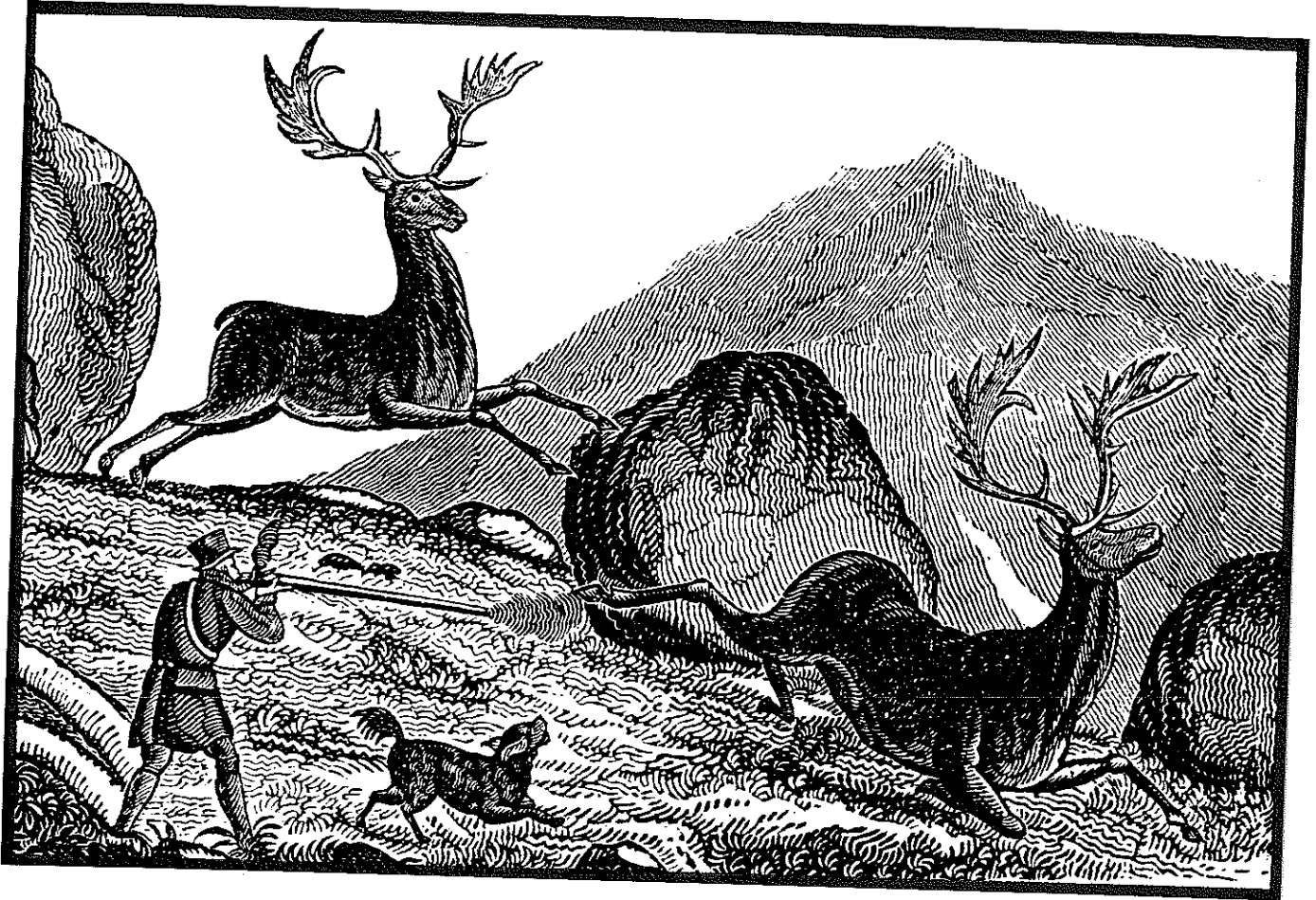
"Plans to relocate a Forestville mill to a recreated 1850s village are being fought."



THE HISTORY, SCIENCE AND AESTHETICS OF AN OLD MILL  
 DEPICTED BY ERIC SLOANE



THE INNER WORKINGS OF A MILL  
DEPICTED BY ERIC SLOANE



HUNTING FOR ELK AND OTHER BIG GAME NEAR THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER  
FROM AN EARLY EDITION OF DAVY CROCKETT'S *ALMANAC*, CIRCA 1835





IN 1827, THE SECOND SUBSCRIBER TO JOHN JAMES Audubon's *The Birds of America* was Princess Adelheid of Saxe-Meiningen, also known as Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Clarence, the wife of the man who three years later became Britain's King William IV.

It seems that she purchased the portfolio with her own money, and so when John Bachman sent the last of the engravings in 1838, a year after her husband's death, there was no question but that the pictures would travel with her back to Germany, and that she would be free to bequeath the portfolio to her brother, Duke Bernhard II.

The collection appeared in his official library, passed on to his son and namesake, but then it disappeared from all notice for a century.

When the Russian army overran the eastern German state of Thuringia at the end of World War II, the hereditary prince of Saxe-Meiningen ended up in a Siberian prison camp and died there in 1946. His 140,000-volume library had been crated up and hidden in a cave beneath the family castle at Elisabethenburg during the war; and the Audubon prints were in one of those boxes.

The Soviet secret police ordered the entire library, and 16 others scattered around Germany, to be shipped to Moscow. The books would repay – so the Russians argued – a mere fraction of the war debt that Germany owed to them.

With only one or two nights before the transfer was to have taken place, a few members of the library staff sneaked in and retrieved a handful of the more important items, including the bird prints.

"If they had been caught, they would have paid with their lives," said Wolf von Trotha, trustee of the family's art collection.

During the 1950s, the East German authorities heard about the portfolio through informants, and confiscated them. The set disappeared for another 30 years, but when the Iron Curtain fell, the house of Saxe-Meiningen got that small part of their old library back.

In 2004, some 19 members of the noble German family, ranging in age from 18 to 79, decided to put 424 of the hand-colored Audubon engravings up for sale with the Christie's auction house. After 177 years, the prints journeyed full circle, coming back to New York where Audubon had lived and worked on so many of them.

The pristine set had remained all that time in nearly continual darkness, had never been bound, and therefore still showed its hand-applied colors in vibrant condition. Sadly, however, the portfolio had become incomplete from the subtraction of 11 prints. It has been estimated

that only 200 original clients subscribed to the complete set; and so far only 120 sets have been identified.<sup>398</sup>

A large number of new bidders attended the auction on Friday, 25 June 2004 in Christie's gallery at 25 Rockefeller Plaza in the heart of Manhattan.

The print of Bachman's Warbler, plate 185, sold for \$7,768, although one entitled Bachman's Finch could not raise any interest and so was withdrawn, just like some 106 other Audubon plates from the set that remained unsold. The Turkey Buzzard, plate 151, fetched only \$5,019. The vulture depicted on plate 426 brought \$13,145. The print of seven playful Carolina Parrots raised a world auction record of \$119,500 for that image alone. A vibrant flamingo, plate 431, set the highest price at \$197,900, another world record. The resulting total of \$5,744,158 ranked as a world record for any Audubon set.

The current Prince of Saxe-Meiningen wrote an open letter for the sale's catalog conveying his best wishes:

"While we have upheld our responsibilities as owner and conservators of art collections, we now participate in the partial dissolution of one collection so that new collections may flourish. With the end of one history, another begins. Loss and gain mingle in peculiar ways; decline and growth are intertwined. It is not the setting of the Old World but the rising of the New."<sup>393: 9</sup>



### *Personality and Its Genetic Origins*

Out of the Max Planck Institute for Ornithology in Germany and the University of Texas in Dallas, a far-flung alliance of Dutch scientists undertook the most extensive testing ever for how genes form personality.

Can DNA control why some individuals are shy and others bold?

They devised hundreds of experiments and tested them upon thousands of individuals.

One day they hope to expand their findings with human beings,<sup>334</sup> but in the early 21<sup>st</sup> Century, they proved their hypothesis by studying birds.

The Dutch researchers also found that certain landmark personality-types each coincide with a cluster of linked qualities.

"Certain traits tend to go together," said Dr. Samuel Gosling, a psychologist at the University of Texas. "It needn't always be that way, but that's how it tends to be."

Individuals who don't demonstrate much energetic physical activity are also seldom interested in communicating, and this was particularly so with one of the European variants of a singing chickadees known as

*Parus major.*

Once identified by a unique serial number, DNA and a tiny transmitter, the birds proved remarkably consistent, keeping personalities that remained stable across years of study.

In one test, the scientists placed a strange object near a favorite food of the birds. Some birds were quick to approach while others hesitated to get near.

In another test, the researchers opened the cages of the birds so that they could enter a large room filled with artificial trees. Some birds ventured forth while others chose to remain in their cages.

A third experiment allowed the birds to eat a favorite meal, but then startled them by lifting a large, nearby metal plate. All birds flew away at first, but some of them returned much more quickly than others.

Birds with markedly similar scores were caged together, and in just four generations, researchers were able to breed strains of birds that stood out for their

boldness or shyness.

Dr. Kees van Oers of the Planck Institute has narrowed the number of bird genes that are keyed by personality to about ten, including one sited at DRD4. The analogous site in human DNA seems to influence how much people seek out new experiences.

If boldness were always an advantage, then shy birds should have died out many generations ago. Instead, it seems that gender and the abundance of food play an important interlocking influence.

During seasons of plenty, shy males thrive more than bold ones, while the opposite is true of females. During lean years, bold males are more likely to survive, as will shy females.

However, over the course of several years, birds with intermediate personalities have more success at bearing young. The far ends of personality persist in order to get the group through both extremely good times and bad times.<sup>650</sup>

AGREEABLENESS	EXTROVERTISM	NEUROTICISM	CONSCIENTIOUSNESS	OPENNESS
<i>One's attitude towards others</i>	<i>Energy and enthusiasm with others</i>	<i>Emotional reactions to pressure and stress</i>	<i>Persistence and order while pursuing goals</i>	<i>Degrees of curiosity and interest in culture</i>
Trusting, Honest, Altruistic, Cooperative, Modest, Sympathetic	Sociable, Assertive, Energetic, Excited	Anxious, Irritable, Depressed, Self-Conscious, Moody, Stressed	Efficient, Driven, Careful, Self-Disciplined	Imaginative, Creative, Broad-minded, Intelligent, Unconventional



*The Rewards of Watching Birds*

Melbourne Baughman dedicated his 1989 book *The Birder's Journal* to his teacher and mentor, Oleta Becker, "who taught me to see the fossils in the rocks, and to know the shape of an arrowhead lying among the shards of an ancient people; who showed me the sanctuary of the wilderness and the perfection of all the creatures in it..."<sup>70: v</sup>

"Bird watching... is often physically demanding, and most rewarding of all, it is always mental. The more library and study time invested, the more rewarding will be your time afield. And it is even more enjoyable when you can share your passion with those of equal passion because that wonderful formula of scholarship plus sweat plus society equals life itself."<sup>70: ix</sup>

"I was seven when I discovered an ovenbird nest directly below one of the sunporch windows of my family's house in Forest Hills Gardens, Long Island [New York]. I looked up my discovery in the National Geographic Society's old, two-volume *Book of Birds*. I was thrilled by an editorial implication that even children

could make contributions to science, for the essence of intellectual discipline is mere curiosity."<sup>70: 324</sup>

"Deer hunting provides ample opportunity to watch as well as to see. While sitting a dozen or more feet up a tree, I observed a surprising variety of birds... Sometimes we get so involved watching birds, we forget what we're supposed to be doing. Or, perhaps, deer hunting is only an excuse we sometimes give for watching birds.

"Once while sitting in new-fallen snow on the side of a Pennsylvania mountain, I was joined by a pileated woodpecker in a tree just down the steep slope so the bird was near my eye level. The woodpecker immediately began excavating rotted wood. Its vigorous activity was fascinatingly noisy, I never saw the deer that walked by less than ten steps away and whose tracks I discovered only after I got up to go back to the cabin at midmorning..."<sup>70: 225</sup>

In January 1969, Mel Baughman served as one of the negotiators on behalf of the U.S. government to end the war in Vietnam.

"I had to be at the American Embassy each morning before dawn, and I often stayed until nine at night. Many

days passed without my seeing even the light of day, much less taking a walk in a park. I missed seeing birds, and was pleased one Sunday afternoon to spy a familiar winter wren in the shrubbery in front of the UNESCO building. Wanting to know its French name, I asked a friend who told me 'troglodyte.' I was puzzled. Troglodyte means 'cave dweller' in Greek, and the term is usually applied to primitive people living in caves.

Baughman then related a folk tale, claiming that no other birds live so familiarly with rural man than wrens.

"One [story] dating back to at least Roman times concerns a contest between the birds to select a ruler. The species able to ascend the highest would win. The eagle soared far above his competitors and was about to scream his victory when a series of triumphant trills came from a tiny wren perched on the eagle's back." 70: 284

Mel described one of his annual trips with Paul Wirth to watch birds in Alaska, an adventure masterminded by another of his companions, George Reiger.

An incident with Harlequin ducks (*Histrionicus histrionicus*) along a vertical cliff on that trip changed Baughman's future with birds.

"It was Thanksgiving Day and the cold, emerald water of Kachimak Bay moved around the rocky point in slow, powerful surges... We had set down our gear once again and had just nestled into the rocky nooks on the lee side when I saw them.

"'Ducks... Harlequins!..' I sheared the words through clenched teeth in an effort to contain my excitement and muffle the sound...

"I asked Paul to hand me my field guide so I could jot the date and a quick note in the margin beside the harlequin illustration. I had placed the guide on a rock between us, but it was gone. And gone with it were the eight years of notes that triggered priceless memories when I thumbed through the book during those quiet, late evening hours in my study. It probably slipped off the icy rocks and was churned into the tide by the waves.

"I resolved to purchase a diary when I returned from that Alaska trip. A book which would preserve the record of my first sighting, and which would never leave the safety of home. The book I had in mind was not available, so I called upon George Reiger and Nell Fronabarger to help me..." 70: ix

And that was how he began a new career as a field research expert and eventual author and editor for the book division of The National Geographic Society.

In many personal and argumentative notes in his book, Mel Baughman developed his philosophy towards all of nature and birds in particular.

"In 1987, in a 30-million-year-old sandstone formation near Charleston, South Carolina, a fossil seabird was excavated with a wingspan of more than 18 feet. The specimen was a pseudodontorn, member of a Family that lived between 50 million and 5 million years ago. In life, it had weighed about 90 pounds, making it 70

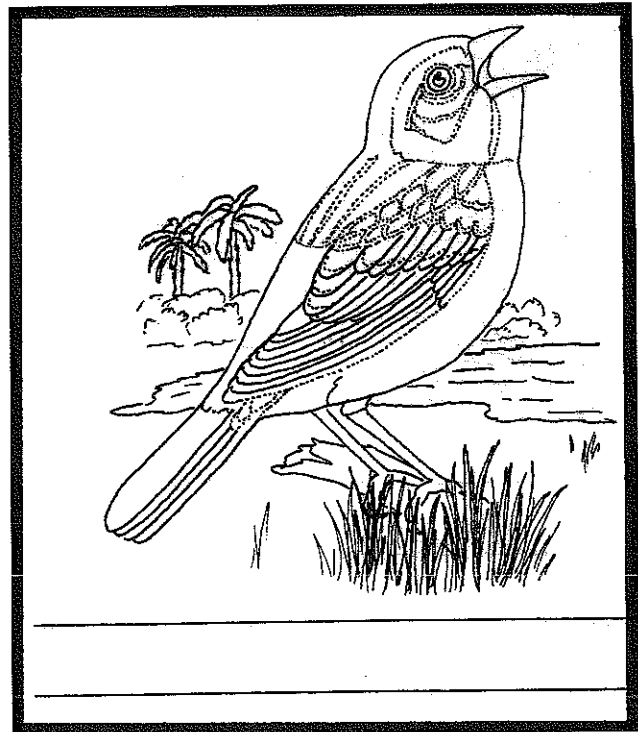
pounds heavier and seven feet broader than even the largest modern albatross...

"Pseudodontorns were more like pelicans... with hinged jaws that allowed pouches to hold food for their young. [They are] ancient relatives of the brown pelicans which still nest along South Carolina's barrier coast not far from where their 30-million-year-old ancestor was found.

"The brown pelican has made a dramatic comeback since the banning of DDT [a highly lethal pesticide]... Unfortunately, a small, but consistent toll... is taken by interior hunters who mistake white pelicans for snow geese and by coastal fishermen who think it funny to rig fish-on-board death-traps to break the necks of diving birds." 70: 31

"Research in recent years has confirmed what naturalists have known for over a century: turkey vultures, at least, have a superb sense of smell. Yet so reluctant are some authorities to give credence to the idea that any bird has a sense of smell, most modern references insist the reason the black vulture is less effective at finding food than the turkey vulture is because the black species is 'less efficient at spotting carrion' – rather than admit it may have an inferior capacity to *smell* the food." 70: 153

Mel Baughman chose warblers and sparrows (*Emberizidae*) – of which John Bachman was so fond – as the single most important Family of birds in North America. That Family, which includes cardinals, towhees, longspurs and snow buntings, contains all of the bright



BACHMAN'S SPARROW

*AIMOPHILIA AESTIVALIS* AS DEPICTED BY NELL E. FRONABARGER

colorful birds who migrate annually from temperate woodland to equatorial rain forests.

“The huge size of this Family results from several scientific reclassifications over the past half century... Although taxonomic lumpers have temporarily triumphed over the splitters, scientific classification seems to be as subject to pendulum swings of opinion as any other form of intellectual activity. Speaking as an interested bystander, I’d like to see blackbirds and orioles separated from warblers, for the only characteristic they seem to have in common is an inclination to return each fall toward the land of their ancestors. Only the bobolink among blackbirds still makes the incredible journey each year between southern Canada and northern Argentina.”<sup>70: 324</sup>

Mel Baughman, currently residing in Alexandria, Virginia, had not up until this conversation been aware that he was descended from the Swiss; or that his own surname derived from Bachmann. He hadn’t any familiarity with – or even awareness of – John Bachman as a historic figure and key partner to Audubon; let alone that he and John shared several opinions within the field of American ornithology.



One of the oldest preoccupations of humanity has been the habit of inventing names. The account of Adam written in the book of *Genesis* describes it as his first work. While teaming up with Audubon, John Bachman took his greatest satisfaction in being the first to find and name new species of birds and animals.

The 270-year-old Linnaean naming system consecrated his efforts with the formal title *Helinaia Bachmanii* for describing Bachman’s Swamp Warbler,<sup>510:</sup><sup>105</sup> or *Lepus Bachmani*, more commonly known as Bachman’s Rabbit,<sup>510: 161</sup> along with another two dozen creatures.

But all this may soon change if proponents of Phylo-Code win their reforms. They seek ways of reflecting evolution and ancestry with each syllable of a specie’s name. The old notions of phylum and family would be officially discarded, and every living thing would be given a new name, including Bachman’s discoveries.<sup>603</sup>



In the Spring of 2005, the city of Charleston, South Carolina, woke up a controversy that would have seemed very familiar to John Bachman in his old home town: To what degree can the science woven into the theory of evolution be reconciled with the account of creation put forward in *Genesis*?

The Charleston Imax Theater, which happens to be next door to the Charleston Aquarium, specializes in

projecting large-screen films that spotlight dazzling natural history.

One such film entitled *Volcanoes of the Deep Sea* was offered with sponsorship from the National Science Foundation and Rutgers University. Its producer was James Cameron, who won the directing and best picture Oscars for *Titanic*. Problems arose when part of the *Volcanoes* film lingered on undersea thermal jets and the wondrous life forms that seem to thrive in its pitch-black, sulphurous, boiling environment. The film’s soundtrack raised the question that life on earth may have begun at such vents.

A survey of early audience members in Texas suggested that “some people said it was blasphemous.” That gave the Charleston Imax Theater management cold feet. They decided not to show *Volcanoes* in Charleston, and they are the only movie screen in the area capable of projecting the oversized print.

“We have definitely a lot more Creation public than Evolution public,” said Lisa Buzelli, director of the commercially positioned theater. “But being in the Bible Belt, the movie does have a lot to do with evolution, and we weigh that carefully.”<sup>162</sup>



### Disappearing Wildlife

A mysterious, fatal illness dropped a herd of elk in March 2004 so large that it spanned eight states.<sup>194</sup> About 800 of them normally winter near the Continental Divide west of Cheyenne, Wyoming, out of the statewide population of 100,000. On just one snowy plain, 300 had dropped to the ground, dazed, dehydrated and unable to move.

“Elks are generally pretty hardy animals,” said Joe Nemick, a wildlife management coordinator with the Wyoming Game and Fish Department.<sup>515</sup> A state veterinarian examined their intestines and found the cause: toxic but naturally occurring acids that built up in lichen plants, some of their favorite grazing treats.<sup>514</sup>

This has not been the only and by any means most deadly threat to elks. In North America, elks disappeared with the march of Europeans from the eastern seaboard to the west. The very name itself recalled highland landmarks in 18<sup>th</sup> Century Pennsylvania (with Elk County overlapping the Allegheny National Forest), as well as the colonies of Maryland (with Elk Ridge, Elk Mills and Elkton), Virginia (in the Shenandoah Valley’s Elkton; and in the western parts with an Elk Forest, Elkview and Elkin) and North Carolina (with Banner Elk, Elk River, Elk Knob and another Elkin.) The diary of a Dr. Thomas Walker who traveled in July 1750 past Fort Baughman on the Greenbrier River in western Virginia described mountains rich in wildlife, including their successful hunts

for 8 elk, 13 buffalo, 20 deer, 53 bear and 150 turkeys.

"We might have killed three times as much meat if we had wanted it," wrote Dr. Walker.<sup>719: 4</sup>

The speed and thorough deadliness of hunters erased the elk from making any lasting place names in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, South Carolina, Tennessee or Missouri. By the late 20<sup>th</sup> Century, there were no more elk in any of these places.

Eastern elk were re-introduced into the wild at the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century from a laboratory colony in Kentucky that had been mixed for diversity's sake with a few others from Canada. Unfortunately, a far more devastating threat awaited them upon return. The elk contracted Chronic Wasting Disease, a transmissible spongiform encephalopathy, seen for the first time back in 1960 among captive animals. Recent testing shows that it is related to a disease that could cross over into domesticated livestock.<sup>497: 193</sup>

"Once you have this organism in a location, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to get rid of it," said David Cobb, North Carolina's chief of wildlife management. His office feared that three suspected animals that had been part of the seeding program at the Great Smoky Mountains National Park would have to be destroyed immediately, as well as their whole herd, along with any surrounding herds that could have come into contact with them.<sup>518</sup>



In early December 2003, the vice-president of the United States Richard B. Cheney wanted to hunt ring-necked pheasants, and so journeyed with nine of his friends to southern Pennsylvania. It was his second time to head for one favorite spot in particular. At the exclusive Rolling Rock Club, his party managed to shoot 400 out of 500 birds in one morning. The vice-president bagged 70 himself.

They knew about the hundred that got away because that's how many were released from nets just before the shooting began. Because their quarry had been born and raised in pens, they weren't much of a challenge to find or hit.

The concept of canned hunts appeals to a hunter wanting a maximum count as quickly as possible.

"This can only be called a shooting-gallery operation," argued a vice-president from the Humane Society of the United States. "Hunting is supposed to involve some opportunity for the animal to evade the hunter. Hunting in this setting is reduced to mass killing."

"I don't see anything terribly wrong with it, but I don't think it should be confused with hunting," said Sid Evans, the editor-in-chief of *Field & Stream*, one of the long-standing favorite magazines of outdoor enthusiasts.

That same afternoon, the vice-president switched to shooting mallard ducks. He had no interest in eating the

birds himself. Instead, he donated them all to charity.<sup>100</sup>



### *When the Cows Went Mad*

When a cow in the Alps gets into trouble, the Swiss will stop at nothing to rescue it, often with as much passion as if member of their own families had fallen into danger.

REGA, the Swiss non-profit Air Rescue organization offers medical assistance to injured cows, offering airlifts from a sling strapped beneath one of their helicopters. Because the Alpine terrain and choice of pathways can be so difficult to negotiate, REGA will even retrieve dead bulls or cows.

The same organization also gives aid to human accident victims who become stranded high in the mountains.<sup>206</sup>

It comes as no surprise then how the Swiss responded to a plague called Mad Cow disease when it reached their herds in the early 21<sup>st</sup> Century.

The British slaughtered every cow and bull on the island and dumped them on apocalyptic funeral pyres. The White House, afraid of shaking the world's confidence in American beef, did nothing but claim that there was no problem.

The Swiss found a solution to the problem with bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE), both with their expertise in pharmacology and testing; but just as importantly through their long culture as humane and loving herdsman.

The strange disease had first caught farmers' attention in Europe during the 1730s. The first stage made sheep "appear much wilder than usual, when his Master or Shepherd, as well as a Stranger, approaches him. He bounces up suddenly from his Laire, and runs to a Distance, as though he were pursued by Dogs, &c...." reported a British pastor in 1772.

"In the second Stage of the Distemper, the principal Symptom of the Sheep is his rubbing himself against Trees, Posts, &c. with such Fury as to pull off his Wool and tear away his Flesh.

"The distressed Animal has now a violent Itching in his Skin... but it does not appear that there is ever any cutaneous Eruption..."<sup>497: 5</sup>

"The poor Animal, as condemned by Nature, appears stupid, separates from the Flock, walks irregularly, [giving rise to the name of Rickets] generally lies, and eats little. Theses Symptoms increase in Degree till Death..."<sup>497: 6</sup>

German-speaking farmers named it *Traberkrankheit*, literally the "trotting sickness," after the dizzy, syncopated walk seen in the earliest stages. It also took the folk-name Scrapies, because of all the tortured scraping of the hide.<sup>497: 9</sup>

“When an animal is stricken,” noted a later observer, “it sits like a dog and energetically rubs the hind portions of its legs against the ground... The sick seem bewildered and have a wild look in their eyes... [or] are sometimes immobile, head high, ears alert, gaze fixed, as though they were hearing a distant noise. Then they suddenly jump and wildly make to flee an imaginary threat...”<sup>497: 7</sup>

“Their bleating is altered: indistinct, tremulous and weak... Then lack of coordination in movement is seen... it stumbles with every step... staggers as though drunk, and prefers to remain lying in a corner... its body gently swaying as though it were trying to keep its balance on a moving platform...”<sup>497: 8</sup>

In 1759, a German writer proposed that the disease could infect the rest of a herd or flock. If a farmer discovered one of his flock to be suffering, he should remove it immediately, slaughter it and use the meat only for feeding his servants.<sup>497: 10</sup>

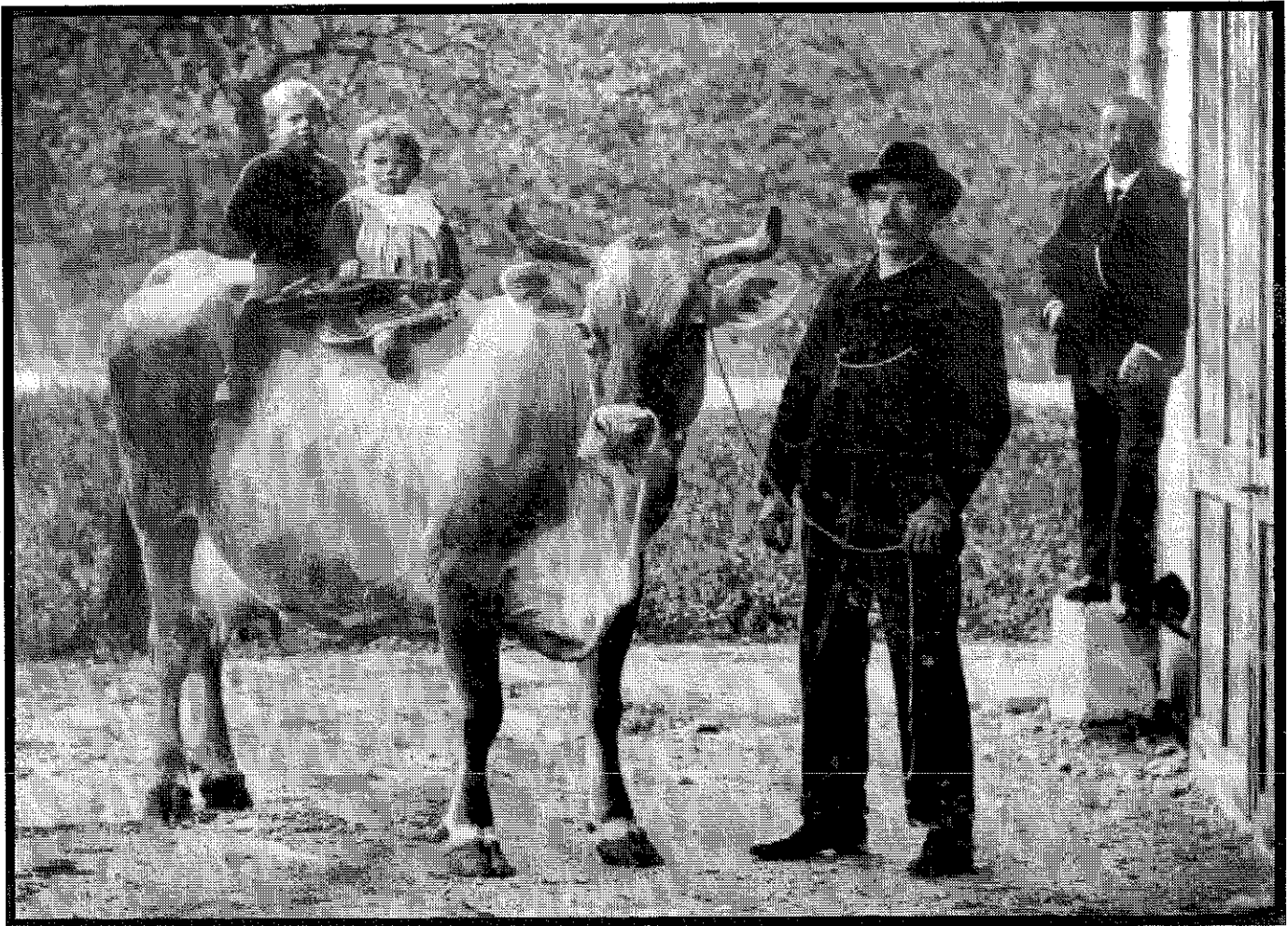
The human strain of the disease came to the attention of a German doctor Hans Gerhard Creutzfeldt in 1913. A

young woman exhibited all of the same symptoms as the farm livestock.

She had trouble walking, and refused to eat or wash. There were tremors of the face and sudden, uncontrollable arm movements. Her ability to understand slowed, although she would frequently make sudden grimaces and mechanical fits of laughter. Within ten weeks, she had seizures resembling epilepsy, and her facial expressions became fixed. Death followed soon thereafter. An autopsy revealed extensive and unusual brain lesions, and death of the gray matter throughout.<sup>497: 32</sup>

Creutzfeldt’s 1920 paper on neurological disease received little attention until Alfons Jakob, a Hamburg specialist in syphilis, turned up more patients with the same slow deterioration.<sup>497: 33</sup>

The direct cause of BSE turned out not to be a bacteria or virus, but rather a peculiar protein wherein its most elemental structures, called prions, had mutated into a folded shape. Individuals showing symptoms of the disease often had offspring who inherited the same malformed proteins.<sup>497: 98</sup> In December 2000, a research



THE BACHMANN FAMILY COW IN RICHTERSWIL, CANTON ZÜRICH, CIRCA 1905.  
THROUGHOUT A LONG & HEALTHY LIFE, SHE ACCOMMODATED YOUNG HANS JAKOB AND BROTHER PAUL

team in Zürich identified a plasminogen, a blood protein, that bonded to the affected prions in test mice. <sup>497: 183</sup>

Specifically, the position-129 amino acid became the marker for BSE as it passed from one generation to the next. <sup>497: 171</sup> Other proteins that prove similarly fatal cause diphtheria, botulism and anthrax. <sup>497: 104</sup>

The main source of transmission became much more common around industrial-scale slaughterhouses. The desire to fatten animals quickly meant imposing protein in the form of bone meal into the diet of ruminant vegetarians. Ground up brains and spinal cords, even from the sickened animals, became one more source of protein to feed them. <sup>497: 98</sup>

By the end of 2000, Britain lost 200,000 cattle to the epidemic; 500 each in Ireland and Portugal; 400 in Switzerland; and under 200 in France.

In an age of largely deregulated international trade, the world held its breath wondering when an outbreak would reach across the ocean. <sup>497: 151</sup>

In Europe, clusters of human deaths surrounded meat shops that used traditional butchering techniques. Any workers who rendered the skulls of brains and spinal cords unknowingly contaminated their tools and spread the prions to all of the cuts of meat that they touched for the rest of their work day.

By the year 2000, 82 people had died from it in Britain, with three more in France and one in Ireland. Fifteen more died by the end of 2001. <sup>497: 195</sup>

Two days before Christmas in 2004, tests confirmed that a 6-year-old dairy cow, which had already been ground into hamburger, had been infected with BSE at the time.

The infected cow had entered the U.S. as a two-year-old from Canada, but now both countries risked a total quarantine of their beef exports. In an attempt to instill international confidence and reassure American consumers, the U.S. Department of Agriculture recalled 10,000 pounds of ground beef and banned the slaughter of any cattle too sick or injured to walk.

The confirmed Mad Cow had been born a few months before a ban went into effect in North America on feeding cattle with the pulverized remains of their kin. <sup>550</sup>



According to Markus Moser, the chief executive officer of the Swiss-based firm Prionics, his pharmaceutical company has been the first to offer two different tests for Mad Cow disease.

One known as ELISA works substantially like all of the other methods used world-wide for detecting BSE. In that sense he is a direct competitor to the Idexx Laboratories of Maine, the Enfer Scientific Company of Ireland and Bio-Rad of California who also produce the quick and cheap test. America's Agriculture Department (USDA) uses only the Bio-Rad version. Only 20,000 of

the 35 million cattle slaughtered in the U.S. each year are tested for BSE.

Unfortunately, the ELISA test also gives false positive indications of disease, something that the commercial beef industry has been loathe to use widely. Word of "inclusive" tests in June 2004 caused a scare amongst consumers that drove down demand and prices for beef in the United States.

"Look at what the stock market did just on the announcement of those [possible] positives," observed Moser. Cattle futures on the Chicago mercantile exchange lost more in one day than they had in six months.

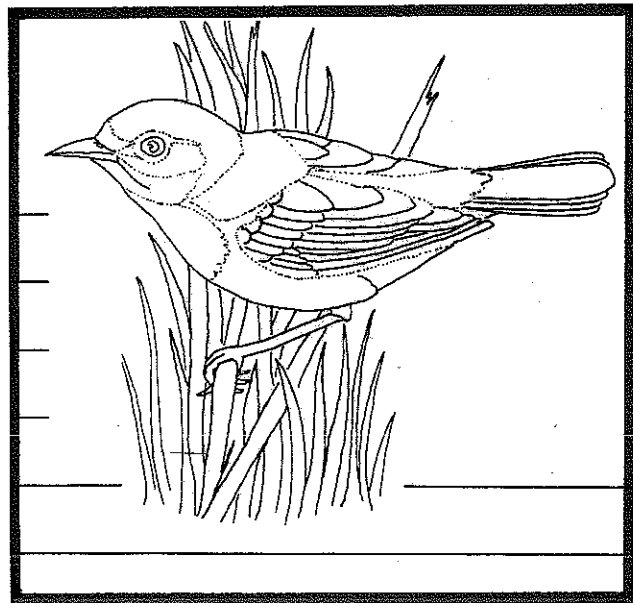
That was precisely why Prionics developed a second, far superior method known as the Western-blot test. The USDA evaluated, approved and acknowledged the superiority of the Western-blot back in 1998, but as of 2005, still refused to adopt it as their standard.

More than 18 million tests using the improved Prionics method have been performed without a single false positive. That caused the European Union, Canada and Australia to adopt it immediately. <sup>222</sup>



### Possibilities of Extinction

Gorgeous parrots and parakeets fluttered from the pens of early artists in eastern Pennsylvania whenever neighbors asked to liven up a birth register or marriage certificate. Even though the striking colors on these *fraktur* are unlike anything seen today, they were not imaginary. Audubon found enough of them to fill a delightful page in his *Birds of America*, but unfortunately



BACHMAN'S WARBLER

*VERMIVORA BACHMANII* AS DEPICTED BY NELL E. FRONABARGER

no more of the Carolina Parrots are alive in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century.

Likewise, the Reverend John Bachman so enjoyed the sight of a bright yellow song bird that Audubon, his partner, named the little warbler after him.

The species filled its range from Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas, but between 1886 to 1915, Bachman's Warblers had the bad luck of colliding with lighthouses, being squeezed out of their natural habitat, and in becoming fashionable, especially for the hats of fashionable ladies. Collectors alone shot 192 of the warblers in the first six years of that period.<sup>711</sup>

The last confirmed sighting by the Audubon Society occurred in South Carolina during 1961, and the federal government agreed to list it as officially Endangered in 1973.<sup>655</sup> Newer sightings recorded with the World Wildlife Fund mentioned one bird in 1977 near Melbourne, Florida, and finally another during August 1988 in Louisiana.

"Based on these records," reported a technical draft from the WWF, "it is widely believed that Bachman's Warbler is either extinct or on the verge of extinction."<sup>651</sup>



In the early 1980s, the Museum of Natural History at Louisiana State University began an ambitious program to freeze a modern ark of genetic samples of wildlife. Today they have sample tissues taken from 37,000 birds, 15,000 reptiles and a smattering of mammals and fish.

Before that, explained the museum's director Dr. Mark Haffner, the biologists just shot them, skinned them, stuffed them and mounted them.

"A lot of us joked they were saving the wrapper, throwing away the gift," recalled Haffner. "They've lost the DNA, the organs, a lot of the information."

Based on the success in Louisiana, the Museum of Natural History in New York City hopes to catalog an even broader survey of 70,000 tissue samples from everything between insects up to whales. In May of 2001, the National Air and Space Administration added their grant to the \$1 million required in seed money. The 2,000 square-foot underground laboratory will help NASA as "a source of information on the evolution of life on this planet, and thus a potential source for insight on the nature and evolution of life if they encounter it elsewhere."<sup>125</sup>



### Mighty Oaks in Danger

"The Liberty Tree is Dying. That's what conservation agents say, anyway. One good look would tell you well enough that Taney County's oldest known burr oak tree is not thriving. It's sickly indeed.

"The mighty oak was root-locked by Branson's progressive seawall project which poured a skirt of concrete around the shore of Lake Taneycomo binding the oak's roots and hampering any growth it might achieve.

"What do I care about that ugly old tree?" I ask myself every time I think about these things. But, I can't get away from the thought that it represents the wild, natural beauty of the people who've put down roots here in the Ozarks. They expected to thrive and now find themselves uncomfortably skirted by a mighty band of concrete.

"Twenty-five natives and newcomers got together two years ago and decided to do something about this matter for it seemed that too many roots were being locked or lost.

"The Branson Early History Research project was begun and they were glad days when these folks got together to tell their stories. Nearly 50 tapes, 1,000 photos, numerous clippings, artifacts and just plain facts later, the story continues to be told. And, within the story of our rich and magnificent past lies the reason that an unnaturally small spot on an Ozark hillside could grow into one of the most popular vacation destinations in the United States.

"The story begins with the land and ends with its people. It's a story about the water, the culture, the spirit, the raw courage, and the power of the 'come-heres' (for we all were at one time). It's about the progress we have all made as Taney County grows beyond our wildest imaginings.

"But lest we forget the reasons for our richness and pour concrete over them and realize later what a mistake we have made, the 25 have in mind a special area, normally referred to as a museum, where this region's past and present can come together. The story can be told, the roots preserved and perhaps even appreciated by those who choose to make their home here from all around the nation.

"A museum is sprouting. It's a little seedling now and intends to be much more in a year. It needs watering and protection from the elements and great care, but when it's grown, this mighty oak museum will display for the inquisitive its magnificent roots..."<sup>352</sup>



A Sudden Oak Death fungus (*Phytophthora ramorum*) discovered in 1995 by Matteo Garboletto of the University of California turned out to be a genetic cousin of the historic Irish potato blight. When it attacks the leaves, twigs and trunk, lesions open up that weep a blood-red fluid. It destroys the cambium, the tree's circulatory system embedded just beneath the bark. Within a matter of weeks, everything wilts and the insects take over.

The spores are so hardy and travel so readily that



humans who study oak disease in the laboratory must wear respirators and sterile jumpsuits. It also attacks maples, fir trees, laurel and witch hazel plants.<sup>632</sup>

Although much more destructive so far in the Pacific Northwest, a few cases have been seen spreading eastward.<sup>271</sup> So far, sudden oak death syndrome has killed tens of thousands of trees and cost millions of dollars in the attempt to control it.

A towering knotty red oak near the ancestral home of President Theodore Roosevelt in Oyster Bay on Long Island showed signs during the summer of 2004. The circle of testing widened to the surrounding 20 acres.

"If it is positive, they'll have to declare a quarantine zone around the area and declare an eradication effort," said Kerry Britton, a pathologist for the U.S. Forest Service. "They'll have to cut down that tree and trees around there. It's up to the state to decide how drastically."<sup>271</sup>

Tree epidemics in the early 20<sup>th</sup> Century wiped out billions of chestnut trees, while Dutch Elm disease attacked millions of trees in the later decades. By 2004, Virginia agricultural officials tracked oak disease migrating through 114 commercial nurseries scattered across 14 states.<sup>632</sup>



In September 2002, the National Parks Conservation Association issued a Code Red Report on the five most polluted National Parks in the United States. Their technical measurements showed how industrial pollution from the Great Lakes region collides with the westward drift of traffic pollution from the East Coast urban corridor running from Boston to Washington, D.C. All that smog collects along the Blue Ridge of the Allegheny Mountains and especially in the geographic bowl next to it known as the Shenandoah Valley, and also in the Smoky Mountain National Forrest in Eastern Tennessee, both homes for several generations of Baughmans in the 18<sup>th</sup> and early 19<sup>th</sup> centuries.<sup>107</sup>

Raw sewage and animal waste from industrial farming made the Susquehanna River into the most endangered waterway in the United States according to a leading national conservation report. In the report issued 12 April 2005 by American Rivers, the broad tributary which defines the western border of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and feeds the sprawling Chesapeake Bay now adds 40 percent of the nitrogen and 20 percent of the phosphorus that kills off the crab, oyster and fish populations there.<sup>634</sup>

At the close of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, an organization called World Monuments Watch compiled a list of the one hundred cultural and historic sites most endangered by mankind. The selection committee searched for compelling examples where neglect, the sprawl of urban

housing, or ecological disasters brought on by mining and other industries threatened to erase the distinctive character of a historic place.

From out of the sorrowful one hundred chosen for their term ending in the year 2000, five appeared in the United States. Standing out amongst these were the Amish and Mennonite farms of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

The Monuments Watch panel predicted that the old ways of Anabaptists farmers in southeast Pennsylvania, essentially unchanged since their arrival in 1710, will soon disappear in the face of speculators who are buying up all their land. Outsiders who admire the wholesome lifestyle of family farms, and long to live next door to it, are ironically causing its disappearance. The National Trust for Historic Preservation became involved early on, hoping to forestall the squeezing out of the old families. They even secured grants from corporations such as American Express to underwrite studies and lobby for changes in public policy. As of 2004, however, they remained officially "cautious and concerned."

The other American sites that may soon be lost include Colorado's 800-year-old cliff dwellings in Mesa Verde National Park; Wyoming's section of the Oregon Trail at South Pass; California's Gold Rush ghost town at Bodie; and Arizona's cavalry outpost at Fort Apache.<sup>715</sup>



### *The New Hospital in Richterswil*

During the late 1980s in Richterswil, Switzerland, rapidly rising costs in healthcare triggered bankruptcy for the local hospital. Much like the crisis in the United States and throughout the developed world, smaller towns faced losing their cherished community health care. Richterswil had created their own hospital in 1893, but precisely one century later, the government of Canton Zürich voted to stop its subsidy.

In June 1993, Dr. Ueli Bachmann rallied a handful of like-minded healers to save the institution, putting an initiative before the voters to sell the hospital to an alliance of private supporters. The Hospital Trust now has 1,800 members from across Switzerland.

In 1994, they reopened their medical center as the Paracelsus Hospital, a non-profit, non-affiliated, 48-bed, acute-care facility. After the ten-year mark, financial stability and growth allowed them to open a new administrative building across the road from the original campus, purchasing the land from cousin Gustav Bachmann.

In addition to 24-hour emergency room care, general surgery and internal medicine, they offer specialized treatment in disorders of the ears, nose and throat, pneumonology, oncology, obstetrics, gynecology and

urology. The hospital also has its own immunological research and diagnostic labs, along with a full radiology department. Staff nutritionists offer a wide choice of chemical- and hormone-free organic foods, with a healthy selection of fresh fish, meat, vegetarian or other restricted menus.

No matter what insurance coverage a patient may or may not have, none have been turned away. Community members may also choose to set up highly innovative, tax-free medical savings accounts. Withdrawals can be made at any time, and need not be bound to the onset of illness. Some 70 percent of their patients receive full coverage from Switzerland's national health care plan, while 30 percent pay their bills with private insurance.

Just as important in their overall mission, the board of the hospital highlights their commitment to the holistic medical philosophy of their namesake and native son, Paracelsus.

"What we find outside, all these different things, they are the letters," wrote Paracelsus some four centuries ago, "but the word they comprise is man."

According to the hospital's annual report, the staff works "to activate the natural healing processes in the human being. The mature patient is fully involved in the process of making decisions concerning his or her health... and should come to a scientific understanding of the soul and spirit as precisely as is done for the physical form."

Curative baths, rhythmic massage and art therapy round out other treatment choices for each patient.

At the Paracelsus Hospital, groundbreaking research in recent years suggest that malignant tumor cells can better be held in check or reduced with different preparations of mistletoe. These treatments rely on rare protein combinations in the mistletoe, and extracts of these have proven quite successful over the course of several years, inhibiting circulation to and within

cancerous human tumors, and thereby offering a better quality of life for the patient and a prolonged life span when compared to a schedule of chemo or radiological therapies alone.

This work focusing on "spontaneous remission" from cancerous tumors has been corroborated in partnership with the Austrian National Hospital at Salzburg and the Collegiate Institute of Complementary Medicine at the University of Bern. Groups in Germany and the United States has expressed interest in follow-up studies. Also of keen interest to the Paracelsus Hospital researchers are other active ingredients of mistletoe such as Viscotoxin (a cardio-active polypeptide), triterpenoid saponins, cholines and especially potent histamines.<sup>474</sup>

The hospital's researchers have also studied the long-term impact of patient deaths on the perception of nurses in the hospital; and how holistic medicine can relieve Restless Leg Syndrome.

These precepts have been called complementary or anthroposophical medicine, as formalized by Rudolf Steiner, Ph.D and Ita Wegman, M.D. during the early 20<sup>th</sup> Century. Under an official charter from Canton Zürich, the Paracelsus Hospital stands as the only institution in Switzerland ordered to research and offer such alternative treatments that are grounded in western medical traditions.

Dr. Bachmann serves as president of the hospital's Advisory Board, a body which does not exercise decision-making responsibilities, but maintains a dialogue between the community and the hospital.<sup>701</sup>



### *An Emergency in the Fight Against Malaria*

When malaria kept killing about a million people a year in the early 21<sup>st</sup> Century, the top pharmaceutical company with a strikingly effective drug came up empty-handed.

The Swiss company Novartis patented Co-Artem, an artemisinin medicine extracted from wormwood (*Artemisia absinthium*), also known as absinthe. Recent high demand, unfortunately, exhausted all known supplies of the plant.

The shortfall "has created a major shock in our organization," reported Dr. Andrea Bosman at the World Health Organization's malaria control unit.

The price for raw wormwood had been steady at \$115 a pound for several years, but spiked recently at \$455. Novartis reported that they could not corner enough at any price, and would only be able to produce half of the 4.5 million dose courses ordered by the WHO.

"These are things we can't really influence," said Daniela Currie, a Novartis spokesperson.<sup>388</sup>



THE NEW HOSPITAL IN RICHTERSWIL  
HONORING THE SPIRIT OF PARACELUS

*The Devil Returns*

Fundamentalist Christians in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century – whether in the Alps or America – still preoccupied themselves with the return of the Devil.

An evangelist named Kurt E. Koch (1913-1987) lived at the upper turns of the Rhine River, and wrote during the 1960s and '70s about the dangers of witchcraft that he found in Switzerland, Austria and in the Black Forest of southern Germany.

“A farmer discovered that the milk of one of his cows had blood in it,” wrote Koch during 1962 in one of the many hundreds of accounts that he compiled. “He took the milk and just before midnight he heated it up. At the same time, he thrust a sickle into it murmuring a magic spell. The next day a woman who lived nearby had some facial injuries, and the farmer was thereby convinced that this woman had bewitched his cow.”

The folklorist Vance Randolph learned about a very similar struggle in the remote Ozark town of Reed Springs, Missouri. <sup>186: 23-24</sup>

“A cow suddenly began to give bloody milk. They talked the matter over and called in a witch doctor.

“Put some of that bloody milk in a fryin’ pan, and boil it over a slow fire. While the milk’s a-boilin,’ beat on the bottom of the pan with a hickory stick.’

“These instructions were carried out, and people who went to the local witch’s cabin said that her back and buttocks were a mass of bruises, so sore that she could not walk for several days.”

The spell broke, and the cow returned to giving the purest, sweetest milk. <sup>186: 41</sup>

“There are some powerful mediums,” continued Koch in a later work that focused on witches in Switzerland, “...who can split off energy when in a state of trance, and transfer this energy over to a cat which they then send out to annoy one of their neighbors. Milk and butter can disappear. Cows can be milked dry... If someone catches the cat and beats it, the blows affect the medium... I was asked years ago to publish the story of these Swiss cats. I dared not,” recalled Koch, explaining his own fear of ridicule. <sup>186: 25</sup>

“A farmer’s son suffered repeatedly from a severe pain in his knee. He took the advice of a magic charmer and carried out the following procedure. On a night when the moon was on the wane, he went out into a field. He then invoked the Trinity, repeated a magic charm, anointed his knee with oil and finally threw kisses at the moon. Afterwards the pains left him!” <sup>186: 38</sup>

Koch heard that the powers of magic could only be passed down through one generation to another under the strictest of rules. A male could only teach a female, or vice versa, but the secrets ought never pass between two of the same gender. Others told Koch that a student witch could be a family member, but others said this was strictly forbidden. Healers could only pass their gift once, or in

some interpretations a maximum of three times, but then would lose the power themselves. This led some to jealously keep it secret until the moment when death was certain, when they would desperately find another person to take up their magic. <sup>186: 39</sup>

Having long ago sold his soul to the Devil, a blacksmith could not die in his sick bed without first passing his occult powers to a successor.

“His imps, all white mice, solemnly marched up the bedspread and sat in a row facing him.” The blacksmith’s daughter couldn’t stand the sight, or what her father now begged her to do. After accepting the imps as her companions, the father finally let out his final breath, content that his little girl “had inherited the powers of a witch.” <sup>186: 40</sup>

Cynthia Simpson, a 49-year-old priestess of the Wiccan faith, asked to give the opening prayer when a local board of supervisors met in Virginia in early 2002. She sought to promote her own pagan beliefs regarding a respect for the earth, nature and the cycle of seasons.

The leaders of Chesterfield County argued that all invocations “are traditionally made to a divinity that is consistent with the Judeo-Christian tradition.”

A federal district court sided with Simpson in 2003, ruling that the county’s policy violated the U.S. Constitution by promoting one set of religious beliefs over another.

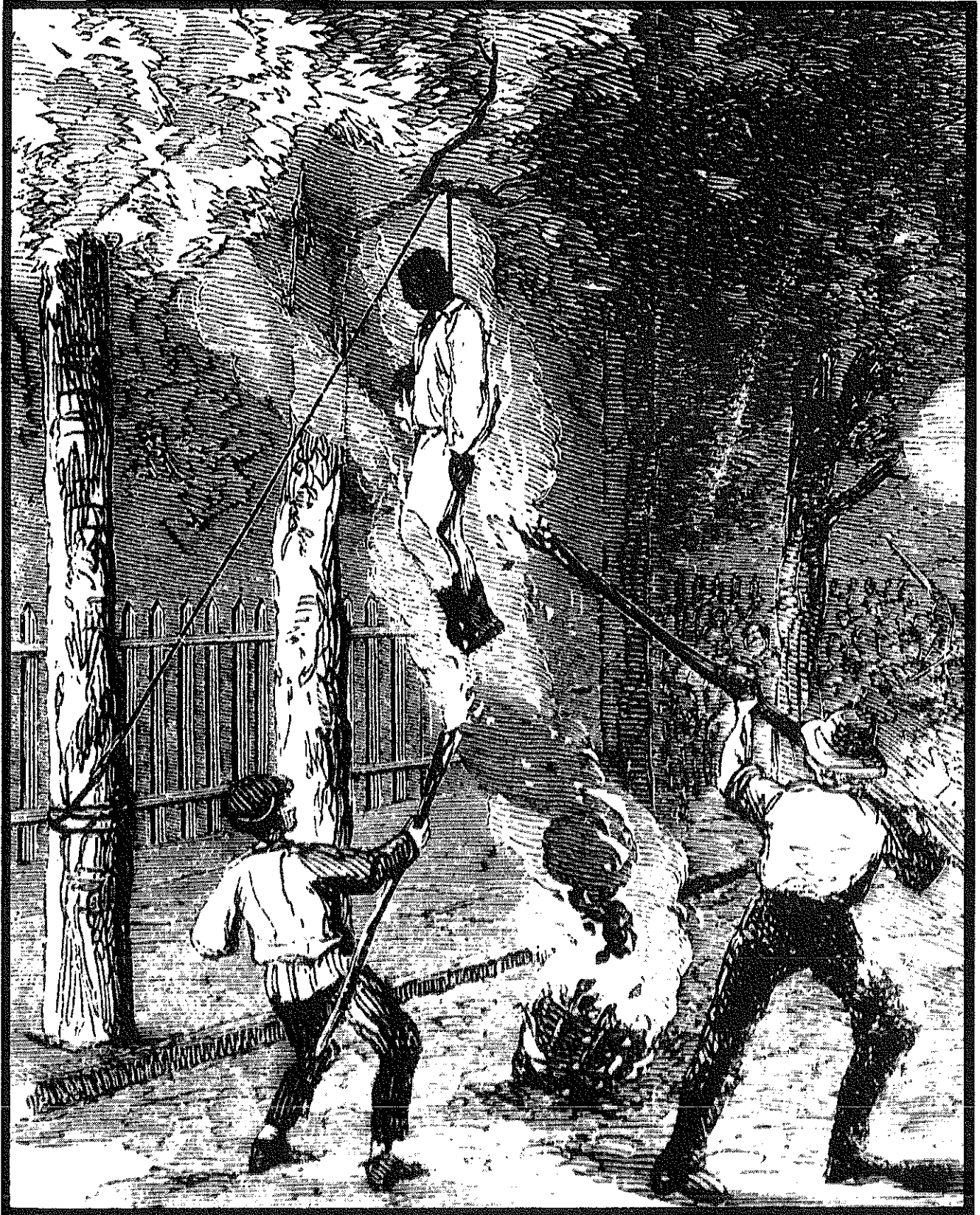
But the next court up, the 4<sup>th</sup> U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals disagreed, reversing that decision with a nod to the 1983 case named *Marsh v. Chambers*. That time, the U.S. Supreme Court judged that non-denominational prayers before legislative meetings do not violate the Constitution.

In 2004, however, the same appeals court cited the same precedent to warn a South Carolina town that they could not open meetings with an implied endorsement of Jesus Christ.

“The county never insisted on the invocation of Jesus Christ by name, as the Town Council in Great Falls [South Carolina] did,” ruled the appeals court justices.

An advocate for Simpson could only guess that “bigotry is okay under certain circumstances.” Rev. Barry Lynn, who also serves as executive director of Americans United for Separation of Church and State, added that “when government starts to involve itself with religion, it also has the right to choose which religions are legitimate in their eyes. That’s a terribly dangerous proposition.” <sup>223</sup>





DEATH BY BURNING, HANGING AND SHOOTING,  
A BLACK RECEIVES HIS SUMMARY EXECUTION ON AN AMERICAN SIDEWALK, AS PUBLISHED IN *HARPER'S WEEKLY*



URING THE 1960s, AMERICA WOKE up fully again to its unresolved problems regarding race. The Civil Rights movement began nominally as a struggle for equal rights in education and for voting rights, but it soon became a fiery battle about social injustice generally.

A psychologist named Laurence E. Alan Baughman from Atlanta, Georgia, applied himself to the historical, sociological and legal

settings for white rage in his 1966 book, *Southern Rape Complex: Hundred Year Psychosis*

After the period of Reconstruction that followed the Civil War, with its evils of graft and corruption, high taxes and the draining of the South's money, many white men began to liken the rape of Dixie to the rape of their women. <sup>69: 101</sup>

At Lynchburg, Virginia, the colored janitor at a white all-women's school had been brought up and promoted by the Superintendent of Schools as a shining example of what education might accomplish for the Negro race. He walked into a respectable house one morning after the husband had gone off to work as a factory foreman. <sup>69: 109</sup>

The black janitor "ravished the wife, and then putting his knee on her breast, coolly cut her throat as he might have done a calf's..."

The publicity of one such case seared the mind of southern whites. Their courts then had to decide what should happen when in many more common cases where no crime had taken place, but the fear had been nonetheless unbearable.

In the 1875 case of *State vs. Neely* (N.C. Supreme Court 74 N.C. 425 - 1875) a Negro in North Carolina followed a white woman for about one-fourth of a mile through a wooded area, but ended his walk when she came to a lane and both of them could see the dwelling of her brother-in-law. The prosecutrix [or accuser] claimed that the chase had put her into a state of great fear.

"I see a chicken cock drop his wings and take after a hen," commented Judge C.J. Pearson, "my experience and observation assure me that his purpose is sexual intercourse, no other evidence is needed.

"Whether the chicken cock supposes that the hen is running to increase the estimate of her favor and excite passion, or whether the cock intends to carry his purpose by force and against her will, is a question about which there may be some doubt..."

"Again; I see a dog in hot pursuit of a rabbit, my experience and observation assure me the intent of the dog is to kill the rabbit; no doubt about it. And yet, according

to the argument of the prisoner's counsel, there is no evidence of the intent." <sup>69: 112</sup>

In a few decades, the South slowly invented a legal justification for the *pre-emptive* punishments of blacks. Through case by case, from state to state, the justification of each psychological step was extended.

In 1881: "In seeking the motives of human conduct, the jury need not stop where the proof ceases; inference and deductions from human conduct are proper to be considered..." <sup>69: 116</sup>

In 1893: "No actual touching of the woman's person is necessary to complete the assault. There need be nothing more than the intention to accomplish sexual intercourse presently by force..." <sup>69: 117</sup>

In 1911: "The court held that the fact that the defendant was a Negro boy, and Miss Guin was a white girl, proved an indication of intent to rape..." <sup>69: 120</sup>

In 1913: "Despite the fact that the defendant, in pursuing the girl, never got within two feet of her, the court sustained the conviction..." <sup>69: 123</sup>

The simple intent to commit rape became a serious felony, often rating sentences of 14 years in the state penitentiary, and even more often became the pretense for a lynching. The Southern courtroom sought to preempt the public's contempt for it and the exercise of their own whims about justice.

In the 1920 case of *Hart vs. Commonwealth* [of Virginia] (109 S.E.), an African-American man named Henry Hart, 21, approached Virginia Garber, a 17-year-old girl, in the Shenandoah Valley town of Staunton.

Virginia was "rather small for her age, and is a simple, good, unsophisticated country girl, who lives with her mother" on Buttermilk Spring Road, a half-mile west of town. Henry worked in the infirmary at the Staunton Military Academy, and met her while she was walking to work at a laundry shortly before dawn.

Henry had hold of her and they struggled, but when he sensed that his actions had been witnessed by two passing men, he let go.

"Miss Garber was not injured or bruised or thrown down, nor were her clothes torn. Hart did not put his hands under her clothes, nor use any vulgar language, or make to her any improper proposal. When he relaxed his efforts... he kissed her.

"The evidence of those who knew him more or less casually was that he bore a good reputation as a law-abiding citizen before this trouble arose."

His first trial, on 9 December 1920, resulted in a hung jury, but in a new trial two days later, he was convicted.

Hart received a sentence of death in the electric chair for the crime of attempted rape. The Virginia court held that "It is a matter of common knowledge that the crime of

attempted rape is well-nigh, if not altogether, as heinous as the consummated offense of rape, and that public indignation is as much aroused... and that, unless there is a prompt conviction and a severe penalty imposed, a lynching is liable to result.” <sup>69: 126-128</sup>

Alan Baughman concluded, “Of over 100 cases of rape in the South of white women by Negroes examined at random by the author for this work, by far the greatest majority were based on flimsy circumstantial evidence, to say the least... Hundreds of Negroes have been legally executed as a result of the Southern rape psychosis. Thousands have been lynched and burned...”

When he diagnosed the Southern fear of rape as a “hundred-year psychosis,” Baughman mapped out the route of his conclusion.

“Do their actions promote the self-interests of the society?” Baughman wrote. “Are they conducive to happiness? Are they efficient?”

“If the organism or society by its own actions defeats its self-interest, then we are justified in assuming that this society or individual is ill.

“The paranoid type of schizophrenia is characterized by a distorted interpretation of reality. The paranoiac person may have delusions and may ignore what is incompatible with the satisfaction of his needs. He often has feelings of persecution. Hostility and feelings of resentment are common, and unprovoked outbursts of violence may occur.

“When we say that Southern society is schizophrenic, we are saying that it is of an unsound mind, that it is dangerous to itself and to others, and that it requires as much care and attention as do those individuals who are hospitalized with mental illness.

“In our opinion, there are many people in the South who are regarded as sane by their contemporaries, whose minds are as radically unsound, and who may be equally or more dangerous to themselves and others, as the worst homicidal maniac. Indeed, they may be considerably *more* dangerous, since the virus of racism, bigotry and hate spreads and multiplies, infecting larger and larger areas of society,” concluded Alan Baughman. <sup>69: 189</sup>



In 1968, two psychologists of African-American heritage authored the book *Black Rage*. In it, William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs tried for the first time in an academic fashion to explain how centuries of racism resulted in the fact that “all blacks are angry.”

Meanwhile, at the same time that Alan Baughman of Atlanta, Georgia, worked on a psychology of racism from the white perspective, a white psychologist and anthropologist name E. Earl Baughman from North Carolina investigated the opposite side of the coin. Neither Earl nor Alan referred to each other in their texts or recommended reading, suggesting that they were totally

unaware of each other’s work, or were steadily avoiding each other.

Earl Baughman set about quantifying issues of self-image amongst black students. He served on the faculty of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and recruited his undergraduate students to help him conduct his first published paper, *Negro and white children: A psychological study in the rural South*, assembled from Millfield, North Carolina beginning in 1961. W. Grant Dahlstrom worked as Baughman’s partner in much of this early work.

Baughman remained self-consciously aware of whether or not a white psychologist could be qualified to “write significantly about blacks.”

“If more of us could keep our intellectual cool as well as Baughman does,” wrote M. Brewster Smith in the foreword to Baughman’s landmark 1971 book *Black Americans: A Psychological Analysis*, “we would be more likely to make lasting headway on the difficult problems that we face as blacks and whites. Just now there is no shortage of passion... Can Americans still think clearly about their most disruptive and most shameful problem, that of race? When scientific disagreement leads to personal vilification, as it recently has in matters of race, we are dangerously close to the edge. As polarization heightens, facts become irrelevant.” <sup>61: xi-xiii</sup>

“This book is not written from the ‘inside’; it does not do what only blacks can do,” wrote Baughman, “– to tell us what it feels like to be a black in contemporary America. James Baldwin, Malcolm X, Ralph Ellison and other blacks do a superb job in describing this experience, and any serious student of the black American should pay careful attention to the messages they send.

“Achieving middle-class status, then, does not mean the same thing for the black man as it does for the white man – at least as far as a significant section of American society is concerned... Much of his experience is going to be affected by his color, and that his racial identity goes with him no matter what socioeconomic level he manages to achieve.” <sup>69: 4</sup>

“How much of the variability in intelligence can be attributed to genetic factors and how much to environmental factors? Among human behavioral geneticists, the most widely accepted answer seems to be that approximately 80 percent of the variability in intelligence is due to genetic structure and 20 percent to environmental factors. The same conclusion is valid for many of a person’s attributes, physical as well as behavioral. A person’s genes, for example, help to determine his height, but so does his diet.” <sup>69: 9</sup>

Baughman then forged ahead into the explosive topic of race, intelligence and I.Q. tests, taking careful account of cultural bias in the testing models and even the race and gender of the test givers. He addressed the widely contrasting scores of black and white students even after age, family support, residence and income factored into

the results.

“The criticism of existing intelligence tests in terms of bias against black children has been, we believe, overly severe. A comparable charge has been made that these tests are biased against lower-class white children, thus underestimating their intelligence as compared to that of middle-class white children... We can insist upon an environment that is fair to all, but we cannot do much about our genes.”

The data so far described a highly consistent gap between black children and white children *as groups*. Because each bracket of possibilities ranged so wide, they did nothing, however, for predicting how any single individual may compare to another. <sup>69: 13</sup>

“The group stability usually hides a significant degree of individual variability which becomes apparent only if the scores of individual subjects on the two occasions are examined,” wrote Baughman. <sup>69: 14</sup> “No fair racial comparisons can be made – even if acceptable measuring devices are developed – until equal social conditions have been experienced by both races for several generations.” <sup>69: 11</sup>

To take into account the teacher or test giver’s perceptions of their 1,000 Millfield students, Baughman developed a list of 22 behavioral qualities of the students that had to be rated each year.

Activity Level	Emotional Stability
Emotional Expressiveness	Submissiveness
Dependency	Suspiciousness
Need for Encouragement	Tenacity
Gregariousness	Anxiety Level
Achievement motivation	Reaction to Success
Social Poise	Cheerfulness
Reaction to Failure	Aggressiveness
Warmth	Attentiveness
Cooperativeness	Consistency
Effort Expended on Lessons	Teacher’s Liking of Child

After two years’ measurement by this profile from both black and white teachers, black children were rated as being significantly more likable, less emotional and more submissive. On the other hand, white children showed more concern about the quality of their work as well as stronger reactions to achievement or success.

The differences in gender proved even more important: girls of either race cared significantly more about achievement than any of the boys. <sup>69: 35-36</sup>

Since the earliest generations of Colonial America, concluded Baughman, the white majority has treated blacks as inferior human beings. They needed to foster such a view “to justify both slavery and the second-class citizenship to which the black was assigned following the abolition of slavery,” he wrote in summary of his thesis. <sup>69: 37</sup>

Even the shade of an African-American’s skin

became part of the important but seldom discussed status of which they were highly aware. In one historical account, Baughman cites a Negro church with doorways that were painted a light shade of tan. “If, upon entering the church, an individual was seen to be of a complexion darker than the doorway, membership in the church was denied him.” <sup>69: 38</sup>

Blacks often overestimate the degree of self-satisfaction that resides in his white neighbor. <sup>69: 42</sup> A test called the Tennessee Self Concept Scale measures self-esteem with 100 short sentences wherein the subject rates themselves on a five-point scale. Sample statements include “I am a decent sort of person” and “I like my looks just the way they are.”

People who score low often see themselves as undesirable; often feel anxious, depressed, unhappy and unconfident.

No matter what economic background they came from, black girls in the eighth grade of rural Middle School scored the highest in self-esteem, followed by black boys. Students in an urban setting fared worse, but always in the same descending order, with white girls rating next. White boys always appeared as the most unsparingly self-critical; showing the least satisfaction with their own self-image. <sup>69: 49</sup>

When rated on the topics of estrangement and cynicism, blacks feel more alienated from others in their environment, and blame people other than themselves for any shortcomings, much more readily than by seeing any deficiency of their own responsibility. <sup>69: 50</sup>

“Relatively few whites have been interested in discerning and understanding the true feelings of that one-tenth of the population who are called blacks,” wrote Baughman. “It has contributed to the security and prosperity of the whites to believe that blacks were happy and contented with their lot in life, and countless whites have so believed.” <sup>69: 57</sup> Many whites project their own feelings towards blacks, Baughman surmised. Given the way that they have been treated, “a black *should* respond aggressively even if he does not.”

Baughman tested 480 children for their innate levels of anger and aggression. Examiners invited the children to make up stories about 12 different pictures that had been carefully devised to be free of racial bias. In addition to the children’s impromptu responses, female examiners matched to each child’s race kept careful notes on gender and age. Separate, final evaluators had no clue of the race of each child as the stories were reviewed. <sup>69: 61</sup>

In the end, white and black children revealed no difference in anger and aggression, but black children perceived their surroundings as consistently more threatening. <sup>69: 64</sup>

“There is no denying the fact that... the difficulties of blacks exceed those of whites. It is absolutely essential to remember that we are referring only to group trends;

because a particular person is black does not mean that he manifests the behavior referred to. Group trends are very important, however, since they must be taken into account in social planning... such as the public schools.” <sup>69: 90</sup>

According to Earl Baughman, the southern white male “considered the Negro an alien race, and yet was interbreeding with them.” <sup>69: 195</sup>

Perhaps the most vivid example will always be J. Strom Thurmond, South Carolina’s long-time senior senator, who made a career and reputation for himself as a strident segregationist.

When federal policy sought to forcefully integrate southern whites and blacks into schools, buses, lunch counters and every other aspect of daily life, Thurmond vowed that “all the bayonets of the Army cannot force the Negro into our homes.” <sup>226</sup>

South Carolina kept re-electing him to the senate for 48 years, making him the longest serving member of the upper house in U.S. history, and at the age of 100, the oldest.

But in 1925, Strom had his way with the family’s 16-year-old, black servant girl. She bore him a daughter, named Essie Mae. Few political secrets were more carefully or successfully hushed up for over 75 years. <sup>168</sup>

Following Thurmond’s death, 78-year-old Essie Mae Washington-Williams stepped out of the shadows. She did not want money – for Thurmond had always been generous throughout her life, quietly providing her and even her children with support. She simply wanted the world to recognize the deeper truth behind the man, compared to what he had always said that he believed.

Faced with indisputable DNA proof in December of 2003, the Thurmond family reluctantly acknowledged her claim.

One of Thurmond’s nieces said the news “was like a blight on the family... I went to a church meeting the other day and all these people came up to me and you could tell they didn’t know what to say. For the first time in my life, I felt shame.” <sup>226</sup>

Ms. Washington-Williams, a retired schoolteacher, went on to apply for membership in the Daughters of the Confederacy, a highly unusual step for an African-American.

“It is important for all Americans to have the opportunity to know and understand their bloodline,” announced Ms. Washington-Williams. “Through my father’s line, I am fortunate to trace my heritage back to the birth of our nation and beyond. On my mother’s side, like most African-Americans, my history is broken by the course of human events... At last, I feel completely free.” <sup>168</sup>

During the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries, highly elaborate measures defined degrees of blackness and whiteness in mixed-race children. The Spanish donated their word for a young mule, *mulato*, to recall how a male donkey and a

female horse, or mare, produce a sterile but hard-working beast. In human breeding, therefore, a mulatto had one pure-white and one pure-black parent. A quadroon had one pure-white and one mulatto parent. An octoroon had one pure-white and one quadroon parent. Of course before very many generations passed by in the American South, the mixing of more complicated fractions – some known and others quite secret – became common. <sup>680</sup>

Slaves with rather pale skin, who were quite often the offspring of their owners, received preferential treatment, living in the main quarters and giving personal assistance to the master’s family. This created a hierarchy of status within the African-American population that persists, albeit silently, to the present day.

The bluntness of 20<sup>th</sup> Century race law became more absolute, requiring that a person be declared colored no matter how small the fraction of African blood.

Virginia’s Racial Integrity Act of 1924 spelled out how it was “unlawful for any white person in this state to marry any save a white person, or a person with no other admixture of blood than white and American Indian... Every person in whom there is ascertainable any negro blood shall be deemed and taken to be a colored person... If any white person intermarry with a colored person... he shall be guilty of a felony and shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary for not less than one nor more than five years.”

The Indian exception had been created for “the desire of all to recognize as an integral and honored part of the white race the descendants of John Rolfe and Pocahontas.” Through the Pocahontas loophole, it became acceptable to have one great-great-Indian-grandparent.

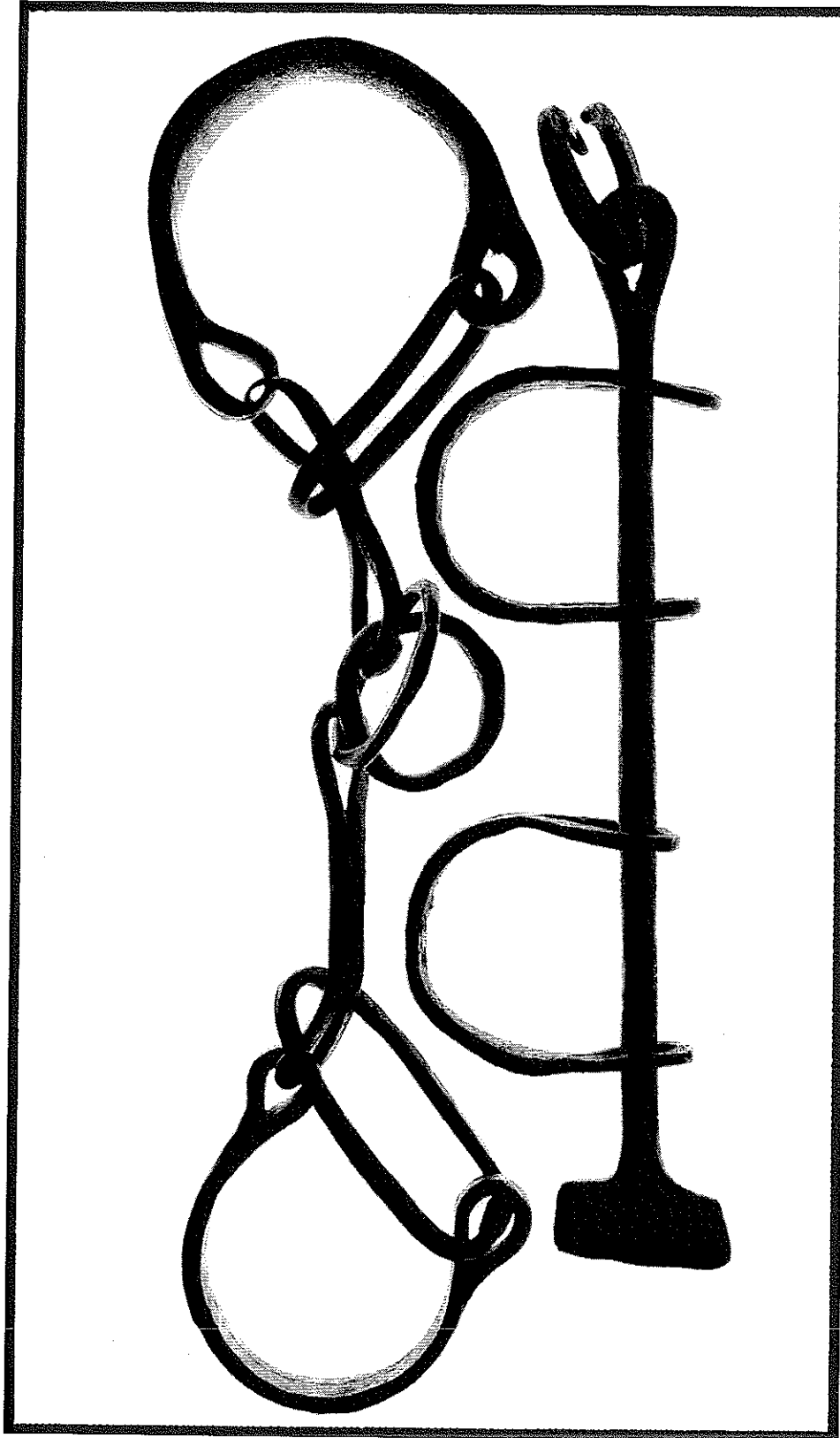
Legal updates during 1955 from the state’s Supreme Court of Appeals described Virginia’s legitimate need to prevent “the corruption of blood,” “a mongrel breed of citizens,” and “to preserve the racial integrity of its citizens.” <sup>680</sup>

For many of mixed African heritage, the only escape was to reinvent their family trees and live secretly as white. That is, if they could get away with it undetected.

In 1967, the U.S. Supreme Court declared the laws against interracial marriage that remained in 16 states to be unconstitutional. This list comprised all of the dozen former states of the Confederacy, plus Delaware, West Virginia, Missouri and Oklahoma. Most of them even kept the laws through the next decade, unenforced but still on their books. Only in November 1998 did South Carolina finally tear up its miscegenation laws. <sup>638</sup>







THE CHAINS OF ENSLAVEMENT  
INCLUDING MANACLES AND LEG IRONS FROM A 17<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY PORTUGUESE SLAVE SHIP



A VIEW OF RECONSTRUCTION IN THE AMERICAN SOUTH  
AS DEPICTED BY THOMAS NAST



SEVERAL BAUGHMAN FAMILIES from the African-American community in Danville left Kentucky and headed north by 1890. A John Baughman married Caroline "Carrie" Debaun, and they had a son Julian Love Baughman (1902-1980). Further research may pinpoint John's identity, because

there are several different individuals who could fill his shoes, but a leading candidate would be the John Baughman born in 1876 to Elijah. He may also have been the much older John H. Baughman who was born in 1840, or a John born in 1868 to Pauline, or else one who was even slightly closer to Carrie's birth year of 1881, namely the John H. Baughman born in 1879 who had been living with Nan E. Baughman in 1910.

Nonetheless, Caroline left Danville behind by 1920 and took her son John to Ohio, where she remarried, to William Thomas, a houseman. The new family lived at 1106 Chapel, in Cincinnati, Hamilton County.

Julian Love Baughman married Mary Elizabeth Quinn, and toward the end of his life, he worked as a glazier and window adjuster, and resided at 3326 Burnet Avenue, in Cincinnati (45229). He died on 21 May 1980 after a three-year battle with prostatic and testicular cancer, and was survived by his wife Helen Burton Baughman. His burial followed two days later at the United American Cemetery in town.

The *Las Vegas Review-Journal* in Nevada announced on Monday, 14 June 1999 that five students from the city's Rancho High School competed in the State Solo and Ensemble Festival earlier that year in Elko, Nevada. Elijah Baughman, baritone soloist, received a superior rating; Hess Sherrod, tenor, and Connie Ramirez, alto, received excellent ratings; and the ensemble of Elijah Baughman, Mike Cabero, Otham Detvongsa and Hess Sherrod received an excellent rating.<sup>647</sup>

Elijah Baughman went on to study at the Wilberforce College in Ohio.

Another descended son of the Kentucky plantation workers lives in Denver, Colorado. Martin J. Baughman runs his own successful company importing folk art and ethnic jewelry from Asia.



The National Underground Railroad Freedom Center hoped to teach all of its visitors about the heroic escape of slaves during the early 19<sup>th</sup> Century. They planned for 158,000 square feet of interactive displays in Cincinnati, along with a beautiful theater, but then realized how

difficult it would be to find a grand centerpiece, a focal point or anchor for the museum's collection, something to capture the imagination and make history come alive.

As a specialized field within American history, artifacts of slavery turn out to be among the most rare. The abolition movement sparked intense controversy during the decades leading up to the Civil War. Because it was illegal and such clandestine work, not much of it survived.

Cincinnati deserved more than most towns to be home for the museum. It sits on the Ohio River, which was the border that meant the difference between bondage and freedom. Forty percent of the safe houses that formed the underground railroad brought runaways across the Ohio.<sup>478</sup>

By a stroke of luck, though, the museum's curators found an authentic, haunting proof from the other side of the struggle: a 171-year-old depot station for slaves where they waited in chains to be "sold down the river" to the big cotton plantations in Mississippi and Alabama.

Made of rough-hewn logs and measuring 20' x 30', the two-story pen had sat undisturbed on a tobacco farm in the north-central Kentucky town of Maysville, only 50 miles southeast from the museum. The whole building was carefully dismantled, and reassembled as a roof beneath the new museum's roof.<sup>130</sup>

The original owner of the slave depot kept thorough lists of his possessions, and these have been mounted next to it in the museum: Thirty-slaves, including "one Negro child, Matilda" (valued at \$200), along with his other household goods such as a copper kettle and kitchen cupboard.<sup>478</sup>



Back in 1764, Samuel Adams hated the British parliament's Revenue Act that sought to tax colonists without giving them any vote in the matter. "No taxation without representation" became one of the key slogans that triggered the war of independence. The conflict over taxation gave birth to a new nation, which in turn gave birth to a new capital city called The District of Columbia.

The quarreling colonies, however, needed reassurance that the new capital would not be located in, or swayed by, any state. It was never imagined then that the capital would become home for hundreds of thousands of year-round residents, all stuck in a political limbo, unable to elect their own equally empowered representatives to the government.

A further unintended irony came in the form of slaves who ran away to the town presided over by Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator, leader of the Republican

Party. The war had been blazing along for two years but no one was lifting a finger to abolish slavery in the Union's capital city.

A century and a half later, the Republican Party would not allow nearly one million residents of the district, nearly 90 percent of whom were African-American, descendants of those slaves, to have a voting representative in Congress, or to have the authority to raise their own taxes needed for running the city. The Republicans feared that such a voting block would only prefer to support Democrats – their legislative and philosophical opponents.

And so in the year 2002, residents could better protest their fate when the district defiantly changed the official license plates of every car in town, adding the slogan "Taxation Without Representation." Even President Bush's presidential limousine briefly sported the change until the political meaning of Home Rule was explained to him. In no more than a day's time, the Secret Service created a reason why they couldn't allow the new plates to remain on any White House vehicles.<sup>337</sup>



#### *The Klan Takes New Root in the Ozarks*

On 17 July 1963, a black man named Andrew Lee Anderson was slain near Marion, Arkansas, by a group of white citizens and sheriff's deputies after a white woman said he had molested her eight-year-old daughter. The Coroner's jury ruled it a justifiable homicide, and no arrests followed.<sup>69: 208</sup>

All of the following information was extracted in 2003 directly from two websites associated with The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: [www.kkkklan.com](http://www.kkkklan.com) and [www.christianidentity.com](http://www.christianidentity.com)

"The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan is a legal non-profit political organization that is based on the premise of 'Equal Rights for All, Special Privileges for None.'

"The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan was founded in Louisiana in 1956 and boasts David Duke as it's first national director! Pastor Thomas Robb, our current national director, was invited by David Duke to speak at large Klan rallies across the nation in the early Eighties because Robb was already a well-known public speaker. David Duke was interested in having only the most influential of speakers stand up on behalf of The Knights.

"David Duke, who shocked the liberal establishment by getting elected as state representative in Louisiana and later receiving over 700,000 votes in his bid for governor, rocked the nation when he began allowing media access to public klan rallies and appeared on numerous talk shows around the nation including the Tom Snyder show. He

transformed the klan from a small regional group into a nationwide organization and was the first to effectively make use of the media.

"Pastor Thomas Robb served as national chaplain and eventually as national organizer and editor of the *White Patriot* newspaper. In 1989, he became the national director of The Knights and implemented modern concepts of mass marketing reaching hundreds of thousands of white Christian people around the nation with the message of Christian Revival.

"'Had the people, during the Revolution, had suspicion of any attempt to war against Christianity, that Revolution would have been strangled in its cradle. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and the amendments, the universal sentiment was that Christianity should be encouraged, but not any one denomination. In this age, there can be no substitute for Christianity That was the religion of the founders of the republic and they expected it to remain the religion of their descendants. The great, the vital, the conservative element in our system is the belief of our people, in the pure doctrines and the divine truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.'

'United States Congress, March 27, 1854

"The Ten Commandments of the Holy Bible are at issue throughout America in courtrooms, school rooms, and other government buildings and property. How sad that a nation based upon Biblical principles is now having its symbol of law removed from places throughout the country where previously they had been displayed for sometimes hundreds of years.

"Pastor Thomas Robb is a native of Detroit, Michigan. He was raised in a home of devout Christians and at an early age gave his life to Christ. In 1961, his family moved to Tucson, Arizona, where he completed high school. Robb became active politically when he was 17 years old by speaking out at public gatherings against Communism. He began publishing his own newspaper when he was 19 years old called *The Torch*, which he still publishes today.

"Robb received a scholarship to the Rocky Mountain Kingdom Gospel Institute in Evergreen, Colorado, earning degrees in theology. It was also at this school where he met his future wife, Muriel. After completed his schooling in Christian education he married Muriel at a home wedding in Iowa Hill, California, and moved to Bellflower, California.

"In the early Seventies, fearing the growth of illegal aliens in Arizona, Robb felt the Lord leading his young family to the Ozarks of Arkansas so that he could raise his children in a rural setting.

"His immediate family consist of one married daughter and her husband, a married son and his wife and one unmarried son. He has four grandchildren. All three of his grown children are active in the white rights

movement.

"Thomas Robb's ministry has earned him both the love and hatred of friends and enemies. Shortly before his death, Gerald L.K. Smith, who established the Great Passion Play in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and built the giant Christ of the Ozarks, befriended Pastor Robb and contributed to his ministry.

"Robb has been a powerful spokesman the past 30 years for the white rights movement. Newspapers and magazines such as *London Sunday Times*, *Wall Street Journal*, *The New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Newsweek*, *USA Today*, has appeared on major news programs such as the *Today Show* and *Dateline*. International correspondents from Australia, Poland, Italy, France and others have come to his office for interviews. Countless others have called him 'charismatic,' 'a strong leader, methodical in approach,' 'the new face of the Christian Right,' and the man to be watched in the racist movement.

*"Questions Frequently Asked of Pastor Robb*

"The following answers and questions are in regard to The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, whose national headquarters is in Harrison, Arkansas. Other Klan groups may or may not share our ideas, goals, opinions, etc.

*"Q. Do The Knights believe in slavery?"*

*"A. No, The Knights do not believe in slavery.*

Slavery was an old-world custom prior to and ending just after the industrial revolution began (in white nations). Except of course for Africa where slavery still exists today, and in Asia and India where child slave labor is still common. We are not trying to win political power so we can have slaves. Our workers have enough problems competing with cheap Mexican labor without having to compete with free labor. When someone says we are trying to relive the slave days, they are showing how dumb they really are and have no idea what they're talking about.

*"Q. Why do you wear the robe and hood?"*

*"A. Members of The Knights have only one occasion in which they wear the traditional robe and hood. The robe and hood is worn for the Christian cross lighting ceremony which is held once a year during the National Klan Congress at headquarters in Harrison, Arkansas. We do not wear the robe at rallies or during literature distributions. We don't march down the streets in robes and hoods. If you see a Klan group and they are wearing robes and hoods then they aren't with the national Klan group of The Knights.*

*"We don't wear the robes and hoods for several reasons.*

*"1. This is the year 2000. We are no longer based on a fraternity-style organization. We are a political party.*

*"2. Many people are frightened by the robe and hood. We have enough problems with the way the media*

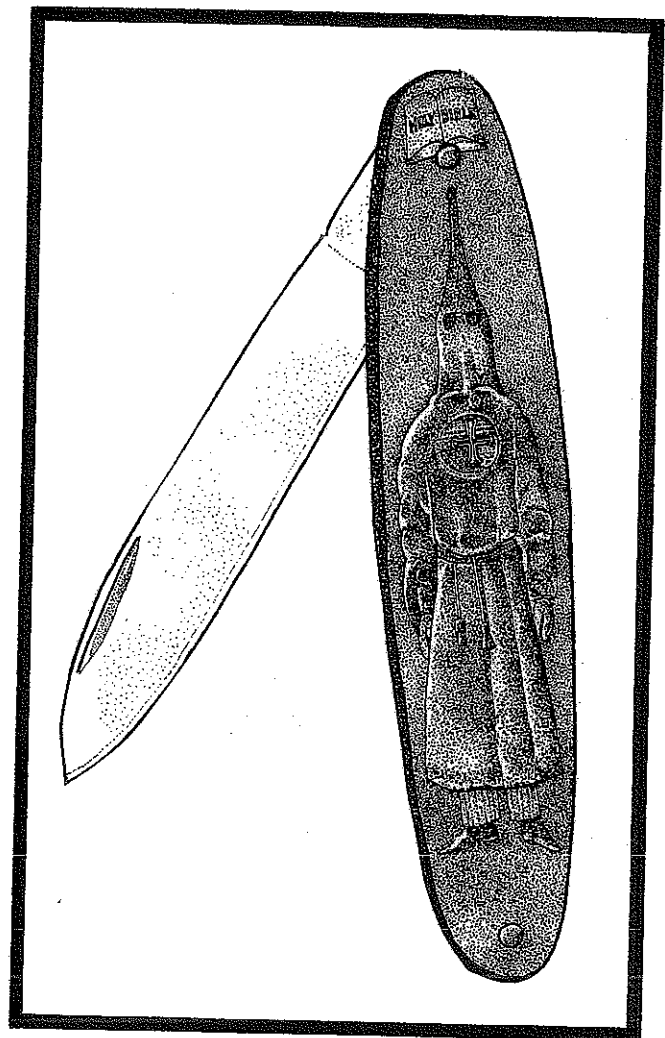
portrays the Klan as being scary without helping the image along.

*"3. The Knights Party is not a secret organization. We do keep our members affiliation confidential, but we aren't interested in being publicly active in the streets and hiding our identity with hoods. We are not ashamed of our beliefs.*

*"4. We do not wish to give potential trouble makers an easy way to commit violent crimes under disguise of the robe and hood. These losers can go somewhere else. During the Twenties, the Klan gave millions of dollars to charitable causes, built orphanages, libraries, soup kitchens, etc. It was a common occurrence for a local Klan to don their robes, hoods, and masks, silently enter a church during service and make a large offering.*

*"Q. Why do you burn the cross?"*

*"A. Many have been led to believe the Klan burns the cross as an act of desecrating a Christian symbol. Nothing could be further from the truth. The lighted cross is an old symbol used on the hillsides of Scotland.*



A KLANSMAN'S POCKET KNIFE  
THE BRASS HANDLE IN CAST RELIEF

The klans (family tribes) of Scotland would use the lighted cross as a warning to other family tribes that danger was imminent. It came to symbolize a warning of tyranny in their midst. The Methodist church uses the cross with flames at its base sweeping up and around the cross. The Lutheran church uses the symbolism, too. The fire symbolized the fiery light of Christ – a metaphor often used in the *Bible*.

“The original Klan of the 1800s did not use a lighted cross. When you see movies depicting Klansmen burning crosses in some black ex-slave family’s home, this is a lie. This ceremony had not even been created yet.

“The Klan does not burn crosses in peoples’ yards. Sometimes those who are trying to act like the Hollywood-created Klan will burn a cross in someone’s yard as a prank. This is wrong and is not condoned.

*“Q. Why do you use such weird titles for officers such as Grand Wizard, Grand Dragon, Exalted Cyclops, etc.?”*

“A. The Knights do not use these titles. When the Klan was re-organized in 1915, by Colonel Simmons in Stone Mountain, Georgia, he patterned the Klan after a fraternity. Colonel Simmons, with the help of Albert Pike who was a great fraternalist, created for the Klan an aura of secrecy, ceremony, etc. They had odd sounding titles, secret code words, and lengthy ceremonies. It was a fraternity much like the Odd Fellows, the Elks, the Moose Lodge, or any of the others.

“All other klan groups in the nation still run their clubs in the fraternal manner of the Twenties, except The Knights. Because the name ku klux klan is in the public domain, most individuals who decide to start a klan group simply go to the library, pick up a book.

“In fact, the original Klan was not a fraternity. It was a political army working to run the federal troops back to the North. After their goal had been accomplished, they ceased to exist. Our founder, Nathan Bedford Forrest, was a master tactician. He would develop the game plan that would best insure victory for his people. The Knights today have developed a program to insure victory for our people, and it does not include the use of nostalgic titles and secret code words.

*“Q. Are you all Nazis or something?”*

“A. No. The Nazi regime ended in Germany over 50 years ago. We live in a different century in the U.S.A.

*“Q. Why do you salute like Nazis?”*

“A. The extended arm salute with an open palm is called the Bellamy Salute. This is the way all Americans once saluted the American flag. It was changed to a bent arm over the heart in 1946. The Knights salutes America and it’s Christian heritage as our ancestors used to. We give honor to the brave men and women who fought to make our homeland free.

*“Q. Why do you hate black people, Asian people, etc.?”*

“A. This is a misconception many people have. Most have this idea about the Klan because of the entertainment

industry, who are very liberal in their beliefs and agenda. Christians are portrayed as uptight, insensitive, narrow-minded, dull, boring, bigoted people who never have a good time. If you are a white Christian who believes in the old time gospel of racial separation then you are in for an even bigger slew of hogwash. They will portray you as mean, sinister, revengeful, psychotic, illiterate, and filled with rage toward those who aren’t white. This only helps move the liberal agenda forward. Unfortunately, there are some small Klan groups who play right into their hands.

“This is one reason it takes six months to a year to become a full member of The Knights. We want men and women who have a positive attitude, who are success-oriented, and who have a high self-esteem. Those who are just hate-filled won’t take the time to fulfill our educational requirements and will quit before becoming a Knight.

*“Q. Why do you hate Catholics?”*

“A. We do not hate Catholics. The Klan during the Twenties did take an anti-Catholic position as did many other Americans. They believed that Catholics held allegiance to the Pope and thus Rome over and above the United States and the President.

“Today, we know this is not true. There are Catholic as well as Protestant members of The Knights.

*“Q. You say you don’t hate minorities, but they can’t join The Knights. Doesn’t that make you all prejudiced?”*

“A. To be prejudiced means you are pre-judging a matter before receiving all of the evidence. It is usually others who are guilty of pre-judging the Klan, not vice versa.

“Minorities can’t join The Knights because we do not believe in integration or social mixing. There are many organizations working for the advancements of different races. There is nothing wrong with this. People who don’t care about their racial family should be ashamed.

“We do want to point out though that while it may come as a shock to many there are blacks who believe in racial separation. Marcus Garvey was a black nationalist who led millions of his fellow American-born Africans on a mission to return to their homeland. The government shut them down.

“Today the black Muslims, unlike the integrationist NAACP, support separation and are opposed to race mixing and homosexuality. Roselyn C. of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is a black female supporter of The Knights and works diligently in her community against the integration efforts of the city and has received widespread publicity. Robert Brock, the black director of the American Committee Against Integration, based in Washington, D.C., has been a financial contributor of The Knights. Not everyone is for integration.

*“Q. Why are there so many different Klan groups?”*

“A. There are around 200 different Klan groups in the nation. The name ku klux klan is in the public domain. This means anyone can use the name ku klux klan. They

can use it for good reasons or they can use it for bad reasons. Most of these groups remain local because they want to do things their own way. The average size of the Klan clubs are 6-15. There are five regional Klan groups with an average membership of 50-75. Usually they are led by sincerely motivated individuals, however because they have no national affiliation, their growth, activities, and goals are limited.

*“Q. Why don’t all Klans join together? Shouldn’t all the racist groups work together?”*

*“A. Some people may be of the opinion that all klan groups should organize together and then magically we would win back our rights and everything would be terrific.*

*“It’s more complicated than that.*

*“The Knights make up the oldest, largest, and most active Klan organization in America. In fact, The Knights Party is the only national Klan organization in existence and has Klansmen and Klanswomen in all 50 states. We maintain a strict policy of confidentiality and do not put Klansmen in contact with others until we have developed a working relationship with them.*

*“We’ve won some historic law cases, and have made great inroads into the political arena. We firmly believe we can win back America through the ballot box. We are working to set the stage.”*



### *Preparing for Change*

Just 45 miles north of Harrison, Arkansas, the next major outgrowth in population belongs to Branson, Missouri, which started to bill itself as the “Live Entertainment Capital of America” by the late 1980s.

In 1995, the Branson/Lakes Area Chamber of Commerce began to worry about their own chances for growth, especially in light of surveys that showed how their typical elderly, white tourist was the opposite of the nation’s changing demographic that was steadily heading toward the young and multi-ethnic.

At the invitation of John Bowers, the chamber’s executive director, a Kansas City management consulting firm, LGC & Associates, sent a young African-American analyst to offer a Diversity Training Seminar to 30 of Branson’s leaders in the hospitality and entertainment industry.

*“The presenters didn’t offer suggestions for change,” said Tennyson Flowers, executive director of the Andy Williams Moon River Theater. “Their purpose was to stimulate our thought process locally.”*

A few long-term patrons have written that they might stop coming should Branson become more diverse. Bowers had recently received letters from non-Christians complaining about gospel performances, from Democrats

resenting political jokes, and from visitors offended by references to sexuality.

Myra Dillingham, the black consultant, described a musical show in Branson she attended during her visit. She enjoyed the themes of patriotism, religious faith and musical styles that encompassed country, jazz and hip hop.

One sketch at this performance portrayed God creating Adam and Eve. For the next scene in the Garden of Eden, the producers chose to dress Satan in an Afro wig, carrying a boom box and talking in urban slang.

*“This might make an African-American uncomfortable,” explained Dillingham. She also explained how intimidated she felt while driving behind a van in Branson that sported two Confederate battle flags. Then she could only wonder whether the discomfort evident at a Branson restaurant arose because she was dining with a Caucasian male colleague, or due to her status as a well-dressed businesswoman, or both.*

Flowers suggested that the largest group in Branson victimized by stereotyping are tourists.

*“It doesn’t matter who they are, where they’re from or what language they speak, they’re still a tourist in the minds of people who work here in Branson. We make fun of tourists behind closed doors,” admitted Flowers. He observed that giving “each one the highest quality service we can” will prove to be the biggest hurdle facing Branson’s reputation for hospitality.*

Steve Illum, head of the Southwest Missouri State University Office of Leisure Research, noted how the National Park Service had recently developed African-American heritage sites throughout the northeastern U.S. Branson should consider a multi-cultural activity, according to Illum, or at least more non-white entertainers. In 2004, the African-American singer Charlie Pride and the Japanese violinist Shoji Tabuchi stood out among the three dozen showcases in town as the only headliners of differing ethnicity.

The Moon River Theater signed up for a full day of diversity training as part of its week-long employee training in the spring of 1996. They scheduled films, a consultant, group discussions and follow-up that continued throughout the tourist season.

*“I want to bring it home, right down to our customer,” said Flowers.<sup>113</sup>*



### *The Road to Reparations*

On 1 July 2004, the city council of Detroit, Michigan, followed the lead of two other large cities – Los Angeles and Chicago – with new laws that require any company doing business with them to disclose any profits ever received from slavery.

“The purpose of this ordinance is to set the groundwork for [slavery] reparations,” announced Detroit City Councilwoman Barbara-Rose Collins, a former Democratic congresswoman from Michigan and sponsor of the bill. “First, you have to get the information and show the companies that benefitted from the slave trade.”

If a company admits ties to slavery, that will not barr them from receiving municipal contracts, but if any firm falsifies its records on slave history, its contracts would be cancelled.

“It has been quite a long time since African-Americans were [each] promised 40 acres and a mule. This ordinance only provides for the beginning of the process by requiring full disclosure,” said Collins.

The total for unpaid wages owed to slaves has been estimated by a variety of historians and economists as ranging between \$1.4 trillion to 10 trillion.

Detroit’s law states that contractors must search their own backgrounds, as well as those of any corporate predecessor, and sign an affidavit if any income derived from the slave industry. All such financial declarations will then be investigated by volunteer lawyers.

While the measures have been described in the press as largely symbolic, the possibility remains that railroads, banks insurance companies and other businesses may eventually be forced to make amends for the past.

“We should not be afraid,” exclaimed Chicago Mayor Richard M. Daley, “of the disgraceful past. Let’s do something about it. Why can’t we pay our own citizens?”

An affidavit filed in Chicago has already opened up a firestorm. The J.P. Morgan Chase & Co. Bank had ties to slavery but lied about it.

Documents from Riggs, Peabody and Co., a predecessor of Chase, showed that they owned a slave named Sally in 1833. Other receipts described a private sale of slaves in August 1832, and a listing of slaves transported for the bank on a ship named the *Aurora*.

In June 2004, Bank One revised its disclosure statement with Chicago because they were due to merge with Morgan Chase by the end of that summer. Bank One had discovered that one of its predecessor companies in Louisiana was likely involved during the 19<sup>th</sup> Century with the slave trade.

A representative from Washington, D.C.’s City Council contacted leaders in Chicago requesting information about the new law, but offered no further explanation.

The following are extracts from the Chicago ordinance that passed during October 2002:

“Whereas, recently, insurance policies from the slavery era... provide the first evidence of ill-gotten gains from slavery, which profits in part capitalized insurers whose successors remain in existence today; and

“Whereas, many Chicago citizens are descendants of slaves, whose ancestors were defined as private property, dehumanized, divided from their families, forces to

perform labor without appropriate compensation... and

“Whereas, appropriate compensation to Africans for their labor would have otherwise been bequeathed to their descendants to aid in lifting them out of a dependent, non-competitive and impoverished lifestyle...

“Each contractor with whom the City enters into a contract must complete an affidavit verifying that the contractor has searched any and all records of the company or any predecessor company regarding records of slaveholder insurance policies during the slavery era...

“Failure to comply with this section shall deem the contract voidable on behalf of the City.”<sup>456</sup>



### *The Memories in Tulsa Unrelieved*

The death toll during Tulsa’s race riot of 1921 surpassed in one night all the deaths in all of the riots in American cities during the 1960s and 1990s. That was one of the main reasons why Washington lawyer Michael Hausfeld pushed the case for reparations all of the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. Some of the survivors from the African American neighborhood of Greenwood – children at the time, but several by then grown into their nineties – came forward to testify.

At least 300 are known to have died in the fire and hailstorm of bullets, and some historians believe that over 1,000 may have been carted away in trucks and dumped in unmarked mass graves.

In May 2005, however, the nine justices dismissed without comment a class-action suit against Tulsa, its police department and the whole state of Oklahoma.<sup>721</sup>



### *The Proper Way to Hang a Confederate Flag*

John Sims, an African-American artist from Sarasota, Florida, hoped to explain with one instant symbol what displaying the Confederate flag means to the descendants of slaves.

The art committee at Gettysburg College in Pennsylvania readily approved his politically charged art installation.

For “The Proper Way to Hang a Confederate Flag,” Sims erected a 13-foot gallows on the campus quadrangle and metaphorically lynched a wadded battle flag still showing the well-known crossed bars of St. George’s Cross.

At the nearby Schmucker Art Gallery, Sims installed another conceptual attack on the Old Rebellion indoors. For his work entitled “Recoloration Proclamation: The Gettysburg Redress,” Sims faithfully repeated the lines of



the same battle flag, but swapped the traditional colors for those of African Liberation. The blue cross turned vibrant green, and the white stars went black. The effect resembled those odd renditions of the American flag meant to check for reversed color memory or color blindness.

A Confederate veterans group has threatened to boycott all memorial and re-enactment events in Gettysburg and this got the attention of the town council. Area businesses make most of their income from tourism surrounding the Civil War battlefield that marked the high-water mark of the Confederacy and the turning point in the war.

"I hear the KKK's coming, skinheads..." said Jessica Stouffer, a cashier at one lunch spot in town just a few blocks from campus.

"I've personally received an e-mail from a Klansman," said the new college President Katherine Haley Will. Then the FBI called last month. "You really have to take them seriously," she said of threats to harm the exhibition, the students and the school in general if the artwork did not come down. "So we're preparing for the worst and hoping for the best.



### *Belated Apologies*

As part of the observances of Black History Month during February 2005, Virginia Republican George Allen introduced a bill to apologize officially on behalf of the U.S. Senate for blocking anti-lynching legislation through decades of executions across the South. Senator Allen had been accused of racial insensitivity during his 2000 senate campaign when it came to light that he had decorated his office with a hangman's noose and his home with a Confederate battle flag.

Senator Allen claimed that his straight forward interest in history had been misinterpreted.

"I had all sorts of Western stuff in my office." What some called a noose was actually "more of a lasso."

"I have come to believe that as a leader you need to take a stand," Mr. Allen said in an interview with the *New York Times*.<sup>505</sup>



### *Slavery Replaced*

At the dawn of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, slavery still persisted even though declared illegal before all the legislators and courts of the world.

In just one example, it seems that wealthy oil sheiks from Qatar bought or kidnaped 40,000 young boys from

northern Africa, some as young as four years old, for the express purpose of attending and racing their camels.

Large oval racetracks plot a six-mile course through the bleak rocky desert, putting both animals and humans through a championship each October of grueling endurance.

The owners fuel their speed trials with centuries of tradition, great pride and considerable gambling. Consequently, the little slaves receive little food in the days leading up to each race so as to make them as light of a load as possible.

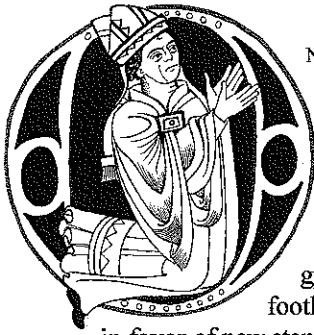
In 2005, a Swiss technology company named K-Team came to their rescue, introducing a small, 60-pound, very human-looking robot that can hold the camel reins in one of its hands and a whip in the other. It responds to a remote-control joystick from up to a half-mile away, and keeps its onboard computer well-cushioned with sophisticated shock absorbers.

The robot, nicknamed Kamel, can never get lost, what with its global positioning beacon. So that a camel will accept the inhuman rider, owners spray liberal amounts of the same perfume that the real jockeys are obliged to wear.

During April time trials near the capital of Doha, the Swiss substitute could urge its camel to reach speeds of 25 miles per hour, only 10 seconds slower across the long track than the best time ever. Plans to improve the robot's aerodynamics and reduce its weight are already underway.

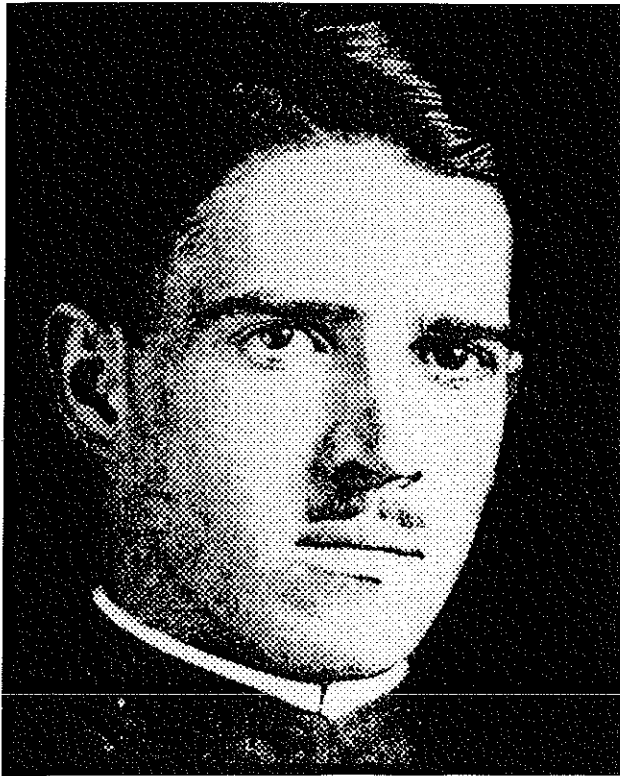
"We've proved that it works," said K-Team's chief developer Alexandre Colot. "It will take time, and we'll train some of them to use the robot by June." He promised that 20 robots would be delivered in time for the big race that fall. By 2007, the rulers of Qatar have pledged that all the camel jockeys will be mechanical robots.<sup>33</sup>





ON 27 MAY 1908, PRESIDENT THEODORE Roosevelt created a force of 34 Special Agents within the Department of Justice. Nowadays, the Federal Bureau of Investigation treats this as their birthday. Within eight more years, a new era of federal government reforms had gained a foothold, ending all political appointments in favor of new standards of professionalism.<sup>682</sup> In 1910, Thomas Franklin Baughman said goodbye to his hometown of Frankfort, Kentucky, the same place where his mother Miriam T. Twyman and father Thomas F. Baughman had been raised. At the age of 15, he moved with his folks to 1330 Massachusetts Avenue, North West, in Washington, D.C. For the next three years, his parents were well-off enough to educate him with private tutors, capping off what had been a somewhat privileged education at the Rose Hill Academy in Versailles, Kentucky.<sup>75</sup>

In 1916, young Frank attended George Washington University in the nation's capital, held a job in an office at the U.S. Senate and struck up what would become a life-



T. FRANK BAUGHMAN  
DEPUTY DIRECTOR OF THE F.B.I.

long alliance with one of his fellow Kappa Alpha fraternity brothers, J. Edgar Hoover. In those days, Hoover considered T. Frank Baughman his one and only close friend.

Nonetheless, Hoover "took a dim view" of how much Baughman enjoyed the company of women, or the frequent late-night dice, poker and drinking binges. Baughman could occasionally convince Hoover to come along, but Edgar worried about his own mother's disapproval. For some mysterious reason, "Mother Hoover" took a liking to the tall (5'10½") and good-natured, "spiffy" dresser that her son frequently brought home for dinner.

Not long before America entered The Great World War, Baughman lied about his age so as to seem old enough to enlist in the army. Frank never breathed a word of it to anyone, and Edgar never let on to Frank that he had found out otherwise. Hoover and his mother delivered Frank to the train at Union Station for a heartfelt farewell.

Baughman finished his full tour of duty and left France in June 1919, having received the rank of captain and an honorable discharge. Frank had been a Field Representative of the Quarter Master Corps, serving the War Department at a salary of \$2100 per year. Through the summer of 1919, Baughman served four months with the Military Police at Camp Sevier, South Carolina, during one month of which he commanded the detail of M.P.s for the entire town of Greenville, South Carolina. His assignment was "engaged in prevention of bootlegging" within the military forces. As the aide to Colonel Arthur Woods, Assistant to the Secretary of War, Baughman was called upon to interrogate large numbers of military personnel.<sup>75</sup>

Lo and behold, Frank discovered that Edgar, his old fraternity brother, had completed two law degrees, passed the bar and become a rising young star working for the new U.S. Attorney General.

With the recommendation of his old school buddy, Frank found a job straight away working for the General Intelligence Division of the Department of Justice on 22 October, and was the guest of honor at the Hoover's family Christmas.<sup>549</sup>

Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, a Pennsylvania lawyer with liberal credentials, suffered a complete change of heart after an Italian anarchist blew himself up outside Palmer's home. Shortly before, the Post Office foiled the delivery of 38 mail bombs to leading American politicians and businessmen.<sup>713</sup>

Beginning on 7 November 1919, Palmer ordered Hoover and Baughman to lead the arrest of an estimated 6,000 American citizens who had variously opposed the

war-time draft, promoted the voting rights of women, or birth control, or expressed any support for the Bolshevik revolution two years earlier in the newly formed Soviet Union. Palmer listed his targets as “the most radical socialists, the misguided anarchists, the agitators who oppose the limitations of unionism, the moral perverts and the hysterical neurasthenic women who abound in communism.”<sup>706</sup>

The U.S. courts required no trials to take place, or even the filing of formal charges. Most of the suspects were eventually released, but some 248 got deported to Finland and later to Russia.

Hoover and Baughman managed to avoid the taint of scandal that brought down Palmer in 1921, after he was denounced for falsifying evidence and misappropriating government funds. Government service for the up-and-coming agents not only continued, uninterrupted, but quickly flourished.<sup>694</sup> Baughman finished up his bachelor of law degree in 1922 and got his masters from George Washington University the next year, passing all his exams and joining the Bar of the District of Columbia. He was also a member in good standing of the American Legion and the Masonic Order.<sup>75</sup>

When Hoover became director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation on 10 May 1924, Baughman stepped up as supervisor of the Washington headquarters staff, the third most powerful spot in the bureau. In 1928, he took on the number two spot as the F.B.I.’s Assistant Director.

For 48 years, Hoover became one of the most politically powerful forces in America – some said even more powerful than the eight U.S. presidents that he watched come and go.<sup>549</sup> Together, Hoover and Baughman forced the bureau’s original nine field offices to grow into 30, including 441 brand new Special Agents and 209 support staff. They did away with seniority promotions, weeded out the old political cronies from previous administrations and looked for young candidates with law or accounting experience. Baughman introduced standardized performance evaluations and required high scores in marksmanship, as well.<sup>682</sup>

Baughman had a knack with all kinds of guns, and in the mid-1930s became the Bureau’s first ballistics expert and head of the firearms instruction program for all new agents. Dating back to his Army years, the nickname of “Cap’n” had stuck to Frank even though no such rank existed within the bureau. Everyone from Edgar down to his newest recruits called him that.

Hoover demanded long hours from all his top aides, and at the end of almost every day dragged Frank Baughman and Charles Appel to late suppers in Georgetown at his favorite restaurant, Harvey’s. Hoover also expected their company at baseball games and the race track. To cut a rather dashing impression, Frank and Edgar often wore white linen suits with silk handkerchiefs that matched their ties.<sup>676</sup> They all became members at the University Club and the nearby Columbia Country

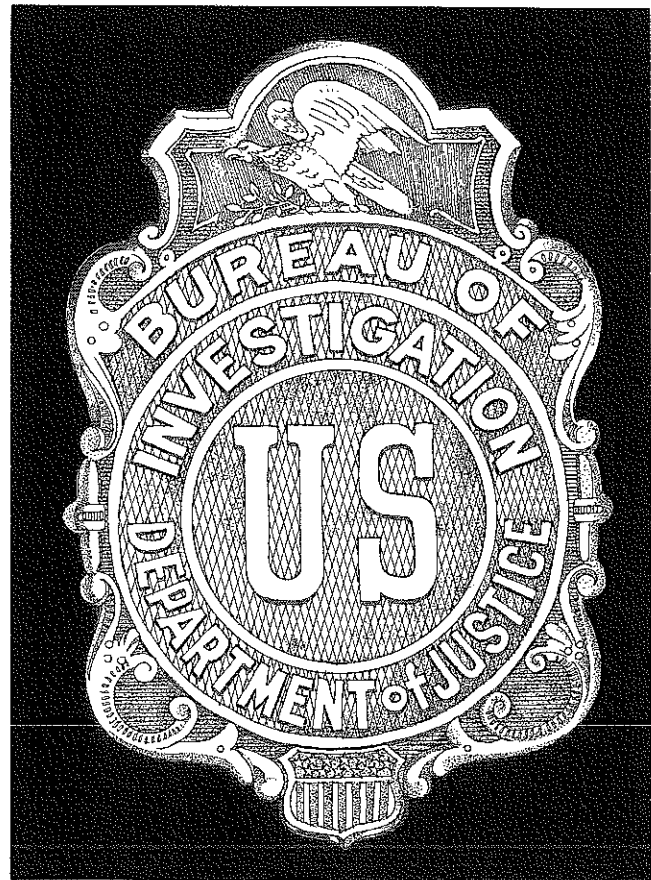
Club. Even though Baughman and Appel had their own wives to get home to – in fact Hoover had been Baughman’s best man – they knew that the Director always expected the F.B.I. to come first.

The first marriages of both Baughman and Appel ended soon enough in divorce. Baughman had a daughter named Shirley Alice-May, named for his wife Alice-Louise Trow McDonald; but after the brief marriage, Alice-Louise re-married and the little girl’s name became legally changed to Alice LeFevre McDonald, honoring a Trow ancestor.<sup>717</sup> They lived at 1811 North Highland Street, in the nearby suburb of Clarendon, Virginia.<sup>76</sup>

The arrival of Clyde Tolson in 1931, and his appointment as assistant director, spelled freedom for Baughman and Appel, who at last could visit their new families on most evenings and weekends.

After the lawlessness of the Roaring Twenties, the era of Prohibition and the start of the Great Depression, many in America had lost all respect for the government. Bank robbers such as John Dillinger captured the public’s imagination, and managed to evade arrest by zigzagging across at least five state lines.<sup>682</sup>

Since the public already held the banks in contempt for their part in the nation’s economic collapse,



AN EARLY AGENT’S SHIELD  
AS FIRST INSTITUTED IN 1908

Dillinger's outlaw ways seemed as heroic as a modern-day William Tell or Robin Hood. Midwestern newspapers printed letters to the editor praising Dillinger as a man who "robbed those who became rich by robbing the poor" and who "isn't half as cheap as a crooked banker or crooked politician."

"He was known for little bits of courtesy, especially toward women," noted the historian Bryan Burrough. "He would josh and joke during bank robberies. It was the way he did things. He had obvious charisma, obvious star power."<sup>329</sup>

"The other reason is that he carried on this extended cat-and-mouse game with the police and always seemed to be able to outsmart them.. When he was caught, he'd give interviews and tell this very appealing sob story about being a poor Indiana boy who went wrong, and then he'd escape in some spectacular way. People loved him for it." Even the popular comic strip *Li'l Abner* included a lovable rascal named Baby Face Floydinger.<sup>111: 12</sup>

Clearly, the federal agents under Hoover and Baughman had their work cut out for them. In May and June of 1934, Congress passed a number of federal laws that enhanced the bureau's ability to give pursuit.<sup>682</sup>

Shortly before 10:30 p.m. on 24 July 1934, Dillinger stepped out the Biograph Theater into a steamy Chicago night with female companions on either arm. F.B.I. agents awaited in the alley next door to the art deco marquee and never gave him a chance to fire back.

"Within minutes after he died, these streets were filled with thousands of people," recounted Mike Flores, a later director of the theater. "No one could get in or out, not even ambulances. People were dipping their handkerchiefs in his blood." Dillinger's grave site, in his hometown of Indianapolis, endured so many souvenir hunters that the badly chipped tombstone had to be replaced.<sup>329</sup>

After 30 years of service, Baughman and Appel both retired from the Bureau in 1949. Baughman had always been squeaky-clean as far as the law was concerned, having been arrested only once in his life, and that for driving three miles too fast in a zone posted at 12 miles-per-hour.<sup>76</sup> Frank occasionally returned to Washington to testify if an important case about ballistics came up, but all those years of being in the center of all the action left him depressed in his retirement years and drifting into alcoholism. His fame as a story-teller, with language so crudely the opposite of Hoover's, had lapsed under boring repetitiousness. The annual Christmas card that came from Hoover became the only contact the two men had, but Baughman left it on the mantel of his Florida home for months into each new year.

On 8 September 1971, Baughman died from cancer, and Hoover flew to Florida to see the open casket and pay his last respects. The old college pal only paused briefly for a look. Hoover died less than a year later, on 1 May 1972.



Walter Lee Baughman, the grandfather of J. Ross Baughman, lived in Susanville, California, during the early 1950s and worked in the nearby Sierra Ordnance Depot, a federal weapons plant in Herlong, also in Lassen County.

This highly restricted military site sat between the Skedaddle Mountains and Honey Lake, which the Army Air Corps had acquired in 1933 to use as an aerial bombing practice range. Eventually, the Air Corps stopped its training missions over the lake bed, but they continued to test a variety of explosives and propellants on the 540-acre tract, located 50 miles north of Reno, Nevada.

By 1942, the depot also became a storage facility for gold, silver and other precious metals belonging to the U.S. Department of the Treasury and so fell under the control of the Secret Service.

Walter's step-daughter, Vernia Baughman Downing, heard from him from time to time even though he and her mother, Iva Dean Gibson, had divorced in 1947.

"He told us that he was working for the government on some kind of undercover mission," explained Vernia in 1987, "where he wound up catching some people who were doing something that they weren't supposed to be doing at a munitions plant, and he turned them in to the Secret Service. He even said they had asked him to go overseas, but he didn't want to. I have no reason to doubt him. It seems like to me whenever he was back here, he was trying to avoid someone who was after him. The government was going to send him somewhere else, back in the east."

Life could be exciting in Doyle with or without the Secret Service. On 14 December 1950, the epicenter of a 5.6 magnitude earthquake shook Fort Sage Mountain just a few miles north of Walter's house, and caused serious damage at the ordnance depot.<sup>96: 1</sup>

On 22 December 1955, Walter Baughman died at the age of 56 in a traffic accident in the town of Doyle, in Lassen County, California.

Because of large amounts of lead detected at Honey Lake, the entire tract and surrounding community buildings were declared in 1992 to be a Hazardous Toxic Waste Site, scheduled by the federal government and California's Department of Toxic Substances Control for cleanup and reuse under the Brownfields Program.<sup>678</sup>

A request to the Secret Service under the Freedom of Information Act for any and all information in their files relating to Walter Lee Baughman turned up nothing.<sup>364</sup>



Around the same time that T. Frank Baughman retired from the F.B.I. and Walter Baughman took up his work in California, another Baughman became a key

figure in Washington's community of federal law enforcement.

Urbanus Edmund Baughman, Jr., known to family and friends just by his initials U.E., had been born in Camden, New Jersey in 1905 to Urbanus and Alberta Faunce Baughman. His grandfather Isaac P. Baughman had been born in 1834, and his great grandfather was Emmanuel Baughman. U.E.'s high school years passed in West Philadelphia.<sup>78</sup>

The vivid pictures that Baughman collected from his life survive today because of his love of writing, and in particular the self-discipline for keeping a daily journal across a whole decade at the climax of his career in government service.

At the very beginning of his working life, there had been a short-lived stint selling coal stoves for his first mentor, a Mr. Shellabarger; but by the time that the young traveling salesman arrived in a train at New London, Connecticut, he knew it was time to switch careers. Odd jobs eventually led him to the University of Pennsylvania. Then he headed for Philadelphia, where he learned that a branch office of the U.S. Treasury there was hiring clerks.<sup>77: 18-19</sup>

Before long, U.E. found himself helping out the Treasury Department's elite police force, the Secret Service, as their undercover mark during anti-counterfeiting arrests.

"The game," according to the young apprentice as he approached a criminal target, "was to win their confidence so they would, finally, trust you. But you not only had to develop resistance to a crook's charm. In the long, arduous business of roping criminals by passing as one of them, you had to put down, ruthlessly, any feelings of friendship that might develop."<sup>77: 25</sup>

"Never again was I to look upon the pursuit of the criminal as if it were a game to be played for my personal delight. It was deadly serious, this business of being a policeman. It took courage and it took conviction. It was a life-or-death matter, for myself and for the man I was pursuing. Each of us, the criminal and I, was a human being, with every form of human emotion, terror, love, fear; our relationship was essentially a tragic one."<sup>77: 22</sup>

"Often I dreaded the hour when the showdown came. In the dangerous intimacy that had developed over days and weeks... [I could] glimpse the terrible rage toward society he felt and his expectation of nothing but betrayal from it. And when the moment came for the cycle of his betrayal to come full turn and to see him at that moment as vulnerable as a child, his incredulous gaze turning on you with full knowledge of your betrayal of him dawning slowly and painfully upon his face – well, those moments were very, very hard to take."<sup>77: 25-26</sup>

Over the years, some of Baughman's arrests brought down sophisticated, dangerous experts, such as Herman Petrillo, head of Murder, Inc. But the Treasury Department had to pursue every level of violation as

well.<sup>77: 30</sup>

"One I always remember was the one in which I played the role of a *bindlestiff*," recalled Baughman, drawing on old Pennsylvania-Dutch slang for the bundled bedroll on the back of a hobo.

"The counterfeiter in that case were a small gang of hobos who were turning out a really excellent brand of half-dollar coin. To rope them, I had to dress as a hobo myself and go after them in their natural habitat, the hobo jungle. I found them living on the edge of a small stream next to a cornfield, and they welcomed me into their midst without a question. I ate and slept with them for a week and learned to like their debonair spirit and sense of fun.

"Those were the Depression years and many good men were footloose, unable to get jobs... These men were that kind. Despite the hard times they had fallen upon, I shall always remember them and the way in which they kept their love of life alive.

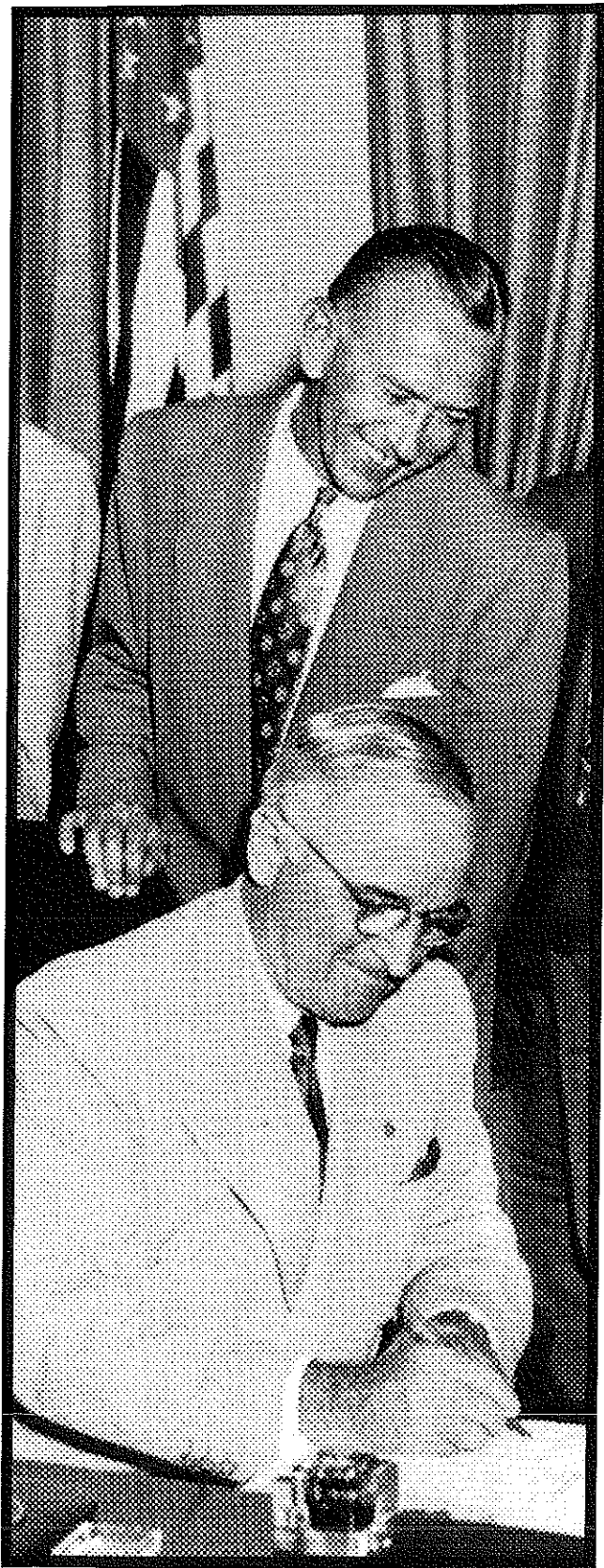
"Their little magic half-dollar stamping machine was hidden in the cornfield. It was a simple device with a very good die made by an unemployed engraver in the gang – and one of the others, an unemployed metallurgist, had made a particularly deceptive amalgam of metals that, shaped into a coin, look and felt quite real and sounded so too if dropped upon a counter.

"Whenever this hardy little band would run out of their modest necessities, they would repair to their cornfield and have a manufacturing session, never making more coins than they needed. When I, at last, had to stop them, the newspapers had great fun with them, calling them the Cornfield Counterfeiters and me the Cornfield Cop. I am happy to say that this group got off with a stern warning from an understanding judge; happy, that is, because they were not basically criminals but men who were trying merely to keep body, soul and good spirits together in an era of genuine hardship."<sup>77: 29</sup>

Baughman, an avid student of history, loved to regale his colleagues with the old laws on counterfeiting. During the Roman Empire, anyone caught tampering with or hammering out their own coins risked being burned alive. Counterfeiters during the Reformation got their hands cut off, and when caught a second time, faced castration. In Colonial America, the warning "Death to Counterfeiters" appeared right on the paper banknotes. In 1839 alone, outright fraud, bankruptcy or unreliably copied money made 351 banks into criminal enterprises.<sup>77: 128</sup> Between the birth of the Republic and the start of the Civil War, state banks failed to stop five thousand different printers of home-made currency.<sup>77: 127</sup>

Besides learning about law enforcement himself, Baughman loved to teach as well, and initiated many training programs for the service that made it into the very model of a modern law enforcement agency.<sup>77: 266</sup> Whenever Baughman wrote or even spoke, Latin phrases littered his orders, his explanations and his jokes.<sup>77: 164</sup>

On 6 August 1936, U.E. Baughman married Miss



SECRET SERVICE CHIEF U.E. BAUGHMAN  
WITH PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN ON 16 JULY 1951

Ruth Yessel and in 1941 their son Bill was born. The head office in Washington, D.C., also smiled upon his successes, and named him Assistant to the Supervising Agent in New York City.

"I recall that Disraeli once said: 'I've never really *accomplished* anything. The few things that may have got done under my supervision I've simply *worried* into being.' He could have been speaking about me... My mind has a habit of racing along a hundred paths, spying out possible eventualities."

Twelve years later, Baughman received a terse order to fly immediately to headquarters in Washington. Without the tiniest clue of warning, John W. Snyder, the Secretary of the Treasury, asked Baughman to lead the entire Secret Service.

Baughman felt shaky and uncertain as soon as he walked out of his boss's office.

"What bothered me basically was the awful responsibility involved in my new duty of protecting the President of the United States and his family... a life-and-death burden which the Chief of the Secret Service has to carry with him every day and every night of his life. There is no respite. He may never drop the burden, let it rest on somebody else's shoulders. It is his responsibility and his alone." <sup>77: 37</sup>

Baughman had become, unknowingly, the solution to a problem confronting President Harry Truman. J. Edgar Hoover's wanted complete control over all federal law enforcement, including the safety and protection of the president. Truman felt cautious, even suspicious, and wanted a strong alternative. The president wrote of these concerns in a note to his wife:

"Dear Bess,

"I am sure glad the Secret Service is doing a better job. I was worried about that situation. Edgar Hoover would give his right eye to take over, and all Congressmen and Senators are afraid of him. I'm not and he knows it. If I can prevent it, there'll be no NKVD or Gestapo in this country. Edgar Hoover's organization would make a good start towards a citizen spy system. Not for me.

"Lots of love,

"Harry" <sup>391: 51</sup>

Up until the Truman administration, the budget for presidential protection had always been a provisional afterthought. Any congressman or senator could delay Secret Service appropriations with a simple objection. After Puerto Rican nationalists made a failed attempt on Truman's life at Blair House, a bill that began as House Resolution 2395 finally became law on 16 July 1951.

"Well," quipped the president, with Baughman protecting his back at the official signing, "It is wonderful to know that the work of protecting me has at last become legal." <sup>391: 54</sup>

In the first year of that administration, the files on strangers who had written threats against the president totaled 50,000.

"A Secret Service security clearance [of any civilian] is not merely political, explained Baughman. "It is chiefly psychological. We are mainly concerned with the mental balance of the individual, for even an extreme radical, in our experience, will not assassinate a man he hates politically unless he has a major disorder in his thinking, a mental disturbance. Our men have become very, very expert in picking out mental disturbances in an individual, and some of them can sense it nearly as well as a psychiatrist can." 77: 49

Under Baughman's watch, the office and person of the presidency never suffered from direct threat. 391: 54 Baughman developed a reputation for being invisible, mingling easily with the national leadership at black tie affairs.

"The following conversation is one I had with a fellow guest... He was a red-faced, slightly pompous, minor official and he said to me. 'You may not realize it but there are several Secret Service agents here in tuxedos.'

"There are?" I said.

"Certainly,' he said... 'there always are. I know because I know their faces.'

"Where are they?" I asked.

"He nodded in the direction of a guest at our table. 'He's one,' he said, 'the first one to the left across the table, the fellow with the crew cut and the pink rosette in his lapel.'

"I looked at the man he was pointing to in wonder. 'Really?' I said.

"Oh, yes,' he said. 'They're a fine-looking bunch of men. Some of them are educated. You'd never know them from one of us.'

"Is that true?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Gratified by my reactions, he pointed out a few of the others. I did not know any of the gentlemen he indicated and I have never seen any of them again. But in my heart, I forgave him because of his high regard for our fine-looking cadre and for the extent to which some of us had been educated." 77: 52

Besides being highly qualified detectives, their demanding assignments required Secret Service agents to be world-class swimmers, marathon runners, horsemen worthy of a fox hunt and sailors ready for the open sea.

"You should be able to go anywhere, mix with any kind of group and quickly be accepted as one of them," cautioned their chief.

When all of the cameras and microphones were safely packed away, President Truman counted on his Secret Service protectors for their consummate senses of privacy and discretion. The man from Independence, Missouri, never shed his late-19<sup>th</sup> Century upbringing, and so was overheard by his agents often using profanity and racial epithets such as "nigger." The public had no idea that the politician who had desegregated the armed forces, and signed many pieces of legislation on race and civil rights,

came from another nature entirely. 391: 309

Two of Baughman's best agents got one of the most delicate missions: guarding President Eisenhower's granddaughters while they enjoyed summer at Camp Allegheny. These two men, both in their 30s, blended into the canoe trips, the sing-alongs, the dancing around campfires and swapping of bedtime stories. 77: 192

At the same time, they never forgot the deadly seriousness of their job. Repeated death threats arriving at the White House had named the grandchildren. 77: 208

"Every one of these men is an expert marksman and is familiar with every kind of firearm. They have one of the finest (if not the finest) police pistol teams of all time, and usually walk away with the top awards when they compete with other high-ranking police bodies throughout the world." 77: 174

On many occasions, Baughman became not only the first line of protection, but the Commander-in-Chief's buddy as well.

"Item: I went fishing with the President. The formality when one goes fishing with most Presidents is to catch less than they do... [But] he is one of the best fisherman I've ever seen and could hit a lily pad at a hundred feet with a trout rod and light line. His catch was double mine and I was trying hard.

"Item: A special putting green was constructed on the rear lawn of the Presidential residence. The White House squirrels started digging up this green and the White House Police decided to transport the squirrels to other areas. A news item on this forced migration appeared and a flood of letters descended from all parts of the country. The indignation aroused had hardly been equaled since the firing on Fort Sumter...



AN EARLY SHIELD OF THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE  
AS USED FROM 1890 - 1971

"Item: The President received a fine gift from a firearms company," wrote Baughman. "It was a beautiful replica of an early model of a gun famous in our history."

Baughman was referring to a presentation for President Eisenhower on 21 January 1957, honoring his second inauguration, from L.H. Silberstein, president of the Colt Patented Firearms Manufacturing Company of Hartford, Connecticut. The single-action Army revolver, named the Peacemaker, arrived in a wooden display case and bore the serial number 350530. The handgun featured a 7½-inch barrel, grips fashioned from stag horn, and engravings all over it with scenes from the frontier West.

"Presumably it was safe to shoot, coming as it did from the officers of the company, but I took no chances. I had it checked and found it would have probably blown up in the President's hand, possibly killing him, if he had shot it." <sup>77: 210</sup>

Baughman always deployed the Secret Service into redundant rings of security. Major Ralph Stover commanded the outermost band, being the highly visible uniformed White House police. The innermost included 36 of his most elite agents, the plain-clothesmen known simply as the White House Detail. <sup>77: 174</sup>

Another descendant of the Pennsylvania Dutch served as the president's personal driver, a Secret Service agent named Dick Flohr. <sup>77: 239</sup> The senior-most aide to the president was Col. Robert L. Schulz, and the president's personal physician was Dr. Howard Snyder. <sup>77: 212-213</sup> Many of them had the chance, while serving their nation, to follow destiny back to Switzerland during an early peace conference with the Soviets. <sup>77: 240</sup>

Baughman's home office looked out on the White House from the Treasury's old executive building immediately next door by the East Wing. Besides coming up with several very useful inventions for the discrete use of the Secret Service, Agent Robert Bouck headed the Protective Research section and became one of Baughman's most trusted staffers.

Bouck invented a cure for one of Truman's most troublesome habits. During daily strolls outside the White House, Truman had the effect of a Pied Piper, drawing a throng of well-wishers or the just-plain curious who followed him, along with traffic jams all along the way. Bouck overrode the lights, stopping all traffic and clearing the way for a brisk presidential walk. One day, Truman noticed the strange phenomenon of four-way red lights at every corner and ordered Baughman to put a stop to it. "I'll wait for the light like any other pedestrian," grumbled the nation's Walker-in-Chief. <sup>391: 293</sup>

Bouck's office also archived and indexed those 50,000 threatening letters to the president, along with the detailed dossiers pieced together on every person who wrote such a note. All of them had to be taken seriously, but the riddle involved figuring out which very few of these desperately ill souls meant to carry out their threats. Some messages were 40-foot-long scrolls filled with

incomprehensible babbling; but another ran only three words long, each a four-letter obscenity. <sup>77: 55-57</sup> "There are other members of the lunatic fringe in this country who we feel are potential sources of more serious danger. They include a profusion of rabble-rousing individuals and demagogic societies... I am going to pick only two to illustrate how dangerous they are.

"Let us look at a former general in the Army who's been involved in many odd escapades. His latest gambit has been to incite the American Indian to a condition of self-pitying frenzy.

"He told the Indians that the United States was still at war with them; that no final peace treaty had ever been signed between the Indian nations and this country. This meant, he said, that our government had no jurisdiction over the Indians, nothing to say about their lands or their rights. He convinced them that their leaders should go to Washington to have a powwow with Big Chief President.

"And they did just that, one hundred of them. They came to Washington and did a war dance in front of the White House. They demanded that the President give them money for the lands we had 'stolen' from them. They demanded also that the President recognize them as a sovereign nation and deal with them through proper diplomatic channels, sending our ambassador and receiving theirs.

"I had to reinforce our guard at the White House fence, for in such instances we must be prepared for an attempt to rush the gates... We are not afraid of political viewpoints, only what emotionally upset people will do with such viewpoints.

"Actually, this particular individual is fascinating, in an off-beat way. He really is a general in the army. He was retired for a physical disability following a medical diagnosis of 'psychoneurosis, creative depression (situational), mild.' Since then he has raised unmmerry hell all over. Perhaps his most ambitious endeavor was the founding of the Minute Men For The Constitution, an organization that stirred up anti-Catholic sentiment...

"But the aforementioned individual is only the mildest source of discomfort to me in contrast to my feelings when I contemplate a group called the N.O.I. The initials stand for the Nation of Islam. It is sometimes referred to as 'The Muslims,' and its membership in this country may be as high as 70,000, with active organizations in over 20 large cities.

"This group, whose membership is entirely colored, attempts to arouse violent feelings of racism. It trains its men as soldiers and instructs its young men and women in an odd and distorted form of Mohammedanism.

"The N.O.I. teaches its members that the Black Race (its own term) was the original race on earth and that the other races are offshoots from it. Its leaders claim that the White Race or 'Devil Race' enslaved the Black Race and never allowed it to learn its real identity or history... Its message has been accepted wholeheartedly by its



followers, who even change their names because they do not wish to bear the 'slave' names given to them by their White Devil masters.

"An additionally disconcerting item: NOI's leader, Elijah Muhammad (a Negro born in Georgia in 1897), was given an I.Q. test while serving a prison term at the Federal Correctional Institute at Milan, Michigan, in 1943. His score was 70 to 79 – considerably below average...

"We must keep a vigilant eye on this fanatic group. Many of its members might be capable of attacking our President, even were they not inflamed by such political nonsense. Encouraged to violence, they are potent sources of unthinkable mischief." 77: 73-76

"Now the Chief of the Secret Service is legally empowered to countermand a decision made by anybody in this country if it might endanger the life or limb of the Chief Executive. This means I could veto a decision of the President himself if I decided it would be dangerous not to." 77: 89

President Eisenhower loved to set up a canvas, easel and oil paints on the White House lawn and try out his skills as an artist. Baughman pointed out how the president made himself into too perfect of target. Eisenhower felt badly later on for arguing, because he "apparently worried these protectors by my unthinking disregard for their advice... [they are] one of the finest, most efficient organizations of men I've ever known." 391: 297

Although Baughman had highly sharpened ideas about which groups threatened America most, he surprised many with another one of his assessments. In an interview published in *The Washington Post* on Tuesday, 25 July 1961, Baughman ventured, "I will say emphatically that there is no mafia in this country and no national crime syndicate. Why don't those who talk about the mafia name its leader or leaders? There has been no mafia in this country for a least 40 years. Now about a national crime syndicate: I say there is no such thing, and I say it not simply as a personal judgement, but on the basis of talks with other enforcement officials."

This last opinion of Baughman's happened to mirror perfectly what J. Edgar Hoover had been preaching at the F.B.I.

A threat that every one could agree about also fell on Baughman's shoulders. It occurred during a preliminary visit of Soviet leaders to Washington, D.C.

"When Khrushchev was to come here, an advance group led by a General Zakharov came over a month beforehand. Solemnly they called a meeting of our top security men. Zakharov was coldly polite to all, but then he gave his speech. 'Gentlemen,' he said through his interpreter, 'if an attempt is made on Khrushchev's life while he is in the United States, the situation will be very, very serious, even if Khrushchev doesn't die. If he does die it will be the end of the United States.' Here the

interpreter made a gesture with his right hand indicating the way a child might show the fall of a bomb, and, as it landed he said, 'Boom.' Zakharov smiled bleakly. 'Exactly,' he said." 77: 240

"There were literally hundreds of buildings along the route and thousands of tenants. Were our precautions excessive? No. The President and his First Lady would ride these streets in an open car at a speed of three miles an hour. As the hundreds of thousands of people roared and waved and applauded, both of them would have been sitting ducks for a determined lunatic in a window even if he were a relatively poor shot." 77: 47

The president, in such circumstances, would have become "the delight of a sharpshooter. A rifle with a telescopic sight slipped unobtrusively out of any of a thousand windows along the route, with plenty of time to aim carefully, and we would have been helpless to protect our charge." 77: 82

Just like President Lincoln a century before, Baughman was stricken with nightmares about death in the White House. These fears troubled Baughman not just regarding some hazy, long-term future, but about every day that he served. In fact, he wrote the previous few comments about President Harry Truman.

Just such worries combined with another request to make a meaningful improvement in presidential security.

"President Eisenhower told me that he had to lean out of his limousine window to wave to people and that this not only tired him but, when it was raining out, he got drenched. He himself suggested that possibly a Plexiglas top could be made so that he could see and be seen more easily. I put the problem up to the Ford Company and they came up with the famous Bubbletop." 77: 209

Baughman's prophetic concerns might have proved useful in Dallas, Texas, on 22 November 1963 when President John F. Kennedy was shot, but the veteran Secret Service chief had resigned some 28 months too soon.

On 8 December 1963, U.E. Baughman granted an interview in Washington, D.C., to United Press International, just a little over two weeks after the Kennedy assassination.

"There are a lot of things to be explained. Why was Lee Harvey Oswald permitted to leave the Book Depository after the shooting?" asked Baughman.

Dozens of Secret Service agents surrounded the scene, all of them former F.B.I. agents and all tested marksmen, let alone hundreds of Dallas policemen. Baughman asked why the Secret Service didn't fire a single shot in reply during the entire hailstorm of shots at the president's car. Instead, they should have immediately "peppered" the window with suppressive submachine gun fire.

Seth Kantor of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain interviewed Baughman soon thereafter, and the former

Secret Service chief explained that it was a “basic, established rule” for all his agents to keep people out of the upper stories of buildings along a presidential parade route. The manager of the Texas School Book Depository “should have been under firm instructions” to close the upper floors to all unauthorized people.

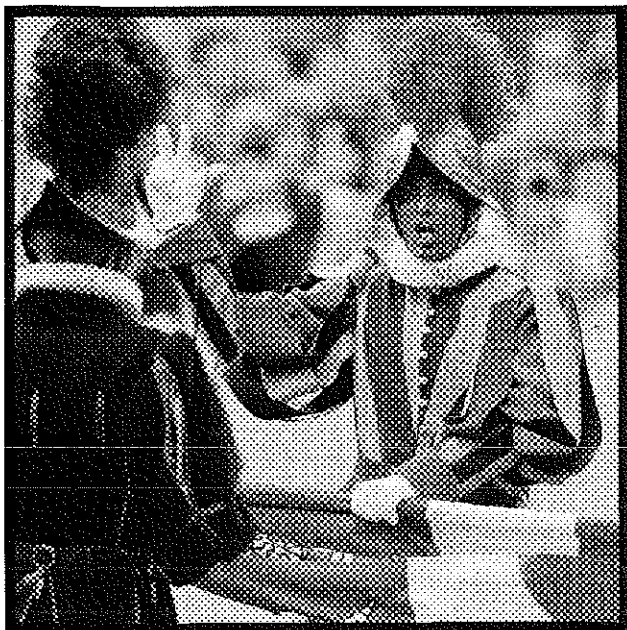
U.E. Baughman, Jr., served for 13 years as the 13<sup>th</sup> head of the Secret Service, rounding out 33 years with the agency. At last he could retire to home and family in Arlington, Virginia. Even though he served with equal dedication to both Democratic and Republican presidents, Baughman didn’t disguise his personal preference for Harry Truman. Nonetheless, he revealed a strong conservative streak, and in 1962 had an interesting premonition about Richard Nixon when most political observers presumed that the defeated vice-president was finished.

“Perhaps Mr. Nixon will yet have a chance to show his mettle and his qualities in the Presidency itself.” <sup>77: 251</sup>



On 6 May 2004, Pope John Paul II swore in Dhani Sebastian Bachmann as one of the latest crop of 33 soldiers inducted into his Swiss Guards. Just as the Vatican deserved recognition as the smallest sovereign nation in the world, so their 110-member elite corps of mercenaries formed the smallest army in the world. <sup>484</sup>

Especially since the assassination attempt on his life at the beginning of John Paul’s papacy, the pope had come to rely on the guard for both his personal protection and for the picturesque, ceremonial watch at every entrance to Vatican City. Guardsmen received tough



DHANI BACHMANN SWEARS TO SERVE THE POPE AS A MEMBER OF THE VATICAN’S ELITE SWISS GUARD

schooling to serve simultaneously as honor guards, security technicians, diplomats, musicians, tour guides and plain-clothes police detectives.

Forty five of them must be at their posts at any given hour of the day. The duty roster obliges them to serve two days of ten-hour shifts followed by one day of rest. By the very nature of their employer’s line of work, there are no Sundays off. Their modest salaries amount to \$100 per week in cash.

Any candidate must be a Swiss citizen, a faithful Roman Catholic, aged between 19 and 30 years, educated with at least a professional or high school diploma, unmarried, and at least 5’8” tall.

The full corps includes four officers, 26 non-commissioned officers, 79 lancers known as halberdiers, and one chaplain who is chosen personally by the pontiff. They serve in two-year enlistments, renewable for up to 30 years.

They must all be very agile with their eight-foot halberds, which are basically lances topped with a battle axe. Their ceremonial salute to the pope requires a slow descent on one knee while keeping the halberd in the right hand ever perpendicular. Each guardsman is also trained in several martial arts to the level of black belt, and for backup carry containers of a mace spray concealed in their uniforms. <sup>243</sup>

The swearing-in ceremony takes place at the historic St. Damaso Courtyard on the same day each Spring which commemorates how the guard sacrificed their own lives to save Pope Clement VII in 1527.

Attired in the guard’s blue-and-tan Renaissance uniform and plumed helmet, Bachmann raised his right arm in the traditional Swiss salute with three fingers extended.

“I swear I will faithfully, loyally and honorably serve the Supreme Pontiff John Paul II and his legitimate successors, and also dedicate myself to them with all my strength, sacrificing if necessary also my life to defend them. I assume this same commitment with regard to the Sacred College of Cardinals whenever the See is vacant. Furthermore, I promise to the Commanding Captain and my other superiors, respect, fidelity and obedience. This I swear!

“May God and his saints assist me!”

Significant among these saints is the Swiss hermit Bruder Klaus, more formally known as St. Niklaus von Flüe, “Defender of Peace in the Fatherland,” whose special day is observed on 25 September; and St. Martin, whose special day falls on 11 November. <sup>714</sup>

Dhani Bachman, the newest member of the highly trained corps, was born in India, and stands out from his fellow guards due to his very dark skin tone, being the first person of color ever accepted into the guard.

“Only the Swiss look at me with curiosity,” said the 21-year-old Private Bachmann, “but I get on fine with my fellow soliders.” <sup>685</sup>

Dhani, born on 4 August 1980, had been adopted from India as a five-year-old. His new parents, Walter Bachmann and Marie-Louise Ziegler Bachmann, took him home to the village of Hildisrieden in Canton Luzern. Quite a few retired members of the Swiss Guard happen to live in that same town. Walter's forefathers came from nearby in Romoos, a hamlet beside Entlebuch.

Dhani grew up in the Alps and became fluent in no other language than Swiss German. To better handle the

citizens of Rome, the Guard obliged Dhani to take Italian lessons.<sup>671</sup>

Dhani joined ranks with another Bachmann on the day he took his oath. Captain Frowin Karl Bachmann, 39, had grown to manhood by the shore of Lake Zürich, right next door to Richterswil, as a citizen of Feusisberg in Canton Schwyz. The captain had also become a Swiss guard right out of school, at the age of 20, and spent almost as many years devoted to service. Lance-Corporal



THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE SWISS GUARD WHO WAS NOT BORN SWISS  
BUT JOINING A LONG LINE OF BACHMANNS IN THAT CALL TO DUTY

René Marcel Bachmann, from Schönenwerd in Canton Solothurn joined the guard of Pope John XXIII in 1972 at the age of 22 and stayed for ten years, through the transition from John Paul I to John Paul II.

Earlier in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, Hans Bachmann left his home in Menzingen in Canton Zug. He served Pope Pius XI through four years as a Halberdier, from 1926 to 1930. Sergeant Gottfried Bachmann's service overlapped the papacy's of both Pius XI and XII, from 1924 to 1942, including difficult years during the start of World War II, before he returned home to the town of Aristau in Canton Aargau. Halberdier Albert Bachmann, born during 1902 and a resident of Luzern, served Pope Benedictus XV for the two years after his enlistment in 1921.

During the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, a total of four more Bachmanns became Swiss Guards: Halberdier Georg Anton Bachmann of Sursee in Canton Luzern, spanned the papacies of Leo XII and Pius VIII between 1825 to 1833; Halberdier Joseph Bachmann of Buchs, who joined in 1820 under Pope Pius VII, and Halberdier Lukas Bachmann of Hochdorf, who joined in 1877 to protect Pope Pius IX, both hailed from Canton Luzern. Halberdier Niklaus Bachmann held citizenship in Muri, a town in Canton Aargau, but he chose the Vatican as his residence for four years starting in 1849 at the start of the papacy of Pius IX.<sup>265</sup>

During the 18<sup>th</sup> Century, at least two more members of the family served in the Vatican from Canton Luzern. A Jacob Bachmann from Winikon and another man also named Jacob Bachman, from Willisau, were serving simultaneously in 1731 under Pope Clemens XII.<sup>323</sup>

On Saturday, 5 June 2004, Pope John Paul II conducted a large, outdoor mass in Bern, Switzerland, with hopes that 50,000 would attend, and that normal diplomatic relations between the Swiss and the Vatican could be restored for the first time since their rupture during the Protestant Reformation.

When local Protestants found out that they would not be allowed to share communion with those Catholics attending, they refused to come.

Out of Switzerland's 7.7 million citizens, some 44 percent are Catholic, born out of a long tradition in that country dating back to the medieval monasteries at Einsiedeln and St. Gall.<sup>707</sup> Questioned in a recent national opinion poll, three-quarters of today's Swiss felt that the pope should retire on account of his failing health and entrenched theological opinions, "a feeling shared by a group of Swiss Roman Catholic theologians, priests and community leaders in a public letter to the Pope," reported the Agence France Presse.<sup>671</sup>

"Yet rates of church attendance hover around 16 percent," observed John Allen of the National Catholic Reporter. "Anti-clerical prejudices run deep... Just two days ahead of the pope's visit, for example, the national parliament in Bern approved a bill for civil registration of

same-sex unions."

Hans Küng, a liberal theologian from the Swiss priesthood, has been punished by the Vatican for straying from the pope's interpretation of church policy. He claimed that John Paul's 32-hour visit carefully dodged any discussion of the second-class role of women in the church or of the celibacy of priests.

For a special mass on Sunday, young people poured water from the four principle Swiss rivers into a marble pool, which the pope blessed for sprinkling over the crowd.

The celebrated Swiss Guards of the Vatican also performed in a special display of ceremonial precision, they having been the special protectors of the pope for five centuries.<sup>681</sup>



CHARLES T. BAUGHMAN, who served during World War II aboard B-29 long distance bombers in the Pacific Theater, became a charter sponsor of the Air Force Memorial Foundation and will have his name engraved as the first of 13 Baughmans also to be recalled at the future site. He is the father of the author of this book. The balance of the list includes:

CLINTON P. BAUGHMAN  
DONALD BAUGHMAN  
EARL BAUGHMAN  
MSGT. EARLE B. BAUGHMAN  
EDWARD W. BAUGHMAN  
TSGT. GLENN M. BAUGHMAN  
MAJ. HARRY H. BAUGHMAN  
JAMES R. BAUGHMAN  
MAJ. JOHN R. BAUGHMAN  
LEON E. BAUGHMAN  
MARLA K. BAUGHMAN  
LT.COL. RONALD E. BAUGHMAN, USAF<sup>666</sup>

On a black marble wall in Washington, D.C., that honors over fifty thousand Americans who died during the war in Vietnam, three Baughmans appear.

The design of the wall begins just as the fighting did, by small degrees, and then deepens to the bloodiest years of the war, listing chronologically all those who died in combat. An accompanying registry reveals further biographical information.

The first name, appearing on Panel 55 E, Line 1, is

WESLEY GENE BAUGHMAN  
*He was 21 years old, Married, a Caucasian male,  
Born on 8 November 1946, from Dallas, Oregon.  
A corporal (E4) in the U.S. Marine Corps, regular;  
His length of service was for three years.  
His tour of duty began on 16 February 1968.  
His death occurred on 5 May 1968*

*in Quang Nam, South Vietnam,  
During hostile ground action.  
He died from an explosive device.  
His body was recovered.*

There follows, on Panel 33 W, Line 46,

RONALD GENE BAUGHMAN  
*He was 19 years old, Single, a Caucasian male,  
Born on 20 April 1949, from Indianapolis, Indiana.  
His religion was Protestant.  
A private, first class (E2) in the U.S. Marine Corps, regular;  
His tour of began on 16 September 1968.  
His death occurred on 3 February 1969  
in Quang Nam, South Vietnam,  
During hostile ground action.  
He died from the bullet wounds of small arms fire.  
His body was recovered.*

Finally, on Panel 26 W, Line 6, appears

JOHN OLIVER BAUGHMAN  
*He was 19 years old, Single, a Caucasian male,  
Born on 13 May 1949, from Junction City, Kansas.  
His religion was Roman Catholic.  
A sergeant (E5) in the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division  
of the U.S. Army, regular,  
His length of service was for one year.  
His tour of duty began on 1 April 1969.  
His death occurred on 19 April 1969  
in Tay Ninh, South Vietnam  
During hostile ground action.  
He died from multiple fragmentation wounds.  
His body was recovered. <sup>664</sup>*



### *The Undisclosed Safe Haven*

Following the attacks in New York City and Washington, D.C., on 11 September 2001, the U.S. Secret Service scrambled to find a top secret haven where they could safely deposit the congressional leadership in case of further attacks.

The site finally chosen was about an hour's flight outside of the capital, tucked among the Allegheny mountains, and featured underground conference rooms where America's top politicians would be shielded from weapons of mass destruction. Vice President Richard Cheney also stayed there occasionally in the uncertain weeks and months following the attack, using it as one of his "undisclosed locations."

They chose Greenbrier County, West Virginia, at the resort of the same name, which makes a bitter irony for the Baughman and Bachmann family. This spot was a scant few miles across Greenbrier County from Fort Baughman, where the young Colonel George Washington

had promised to protect the settlement of 59 immigrants, mostly Swiss Mennonites, led by Henry Baughman.

On 12 August 1755, a nine-member patrol of French, and Mohawks along with their Shawnee ally Cornstalk entered the remote corner of the frontier that fell at that time within the jurisdiction of Augusta County, Virginia. They used a ruse of friendship at first to visit the stockade that held the settlers' homes and a school house. <sup>722: 24&157</sup>

Suddenly, the strangers scalped Baughman in front of his wife and children, and massacred 15 other whites. Despite the armed resistance of 21 surviving men, it turned into a four-day siege, and only ended when the Indians decided to move on to their next target. Washington's force could not reach the survivors in time to make a difference. <sup>65: 106-107</sup>

Virginia's Royal Governor Robert Dinwiddie blamed the victims for "a Shameful Panick" and defeat, saying "... in general, the people of Augusta have behav'd very ill in allow'g such scatter'd and few Ind's to rob and murder them; they appear to me yet in gen'l they they have been seized with a Panick, by leav'g their Plantat's and Crops which they might have protect'd if they had joined with Resolut'n." <sup>719: 2</sup>



### *Another Swiss Church Apart From the World*

Another sect of radical Christians filled the spot on Lake Zürich's southern shore left by the Anabaptist brethren 300 years ago. In 1893, the Chrischona Community Evangelical Free Church was created in the neighboring village of Hüttenberg, and in 2000, they set up a new community center on 197 Main Street. The leaders there, known officially as Partners, include Hans Martin Kuhl and Armin Konrad, along with Thomas, Ines and Willi Müller. Their head office stands in the village of Bettingen, just outside of Basel, but they also have congregations in Germany, France and South Africa.

They also started a meeting house at No. 6 Weberrüti Strasse in the village of Samstagern, next door to Richterswil. Life for members within each community has been reported to be an extremely ordered, spiritual "training camp."

"We would be pleased if you were our guest sometime," reads an open invitation from their preacher Edgar Hecklinger on the website, "so that you can feel at home with us, and gladly come again." Many members of Chrischona have a reputation for being unrelenting in their attempts to convert and recruit new members. They have also been described as peculiar, strident and for rubbing their neighbors in the Evangelical Reformed Church the wrong way.

Their preacher, Martin Kress, schedules an active

week of hospitality, starting with 10:30 a.m. services on Sunday morning, mixed choir rehearsals each Monday, and prayer circles for women during the afternoons of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. A special Trombone Choir practices at 7 p.m. each Thursday.

They offer pre-school education for children on Tuesdays and free day care on Wednesdays. On the second Wednesday of each month, they reach out to the general public with a special meeting for senior citizens, hoping most to end those particular feelings of isolation that many elders experience when they don't live close by to the rest of their families.<sup>673</sup>



### *Tradition and Faith in Richterswil*

Crisp, clear and nearly windless weather over Lake Zürich on Saturday night, 10 November 2001, left the village of Richterswil looking like it was right out of a picture book. For the annual Festival of Lights, known as *Räbechilbi*, tens of thousands of carefully hollowed, carved and decorated turnips glowed from the tiny candles placed inside each one, and all of these lined every window in town.

Farmers know to grow enough extra turnips to satisfy the crazy tradition. To prevent hoarding, and to guarantee an adequate supply, the town fathers of Richterswil corner the market in early November, doling out a prescribed amount of bags or basketfuls to each household.

A good soak in water is needed to wipe off the dirt and soften them up. Each family keeps a curious set of special turnip-carving blades, but the most technologically ingenious go so far as to convert their electric drills and workshop benches into turnip carving factories. Some shield for the eyes is not a bad idea, because the fumes and flinging juice of the 300<sup>th</sup> turnip has an effect not unlike raw onion.

Most of the designs are then scratched or delicately peeled off of the rough outer surface, allowing more or less light to shine through. Depending on how thin the sides have been hollowed out, the little globes can withstand carved openings just like a Halloween jack 'o lantern. The themes chosen are most often innocuous repeats of Swiss folk-art pattern, and those that refer too obviously to the Dark Arts or pagan symbols will earn the artist a genuine frown from conservative or religious neighbors.

Thousands more of the little home-made lanterns filled 43 marching displays. A huge audience of visitors drew in from near and far. The town's entire population, including students, teachers, community and sports club members pitched in, taking up paint brushes, hammers and staple guns to create charming and fantastic formations of the shimmering candle dots. The flickering turnips exude

not only their glowing light, but also a completely special fragrance.

Shortly before 6:30 p.m., the parade moved out through the narrow medieval streets lined with half-timbered homes and shops. By tradition, schoolgirls from the upper grades led the way, each cloaked with black scarves and cradling particularly beautiful turnip lanterns. Thereafter followed a delegation of a half dozen living ducks and two dancing french fries.

The winking good nature of the event included two competing swans (one from the Poseidon Water Volleyball Club and the other from the Bruetsch 5<sup>th</sup> Graders), along with a charging rhinoceros, a scrappy dog and a scary penguin. Candles filled every little basket and every little wagon in town.

Six brass bands serenaded the paraders. Sidewalk salesmen brought out enough mulled wine to make everyone a bit more cheerful and a bit less guarded. There were also grilled sausages and special donuts made only at this one time of year.

High school students from the upper-grades at Affoltern and Zollinger created a large three-dimensional light house, while area mountain clubs sent winter fairies. Marchers tied together like mountain climbers hoped to look like fierce dragons or contented bookworms.

Fit in between the big illuminated images came the kindergarten students, each one carefully carrying a single, lovingly-carved turnip.

A glittering skyscraper reminded many – whether intentionally or by chance – of the recent mass murders in New York. The threats of the outside world also drew out three large white doves that all sent wishes for peace up into the heavenly night, one from the Chrischona congregation and two from the upper-grade students at Syfrig.

The origin of *Räbechilbi* is unclear, but some say it dates back at least two centuries, when the celebration of Martini each November obliged a school teacher to lead his students through a long night's walk, each equipped with the simplest lantern they could make out of a hollowed-out turnip. Around the year 1900, musicians began to join the annual procession, and ever since the occasion has found a solid place on the village's calendar.<sup>490</sup>



### *How the Swiss Were Pushed into Becoming Part of the World Again*

By a narrow 51-to-49 percent margin, Swiss voters agreed that their soldiers should carry weapons whenever helping with peacekeeper missions around the world. Until the decision on 10 June 2001, the Swiss had strictly

upheld a 500-year-tradition of self-defense only, never reaching militarily beyond their own borders. The Swiss reputation has long been associated with neutrality and political independence, or with medical and social assistance only given when requested by another country.<sup>426</sup>

A bitter campaign that preceded the vote included posters showing row after row of cemetery crosses with the slogan, "Sacrifice our boys for foreign conflicts?"

In Kosovo, a 160-member Swiss contingent remained unarmed, and relied on German and Austrian peacekeepers for protection. Unarmed troops, called Yellow Berets, operate as observers in the Middle East, Africa, Asia and along the border between North and South Korea.

The Swiss Confederation's defense minister, Samuel Schmid, "understood" the passions raised by the split vote and pledged that Swiss troops would not take part in combat.<sup>424</sup>

Even though the demise of the Soviet Union seemed to remove the adversary most likely to attack them, Swiss voters rejected a move to abolish their own army on 2 December 2001. Over 80 percent wanted to maintain universal military service for all males between the ages of 20 and 42, as well as any female volunteers, upholding a tradition that requires a ready assault rifle in nearly every Swiss home.

The same referendum offered a companion initiative to create a voluntary civilian peace corps, but this idea was similarly refused.<sup>425</sup>

Switzerland has more soldiers, per capita, than another other Western democracy. Nonetheless, from a recent high of 600,000 people in uniform, current forces of 350,000, mostly reservists, will be cut in half during already-scheduled steps over the next few years.

Depending on their skill and training, Swiss soldiers serve anywhere from 330 up to 1,300 days spread out over their lifetimes. Three-week refresher training brings soldiers back to their units every two years, and this is repeated ten times.

Those with a conscientious objection to war give national service in hospitals and nursing homes, although their length of time is considerably longer.

The outcome of the voter referendum seemed a foregone conclusion after the al-Qaeda attacks against America on 11 September 2001, followed shortly thereafter by a mass murder in Zug,<sup>419</sup> the abrupt bankruptcy of the Swiss national airlines, and the severe accident in a major Alpine tunnel. All this bad news severely shook Swiss confidence.<sup>393</sup>

In September 2002, Switzerland became the last nation to join the United Nations, and the only one to do so in obedience to a popular vote of its own citizens. Delegates assembled at the U.N. headquarters in New York burst into applause when assembly president Jan

Kavan of the Czech Republic made Swiss membership official.

As recently as March of 1986, 75.6 percent of Swiss voters rejected the idea of U.N. membership, even though the U.N. had kept its European headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland, for 50 years. The end of the Cold War left many Swiss feeling that neutrality had become irrelevant, a sentiment repeated by Kaspar Villiger, the Swiss Confederation president. Nearly five centuries of strict neutrality began to soften as the confederation of cantons became the 190<sup>th</sup> nation to take up more active political participation with its other European neighbors.

Nonetheless, Switzerland will remain technically neutral at the U.N., joining a small caucus of similarly independent members: Austria, Finland, Ireland and Sweden. What they all have in common is that they will neither join any military alliance nor allow foreign troops into their territory.

Swiss taxpayers will send \$42 million a year in new dues to the U.N., that being above the \$330 million it already contributes to other international organizations.<sup>26</sup>



In the summer of 2004, the Festival of American Folklife assembled by the Smithsonian Institute plastered Swiss flags all along the National Mall in Washington, D.C. The familiar red squares filled by a white cross had been set up on poles every several hundred feet.

The disappointment though, for anyone taking a closer look, was the absence of anything else about Switzerland.

These were First Aid stations, and by tradition should have been marked with a red cross on a white square, but a legal maneuver had stopped their first choice cold, explained the Smithsonian's Becky Haberacker.

It seems that the American Red Cross organization had slapped a trade mark protection order on all red crosses, forcing anyone hoping to give first aid in the United States to come up with another idea for their identity. Only the U.S. military and the corporation Johnson & Johnson are exempted.

Haberacker had no other choice but to plagiarize the flag of a 711-year-old friendly country rather than plagiarize one from a 100-year-old first aid organization.

So far, the Swiss have not seen fit to trademark their national symbol. Despite the mixed messages on the Mall, no injured people seeing the flag flying in front of the Swiss Embassy on Cathedral Avenue in northwest D.C. have limped up seeking medical attention.<sup>319</sup>



"All things considered, how satisfied are you with your life as a whole now?" wondered a social scientist from the Netherlands named Ruut Veenhoven. Back in

2001, he published his results after carefully choosing random people in 82 countries for the poll.

With dazzling statistical adjustments for income and life expectancy in each nation, he came up with a way to compare and balance the ratings, all the way from 1 for the very discontented up to 10 for extremely satisfied.

It turned out that built-in dispositions and attitudes for each culture were quite important. Hispanic cultures, for instance, placed a very high value on pride, and their contentment ended up being very high despite relatively low-performing economies. In many of the East Asian cultures, where personal satisfaction for the individual was not highly valued, their satisfaction ratings also turned out low. Former communist nations also left their people reporting low rates of life satisfaction.

So who were the most satisfied in the whole world?

The Swiss, who gave themselves a rating of 8.15 out of 10.

The most grim?

Ukrainians, who only mustered a 3.95.

People in the United States were somewhat pleased with their lots in life, and came out with a score of 7.67.

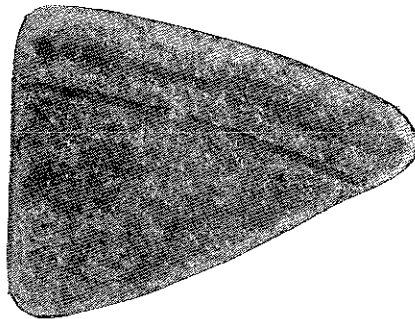
In the same questionnaire, Veenhoven wandered through many other questions with his test subjects, and asked, "During the past few weeks, did you ever feel on top of the world?"

People who lived in the Alps held, perhaps, an unfair advantage with that one.<sup>197</sup>



### *An Unnameable Familiarity*

For some unknown reason, stones have held a powerful, symbolic fascination for J. Ross Baughman. From each stop on his wanderings over ancestral land, in Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, Virginia and Pennsylvania, he has kept one or two aesthetically pleasing rocks. In 1994, several dozen were added into the field stone wall built around the cemetery on Heinrich Bachman's land in the Shenandoah Valley. Several, including one from Old Castle in Richterswil, can be



A SHARD OF POTTERY

DISCOVERED IN THE REID BROOK BELOW OLD CASTLE

noticed to the right of the iron entrance gate because of the way they contrast with the native limestone rock.

The feverish collecting, however, did not end in 1994. While revisiting Lake Zürich in November 2001, Ross stopped by the cluster of houses known as Lower Old Castle (*Unter Altschloss*), where according to family tradition, Ueli's branch of the family once lived. The Reid Brook flows briefly beneath Einsiedeln Street, the back road which connects Wädenswil to Richterswil, and there Ross thrust his hand down into the cold, dark water and immediately felt what he thought was a small, very smooth flat rock.

Only when it was properly washed off back in the doctor's kitchen did it reveal itself to be the etched but very well-worn lip of a pottery shard.

In recent years, Dr. Ueli Bachmann has taken up long-distance mountain biking for the sake of physical fitness, self-discipline and as a competitive sport. He has completed several annual races through the Alps that require an Iron Man stamina. One of his favorite aesthetic rewards of this difficult hobby has been the chance to get away from the pressures of a medical practice and urban setting of metropolitan Zürich.

"The cycling competition is called the Alpen Brevet. In 1998, I finished the tour over the three mountain passes of St. Gotthard, Nufenen, Furka. That covers 104 km (over 60 miles), and requires the body to adjust to 3098 meters of difference in altitude. Twice, in both 1999 and 2000, I made the tour over Oberalp, Lukmanier and St. Gotthard. This is a distance of 158 km. (nearly 100 miles), and a difference in altitude of 3320 meters.

"On my bike, I can make my way through these back roads around Lake Zürich, and, within ten minutes, be out in completely quiet farmland. To look around, one could never think that the city is so close."

By some intuitive choice, perhaps repeating the treks southward he fondly remembered taking as a boy with his father, the doctor heads for Menzigen, Finstersee and the lake by Wilen.

The Swiss knack for marksmanship drew Ueli to archery. "I have bought a beautiful American handmade longbow and started exercising with it in our backyard garden," reports the doctor. "I do it not for competition but as a meditative exercise. It is great fun!"

Then there is the subject very near and dear to his heart: the Fountain of Richterswil.

It seems that Rudolf Zinggeler, son of a linen weaver from the Swiss village of Elgg, brought the family trade to Wädenswil in 1851 when he was 31 years old. By 1873, Rudolf and his brother Samuel moved production to the Stapfer Mill in Richterswil, having contracted with the Richterswil's Community Trust to use the abandoned factory from the town free of charge. The Zinggeler also received the rights to dam and exploit the Sagen Brook as the area's first hydroelectric power plant.



In exchange, Zinggeler promised to install high-pressure pipes to feed five fire-fighting hydrants scattered across town. Businesses could contract to use the water pressure for different commercial ventures, including a family factory famous for its tomato paste. All kinds of industrial presses became possible, as well as the first elevators and the first electricity generating turbines in that part of the country.

On special holidays such as the Swiss National Day every August 1<sup>st</sup> or each Sunday when businesses remained shut to the public, the question came up of what to do with any excess water pressure. When the rail link to Zürich opened in 1875, and steam engine paddle boats loitered off shore, the Zinggeler brothers decided to spew a fountain of excess water up into the air.

The very first squirt came as a dull, musty thunder, followed by a rusty red mist. Then a colossal column of water sprayed upwards, and when the sky was just right, a beautiful rainbow encircled it. At night, a red spotlight also created spectacular scenes. The fact that the water could reach a height of 280 feet made it the largest and most powerful fountain in all Europe.

On 8 August 1973, after nearly a century of making industrial history, Richterswil's high-pressure water company went quietly out of business. The fountain, sadly enough, had not been fired off since the early Sixties.

By the start of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, fond memories convinced the Community Trust to reopen the pipes and restart the happy tradition. A seven-member founding committee headed by Dr. Ueli Bachmann held their first public meeting on Wednesday, 22 January 2003 with an eye toward fostering regional tourism.

If they can meet their goal of reopening the fountain in the Autumn of 2005, they will have to raise 1.75 million Swiss francs and build a reservoir near the Sternenweiher pond so that they will not be at the mercy of the weather and the water levels in the brook. Without an abundant water flow of 50 liters per second, the authorities would not allow the fountain to operate. Given recent levels of rainfall and snowmelt, that would only happen naturally on about one-third of the days of the year.

The Lottery Fund in Canton Zürich expressed great enthusiasm for the project, promising 400,000 Swiss francs of seed money if a small museum adjoining the fountain would document the industrial history of Richterswil. By year's end in 2004, Zürich's Department of National Monuments welcomed a personal meeting with Dr. Bachmann and Professor Peter Ziegler in application for state and federal money, and promised to help.<sup>52</sup>



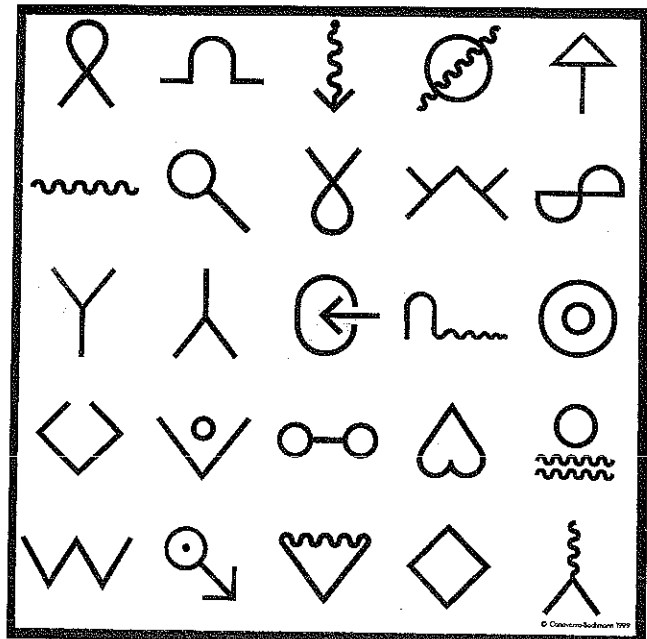
*In Touch with Unseen Forces:  
A Bachmann Séance*

After the death of their father, Hans Jakob Bachmann, in 1989, his four children gathered in the house behind Mülene at Lake Road and Zürcher Street where Hansjakob, Heini, Ueli and Vroni had all grown up in Richterswil. Heini, whose name derives from the more formal Hans Heinrich, had shown the most distance from his brothers and sister by striking out into the world and marrying an Australian woman, although that union was finished after a few years.

This time, he brought along his new love, an Italian woman with an esoteric nature, named Marisa Canavarrà. Heini had also let them know that he no longer wanted to be known by his old name because "it was too full of those old energies." He wanted them to call him Onaris, a name that he felt better suited his new consciousness floating above the earth's surface. He and Marisa arrived at Mülene carrying a strong, smouldering incense, which they explained was needed to "cleanse the house of its negative energies" because "the spirit of our father was still wandering within it, and was most unhappy."

Onaris and Marisa opened a tiny shop in Richterswil named "Free Energy" and dedicated it to esoteric philosophy and spiritual cures. They offer to explain an important part of their beliefs with a chart of 25 symbols, some resembling the old Runic alphabet, that they first saw and came to understand through an intuitive revelation.

"Take your time, always sense and feel your way into that symbol which has attracted you the most," advised the introduction to their book *The Pleiadian Symbols*. "Much



KEYS TO AN ESOTERIC REVELATION  
DESCRIBED IN *THE PLEIADIAN SYMBOLS*

will begin to occur within you. Images could appear, words may form in your head, feelings may manifest themselves in you heart... Discover what each symbol means and contains for you personally. Know also that your dreams will be affected by these symbols."

One represents a circle over two matching wavy lines. They refer to it as "All-That-Is" and counsel that concentrating on it will encourage clairvoyance. "The image of spirit floating over the water is familiar to you."<sup>48</sup>

Some of Richterswil's townsfolk have admitted to Onaris that they are leery of coming into the shop. Just by opening his front door, they think they will have to make drastic changes in their lives.

"Of course, they should; but we leave everyone the way he is," promised Onaris. "We just give people the opportunity to grow in a spiritual way. Slowly they are getting used to us."

As a boy, Onaris was aware of his own unusual sensitivity to people's feeling and to other "unseen forces." Since then, while exploring an intense love of history, he has felt vivid recollections of his own spirit's past lives, when he has been imprisoned, tortured, shot, burned and beheaded.

On Sunday afternoon, 11 November 2001, Onaris and Marisa came to the home of his brother, Dr. Ueli Bachmann to conduct a séance about the family's ancestors. Because of the doctor's own interest in Eastern philosophy and alternative medicine, he had a special affection for his brother's ideas, even though these had been upsetting to their other brother and little sister.

After several years of feeling alienated from family events, Onaris was not especially familiar with the oral traditions passed down amongst his cousins. He had neither discussed the family history nor read any of the recent volumes of research in which Ueli had participated. He had no advance knowledge about the recent discoveries in Menzingen. The lab results on DNA that match the Shenandoah Valley's Heinrich and Pennsylvania's Johann Georg Bachmann had not at that point been completed at the laboratory in Oxford, England.

Along with some of the doctor's children gathered around the big living room table, Onaris and Marisa described a spirit named Helios, dwelling in the Pleiades, known as *Der Siebenstern*, or The Seven Stars, who could pass along general impressions in the form of swirling images, and as well a few specific answers to questions.

"The first image appears from [the year] 1365, on steps where people sit talking about a very important issue for the Swiss Confederation, and a Bachmann was there among them. He was like a judge. That is why it is not a coincidence that today the Bachmanns are living in Richterswil. You see, in old Swiss German, the *richter* is a judge, and this is Judge's Town, even though it is now

thought to have been the homeland of Richtilo, an Alemanic chieftan.

"Two women, two wives, in a place that looks like Zürich. They are in the Guild House. A man named Sarner walks up a narrow lane between the old streets. The name could be his first name; this is not clear. Perhaps he is a Bachmann. The upper sleeve of his right arm can be seen, broad and full, decorated with long slits that reveal different colors of cloth. His expression is stern and hard. There is a young wife with blond hair, and another with white hair, older.

"There is an old cradle made out of wood, filled with white linen. A little baby named Elsa is inside. He divorced from the first wife, and then he was with the second wife. From his first wife he had two children, a boy and a girl, and from the second wife, also two children, two girls. The Bachmanns here [at Old Castle] stem from the second woman.

"There is a decoration in their home, like a cloth banner, in the colors red, yellow and ocre, and on it a moon and a cross. They had one fabric inside the other.

"Troubles in the family. Two horses, one wagon. Elsa, the daughter of the second wife, the one who was in the cradle, is now grown and leaving the family, riding away in the wagon. She had to leave. After marrying a Heinrich Bachmann, she broke away from this guildhouse. Then she came to a family who took her into their farm. They were well-off, with twelve cows.

"At Old Castle, there is the family of Heinrich Bachmann, with three daughters, one of whom also married a Bachmann. It was the same way later on in America, the same energy, that a Bachmann married another Bachmann.

"Heinrich inherited this Old Castle land, though he did not live there at first.

"It was frustrating to Heinrich that he did not yet have a son with Elsa, even though he also had a boy and girl from his first marriage, but he no longer had contact with them. In answer to his desire, eventually two sons arrived. One grew up and lived in Canton Zug, near Menzingen, siring three sons, and the other moved away to Basel. The Bachmann in Basel had three daughters, and one of them also married a Bachmann. She could not escape her fate.

"There is another woman marrying a Bachmann and they are also living up there at the Old Castle.

"They always had plenty of money, but only because they did not give others all that was rightfully belonging to them. Those energy lines have never been broken, and that is why they keep repeating themselves. It is a curse. We Bachmanns always flee, always moving away.

"There is an oak room, a government room, and there is a session going on. The Bachmann from Basel is there. A house with a lot of ornament. The daughter from Elsa and the Bachmann from Basel. They began moving around, like gypsies. They did not want to go back to Old Castle or to Basel. They went into the mountains

somewhere.

“There in a mountainous region, and another beginning is happening there. This couple had two boys, and a farmhouse on a hill. They saw a lake from there. Perhaps the lake of Zug? It is south of Richterswil. Could be somewhere around Menzingen. One of those boys left this place near Menzingen and went to Richterswil. One was married and stayed on the [Menzingen] farm, and the other left because they had troubles again. It happened again and again and again, and that was the continuation of the curse.

“Then in Richterswil, the biggest split-up happened. Where did he go? He went to the Old Castle. Those girls could not hold this farm and so one brother went back and took his woman to Old Castle. This was around 1501. This is the origin of this family here in Old Castle. We will go to the exact places of these houses and we will be able to feel it more clearly there. The emotional side is very interesting.

“Now we go back to the origin of the Bachmann curse: Money... money... His parents were very strict with him. 1365. Incarnations of the man go back to the earliest European explorers of North America. I cannot believe who I am seeing. Columbus? No, he is a judge, a justice. Earlier. 933. It has to do with gold. Warriors. This Bachmann clan must have been part of the explorers, and they went to find and take gold. They’ve been stealing gold. We’ve been involved with stealing gold from those natives. The curse originates there and came from a right hand. But yes, the right hand can stop it, too.

“Medieval times. This is the source. The magistrate [landvogt] took money from the people as tax for the lords of the manor... We have been Sarner and Bachmanns and Elsa. We have been here many times. We have been our own grandfathers and so on. This is because we are here to dissolve this curse. We return so many times in order to solve this problem, but we just couldn’t do it, until now.

“Going back to America later was necessary for the family. They went back to the source of this curse. In one go, the whole thing can be dissolved now.

“The Bachmanns of Old Castle and the Baughmans of America have one grandfather in common; and so had the two Bachmanns of Breiten and Old Castle. There was the Bachmann from Menzingen, and he was their origin.

“The two grandfathers from America, Johannes and Heinrich, are related, but it is too complicated to know exactly how. Heinrich’s wife Barbara was not Swiss, but was from Germany. She was in America for two generations before Heinrich arrived. Her father’s name was something like Willi or Wilhelm. Something about a candle-holder, like a menorah. Perhaps Jewish in origin? Why did Hans Georg name his house *Der Siebenstern* [after the Seven Stars]? He was also influenced by the incarnation.

“The flat stone from Reid Brook is quite old, from the

time of the Bronze Age and the lakeside village up on poles that was near here.”



### *Out Amongst the Heavens*

The Baughman name was digitally etched onto a compact disc and placed aboard the two small rover robots *Spirit* and *Opportunity* that landed on the planet Mars in January 2004.<sup>32</sup> A Participation Certificate N° 2905739, dated on 16 October 2002, reads as follows:

“Thank you for joining us on this mission of exploration and discovery. A compact disc bearing your name will be included in one of the next Mars Exploration Rover-2003 missions that will explore the planet’s surface in search of geologic evidence of water in Mars’ past.<sup>126</sup>

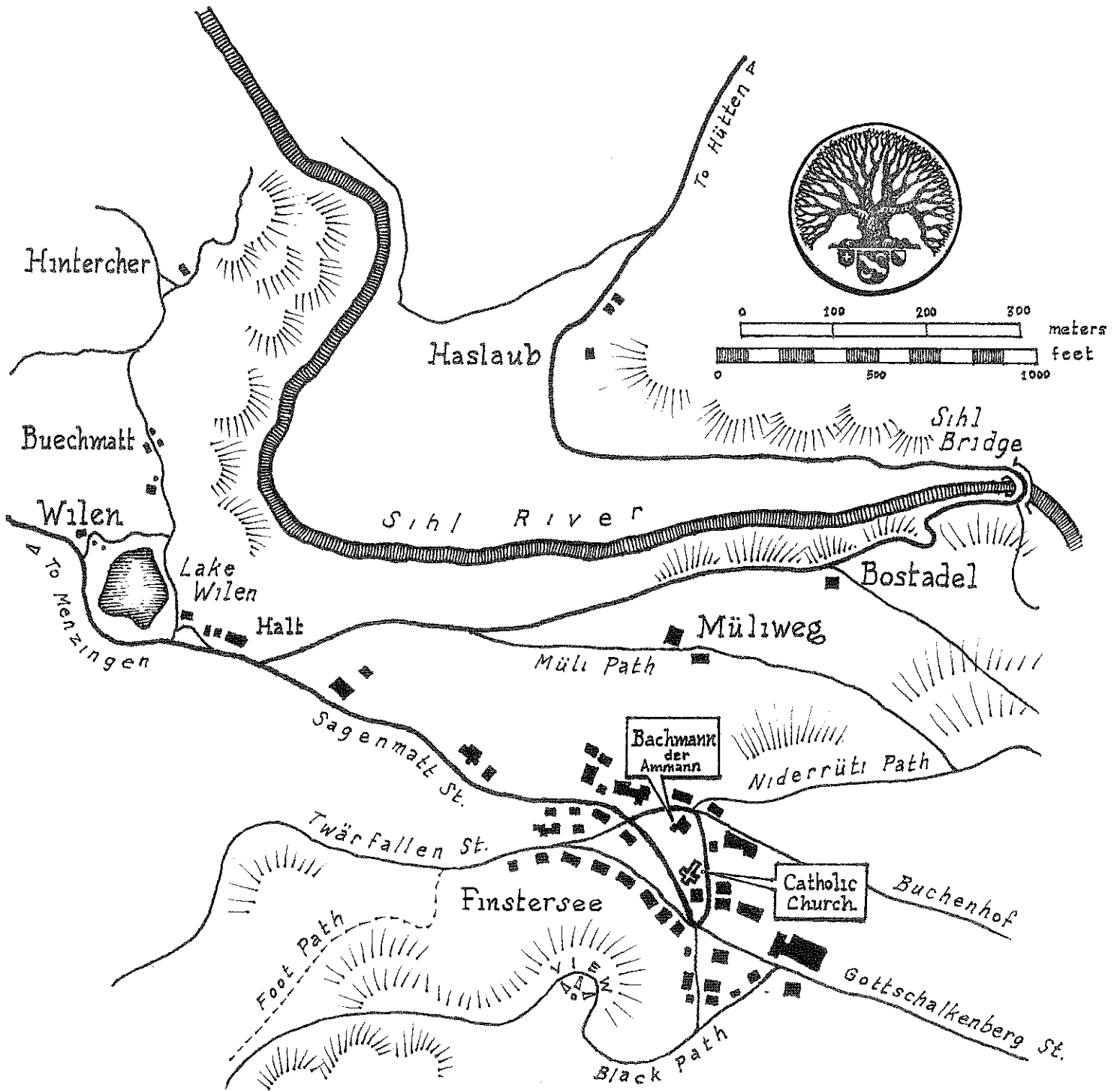
“Together, we will journey into space to discover and understand the many wonders of our universe.

[signed]

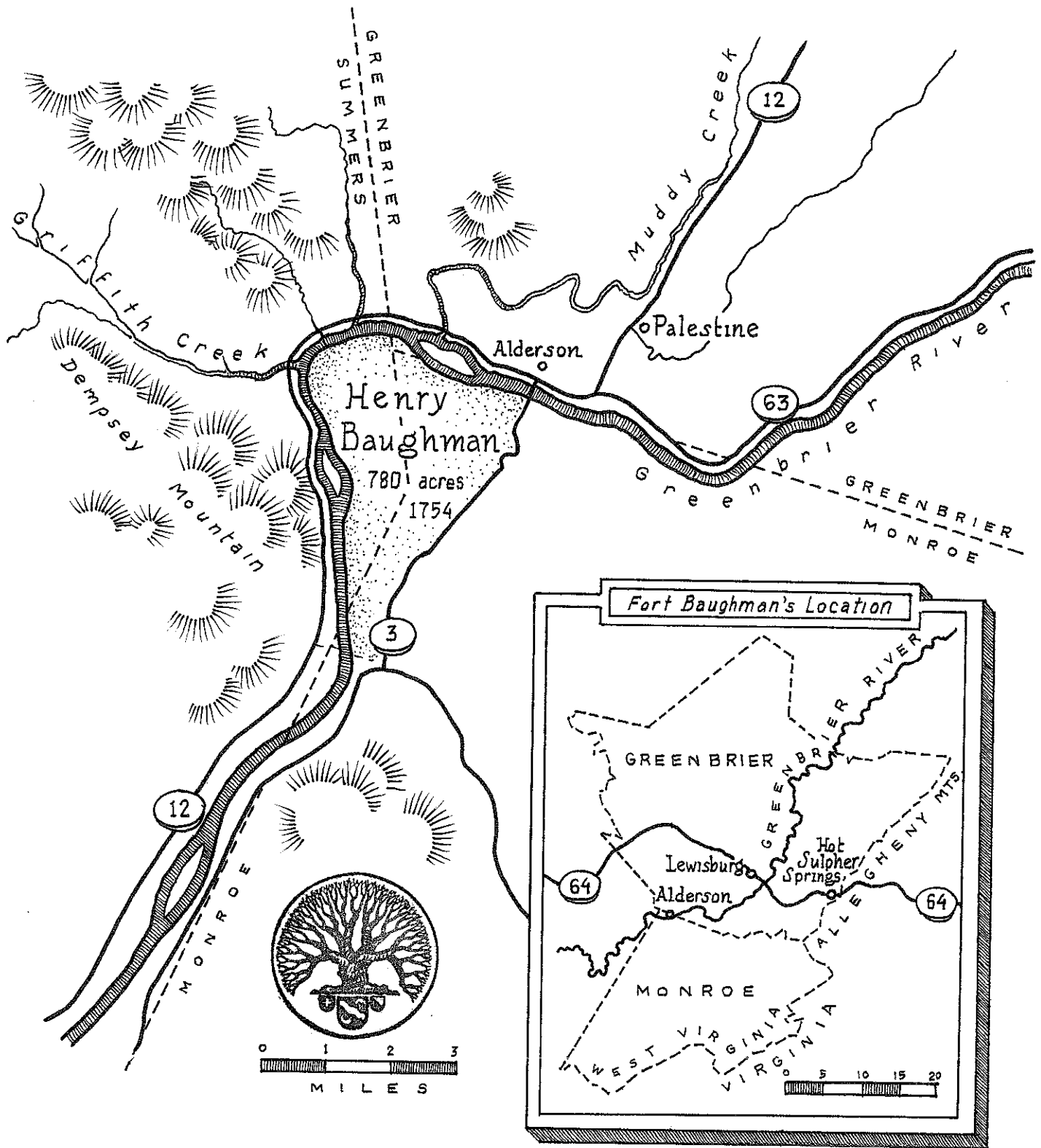
“Dr. Edward J. Weiler  
Associate Administrator  
Office of Space Science  
The National Aeronautics and Space Administration”

The gesture was arranged and sponsored by Mary Ann Baughman Bittner, the author’s sister.

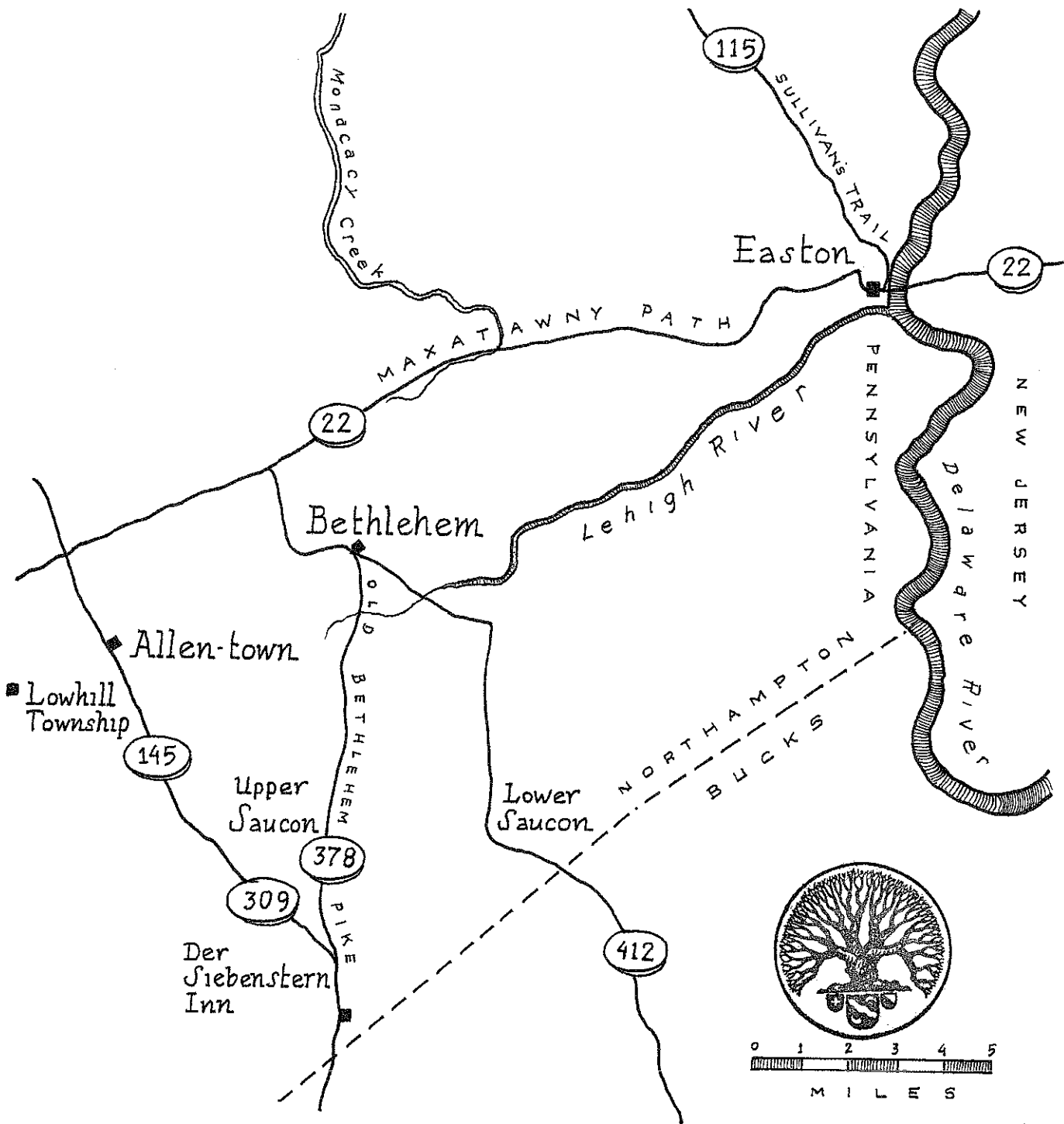




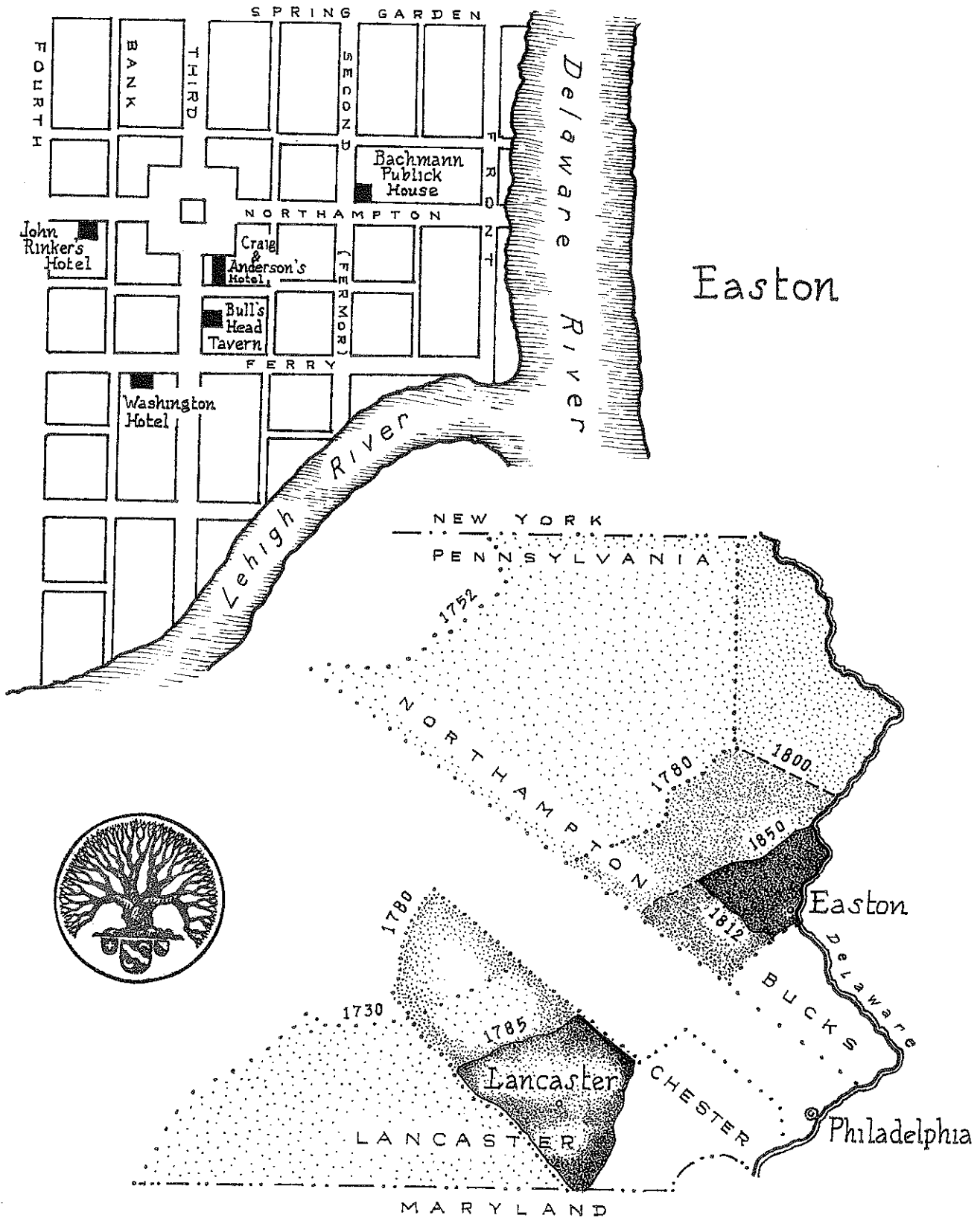
FINSTERSEE IN CANTON ZUG, SWITZERLAND  
BORDERED BY THE SIHL RIVER AND LAKE WILEN



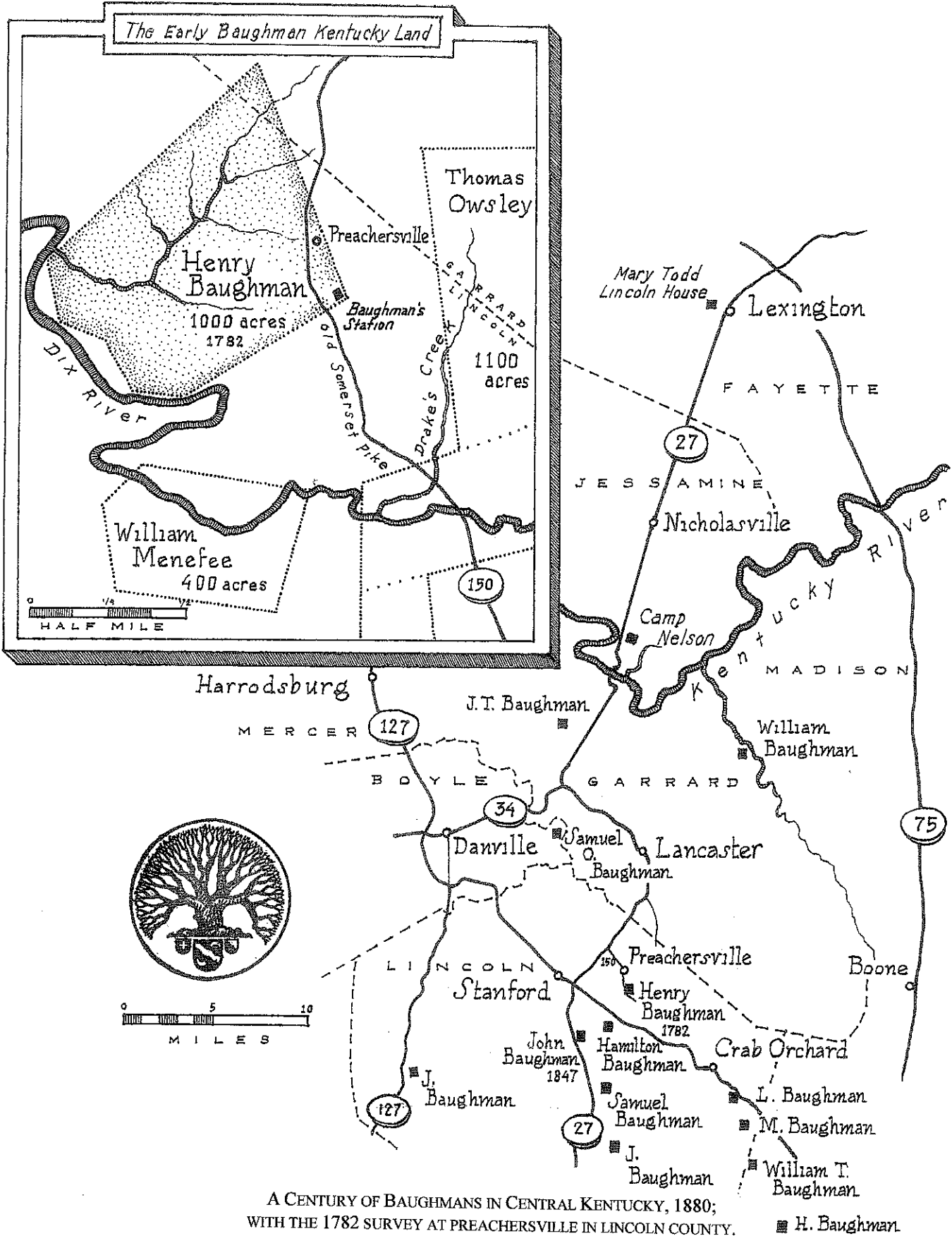
FORT BAUGHMAN,  
SITUATED ACROSS THE GREENBRIER RIVER FROM THE MOUTH OF MUDDY CREEK IN WESTERN VIRGINIA;  
SURVEYED FOR HENRY BAUGHMAN ON 22 APRIL 1751



THE PRINCIPLE TOWNS OF NORTHAMPTON COUNTY IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA  
DURING THE FRENCH & INDIAN WAR

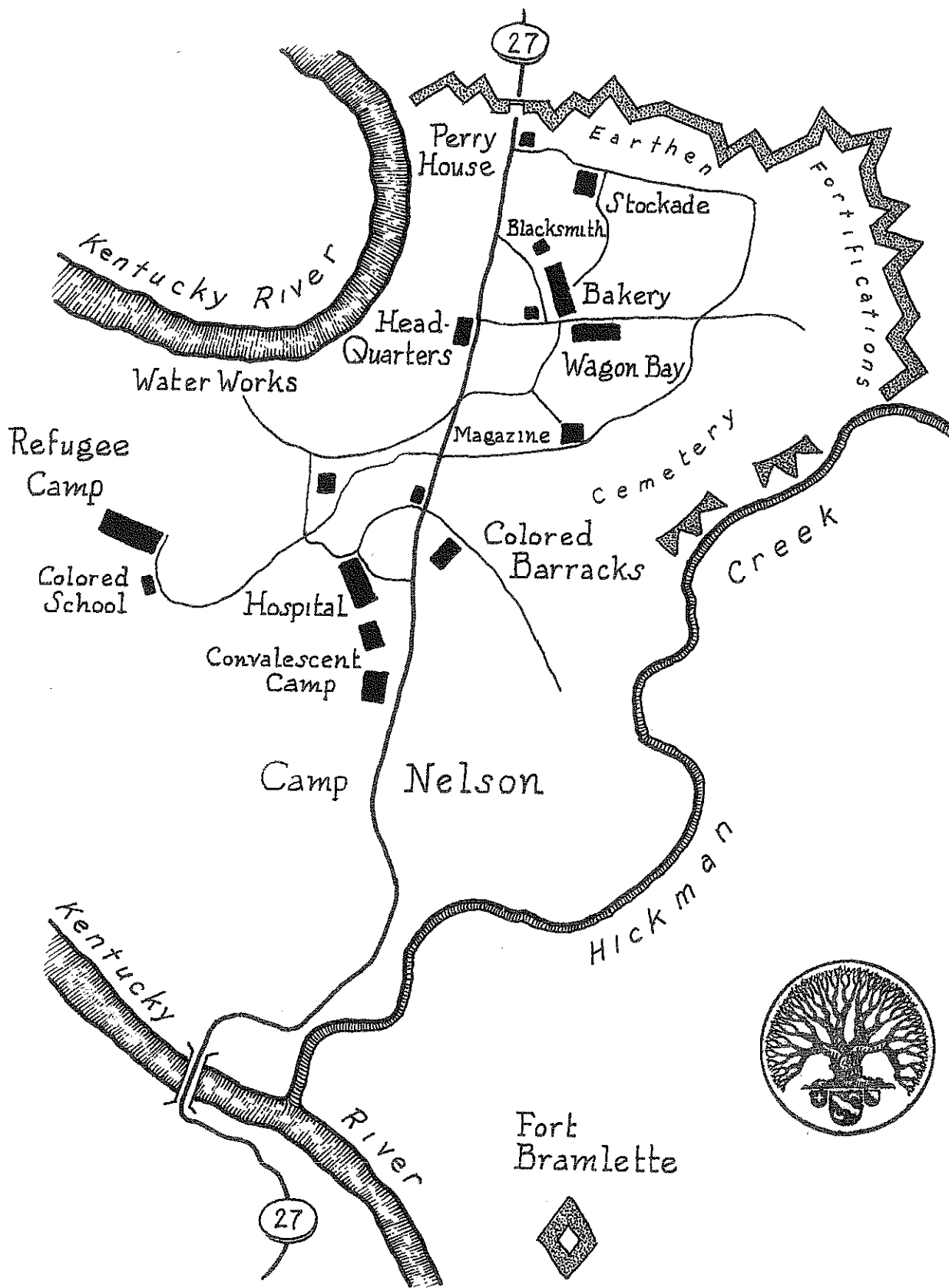


THE TAVERNS AND HOTELS OF EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA DURING THE MID-18TH CENTURY;  
ALONG WITH BOUNDARY LINES OF NORTHAMPTON AND LANCASTER COUNTIES DURING THEIR SUBDIVISION

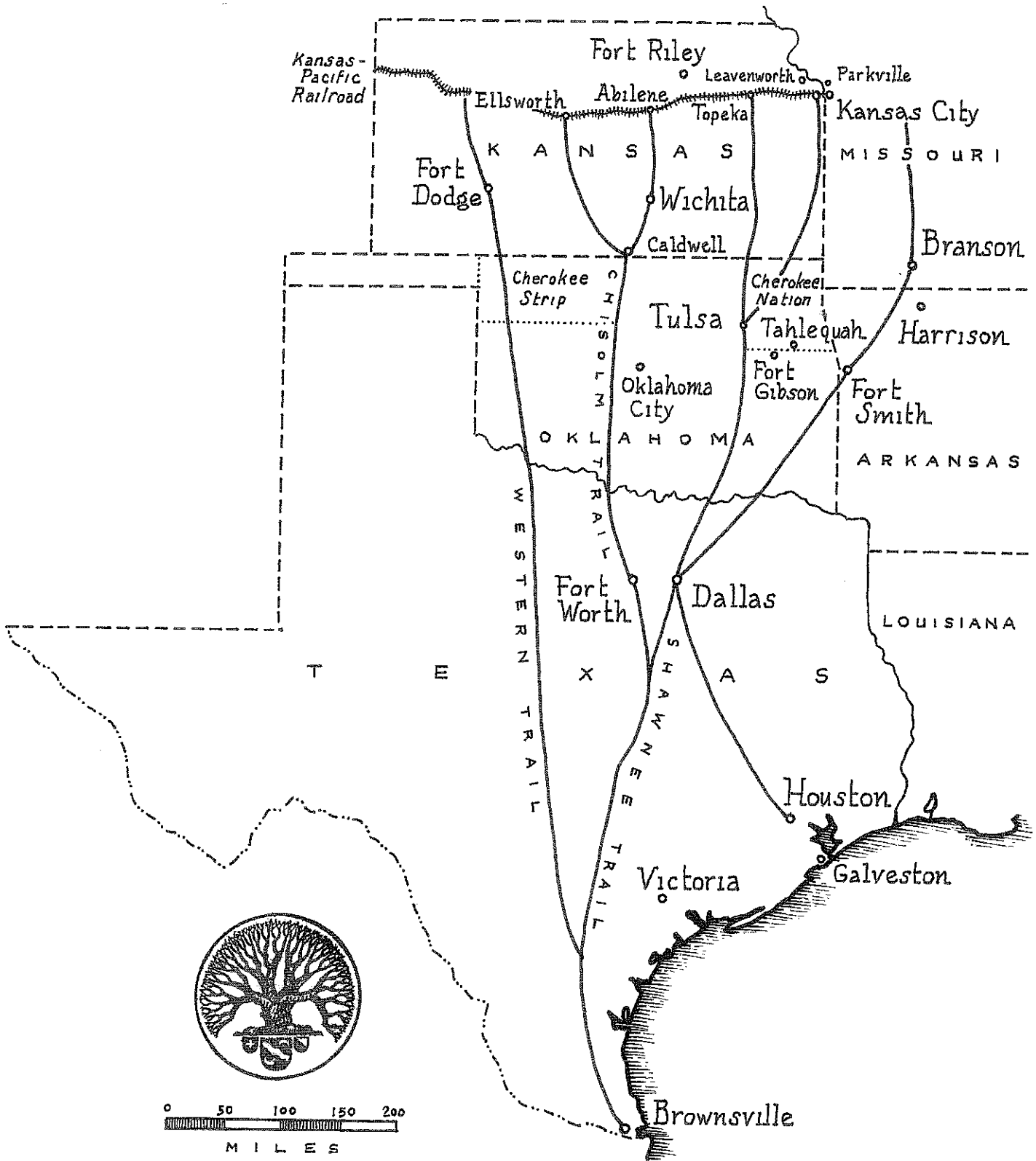


A CENTURY OF BAUGHMANS IN CENTRAL KENTUCKY, 1880;  
 WITH THE 1782 SURVEY AT PREACHERSVILLE IN LINCOLN COUNTY. ■ H. Baughman.

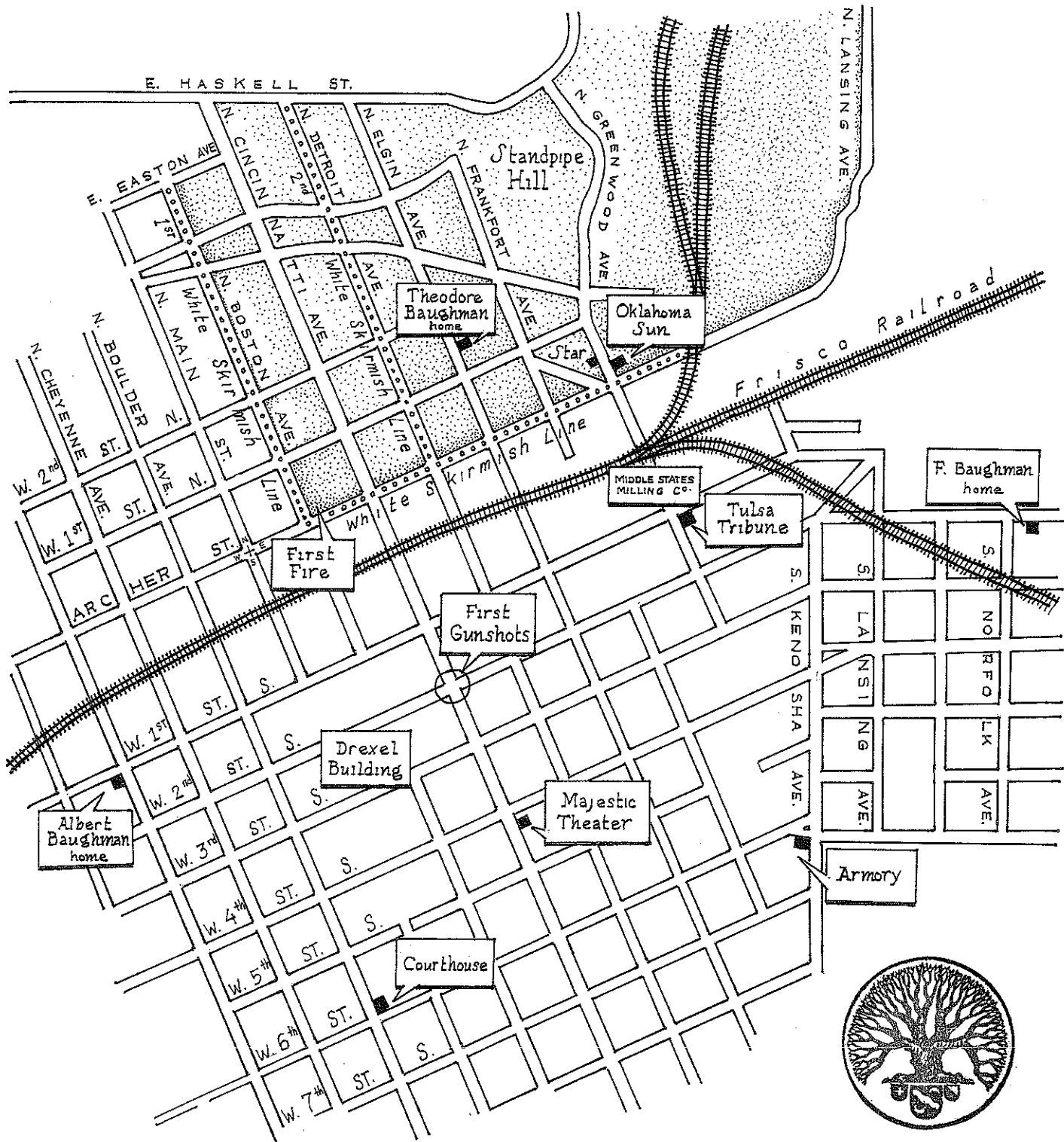




THE UNION GARRISON AT CAMP NELSON  
REFUGE FOR THOUSANDS OF FORMER SLAVES IN CENTRAL KENTUCKY



PATHS AND PLACES IN THE AMERICAN WEST WELL-KNOWN TO THE BAUGHMANS  
WHETHER WHITE, BLACK OR RED



LANDMARKS IN TULSA, OKLAHOMA, DURING THE RACE RIOT OF 31 MAY 1921  
INCLUDING THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN NEIGHBORHOOD OF GREENWOOD THAT WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND

APPENDIX A  
 FAMILY GROUP SHEETS  
 DESCENDANTS OF THE BACHMANN FAMILY IN FINSTERSEE  
 KANTON ZUG, SWITZERLAND

*Generation No. 1*

PETER BACHMAN, born circa 1630, married  
 ANNA M. ESCHMANN, and they lived in Finstersee.

Their children were:

- 1.) GEORG RUDI
- 2.) ANDREAS
- 3.) MARIA, born 15 December 1658
- 4.) BARBARA, born 20 May 1661
- 5.) JOHANN, born 12 November 1663
- 6.) PETER, born 9 June 1666
- 7.) ANN MARIA, born 10 October 1668

*Generation No. 2*

ANDREAS BACHMAN partnered first with  
 M. BARBARA RUETNER, from Baar.

Their child was:

- 1.) OSWALD KLEMENZ, born as an illegitimate son on 14 July 1684.

and was then married on 21 January 1692 to

MARIA ESCHMANN, born 24 March 1670.

Their children were:

- 1.) ANNA M., born 19 April 1697
- 2.) M. KLAUS, born 2 July 1698
- 3.) KARL SEBASTIAN JOSEF, born 20 January 1700
- 4.) KLEMENZ ANTON, born 8 November 1701
- 5.) KLEMENZ, born 21 October 1702
- 6.) M. ELISABETH, born 13 April 1705
- 7.) M. JAKOBUS
- 8.) JOH. ANTON, born 25 June 1709
- 9.) M. ELISABETH, born 3 August 1711
- 10.) PETER KLEMENZ, born 29 August 1713

*Generation No. 3*

JOHANN ANTON BACHMAN, born 25 June 1709,  
 married on 29 January 1731 to

M. VICTORIA KÖLLER, born 20 December 1707.

Their children were:

- 1.) JOHANN ANTON, born 29 October 1731
- 2.) M. BARBARA, born \_\_ October 1733
- 3.) M. ELISABETH, born 29 January 1735

*Generation No. 4*

JOH. ANTON BACHMANN, born 29 October 1731; died on 7 October 1791;  
was married on 15 February 1762 to

M. VICTORIA SCHONNE, born 2 September 1742; died on 9 March 1805

Their children were:

- 1.) M. VICTORIA, born 7 December 1762
- 2.) PETER KLEMENZ, born 31 August 1764; died 5 October 1827.
- 3.) JOHANNA DOROTHEA, born 8 March 1767.
- 4.) M. ANNA, born 27 April 1769; 24 September 1831.
- 5.) M. IDDA, born 8 March 1771.
- 6.) M. ANNA, born 19 January 1773; died 177\_
- 7.) MICHAEL JOSEPH, born 21 December 1774; died 9 December 1838.
- 8.) GEORG KARL
- 9.) M. ANNA

*Generation No. 5*

JOSEPH MICHAEL BACHMANN, born 21 December 1774; died 9 December 1838;

PALOMMA ELHA, born 18 August 1783; died 18 March 1855

Their children were:

- 1.) JOS MICHAEL., born 28 May 1804; died 24 November 1861/
- 2.) ANNA M. ELISABETH PALOMMA, born 10 October; died 22 February 1808
- 3.) PETER KLEMENZ, born 14 March 1807; died 13 May 1881
- 4.) JOS ANTON, born 1 December 1809; died 10 July 1829
- 5.) ANNA M., born 9 July 1811; died 20 July 1870
- 6.) KATHARINA, born 27 September 1812; died 20 July 1871
- 7.) JOS ANTON, born 5 January 1814; died 181\_
- 8.) JOH. BAPTISTE JOS, born 19 March 1816; died 12 January 1873
- 9.) KARL ALOIS, born 23 April 1819; died 28 June 1819
- 10.) JOS ANTON ALOIS, born 19 August 1821; died 19 August 1821
- 11.) JOH. KLEMENZ, born 16 November 1822; died 27 December 1822
- 12.) KLEMENZ ANTON ALOIS, born 5 February 1824; died 12 April 1826

*Generation No. 6*

JOH. BAPTISTE JOS BACHMANN born 19 March 1816; died 12 January 1873;

was first married on 17 October 1842 to

MARIA ANNA ELISABETH ZEHNDER, born 12 October 1819; died 28 July 1847

Their children were:

- 1.) M. ELISABETH, born 7 August 1843; died 9 October 1851
- 2.) JOHANN BAPTISTE, born 8 January 1846; died 2 March 1913
- 3.) PETER JOSEPH ADELRIK, born 9 May 1847

and after the death of his wife, had as his second partner

MARIA ANNA BARBARA ZEHNDER, born 1 March 1818;

Their child was:

- 1.) Maria, born 14 October 1848 as an illegitimate daughter,

and married for the second time on 20 September 1852 to

MARIA ANNA HENGGELER

Their children were:

- 1.) JOHANN CLEMENS, born 1 March 1853; died 17 September 1899
- 2.) JOSEPH ALOIS JOHANN, born 21 December 1854
- 3.) MARIA CATHARINA, born 31 January 1858; died 12 April 1914

- 4.) JOSEPH ALOIS, born 6 March 1861; died 22 January 1923
- 5.) M.A. JOSEPHA, born 6 July 1863
- 6.) CHRISTIAN, born 8 January 1865; died 21 August 1901
- 7.) M. VERONICA, born 4 July 1866; died 10 October 1921
- 8.) M. ANNA, born 9 June 1868

*Generation No. 7*

JOHANN CLEMENS BACHMAN, born 1 March 1853; died 14 September 1899;  
was married on 15 November 1875 to

MARTINA ZUERCHER, born 4 February 1853; died 21 December 1925.

Their children were:

- 1.) JOHANN BAPTISTE, born 17 September 1877; died 21 December 1925
- 2.) M. MARTINA, born 26 October 1879; died 25 May 1921
- 3.) ALOIS, born 18 January 1881; died 2 April 1882
- 4.) M. BARBARA BERTHA, born 27 June 1883; died 11 May 1884
- 5.) ANONYMOUS, born 25 July 1884; died 25 July 1884
- 6.) KATHARINA, born 7 June 1887; died 20 January 1888

*Generation No. 8*

JOHANN BAPTISTE BACHMANN, born 17 September 1877

was married for the first time on 12 November 1900 to

M. JOSEFINE ELSENER, born 8 November 1875; died 15 August 1919

Their children were:

- 1.) MARTINA, born 17 June 1901
- 2.) JOHANN JOSEPH, born 7 October 1905
- 3.) HERMANN, born 29 January 1907; died 18 April 1907
- 4.) ALBERT, born 8 December 1908
- 5.) JOSEPHINA, born 9 September 1911
- 6.) OTTILIA, born 29 August 1914
- 7.) MAR. ELISABETHA, born 22 April 1916
- 8.) ANONYMOUS, born 15 August 1919; died 15 August 1919

was married for the second time on 4 July 1921 to

ATTILIA MEIER-HAENNER

*Generation No. 9*

ALBERT BACHMANN, born 8 December 1908

was first married on 27 February 1937 to

Emma Schudel, born 5 February 1916

Their child was:

- I.) ALBERT HANS, born 30 June 1937  
who has children Daniel and Priska

and was then married a second time on 15 February 1947 to

ANNA MATEA BIANCHINI, born 16 July 1912.

Their children were:

- 1.) URS BRUNO, born 7 September 1947
- 2.) BRIGITTE, born 16 June 1950

## CANTON ZÜRICH, SWITZERLAND

*Generation No. 1*

HANS JACOB BACHMANN, born 1629 in Old Castle [*Altschloss*], Richterswil, Canton Zürich, Switzerland; died 1704; was married on 4 October 1653

REGULA STRICKLER

Their children were:

1. HEINRICH, born 1654
2. HANS HEINRICH, born 1656
- 3. JOS, born 1657
4. MARTIN, born 1659
5. HANS, born 1661
6. VERENA, born 1663
7. ANNA, born 1666
8. ELSABETH, born 1668
9. ELSBETH, born 1669
10. ANNA, born 1671
11. ELSBETH, born 1673
12. JOHANNES, born 1675
13. HANS JACOB, born 1677

*Generation No. 2*

JOS BACHMANN, also known as Jodocus and Oswald, born 3 August 1657 in Richterswil, without any church baptism; died 19 August 1736; was married on 12 February 1678 to a widow from Horgen

REGULA TREICHLER, born 1646; died 26 January 1706.

Their children were:

1. GEORG, born 3 March 1679
2. HEINRICH, born 14 May 1682
3. ELSBETH, born 10 August 1683
4. HANS HEINRICH, born 14 February 1685
- 5. HANS GEORG, born 2 May 1686, who immigrated to Pennsylvania

*Generation No. 3*

HANS GEORG BACHMANN, born 2 May 1686 in Richterswil; immigrated to Pennsylvania

- X.) HEINRICH, born 1717
- x.) CHRISTIAN, born 1727

*Generation No. 4*

Christian Bachmann, born 1727

- X.) JACOB, born 1761

*Generation No. 5*

JACOB<sup>1</sup> BACHMAN was born 1761 in PA<sup>1</sup>, and died 11 March 1824 in Schaghticoke, Rennslear Co., NY<sup>2</sup>. His father was Christian Bachman, born 1727 to Hans Georg Bachman. Jacob married EVA HEVENER<sup>3</sup>, born in Germany<sup>4</sup>; died Aft. 1833<sup>4</sup>.

Notes: *Lansingburg Gazette*, dated 16 March 1824, page 3, column 4, states:

“In Schaghticoke, on the 11<sup>th</sup> inst. after a long and severe illness, Mr. Jacob Bachman, in the 65<sup>th</sup> year

of his age. Mr. B. was a native of Pennsylvania, but had been for many years a very respectable inhabitant of the town in which he died. On Friday his remains were interred near the Lutheran Church in Pittstown, when an appropriate discourse was delivered on the occasion, by the Rev. Mr. Goodman, to a large and attentive audience from the neighboring towns, from 2nd Kings, XX 1 --- 'Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live.'"

His stone reads "In memory of Jacob Bachman who died March 11, 1824 in the 63rd year of his age." That would make his birthdate either 1761 by the stone, or 1759 by his obit, but both agree on 11 March.

Eve was a widow with a daughter Betsy who died at 23. Hevener is probably her married name

Their children were

- 1.) HENRY<sup>2</sup> BACHMAN, b. Bef. 1790<sup>4</sup>.
- ii. JACOB BACHMAN, b. Bef. 1790<sup>4</sup>.
2. iii. JOHN BACHMAN, b. 04 February 1790, Rhinebeck, Dutchess Co., N.Y.; d. 24 February 1874, Charleston, S.C..
- iv. EVA BACHMAN, b. Aft. 1790<sup>4</sup>; d. Bef. 1833.

#### Generation No. 6

2. JOHN<sup>2</sup> BACHMAN (son of JACOB<sup>1</sup>)<sup>5</sup> was born 04 February 1790 in Rhinebeck, Dutchess Co., N.Y.<sup>5</sup>, and died 24 February 1874 in Charleston, S.C.<sup>6</sup>. He married (1) HARRIETT MARTIN<sup>7</sup> 23 January 1816 in SC<sup>8</sup>, daughter of JOHANN MARTIN and REBECCA SOLARS. She was born 10 August 1791 in Charleston, S.C.<sup>9</sup>, and died 15 July 1846 in Charleston, S.C.<sup>10</sup>. He married (2) MARIA MARTIN<sup>11</sup> Aft. 1846, daughter of JOHANN MARTIN and REBECCA SOLARS. She was born 06 July 1796 in Charleston, S.C.<sup>12</sup>, and died December 1865 in Charleston, S.C.<sup>13</sup>.

Children of JOHN BACHMAN and HARRIETT MARTIN are:

3. i. MARIA REBECCA<sup>3</sup> BACHMAN, b. 19 December 1816, Charleston, SC; d. 15 September 1840, Charleston, SC.
- ii. MARY ELIZABETH BACHMAN<sup>14</sup>, b. 1818, Charleston, S.C.<sup>14,15</sup>; d. 25 May 1841, New York<sup>15</sup>; m. VICTOR AUDUBON, 04 December 1839, Charleston, SC.
- iii. JANE LEE BACHMAN<sup>16</sup>, b. 06 November 1819, CHARLESTON, S.C.<sup>16</sup>; d. 07 March 1903<sup>17</sup>.
- iv. CORDELIA BACHMAN<sup>18</sup>, b. Aft. 1819, Charleston, S.C.<sup>18</sup>; d. Bef. 1827<sup>19</sup>.
- v. JOHN EDWARD BACHMAN<sup>20</sup>, b. Aft. 1820, Charleston, S.C.<sup>20</sup>; d. Bef. 1821, Charleston, S.C.<sup>21</sup>.
4. vi. HARRIETT E. BACHMAN, b. Bef. 1824, Charleston, S.C.; d. Abt. 1858.
- vii. HENRY BACHMAN<sup>22</sup>, b. 16 July 1824, Charleston, S.C.<sup>22</sup>; d. 24 July 1824, Charleston, S.C.<sup>23</sup>.
- viii. JULIA M BACHMAN<sup>24</sup>, b. 1825, Charleston, S.C.<sup>24</sup>; d. Abt. August 1847, Virginia Springs, VA.<sup>25</sup>.
- ix. ELLEN ROSELINE BACHMAN<sup>26</sup>, b. May 1827, Charleston, S.C.<sup>26</sup>; d. 19 July 1928<sup>27</sup>.
- x. CLARA ADELINE BACHMAN<sup>28</sup>, b. May 1827, Charleston, S.C.<sup>28</sup>; d. 19 July 1828, Charleston, S.C.<sup>29</sup>.
5. xi. LYNCH HELEN BACHMAN, b. 19 September 1828, Charleston, S.C.; d. 30 August 1906, Charleston, S.C..
6. xii. SAMUEL WILSON BACHMAN, b. 13 September 1829, Charleston, S.C.; d. 23 December 1923, St. Petersburg, Pinellas, FL.
- xiii. WILLIAM KUNHARDT BACHMAN<sup>30</sup>, b. Nov. 1830, Charleston, S.C.<sup>31</sup>; m. JULIA A., ca.1856<sup>31</sup>; b. Nov. 1834, S.C.<sup>31</sup>.  
Marriage Notes for WILLIAM BACHMAN and JULIA: Childless after 44 years of marriage in 1900
- xiv. CATHERINE L. BACHMAN<sup>32</sup>, b. 1832, Charleston, S.C.<sup>32</sup>; d. 09 February 1908, Charleston, S.C.<sup>33</sup>.

#### Generation No. 7

3. MARIA REBECCA<sup>3</sup> BACHMAN (JOHN<sup>2</sup>, JACOB<sup>1</sup>)<sup>34</sup> was born 19 December 1816 in Charleston, SC<sup>34,35</sup>, and died 15 September 1840 in Charleston, SC<sup>36</sup>. She married JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON June 1837 in Charleston, SC, son of JOHN AUDUBON and LUCY BAKEWELL.

Children of MARIA BACHMAN and JOHN AUDUBON are:

- i. LUCY GREEN<sup>4</sup> AUDUBON, b. June 1838<sup>37</sup>.
- ii. HARRIET AUDUBON, b. 1839, New York<sup>38</sup>.

4. HARRIETT E.<sup>3</sup> BACHMAN (JOHN<sup>2</sup>, JACOB<sup>1</sup>)<sup>39</sup> was born Bef. 1824 in Charleston, S.C.<sup>39</sup>, and died Abt. 1858<sup>40</sup>. She married ? HASKELL.



Child of HARRIETT BACHMAN and ? HASKELL is:

- i. JOHN BACHMAN<sup>4</sup> HASKELL, b. Abt. May 1846<sup>41</sup>.

5. LYNCH HELEN<sup>3</sup> BACHMAN (*JOHN<sup>2</sup>, JACOB<sup>1</sup>*)<sup>42</sup> was born 19 September 1828 in Charleston, S.C.<sup>42</sup>, and died 30 August 1906 in Charleston, S.C.<sup>43</sup>. She married ROBERT TRAIL CHISOLM<sup>44</sup> 02 January 1851<sup>44</sup>, son of GEORGE CHISOLM and PROVIDENCE PRIOLEAU. He was born 16 July 1798 in Charleston, S.C.<sup>44</sup>.

Children of LYNCH BACHMAN and ROBERT CHISOLM are:

7. i. JOHN BACHMAN<sup>4</sup> CHISOLM, b. 24 October 1851.
  - ii. ALFRED DE JOUVE CHISOLM<sup>45</sup>, b. 26 May 1853<sup>45</sup>; d. 02 May 1882<sup>45</sup>.
8. iii. WILLIAM BACHMAN CHISOLM, b. May 1858.
  - iv. KATHERINE PRIOLEAU CHISOLM<sup>46</sup>, b. 11 August 1867<sup>46</sup>; m. BENJAMIN DEFORD WEBB<sup>46</sup>, 08 September 1900<sup>46</sup>; b. , "of Baltimore"<sup>46</sup>; d. 15 April 1914<sup>46</sup>.

6. SAMUEL WILSON<sup>3</sup> BACHMAN (*JOHN<sup>2</sup>, JACOB<sup>1</sup>*)<sup>47</sup> was born 13 September 1829 in Charleston, S.C.<sup>47</sup>, and died 23 December 1923 in St. Petersburg, Pinellas, FL<sup>48</sup>. He married VIRGINIA N. SIMS<sup>49</sup> 08 September 1854 in Whitfield Co., GA<sup>49</sup>. She was born Abt. 1832 in GA<sup>50,51,52</sup>.

More About SAMUEL WILSON BACHMAN: Residence: Bet. 1860 - 1880, Tilton, Whitfield Co., GA

Children of SAMUEL BACHMAN and VIRGINIA SIMS are:

- i. EMILY<sup>4</sup> BACHMAN<sup>53</sup>, b. Abt. 1856, GA<sup>53</sup>.
- ii. KATE L. BACHMAN<sup>54</sup>, b. Abt. 1858, GA<sup>54</sup>.
- iii. JULIA BACHMAN<sup>55</sup>, b. Abt. 1860, GA<sup>55</sup>.
- iv. JOHN BACHMAN<sup>56</sup>, b. Abt. 1861, GA<sup>56</sup>.
9. v. WILLIAM KUNDHART BACHMAN, b. Abt. 1865, GA; d. 16 February 1934, Alameda Co., CA.
- vi. ETHEL C. BACHMAN<sup>57</sup>, b. August 1873, GA<sup>57,58</sup>.

More About ETHEL C. BACHMAN: Residence: 1900, St. Petersburg, Hillsborough Co., FL<sup>58</sup>

- vii. MARY P. BACHMAN<sup>59</sup>, b. Abt. 1877, GA<sup>59</sup>.

#### Generation No. 8

7. JOHN BACHMAN<sup>4</sup> CHISOLM (*LYNCH HELEN<sup>3</sup> BACHMAN, JOHN<sup>2</sup>, JACOB<sup>1</sup>*)<sup>60</sup> was born 24 October 1851<sup>60</sup>. He married OCTAVIA DE SAUSSURE<sup>60</sup> 05 October 1882<sup>60</sup>, daughter of LOUIS D. DE SAUSSURE. She was born 28 December 1860<sup>60</sup>.

Children of JOHN CHISOLM and OCTAVIA DE SAUSSURE are:

- i. SARAH DE SAUSSURE<sup>5</sup> CHISOLM<sup>60</sup>, b. 25 July 1883<sup>60</sup>.
- ii. LYNCH HELEN CHISOLM<sup>60</sup>, b. 07 July 1885<sup>60</sup>.
- iii. LOUIS DE SAUSSURE CHISOLM<sup>60</sup>, b. 17 November 1886<sup>60</sup>.
- iv. EMILY PROVIDENCE CHISOLM<sup>60</sup>, b. 01 November 1888<sup>60</sup>.
- v. JOHN BACHMAN CHISOLM<sup>60</sup>, b. 22 August 1896<sup>60</sup>.
- vi. OCTAVIA DE SAUSSURE CHISOLM<sup>60</sup>, b. 12 July 1901<sup>60</sup>.

8. WILLIAM BACHMAN<sup>4</sup> CHISOLM (*LYNCH HELEN<sup>3</sup> BACHMAN, JOHN<sup>2</sup>, JACOB<sup>1</sup>*)<sup>61</sup> was born May 1858<sup>62</sup>. He married (1) KATHERINE A. REED<sup>62</sup>. He married (2) FELICIA OLIVERES HALL<sup>62</sup> 28 November 1877<sup>62</sup>, daughter of WILLIAM P. HALL. She died February 1910<sup>62</sup>.

Children of WILLIAM CHISOLM and FELICIA HALL are:

- i. WILLIAM HALL<sup>5</sup> CHISOLM<sup>62</sup>, b. 18 December 1878<sup>62</sup>; d. 24 April 1880<sup>64</sup>.
- ii. SUSAN HALL CHISOLM<sup>64</sup>, b. 30 November 1880<sup>64</sup>; m. ? DWIGHT<sup>64</sup>.
- iii. WILLIAM BACHMAN CHISOLM<sup>64</sup>, b. 08 December 1882<sup>64</sup>.
- iv. TUDOR HALL CHISOLM<sup>64</sup>, b. November 1884<sup>64</sup>.
- v. CASPAR A. CHISOLM<sup>64</sup>, b. 01 October 1886<sup>64</sup>.
- vi. FELIX H. CHISOLM<sup>64</sup>, b. 16 July 1888<sup>64</sup>.
- vii. ALFRED DE JOUVE CHISOLM<sup>64</sup>, b. 28 July 1890<sup>64</sup>.
- viii. FELICIA HALL CHISOLM<sup>64</sup>, b. July 1892<sup>64</sup>.

ix. HENRY CHISOLM<sup>64</sup>, b. 19 June 1895<sup>64</sup>.

9. WILLIAM KUNDHART<sup>4</sup> BACHMAN (*SAMUEL WILSON<sup>3</sup>, JOHN<sup>2</sup>, JACOB<sup>1</sup>*)<sup>65,66</sup> was born Abt. 1865 in GA<sup>67</sup>, and died 16 February 1934 in Alameda Co., CA<sup>68</sup>. He married ETHEL J. BURNETTE<sup>69,70</sup>. She was born Abt. 1874 in CA<sup>71</sup>, and died Aft. 1945 in WA?

Notes for WILLIAM KUNDHART BACHMAN:

Oakland Post Enquirer, Monday 19 Nov 1934 p.16 (identical notice in Oakland Tribune):

#### Greater Oakland Deaths

BACHMAN--In Oakland, Feb. 18, 1934, William K. Bachman, dearly beloved husband of Ethel I. Bachman, loving father of C. Wilson, F. Burnett, and J. Donald Bachman; a native of George, aged 69 years. Friends are invited to attend the funeral Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1934, at 3 o'clock p.m. at Truman's residence chapel, Telegraph avenue and Thirtieth street. Interment, Mt. View Cemetary.

More About WILLIAM KUNDHART BACHMAN:

Burial: Mt. View Cemetery, Oakland, CA

Residence: 1900, Toats Colua, Okanogan Co., WA<sup>72</sup>

Children of WILLIAM BACHMAN and ETHEL BURNETTE are:

- i. GEORGE WILSON<sup>5</sup> BACHMAN, Sr., b. 22 April 1908, Nevada<sup>73</sup>; d. 29 December 1980, Alameda Co., CA<sup>73</sup>; m. CAROLINE FAVA<sup>73</sup>; b. 19 July 1916, CA<sup>73</sup>; d. 27 May 1983, Alameda Co., CA<sup>73</sup>.

Notes for GEORGE WILSON BACHMAN:

Oakland Tribune, Wed Dec 31, 1980:

BACHMAN, Wilson, of Oakland. December 29, 1980. Beloved husband of Caroline Bachman; loving father of Donna M. Reyes, Sonny Bachman and Francis I. Beck; dearest grandfather of seven grandchildren; dear brother of J. Donald Bachman. A member of the Machinists' Union of Oakland; a 30 year employee with the City of Oakland. A native of Nevada, aged 72 years. Friends are invited to attend the services at the NORTH CHAPEL OF THE CHIMES MORTUARY, 32992 Mission Blve., Hayward, Wednesday, December 31, 1980 at 4:00 pm. Contributions preferred to Kaiser Hospice, care of Wilson Bachman. Interment Chapel of the Chimes. CHAPEL OF THE CHIMES, Mortuary, Hayward. 538-3131 or 471-3363

More About GEORGE WILSON BACHMAN: Burial: Chapel of the Chimes, Hayward, CA<sup>74</sup>

Residence: 1920, Goldfield, Esmeralda Co., NV<sup>75</sup>

More About CAROLINE FAVA: Burial: Chapel of the Chimes, Hayward, CA<sup>76</sup>

- ii. FRANCIS BURNETT BACHMAN, b. Abt. 1910, Nevada<sup>77</sup>; d. Bef. 1980<sup>78</sup>.
- iii. JOHN DONALD BACHMAN, b. 07 March 1913, CA<sup>79,80</sup>; d. August 1984, last SS residence: 98801 (Wenatchee, Chelan, WA)<sup>80</sup>

GEORGE WILSON BACHMAN, SR., born 22 April 1908 in Nevada; died 29 December 1980 in Alameda Co., CA; buried at Chapel of the Chimes, Hayward, CA

Caroline Fava b: 19 July 1916 in CA d: 27 May 1983 in Alameda Co., CA Burial: Chapel of the Chimes, Hayward, CA

Their children were:

Donna Marie Bachman b: 06 June 1943 in Alameda Co., CA

..... +? Reyes

..... 7 Raymond M. Reyes b: 18 September 1963

..... 7 Felicia R. Reyes b: 11 June 1970

..... 6 Irene Frances Bachman b: 31 August 1946 in Alameda Co., CA

..... +Frederick Beck b: Abt. 1941 m: 13 June 1964 in Alameda Co., CA

..... 6 George Wilson Bachman, Jr., also known as Sonny, born 15 October 1947 in Alameda Co., CA

## FROM DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY, KENTUCKY

*Generation No. 1*

JOHN BAUGHMAN, born circa 1880 in Boyle County, Kentucky; who remained there throughout his life, was married to

CAROLINE DEBAUN. Their children were

- 1.) JULIAN LOVE, born 24 March 1902; who married Anna Elder; and died in 1980
- 2.) A second son, who died of smallpox at the age of 12

Caroline remarried, to William Thomas, and moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, by 1920.

*Generation No. 2*

JULIAN LOVE BAUGHMAN, born 24 March 1902 in Danville, Boyle County, Kentucky; died in May 1980; was married in Cincinnati, Ohio, on 29 March 1924 to

MARY QUINN, born 31 October 1905 of Cincinnati, Ohio; who died in March 1963 of breast cancer.

Their children were

- 1.) JULIAN LOVALL, born 17 August 1924; who married Anna Elder; died 17 December 1971.
- 2.) KATHLEEN, born 1935; who married Henry Lewis Christmon

*Generation No. 3*

JULIAN LOVALL BAUGHMAN, born on 17 August 1924; died from cancer on 17 December 1971 was married in 1957 to

ANNA ELDER, born 21 December 1934. She had a son Lester Gerard Conley, born 14 June 1956, from a previous marriage. The children of Julian and Anna were

- 1.) CYNTHIA LORRAINE, born 26 April 1958; who married Daryll Horne; who had children Christopher Baughman in 1975; Amber, 1980; Darryl Julian, 1988; the twins David and Daniel, 1989, Sarah, 1990
- 2.) MARY LYNN, born 26 June 1959; who had seven children, including Kevin Nathaniel, Ibrahim Elijah, Sampson Reuben, Miriam Joy, Miyhana Ariel, Mishal and another son.
- 3.) LORNA ANN, born 22 May 1960; who married in Xenia, Ohio, to Michael Anthony Shepherd, born 18 February 1957; and had children named Samara Naomi, born 4 December 1980; Yoseph Michael, 30 December 1981; Benyamin David, 7 June 1983; Yashana Myrriah, 25 November 1984; Maresha Joanne, 29 March 1986; Judah Mosheh, 23 November 1987; Simeon Yacob, 5 December 1989; Ileah Rahkel, 5 January 1993; Tomika Evon, 4 September 1994.
- 4.) VALERIE LYNETTE, born 20 February 1961; who married Stanley Wayne Hopkins, he died at 37 from an aneurism of the heart; had children Stanley, 1989, and a daughter, 1991.
- 5.) JULIAN LOVALL II, born 20 March 1963 of Los Angeles, California.
- 6.) MARTIN JOSEPH, born 11 July 1970; who married in Denver, Colorado, to Anjali Linda Kallies, born 30 March 1979; had a child Aaron Joseph, born 13 October 2001.

*Generation No. 4*

HENRY LEWIS CHRISTMON, born 6 January 1935 in Richmond, Indiana was married in September 1960 to

KATHLEEN BAUGHMAN, born 11 September 1935, in Cincinnati, Ohio. Their children were

- 1.) SCOTT JULIAN, born 16 April 1961; who married in September 1990 to Christine Bradshaw; and had children named Ashli Julian, born 25 August 1991; Austin Julian, born 14 July 1993; and Alexander Jerod 17 December 1997
- 2.) GREGORY LEWIS, born 2 March 1964; who married on 27 August 2002 to Jessica Allen
- 3.) RODERICK BAUGHMAN, born 13 June 1965; who married on 13 May 2001 to Rosalinda Abrego; and had a child named Diego John, born 4 March 2002
- 4.) JONATHAN BRENT, born 13 February 1970; who married in September 1994 to Nicoele Gaston; and had children named Jonathan Brent II, born 18 May 1997; and Simone, born 21 March 2001

## MORE SONGS FAMILIAR TO THE OLD FOLKS

ALL MY THOUGHTS  
ALL MEIN GEDANKEN

All the thoughts I ever had were only of you.  
You, my chosen Consolation, always stay with me.  
You, you, you must always stay with me.  
Could I chose all I desire, I'd never part from you.

Remember, my solace and consolation,  
My body and soul I give you to keep.  
Yours, yours, yours, I'll remain:  
You give me the strength to conquer all pain.

From the *Locheimer Liederbuch* of 1450,  
Johannes Brahms adapted the melody into his  
*Deutsche Volkslieder*. In the 18<sup>th</sup> Century, this and  
many other such folk songs enjoyed a renaissance  
under the eyes of Goethe and Mozart.



## TEX-TOSTERONE

## VERSE 1

Well, I like 'em tall and I like 'em pretty.  
I like 'em smart and I like 'em silly.  
Blondes, brunettes, redheads galore,  
I ain't never met a woman that I don't adore.

## CHORUS

Tex-tosterone, Tex-tosterone,  
A bit too much of that Y-chromosome.  
The doctor said I could blame it on my genes.  
Tex-tosterone, Tex-tosterone,  
Don't know what Wranglers have  
to do with my hormones.  
I'm a good ole boy from San Antone,  
and I don't know a thing 'bout  
Tex-tosterone.

## VERSE 2

Well, my mama said, "Boy, you're just like your dad."  
I said, "Hey, that's good." She said, "Uh, uh, that's bad."  
He was dumb as a rock with an eye for the ladies.  
Wasn't good for nothin' 'cept makin' babies.

## CHORUS

## VERSE 3

Well, I needed some things so I went to the store.  
The sales lady said, "Check your package at the door.

We don't allow stealin' and nothin' is free.  
If that's a pickle in your pocket, boy,  
you're comin' with me."

## CHORUS

© DALLAS WAYNE & BILLY YATES  
FROM THE ALBUM *I'M YOUR BIGGEST FAN*



## THE ONLY WAY TO DIE

## VERSE 1

The way his shoulders bore the world  
you could see he'd loved the girl.  
He looked like he'd walked through hell  
on a road the rest of us knew well.  
I said, "Friend, I've worn those shoes.  
You've won a scar you'll never lose,  
but good things come with misery,  
and the first one's on me."

## CHORUS

When the night comes crashing down  
a wounded man can surely drown.  
Just go easy on yourself  
and don't turn down a glass of help.  
Loneliness destroys your mind,  
so take it one night at a time,  
and let the bottle raise you high.  
It's the only way to die.

## VERSE 2

His thirsty lips were downward drawn  
and all the regulars look on.  
Their ghostly faces fairly shone  
as they recognized one of their own.  
Too strong to weep, too weak to run,  
afraid to face the loaded gun.  
For him, a fall more soft and slow  
and a few gray men to watch him go.

## CHORUS

© DALLAS WAYNE & ROBBIE FULKS  
FROM THE ALBUM *BIG THINKIN'*



BIG THINKIN'

## VERSE 1

I think today's gonna be the day  
all my luck's gonna turn.  
I think the boss'll take what I'm worth  
and turn it into what I earn.  
I'm thinkin' if I keep my chin held high,  
I can stop my hopes from sinkin'.  
That's the one thing gets a poor boy by:  
Big thinkin'.

## VERSE 2

Friday night when the city lights call,  
the devil inside me responds.  
In the back of my mind, I see it all:  
the bourbon and the red-hot blondes  
and a man on his doorstep showin' no signs  
of a long hard night of drinkin'.  
I think I'm gonna fool her every time:  
Big thinkin'.

## CHORUS 1

Galileo had quite an I.Q.  
He got to thinkin' and the world moved.  
I wish he could step into my shoes  
and look at what thoughts won't do.

One day I think I'm gonna ride behind  
the wheel of a long, black Lincoln,  
and I won't be in a box of pine.  
Big thinkin'.

## VERSE 3

Well, it might look like I'm killin' time,  
layin' on the couch all day,  
but I'm busy hatchin' my next big move,  
not wastin' my life away.  
If the fat cats knew what I could do  
what big checks they'd be inkin'.  
But you can't pay bills when your only skill's  
Big thinkin'.

## CHORUS 2

Columbus thought 'til he turned blue,  
and suddenly the map looked brand new,  
but take out the money and the musclebound crew,  
and look at what thoughts won't do.

One day I think I'm gonna ride behind  
the wheel of a long, black Lincoln,  
and I won't be in a box of pine.  
Big thinkin'.

© DALLAS WAYNE & ROBBIE FULKS  
FROM THE ALBUM *BIG THINKIN'*  
COLDWATER, TENNESSEE

## VERSE 1

A pine-log shack a mile off the state road.  
Daddy took odd jobs, Momma raised us three.  
Times were mean, and our home was a haven.  
It was all we had in Coldwater, Tennessee.

## VERSE 2

Tougher than Hell, Daddy sang like an angel.  
The rhythm of the mountains seemed to set him free.  
One night he ran, headed north with his Martin  
and everything we'd saved in Coldwater, Tennessee.

## CHORUS 1

Rusted dreams turn gold in Nashville.  
The stars ride high and the satellites beam  
pretty love songs, voices you remember  
all the way down to Coldwater, Tennessee.

## VERSE 3

The headline says, "Local Man Hits Big Time."  
Just look at those clothes and his brand-new family  
lyin' in bed, just starin' at his picture,  
the favorite son of Coldwater, Tennessee.

## VERSE 4

A teenage kid on a one-way ticket  
Yeah, tonight he's bound for the Opry.  
By the backstage door, he'll wait in the darkness  
like he did so long, in Coldwater, Tennessee.

## VERSE 5


The crowd draws close, the door swings open,  
cameras flash and the pretty girls scream.  
Then a burst of fire, and a shout from the shadows.  
"This is from you fans in Coldwater, Tennessee."

## CHORUS 2

Rusted dreams turn gold in Nashville.  
The stars ride high, for a while it seems.  
But tomorrow at dawn, there'll be one star fallen.  
He'll be coming back down to Coldwater, Tennessee.  
Yes, they'll bury him there in Coldwater, Tennessee.

© DALLAS WAYNE & ROBBIE FULKS  
FROM THE ALBUM *BIG THINKIN'*



  
 APPENDIX C  
 I N M E M O R I A M

MAXINE M. BAUGHMAN GIDEON  
 CURTIS WOODROW THURMAN & HELEN RUTH CUTTER THURMAN  
 VIRGIE WALTERS MURPHY BAUGHMAN  
 ELLIS BACHMAN  
 KLAUS WUST  
 BLAIR ZIRKLE

N ARTICLE APPEARED IN THE  
 Forsyth, Missouri, newspaper's  
 Obituaries column for 7 July 2003:  
 "Funeral service for Maxine M.  
 Gideon, 77, of Forsyth will be held on  
 Tuesday, July 8, at 2 p.m. in  
 Community Presbyterian Church in  
 Forsyth with burial in Ozarks  
 Memorial Park in Branson with  
 Reverend Dennis Winzenried  
 officiating, under the direction of  
 Forsyth Wheelchel Chapel.

"Visitation will be today, July 7, from 6 to 8 p.m. in  
 the Forsyth Wheelchel Chapel.

"Mrs. Maxine M. Gideon died Friday, July 4, 2003 in  
 Christian Healthcare Center East, Springfield.

"Maxine M. Baughman was born November 11, 1925  
 in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, the daughter of Truit and Lucy  
 (Clemons) Baughman.

"Mrs. Gideon was a graduate of Forsyth High School  
 and went on to graduate from Southwest Missouri State  
 Teachers College and Drury College. She taught in the  
 Forsyth Public School for forty years as a  
 teacher/counselor. She was a very devoted teacher and  
 counselor and enjoyed the friendships of the faculty and  
 students with whom she worked. She attended the  
 Community Presbyterian Church.

"Maxine M. Gideon and Jack B. Gideon were united  
 in marriage in 1944 at Harrison, Arkansas. To this union  
 one daughter was born.

"Maxine is survived by her husband, Jack; and  
 daughter, Linda Marian and Linda's special friend  
 Sanford Watson of Springfield; one granddaughter,  
 Michele and husband Brian Gray, and one great-grandson,  
 Jacob Gray, all of Springfield; one sister, Irene Jennings  
 and husband Raymond of Protem; and numerous other  
 family members and a host of friends. She was preceded  
 in death by her parents and one brother, L.T. Baughman.

"Memorial contributions can be sent to Community  
 Presbyterian Church, P.O. Box 486, Forsyth, MO 65653  
 or to College of the Ozarks Scholarship Fund in memory  
 of Maxine M. Gideon.

"The family expresses sincere gratitude to the staff at  
 Christian Healthcare Center East." <sup>66: 138</sup>

Maxine died after a prolonged battle with cancer.

She had been the crucial and energetic organizer of  
 the first modern interstate reunion of Baughmans on  
 Saturday, 29 October 1988. Cousins from Arkansas,  
 California, Michigan, Missouri, New York and Oklahoma  
 gathered at the high school in Forsyth, Taney County,  
 Missouri, and then led a caravan into the far reaches of  
 Lead Hill and Protem searching for lost family cemeteries.  
 The following day they held a party in Harrison,  
 Arkansas.



*Curtis Woodrow Thurman & Helen Ruth Cutter Thurman*  
 (1918-2003) (1920 - 2005)

Woody Thurman, beloved husband to Helen Cutter  
 Thurman and uncle to Charles T. Baughman, died at home  
 in bed at seven in the evening on Tuesday, 22 July 2003.

A long-time citizen of Springfield, who resided at  
 2624 Wallis Smith on the southeast corner of town,  
 Thurman was survived by his wife Helen and an older  
 sister Bessie Mildred Thurman Whitaker, 97, also of  
 Springfield. He was preceded in death by his parents,  
 Charles T. Thurman and Mary Alma Walker Thurman,  
 along with three sisters and two brothers. <sup>66: 87, 89, 96-98, 132</sup>

Helen Ruth Cutter Thurman resided at the at an  
 assisted living residential center in Springfield until she  
 passed away on Thursday, 3 February 2005 at 4:10 in the  
 afternoon. Her life had stretched 85 years and one day.  
 Her parents, Roy Cutter and Ethel Brady Cutter, saw her  
 enter this world in Monett, Missouri.

Reverend Tony Newby officiated during services at  
 the Greenlawn Funeral Home South. Shirley Randolph  
 sang inspirational hymns that Helen had enjoyed at the  
 Parkview Christian Church.

Her nephew Charles T. Baughman served as  
 attending pall bearer along with her brother Edward  
 Cutter, and Frank Herbert, Dennis McCann, Rodney  
 McCann and Jack Reynolds. She was buried next to her  
 husband in Springfield's Hazelwood Cemetery on  
 Monday, 7 February. Memorial contributions were  
 welcomed at the New Hope Cancer Center for Women in  
 Springfield.



*Virgie Walters Murphy Baughman*  
(1907-2002)

“Virgie Walters Baughman, 94, of Harrison went to be with her Lord on Friday, Feb. 1, 2002, in Hilltop Nursing Home in Harrison.

“Funeral services will be at 2 p.m. Tuesday, Feb. 5 at Christeson Funeral Home with Rev. S.D. Hacker and Rev. David Talber officiating...

“Burial will be in Maplewood Cemetery. Pallbearers will be Paul Baughman, John Erwin, Doug Weaver, Bob Mulford, Franklin Wood and Dewayne Smith...

“The daughter of the late Washington Murphy and Lourinda Elizabeth Goss Murphy was born on Sept. 16, 1907 in Hopewell. She was a lifetime resident of Boone County...

“She was survived by two sons..., two daughters..., 12 grandchildren, 18 great grandchildren, 7 great-great grandchildren, and many nieces, nephews and cousins.”

The following are extracts from the tribute recited at the memorial service held by her family at Harrison, Arkansas.

“Our grandmother had deep roots in the foundation of our country. I am a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution through her g-g-g-g grandfather Thomas Goss, Sr. Her grandfather, Zeb Murphy, fought in the Civil War.

“Growing up in the Hopewell community, she met Arlus Matthew Baughman, her knight in shining armor on his horse, courted for two years, and according to God’s plan, married November 15, 1925 at the age of 18.

“The settled in the Cottonwood Road area. There they resided until my grandfather passed away in 1972. Grandmother sold the farm and moved into Harrison.

“The Lord blessed this union with the birth of the following children:

“Dean, 1927; Clifford, 1929; Lee, 1931; Duveen, 1934; Glenn, 1936; Karen, 1945.

“Grandmother was a homemaker, worked at Bear Creek Canning factory, the garment factory in Springfield, Missouri, and the stockyards café in Harrison as a cook. She loved making quilts and writing poetry... She was a member of the Northvale Baptist Church since 1949.

“Going to the farm on Cottonwood Road was always a different experience since we were never sure what front door to go into because she was always changing the living room and bed room around depending on the time of the year. I also remember the fishing trips, (pea knuckle) card games, horse shoes, sore finger, gifts of silver dollars at Christmas and of course hay making time and putting the hay up in the great big barn they had around back. (Or it seemed big to me at the time.)

“Grandmother lived through 17 presidents in her lifetime, starting with Theodore Roosevelt and has seen many a first in her 94 years. A few were the Model T, women’s right to vote, electricity in her house (a gift from her children), the first man in space, the first man on the moon (She that it really did not happen. ‘Just a TV gimmick.’), her first trip outside of the continental United States (Hawaii, 1972), the every-day use of the computer, cell phones.

“One of the family traditions I remember growing up is every Christmas morning, come sunshine, rain, sleet or snow (no matter how deep), meeting at my grandparents’ house for breakfast, men always cooking and serving the women first. This was one of my favorite traditions and today my family also attends this Christmas morning tradition. This tradition started before my parents were married.

Another thing my grandmother always did for her children was every year there would be a family get together to celebrate that child’s birthday, as well as that child’s spouse’s birthday. This was something she kept up until she was no longer able to bake cakes, but they still got together. Although she was in the hospital this year on Duveen’s birthday, she called her from her hospital bed to wish her happy birthday.

“My grandmother was blessed with many wonderful things in her life and her final joy was going home to be with the Lord. I can only imagine grandpa’s, Uncle Dean’s, Uncle Clifford’s, her parents’ great joy and the many other people she knew and loved who welcomed her home as she entered those heavenly gates. While visiting with my grandmother in the hospital, she talked about what a beautiful place heaven was and she was ready to go...”



*Ellis R. Bachman*  
(1931-2003)

The following article appeared in the *Lancaster Intelligencer-Journal*, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in the edition of 20 July 2003:

“Ellis R. Bachman, 72, of 14 West Main Str., Strasburg, died Monday At Essa Flory Hospice Center after a long battle with cancer.

“A funeral director, he owned Bachman Funeral Home, Strasburg, for 42 years. He obtained his funeral director’s license in 1955, became a partner in the business with his parents in 1964 and assumed full ownership in 1970. The seventh generation to operate the business, Bachman retired in 1997. He also co-owned the Brown Funeral Home, Paradise.

“He was vice president of administration for the Strasburg Rail Road, retiring in 1975, and recently retired

as secretary of the board.

"A U.S. Army veteran, he served three years in Korea as a telephone technician with the 7021<sup>st</sup> ASU Signal Corps during the Korean War. He received the Korean Service Medal with two bronze stars and the U.N. and National Defense Medals. He was a member of Paul R. Strubel Post 8710 Veterans of Foreign Wars, Strasburg, and Tanawa Post 409, American Legion, Paradise.

"Bachman graduated from McCaskey High School in 1948 after the Strasburg School burned in 1944. He later graduated from Eckels School of Embalming, Philadelphia, and attended American University, Washington, D.C.

"He was a life member of First Presbyterian Church, Strasburg, where he served as a trustee, elder and clerk of session, chaired the church building committee and was a church choir member many years.

"Bachman served as chairman of the Pennsylvania Dutch Convention & Visitor's Bureau. He also served on the board of the Pennsylvania Travel Council.

"He was a past president of the Lancaster County Funeral Directors' Association.

"Active in the community, he helped establish voluntary ambulance service in Strasburg through the VFW and served with the Strasburg Ambulance Association for more than 30 years. He also was active with the Strasburg Fire Company and had served as treasurer.

"Bachman was the first president of the Strasburg Heritage Society, which he helped organize in 1971.

"He was a Republican committeeman for 30 years and served on the Strasburg Borough Planning Commission until recently.

"Bachman was a former member of the Strasburg Jaycees and was past president of the Strasburg Lions Club, which gave him the Melvin Jones Award.

"He helped organize construction of the Pool in 1964.

"He was a past noble grand of the Strasburg Lodge 361, Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

"A 50-year member of the Christiana Lodge, Free & Accepted Masons, Bachman also belonged to the Lancaster Lodge of Perfection, Harrisburg Consistory, Zembo Temple AAONMS and Lancaster County Shrine Club.

"He enjoyed singing with the Ephrata Cloister Chorus.

"Born in Lancaster, he was the son of the late Donald and Sophrona Rounds Bachman.

"He was married 47 years on Aug. 27 to Nancy Eckman Bachman.

"Surviving in addition to his wife are two sons, Robert E., married to Deborah K. Wetzel Bachman, and John D., married to Patricia H. Metzler Bachman, both of Strasburg; a daughter, Karen S. Bachman of Lancaster; four grandchildren; a brother, Donald A., married Hope Y. Emmerich Bachman of Strasburg; and a sister, Barbara

A., married to Ronald N. Mable of Mountville."

Ellis Bachman generously joined the family's DNA project when it was still in its early stages of planning. Unfortunately, he could not enjoy this final realization of his hope and wonder.



*Klaus German Wust*  
(1925-2003)

The following article by Carolyn Keister Baker appeared on the front page of *The Northern Virginia Daily* that was published in Strasburg, Virginia, on Thursday, 8 May 2003, under the headline "Prominent local author, historian dies at age 77; Friends remember Wust as a devoted, fervent educator." A small color portrait also appeared.

"Klaus G. Wust of Edinburg, a prominent author and historian, devoted his life to celebrating the contributions of German-Americans and the vital role they played in the early settlement of the Shenandoah Valley and the nation.

"Wust died Tuesday at Shenandoah Memorial Hospital in Woodstock. He was 77. His wife, Monique Fong Wust, and daughters, Barbara Wust and Sassie Wust Joiris, were at his bedside, said J. Ross Baughman, friend and director of photography at *The Washington Times*.

"Wust was remembered by friends and colleagues as a devoted historian, a fervent educator and a tireless helper to everyone who sought to learn about their German ancestry.

"According to his wishes, Wust's ashes will be scattered in the Baltic Sea, Baughman said.

"Born in Bielefeld, northern Germany, Wust came to the United States in 1949, accepting a scholarship at Bridgewater College. While at college, Wust realized the crucial roles German-Americans played in the development of the United States, particularly in the Shenandoah Valley. German immigrants fought valiantly in the Revolutionary War and helped to tame the Valley frontier and settle the Midwest, Wust said in March 2002.

"In the beginning,' he lamented, 'I was a little disappointed that the German element was not recognized.'

"Wust spent a lifetime researching and writing stories to preserve them for future generations. He authored numerous articles and books including his most important contribution, 'The Virginia Germans.'

"The Virginia Germans' is 'the definitive text' on early German settlers in Virginia, said Elizabeth McClung, executive director of Belle Grove Plantation.

"Other books include 'Virginia Fraktur,' 'Folk Art in Stone,' 'German Americans' Participation in a New Nation,' '300 Years of German Immigrants in North America, 1683-1983' (as editor and author), 'Guardian on



the Hudson: The German Society of the City of New York, 1784-1984,' 'Pioneers in Service: The German Society of Maryland, 1783-1958,' and 'Zion in Baltimore.'

"Wust was important in the development of Belle Grove Plantation.

"Klaus was one of the founding educators at Belle Grove in the 1960s,' McClung said. 'He assisted in shaping the interpretive and educational programs as a leading authority on German immigration to the Shenandoah Valley and to Virginia in general. We counted on him through the years as an expert to guide us on German history.

"We will miss Klaus so much,' McClung said.

"Wust was a founding board member of the American Frontier Culture Foundation, which established the Frontier Culture Museum in Staunton. The museum opened in 1988.

"John Stewart of Broadway first met Wust when he was a student working at the Safeway in Harrisonburg. Stewart, originally from Vienna, Austria, recognized Wust's German accent and the two became friends.

"Fluent in German, French and Dutch, Wust later was an interpreter, working for the U.S. State Department, United Nations and the German government when delegations traveled to this country, Stewart said, 'He had a very interesting life.'

"Up until his death, Wust continued to write, working on another book on German immigration, Stewart said. 'He was one of the foremost historians on German migration to the United States.'

"In March 2002, Wust was honored at Belle Grove for his contributions...

"We were very honored to host the ceremony for the German government. In hindsight, we were delighted to [honor] Klaus while he could enjoy it,' McClung said...

"Contact Carolyn Baker at [cbaker@nvdaily.com](mailto:cbaker@nvdaily.com)"

A similar, but shorter obituary appeared in *The Washington Times* on page B-2 of the Monday, 2 June 2003 edition.

J. Ross Baughman offered the following speech at a memorial service held at The Museum for American Frontier Culture in Staunton, Virginia, on Saturday, 11 October 2003. About 75 friends of the late author crowded into the downstairs of the 17<sup>th</sup> Century German farmhouse there that Klaus had helped dismantle and have shipped to the museum.

"Klaus Wust spent the last fifty years of his life trying to help Germans and Americans to better understand one another, first as a simultaneous interpreter for ambassadors and prime ministers, and then as the leading German-American historian of his generation.

"I was lucky enough to know Klaus for the last fifteen

years of that life. Today, whenever I read or remember his words, Klaus continues to teach me. He always knew that there can be great dignity in living simply.

"You must not ignore or forget your past," he always reminded me. "Honoring a mother and father can continue even in their absence.

"After all," he once told me, "the stories of our ancestors are also *our* stories."

"Klaus was earthy, clever, insecure, charming, cryptic, prideful, hungry and ascetic. He was loyal to the common folk though thoroughly familiar with members of the sparkling elite.

"Klaus had a driven spirit. What can often be mistaken as mere hard work is actually obsession. That can often be uncomfortable for others to be around.

"Klaus worked to satisfy his own curiosity. He simply wanted to know. He always found something incomplete that needed to be done. And as far as the German settlement of Virginia was concerned, he knew that he was the only one to do it.

"Do not be afraid of obsession,' Klaus taught me. 'Embrace it.'

"He authored and edited twenty books and another ninety-nine scholarly articles. He also spent many years as a journalist, both reporting and editing. Imagine the sheer volume of what he did, even though no boss was there to push him.

"How could anyone who was so productive be a secret procrastinator, leaving his final climactic work of ten years incomplete, on purpose?

"Simply put, Klaus was afraid of being judged. Like many gifted people, he feared that his whole life was a fraud.

"Klaus German Wust was born in Bielefeld, northern Germany in 1925. The family name had actually been Wustowski, from the Silesian provinces that are now part of eastern Poland, but Klaus' grandfather had shortened it.

"Throughout his life, Klaus was a perfectionist. You could see it in his notes. He loved data, because with all those hard facts spread out in front of him, it was possible to be one hundred percent accurate.

"One of the things we did together was to translate poems and songs from four centuries ago. That he had a natural facility for such things was obvious. Klaus, his wife Monique and a very few of their colleagues at the State Department or the United Nations pioneered the art of listening to, and in the same split second, interpreting different languages out loud. On top of that, they could even layer on technical jargon and diplomatic body language. Even though Klaus was perfectly fluent in French, Dutch, German, English and felt very at home with Latin, nothing of historical importance ever flowed too easily. It often felt like I was speaking to the very spirit of history... inviting, enigmatic, difficult, stubborn.

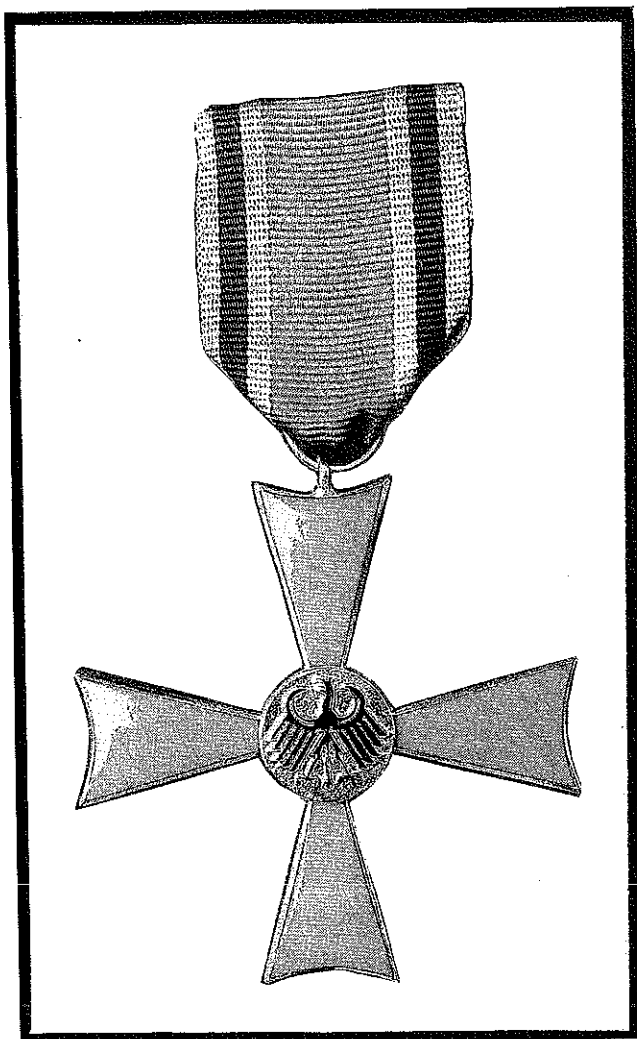
"When anyone wanted to decipher the two-hundred-year-old writing on German *fraktur*, they only had two

people in the valley to ask: Klaus and his good friend Dr. John Stewart of James Madison University.

“Although Klaus had served in Hitler’s German Navy, he became good friends with John Stewart, an Austrian Jew whose family had arrived in America earlier.

“That takes us back to 1949, when not long after arriving in America, Klaus had still not been able to save much money. He wanted to begin researching the old German archives in Baltimore, but had no way to afford a hotel room. Stewart had no hesitation about sending Klaus to stay for several weeks with a favorite uncle, Bruno Stein. Because during World War I anti-Semitic Nazism had not yet taken root, Stein had served honorably as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. Klaus and Bruno got along very well and also spent time with Stewart’s sister, Suzanne Glaser.

“Klaus accepted a scholarship at Bridgewater College. While at his studies, Klaus woke up to an understanding of how important German-Americans had



THE *BUNDESVERDIENSTKREUZ* OR FEDERAL CROSS OF MERIT  
AWARDED TO KLAUS WUST ON 4 MARCH 2002

been in the development of the United States, particularly in the Shenandoah Valley. Germans had fought heroically during the Revolutionary War and often led pioneers who settled the Midwestern frontier.

“So while still a newcomer, some fifty years ago, Klaus visited a Lutheran youth camp in the Catoclin Mountains of Maryland where he decided to take his daily stroll alongside a creek. Without much fanfare, he bumped into a figure who turned out to be President Dwight David Eisenhower. They were both right at the edge of the presidential retreat that eventually became well-known as Camp David. Klaus helped him to trace his German-American genealogy. General Eisenhower’s mother, Ida, came from the Stovers in Augusta County, Virginia – Mennonite stock that could never have imagined how their descendant would one day return from America to German soil as its conqueror.

“For those who knew the man, it is not hard to picture him scrounging for herbs by the side of Stony Creek so that he could season his supper or make tea. His wreath every holiday simply had to be made from scratch with pine boughs.

“While driving down the Valley Pike, the window rolled down, the wind ruffling his hair, Klaus would occasionally break out in a joyous baritone yodel.

“Even though his strong accent might have made him a perpetual outsider, native Virginians here in the Valley always seemed at ease with Klaus. He was always so at home in the post office or the barbershop or the hardware store or the library. Kindred spirits such as Grace Showalter, Lois Bowman and Harold Huber always gave Klaus a special respect whenever he researched among the rare volumes at Eastern Mennonite University.

“I never saw Klaus happier than when he could set up his table at some historical festival, just to sell his books. If he managed to make even a couple of dollars, but at the same time help a good number of people, Klaus considered it a very successful day.

“In his most basic element, Klaus was a man of learning. His office at home, whether in the valley or Manhattan, was a cloistered sanctuary, filled with his beloved classical music. His incense was pipe tobacco. How he loved to be lost in a stream of smoke and a three-hundred-year-old thought. From the next room he might not even hear his own name.

“Colonial Williamsburg invited him to be Guest Curator for one of their important early exhibitions on Folk Art. Wust was also important in the development of Belle Grove Plantation, serving as one of its founding educators during the 1960s and shaping the interpretive and educational programs.

“He was also a founding board member of the American Frontier Culture Foundation, which established this museum back in 1988. He took a very personal hand in finding and relocating the German farmer’s house from the Rhineland and bringing it here

to Staunton.

"In honor of his life's many unique contributions, Klaus enjoyed an official proclamation by Donald Schaeffer, the Governor of Maryland, that made the 28<sup>th</sup> of April 1998 as Klaus Wust Day, and made him an honorary citizen of the state.

"In March 2002, Wust was presented with the *Bundesverdienstkreuz*, or Federal Cross of Merit, by representatives of the German Embassy on behalf of the Federal Republic of Germany and its president, Johannes Rau. The Federal Cross of Merit is the highest honor that can be presented to a German citizen.

"Klaus was extremely attached to his wife Monique and his daughters Barbara and Sassie and his grandchildren Julien and Celine. And his cats. Even though Klaus had turned himself into a sort of gruff, lonesome hermit by the end of his life, it was wonderful that the final months allowed him to accept the love of his family and most steadfast friends.

"For those who wish to formalize their respect and remembrance of this worthy, difficult man, please consider giving to the Klaus Wust Fund at the Shenandoah County Library in Edinburg, where a collection of Wust's papers, unfinished manuscripts and selected rare books is being developed. The director and archivist of that project have joined us here today.

"Even after Klaus is gone, a new little museum is being born that otherwise never would have without his help and blessing. It's just a very old, little log house that will be home for a few family collections. If we're lucky, it will open in a year or two, just a half-day's walk from Klaus' house in Edinburg." 65: v & 64: ix, 1, 185-186



*Melvin Blair Zirkle, Jr.*  
(1923-2003)

Blair Zirkle, born on 19 April 1923, worked as a devoted family farmer, cattle rancher, a charter member of the Virginia Simmental Association, a 32<sup>nd</sup> degree Mason and member of the AF&AM of Virginia, Mt. Jackson Blue Lodge N<sup>o</sup>. 103. Surviving are his wife, Maxine Wolfe Zirkle; daughter Lisa R. Zirkle of Forestville; son Michael B. Zirkle and daughter-in-law Kimberly; granddaughter Brenna of Houston, Texas...

"Blair made a complete circle in his life and passing. He was born, reared, lived, passed away and buried in this beloved little village of Forestville," recalled Maxine.

The following article by staff writer Lisa G. Currie appeared on the front page of *The Shenandoah Valley-Herald* published in Woodstock, Virginia, on Wednesday, 14 August 2002, under the headline "Former commissioner of revenue succumbs to cancer" A small black & white photographic portrait also appeared.

"It came as a shock to many. The death of former commissioner of revenue Melvin Blair Zirkle, Jr. Leaves many county residents who dealt with him deeply saddened.

"Born in Forestville, Zirkle was the son of the late Melvin Blair and Nellie Biller Zirkle, and the husband of Maxine Wolfe Zirkle. He was raised in Forestville, and lived there until he died on Aug. 9. His long battle with cancer was over. His 11 a.m. memorial service will be held today, Wednesday, Aug. 14, at Valley Funeral Chapel at Bowmans Crossing led by Rev. Thomas Deal.

"Kathy Black, current Shenandoah County Commissioner of the Revenue, was busy Monday creating an e-mail to forward to commissioners around the state.

"If anyone would sum up Blair Zirkle then you would have to say he was people person, the most cordial man I ever knew," said Dennis Morris, supervisor for District 5.

"Zirkle returned to Shenandoah County after World War II and the Korean Conflict as a staff sergeant. He was an active member of Saint Mark's Lutheran Church in Forestville and strong supporter of the Democratic Party. As such he served seven consecutive [four-year] terms as Shenandoah County Commissioner of the Revenue.

"Republican Morris was elected to his first term in 1976, more than a decade after Zirkle was elected the first time.

"We joked a lot about him being a Democrat and me being a Republican," said Morris. But the jokes were never a barrier for Zirkle did not allow anything to interfere with his goal of community service.

"When you are a Democrat in a totally Republican county and you are elected for seven terms, that says a lot about the person. If you did not know him, you really missed something," said Morris.

"I will always remember his interest in historical information. Not only could he tell you the places, points and activities in Shenandoah County, he knew about the other places in the state and West Virginia," said former county administrator John Cutlip. [ed. note: descended from the Gottlieb pioneers.]

"It seems only natural with this interest that Zirkle would be the founder and genealogist for the Zirkle Family Historical Association, and a recognized Civil War historian.

"His conversations were always on the serious side but when we did talk of other things it was about our families. He was very proud of his family and his children," said Cutlip.

"I had the highest regard for Blair," said Morris. "He was a real gentleman, a man who was cordial and down to earth."

"He is a man that is going to be missed," said Nancy Smootz, a former commissioner of the revenue who had served as deputy commissioner before replacing Zirkle in 1988. 64: 202; 63: x, 221-224, 228-229

## APPENDIX D

## A GLOSSARY OF GERMAN &amp; OLD SWISS WORDS USEFUL FOR THE HISTORIAN

Swiss colloquial words are followed in brackets by the High German word. The letters *ch* are pronounced as a distinct but soft *ahkch*, whether at the beginning, middle or end of a word. The vocalizations of *ie*, *ue* and *üe* have the diphthong of two distinct vowels in rapid sequence. The combinations of consonants such as *st* and *sp* take the additional soft *ch / sh* in the middle, to become *scht* and *schp*. The double consonant *gg* sounds as a hard *k*, while the plain letter *k* becomes the raspy sound of *kch*. <sup>506: 14</sup>

FROM GERMAN	Chlüre [Murren] : Small, clay marble	Forschung : Research
Abgesandter : Ambassador	Chnödli [Knöchel] : Ankle	Frau : Lady
Absterben : To die	Chnopf [Kind] : Child	Freyherr : Lord
Abwäschmütli [Abwaschbecken] : Dishwashing sink; especially in Zürich.	Chnöpfli [Spätzle] : Small Egg Noodles	Früchtig [Freitag] : Friday
Ägerscht [Elster] : Magpie	Chriesi : Cherry	Fürst : Prince
Adel : Nobility	Christmonat : December	Gaagelä : Swinging
Adler : Eagle	Chruutsiänä [Durchschlag] : Vegetable colander	Garacho [Fest] : Festive, high times
Ahnentafel : Pedigree	Churfürst : Elector to the Holy Roman Emperor	Gastmahl : Feast
Allgemeine : General	Chübel [Eimer] : Bucket	Gatte : Husband
Allhier : In this place	d.a. (der Ältere) : Elder; or Senior	Gattin : Wife
Alt : Old	d.J. (der Jüngere) : the younger	Gäzzi [Schaufel] : Ladle
Altere : an elder	Dirndel : Girl; Maiden	Gebacken : Baked
Amt : Office	Drü [Drei] : Three	Geboren (geb.) : born
Anke [Butter] : Butter	Dunnschtig [Donnerstag] : Thursday	Gebratenes in der Pfanne : Fried Meat
Apfel : Apple	Ehe : Marriage	Geburt : Birth
Auswanderer : Emigrant	Ehebrecher : Adulterer	Gedenktag : Anniversary
Bach : Brook	Ehefrau : Wife	Geheiratet : Married
Band (Bd.) : Book Volume	Eheliches : Legitimate [literally “from marriage”]	Gehochtes Fleisch : Minced meat
Base : Cousin (female)	Eheman : Husband, literally “marriage man”	Gellerettli : Pocketwatch; derived from the French “ <i>Quelle heur est il?</i> , or What time is it?”
Beerdigt : Buried	Eierschwämmli [Pflifferling] : a Mushroom	Geistliche : Clergyman
Begraben : Buried	Eiertäsch : Omelette [literally “eggs touched”]	Gekocht : Boiled
Begräbnis : Burial	Elsass : Alsace	Gelbe Rübe : Carrot
Beili [Biene] : Bee	Enkel : Grandson	Gemeinde : Community; Parish
Bemerkungen : Remarks	Erbschaft : Inheritance	Gemutter : Godmother
Berg : Mountain	Falle [Stürzen] : To fall	Genannt : Also Called
Besitz : Property	Familienforschung : Family research	Gericht : Court of Law
Bezirk : District	Faul : Rotten [or as Verfault]	Gern ha [lieben] : To love
Binätsch [Spinat] : Spinach	Feldkümmel : Carraway	Geschieden : Divorced
Bire [Beerene] : Pear	Fenchel : Fennel	Geschichte : History
Bovwäärlü : Pea, Dainty	Fett : Fat	Geschlecht : Family; sex
Brachmond [Juni] : June	Feucht : Moist, humid	Geschlechtsname : Surname
Bräusi : Roasted Meat	Findling : Orphan	Gestorben : Died
Braut : Bride	Finke [Pantoffel] : House Shoe	Getauft : Baptized
Breitaxt : Felling axe	Feematente [Zusammengesetztheit] : Complex Details	Getraut : Married
Briegge [Weinen] : To weep.	Finster : Dark	Gevatter : Godfather
Bueb [Bube] : Boy	Fledere [mit Wasser spielen] : To play with water	Gewerbe : Trade
Büetze [nähen] : To sew.	Fleischbrühe : Broth [literally “Meat Brew”]	Gfröörli : Easily-chilled person
Bütschgi [apfelgehäuse] : Apple core		Gheie [Fallen] : To fall
Burg : Castle		Ghüüslet [kariert] : Checkered
Burger : Citizen (male)		Gigetschi [Apfelgehäuse] : Apple core
Burgerin : Citizen (female)		Giigampfä [Wippe] : Swinging
Chläü [Huf] : Hoof		Giireizi : Swinging Cord
Chlii [klein] : Small		Giixe [quietschen] : Squeak
Chörble [Erbrechen] : To vomit		Giizgnäpper / Giizchragä : Miser

Gipfeli [Croissant] : Crescent Roll	small, tightly knit group	Name unknown
Glii [Bald] : Soon	Hofmeister : Governor	Nachbar : Neighbor
Gnadähüchläär : Hypocritical, Sanctimonious	Hornung [Februar] : February	Näi [Nein] : No
Göissi [Kreischen] : Shriek	Hülpe : Limp	Nebenfrau : Concubine
Gomfi [Konfitüre] : Jam, fruit preserves	Hung [Konfitüre] : Jam	Nieder : Lower
Goof [Kind, Balg] : Brat	Jenner [Januar] : January	Niid : Not, especially in Basel
Gopf [Mein Gott!] : My God!	Johannis=Beeren : Currants	Nord : North
Gotte [Patentante] : God-Aunt	Junggeselle : Bachelor	Nüd : Not, especially in Zürich
Gottemeitli [Patentochter] : Goddaughter	Jüngling : Bachelor	Nüt für unguet : Excuse Me, ("Nothing for Pardon") especially in Zürich
Götti [Patenonkel] : God-Uncle	Jünger : Younger, as junior or the younger.	Ober : Over, Upper, Above
Göttibueb [Patensohn] : Godson	Jungfer : Maid	Obervogt : High Magistrate
Graf : Count or Earl	Juchzä : Brief, joyful yodel	Öpfelschelfere [Öpfelschale] : Apple peel.
Grenze : boundary; border	Kaiser : Emperor	Öpfelbütschgi [Kerngehäuse] : Apple core.
Grosi [Grossmutter] : Grandma	Kastanie : Chestnut	Unggle [Onkel] : Uncle
en Guete [Mahlzeit] : Bon Appetit	Kirsche : Cherry	Opa: Grampa
Grüzi [guten Tag] : Greetings	kl. (klein) : Little, as junior or the younger.	Ort : Place
Grüezeni : Swiss-German Person, especially from Zürich	Kopulation (Latin) : Marriage	Ost : East
Gufe [Nadel] : Needle	Knabe : Boy	Parile [Aprikose] : Apricot
Grundbuch : land register	Knoblauch : Garlic	Pastete : Pie
Günne : Pluck	König : King	Pastinaten : Parsnips
Grüngeli : Little	Königin : Queen	Pate : Witness (male)
en Guete : Bon Appetit	Kr. (Kreis) : District	Paten : Witnesses
Güssa : Shriek	Krauser Lattich : Cabbage Lettuce	Patin : Witness (female)
Gurke : Cucumber	Kümmel : Cummin	Pfannküchlein : Fritters
Gumel : Potato (in Bern)	Klöster : Sexton	Pfarrer : Pastor
Gumpe [Springen] : To jump	Laferi [Schwitzer] : Blatherer	Poor : Wild Onion ( <i>Allium porrum</i> )
Güsel [Abfall] : Waste	Lattich : Lettuce	Prediger: Preacher
Guttere [Flasche] : Bottle	Lauch : Chives	Priester : Priest
Gwand [Kleidung] : Clothing	Leiche : Funeral	Putzt : Dead
Habere [Essen] : Eating	Letzer Wille : Last Will	Quellen : Source
Häx [Hexe] : Hex	Lismer : Sweater	Regler : Sister of the Zürich Convent
Hafe [Krug] : Crock	Luuszapfä : Sly Child	Reif : Ripe
Hambetzgi [Ameise] : Ant	Magd : Maiden	Rentner : Retired Person
Harass [Getränkekasten] : Wooden container for fruit	Mager : Lean	Rettich : Radish
Haselnuss : Hazelnut	Mägerli : Weakling	Roggenbrod : Rye Bread
Heerevogel [Eichelhäher] : Jay; literally Lord's bird.	Mahder : Meadow	Rodel : Register
Hefe : Yeast	Maitli [Mädchen] : Girl, Maiden	Rohe : Raw
Herbstmonat : September	Mandel : Almond	Rosinen : Raisens
Here X : Witch	Mäntig [Montag] : Monday	Ross [Pferd] : Horse
Herkunft : Origin	Markgraf : Marquess	Rübe : Turnip
Herr : Lord, Master, Mister	Matrikel : register	Rüere [Werfen] : To throw
Herrschaft : Estate; Lordship	Matte : Meadow	s. (siehe) : Refer To
Herzog : Duke	Meister : Master	S. (Seite) : Page
Herzogthum : Duchy	Minggelig : Little	S.v. (Sohn von) : Son of
Heumonde [Juli] : July	Mittwuch [Mittwoch] : Wednesday	Sägeze [Sense] : Scythe
Hindersi : Rearwards	Mosüli : Bib	Salbi : Sage
Hinterbliebenen : survivors	Moswei [Bussard] : Buzzard	Samschtig [Samstag] : Saturday
Hitzgi [Schluckauf] : Hiccup	Möesli [Müsli] : Mixed Breakfast Cereal	Sauft : Safe and Snug, especially in Canton Schwyz
Höck [gemütlich beisammensitzen] :	Müntze : Mint	Schaffe [Arbeiten] : To work
	Muscat : Nutmeg	Scheiche [Bein] : Leg
	Mutzä : Jacket, Smock	
	N.N. (Nomen Nescio in Latin) :	

Schlipfisälä : Skating  
 Schnuufe [Atmen] : To breathe.  
 Schnurrä : Talkativeness; also a crude word for mouth, as in “Heb diini Schnurre,” or Shut up!  
 Shtoppi [Stadt President] : Mayor  
 Schwanger : Pregnant  
 Schwiinigs : Ham  
 Seckel [Rennen] : Scoundrel; also a crude slang word for penis  
 See : Lake  
 Senf : Mustard  
 Siene [Sieb] : Sieve  
 Spötze [Spucken] : To spit  
 Stäge [Treppe] : Stairs  
 Stande [Grosser bottich] : Big tub.  
 Stiefkind : Stepchild  
 Stiefmutter : Stepmother  
 Stiefvatter : Stepfather  
 Stierenaug [Spiegelei] : Fried Egg; literally “Bull’s eye.”  
 Süde : South  
 Sunntig [Sonntag] : Sunday  
 T.v. (Tochter von) : Daughter of  
 Tafel : Fit and Healthy; especially in Zürich  
 Taufpaten : Godparents  
 Tante : Aunt  
 Tätsch : 1.) Spank. 2.) Hut  
 Topf [Krug] : Crock  
 Trocken : Dried  
 Tschooli [Dummkopf] : Idiot  
 Tschumpel [Tölpel] : Idiot  
 Tschumpeli [Glas Wein] : Small, filled wine glass  
 Tubel [Dummkopf] : Idiot  
 Tünne [Wähe, Kuchen] : Pie, especially in old Richterswil, Canton Zürich  
 Tüpflichisser : Bean Counter  
 Tüppig [Feucht] : Hot and humid weather  
 Twär [quer] : Crossways  
 u. (und) : And  
 Ungehöpftes Bier : Ale  
 Unguet : Pardon me.  
 Unreif : Unripe or Green  
 Verlobte : Fiancé, Fiancee, Newlywed  
 Vetter : Cousin (male)  
 Vogt : Magistrate  
 Vorfahren : Forefather  
 Vorname : Forename  
 Wääger : Certainly; local to Canton Bern  
 Wäjä [Pastete] : Pie

Weh tue [Schmerzen] : It hurts  
 Weinmonat [Oktober] : October  
 Walnuss : Walnut  
 Westen : West  
 Wie guats? : How are you doing?  
 Wildprett : Venison  
 Winde [Estrich] : Loft, Attic  
 Wintermonat [November] : November  
 Wittwe : Widow  
 Zältli : Candy  
 Zart : Tender  
 Zauberer : Conjuror or wizard  
 Zeuge : Witness  
 Ziischtig [Dienstag] : Tuesday  
 Zmittag [Mittagessen] : Midday Meal  
 Zmorge [Frühstück] : Morning Meal  
 Zmörgele : Having breakfast  
 Zuname : Surname  
 Zvieri : Bon Appetit  
 Zwäg [Gesund sein] : Fit and Healthy



## FROM ENGLISH

Ale : Ungehöpftes Bier  
 Almond : Mandel  
 Ambassador : Abgesandter  
 Ant : Hambetzgi, Umbeisgi  
 Apple : Öpfel  
 Apple core : Bütschgi  
 Attic : Windä  
 Axe : Breitaxt  
 Bachelor : Jüngling  
 Baked : Gebacken  
 Baron : Freyherr [literally, Free-Lord]  
 Bean Counter : Tüpflichisser  
 Bird’s Eye View : Vogel perspektive  
 Boiled : Gekocht  
 Bon Appetit : en Guete, Mahlzeit  
 Boy : Bueb, Knabe  
 Brat : Goof  
 Butter : Anke  
 Breakfast : Zmörgele  
 Brook : Bach  
 Broth : Fleischbrühe  
 Candy : Zältli  
 Carraway : Feldkümmel  
 Carrot : Gelbe Rübe  
 Castle : Burg  
 Cereal : Muesueli  
 Certainly : Wääger  
 Checkered : Ghüüslet  
 Cherry : Chriesi  
 Chestnut : Kastanie  
 Child : Chnopf  
 Chilly Person : Gfröörli  
 Chives : Lauch  
 Citizen : Burger  
 Community : Gemeinde  
 Complex Details : Feematente  
 Core : Bütschgi  
 Count : Graf [also for Earl]  
 Cousin : Vetter (male); Base (female)  
 Crescent Roll : Gipfeli  
 Crock : Hafe, Topf  
 Crone : Grunggäli  
 Cucumber : Gurke  
 Currants : Johannis=Berren  
 Dainty : Bovwäärl  
 Dark : Finster  
 Dead : Putzt  
 December : Christmonat  
 Dregs : Hefen  
 Drinking cabinet : Harass  
 Duke : Herzog  
 Eagle : Adler  
 Earl : Graf [also for Count]  
 East : Ost  
 Eating : Habere  
 Elder : Altere  
 Elector : Churfürst  
 Emperor : Kaiser  
 Exaggerated : Giiznäpper, Giizchragä  
 Excuse me : Nüd für unguät  
 Fat : Fett  
 Feast : Gastmahl  
 February : Hornung  
 Fennel : Fenchel  
 Finished : Verdurä  
 Forefather : Vorfahren  
 Friday : Friitig  
 Fried meat : Gebratenes in der Pfanne  
 Fritters : Pfannküchlein  
 Garlic : Knoblauch  
 Girl : Mädchen  
 God-aunt : Gotte  
 God-daughter : Gottemeitli  
 Godfather : Pate; Gevatter  
 Godmother : Patin  
 Godson : Götlibueb  
 God-uncle : Götli  
 Governor : Hofmeister  
 Gramma : Grosi  
 Grampa : Opa  
 Green Beans : Gruuperli  
 Greetings : Grüzi  
 Ham : Schwiinigs

Hazel Nut : Haselnuss	Mushroom : Eierschwämmli	Sieve : Siene
Healthy : Täfäl, Zwäg	Mustard : Senf	Skating : Schlipfisälä
Hiccup : Hizgi	My God! : Gopf	Sly Child : Luuszapfä
High Magistrate : Obervogt	Neighbor : Nachbar	Small : Chlii
High Times : Garacho	No : Näi	Soon : Glii
Houseshoes : Finke	North : Nord	South : Sud
How are you doing? : Wie guats?	Not : Niid, Nüd	Squeak : Gliixe
Humid : Tüppig	November : Wintermonat	Strumpet : Haaghuri
Husband : Eheman	Nutmeg : Muscat	Sunday : Sunntig
Hypocritical : Gnadähüchlär	October : Weinmonat	Surname : Zuname
Idiot : Tschooli, Tschumpel, Tubel	Omelette : Eiertätsch	Swinging : Gaagelä, Giigampfä
Jam : Gomfi	Onion : Poor ( <i>Allium porrum</i> )	Swinging Cord : Giireizi
January : Jenner	Pardon me : Unguät	Swiss-German Person : Grüezini
July : Heumonde	Pastor : Pfarrer	Talkativeness : Schnurrä
June : Brachmond	Pear : Bire	Tender : Zart
King : König	Potato : Gumel	Three : Drü
Ladle : Gäzzi	Prayer : Noschtärä	Thursday : Dunnschtig
Lady : Frau	Preacher: Prediger	Tuesday : Ziischtig
Lake : See	Priest : Priester	Turnip : Rübe
Lean : Mager	Prince : Fürst	Uncle : Unggle [Onkel]
Little : Grüngeli; Minggelig	Property : Besitz	Uninteresting : Gmuggät
Limp : Hülpe	Quarrelsome : Schtrüitzi	United Society : Höck
Lord : Herr [or grosser Herr]	Queen : Königin	Upper : Über
Lordship : Herrschaft	Raisins : Rosinen	Venison : Wildprett
Lower : Nieder, Unter	Radish : Rettich	Walnut : Weliche Nusz
Magistrate : Vogt	Raw : Rohe	Waterfall : Wasserschodlär
Maid, Maiden : Jungfer, Maitli	Rearwards : Hindersi	Weakling : Magerlieni
Marbles : Chlüre	Register : Rodel	Wednesday : Mittwoch
Marquess : Margraf	Resoluteness : Ziilig	West : Westen
Master : Meister	Roasted : Gebrattenes	What time is it? : Gellerettli
Mayor : Stapi, Stadtpräsident, Bürgermeister	Rotten : Faul or Verfault	Widow : Wittwe
Midday Meal : Zmittag	Rye bread : Rochenbrod	Wife : Ehefrau
Minced Meat : Gehacktesfleisch	Sage : Salbi	Wine Glass : Tschumpeli
Moist : Feucht	Safe : Sauft	Witch : Here X or zauberinn
Monday : Mäntig :	Saturday : Samschtig	Wizard : Zauberer
Morning Meal : Zmorge	Scoundrel : Sekel	Yeast : Hefe
Mountain : Berg	September : Herbstmonat	Yodeling : Juchste
	Shriek : Göisse	Younger : Jünger

## APPENDIX E

THE BAUGHMANS' OZARK GLOSSARY  
OF COLLOQUIAL WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

"My earliest memories are of falling asleep at the end of an exciting day listening to Gramma's voice telling about her trip or asking my parents about their drive to Missouri. When a lot of our relatives – Gramma's brothers and sisters and parents – were together, I remember being fascinated by all their different voices with the southern Missouri accents." Mary Ann Baughman Bittner recalled her childhood during the 1950s.<sup>66, 99</sup>

The following assembly of words all come from common usage in the author's family, either from 19<sup>th</sup> Century accounts, or recordings from his grandparents' generation or from his parents. Some expressions may be found in the second edition of *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary* (1978) as obscure, archaic or colloquial words. Their use in the Ozarks is confirmed by Vance Randolph's *Down in the Holler: A Gallery of Ozark Speech*. The precise year of earliest citation in print follows some entries.<sup>275</sup> Each entry here is followed by an abbreviation for its part of speech: noun (*n.*), adjective (*adj.*), verb (*v.*), adverb (*adv.*), preposition (*prep.*), prefix, or interjection (*interj.*)

- A, *v., prep., or prefix* : Have; from an Old English contraction.  
1.) *I like to never a-got here.*  
2.) *I'm a-fixin' to tell ye.*
- Abracadabra, *n.* : Magical incantation to cure illness, coined by the Roman writer Quintus Severus Sammonicus in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Century A.D.
- Acorn, *n.* : Runt, the smallest of a group.
- Acummon, *v.* : Command for a dog to heal or attack; derived from the phrase "Ah, come on."
- Afear'd, *v.* : To be afraid.
- Aim, *v.* : To intend. *I aim to go to town.*
- Ain't, *v.* : Archaic contraction of am not; later blurred to include is not, has not, have not and are not. *I'm going too, ain't I?*
- Akimbo, *adj.* : Arranged at crooked angles; derived from the Middle English phrase *In kene bowe*, meaning "In a sharp bend."
- Any more, *n.* : Nowadays
- Arkansas toothpick, *n.* : Hunting dagger with a long, tapering blade sharpened on both sides.
- Arkansaw, *v.* : To cheat
- Arkansawyer, *n.* : Native of Arkansas.
- Arkie, *n.* : Insulting nickname for a person from Arkansas.
- 'Backer, *n.* : Tobacco. Also pronounced as 'Backy.
- Bamboozle, *v.* : To cheat or rape. (1712)
- Bee, *n.* : Social gathering for a common task, such as quilting, spinning, husking; also as frolic.
- Bee tree, *n.* : Hollow log or tree trunk holding the hive for a swarm of honey bees. Also called Honey Tree.
- Beeline, *n.* : Quickest, most direct route; derived from the straight flight of honey bees returning to their hive.
- Beejeezus, *n.* : State of holy grace, filled with the spirit of Jesus Christ; as in *That bear scared the beejeezus out of me.*
- Bellyache, *v.* : To complain (1881); derived from the discomfort of colic sufferers.
- Best, *adv.* : Better; as in *You best stand up straight young'un.*
- Big-city, *adj.* : A fancy, sophisticated manner of dress, education or attitude.
- Bigot, *n.* : Prejudiced person; derived from a Teutonic oath *Bi got*, meaning "By God!" often uttered by obstinate leaders intolerant of other tribes or religions.
- Blue moon, *n.* : Rare event, something that almost never occurs; derived originally from the appearance of the fourth full-moon within one three-month season (1528); but since the 19<sup>th</sup> Century for the second full moon occurring within any calendar month, which cycles around once in every 33 months. Beginning in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, heavy forest fires and coal smoke cast an atmospheric filter causing the full moon to appear as blue. *It'll be a blue moon fore ye see that again.*
- Blue streak, *n.* : Anything as fast and intense as a bolt of lightning. (1850) *He was a-talkin' some blue streak.*
- Bluegill, *n.* : Small freshwater fish of North America, a blueish variety of sunfish; known for schooling in large numbers.
- Bluff, *n., v.* : 1.) Steep, mountainous cliff. 2.) To challenge from a secret vantage, possibly unsupported, as in a gambler's card game; derived from Low German word *Bluffen*, meaning to frighten with menacing conduct.
- Bone lazy, *adj.* : Incurably idle.
- Bowie knife, *n.* : Large side knife with a handle guard and a clipped tip, developed by an Arkansas blacksmith for the frontiersman Jim Bowie.
- Brickle, *adj.* : Brittle
- Britches, *n.* : Trousers, pants or underwear; derived from Breeches (1630).
- Bub, *n.* : Boy; derived from the German word *Bube*. (1839)
- Buck, *n.* : 1.) Male deer; 2.) Pelt of a male deer, half a million of which were traded in 18<sup>th</sup> Century American colonies, valued at one dollar; 3.) Nickname for a dollar; 4.) Nickname for a strong, young male, often an Indian or African.
- Buffalo, *n., v.* : 1.) Large, wild ox. 2.) To bluff.
- Bug-eyed, *adj.* : Startled
- Bugger, *n.* : Boogey man
- Bull cat, *n.* : Catfish
- Bull goose, *n.* : Head man, boss
- Bum, *n.* : Loafer; derived from the German word *Bummler* (1855)
- Bushwhacker, *n.* : 1.) Bandits,



- especially those who lie in ambush. 2.) Civil War fighters from either side who didn't wear uniforms, and preyed mostly on civilians.
- Butternut, *n.* : 1.) Home-spun cloth dyed brown with boiled nut shells. 2.) Work clothes. 3.) Person who wears such clothing. 4.) Rebel during the Civil War.
- Caboodle, *n.* : The whole lot; derived from the Dutch word *Bödal* meaning property. Often used in the phrase "the whole kit and caboodle," to mean the land and everything on it.
- Caddywampus, *adj.* : Twisted, cock-eyed, hopelessly crooked.
- Can, *n.* : Spittoon for tobacco saliva, often an old empty tin can.
- Cantankerous, *adj.* : Ill-tempered, cross, argumentative (1772).
- Caput, *adj.* : Broken, wrecked, finished; derived in America from the German word *Kaputt*, meaning dead, which evolved from the Latin word *Caput* for head, when burial squads during the bubonic plague kept track of the head count of the dead.
- Carnsarn, *v., adj.* : Polite exclamation of anger; derived from God damn. (1834)
- Carouse, *v.* : To celebrate drunkenly; derived from the German toast *Gar aus!*, meaning "Completely out."
- Catfish, *n.* : Bottom-feeding freshwater fish of the family *Ictaluridae*, characterized by the long cat-like feelers around its lips, and a lack of fish scales on its tough, slimy hide; first described by John Smith in Virginia. (1712)
- Chaw, *n., v.* : From chew, 1.) A bite or plug of chewing tobacco. 2.) To chew.
- Chigger, *n.* : Small insect that sucks blood from the skin of its host, causing great itchiness.
- Chinch, *n.* : Bedbug
- Choke rag, *n.* : Necktie
- Chub, *n.* : Sweetheart; derived from "cherub," an angel.
- Cipherin', *v.* : To figure out
- Citified, *adj.* : Having changed from simple country style to a fancy, sophisticated manner of dress, education or attitude.
- Coach gun, *n.* : Short shot gun, meant to be easily maneuvered by the guard sitting next to the driver of a coach.
- Coleslaw, *n.* : Finely chopped cabbage salad, derived from the German words *Kohl* (cabbage) and *Sla* (salad). (1792)
- Conjure, *n., v.* : Supernatural spell, or to cast such a spell.
- Connipion, *adj.* : Hysterical anger, resembling a seizure; often described as a *connipion fit*. (1833)
- Coon, *n.* : 1.) Raccoon 2.) Insulting name for an African American; derived from the last syllable of the Portuguese word *Barracoos*, pronounced "coons," meaning a barracks, or building for holding slaves on sale.
- Coon's age, *n.* : A considerable interval of time; a racoon lives 5 years in the wild, on average, and up to 18 years in captivity. *I ain't seen a rainbow in a coon's age.*
- Coot, *n.* : Crotchety person; derived from North American bird called a rail (genus *Fulica*) known for its cackling cry.
- Cooties, *n.* : Lice (1900)
- Cotton to, *v.* : To be attracted to, or to cling to; just as fibers of cotton become attached to the clothing and hair of those who handle it. (1605)
- Cowlick, *n.* : Lock of unruly hair that stands up and away from the scalp; as if a cow had licked it. (1598)
- Crabby, *adj.* : Mean, snappish, ill-tempered; derived from the German word *Krabbe*, referring to a tenacious crab.
- Cracker, *n.* : Insulting name for a poor white person, especially from Georgia or northern Florida. (1766)
- Crap, *n.* : Excrement, lies, nonsense; derived from the Dutch word *Krappe*, meaning scraps.
- Crappie, *n.* : Small freshwater fish of North America (*Pomoxys annularis*), found especially in the sluggish creeks and ponds of the Ozarks; prized for its taste; slightly larger than but similar in appearance to the sunfish.
- Craw, *n.* : Throat.
- Crawdaddy, *n.* : Crayfish, a small freshwater shellfish, resembling a lobster
- Criminy, *interj., adv.* : Polite exclamation of *For Christ's Sake*.
- Critter, *n.* : Animal; derived from the *Bible's* use of the word Creature. (1782)
- Crud, *n.* : 1.) Coagulated matter (1362); derived from the Celtic word *Gruth*, which later evolved into curd and curdle (1590); 2.) Slang word from World War I veterans for venereal disease. (1917)
- Cur, *n.* : Mean dog; derived from the Old German word *Kurra*, meaning to snarl. (1589)
- Cussin', *v.* : To use profanity; derived from cursing. (1815)
- Cut-up, *n.* : Humorous person.
- Dadgum, *interj., adj.* : Exclamation of anger, with the polite switching of consonants and the words Dad for God in the making of a common blasphemy; often as Dadgummit.
- Daggone, *interj., adj.* : Exclamation of anger, with the polite switching of consonants for a common blasphemy.
- Dagnab, *interj., adj.* : Exclamation of anger, with the polite switching of consonants for a common blasphemy .
- Dang, *interj., v.* : To damn, in a polite form. (1793)
- Daylights, *n.* : Consciousness; derived from an archaic synonym for the eyeballs. (1752) *He beat the daylights out of that critter.*
- Dehorn, *v.* : To castrate
- Derringer, *n.* : Small, large-caliber handgun of a single- or double-barreled design; named for its inventor, the German gunsmith Henry Deringer of Philadelphia

- (1835)
- Dicker, v. : To negotiate, or haggle; derived from the Latin word *Decuria*, the bundle of ten animal hides that Cæsar's legions made into a unit of trade with Germanic tribes.
- Dip, n., v. : 1.) Chewing tobacco. 2.) To place a pinch-full of shredded tobacco between the cheek and gums.
- Direckly, adv. : Soon; derived from directly. *I'll be a-milkin' that cow direckly.*
- Discombobulate, v. : To become upset, confused and thereby interrupted. (1834) *The talk of his ol' girlfriend left him too discombobulated to fish anymore.*
- Divan, n. : Couch, sofa; the chief piece of furniture in a great hall. (1597)
- Dob, v. : To place a small amount, from dab.
- Dobber, n. : Mud chinking between the logs of a cabin.
- Doin's, n. : A gathering or event.
- Done, adv. : absolutely, definitely; Mammy done told ye.
- Doozy, adj. : Pretty; possibly a variant of daisy (1880); reinforced as a slang term referring to the status of the Duesenberg, a deluxe German car much admired during the 1920s.
- Drawers, n. : Under-garments that were drawn up over feet and legs. (1550)
- Dressed, v., adj. : Fully treated, as could be the tanner's leather, the hunter's turkey, the butcher's carcass, or the doctor's wound.
- Drummer, n. : Traveling salesman; derived from tradition of making announcements to the accompaniment of a big drum, especially hucksters in the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries.
- Druthers, n. : First choice or preference; derived from I'd rather. (1875) *If'n I had my druthers.*
- Dunderhead, n. : Idiot; derived from the Dutch for Thunder Head, or Cannonball Head. (1625)
- Dust-up, v. : 1.) To fight. (1690) 2.) To dance. The term derives in both cases to the cloud of dust raised from an earthen or dirty wood floor by all of the kicking feet.
- Dutchman, n. : Native of a German-speaking country; especially a person without a good command of English; often with implications of a stubborn, stingy personality.
- Eagle-eyed, adj. : Keenly observant, vigilant. (1601)
- Elbow grease, n. : Extra effort; especially requiring determined, patient, physical exertion. (1639)
- Elixir, n. : Strong medicinal tonic (1597)
- Exercised, adj. : agitated, out-of-breath, upset
- Fallutin', adj. : Pompous; derived from a corruption of the verb Fluting, as in a boastful way of playing high notes on a flute. *Here he comes all high fallutin', wearin' his new hat.*
- Farmer's tan, n. : Sun-tanned skin on the face, neck and lower arms only, where a farmer's work clothes would leave the rest pale by comparison.
- Fetch, v. : To bring or retrieve. (1581)
- Fiddlin', v. : 1.) To perform music on a violin. 2.) To tinker. (1530) *He's always fiddlin' around with his pappy's toolbox.*
- Fittin', adj. : Fine
- Flibbertigibbet, n. : A gossip. (1549)
- Flim-flam, v. : To swindle. (1538)
- Finagle, n. : To cheat through slyness.
- Fink, n. : 1.) Private police officer hired by the German-American Albert Fink to defeat unionized workers on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and later with the New York Trunk Line Association. (1875) 2.) Informer, traitor.
- Fireboards, n. : Wooden mantel over a fireplace.
- Fire-fishing, v. : To spear or gig fish at night, with either a burning pine knot or lantern for light. Considered unsporting by some because the fish become attracted to and transfixed by the light.
- Firewater, n. : Alcoholic drink; derived from the Indian name that described the sensation of sudden heat in the throat and stomach caused by the alcohol. (1817)
- Fitten, adj. : Fit, satisfactory.
- Fixin', n., v. : 1.) Ingredient 2.) To nearly begin, to contemplate. *I'm a-fixing to git started.*
- Flim-flam, v., adj. : 1.) To swindle or deceive. 2.) Deceitful
- Flitter, n. : Pancake; derived from fritter.
- Float, n. : 1.) Contraction of "flat-bottomed boat." (1557) 2.) A fishing trip aboard a boat carried by the river's current.
- Fly-by-night, adj. : 1.) Witchcraft during Medieval times, when women were accused of flying on a broomstick during the night. 2.) Any disreputable person who flees after swindling his victims.
- Folks, n. : Blood relatives; derived from the German word *Volks*, meaning people.
- Fool, n., v. : 1.) An obsessed person. *He's a reg'lar fool fer them red-headed gals.* 2.) To tinker or dabble. *He fools with them machines every ev'nin'.*
- Fool's gold, n. : Iron or copper pyrites often mistaken for gold.
- Forty-niner, n. : Person who joined the California Gold Rush in 1849, especially those who hurried to the land where the Swiss-American John Sutter first announced the discovery.
- Fowler, n. : Shotgun used for hunting birds in flight.
- Frog sticker, n. : Pocket knife with a long, pointed blade, but no more of a weapon than might be needed for such a soft, unthreatening target.
- Fry, n. : Plentiful meal of fried fish.
- Fuddle-britches, n. : Messy-pants; derived from the German word

- Fuddeln*, meaning sloppy work, especially poorly woven cloth.
- Gallery, *n.* : Front porch. (1500)
- Galoot, *n.* : Clumsy dolt (1820)
- Gander, *v.* : To look. (1887) *Take a gander over thar.*
- Garsh, *interj., n.* : God; derived from the Old German word *Gosse*, which later became gosh. (1550)
- Gee, *interj., v.* : To veer to the right, as a command for a workhorse or ox. *See haw, as the opposite.*
- Gee-whillicker, *interj., n.* : Call of disbelief. (1857)
- Geezer, *n.* : 1.) Eccentric old man; 2.) Masked celebrant of a mummer parade.
- Giblets, *n.* : Edible organs of a bird, such as the heart, liver or gizzard.
- Giddyap, *v.* : Command for a horse to go; derived from Get Ye Up.
- Gig, *n., v.* : 1.) Pronged spear used for fishing. 2.) Thrusting such a spear. *He's a-giggin' down at the pond.*
- Gin, *n., v.* : 1.) Machine with a rotary separator, especially for removing seeds and chaff from cotton fiber. 2.) Distilled alcoholic drink made from rye grains and juniper berries. 3.) To run raw materials through a ginning machine. 4.) To concoct, especially an excuse or alibi.
- Girdle, *v.* : To kill a tree by stripping off a band of bark all the way around the trunk.
- Git, *v.* : Go, especially as a command. *See hyar and whoa, as opposites.*
- Gizzard, *n.* : 1.) Entrails of a bird, especially the muscular, secondary chamber of the stomach. (1373) 2.) A person's throat. *See the phrase, Stuck in yer gizzard.*
- Glitch, *n.* : Malfunction in a mechanical gear, such as clock works, which is difficult to explain, predict or stop, often of a temporary nature.
- Gnaw, *v.* : To chew.
- Golly, *n.* : Exclamation of surprise; derived from Godly. (1775)
- Gollywhopper, *n.* : Anything marvelous
- Goof, *n.* : Dolt, or brat; borrowed from the Swiss German word *Goof.*
- Gospel-truth, *n.* : Absolutely reliable; derived from the tradition of taking an oath by placing one hand on the Bible.
- Granny woman, *n.* : Midwife, herbalist or practitioner of folk medicine.
- Greenhorn, *n.* : Inexperienced individual, especially new army recruits, immigrants and any other newcomers; derived from a young ox, whose horns had not fully grown out and was therefore unfit for the yoke. (1550)
- Greens, *n.* : Wild leafy vegetation, such as the dandelion, collard or sorrel plant; fried in lard or grease as a side dish to a meal.
- Green thumb, *n.* : The knack for growing plants in a garden; derived from the chlorophyll stain that farmer gets around the thumb nail. (1885)
- Grits, *n.* : Coarsely ground hominy grains; often fried for breakfast.
- Grub, *n.* : Food, something basic to eat (1300); derived from the Old German word *Grubilon*, meaning to dig.
- Gully-washer, *n.* : Heavy rain that could send a rushing flood through culverts alongside the road.
- Gum, *v.* : To bite or chew with toothless gums.
- Gumption, *n.* : Courage (1719); derived from the Scottish word originally meaning shrewdness.
- Gun, *n.* : Weapon that shoots out a projectile; derived from the Old English word *Gunne* and the Norse word *Gunnr*, meaning war. (1309) A ballista-styled catapult at Windsor Castle took the name Lady Gun-hildr, with deliberate reference to "War Maker." (1330)
- Gussied-up, *adj.* : Well-groomed and dressed. Derived from gussetts, the extra joint coverings on a very complete set of armor; or the best-made clothing that had strengthening sections added to the seams on sleeves.
- Hack, *n., v.* : 1.) Horse and carriage for hire. 2.) To complete a difficult task, as in clearing out a bramble of underbrush with an axe. *I cain't hack it*, would be to admit failure.
- Hairbreadth, *n., adj.* : Very small measurement, specifically 1/48<sup>th</sup> of an inch. Often as the expression of a "hairbreadth's escape."
- Halloo, *v.* : To shout or call out a greeting; precursor of hello.
- Hamhock, *n.* : Joint bending backward in the leg of a hog, corresponding to a human ankle; boiled, fried or roasted as a main meat dish.
- Hankerin', *v.* : To crave; derived from the Dutch word for the same idea, *Hunkeren*.
- Haw, *v.* : To veer to the left, as a command for a workhorse or ox. *See gee, as the opposite.*
- Haywire, *adv.* : To go uncontrollably crazy. *The horse went suddenly haywire.*
- Heap, *n.* : Pile; also as very; *You're sure in a heap o' trouble.*
- Heebie Jeebies, *n.* : 1.) Sudden attack of nervous anxiety, where escape promises relief; derived from a polite exclamation for being filled with the spirit of Holy Jesus. 2.) Popular dance in America said to represent "Red Indian witch doctors before a sacrifice." (1923)
- Hell-bent, *adv.* : In a rush (1835)
- Her'n, *adv. pronoun* : Her's
- Hex, *n.* : Symbolic often geometric sign for a magical spell, especially frequent among the Pennsylvania Dutch; derived from the German word *Hexe*, meaning witch.
- Hiccup, *n.* : Involuntary spasm of the diaphragm which causes a percussive inhale of breath; derived from the Dutch word *Hikke*.
- Hic'kry switch, *n.* : Hardwood branch from a hickory tree, often used to punish a disobedient child with a thrashing.

- Hightail, *v.* : To flee; derived from the way a rabbit or wild horse will appear from behind as they make a quick escape. *You best hightail it on out a here.*
- Hillbilly, *n.* : Nickname for a poor mountaineer; coined in the late 19<sup>th</sup> Century.
- His'n, *adv. pronoun.* : His. (1430)
- Hissyfit, *n.* : Tantrum
- Hoedown, *n.* : Square dance
- Hog-tie, *v.* : 1.) To tie together the fore and back legs of an animal; or the wrists and ankles of a person. 2.) To leave a person stuck without choices.
- Hog wild, *adj.* : Rambunctious, highly excited through joy or anger, as hogs can become even though kept crowded in a pen. (1850)
- Hogleg, *n.* : Large pistol or revolver, though to resemble the size and shape of an entire hog's leg.
- Hogwash, *n.* : False, insincere, worthless; derived from the watery feed given to hogs. (1750)
- Holler, *n. v.* : 1.) Small valley or depression in the land between two hills; derived from a "hollowed-out" place in the land, often the ground eroded by the drainage of a creek. 2.) To yell or call as a long-distance signal, often with yodeling qualities.
- Holy Moley, *interj., n.* : Exclamation of surprise, a polite rhyming substitute for Holy Moses.
- Holy roller, *n.* : Christian who prays with intense fervor, including shouting, speaking in tongues and writhing on the ground. (1840)
- Honey child, *n.* : Person with a sweet personality.
- Honey tree, *n.* : Hollow log or tree trunk holding the hive for a swarm of honey bees. Also called Bee Tree.
- Hoodwink, *v., adj.* : To cheat or rape. (1875)
- Hoosegow, *n.* : District jail; derived from the Spanish *Juzgar*, meaning to judge.
- Horn, *n.* : 1.) Powderhorn, a hollowed and often decorate bull's horn used for carrying gunpowder 2.) A measure of liquid that would fill a hollowed bull's horn. 3.) Male organ (Colloq.)
- Horn, *v.* : 1.) To butt in, or aggressively interrupt, especially where one is not welcome. *He jest horned right in without so much as an If-you-please.* 2.) To copulate (Colloq.)
- Hornswoggle, *v.* : To cheat or rape. (1829)
- Horse, *v.* : 1.) To eat with quick greediness. *To horse down one's food.* 2.) To play recklessly. *Horsin' around.*
- Horse Pill, *n.* : A large dose of medicine.
- Hotdiggety, *n.* : Exclamation of joy.
- Hotfoot, *v. n.* : 1.) To step quickly; as would a person stepping over hot coals. *You best hot-foot it right on in here.* (1896) 2.) A painful practical joke where an unaware, usually sleeping person has his foot lit on fire by cruel friends.
- Humbug, *n.* : Fraud or hoax; derived from the vernacular use of bug to mean a cheat or swindle. (1750)
- Humdinger, *n.* : A remarkable person or thing; derived from Dinger, referring to a bell, and indicating a worthiness to be serenaded with the sounds of a bell. (1883)
- Hunky-dory, *adj.* : Perfectly good; derived from a patented breath-freshening product in America that gave rise to the expression, "Is everything Hunkidori?" (1868)
- Hush-puppy, *n.* : A small, deep-fried ball of cornmeal, often seasoned with salt, sage, minced potato and onion.
- Hyar, *v.* : Contraction of "Here you are." Also as an animal call. *See git, as the opposite.*
- Iddy Bidy, *adj.* : Very small.
- Injun, *adj.* : False or stupid; derived from the disrespect generally held by many Europeans for Native American Indians.
- Injun-giver, *n.* : Person who turns over something as a gift and then demand its return; derived from the white culture's view that this was a common occurrence but unfair and made agreements with Native Americans quite untrustworthy. (1764)
- Injun post office, *n.* : Special pile of stones or sticks intended as a message, often in number and position a code indicating when the maker or amending recipient would return.
- Injun-style, *adv.* : 1.) Sitting on the floor with legs crossed. 2.) To walk with a group in single-file. 3.) To walk noiselessly across leaf-covered ground.
- Injun whiskey, *n.* : Homemade alcohol of a low quality meant for trading to Native Americans. "Take one barrel of Missouri River water, and two gallons of alcohol. Then you add two gallons of strychnine to make them crazy – because strychnine is the greatest stimulant in the world + three bars of tobacco to make them sick – because an Indian wouldn't figure it was whiskey unless it made him sick + five bars of soap to give it a head, and half pound of red pepper, and then you put in some sage brush and boil it until it's brown. Strain this into a barrel and you've got your Indian whiskey." – E. Abbott & H. Smith, *We Pointed Them North* (1839).
- Irons, *n.* : manacles or handcuffs connected by chains; derived from leg irons.
- Jackrabbit, *n.* : North America variant of wild rabbit, the name shortened from jackass rabbit, so-called for its long ears resembling a donkey. (1863)
- Jag, *n.* : 1.) Spree; often fueled with whiskey. (1834) 2.) Any compulsive habit. *He's off on another of his jags that cain't be stopped.*
- Jayhawker, *n.* : Native of Kansas, especially those anti-slavery

- militant settlers who raided into Missouri; derived from the name of a tough prairie raptor hawk.
- Jerry-rig, *v.* : To build in haste, for temporary use; derived from jury rig, a shipbuilder's term for a jury mast.
- Jeeze, *n.* : Exclamation of disgust or exasperation; a polite contraction of Jesus Christ.
- Jibe, *v.* : To fit well, match or agree; possibly derived from Jib, a sail that when trim figures importantly into the control of a wind-driven ship. (1813)
- Jig, *n.*, *v.* : 1.) Artificial fishing lure that imitates a swimming creature. 2.) To pull or reel in such a lure in a jerky way, creating the realistic impression of a live lure. 3.) To dance in the old Celtic style.
- Jigaboo, *n.* : Insulting nickname for an African-American (1780); often shortened to *jig*; a contraction of *jig* and a Celtic word *Bugaboo*, for goblin. (1141)
- Jim-dandy, *adj.* : Excellent, flashy, outstanding; derived from the term for a dandy, someone quite self-conscious about style, fashion and self-image. *He's a real Jim-Dandy.* (1887)
- Jiminy, *n.* : Jesus; a substitute expletive in polite company. (1664)
- Katzenjammer, *n.* : Noisy, disruptive person, often a child; originally, a painful hangover, literally the "lamentation of cats."
- Kerflooey, *n.* : broken; devised as a pseudo-German/American word.
- Kerplunk, *v.*, *adv.* : To sit down or drop suddenly, especially with a wet splat or splash; devised as a pseudo-German/American word.
- Kibosh, *n.* : An end; possibly derived from the Gaelic expression *Cie bas*, meaning the Cap of Death; or the German word *Keibe* for Carrion
- Kill-devil, *n.* : 1.) Distilled spirits of a very strong and harsh quality. *See moonshine.* 2.) Nickname for a rifle.
- Kin, *n.* : Family members related by blood, if even though only remotely.
- Kith, *n.* : Fellow community members and friends.
- Knapsack, *n.* : A backpack large enough to carry a modest amount of food and a few other personal items during a hike; derived from the German word *Knappen*, meaning "to eat."
- Lambaste, *v.* : To beat or scold severely. (1637)
- Laplander, *n.* : Person who lives on the Missouri-Arkansas border, where one state "laps over" onto the other.
- Lariat, *n.* : Rope tied in a noose which can be thrown over a moving target; derived from the Spanish word *La Riata*, meaning the rope. (1831)
- Lazy bones, *n.* : Nickname for an utterly exhausted human.
- Lick, *n.*, *v.* : 1.) A site where natural or intentionally scattered salt attracts wild animals that crave its taste; often known to hunters who hide nearby waiting for a target. 2.) To beat in a fight. *I licked him bad, but fair n' square.*
- Lickety-split, *adv.* : Very fast, a split second, as quick as a tongue. (1650)
- Liebfraumilch, *n.* : A variety of light-bodied white wine; literally the "Beloved Woman's Milk," originally from the German convent *Liebfraukirch*, the Church of the Blessed Mother Virgin Mary, from the Rhine River town Worms.
- Light, *n.* : 1.) Pane of glass. (1500) 2.) Eyeball (1752)
- Lightnin' bug, *n.* : Firefly (1778)
- Line Sides, *n.* : Large-mouth bass. *See Sideline.*
- Loaf, *v.* : To loiter; derived from the German word *Landläufer* or vagabond.
- Loco, *adv.* : Crazy; derived from the Spanish word. (1830)
- Lollygag, *v.* : To linger or dawdle, especially with a sweetheart; literally a "tongue trick," derived from the Old English words *Lolly*, meaning tongue, as in lollypop, and *Gag*, meaning trick. (1862)
- Lulu, *n.* : Wonderful, beautiful (1886) *His boat's a real lulu.*
- LummoX, *n.* : Dumb ox (1825); derived from the nickname for St. Thomas Aquinas from his fellow Dominican monks who misunderstood his silence as stupidity.
- Lunker, *n.* : Large fish, a whopper, especially a large-mouth bass of at least four pounds; derived from the sound their mouths make on the surface of the water when they strike at floating food. (1852)
- Lush, *n.* : Drunkard; derived from the Old English for juicy. (1450)
- Lynch, *v.* : To kill as a matter of summary justice, often by hanging; derived from the Capt. William Lynch of Virginia who along with his followers rid Pittsylvania County of ruffians through informal executions. (1780)
- 'Mater, *n.* : tomato
- Maw, *n.* : Mother
- Med'cin, *n.* : Medicine, often specified for rheumatism or snake-bites; also a euphemism for small bottles or flasks of alcohol carried during various Temperance and Prohibition initiatives.
- Mess, *n.* : 1.) Enough food for one meal. (1300) *She fried up a whole mess of fish.* 2.) Jumble.
- Messin', *v.* : To putter or meddle. *He weren't doing nothin' wrong; he's jest a-messin' 'round the barn.*
- Methiglum, *n.* : Mead, a home-made drink of fermented honey.
- Methuselah, *n.* : Any very old thing (1380); derived from the *Old Testament* personality who was the 969-year-old son of Enoch and grandfather of Noah, who died in the great flood.
- Miffed, *adv.* : Sulking; an Americanism derived from the German word *Muffen*. (1832)

- Might, *adj.* : Very; derived from mighty. *It's a might chilly out this evenin'.*
- Mish-mash, *n.* : Confusing mess; derived from the German word *Mischmasch.*
- Missy, *n.* : Title of disrespect for a female, especially for a spoiled, conceited, domineering girl.
- Mister, *n.* : Title of disrespect for a male, especially for a man or animal trying to dominate a situation.
- Mizz, *n.* : Title of respect for all mature females, to mean either Miss or Mrs.
- Mollycoddle, *v.* : To cradle or shelter a weakling; often used in the insulting sense of giving a capable person special treatment (1754); derived from Caudle, a warm drink for invalids (1598).
- Mollyjogger, *n.* : Minnow
- Moonin', *v.* : Staring at sweetheart in a loving, moonstruck way. *Look at the way she's a-moonin' up at him out on the porch swing.*
- Moonshine, *n.* : Potent home-made corn whiskey, distilled illegally and transported under the cover of nightfall. (1785)
- Mosey, *v.* : To saunter. (1829)
- Mouthful, *adv.* : More than can be easily dealt with, recalling a person who has difficulty chewing with too much food in their mouth at one time. He got caught with a real mouthful, and twern't nothin' he could do 'bout it.
- Mule-headed, *adj.* : Stubborn.
- Mullygrubs, *n.* : Deep depression; derived from the phrase Moldy grubs, a stomach ache, also known as Mubblefubbles. (1599).
- Naw, *n.* : No
- Nigger, *n.* : Insulting name for Africans; derived from Negro, meaning Black.
- Nightcrawler, *n.* : Large earthworm that comes out of the ground at night, popular as fishing bait.
- Night-owl, *n.* : Person who stays awake late into the night.
- Nigra, *n.* : African; a label used by Southern whites intended to be halfway between Negro and the insult of Nigger.
- Nincompoop, *n.* : Foolish person; probably derived from poop. (1676)
- Nip, *v.* : 1.) To sip; derived from the German word *Nipfen*; *Would you care for a nip of my snake-bite med'cin?* 2.) To go to or do anything more quickly than usual. *I'll just nip on over to the outhouse.*
- Nippy, *adj.* : Bitter or sharp taste, a fermentation past its prime.
- Nitwit, *n.* : Idiot, or fool; derived from the Dutch phrase *Ik niet wiet*, meaning I don't know.
- Nix, *v.* : To decide against; derived from the German word *Nichts.* (1815)
- No-how, *adv.* : Absolutely not. *Ain't never seen no men-folks of no kind do no washin' no-how.* Distinct from the homonym Know-how, which means understanding.
- Nubbin, *n.* : Stub; originally as a dwarfed or imperfect ear of corn (1692); also as a crude nickname for a penis.
- Oak winter, *n.* : Late spring frost after the oak leaves have appeared.
- Odd fellow, *n.* : 1.) Arbiter, umpire. (1740) 2.) Member of a fraternal lodge in 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> century.
- Okie, *n.* : Insulting nickname for a person from Oklahoma.
- Okie-Dokey, *adv.* : Okay
- Ol', *adj.* : The most important, noteworthy or full-grown. Often spelled as Ole.
- Ol' Boy, *n.* : Fellow (1650)
- Ol' Horny, *n.* : The Devil; sometimes called Ol' Splitfoot, because of his reputed cloven hooves.
- Ol' Master, *n.* : God, or sometimes Jesus Christ.
- Ol' Scratch, *n.* : The Devil. (1740)
- Ol' Tom, *n.* : Male Turkey
- One-poster, *n.* : Bed built into the corner of a cabin, requiring only one post of additional support.
- Ornery, *adj.* : Ordinary, coarse. (1816); later describing ill-tempered, mean. (1860)
- Ouch, *v.* : Exclamation of pain; derived from the German word *Autsch.* (1837)
- Out-foxed, *v.* : To be eluded or beaten by a more clever opponent; out-smarted; as is the hound that fails to catch the fox.
- Outlandish, *adj.* : From foreign sources, strange. (1596); later evolving to mean outrageous.
- Outlaw, *n.* : Criminal; derived from the Old Norse word *Utlaga*, meaning banished.
- P.D.Q., *adv.* : Polite abbreviation for Pretty Damn Quick. *You better git here P.D.Q., mister.* (1867)
- Painter, *n.* : Panther or mountain lion.
- Parts, *n.* : Area or neighborhood. *Ain't seen nothin' like that in these here parts.*
- Passel, *n.* : Generous gathering or bundle; derived from Parcel. (1835) *He brought home a whole passel of kindlin' wood.*
- Paste, *v.* : To hit with great force; derived from lambaste. (1846)
- Paw, *n.* : 1.) Father, papa, pappy or poppy 2.) Animal's foot.
- Paw paw, *n.* : Tart fruit that grows wild by the water's edge.
- Pea-jacket, *n.* : Short, double-breasted coat, sometimes called a pea-coat, popular since the 15<sup>th</sup> Century; derived from the Dutch word *Pijjeker.*
- Pea-rifle, *n.* : Muzzle-loading rifle of small caliber, the bullet no larger than a pea. Used for target practice, shooting small animals or teaching a child to shoot.
- Peekid, *adj.* : Pale complected or sickly in color; derived from peaked.
- Peckerwood, *n.* : 1.) Woodpecker. 2.) Nickname for a bothersome, noisy person
- Persnickety, *adj.* : demanding, precise, fussy; derived from the word particular. (1905)
- Pickaninny, *n.* : Insulting nickname for an African-American child; derived from the Portuguese slave traders who called one

- Pequeniño*, a neutral word meaning "little one." (1575)
- Piddle, *v.* : 1.) To dawdle, or produce little result. (1545) 2.) To urinate.
- Pig sticker, *n.* : Side knife big enough for butchering a pig. (1820)
- Pinky, *n.* : Little finger; derived from the Dutch word *Pink*.
- Pistol-whip, *v.* : To beat a victim with the butt of a handgun, often to a point near death.
- Plinking, *v.* : Target practice aimed at tin cans set upon fence posts, which score a plinking sound when hit.
- Plug, *n.*, *v.* : 1.) A short piece of chewing tobacco. 2.) A floating artificial fishing lure meant to resemble a frog or other surface creature. 3.) To shoot
- Plumb, *adj.* : Absolutely straight, unerring; derived from the builder's plumb line. (1748)
- Plumb Nelly, *n.* : 1.) Absolutely everything; derived from Old English word Nelly, meaning nearly all. 2.) Festival held in the Ozarks originating in the First Market Days of Spring.
- Pocketbook, *n.* : A woman's purse
- Pole buster, *n.* : Large fish that may break the fisherman's rod.
- Polecat, *n.* : 1.) Skunk. (1320)  
2.) Offensive, untrustworthy person.
- Pone, *n.* : Corn meal cake; derived from an Algonquian word *ponap*. (1612)
- Pooched, *adv.* : Stuffed with food
- Poot, *n.* : Dung
- Pootin', *v.* : To defecate
- Pootless, *adj.* : Anything that is worth less than dirt.
- Powers, *n.* : Occult abilities; especially tied to home-brewed medicines or spells.
- Powwow, *n.*, *v.* : Discussion; derived from the Algonquian word "Dreamer," referring to the special times when a medicine man performed magic; later evolving into any meeting of leaders.
- Pronto, *adv.* : Fast; derived from the Spanish word. (1830)
- Puke, *n.* : Disrespectful nickname for a person from Missouri; derived from the German word *Spucken*, to spit.
- Purdies, *n.* : Knick-knacks, beautiful jewelry; from the word pretties.
- Purdy, *adj.* : Almost
- Pussyfoot, *v.* : To maneuver in a crafty, cunning way. The term was coined or at least popularized by Teddy Roosevelt while describing the politician and Prohibition crusader William Eugene Johnson. (1905)
- Put out, *n.* : Annoyed, upset or angry. *He was a might put out at Ol' Tom.*
- Quick, *adj.* : Alive; derived from the Old English word *Cwic*, as in *His fingernail was cut to the quick*. The original name for champagne was Quick Wine.
- Rain Crow, *n.* : Yellow-billed cuckoo, whose cry predicts rain.
- Rambunctious, *adj.* : Wild, disorderly, unruly; derived from rambustious. (1778)
- Ramptious, *adj.* : wild, dangerous, like a mad bull.
- Ramrod, *n.* : 1.) A narrow pole for pushing a bullet down the barrel of a muzzle-loading gun. 2.) An important leader who can activate a group and push his decisions through to completion.
- Rarin', *adv.* : Eager, rambunctious; derived from rising up. (1833)  
*He's all set and rarin' to go.*
- Rat-chere, *adv.* : Right here.
- Razorback, *n.* : Wild hog, usually of thin stature with a small head and long legs.
- Real McCoy, *adj.* : Authentic, or the highest quality; derived from the expression "Real Mackay" a brand of scotch whiskey made in Glasgow, Scotland, by A. & M. Mackay (1883); the expression made popular again to describe genuine liquor during the Temperance and Prohibition eras.
- Reckon, *v.* : To judge, recount or think. (1300)
- Red-eye, *n.* : 1.) Gravy made from red-eyed beans. 2.) Home-brewed whiskey, sure to cause the red-rimmed lid on the drinker's eyes. (1819) *See moonshine.*
- Redneck, *n.* : Insulting nickname for a poor Southern white person whose neck would become sunburned from laboring all day outdoors; meant to suggest an ignorant, stubborn, hateful character. (1830)
- Reg'lar, *adj.* : Meeting strong standards, as if satisfying all regulations.
- Revenoors, *n.* : Law enforcement agents from the Department of Revenue seeking to raid illegal whiskey makers for non-payment of state or federal taxes.
- Rigamarole, *n.* : Long, rambling discourse; derived from the term *Ragman roll*, a long, medieval scroll of verse.
- Rifle-gun, *n.* : A long firearm with twisting grooves cut inside its barrel, these causing the bullet to fly in a very straight path. It is distinct from either a smooth-bore musket or a shotgun which, although faster to load, are far less accurate. Ozark guns, with or without rifling, took the names of animals for which each was well-suited to hunt, starting with the buffalo- or bear-gun of the largest bullet (up to 76 cal.), and descending through the human-rifle (50 cal.), hog-rifle or squirrel-rifle. Derived from the German *riffel*, meaning groove. *See pea-rifle or fowler.*
- Rig, *n.*, *v.* : 1.) Special tools and equipment 2.) A wagon fully ready to haul. 3.) To arrange equipment and make it ready. *Everything's all rigged up.*
- Rightly, *adv.* : With certainty.
- Riproarin', *adj.* : Terrific (1834)
- Ripsnortin', *adj.* : Terrific (1840)
- Rock-house, *n.* : Shallow cave or shelter beneath an overhanging bluff.
- Rootin', *v.* : To search ceaselessly, as a dog or pig uses the sense of

- smell to search for buried things of interest, such as roots. (1386)
- Robin', *v.* : To catch a fleeing animal or person with the noose of a rope, called a lariat.
- Rotgut, *n.* : Moonshine whiskey; a very potent type that would cause the drinker's intestines to disintegrate. (1633)
- Ruckus, *n.* : Free-for-all fight; derived from the word rumpus. (1764)
- Run, *n.* : 1.) Branch of a creek or brook. 2.) Series or streak.
- Rums, *n.* : Diarrhea
- Sambo, *n.* : Nickname for African males in America, derived from a common northern Nigerian name from the Hausan tribe which means Second Son. Alternate possibilities include a West African tribe called the Samboses mentioned in early European voyages. (1564)
- Sashay, *v.* : To amble aimlessly; derived from the French word *Chasser*. (1836)
- Sass, *v.* : To reply disrespectfully; derived from Saucy, meaning impudent. (1835)
- Sawbuck, *n.* : 1.) Saw horse; derived from the German word *Sägebock*, to describe the carpenter's rack for sawing made from two supports that cross at each end. 2.) Ten-dollar banknote from the U.S. displayed a large Roman numeral X which reminded many of the sawbuck. (1850)
- Scadoodles, *n.* : Scads, large numbers.
- Scold, *n. v.* : 1.) Critic; derived from the Old Icelandic word *Skald*, the name for poets who recited unsparing, critical verse. 2.) To criticize
- Scram!, *v.* : Get out; derived from the German vernacular word *Schrammen*.
- Scrape, *n.* : Fight or battle.
- Screamin' Meemies, *n.* : 1.) German artillery shell that made a loud shriek in flight. 2.) Frantic complainer, especially resulting from battle fatigue due to long exposure to gun fire. (1917)
- Seltzer, *n.* : Effervescent mineral spring water; derived from the German town *Selters* in Hesse-Nassau.
- Shaver, *n.* : Youth who is as small as a wood shaving; or in adolescence ready to shave for the first time. (1440)
- Shebang, *n.* : All of it, often in the phrase "the whole shebang," first used in Walt Whitman's *Specimen Days* (1862); derived from the Celtic word *Shebeen* meaning house or shack. (1762)
- Shed, *v.* : To cast off or be relieved from. *Directly, the ol' horse was shed of his tormentor.*
- Shellacked, *adj.* : 1.) Coated with varnish. (1713) 2.) Defeated in a fight or contest. (1920) 3.) Drunk. (1922)
- Shenanigan, *n.* : Tricks or practical jokes; derived from the German word *shinäglen*, meaning a peddler's craftiness.
- Shindig, *n.* : Merry-making, often involving music and dance; derived from the Celtic word *Shindy*. Big celebration (1771)
- Shoot! *n.* : Laundered profanity for defecation.
- Shootin' iron, *n.* : Handgun (1770)
- Shyster, *n.* : Trickster; derived from the German word *Scheisse*, for dung, suggesting one who slings dirt, literally a dirty dealer. (1846)
- Sidelin', *v., adj.* : 1.) To lean 2.) Anything that leans into its neighbor.
- Sideline, *v.* : To catch bass, especially large-mouth bass which are nicknamed Line Sides, by forcing them to leap into the boat. Also known as bumping or goosing.
- Skeedaddle, *v.* : To leave quickly. (1820)
- Skin, *v.* : 1.) To strip the hide off an animal. 2.) To scrape the skin by accident.
- Skinny-dippin', *v.* : To swim in the nude, literally to dip the skin into water.
- Skull-buster, *n.* : Moonshine whiskey; a very potent type that would cause a throbbing headache. (1860) *See Moonshine.*
- Skunked, *v., adj.* : To be defeated, as when a predator retreats or quits its pursuit after being sprayed by the offensive and over-powering scent of a skunk.
- Sky-western-crooked, *adj.* : A poorly made construction with no proper right angles.
- Sleepy-head, *n.* : Person who has difficulty remaining awake.
- Slick, *n., v.* : 1.) A particular species of minnow. 2.) To smooth back one's hair, especially with the help of a comb and pomade.
- Slicker, *n.* : Rain cover, especially as an oil cloth or early rubber-treated coat or poncho.
- Slink, *v.* : To abort
- Slug-a'bed, *n.* : Person who is slow to rise out of bed.
- Smack-dab, *adj.* : Slapped into place, especially centered. (1557)
- Smart, *adj.* : Good-looking; sharply distinct. *My new hat looked right smart*
- Smarts, *adj.* : Painful. *That lump on my forehead still smarts somethin' awful.*
- Smidge, *n.* : Small amount, about six grams.
- Snake-eyes, *n.* : An angry, stare.
- Snakebite, *n.* : 1.) Fang marks caused by a snake, often poisonous. 2.) Nickname for alcoholic drink carried with the excuse of being a medical disinfectant for internal and external use.
- Snakeoil, *n., adj.* : Fake medicine sold by traveling salesmen throughout the 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries, said to guarantee cures for a wide variety of illnesses.
- Snipe, *n., v.* : 1.) Mythical bird hunted as part of a coming-of-age practical joke on boys. 2.) To shoot from a hidden place. (1782)
- Snockered, *adj.* : Drunk on alcohol; derived from the German word *Schnucken*, meaning to lap up a liquid.
- Snore, *v.* : To breathe with a rough sound while sleeping; derived from the German word *Schnören*.



- Snot, *n.* : Mucus of the nose; derived from the German words *Schnutz* and *Schneuzen*, to blow one's nose.
- Some, *adj.* : Remarkable (1843)  
*That's some pig.*
- Son-of-a-gun, *n.* : Polite version of Son of a bitch.
- Sooner, *n.* : 1.) Originally, any child born less than nine months after its parents' wedding. 2.) But more commonly in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, a native of Oklahoma, referring to their eagerness to claim land during the Oklahoma Land Rush. (1893)
- Sparkin', *v.* : To court romantically.
- Spelunkin', *v.* : To explore a cave; derived from the Latin word *spelunca*, meaning cave. (1378)
- Spell, *n.* : Leisurely period of time.  
*Come 'n sit a spell.*
- Spoonin', *v.* : To kiss
- Squealer, *n.* : Catfish which lets out a high-pitched cry when taken from the water.
- Squirrel, *v.* : To hoard or conceal.  
*He's done squirreled away all the jugs.*
- Squirrely, *adj.* : Crazy, unpredictable.
- Still, *n.* : Distillery for the refinement of grain mash into alcohol, usually whiskey.  
*See moonshine.*
- Stout, *adj.* : steadfast, unbreakable; as in stout-hearted.
- Stringer, *n.* : 1.) Cord or chain used by fishermen to poke through the lips or gills of the fish they have caught; and so tethered the fish can be returned to the water to stay alive until cleaned for eating. 2.) A generous number of fish, when a cord has been filled to the maximum
- Sunny, *n.* : Sunfish, one of the small freshwater fish of North America, similar to the crappie and bluegill.
- Sweet-talkin', *v.* : Persuasion, especially during courtship.
- Tan, *v.* : To spank; especially with enough vigor to redden and darken the skin. *To give one a tanning; or to tan one's hide.*
- Tangle, *v.* : 1.) To fight. 2.) To have sexual relations.
- Tanglefoot, *n.* : Moonshine whiskey; a very potent type that would cause a drinker to become very unsteady when trying to walk. (1859)
- Tarnation, *n.* : Polite contraction for eternal damnation. (1770)
- 'Tater, *n.* : potato
- Terrible, *adj.* : Very, extremely. He loved that dog somethin' terrible.
- Tetch, *v., adj.* : 1.) To touch. 2.) To be insane, as in *touched by God*. 3.) A very small amount; a pinch.
- Thanky, *v.* contraction: Thank you
- They's, contraction : They is, the ungrammatical version of They are.
- Thumb-buster, *n.* : Single-action revolver, where the hammer must be cocked before each squeeze of the trigger.
- Thunderation, *v., adv.* : Polite exclamation of anger; derived from eternal damnation. See Tarnation.
- Tizzy, *n.* : Uproar over a small thing; derived from a slang word for the sixpence coin. (1804)
- Toady, *n.* : Undignified helper; derived from the title Toad-eater given to a conjuror's assistant who was obliged to eat poisonous frogs so that his master could demonstrate a curing elixir. (1600)
- Tolerable, *adj.* : Adequate, acceptable; often an understated compliment for something quite good.
- Tonic, *n.* : Medicinal liquid; derived from any stretching or toning of a muscle. (1590)
- Tradin', *v.* : To buy; derived from the days when farmers traded their produce at the general store for other necessities.
- Tree, *v.* : To corner an opponent, just as hunting dogs chase their prey up a tree.
- Trotline, *n.* : Untended, anchored fishing line, usually with multiple hooks.
- Twasn't, contraction: It was not.
- Twern't, contraction: They [or it] were not.
- Uppity, *adj.* : Arrogant; a person behaving beyond their limitations or above their social station; especially an African-American who had stayed up past curfew, when judged by a white. (1734)
- Vapors, *n.* : Nervous disorder, especially for thin, delicate women who suffer from anxiety, fainting spells and anemia. (1662)
- Varmint, *n.* : Vermin, from Old English, referring to any small, wild animal, from rats to foxes, that annoy or are destructive to the farmer. (1539)
- Wallop, *v.* : To hit or thrash severely. (1820)
- Waltz, *v.* : To walk with a slow, dreamy, self-satisfied spirit.
- Wampus, *n.* : Mythical beast.
- Whelp, *n.* : Welt
- Whippersnapper, *n.* : An annoying, presumptuous child; derived from a person who cracks the whip unmercifully; after the German word *Wippen* meaning to flap violently. (1674)
- Whiskers, *n.* : 1.) Beard. 2.) By a very small amount. *That arrow missed him by a whisker.*
- Whiskey, *n.* : Distilled alcoholic drink made from fermented rye or corn; derived from the Celtic word *Usquebaugh*, the Water of Life, which became whiskybae among the Scottish settlers of the Shenandoah Valley. (1722)
- White Lightnin', *n.* : Strong, colorless whiskey. *See whiskey or moonshine.*
- Whittaker, *n.* : Soft, felt slouch hat, forerunner of the Stetson.
- Whoa, *v.* : To stop, as a command. (1840) *See git, as the opposite.*
- Whomp, *v.* : Severe blow; suggestive of more than a whipping.
- Whoop-de-doo, *n.* : Important event or thing; derived from combining the warrior's war whoop and a square dance.
- Whopper, *n.* : 1.) Big lie. 2.) Big fish.
- Whuppin', *n., v.* : Severe beating;

derived from whipping.

Widder's Peak, *n.* : Tapered point to the hairline above the forehead. An early superstition predicted early widowhood for a woman born this way. (1896)

Wildcat, *n., adj.* : 1.) Panther, mountain lion, bobcat or lynx. 2.) To be renegade, or of a doubtful speculation; derived from a failed Michigan bank that featured a picture of a panther on its banknotes. (1830)

Willies, *n.* : Goosebumps; as in *Hearin' them wolves gives me a case of the willies.*

Willy-nilly, *adv.* : To proceed in a nearly wild manner; possibly derived from the Old English expression "Will I, Nill I," to wonder whether or not we proceed with free choice (1608); or otherwise the words Willy, which may have come from whirly, or from wooley, so as to mean unruly or wild; and Nelly, to mean nearly.

Windy, *n.* : Long, outrageous, invented story; a lie.

Winged, *v., adj.* : To receive a minor gunshot wound that is easily survived; such as when a bird is shot through the wing.

Wiseacre, *n.* : Know-it-all; a smart aleck; derived from the Dutch word *Wijssegger*, meaning soothsayer. (1595)

Wiseneimer, *n.* : Smart aleck, derived from a mock-German word from the vaudeville theater. (1904)

Yankee, *n.* : Northerner; derived from the Dutch word *Janke*, meaning Johnny, the nickname given to English neighbors around the New Amsterdam Dutch of the 17<sup>th</sup> Century.

Yarn, *n.* : 1.) Several threads braided into a thick string used for knitting or crocheting. 2.) A long story, from the sailors' tradition of telling stories while twisting rope. (1812)

Ye, *n.* : You; from Old English.

Yea, *adj.* : Approximate. *That ol' fish must have been yea long.*

Yeah, *n.* : Yes; derived from an archaic Saxon word still used in East Anglia, and the surviving German word *Ja*.

Yonder, *n.* : A distance away; derived from beyond.

You-uns, *n.* : Contraction of "you ones" (from Old English)

Younguns, *n.* : Children. Contraction of "young ones."

Zigzag, *v., adj.* : Sharp frequent turns from side to side; derived from the German words *Ziche*, meaning to dodge about, and *Zacke*, a serrated edge.



#### SOME OZARK PRONUNCIATIONS

*Folks in the Ozarks have just as many vowels to chose from as anybody else, but they all sound the same.*

Ah-uhn : iron  
 Britches : breeches  
 Butternut : better not  
 Creyash : crash  
 Crick : creek  
 Feeshies : fish  
 Fer : for  
 Git : get  
 Hawngry : hungry  
 Hoss : horse  
 Key-reck : correct  
 Lawdy : Lord  
 Mayzhure : measure  
 Minner, or Minny : minnow  
 Pin : pen  
 Purdy, or Purt : pretty  
 Pritnear : pretty near  
 Rat : right  
 Shore : sure  
 Tetch : touch  
 Thar : there  
 T'other : the other  
 Whup : whip  
 Whur : where  
 Winder : window  
 Woirsch : wash  
 Wrassle : Wrestle  
 Yeller : Yellow



#### DUTCH WORDS

*A small sample of words from the Netherlands have been re-spelled and thoroughly integrated into American speech.*

Booze	Kit
Boss	Knapsack
Bounce	Mangle
Cookie	Poppycock
Date	Rack
Decoy	Skate
Dope	Sled
Dumb	Slur
Gin	Snap
Golf	Snatch
Hay	Snoop
Hobble	Snow
Hoist	Spool
Hose (stockings)	Tackle (fishing)
Huckster	Uproar
Jib	Wagon

#### GERMAN WORDS

*A small sample of words from German-speaking Europe have been re-spelled and thoroughly integrated into American speech. Some folks who didn't even know that they came from a German heritage still cling to words that they readily understood but didn't even realize were German in origin.*

Check (bill for food)	Noodle
Delicatessen	Phooey
Dunk	Poker
Fresh	Pretzel
Gabfest	Quartz
Hamster	Saber
Hoodlum	Semester
Iceberg	Seminar
Kindergarten	Shale
Klutz	Standpoint
Lobby	Waltz
Nickel	Wanderlust



#### TURNS OF A PHRASE

All primed to go : To be totally ready; derived from flintlock firearms that require a primer charge to set off the main load of gunpowder. *See Flash in the pan.*

Ants in yer pants : To be nervous, restless, and by fidgeting in a

- way noticeably annoying to others.
- As the day is long : Any event of great magnitude or certain to last a long time. *He's as nasty as the day is long.*
- Axe to grind : An ulterior motive of a more base or sinister intention; derived from a story variously ascribed to Ben Franklin or Charles Miner (1785-1865) about a callous manipulator who got his axe ground to a sharp edge after flattering the tradesman.
- Babe in the woods : An innocent person facing threats from all around; derived from a ballad entitled "Children in the Wood" about children who had been abandoned by their family. (1595)
- Bat out of hell : To flee quickly
- Be there with bells on : To arrive when expected and with a grand flourish; derived from the tradition of mounting a rack of bells to the lead horse on a Conestoga wagon. (1725)
- Beat the tar out of : To thoroughly bludgeon a person or animal beyond the point of bloodiness and nearly to death; also often expressed as "Beat to a pulp."
- Bee in yer bonnet : To be agitated and angered by a thought that cannot be put to rest; derived from "Mad Maid's Song," a poem by Robert Herrick. (1648)
- Blue-in-the-face : Exasperated; derived from talking with urgent concern through one gulp of air.
- Blue-nosed gopher : To be caught off guard – or made a fool of – by a rare, unpredicted thing. *Well, I'll be a blue-nosed gopher.*
- Bit off more than ye can chew : An ambition that cannot be handled, also as a Mouthful.
- Born in a barn : A criticism that a person has been raised without manners, and acts the same as a barnyard animal.
- Buckle down : To apply oneself with renewed concentration; derived from the tradition among knights to practice with their armor loosely arranged, which would be tightened by buckles just prior to jousting or combat.
- Bump on a log : To remain static, inactive and unremarkable; as in *He's about as useful as a bump on a log.*
- Burn yer bridges : To destroy one's own resources or alliances; derived from the tactic of Roman generals meant to stop their own troops from retreat.
- Bust a gut : A strain impossible for the body to bear. A hernia is implied.
- Carry on : To behave in a brash, noisy, improper manner.
- Cat got yer tongue? : A challenge in conversation, as to why a person has become uncharacteristically quiet.
- Clean yer clock : To give one a thorough overhaul; to take command over; to thrash or defeat. A clockmaker, when faced with a problem difficult to diagnose, will tear apart the entire clock and put it back together from scratch.
- Cleans up nice : From beneath a layer of dirt, the potential with a bit of polishing to look impressive; especially regarding good looks in a wild young male or female.
- Come hither : An inviting or seductive facial expression, especially of heavily-lidded eyes and pursed lips; derived from the Old English phrase for "Come here."
- Could ye eat? : An invitation for food that, politely speaking, cannot be turned down.
- Couldn't make head ner tail of it : A difficult decision that could not be understood; derived from the certainty that a coin toss could provide.
- Crooked as a barrel of snakes : Very dishonest, untrustworthy.
- Cull list : The unwanted or undesirable, marked for elimination, i.e. 1.) The lame or unfit livestock in a herd. 2.) An unmarried woman who has grown older than her competition, said to be on the Cull List.
- Cut a rug : To dance with wild enthusiasm; derived from the risk of damaging a rug or carpet with vigorous dance steps. (1920)
- Cut a rusty : To make a regrettable mistake or behave badly, as in getting a cut on a rusty nail.
- Dead as a doornail : Quite dead; as if it never existed, since doors are not assembled with any nails.
- Dutch date : A meal or special event where the costs are split equally by the couple; also referred to as Going Dutch.
- Dutch kiss : An intimate, open-mouthed kiss; referred in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century as a French kiss.
- Dutch nightingale : Frog
- Dutch oven : A heavy iron kettle with lid which offers an economical way to bake.
- Dutch uncle : A critical person who gives unsparing, unsolicited advice.
- [In] Dutch with : In trouble; in jail.
- Eat crow : Folk tale from the War of 1812 where a British soldier noticed and captured an American soldier who had just shot a crow. The redcoat forced the Yankee to take a raw bite out of the crow, but during this distasteful humiliation, the American seized the Brit's rifle, reversed his situation and forced his new prisoner to finish eating the rest of the bird. (1815)
- Eat humble pie : A tradition of eating a pastry made from entrails, known as umble pie, a meal intended for servants and peasants. (1475)
- Eat one's words : Retraction of a prediction, promise or threat. (1571)
- End of his rope : Depleted, exhausted; one's outer limit; derived from the tether that limits a grazing domesticated animal.
- Enough to choke a horse : A huge amount swallowed all at once that could cause a horse to suffocate.

- Eyes bigger than yer belly : More greed than need.
- Eyes wide open : To be keenly aware.
- Fair n' Square : To follow the commonly understood rules while competing toughly at the same time.
- Far gone : Worn out or beyond saving, especially regarding drunkenness or depravity.
- Fare-thee-well : When a thing has been completed to the absolute end. *He polished off the rest of them pickles to a fare-thee-well.*
- Fat as a tick : A fully filled belly, similar in appearance to a tick bloated on blood.
- Feelin' kinda pookey : Slight illness.
- Fightin' tooth and nail : To resist with all of one's powers; in animalistic struggle; derived from the Roman saying "*Toto corpore atque omnibus unguis.*" meaning "With all the body and every nail."
- Fit as a fiddle : Well cared-for, feeling healthy, ready for use; derived from how a musician would maintain his violin more carefully than with any other instrument.
- Fit to be tied : So upset as to require restraint.
- Flash in the pan : To begin an effort properly, but without the intended effect; derived from flint lock weapons that are fired with an initial explosion created by the hammer's spark against the outside pan of gunpowder, which should in turn ignite the main charge of powder packed inside the barrel. A mere flash in the pan fails to ignite the barrel charge and fire the bullet.
- Flying off the handle : To lose one's temper in a dangerous way; as a loosened axe-head might fling off from its haft in mid-swing. (1825)
- Frog in the throat : 1.) Nickname for a throat rush infection known as frog; 2.) Medieval practice of inserting a live frog into the mouth of a sick person, the belief being that when the frog drew its breath, the patient's illness would be inhaled into the amphibian.
- From the word 'Go.' : Early, strong enthusiasm and exertion; suggestive of a hard-run race started by a signal. (1834) *He was a-wantin' that puppy from the word 'Go.'*
- Gittin' in his hair : To become irritating, as would lice infesting one's scalp. (1880)
- Gittin' up on the wrong side of bed : To be irritable, or in a bad mood (1885); derived from a Roman superstition dating to the reign of Augustus Cæsar that required rising from the right side of the bed to avoid bad fortune and ill temper.
- Gittup 'n go : Extra energy
- Give 'em both barrels : To give the maximum effort; derived from hunting with a double-barreled shotgun.
- Give ye what fer : Warning of a punishment due for impudence; especially for a child who constantly demands that an adult to supply answers for everything.
- Go whole hog : To have it all, or do anything thoroughly, just as the proper butchering of a pig uses up every last scrap.
- Greased lightnin' : Faster than fast. Purportedly 180 miles per hour.
- Hair of the dog that bit ye : Folk cure based upon the notion that "Like heals like." Often advised for treating one's painful hangover by having another drink. Derived from a Medieval prescription for binding some of the hairs of a dog, even a rabid one, into the victim's open wound, with the expectation to speed healing. (1546)
- Hang the moon : To be an important or powerful person; god-like. *He thinks she hung the moon!*
- Haul off and paste him a good one : To give a powerful blow with the fist.
- Have a time : To enjoy a memorable experience. (1522)
- Have at : To attack.
- Havin' kittens : To be nervous, agitated, inconsolable. (1900)
- Heard it on the grapevine : A report spread quickly by a chain reaction of interest; derived from the resemblance of early telegraph lines to grape vines. (1865)
- Heaven forbid! : Hopefully it will not happen.
- Hill 'n holler : Every where
- Hill o' beans : Adding up to an unimportant amount, beans being the farmer's least valuable crop. (1250) *Once you got it, it don't amount to a hill o' beans.*
- Hold on! : Stop as a sudden command; derived from German phrase *Halt am.* (1835)
- Hold yer horses : Show discipline, be patient; derived from control that a wagon driver needed when aiming and restraining his team of horses down a steep hill; or as the warning at the start of a race.
- Hook, line and sinker : To be taken completely; derived from one of the tales of Davy Crockett who described a large, ferocious fish so hungry that it gobbled up all of a frontier fisherman's tackle. (1830)
- Hotter'n a pistol : Beware and handle with care 1.) the heated barrel of a handgun after it has fired many bullets, 2.) a lucky gambler, 3.) a romantically excited woman, 4.) a man who has lost his temper.
- If ye please : Request for permission or assent; May I? or Excuse me.
- In a pickle : To be stuck in a painful situation that is difficult to solve; derived from the Dutch folk tale of a boy who fell bottom-first into the salty brine of a pickle barrel. The Dutch word *Pikel* recalls Willem Beukel who popularized pickled fish in the 14<sup>th</sup> Century.
- Infernal machine : A hellish or frustrating device (1880); originally a bomb. (1810)
- Jig is up : It is finished, as in the dance is over; derived from a saying popular in Elizabethan

- England.
- Johnny-on-the-spot : A person who is always on time and in the perfect position to take best advantage. (1890)
- Keep it under yer hat : To maintain a secret.
- Keep yer shirt on : Relax, be calm; derived by the habit of wrestlers to pull off their shirts prior to a fight. (1854)
- Kill 'em with kindness : To achieve justice by example of the Golden Rule, treating others as one would wish to be treated, especially those who have started off causing harm.
- Kissin' cousins : Distant blood relatives, far enough removed to make kissing permissible; an eighth cousin.
- Kith 'n kin : The circle of one's friends and family, implying trust and safety.
- Knock-down-drag-out : Desperate fight to the point of unconsciousness, often without rules of honor.
- Knock his lights out : To beat a person about the eyes to the point of unconsciousness. *See Daylights.*
- Knock me over with a feather : To be so stunned and paralyzed with disbelief that one could be tipped over with a nudge.
- Knock on wood : An appeal for good fortune, especially after presuming or announcing good fortune, whereby it is advised to quickly rap on a tree or the most convenient wood to ask a favor of the pagan spirits residing within.
- Land's sakes : For Lord's sake.
- Leave it be : Do not disturb
- Let sleepin' dogs lay : Leave well-enough alone; do not make a problem worse.
- Like a house on fire : Very fast; as quickly as a pioneer's log house might burn to the ground. (1830)
- Lit out : To leave quickly (1870)
- Livin' daylights : The eyeballs; as in *I'll scare the livin' daylights out of him.*
- Livin' high on the hog : To live richly and full of confidence; from the pioneers having a full storage of meat following butchering time.
- Loaded for bear : Prepared for the severest threat, ready to hunt for big enemies; derived from an old hunting term for packing the maximum amount of gunpowder into the barrel of a muzzle loading gun so that a bear could be killed with a single shot.
- Lock, stock n' barrel : Every last piece; derived from the old single-shot muzzle-loader guns built from a trigger lock, a wooden stock and a hand-forged barrel.
- Long in the tooth : Aged, not having much more time of vigorous service; derived from the horse-buyer's check for receding gums. (1852)
- Mad as a hatter : Crazy; derived from the medical syndrome of dementia caused by the hat maker's use of Mercuric nitrate for the conditioning of felt fibers. Other symptoms included spasmodic twitching, slurred speech, disoriented memory and a lurching walk.
- Madder'n a hornet : As persistent and aggressive as a hornet defending its nest.
- Madder'n a wet hen : To be as noisy and upset as a "wet hen," a 19<sup>th</sup> Century euphemism for a prostitute who has been mistreated.
- Make fur fly : Attack violently; derived from the frontier gaming of hunting dogs versus raccoons. (1825)
- Make hay while the sun shines : To take advantage of a natural opportunity.
- Make yerself scarce : To leave (1831)
- Mind yer P's and Q's : Pay attention to the little details; derived from the Medieval tavern keepers who allowed a steady customer to keep a running bar tab, but only after keeping careful track of all the pints and quarts.
- Month of Sundays : A long wait; numerically, some 7½ months.
- Old as the hills : As old as the earth (1819)
- Pecking order : The privileges and abuses that go with social rank. Domesticated birds, especially chickens, often peck at a hens below their rank and submit to pecking from those above them. Roosters often pull feathers from other males below them in the pecking order. A male who endures criticism from a female, whether he be a bird or a human, is said to be hen-pecked.
- Peeled off every last stitch : To strip off all of one's clothing.
- Pete's sake : Oath of exasperation; derived from St. Peter (1815)
- Play possum : To avoid a problem by pretending to sleep, or be dead. When confronted by a predator, the opossum will appear to be dead and thus less desirable for eating. (1822)
- Pop my britches : Proud. Also as *Pop my buttons* or *Bust my britches.*
- Pot to cook in : The minimum of life's most needed possessions; often used to suggest that a poor person has no property. *He ain't got a pot to cook in*, or more vulgarly, *He ain't got a pot to piss in.*
- Prepare fer to git on yer critters : Cavalry command at the Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas. (1862) *Prepare to mount.*
- Purdy Please : A very special request.
- Puttin' on airs : A person pretending to be more important or powerful than he really is.
- Raisin' Cain : Causing an uproar, from *The Old Testament* of the *Bible.*
- Ridin' shotgun : Sitting next to the driver, the spot where armed guards helped protect a wagon or stage coach from attackers. *See coach gun.*
- Right-as-rain : Restored to the way things should be, especially

- regarding health and attitude. *A good night's rest and she'll be as right as rain.*
- Right down to the ground : Entirely, completely, as in from head-to-toe; derived from a fire that burned a building until nothing was left.
- Rise n' shine : Wake up; as does the morning sun.
- Rougher'n a corncob : Judgement of the bad manners and terrible conduct of Hell-raising boys.
- Rule the roost : To be the boss; derived from the rooster who lords over the chicken coop.
- Run fer the hills : To escape.
- Sadie Hawkins Day : Fictional tradition whereby women may choose their favorite man for marriage, providing they can catch him in a race, whether or not he likes her. It became a well-enjoyed tradition during the mid-20<sup>th</sup> Century for November school dances. Invented by the American cartoonist Al Capp in his comic strip "Li'l Abner" in 1939.
- Settle yer hash : To strictly discipline or punish. (1809)
- Shakes of a lamb's tail : A very brief time. Impatient people would be told that change would be coming in, for example, no longer a time than it would be required for two shakes of a lamb's tale.
- Show Me : Demand of a cautious person who wants proof; later the official slogan printed on the license plates of Missouri automobiles; derived from a popular Civil War tale of two enemy officers in a chance encounter who demand immediate surrender from one another. Each claims to have a large army of support near by, but the Rebel holds out. "I'm from Missouri; you'll have to show me."— from Dr. Walter B. Stevens' *A Colonial History of Missouri* (1921)
- Sick-headache : Migraine
- Sit a spell : An invitation for a leisurely visit.
- Skin of yer teeth : A measurement so small that it doesn't even exist; a very small amount, especially a thin clearance. *Ye missed gittin' hit by the skin of yer teeth.*
- Slow as molasses : extremely slow; often spoken *As slow as molasses in January.*
- Snug as a bug in the rug : Warm and comfortable (1842)
- So-an'-so : Polite substitute for profanity, especially the phrase Son-of-a-bitch.
- Spank the tar out of : To give a severe disciplinary beating.
- Spankin' new : As new as possible; derived from the tradition of spanking a newborn baby.
- Spic 'n span : Thoroughly clean.
- Stew over it : To worry
- Stew in yer own juices : To be stuck with a problem of one's own making; derived from cooking instructions that would leave meat simmering for a long time.
- Stick to me : Stay by my side.
- Stirrin' up a hornets' nest : Making a problem worse by aggravating it.
- String 'em up : Hang with a noose; to lynch.
- Strip yer gears : Pushing a farm machine, such as a cotton gin or a mill grinder, to perform past its ability. Trying too hard.
- Stuck in yer gizzard : Any small thing that ruins a larger experience; such as a small fish bone that gets caught in the throat of a person enjoying his supper.
- Sukey, n. : Nickname for a little girl; possibly derived from Shuggie or sugar. (1949)
- Sunday-go-to-meetin' : The best appearance once can make, especially regarding clothes.
- Sure as I'm standin' here : An oath of reliability and truth.
- Sure as shootin' : To be certain of completing a task; derived from the finality of a gun duel.
- Swallowed yer tongue? : A challenge in conversation, as to why a person has become uncharacteristically quiet. Similar to *Cat got yer tongue.*
- Take after : To resemble, as in an inherited similarity among family.
- Take the bull by the horns : To make a direct solution to a difficult problem; to be courageous.
- Take the cake : To be the best; a cake was the first prize in various Celtic and Ancient Greek folk festivals.
- Take out after : To chase.
- Take out to the woodshed : To be disciplined with a spanking or whipping.
- Take with a grain of salt : To be cautious about a biased or possibly untruthful explanation (1647); derived from the antidotes to poison devised by Mithradates which included among its 72 ingredients small amounts of the very same poison, but which he crucially completed with a grain of salt which was supposed to prevent harm. (63 B.C.)
- Talk turkey : Serious negotiation. According to an old story from colonial America, a white hunter tried to cheat his Indian partner out of his fair share of the day's kill. From the four crows and four wild turkeys they had shot, the hunter first handed a crow to the Indian, but took a turkey for himself, explaining all along as if this was perfectly fair. Then he handed a second crow to the Indian and put still another turkey in his own bag. "You talk all turkey for you. You never once talk turkey for me!" This tale first appeared in 1830.
- Tar'n feathered : Punishment, often at the hands of a mob, where the victim is slathered with hot tar and then dusted with feathers. The result is very difficult to clean from the skin, which sometimes peels off during the process. The ordeal can sometimes be fatal.

Tend to yer knittin' : Mind your own business. Often expanded to the rhyme expressed with irritation, "*Tend ter yer own knittin', kitten.*"

That-thar : That in particular.

Them-thar: Those in particular.

Thought the world of : Loved, regarded highly.

Throw a fit : Sudden, explosive anger (1825)

Till the cows come home : For a very long time, perhaps indefinitely; derived from the Alpine custom of taking cattle to pasture on the upper highland meadows throughout the summer, until the herd would return to great celebration in August.

Tits on a boar : Useless; since a male animal cannot nurse its young with milk. *About as worthless as tits on a boar.*

Told a dilly : Told a wild, extravagant lie.

Too big fer yer britches : Conceited or boastful. *Jest cause folks liked his singin', he got a might too big fer his britches.*

Two shakes : Hardly any time at all. (1820) Often expressed as "two shakes of a lamb's tail" which were thought to be twice as fast as any other animal could shake their tails.

What in Sam Hill? : A polite way to ask, "What in the Hell is going on?" derived from an opera *Der Freischütz* by von Weber where the Devil is named Samiel. Hill is the polite substitute for saying the word Hell. (1825)

What's got into ye? : Disapproval for unexpected, bad behavior, as though some evil spirit has taken possession of a person.

Within an inch of yer life : An extreme punishment, carried nearly to the point of death.

Worth yer salt : To make a valuable contribution; derived from the tradition that Roman soldiers received their pay in salt.

Wringed his neck : Killed, as when a bird has its neck broken with a quick twist ; or referring to an

insincere threat to kill.

Wrong-way-Corrigan : To be headed in the completely opposite direction; derived from the pilot Douglas Corrigan who wanted to fly across the continental U.S. but took off in the wrong direction and flew to Ireland by mistake. (1938)

Yellow-dog Democrat : Some die-hard Southerners claimed that they would rather vote for a yellow dog (considered worthless by many farmers and hunters) before they would vote for a Republican.



## APPENDIX F

## CHAINS IN THE IMMEDIATE FAMILY OF J. ROSS BAUGHMAN

*Return of the Storyteller*

## DEAD ENDS IN DEADLINE JOURNALISM

A LECTURE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF DORTMUND IN GERMANY, AS PART OF THE  
FOCUS '87 SYMPOSIUM GIVEN BY J. ROSS BAUGHMAN  
ON 6 NOVEMBER 1987

**V**or rund zwei hundred und fünfzig jahren, haben meine vorfahren Deutschland verlassen um nach Amerika zu gehen. Es tut mir leid, dass es so lange gedauert hat, bis ich den weg zurückgefunden habe, und leider haben meine eltern und gross eltern nicht sehr viel Deutsch gesprochen, deshalb ist mir nur möglich diesen vortrag auf Englisch zu halten."

"About two hundred and fifty years ago, my ancestors left Germany and went to America. I'm sorry that it has taken me so long to find my way back. Unfortunately my parents and grandparents didn't teach me to speak German, therefore I can only offer this lecture in English."



James L. Baughman was born in 1952 at Warren, Ohio, to Lewis and Ann Baughman. Along with a brother, Milton Day Baughman, his whole family looked forward to reading *LIFE* and *Time* magazines each week.

James Baughman became an associate professor in the School of Journalism and Mass Communication at the University of Wisconsin, in Madison, where he taught journalism history.

In 1987, he completed "the most accurate, multi-dimensional portrait of America's greatest journalistic phenomenon, Henry R. Luce."<sup>68: x</sup>

At the time, James Baughman and J. Ross Baughman had no awareness of one another, even though so much of their thinking at that time was focused on the same publishing empire.

WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS  
THE HOPELESSNESS OF PHOTOGRAPHY IN ZIMBABWE

A LECTURE GIVEN BY J. ROSS BAUGHMAN  
BEFORE THE JEFFERSON SOCIETY AT  
THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA ON  
16 FEBRUARY 2001

**A**RMED WITH THE IDEALS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, I went to war in Africa. That was half a lifetime ago for me. My sense of Jefferson in those days was much simpler than it is today. I loved the way that his words had shaken the world, first inspiring the common folk of Europe and then sweeping through Latin America and eastward into Asia.

I thought that by carrying Jeffersonian values to southern Africa, and by bringing back out the Truth, I would open the eyes of victimizer, victim and the whole world as well. First and foremost, I thought that journalists armed with information could change minds for the better, enter those facts into permanent human memory and make those lessons stick.



What early impressions did I have of Jefferson? During the War of 1812, the British sought out and burned our young Library of Congress along with the new White House. Jefferson came to the rescue, offering to sell congress his own private library of 6,000 books at about four dollars apiece. Congressman Cyrus King of Massachusetts didn't like the idea, because he had heard that the package deal would include volumes "good, bad, and indifferent, old, new, and worthless, in languages which many cannot read and most ought not... irreligious and immoral books, works of the French philosophers, who caused and influenced the volcano of the French Revolution." Fortunately for the nation, Congressman King lost out on that vote.

Jefferson pursued his curiosity with a *religious* fervor, and as a pure end unto itself. For much of his life, and as one cause of the poverty in his old age, Jefferson kept a standing order with his favorite bookshop in London to send one copy each of "every new book to be had."

Was Thomas Jefferson an incurable materialist, a mere collector, a generalist, a relativist? Or was this the mark of an open mind, ready to respect the unknown, to accord it sincere consideration.

Information, he felt, was crucial fuel for democracy. Those who want to frustrate liberty most often seek to choke off information first. When Jefferson stood as a candidate for the presidency, he wrote, "I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form



of tyranny over *the mind* of man.”

Even though the catalog of Jefferson’s library matches the so-called Great Books so much under discussion in universities today, such lists miss the spirit of Jefferson’s debate. Jefferson would never have been satisfied with a small library or a small discussion.

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The story and portfolio of photographs I brought back from Africa show white soldiers from the minority-rule army of Rhodesia interrogating and torturing prisoners at gunpoint. When the story appeared, it proved what Ian Smith’s government had long been trying to deny, and drastically hastened the fall of his government.

I risked my life, and brought back proof of injustice. The largest news organization in the world made sure that tens of millions of people saw what I saw, but none of that made any permanent difference. Human nature swindled me. When I held a mirror up to the world, hoping to shame it into change, nothing really changed.

Imagine how heartbroken I became when the new nation, renamed Zimbabwe, made the same mistakes. Robert Mugabe insisted that my photographs be printed into the text books for his schoolchildren, but soon enough his troops also tortured black farmers for political crimes in that same village district where I had been. In recent months, he has aided and abetted the murder of white farmers, also for political purposes.

What motivates most people to enter journalism? Most hope their work will make a difference in the world, that it will have the power to enlighten people, to awe them, activate them, improve them.

It turns out though that journalists don’t actually have that power. Some of my colleagues feel completely demoralized by that. They feel like vultures, rubber-necking at the scene of bloodshed. Some take very limited comfort helping one case for one day at a time. Many wake up to a desire for direct impact, driving the ambulance instead of just chasing it. I’ve known quite a few who become much happier after turning into fire fighters, doctors, lawyers, politicians and undisguised advocates.

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So I took another much harder look at our third president. He and I would not have always seen eye to eye. For students of American history today, the riddle of Thomas Jefferson must straddle — simultaneously and at the most personal level — oppression with love; doubt with pride; slavery with self-determination; classicism with revolution; admiration for ancient American tribes with a readiness to take their land; a worship of the books that he could not live without, and a willingness to slice them into ribbons.

On this last point, Jefferson literally took several copies of the King James New Testament and cut out all of the miracles, pasting the remaining parts into an ethical guide for his own life called *The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth*, or more often known as *Jefferson’s Bible*. What he had then, in February of 1804, was “the most sublime and benevolent code,” only the “morsels of morality.” Jefferson suspected that the intent of Jesus had been too heavily filtered over the centuries, and that “fragments only of what he did deliver have come to us mutilated, misstated, and often unintelligible.”

Jefferson was a Unitarian, and hoped that his book would forge an ecumenical society, serving the interests of many in a shared and single cause. In 1791, he wrote that religion “abolishes the false glare which surrounds kingly government.”

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No such thing as Truth is revealed by the sorting of information. The only result may be an organizing of several points-of-view. Choices from among these may be found for the moment, but only when they are already suitable to underlying values. Special kinds of information must be necessarily spread to form and sustain a religion, or keep citizens well-prepared for a democracy, but information does not cause permanent changes in human disposition. What we deem to be significant Information merely reflects our nature and that of society. When referring to information, notions of Good and Evil are largely superimposed for political purpose on an enemy, and only become “true” at the pleasure of a victor.

In Forum theory, however, information has intrinsic value. The health of individuals, and whole societies, can be measured against their access to and appreciation of wide arrays of information. Delusion, desensitization and the repression of information all ensure a dysfunctioning spirit. Forum theory guarantees the fundamental human right to see and be seen. Every individual’s access to information should be guaranteed, protected and shared freely, and tampering with this right, this “respiration of the brain,” is evil. This philosophy is libertarian and pragmatic to the degree that information is the life-blood of a vibrant mind.

Forum journalism defines and distinguishes itself from other mass communication by offering eyewitness, in-depth, in-progress, subject-centered testimony. Forum journalists should serve only to funnel the points-of-view from diverse subjects, especially those that are little known and seldom seen. When too many journalists are all hankering for the same story, the forum journalist must peel away for a different approach, or a different story altogether. Journalists should anticipate definitive events, and obtain informed consent to accompany their subjects during the moments and emotions that give a story

meaning, outlined by the subjects themselves. Journalists should not interrogate or antagonize a subject, or attempt to nullify a point-of-view in the name of balance. Asking for trust and complete access to an individual but then watering down their opinions, contradicting their perspectives and values in the name of fairness, is an insulting and unethical exercise. Conduct at all times for the Forum journalist must be discreet, unobtrusive and nearly passive. Unless they are already in harmony, journalists must temporarily adopt the values of their subjects, or otherwise disqualify themselves from covering that subject.

Forum principles will not be confused with advocacy journalism, partisan propaganda or mere public relations because of several safeguards: With patience and empathy, the Forum journalist should remain present throughout the fullest possible disclosure, even when such disclosures complicate and contradict (though hopefully enrich) the story. Subjects should be made as unaware and unselfconscious as possible about the reporting process, and never be given the right to censor information after the fact. It must not be the aim of the Forum journalist to effect short-term, specific change on behalf of such subjects. If such chain reactions might take place, it is up to the journalists to remain as inert of a presence as possible.

Many habits of today's journalism are incompatible with Forum theory: the illusions of objectivity and fairness; explicit editorial endorsement, boosterism and safe crusading; token tear-jerking fund-raisers; the rush of competition, deadlines and live transmission of information; invasions of privacy; superficial photo opportunities; dramatized recreations for the camera; the over-coverage of the pack press corps; pandering to irrelevant sensationalism; cults of celebrity and personality; arbitrary top-ten, day-in-the-life and worn-out anniversary formulas; the high profiles of highly paid reporters; and directly arranging for subjects to profit from their stories.

In order for Forum journalism to be practiced, government will have to protect the freedom of all expression, and insulate this forum from all civil liability, much as the floor of Congress is already a safe haven for full-blooded discourse. Almost limitless, well-indexed channels of communication will have to be opened to all, at the lowest possible cost and without the chance that public and private underwriting could influence content.

A thoughtfully designed mass media could ensure the free flow of information, something just as precious to the common good as clean air and water.

2a.

This university was not started from or built out of one idea, and merely repeated brick by brick to buttress one philosophy. Thomas Jefferson's library stocked the

widest assortment of ideas. He was less interested in snug security than he was in unsettling liberty; and he recommended, even guaranteed this, to all Americans.

In Thomas Jefferson's time, universal literacy was not easy to imagine, although he also believed in this whole-heartedly. The progress made in education during the last two centuries certainly would have excited him. The newer challenge I've taken up is a hope for widespread and sophisticated visual literacy, a very subtle, effective and persuasive language. Its rules of grammar and the potency of its message have barely even been understood or tested yet.

Good camera work is the cornerstone of Forum journalism. Teachers and parents and newspaper editors have finally noticed how many young people don't like to read. Word people don't easily understand how to compete for the attention and memories of a whole generation raised in a highly visual world.

Vivid examples in scientific research should open up their eyes. It seems that centers for memory in the brain are much stronger recalling images rather than abstractions or words. I'm sure that's the way my brain works because I've always been terrible at names, but I never forget a face. When people are able remember long lists of names, they explain their trick as being able to "picture" the printed page in their mind's eye. Memory experts shake hands with a large crowd and remember each name by quickly tagging a memorable visual trait to each person.

A particularly elegant experiment in this field was published not long ago, answering this question of how reliably we know what we know, and how we get that information best.

Dr. Jon E. Grahe of Monmouth College in Illinois, paired off 100 men with 100 women and first asked them to solve a simple wooden puzzle together. All of them were then asked to numerically rate the quality of their rapport in working together. How easily could other observers then predict those scores? What if they were given only a written transcription to study for clues? What if they were given an audio tape recording to understand what had gone on? What if they could watch the scene from beginning to end, but in total silence, without benefit of hearing one word, even one sound that had passed between the test couples?

Out of the three choices, the visual record worked best if you wanted to understand how the subjects themselves had experienced their encounter.

People prefer the powerful medium of visual information, especially those who have been raised with television. This is not something new or peculiar to the present generation. People have long used phrases such as "I'll believe it when I see it." There just happens to be much more visual information getting pumped into the

culture. The problem with television today is the meager visual content there. Try turning off the sound on the evening news and see how much you can decipher from the rather standardized talking heads and aftermath photography.

Will Forum Journalism work? Will you accept it, or become one of those who practice it? Try applying the principles outlined so far to these tests:

Suppose you are the correspondent for a British newspaper based in Virginia during the year 1776. One third of the colonists are loyal to the crown; one third are feeling rebellious, and the rest are caught in the middle. You are wandering King Street in Alexandria when an unruly mob grabs the Royal Tax Collector. They slather him with hot tar, dump a pillow of feathers over his head and chase him around until he collapses.

You quickly draw a picture of all this, but start to wonder if you could save the poor man from any more humiliation, or argue with the rebels to cool off their demonstration. Finally, the poor Tax Collector stops breathing and suffocates. The rebels string his body upside down from a tree, but you cannot bring yourself to draw that. Though they have painted their faces and some wear masks, do you try to identify the rebels? Do you try to get to know them better? Do you quote their political demands?

Move forward in time to today and suppose you are the resident correspondent for the Associated Press in Beijing. "Chronicle all of the winds of change there," you are instructed, "but maintain your welcome with the government, too." As a foreign guest in China, the police insist that you obey all the laws and behave as any other good citizen would. If you don't, your bureau will be closed, you will be detained, questioned thoroughly, possibly expelled.

In Tiananmen Square, four young people and a five-year-old child approach you claiming membership with the outlawed sect Falun Gong. If you keep them in sight for the rest of the afternoon, they promise you will see a remarkable protest. Talking to them is a crime, as is failing to notify the authorities. Instead, you watch, take pictures, and much to your horror, they light themselves afire.

Later, it turns out you got used. The human torches weren't actual members of the Falun Gong. Somehow, the Chinese government caused the whole thing to happen just so you would see it, so the world would think that the sect was dangerously fanatical, and deserving of imprisonment.

Would you react to this situation any differently in America? What if the activist had been an unemployed roofer ready to burn himself to death to protest the heartless downsizing of his last job and his lack of access to affordable health care?

These cases are not fictional. What would you do?

What would Jefferson do?

•••

Resolved: The journalism that serves people best, and democracy most faithfully, invites all to testify, especially the remarkable, the fundamental, the passionate, the tested; it affords eyewitness views of their crucial times; respects what subjects call significant; insists on full-disclosure; and resists judgmentalism.



In 1978, at the age of 23, photojournalist J. Ross Baughman became the youngest professional ever awarded the Pulitzer Prize, and was cited for his coverage of the guerrilla war in southern Africa. While continuing to work that same year as the first contract photojournalist ever hired by the Associated Press, he competed against himself with two other nominations: For infiltrating the American Nazi movement over nine months to uncover their assassination and bombing plans, and once more for being the first journalist to ever accompany Palestinian commandoes operationg behind Israeli lines.

Baughman soon went on to become an international lecturer on journalism ethics, a university professor and founder of the photo agency Visions, which specialized in long-term, high-risk, difficult-access investigative photo essays around the world. Besides covering wars in 11 countries, his work has appeared everywhere from *LIFE* to *Vanity Fair*, *Newsweek*, *Stern* and *Vogue*.

The life of an investigative photojournalist has not been all that glamorous for J. Ross Baughman. Since becoming a professional in 1975, he has been spit upon, shot at, stricken by encephalitis, had his arm broken by a New York drug dealer, been lined up for execution by a Neo-Nazi, had his ear drum blown out during a Palestinian mortar attack in Lebanon, been accused of being a spy and thrown into Zambian prison for six week. Then he intentionally placed himself next to a tornado, accidentally in the middle of an earthquake, and got his leg blown apart by a Bouncing Betty land mine in El Salvador.

Baughman moved back to Virginia in 1999, where his family first settled in the 1730s. He currently serves as the Director of Photography at *The Washington Times*.







STEADY STREAM OF TOURISTS AND scientists troop past the 5,300 year old remains of the Iceman of the Alps, now known widely by the nickname Ötzi, at the South Tyrol Museum of Archaeology in Bolzano.

64: 4-5; 63: 237 Although technically part of Italy since the end of the First World War, 70 percent of the local population around Bolzano trace their roots to German origin. Street signs and surnames almost all stick

to the old ways. <sup>149: 46</sup>

Since the new resting place was completed in 1998, almost a million visitors have peeked into Ötzi's refrigerated, airtight vault through a tiny window that measures only 6 ½ square inches. His body appears as little more than a skeleton, 5'3" tall and wrapped in leathery skin that centuries have darkened to the shade of a roasted turkey. A protective glaze of ice remains undrosted all over him. <sup>149: 42</sup>

One researcher in particular, Dr. Wolfgang Müller, made significant discoveries by analyzing and comparing the cadaver's teeth and bones. While Ötzi's tooth enamel developed during youth, isotopes loose in his environment became permanently imbedded inside his mouth.

The unique characteristics and layering of these isotopes, by definition, also match exactly the rocks and soil of wherever he grew up. Once the teeth harden in young adulthood, they stop absorbing any more of the markers, and thus become little time capsules. The porous bones throughout the rest of the body do not stop, and so may provide a useful contrast to prove where he lived later.

Such is the case with the Iceman. His body was found about 40 miles from the place of his childhood, a valley called Ötzi amidst the Ötztal Alps. The mineral patterns built up in his bones, as well as fine granules of mica in his intestinal tract, come from an entirely different environment, proving that he had spent most of the balance of his life far from home.

Ötzi's mitochondrial DNA placed his maternal descent from "Katrine," the tribe identified by Dr. Brian Sykes as one which first settled around present-day Venice some 10,000 years ago. A human leukocyte antigen (HLA-DRB1\*1402 allele) drawn from a bone in his foot proved to be of a type very rare in Europe, but common among Inuits and South American Indians. <sup>175</sup>

Franco Rollo headed a team from the Italian University of Camerino to study the Iceman's diet. From

scant clues of undigested pollen, they determined that Ötzi spent his final days during the Spring in a forest on the southern side of the Alps. <sup>149: 46</sup> There he ate cereals that had been baked fresh into bread, other plants and ibex meat. Just prior to death, he traveled to higher altitudes where he had another meal of red deer meat and more cereal. <sup>498</sup> A team headed by Dr. Dieter zur Nedden found signs of arthritis, hardening of the arteries and a possible stroke. <sup>149: 46</sup> The age of Ötzi at the time of death can now be more accurately estimated at 45 years.

An earlier report that the Iceman had suffered two broken ribs turned out to be wrong. Batteries of much better X-ray and magnetic imaging showed that his bones had not been broken. <sup>149: 48</sup>

A closer study of his skeleton revealed that Ötzi likely died from a flint arrow head still dug into his left shoulder blade, and the resulting infected wound that touched upon his lung. For ancient hunters and warriors, arrows and spears were often aimed at just this spot as the most likely to cause death with one hit. <sup>498</sup>

Under microscopic examination of the arrowhead wound, Dr. Eduard Egarter detected that no scar tissue had developed in the surrounding flesh, proving that it had been a recent wound. <sup>443</sup> Along with numerous stabs to the rest of his body, including slashes to the right forearm and wrist, there was a particularly nasty half-inch piercing of the bone in his right hand that would have immobilized two fingers. Despite that injury, the Iceman kept his own dagger clutched tight. <sup>149: 48-50</sup> The DNA from the blood on his own flint knife blade came from another human being. <sup>365</sup>

Alex Susanna, director of the museum, revealed that in 2003 numerous letters had been sent from women volunteering to be artificially fertilized with Ötzi's DNA so that they might carry his child. Susanna has politely but firmly turned down all such requests. <sup>417</sup>



Humanity's earliest known towns, formed in the highlands of the Euphrates River Valley, did not wither all together upon the rise of Ur, as had been previously thought. <sup>63: 6-7</sup> In the northeastern corner of present-day Syria, ruins at Tell Hamoukar date to 4000 B.C. and prove that southern Mesopotamia cannot claim to be the birthplace of all civilization.

The monumental buildings developed as a late stage of Halaf culture, simultaneously and independently from the south, spread out over 33 acres. The level of planning at Hamoukar required centralized authority, class distinctions and divisions of specialized labor. <sup>617</sup>



The picture caption on page 84 of Book IV should have read “Shared Milk Soup, Zürich troops take lunch after the Battle of Kappel, 1531” because, historically, the men who had just been fighting made peace together and shared a lunch of milk soup soon after putting down their arms. The phrase “sharing milk soup” still has this cultural meaning in Switzerland and suggests that peace can always be made through civil sharing. An equivalent in Anglo America could be suggested by enemies finally “burying the hatchet.”

On page vii of Book IV, the drawing of an artist busy with his easel while riding in a boat on Lake Zürich should have been described as a self-portrait by Johann Jacob Hofmann, a native of Wädenswil who lived from 1730-1772.



According to Rinker family tradition, the large log house by Swover Creek, later occupied by the Dellinger Family “was constructed about 1770 for Jacob Rinker, Jr. The old fireplace in one end is very large. According to family notes, some Indians came through one day when no one was at the house except one of the Rinker women, who had a small baby. She took the infant and climbed up into the large fireplace and there hid until the Indians left.”<sup>105</sup>

The Dellinger family preserves the essence of this story regarding the same house, but with a few disagreements about names and dates.<sup>64: 108-109</sup> Members of the Dellinger family believe that the house was not built until 1815,<sup>566: 71</sup> but this estimate neither correlates with its colonial-era materials, methods, nor any known chronology of Indian activities in that part of the Shenandoah Valley. This building was relocated in 2003 to the eastern-most corner of Shenandoah County, in Fort Valley, where it will serve as a Settlers’ Museum celebrating the Baughman, Crisman and Dellinger pioneers.

D. Warrick Burruss II, a long-time historian of the Rinkers and colonial settlement of the Valley, also clarifies another loose thread in Baughman history:<sup>64: 126-129</sup>

“It may come as a surprise to many, but long before our present Georgetown (just south of Mt. Jackson) existed, the Hudson’s Cross Roads area was known as the Village of Georgetown.

“In 1802, Joseph Foltz purchased 80½ acres of land from Adam Wolf, on the Back Road a short distance north of the cross roads. He laid off at least 40 one-half acre lots on both sides of the road, calling the town ‘Georgetown.’ About three months later Foltz sold his

first lot when Henry Baughman purchased lot number 40. In 1805, Foltz sold the remainder of his unsold Georgetown lots to Christian Dellinger.

“I have a copy of an old map showing ‘Georgetown,’ but the name died out around the time of the War Between the States.

“In 1805, Catherine, the wife of Jacob Baughman, [along with] Henry Baughman and Mary, his wife, sold to John Lock 32 acres... in the middle of the main road ‘adjoining the Town called Georgetown.’ In 1806, they sold the rest of his land to George Mowery/Maurer the remainder of the 200 and 235 acre tracts and the lot in Georgetown. After selling, they most likely moved out of the county as we find no more tracks of them here.”<sup>106</sup>



In the Estate Inventory of Henry Baughman II, an entry marked “swingle tree & hangings” from Book II, pages 67, 86-87, outside of Colonial Virginia and elsewhere in the American South often referred to a single tree, and was possibly confused for the Germanic word *schwingle* or Swingle which refers a wooden hacking board for breaking flax and hemp.<sup>5: 561</sup> Although a definitive interpretation may never be possible, the inventory phrase “and hangings” is slightly more suggestive of the leather straps for attaching to a horse’s harness.

The addition here of a significant consonant sound “w” is similar to the addition of the letter “b” in another case from rural Virginia, where the word chimney is transformed into chimbley.

“Swingletree, n. A cross bar pivoted at the middle, to which the traces are fastened in a cart, carriage, plough, etc.”<sup>246: 370</sup>



George Bachmann’s land consists today of most of the borough of Coopersburg in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, west of Main Street. On 2 January 1727, John Chapman approved a survey of land for George Backman following on a warrant bearing the date of 1 December 1726.<sup>293: 23</sup>

“Begining at a whit oak standing neare a branch of Sockunk in a timber Swamp then West one houndred sixty fower pearch to a black oak, then South three houndred and twelfe pearches by land surveyed to William Allon to a smal hickry, then East one houndred and sixty fower pearches by land surveyed to W. Ahton to a chesnot oak, then North three houndred and twelfe pearches by John Younders Juners Land to the Place of begining, Containing thre houndred acres with usal allowance for Roads Survayed in May 1730 by John Chapman.”<sup>536</sup>



The following article appeared in the hometown newspaper in Canton, Illinois, on 24 June 1886, referring to a Baughman family of long-standing in eastern Ohio previously discussed in Books I, page 122 and IV, pages 183-184:

DOCTORS PUZZLED  
A WEALTHY CLERGYMAN WHO CARRIES FALSE TEETH  
IN HIS ESOPHAGUS

“Of the two thousand and odd personages in Orrville [Wayne County, Ohio] there is one whose make-up has been augmented by an artificial addition that has placed him in a peculiar position – one that he never before met with, and one that has knocked medical credulity all awry.

“Some four years ago, Rev. Richard P. Baughman went to bed with a vulcanized rubber plate holding four teeth (all enclosed) in his mouth. During the night, while he was asleep, the plate became dislodged and slipped down his windpipe. All attempts to remove it were unsuccessful, and various physicians tackled the case to remove the foreign substance, which had been pushed into the esophagus and lodged there on the right side, where it is to-day.

“Rev. Baughman suffered indescribable pain in consequence, and from a once heavy weight of nearly two hundred pounds has fallen to the rather light weight of one hundred and thirty pounds. His speech betrays the presence of some foreign substance in his throat, and his continued hawking is caused by the teeth, which have made him resemble a consumptive, yet a recent examination made by a medical expert in Chicago showed that his lungs were sound, and that his coughing was caused by the teeth.

“During the four years he has had the teeth in his esophagus he has not eaten any substantial food, such as bread, potatoes, meat and vegetables, being unable to swallow them, but has subsisted on raw beef chopped fine, soup and stimulants. In drinking, he is compelled to throw his head far back, as though gargling his throat.

“In his present condition, he is wholly unable to pursue his calling. He is a man of forty-two years, and a veteran of the Forty-first Illinois Volunteers. He is a man of means, and offers \$10,000 to the person who will remove the teeth without injuring him. If life is spared him, he will go to the hospital at Paris, France, next fall and have the teeth removed by the surgeon’s knife.”<sup>171</sup>



On 1 October 2003, the latest permanent address for Charles T. Baughman became 3120 South Ventura,

Springfield, Missouri 65804.



The family group sheet that appeared in Book 4 on page 215 mistakenly omitted a very important person in the life of Hansjakob Bachmann, born 13 June 1940. His wife is Verena, maiden name Meyer, born 13 August 1952, and they were married on 12 May 1989.



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AND FOOTNOTE SOURCE GUIDE

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TO PEOPLE, PLACES & EVENTS  
WITHIN *THE CHAIN REJOINED*

*The term (also as...) Signals the reader that variations on a proper noun exist in the text.*

*Years appearing in parenthesis refer to dates of birth for individuals, or as the sole dates of citation for them.*

*Women are usually indexed by their maiden names. Bachmans and Baughmans signified with an asterisk ( \* )were African-Americans.*

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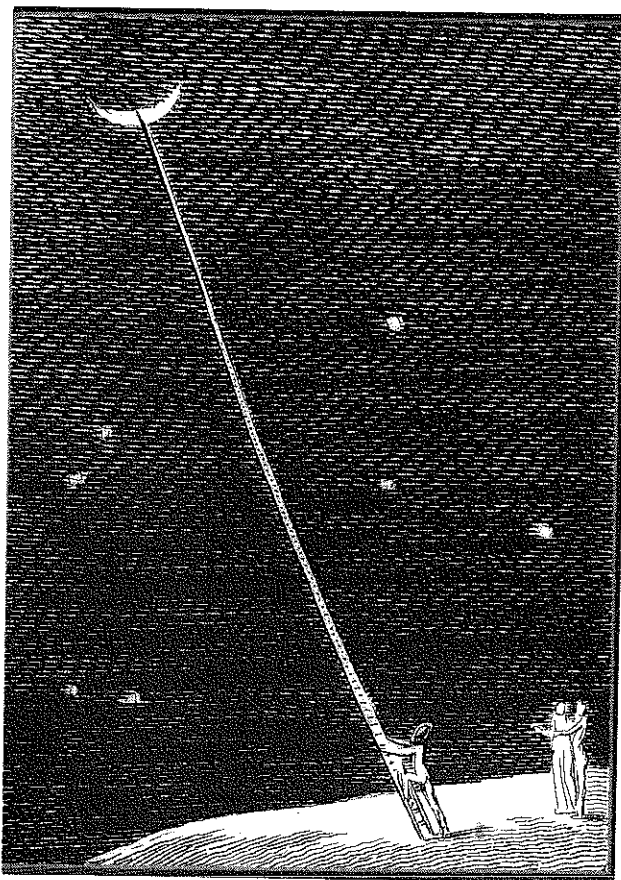
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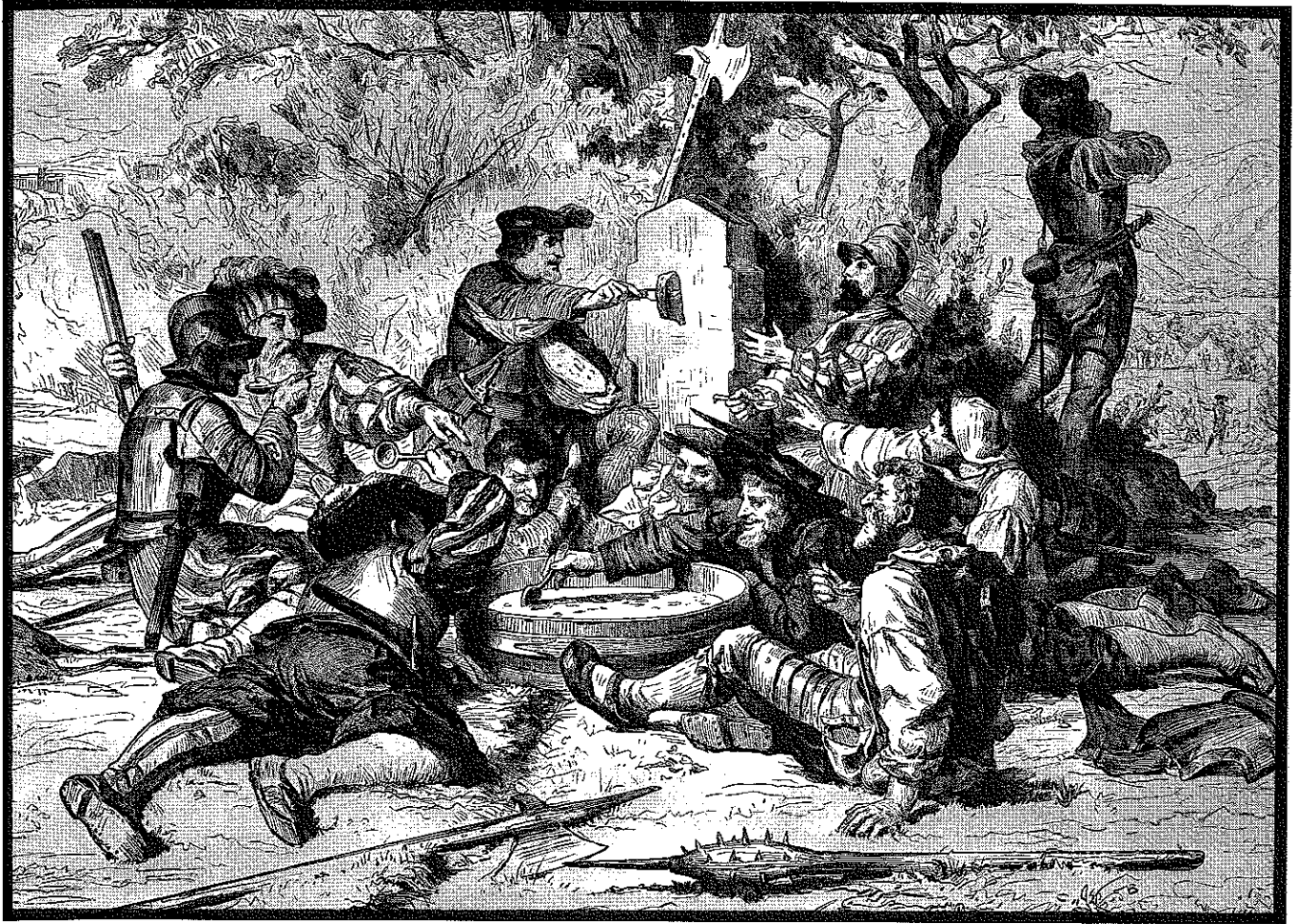
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THE GATES OF PARADISE  
 BY WILLIAM BLAKE, 1795







SHARED MILK SOUP  
ZÜRICH TROOPS TAKE LUNCH *AFTER* THE BATTLE OF KAPPEL WITH THEIR ENEMIES, 1531